

Give Me A Second Chance Chapter 2

Chapter 2: The Past and The Present

Four years later.

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Raquel's POV:

"Miss Harris, I would like to give you an opportunity to work as a Project Manager at the Global Institute of Technology in New York. I am sure you will find the compensation package very attractive. Would you like to accept the offer or decline this great opportunity again?" My boss asked me.

Mr. Jones was a man in his mid-fifties who was also a father figure to me. Our first encounter was when his son found me lying unconscious on the road and rushed me to the hospital. After that incident, he offered me to reside in his house, gave me a job, and even treated me as if I were his own daughter. After nearly everything in my life was lost, I never thought that I could still find a family beyond blood who gave a whole new meaning to my life.

Mr. Jones had three sons who were all older than me. They were all very nice and protective of Charlotte and me.

Mr. Jones was very professional about his work. Aside from being the company's CEO for which I worked, he also owned three other businesses.

His three sons were successfully running each of the businesses, just as he had wished.

Mr. Jones was incredibly proud of his sons. He also assured me that I could also be successful and make him proud too.

"I can't decide yet, Mr. Jones. I don't know anyone there." I sighed. I lacked the confidence to meet and work with new people.

"Come on, Raquel. Please, just call me Dad. 'Mr. Jones' makes me feel old." He protested.

"Alright, Dad. I don't know what to do. I don't want Charlotte to feel lonely there. You are her only family. She might be depressed after leaving this place."

"Raquel, she is a mama's girl. Charlotte will be fine as long as you're with her. You're just worrying too much," Robert said.

I let out a deep sigh. He was right. I was just using Charlotte as an excuse because I really didn't want to leave. There were a lot of memories here, and they were still haunting me. I got a little teary-eyed, but I immediately wiped it away when I remembered the things I wanted to forget for the rest of my life.

"Raquel, you have to be strong, at least for Charlotte. I've already arranged everything, and she'll begin attending school this year. Isn't she growing up fast? How time flies!"

I nodded my head in agreement with what he said. Charlotte had really grown fast.

"If you will accept the offer, I'm gonna be the happiest man on earth. I may not be your biological father, but you have always been and will always be my daughter. I will always do what's best for you." Robert sincerely said.

Memories of what my parents did to me resurfaced, and tears streamed down my cheeks.

They abandoned me when I was only two months pregnant. They insulted me and refused to accept my baby and me. They even urged me to have an abortion. So I decided to leave the house for the sake of myself and my baby.

"Stop crying, my sweet little girl. Everything's going to be alright." He patted my back and comforted me. "So, what's your decision? Are you going to give it a try?" He asked with eyes full of hope.

I didn't want to disappoint him. I hugged him and answered, "If that will make you happy, I'll go and give it a try."

"I promise you, darling. You're going to love it there." He said with calm assurance.

I smiled widely and asked, "So, when do I leave for New York?"

"Your flight to New York is at 10:30 a.m. tomorrow. I've already booked your tickets. I'll email them to you." He replied.

"Tomorrow? That's way too soon!" I exclaimed in disbelief, but he just shrugged his shoulders and gave me an innocent look.

Of course, he had already planned everything, and he obviously knew how to convince me. I mentally rolled my eyes.

"Mommy!" My three-year-old daughter greeted me with a warm hug when I came home.

Yes, I've called this place my home. Because here, I felt safe and at home. I've lived with them for about three years, ever since Charlotte was born.

I hugged her back and pecked her chubby cheeks.

"Ew, Mommy!" She scrunched her face in disgust and wiped her cheeks with her hands.

Mom came and took Charlotte from my arms. She was their favorite grandchild.

"Raquel, get changed and come down. We're having dinner in a bit." She said with a low voice.

"Okay, Auntie, I'll be..." She glared at me. "Okay, Mom. I'll be ready in a second." I told her with a grin and went inside my room. She would always get mad whenever I called her Auntie.

A few minutes later, we all sat down at the dining table and began eating dinner. Mom gave Charlotte her favorite garlic chicken, but it seemed that my little girl didn't want to eat.

"Mom, you haven't eaten anything yet," I complained, but she just went on feeding Charlotte and pretended as if she didn't hear me.

Dad gave me a timid smile, and I nodded my head in response. He gave me a signal to tell mom about our flight to New York tomorrow.

Mom didn't want us to leave. The rest of the dinner was quiet. Nobody initiated a conversation like we used to. Charlotte's whining was all that could be heard.

Charlotte and I went back to our room, and I put her to sleep. She always wanted to sleep next to me.

I slipped into my pajamas and was about to sleep when I heard a soft knock on my door. "Come in," I said.

Mom walked in and sat on the edge of the bed. Her eyes were red and puffy, and it was apparent that she cried. I wasn't able to hold back my tears. I had to cover my mouth because we might wake Charlotte up.

Mom and I went to the balcony, and we just spent the next two minutes crying. She then wiped my tears as we sat down on the chair.

"I know, honey. I know. This must be very difficult for you. But we both know that your Dad did this for your own good, right?" Mom tried to console me, even though she needed to be consoled herself.