

## For The Love of Royal Chapter 3 - 3

### Chapter 3: 3

Walking to her bedroom, Royal checked to see if she had the lights off in the living room. She was so tired right now, but she couldn't afford to leave the lights on. The excessive bill was not something she wanted to add to the list of the things she would want to worry about.

After she was done making sure, she walked to her bedroom with the apple in her hand and laid down on the bed. She had been too tired to cook and didn't want to order in any, so she would have to make do with the apple.

She had been looking for a job since, sending in her applications and checking for vacancies online and on the newspaper, but she hadn't been so lucky to be called in for an interview or anything.

Sighing, she picked up her phone and looked through her mail but there was nothing in it, so she dropped it back on the small bedside table that was at the left side of the room, close to the wall. She closed her eyes and thought of what she would be doing right now if she was still working at that stupid place. She would probably just be driving home in her deadbeat car, or still at the office, working her ass off for that ingrate.

The doorbell rang and her eyes snapped open, interrupting her thoughts. She glanced at the wall clock and frown. Who could that be? She wondered.

"It's probably that stupid ex boss of mine. He probably realize he couldn't go on without me." She muttered as she got up from the bed, and walked to the door. She was just giving herself useless hope, even though she knew that was not possible.

On bare feet, Royal padded out of her room the hall to the front door and pulled it open, without checking the peephole in the door to see who it was.

Perhaps, it was because it could only be one person at her doorstep but the only reason she hadn't thought of it first was because of the time. It's been long they hung out at this time ever since he got himself a trophy fiancé. But, she wasn't surprised when she opened the door to find him there.

Training widely, Royal stepped out of her apartment to pull her best friend into a hug. It's been three days since they last saw each other and that was the day she called to tell him she had lost her job.

"Hey, Dylan. You didn't tell me you were coming over." She said, stepping back away from him to see him smiling down at her. "You sleeping over?" she asked him.

He shook his head. "No, Blair is coming over." He said.

Royal rolled her eyes at that and scoffed. She hated the fact that this Blair character had completely taken her best friend away from her. All those sleepovers they used to have and long night conversations were all gone. She barely saw her best friend any longer and it pained her.

She stepped aside for him to enter into her apartment before closing the door and locking it behind them.

"So to what do I owe this pleasure of seeing you?" She asked him, smiling.

He shrugged his shoulders and the corner of his mouth lifted up in a grin. "I came bearing good news, baby doll. I thought it would be better for me if I told you in person. I would have come over a lot earlier than this but I've been so busy at the office, that's why I pushed coming over until now." He said.

"Really?" Royal frowned. "That's sound promising. What is it?" she asked him as he sat down on the couch?

"I need you to sit down for this so that you won't fall flat on your ass when I tell you." He said, grinning from ear to ear like an idiot.

Royal rolled her eyes at him, seeing as he was being overly dramatic. There was nothing he could say that would make her fall down on her ass. "Oh, please Dylan. Stop being dramatic. Just shut up and tell me the news already." She said, then a thought occurred to her and she raised her hand to stop him from saying anything. "Wait a minute. Let me guess. Did your fiancé break up with you?" she asked, laughing.

"Yeah, right. She left, and I want to marry you." He said, chuckling. Dylan, at first, was always not cool with the way Royal talked about his fiancé, but then he just saw that she was harmless with all of this, and Blair deserved it, knowing she had never liked her too.

Royal sighed and then she sat down on the couch beside Dylan with her brows pushed up and her eyes squinted in question. "Fine, just tell me the news and let's get on with it." She said.

Dylan nodded and then he said. "I found you a job. A very good one that is going to pay well." He told her.

"What? Oh my God, Dylan. Thank you so much. Where? When do I start?" she said, asking him all that all at the same time in one breath.

He threw his head back and laughed. "Slow down, baby dolls. Calm down, okay. I need to answer that one after the other." He said.

Royal couldn't calm down, she just couldn't. She wanted to jump into his lap and hug him and kiss him all over his face. She wanted to thank him over and over again, as she was so grateful. She had not heard about the job, but she knew it was going to a good one, if he said so himself.

"The job is a teaching job, well sort of." He started, but Royal cut in with a frown.

"A teaching job?" she asked him. "Where?"

"Yes, and if you'd let me explain, I'll get there." He said. He knew she was impatient, and he couldn't blame her, so he was going to just get into it.

"It's a job in Beldavia, a small country you can barely see in the map, very far from here. The King of Beldavia told a friend of his, who happened to be my cousin's husband's friend. He told my cousin's husband about the job, and he naturally told his wife. When Olivia told me about it, she said she knew that you were the perfect fit for the job. I already sent your résumé to her from my email, the one I have with me in case I need to send it on your behalf, so the king reviewed it, and he would love for you to fly over to their country. His younger brother is trying to get a master's degree in mathematics, who better to teach him than someone who is as brilliant as you?" he said.

All the while he told the story, Royal listened in fascination. She shook her head in wonder and said. "Wow, that's great. How soon do they want me to come?" she asked.

Dylan cringed, and he said. "Huh, that's next week. I hope you'd be ready to go." He said.

Royal swallowed hard. She wasn't sure she would be ready by then. She had a lot to put into place, she would need a little more time than that to get prepared.

"They're paying two hundred and twenty thousand dollars annually minus tax, Ro. I think you're going to be prepared before that time." He said, and he chuckled as he watched her eyes widened in shock and surprise.

"What? That much?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes, baby doll. That much." He said.

"Holy shit. Of course, I'll be ready. Thank you so much Dylan. You don't know how much this means to me. I'm super grateful, and I'm calling Olivia first thing in the morning to thank her too. Thank you so much, dear." She said.

"You don't have to say much, baby doll. You deserve more than this. I was so happy for you when I heard about the job." Dylan said.

By the time Dylan left, Royal was still feeling so high on the happiness she felt. She was so pumped she couldn't sleep again.