

Chapter 22 Good, He Got Her This Time

Her gaze flickered over her image in the mirror one more time. She ran her hands over her flat tummy. In the red suit pants and jacket she was wearing, she seemed to appear fierce and confident; everything that she was currently not. She looked up at her hair. The blonde strands had been tied above her head in a stiff ponytail. Her baby hair edges were perfectly laid by Emily, who she had woken up two hours ago to get it done.

Roxanne had repeated her mock interview in front of her mirror over and over, still, she was worried. Perhaps it was because of how sharp a contrast her red lipstick was from her complexion. Emily had said it would complete her "I'm the best woman for this job so don't fuck with me and pass such an opportunity" look. Roxanne didn't know if she agreed or not, what she knew now was that she was nervous as fuck.

It was funny how she had long awaited this day, the day where she would finally be allowed to take a leap back into the labor force of the United States. But now that the day had come, she just wanted to crawl into bed and sink all her fears in cheese burgers.

However, she knew cheese burgers wouldn't help her write a check to pay her part of the rent. Emily had done so much already, she could not stress her friend any further.

Just then, Emily walked into the room with a bowl of cereal in her right hand, and her phone in her left. Her eyes lit up when she saw Roxanne's image in the mirror.

"Girl! You're looking like a million bucks!"

Roxanne rolled her eyes while smiling.

"However, I would only feel like a million bucks, AFTER I get the job."

"And you will baby girl." With this, Emily settled into Roxanne's bed with a smile.

"You know, the last time you said something like this..." Roxanne paused and turned to Emily, with a sarcastic smile on her face.

"... I lost my job."

Dramatically, Emily's hand flew to her chest as she feigned a heart broken expression.

"Ouch. Slow burn."

Roxanne laughed.

"I didn't mean it like that..."

"I know, I know, but at least you're smiling. I'm doing a good job as a life coach, aren't I?"

"Maybe you should take it up as a more serious career."

"And so graciously ruin the lives of so many young people out there? Nope. I don't think so."

They both laughed in unison. But besides the laughter, Emily could see the hint of fear and anxiety in her friend's eyes.

"You're scared."

Roxanne couldn't hide it anymore. Emily had sniffed it right out of her like a hungry dog does its bone.

"I can't lie, I am."

"After two solid cups of coffee and one peppermint, come on now girl! Peppermint solves everything!"

Roxanne rolled her eyes and walked to her bed where Emily lay in.

"I'm serious. I had hoped that I could get my nerves down before Thursday, but after they moved it forward to today, giving me just one weekend to prepare, I guess it kinda unnerved me more," as she spoke, she settled onto the edge of the bed, smiling sadly at her friend.

Emily's eyes softened. Her friend had been through a lot already. She hoped for Roxanne's sake that she would get the job today. Her friend needed one good news in her life after all the bad ones she had to come across ever since.

"This company is a new one, according to what you said. And here you are! With what? 5 years of experience in one of the biggest foreign exchange corporations in the entire country! Come on Roxanne, you're a walking gold mine. And if this company doesn't see it, it's their loss."

As Emily spoke, her right palm cupped Roxanne's cheek. Roxanne leaned her face into her palm and allowed herself relish in the warmth of her best friend's hands.

In Emily's words, she had found comfort. But still, she couldn't help the reply that escaped her lips.

"Yes, but the one who returns home unemployed and at a bigger loss."

Emily appeared thoughtful for some seconds, before she nodded in agreement.

"Yes. I quite agree with you on that one. But, we don't have to think about it too much, because you are going to come back here with an appointment letter..." Emily stopped to take a deep breath in as she closed her eyes. Roxanne couldn't help but roll her eyes. It wasn't a wonder how her best friend had become such a skilled artist. Emily was drama and art in all its essence.

"... I can feel it in my soul."

"The one that's dark with all the hate you have for everyone else in the world besides me? Oh please!" Roxanne spoke, laughing as she stood up. Emily smiled.

"You sure do play dirty, Roxanne Harvey."

"Can I help myself?" They both burst out laughing again and Roxanne took a quick look at the digital clock beside Emily.

"Oh, I have to run now, don't want to be late on my interview. First impression is the most important here."

Emily chuckled as she watched her friend scurry through her files. Roxanne hung the strap of her bag on her shoulder, blew Emily a kiss and opened the room door to leave. "Go shine baby girl!" Emily cheered loudly.

"I would!"

"You can take the car, for good luck!"

"Thank you! I owe you a latte!" Roxanne called back, over her shoulder.

"Lattes are bought with money, you have to get a job first!" Emily teased.

"Fuck you!" Roxanne called back, laughing.

Roxanne hurried out of her house, into the driveway of her house. Emily's blue car stood there, waiting on her.

At the sight of it, her mind did a swift travel back in time.

The last time she rode in that car, she met the most... unique stranger she had ever come across. His face flashed through her mind again.

She did not know anything about him, except his name. Oh! And his scent, how chiseled his abs were; the size of his cock...

Roxanne stopped there, as she took deep breaths in. A breathing exercise for when she felt anxiety wash over her.

"Let's just hope we don't run into any handsome strangers today," she said to herself as she moved to the car and entered into it.

When she arrived at the company's building, with the help of her Google map, she was taken aback. The building was simply... magnificent.

Right then, she knew that if she got a job here, the pay would be more than enough to set her up, from scratch.

And she wanted that. No, she needed that.

She walked briskly into the building, suddenly wishing she had listened to her guts and put on her white flats, instead of the white heels Emily insisted she wore. With them, it felt like she just wasn't walking fast enough.

The first room that greeted her was extremely large, with what appeared to be transparent glass tiles beneath her feet. There was a large, and circular glass table in front of her where a woman in blue sat, eyes fixed on the PC in front of her. Roxanne hurried towards the woman.

"Good morning, I'm here for the interview," Roxanne spoke aloud.

Beautiful Chinese. Roxanne thought, when the woman smiled politely at her.

"The fifth floor, the lobby by your left. You're number 30," the woman said, handing her a tag with the numbers on it.

Before Roxanne could say anything, the woman's eyes returned to the keyboard of her computer.

"Thank you," Roxanne muttered, hurrying to the direction of the elevator.

She entered into the first elevator that opened up to her. As she entered inside, she fought to steady her breathing and calm her nerves, but nothing she did was working.

Subconsciously, she dug her fingers into the files she was holding.

Poor papers, they didn't deserve to suffer for the faint anxiety attack she was having.

She wasn't alone in the elevator, but she was too far up in her head to take note of anyone else. She stepped out of it when it got to the fifth floor, and hurried into the corridor by her left.

She found people seated in chairs in front of an office. She took deep breaths before taking a seat beside a lady. Roxanne sighed as she looked over the woman. The red-haired had her eyes locked in a piece of paper. From what she saw, she could tell that the woman was... studying?

And so was everyone else around her!

Great. She had not brought a single material for study! How was she supposed to get a job when all these great minds were present?

Great Roxanne Harvey. Just great.

She fought to steady her posture as she leaned into her chair.

The door in front of them opened, everyone's eyes rose up simultaneously.

A well-dressed lady in a body con green dress stepped out of the office. Roxanne couldn't help but envy her. With a smile on her face, she was the epitome of grace, poise and confidence.

"I am sorry for the inconvenience this might cause, but we would now be calling the numbers in, from the back," the lady spoke.

The people around her murmured. Roxanne only looked blankly, she didn't know if she was lucky or unlucky.

"Number 32?" the lady called out.

Roxanne's heart beat quickened.

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She was number 30! And apparently, 32 wasn't present!

The woman's eyes scanned the room.

"31?"

Just then, the door opened again and a woman stepped out, she had a smile on her face. When she leaned in to another lady, who from the look on her face, Roxanne could tell was her friend. Roxanne decided to eaves drop on their conversation.

"How was it?"

"Splendid I must say! The CEO was around..."

Roxanne's heart skipped a beat. She didn't do so well with CEOs.

"But he was mostly cold and aloof, didn't say a thing or ask a question," the woman said again.

Roxanne heaved a sigh of relief, a grateful sigh.

"Number 30 isn't present too?" the lady on green said aloud again. Her eyes fixed on the tag pinned to Roxanne's shirt.

Her voice snapped Roxanne back to the present. Flustered, she tried to gather her things and stand up.

"I'm present, I'm so sorry," Roxanne said, when she finally found her voice.

God! Why was she being so... She didn't even know what she was being at the moment.

"Hmm. Come with me," the lady said, only sparing her a nod before turning her back from them.

Impatient, he had asked them to begin to call in the numbers from the back. Why was he yet to see her?

After the last lady had been dismissed, Lancelot fixed his gaze back into his laptop as he had been doing for most of the interview.

He was looking at her passport photograph again, patiently waiting on the moment she would walk in through the door. Melissa, his human resource manager opened the door and walked in again. Lancelot's eyes rose up when he heard the door close.

Behind her stood a very familiar figure, a figure he had been waiting all morning to see.

Only this time, she looked aloof. Like she wasn't supposed to be here. She looked scared, nervous. Her eyes continued to dance around the room, until they rested on the table he currently sat with other senior members of staff. "Come on, look at me," he thought to himself as he stared at her. He couldn't help the way his heart continued to thunder in his chest.

Suddenly, their eyes met. Once again, fire lit up in him.

Flames of desire seemed to engulf him immediately.

He grinned widely at her shock.

Good. He got her this time.