

The Dark Secret of the CEO by Sofia de Orellana Chapter 10

Chapter 10

-Mother, I'm not going to back down – Luz's heart was pounding, because after so many times her mother asked her to leave her job, now she was totally against her doing it -. I already made the decision and Rafael understands it.

-I don't understand, if yesterday morning you defended him... I don't understand – for Mace it was incomprehensible, it was frustrating and he said it by closing his eyes -. What will you do now?

-Well, I have enough savings, so my contribution to the household will not be diminished, if that is what worries you.

-No, Luz, that's not what I mean... you had a goal, did you perhaps put it aside?

-Of course not – the girl takes a seat on the sofa and looks at her hands, trying not to fall into despair -. But it won't be journalism anymore – she looks at her mother with her determination, leaving aside any hesitation that this change left in her-her life. I will study law.

-Luz Méndez... did something happen at that party?

-No, just that I've been thinking about the direction I should take for a long time and I think this is the right one – she stands up before her mother can discover her little lie -. So tomorrow I'm going to drop off my file at the domestic help agency.

-That never!

-It's not your decision anymore, mother! – Her scream comes from the depths, desperate and violent, her mother leans back surprised by her response, her children never raised their voices. I am of legal age and I can make my own decisions, if I make a mistake, it will be my own fault and I have a lot of life to make amends, right?

-Light, I don't want you to be wrong, that's the point!

“Then how am I supposed to learn?!” – Because if she was sure of something, that she had already learned the bad way, she was not going to continue down that same path. Bobby was able to make his decision and fulfilled his dream without anyone saying anything to him, I don't see why I can't do the same.

She starts to walk towards the stairs, but her mother stops her.

-I'm sure something happened last night and you don't want to talk.

-Yes, mother, it happened that your daughter had a reality check when she saw that this job would not take me where I want to go – he answers without looking at her -.

-The one you are choosing now much less.

-But they're not only looking for women who cook and clean -he turns around just a little-, they're also looking for tutors and I can earn a lot more from that. Now, if you don't mind, I'm really sleepy from working so late.

She continues on her way to her room, thinking that nothing she planned to do is working for her, but this is not the time to sit still.

If he doesn't move with the world, it's going to come crashing down on him and he can't allow that.

She locks herself in her room, totally exhausted, but she knows she won't be able to sleep peacefully, so she decides to put on some music to relax and sleep, but not deeply, because if that happens the nightmares will come and her parents will find out.

She stares at the ceiling and decides that the best thing to do is to fix her work file, although the only experience she has is as a waitress, but in terms of studies, she came out as the first of her class, she is good with math, science and she has golden patience, that should be enough to get her a tutoring or babysitting job.

He writes down each of his strengths and abilities, but he has a hard time with low self-esteem.

He stands up and tries to remember what it was like yesterday, when he felt like he could do anything. She closes her eyes for a moment, then sits back in front of the computer, typing a few more things before printing out her background.

-Tomorrow... tomorrow I'll go deliver this and start looking for that new path.

He goes back to bed, closes his eyes and sighs.

But it is impossible not to cry again, while her body turns into a ball and suffers the spasms of grief that stranger has left her.

She is not able to remember in detail that doll that her parents gave her when she was six years old, the one that she had every day for six more years.

But that mask... there is no detail that has been lost in his memory.

