

Whispered Goodbye Chapter 08

The receptionist asked me to go down and sign for a package.

To my surprise, it was three boxes of mangoes from West Grove.

This type of mango, I used to eat often before coming to The North.

After moving to The North, I never found any that tasted as good as I remembered,

Until Leo's junior brought us some.

The skin was a bit wrinkled, even starting to show black spots.

But the aroma was rich, the sweetness just right, and the juice plentiful.

It was the taste from my memories.

I excitedly asked if he could get his junior to have his family send a couple more boxes, I'd pay for it.

Leo was reading papers at the time and just gave an "Mm" in response.

I was full of anticipation, even though I reminded him several times.

But even after summer in South Bay had passed, I still hadn't seen them.

I was upset with him for a few days.

He just looked at me coldly and said, "Is it worth making such a fuss over a few mangoes? Can't you buy them in The North?"

I didn't say anything more, and just added his junior's contact information myself.

Thinking back, that was three years ago.

A PayPal notification for one thousand dollars popped up on my screen.

Then Leo's new number called:

“Just two minutes,” he said.

“I saw the mangoes have been signed for.

“Try them, and if it’s not enough, I’ll buy more.”

I said nothing.

He continued, his words a bit stumbling: “I know you love mangoes. I asked around quite a bit before getting in touch with my old junior and having him buy a few boxes to send over.”

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I glanced at the time: “No need, I’ll buy them myself if I want to eat them.”

I looked at the three boxes: “I won’t be keeping the mangoes. You can give them to your junior sister to eat.”

Leo’s tone took on a pleading note: “Little Moon, don’t be like this...

“Even if you just share them with your coworkers, okay?”

I was silent for a moment: “Well, thank you then.”

I felt I was being very polite.

But when Leo replied “You’re welcome,” his voice sounded choked up.

Very unlike him.

“Also, I don’t want to have any more personal communication with you.

“Work calls should be about my professional matters. You should respect my work.”

The case I’d been working on for a month finally reached a relatively good conclusion.

After receiving my advance commission from the firm, I had initially planned to treat only Tori Justice to dinner.

As for the other interns and assistants who had put in effort, I gave them bonuses to reward themselves.

They might not be able to eat comfortably with us around.

That said, I don't know if it was because they received a little extra kindness and thought I was decent.

They ended up bringing one person, who brought two more, turning what was supposed to be a dinner for two with Tori Justice into a gathering of seven or eight people.

When I was at their stage, I didn't like eating with superiors.

The new intern, still reeking of college, tried to act experienced by asking me how many bottles of white wine and red wine we wanted.

Tori Justice and I exchanged glances, bursting into laughter.

My assistant of one year already knew me well.

She quickly intervened, only allowing orders for soft drinks, saying those who wanted alcohol could order separately, as Tori Justice and I don't drink.

Tori Justice and I clinked our tea cups and drained them in one go.

Back when I first started interning, I'd grit my teeth and say I couldn't drink.

The others at the table would each take turns saying I wasn't being a good sport, asking why I was putting on airs until I felt like crying.

Tori Justice, who had just become a full-time employee then, silently drank a glass of white wine, then slammed her glass down and started making a drunken scene.

She pointed at one person, accusing them of having an affair with a client, another of taking hefty kickbacks...

It was quite embarrassing to have these usually unspoken ugly truths suddenly laid bare.

Tori Justice was reprimanded and fined afterward, but she said she'd dare to do it again next time.

No one remembered there was still an intern who refused to be a good sport and drink.

“Bestie, when we went to St. Patrick’s Cathedral for New Year’s, I prayed for success in our careers for both of us. It really worked,” Tori Justice winked at me.

Although both Tori Justice and I broke up with our long-term boyfriends this year,

If our careers are successful, spending our twilight years alone wouldn’t be so bad. Tori Justice and I drained another cup of tea.

Cross He’s arrogant, she’s queen of arrogance and sassy ness.

He’s a father of twins, she’s a virgin girl, he’s rude heartless man for outsiders, she’s jolly, loving girl.