

# Give Me A Second Chance Chapter 3

## Chapter 3: A Fresh Start

“What about you, mom? Are you going to be alright here?” I held both of her hands and asked.

“Don’t worry about me, sweetheart. I just want you and Charlotte to be happy. That’s all I’ve ever wanted.” She replied.

“Thank you, Mom. We’ll miss you, especially Charlotte.” I gave her a faint smile and hugged her tight. “Are you done packing your things?” I just nodded my head because I was afraid that I’d burst into tears again if I opened my mouth to speak.

We went back to my room, and she gave Charlotte a goodnight kiss. “Make sure to sleep early and get enough rest tonight. Your flight tomorrow is a bit early.” She said before she gently closed the door and went out.

I turned off the lights and went to my bed. Charlotte was already sleeping soundly. I closed my eyes and forced myself to sleep.

The next morning.

“The water bottle and the snacks are in the red bag. I packed all her toys and other belongings in the green bag. Never accept anything from a stranger. Always hold Charlotte’s hand.” Mom gave me countless reminders while we waited for our boarding time.

“Honey, calm down. She is just going to New York, and the flight will only take eight hours. It’s not far from here. We can visit them often.” Dad convinced Mom as he wiped her tears.

"We're going to be fine, Mom. We can FaceTime every day!" I held my tears and tried to paint a smile, but my voice sounded shaky.

"Oh, before I forget. You need to sign this, Raquel." Dad handed me an envelope.

"What's this, dad?" I asked as I unsealed the envelope.

"That's your contract. You will be working with them as a Project Manager for two years. Make sure to sign every page. I will have it delivered to them via courier."

I nodded my head and signed all the papers. "My friend will pick you up at the airport and take you to your apartment. Have a safe flight, and let us know when you land." He patted me on my shoulder, and I responded with a small smile.

We went inside the airport after Charlotte kissed her grandparents goodbye. My heart still felt heavy, but things were finally starting to sink in. A new chapter of my life was about to unfold. I wished it would be happily ever after this time for Charlotte and me.

Just then, the memories of my past came rushing in.

I walked through the hallway with my friends, and we were all teasing Claire about her embarrassing experience with our English professor. Out of nowhere, someone shoved me hard against the wall and kissed me for almost one whole minute.

He kept a tight grip on my waist and forced me to lean against the wall. I tried pushing him away, but the bastard was way too strong.

The asshole finally loosened his grip and stopped kissing me. He was staring at me with a smirk on his face. I was taken aback.

"I told you guys, no woman would want to reject my kiss." He boasted to his friends as he wiped his lower lip with his thumb. "She enjoyed it, too." He added and winked at me.

It took a few seconds for me to realize that he kissed me as part of a dare he made with his friends, as he usually would do.

He was a popular guy in school, not only for being an asshole but for being one of the top students of St. Stephen's College. Also, he had a handsome face and a hot body, and he was overly confident about it. He was aware that almost every girl on the campus would have a crush on him, and he would usually use his charm to get them. He was a jerk who wouldn't bother if someone's feelings could get hurt.

Everyone had a crush on him except for one girl. There was one smart girl who couldn't be fooled with his good looks because she knew that behind his good looks was a damned soul. I was that girl. He made his ex-girlfriends fall for his sweet words and gestures, but he never became serious in all his relationships. I was pretty sure he would still be a jerk in his future relationships.

He dated a lot of girls and would dump them within a week once he got bored. He was a notorious womanizer.

His past relationships didn't involve romantic feelings. He just wanted to get laid. No more, no less.

"Kenneth Miller!" I yelled so loud that everyone turned to look at me. I wanted to pull his hair and smash his face. I was not the kind of girl who would tolerate his bullshit.

"Yes, baby?" He had to look down to meet my furious gaze. At that moment, I despised myself for being a short girl. I was only five feet, and four inches tall, and the jerk in front of me was a six-footer. I felt very small in front of him.

I wanted to kick him in the balls, but that seemed too harsh, so I just gave him a hard slap on the face. The sound was like the cracking of a whip that echoed down the hall and captured everyone's attention. He was caught completely off guard and looked at me angrily as if he wanted to slap me back.

"Don't you ever call me 'baby' with that fucking mouth of yours!" I spat at him and walked away. I didn't give a damn, even if his eyes were blazing with anger.

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A loud ringing resonated.

I woke up to the sound of my phone and hurriedly pulled it out of my purse to dismiss the alarm. Charlotte was still sleeping even though my phone was loudly beeping beside her.

Charlotte was a heavy sleeper like me. We would always sleep like a log.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just landed at John F. Kennedy International Airport." Everyone on board was awake and excited to get off. It looked as if we were the only passengers who were still dozing off as the plane touched down.

I carried Charlotte on my right shoulder and grabbed my luggage one by one from the overhead bin. I was trying to get another bag when a lovely lady offered to assist me.

It seemed like we were about the same age. She was probably twenty-four or twenty-five. Her ginger hair grabbed my attention. I smiled politely at her as we got off the plane.