

Getting o the plane, I couldnt help but feel scared, and excited, excited for what may happen here to me in the city of love, and scared because of the same reason as excited. The possibilities are endless, this is the first time in my life I am on my own.

Would I last a month?

last conversation

I mentally slapped myself for thinking about that dreadful conversation, regardless of whether I had a million concerns and worries, I knew I had to bury them, I would not acknowledge what I was thinking, cause leaving New york and starting again was beacsue I wanted to leave the drama and the Toxicity behind me, not breath life back into it by being worried about something that may be minor and I'll just be making it bigger by overthinking it, over the past few days overhinking has became a problem ,its been interrupting my sleep and inner peace but what has somehow calmed my nerves is drawing, at first it was small doddle in a little book, then when I filled the book, I bought a real sketch book, and have been drawing everything, through house designs, clothes, sketches of di erent scenery, and by doing so it has eased my mind, but since now wasnt really a good time to draw I pushed back thoses thoughts and booked my self a uber to the air b n b I would be staying at till I can find a place to call home, and then once I am settled my aunt and uncle will have the movers ship my things to my new place, now all I have are a bunch of suitcases filled with my valuables and other necessities

Once I arrived, I stared out the window, letting out a breath I didnt know I was holding

My new life starts now thought to myself cheerfully, I could feel my cheeks turning upwards into a grin, to celebrate my arrival I decided to go get myself a cup of co ee and a celebration desert to commemorate my arrival, so with that in mind I le my temporary place, grabbing my purse, and sketch book, and began strolling the streets of paris, taking in the beauty as I walked, I soon stumbled upon this cute little vintage cafe, I got my food and drink I sat in the corner next to the window, I smiled to myself content, I began drawing a girl wearing a vintage dress sitting in a cafe, as if time was frozen my mind was completely focused on my art

"Would you like a job" a voice says startled me, I dropped pencil out of shock, my eyes looking up from my sketchbook, wide eyed at the blonde hair man

"Excuse me?" I say stunned by the man that just approached me, as he grinned at me like a cheshire cat, I was le a bit speechless my brows furrowed in confusion, not knowing this man and yet he o ered me a job, was this a serial killer who was trying to trick me

Noticing my confusion and hesitation "How rude of me I'm Tanner Kline" and just like that I knew him, well his company atleast I think

I was suddenly unsure if this was the Kline I was thinking of "Kline as in Kline architecture and designs" I ask hesitantly with a raised brow, Kline was a big name, and was known for their houses and creative in designing houses both interior and exterior

"Smart girl!" he commented, smirking at me "I know you must be thinking I am a pervert, but your art is really hard not to notice even from far away, which is why I wanna o er you a job, we just opened a fashion department, as crazy as it sounds, but I really want it to do well, and I think it can with your help" he beamed at me, while I stared at him ba led the entire time, my mind seemed to be unable to comprehend what was happening

"You want me to be a designer?" I question, wanting to be sure I was understanding what he was saying "Im touched you like my art but I dont have any training what so ever" I added frankly, I didnt want to accept if he expectations, that I most likely wont be able to meet, I have no education with design what so ever, hell I barely had a college education

"You are just doubting your self, I have an eye for spotting talent if I do say so my self, I see you potential, we can start at the bottom and work your way up, you could be like a manager, helping with the creative side, and soon when you get a handle on things you can become a full on designer" he explained

I started to think maybe I should accept, give it a try, thats why I came here right, maybe this is where I should start I know I should be careful while talking to strangers in a foreign country, but he seemed harmless, he gave me kid like vibes, he was wearing a silly band, he also smiled brightly unlike how other bosses, who also kept cold aura to themselves to remain intimidating, he seemed more comfortable being open, which I liked, since it calmed my nerves,

"so what do you say you in or are you in" he spoke again breaking me from my thoughts

"Do I have any other options besides 'in' and 'in'" I laugh so ly, as I shook my head in defeat

"Nope, but I wanted to give you an Illusion that you had an option"he grinned, as if knowing I was gonna accept, even know he really didnt give me much of an option

"How do I know your not just tricking me" I questioned to him, with a slight glare, in an attempt to be intimidating

"Honey, If I was a serial killer, I wouldnt be luring you with a job for starters" he laughed out humorously to my question "you look new, and I took my chances in asking you for a job, which to me is like a proposal, so again will you do me the honor of being my new employee" he asked dramaticly, placing his hands together, pouting his lips as if he was begging me to accept "if you accept not only would you have a job, but a really hot new friend" he added with a wink, causing me to laugh

Welp I was convinced

"Okay I'm in" with a smile I took his hands and we shaked on it "If you dont mind can you refer to me as Valery Stone"

Stone was my Dad's last name, when my parents married my mom didnt change her last name, because her father and uncle Timothy wouldnt allow her which I find crazy, but my father was very understanding and didn't mind, they even gave me my mom's last name, I think it was because both of them knew I would benefit alot if my name was Valery Maine, but now I want to be my own person

"Valery sounds so uptight and formal, how about Vallie Stone"

"Vallie Stone" I say testing the name out "Vallie Stone" I say again but with suddenly more confidence, I nodded in approval

"Welcome to my team Vallie Stone"

2 chapters in one nighth (for my time zone) hope you like this chapter, yes it is kinda short, but I did just make a chapter before this so cut me some slack, I have just this urge to write you know what I mean, anyways hope yall enjoy and see you in the next chapter luv yall

Continue to next part