

CHAPTER 173

Rebecca's POV:

From the very moment we're born, the race of life will start and never ends until the last breath is drawn.

These past few days have surely been a race and made me feel like it would go on forever.

I experienced many things I haven't experienced in a while.

I was ignored.

I was insulted.


And some of my ex-colleagues tried to scare me into withdrawing the cases against the company they work for, where I used to work for.

All these things were pretty disheartening and scary to say the least.

Being the prettiest girl no matter where I went, I always got the attention in a good way, without even having to try.

However, things seem different now. Maybe because of what happened in my professional life and also what was happening with the Sterling family at the moment, all these things played their roles, I'm aware.

I've been trying to get a job, but it's not proving to be easy.



I used to earn over a million dollars a month until recently, but now, I'm jobless, earning zero dollars. I'm trying to join even new companies, but nobody is willing to pay me good money. Some offered 20 to 30 thousand dollars per month; however, how can I work for such a low salary?

I'm confident that I can get a fine job, but it feels like an invisible force is working against me. Otherwise, how can someone with my credentials not get a job even after trying for four days straight? How can one incident which I'm not even responsible for be the end of my career? I refuse to accept that.


Still and all, the 200 million dollars that didn't seem like much when I had given the money to my mom now hold a much greater weight.

If I had that money still with me, I probably wouldn't be feeling this anxious right now. I would have taken my time to get back into the professional side of things.

But that's not possible now.

Luckily, I have enough professional and personal experience to know the fact that ups and downs are part and parcel in a race, especially the longer ones.

My mother doesn't really want to help me despite what she says. My father is not in a position to help me. My brothers are too busy with their own lives. My husband... he's only a pizza delivery guy. He can't deal with the courts and the



police officers. I don't want to drag him into this mess, either.

What I'm going through is daunting and tiring, but I feel this is also just a phase of the race.

Don't know when it'll end, but no matter how difficult it may get, I shouldn't give up. That's all I know. I'm just a single woman fighting against the world, but still, I didn't want to give up.

After tiring myself out until evening trying for various job positions in the fashion industry, I ended up reaching Rye's Pizzas. I didn't intend to, but for some reason, my hands turned the steering wheel and brought me here.

Maybe, I subconsciously wanted to see Benjamin and share smiles and some of his positivity. Even though I reached the shop, I didn't step out of my car because it was pouring outside. I know Benjamin would still be working.

I lowered the window a little bit, and the smell of freshly baked dough and a hint of flame-broiled meat flooded my nose and stirred my stomach. Even in the rain, the Rye's Pizzas gave off a wonderful, tempting aroma.

Now that I think about it, I haven't eaten anything since morning. It's almost five in the evening now. No wonder my stomach responded to the smell of pizza, which wasn't even my favorite. Maybe, it was just my senses being extra active.

Still, there's too much going on in my head at the moment. I

could easily ignore the cries of my stomach and patiently wait.

Minutes passed, and just as I began slipping into sleep, the knock on the door forced my eyes open. I opened the door, expecting it to be Benjamin, and my expectations turned out to be true.

Benjamin entered the Porsche and then took his raincoat off and threw it in the back. He should be shivering, but he wasn't. On his lap, there was a large pizza box. Without even touching, I could tell it was fresh and hot. But my eyes were more on the man and not on the food.

While everything else in the world felt distant these days, he felt closer; and whenever he was close to me, life didn't feel like a race. It felt more like a gift.

"Did you get the job?" he asked excitedly.

"Um, no..." I shamefully shook my head, expecting him to take pity on me, or at least put his hand on my head and comfort me.

"No? How could it be possible?" his eyes revealed a significant amount of surprise. Such was his confidence in me? Whatever it was, I liked it.

"Uh, actually, I received some offers, but they were too low compared to my old salary," I replied, with my head down, not because I was looking at the pizza box! My thoughts were just in a mess at the moment.

"How low are we talking about?"

"Only thirty grand per month."

"O-Only thirty grand?" his response surprised me and made me look up at him. "Do you know how many pizzas you can buy with that much? You can buy three pizzas per day for almost three years!"

His calculation was kind of funny. "Maybe, but..." I still tried to give my justification. "It's not the amount of money I receive as a salary that I'm concerned about, but it's about the progress. I used to earn a million dollars per month, so how can I now be okay with 20 or 30 thousand?" In the back of my mind, I felt like it was an unhealthy pride issue, but I still believed I should cling onto some things.

"You're not wrong, but 30 thousand is still far better than zero, don't you think?" Benjamin's response widened my eyes. "Just use this time to gain experience before you get a high-paying job that you think you deserve."

His words made complete sense, but I still couldn't bring myself into imagining working for an average-paying job.

"Let's talk about this later, but first," Benjamin opened the pizza box, and there were three pizzas put in a single box.

I couldn't help myself from drooling a little bit. He ripped a piece and ate it all by himself. When I went for a piece, he didn't let me take it, which was a shocker. His eyes then told me he needed something in return. Well, what else could it

be other than a kiss? He liked pecks on cheeks, so I automatically went for a kiss on the cheek before he even said what he wanted.

A sudden blaze of light fell on my face, and I felt that something was wrong in that fraction of a second when a heavy truck hit the Porsche and utterly crushed half of the car into a pulp.

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