

Give Me A Second Chance Chapter 4

Chapter 4: New Life in New York

"I need to go now. My boyfriend's waiting for me." She smiled at me as she turned back, waved at some guy, and walked merrily towards him. I didn't even get the chance to ask her name nor thank her properly for the kindness she showed me.

I glanced towards the direction where she went, but before I even got to spot her, a voice interrupted me.

"Ms. Harris!" I turned to where the voice was coming from and saw a middle-aged man standing there holding a board in his hand, which read "Raquel Harris," also known as me.

"Oh, hi! Mr..." I scratched my head as I tried to catch his name. "Call me William." He smiled at my bewilderment and stretched out his hand, urging me for a handshake.

"Nice to meet you, William." I greeted him and shook his hand with a generous smile.

"Shall we proceed?" he asked as he extended his arms and showed the way with utter politeness. I gently nodded my head in response. He took my luggage despite telling him I could handle it myself. He carried it all the way to the parking area and quickly but carefully put them in the trunk of his car. I couldn't help but notice how courteous he was. He even opened the door to the backseat of the car for both me and Charlotte. I mumbled a shy "Thank you" before settling inside the car. I delicately laid Charlotte, who was still sleeping, on my lap and enjoyed the mesmerizing view of New York City.

"Mommy, it's beautiful!" A tiny, high-pitched voice cried out, snapping me out of my own trance.

"Charlotte, you're awake!" I exclaimed as I kissed her cheek. She yawned and rubbed her eyes to get rid of the drowsiness.

She was fully awake by then. We both enjoyed the sight of the big, bustling city from the backseat of the car while William drove us around. We didn't notice that we had arrived at our destination until William spoke out, "We're here!" as he skillfully parked the car in front of a tall skyscraper which I assumed was our apartment block.

It was huge! I reckoned this building had reached about 40 to 50 stories high. We both hopped out of the car as I held Charlotte's hand and my purse on the other. William finished all the formalities and handed me the key to the apartment.

"I think that's all for now, Miss Harris. Just give me a call, and I'll be right there," he said. I thanked him politely for all of his help before he turned and walked away towards the parking lot.

We walked inside the apartment building through the lobby and into the elevator. I pressed the button with the number 12 imprinted on it. The elevator made a ding sound, and the doors opened. And so we went up the building.

"Wow! It's so beautiful up here!" Charlotte shrieked in surreality.

"Mommy, can we stay here forever? I really love it here!" She jumped up and down while hugging her favorite stuffed toy, "Honey Bee," tightly.

"Sure we can, baby! This is our new home. We're going to live here from now on." I gave her a peck on the lips and hugged her.

"Mom, will I be able to make new friends here?" She mumbled. I sensed the fear of rejection and isolation in her words.

"Of course, honey, you'll make lots of good friends here. After all, you're going to your new school starting tomorrow. I'm sure you'll meet plenty of friendly kids like you there," I promised her.

She cheekily smiled at me and sprinted off to explore the rest of the big apartment. This apartment was too spacious for only the two of us to live in.

I felt exhausted the moment I brought all the luggage inside the room. Thank God I met that kind girl at the airport. Otherwise, I would've been lost at what I should do next. Bless her soul. Shit! I forgot to ask for her number! That was a rare opportunity to make a new friend, especially in this vicious world, and I let it slip past me!

It took me five hours to get the things out of the luggage and arrange them in their respective places. I paid extra attention to the sharp objects as they ought to be kept out of Charlotte's reach.

I still remember the time when she accidentally grazed her finger with a knife when I was chopping vegetables. She tried to copy me mincing the onions. I let her be because she seemed so excited about learning how to cook. But she ended up wounding her tiny finger instead. Oh well, she ought to experience that sooner or later.

Later that night, I read Charlotte a bedtime story as I put her to sleep. Her eyelids started to drop little by little and finally drifted her off into dreamland.

I let out a long sigh. Charlotte was going to start her school the next day. My baby was finally growing up. It felt like it was just yesterday when she was trying to walk. I remembered she repeatedly stumbled on her little feet but stood up every time she fell. What a fighter she was! Time flew so fast. I kissed Charlotte's forehead and cuddled with her, for what I had planned was only for a short while. But then the exhaustion from the jetlag to the whole process of moving to a new place slowly kicked in. I finally fell into a deep slumber ended up sleeping with Charlotte the whole night.

I dreamt of my youthful years. Those were my carefree and happy days when life was free and easy.

"I have to say, you've got guts." Claire teased me as I tried to shoot the ball into the basket. But, alas! I missed it once again. It was all because of my stupid best friend who was distracting me. If only she could shut up for one minute, I'd be able to focus and win this thing.

We were playing basketball but she just couldn't keep her mouth shut. All she could talk about was that god damn incident with Kenneth.

"For fuck's sake, can you please just shut your mouth and let me concentrate on this game for once?" I broke out at her as I caught the ball my teammate passed on to me.

"Fine! But you better give me an explanation later," She yelled before leaving the basketball court. Then, finally! I had a chance to breathe!

Though I had to admit, I was a bit taken aback by her reaction toward the incident. Ever since that happened, she kept on bugging me about all the juicy details regarding that circumstance even when I had already told her that there was nothing between us.

She thought that Kenneth and I were in a so-called "secret relationship," which only resulted in a quarrel. Later after our fight, he came to ask for my apology and even tried to steal a kiss from me. But I was still mad at him, and apparently, I slapped him.

That was how she narrated the story to everyone, and by everyone, I meant literally every student in the university. And after spreading all that bullshit, she had the audacity to come to my face and tell me I've got guts? Who did she think she was? Silly her!

I recovered from the distraction and paid extra attention to the game. I loved to play basketball. It was my passion. Whenever I had time to spare, basketball would always come to my mind first.

My seniors would oftentimes invite me to play with them. Mostly, it was me who carried the game. Some people took this positively and were happy with the fact that I aced the games, but there were also some who took it contradictorily. Some would even grudge against me just because I bested them at this game. How people took it was different from person to person. It all depended on their conceit.

I made lots of friends there. They were all really close to me, and they all knew me very well.