

# Give Me A Second Chance Chapter 5

## Chapter 5: A New Boss

I was well aware I wasn't as pretty as the cheerleaders, and people didn't like me because of that. I played basketball to clear things off my head. The incident from that morning was still haunting me, so I tried to cool it off by shooting hoops.

When the match ended, I went to the washroom to shower and change into new clothes. As I walked out of there, I saw Kenneth leaning on the wall with legs crossed and hands folded against his chest. He was staring at me.

I didn't mind his gaze and just casually walked towards my locker. As I passed him, he suddenly stood in front of me, which caught me off guard and made me stumble back a little.

He eyed me like his blue eyes were a scanner that scrutinized up and down my body. I coughed in an awkward manner with hopes of making him realize that what he was doing was creepy.

Finally, he said something. "I'm really sorry about what happened this morning. I admit what I did was really wrong." His apology was very unexpected of him. Was it all just a dream? Kenneth Miller, the famous player, was here standing in front of me, asking for my forgiveness?

"Whatever." I rolled my eyes and walked away, leaving him standing there. I knew how to handle those types of boys, and I knew I did it in style.

If I had accepted his apology that easily, he would've taken advantage of it. Things would get back to normal, and he would just do it all over again! There was no point in forgiving him, so it was best if I just ignored him.

I roused from sleep and snapped back to the present.

That morning, I was stuffing Charlotte's lunchbox with her snacks. She was so excited to start her first day of school that she started to look like a ball of energy. At the bus stop, she was so excited, unlike other kids who just kept on whining.

When the school bus arrived, I kissed Charlotte on the forehead and bid her farewell. Seeing her on the window side of the bus, waving goodbye at me, made me tear up. I tried to hold it back, but my emotions got the best of me.

I was well aware that I wasn't a perfect mother. Even so, I wanted to be there for my daughter to support her in every step of her life. But I have failed multiple times.

"All the best, mom! You're working today too, right?" Charlotte reached for my head and kissed me on both cheeks. I recalled what my dear daughter told me before she hopped on the bus.

I was shocked at how mature my daughter was for a four-year-old kid. And honestly, I couldn't blame her because I knew where she got that attitude from.

I prepared myself for the beginning of a new chapter in my life as I got ready for work. 'Why did it have to be on the same day as my daughter's first day of school?' I groaned to myself.

My mind kept wondering about how Charlotte was doing in school. 'Did I forget to put her utensils inside her bag? Is she getting along with her classmates? What if she's eating all by herself? Oh, God!' I couldn't focus on anything else. Just as I was about to leave, my mother rang me up and gave me a long lecture on what to do and what not to do with Charlotte. She thought I was still an amateur when it came to parenting.

Some time had already passed, and by then, I was standing in front of The Global Institute of Technology in New York. I checked my watch and let out a long sigh of relief. Thank God I made it in time! Unfortunately, it took me about thirty

minutes to reach my office. Fortunately, the traffic in New York wasn't as heavy as on the other days.

I walked toward the entrance and showed the security my ID card.

As usual, I went to the reception inside the lobby. "How may I help you?" asked the receptionist. I showed her my ID card and didn't say a word. She kept looking back and forth between me and my ID with her eyes full of suspicion.

"Well..." she trailed off. "Don't get me wrong, Ms. Harris, but I was just wondering how you got such a high position at such a young age? Our company usually prefers those candidates who have enough experience. If you don't mind me asking..." She adjusted her glasses and waited eagerly for my response.

"I agree with you, Ms. Johnson." I read her name from her nameplate. "Even I think I'm too young to have a position this important. But, age shouldn't be a barrier that restricts us from achieving our goals. Age is just a number, while maturity is a choice." I replied with great confidence.

Her face lit up as she nodded her head in complete agreement. I smiled and handed her my appointment letter.

"Thank you for that, Ms. Harris. What an inspiration for all of us young ladies out there. Alright, your office is on the 7th floor, right next to the CEO's office," She informed me and handed me my files back.

"Raquel. Call me Raquel. We're about the same age, so no need for formalities..." I told her as I tried to read her first name written on her nameplate.

"Mia." She stretched out her hand, and we shook hands. She was still very young to be working as a receptionist. 'I presume she is around 19 or 20 years old.' I thought as I left the reception and went into the elevator in the lobby.

Upon reaching the 7th floor, I furrowed my eyebrows as I looked around the lobby.

The area was still under renovation, and the employees were fidgeting everywhere. 'Why is everyone is so nervous?' I thought.

"Excuse me, Ma'am, but can you please step aside?" A person from behind me politely requested.

"Oops, sorry!" I turned around and met with a familiar face. I grinned when I recognized her. And it seemed like she recognized me as well as she warmly smiled back at me.

"Well, well, well! What a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here?" She asked, flashing her perfectly white teeth.

"Nothing, just wandering around." I joked. She paused and thought for a while. But then, her eyes suddenly widened as she covered her mouth with her hands and gasped loudly.

"Oh my God! I can't believe this! I'm so sorry for not noticing right away. You're the new project manager, aren't you?" She asked with excitement.

"Yes, I am," I told her, lifting my chin a little high, brimming with confidence.

"Sorry, ma'am. I was a little bit busy, so I didn't see you had already arrived." She said nervously while fidgeting with her fingers.

"Hey... Relax. I just arrived. And please, call me Raquel." I gently patted her shoulders.

"Raquel? That's a beautiful name. I'm Jenny." Her face lit up once again.

I hummed in response. "Anyway, what's the commotion around here all about?" I asked out of curiosity, looking around the lobby.

"Well, the young boss arrived earlier this morning. He wanted to turn this place upside down said he wanted everything new in his office, a total makeover! Not only that, he gave us only one day to finish it all up." She explained to me as she slumped her shoulder.

I nodded as I looked around the office in utter chaos.

"Do you know him?" Jenny asked me, but I instantly shook my head in response.

"Be careful around him. He's very arrogant and bossy." She leaned toward my ear and whispered in a husky voice as if telling me an important secret no one else should know about. I raised my brows at her.

"Well, he is your boss, isn't he?" I asked her amusingly.

"Nah, his dad is our boss. Wait, no, no, no!" She shook her head in absolute disagreement as if she couldn't accept what she was just realizing. "His dad was our boss until just last week. He retired, and now his son is here to take over his position. I'm afraid he is our boss now!"