

### Chapter 11: Two Blows in a Day

Rosalind stayed at home and ordered some fast food to comfort herself. The courier came after ten minutes and she gave him a tip. She knew how important the tip was for the delivery man because she was working in the restaurant where most of her income was from the tips.

The fried chicken and french fries looked appetizing. They were still hot, and the staff packed some extra chilies and sauces as she asked. Then she made a simple vegetable salad with cucumber, carrot, cabbage, lettuce, and onion. She used the virgin olive oil as the dressing for the salad since the sauces from the chicken and fries already had high calories.

After eating a piece of fries and a spoonful of salad, her mind suddenly showed Jeremy and Monica together. Monica's shameless words repeated in her mind, and Rosalind stopped eating. She ran to the sink to wash her hands while her tears kept falling. Later, she ended up sitting on the floor, covering her face with both hands because she felt so miserable.

That's when her phone rang. Rosalind rushed to wash her face and showed a forced smile in the mirror. Life goes on. That's what she kept reminding herself.

When gazing at her phone, she frowned because it was a call from the Premium Steak's supervisor. Usually Lily called her if they needed an extra hand as they sometimes had a shortage of servers. So why did the supervisor call her?

Rosalind immediately picked up the call. "Hello, it's Rosalind here."

"Ms. Miller, how are you? I'm sorry to call you on Sunday," the supervisor said.

"It's okay. What is it, sir?" She took a seat on her couch.

"I'm sorry to tell you this. The Premium Steak restaurant must reduce its staff, including the servers. I'm afraid you are one of them."

Rosalind was too shocked to hear that. "Can you reconsider it, please? I'll work harder. I promise." She hugged herself with a hand. "I'll do anything: overtime, helping to wash dishes, and come earlier every day. But please, don't fire me .... I need the job badly."

The supervisor sighed and shook his head. "I wish I could grant it, but the decision has been made by the management. I'm so sorry, Ms. Miller. The finance staff will transfer your salary and the layoff compensation." The supervisor cleared his throat. "You are a good worker. I hate to let you go, but I'm sure you will get a better offer soon."

"I wish I could be as confident as you." Rosalind took a deep breath because she didn't want to sob. After she could calm herself, she said, "Thank you for letting me know."

"Thank you for your understanding, Ms. Miller. Wish you all the best and good luck for your next endeavor." The supervisor ended the call swiftly. Probably he was relieved to finish an unpleasant task.

Rosalind could only stare at the phone with a blank look. Her world

fell apart, and now she lost a job she had. How could her day turn from worse to the worst? After a few minutes of drowning in self-pity, her phone blinked, showing a text message.

She gulped, too afraid to check it. The text message was an automatic information from her bank to show she received a transfer from the Premium Steak. The amount was enough to pay for her online tuition fee, rent for the next month, and buy some groceries.

After pondering everything, Rosalind wondered if it's a way for her to find a different job. At least she still had a job as a clerk. Maybe if she did overtime in the law firm office, she could get an additional income. So there was still a lot of time before she would need more money.

Feeling better after thinking about it, she continued eating. The fried chicken was tasty, crunchy on the outside and juicy inside. It was rare for her to have an emotional eating like that, but this was an exception she did. Funny that after her mind was calmer, the food tasted better than before.

After finished eating, Rosalind lay on the couch, thinking where she would send her work application and CV. She had some options, from being a server in another restaurant, or maybe a bar (as they had a higher salary than most restaurants). Her options were limited because she had to find a job from afternoon to night.

But then, if she could get overtime work in the Beck and Partners, she might not need to find another job as they paid a lot for overtime hours, though not as much as the tips in the Premium Steak when the restaurant was packed. Feeling much better afterward, she

washed the dishes in the little kitchen.

When she was done, Rosalind saw her phone blink again. Checking it, her hand trembled so badly until the phone fell. She picked it up and reread the text one more time.

It was sent by her boss's assistant. She said, 'Ms. Miller, Mr. Beck asked me to tell you he can't prolong your work contract. I'm so sorry to tell you, Mr. Beck decided not to offer you a new contract. We wish you the best in the new place. Have a good day!'

Rosalind took a deep breath because her contract was only for six months, and the personal manager told her they would determine whether she would continue working with them. Yet, getting two blows in a day was too much.

Hugging herself, she didn't weep this time. Her energy was already drained. Crying wouldn't help her get a new job. It was such a terrible day, but she was still here—survived. Rosalind refused to let herself waste more time in self-pity. It didn't help her get any money.

That's when her phone rang. She closed her eyes, too afraid of what would come next. After the breaking up and losing two jobs she had, could it be worse? Rosalind closed her eyes. With trembled hands, she reached her phone. It was from a number she didn't know.

Rosalind finally picked up the call. "Hello?"

"My Rose, it's me, Gabe. I want to ask your answer, darling. It's a yes?"

She let out a heavy sigh. What a bad timing! After taking a deep breath, she said, "Gabriel, it's not a good time. I'm not in a good mood

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to talk, either.”

“I’m sorry, darling. Can I come in? I’m waiting at your door.”

Rosalind frowned, but then she walked to the front door. Checking from the peephole, she saw Gabriel standing at her door. “Why?”

“Because I want to comfort you. Open the door, darling. Let me pamper you.”

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