

## Love Slave 2

### Chapter 2: Interview Invitation

I didn't know why I hated to admit it but the man from last night was very good at sex, and it seemed like he knew what he was doing. My wrecked but fully satisfied body and pussy was more than enough proof of that. It didn't matter though because I won't ever see that man again and even if I did, I probably won't recognize him. He probably won't recognize me either.

Oh, the joy of one-night stands with no strings attached.

Although I said that inside of my head, this was the first one-night stand that I've had all my life. I cleaned up myself and showered quickly as I tried my best to make it in time for work. Recovering from a hangover is getting more challenging now, I guess I wasn't getting any younger.

I took a deep breath as I closed the door firmly behind me, mentally locking up the event of last night and putting it behind me. I'm definitely not the type to have one-night stands with random guys and in fact, this was the first time that this has happened to me. However, I knew that I couldn't undo what was done. I will probably never meet that man again, whoever he was. It was time to return back to reality.

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"Did I make it?" I mumbled underneath my breath as I panted.

After getting off the cab, I literally ran as fast as I could in my high heels to the office. I placed my hands on my knees as I bent down in exhaustion. My slight hangover was giving me a headache and it was clear that I was far from being fit. Finding the time and discipline to work out was so difficult.

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Looking at my phone, I was right on time. Score!

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**\*\*Around 2 Years Ago\*\***

"I don't know much about the business world but...this interview is supposed to be a big deal, isn't it?" my mother said as she smiled proudly at me.

Looking down at the letter that had just been delivered to our small apartment earlier today, her eyes widened as she continued to read the words printed on the page on repeat as if she couldn't believe her own eyes. I don't blame her, even I couldn't believe that I had been selected to interview at such a large and well-known company.

"I guess it is, mum..." I replied, trying to sound as calm and composed as possible.

However, on the inside, I was screaming with joy, and it was all I could do to contain myself from jumping up and down in excitement. Even if it was just the first step of getting my foot through the door of this company, I was thrilled to get a chance to interview at Jessen & Hills, the leading advertising and film production company in the country. No, in the world!

I peered over my mother's slim shoulder to see the letter that she was holding in her hands. Slowly, my mother turned around and handed me the letter so that I could finally see it for myself. The whole event seemed more real once I felt the invitation letter in my own hand.

It was just a single piece of paper, but it felt heavy as if it was made of metal instead of just plain paper. If I can land this job, then I can unlock my life and finally become a professional full-time employee and help lift the financial burden of my family.

"I better go make dinner! Let's celebrate!" my mother cried out excitedly as she headed towards the small kitchen at the back of the room.

I've been working hard my whole life towards this moment. I cannot let this opportunity slip by!

My name is Karina, Rina for short. As you've probably figured out by now, I come from a very poor family. More accurately, my father passed away from illness when I was just a baby leaving my mother as a single mother. My mother and I live in a small town on the outskirts of the city where she worked her whole life taking on various odd jobs around the clock just to make ends meet.

I spent my entire childhood staying home alone until I could go to a public school near where we lived while my mother went out to work to put food on the table. She worked at any job that would hire her ranging from being a waitress, a gardener, a florist, a babysitter and then progressing upwards when she finally landed a fulltime job as an assistant cook in one of the local restaurants in the small town that we lived in.

I realized earlier on in life that if we were to survive, I would have to find a way to be less of a burden to my mother as much as possible, especially financially. I learnt that we had to support each other, and I could contribute by being less demanding and doing my best to take care of myself. I hated being a kid, not because I couldn't wait to grow up into an amazing adult and do all the things that seemed fun that adults could do, but it was because I hated how useless and helpless, I was at that time.

\*\*knock knock knock\*\*

Firm knocking sounds on our front door brought me back to the present as I instinctively got up from where I was sitting at our small dining table and headed towards the door. Not many people visited, let alone knew where we lived, so I had a pretty good guess already regarding who was at the door.

"Hi Auntie Jane. What a pleasant surprise. Want to join us for dinner?" I greeted the old and slightly frail looking auntie standing in front of my door wearing her signature red knitted jacket.

"Congratulations! I'm dropping by because I heard the awesome news from your mum! Congratulations!" Auntie Jane exclaimed excitedly before taking my hands into her thinner ones and squeezing them tight.

News travels extremely fast in this small town, doesn't it? I bet my mother gave Auntie Jane a call the moment she disappeared into the kitchen. The speed that gossips and news travels in this small town should never be underestimated.