

Dread was all I was feeling, I was nervous the entire flight, I tried not to over think it but its been over a year since I've been back in New

York, what if I see Noah, or Briella, or my old friends, how will I react, should I be mentally preparing myself for the possibility of seeing them? I honestly never thought I would return here, this place reminds me too much of bad memories, memories that I have pushed to the back of my mind, memories that havent resurfaced sincd I moved to paris

What has change?

I kept staring out the window, as we grew closer I could see the New York lights almost like stars, in the city that never sleeps, the place I once called home.

I began fiddling with my fingers, in an attempt to distract my mind from the dangers of my wandering mind, I must be strong

"Its okay to feel a little nervous" a voice calls, his familiar voice coming out so , unlike his usual loud and playful tone of voice, I turned to Lucas who was staring at me his body leaning from his seat, looking at me with concern in his eyes, giving me a reassuring smile, I was stunned he didnt make a sarcastic remark, I gave a him a sad smile, was it really obvious I am nervous

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As if reading my mind he said "yes its obvious, you were doing that thing you do when your pondering something"

"I have a fib?" I asked curiously trying to divert my mind away from my thoughts

He nodded with a smile "while u fiddle with ur fingers, your nose scrunches"

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"For the short time we have known each other you already spotted my fib, I dont know whether to call you observant or stalkerish" I teased at him smirking, now it was my turn to annoy him

"Not as short as you might think" he cryptically replied, I decided not to push on the subject

The rest of the flight I spent doodling and working on some designs that I was hoping to show Tanner once I return home

Art has become my escape, I could completely become lost in my work, and feel no time pass, whenever I felt like I was slipping down a spiral of emotions, I would pull out my sketchbook and start drawing sketches, and then apply those sketches into fashion pieces

I was so caught up in my art I didnt realize a certain someone hovering over me

"Wow" his voice broke me out of my trance, before I could react he grabbed my sketchbook

"Hey" I snapped in protest

"These are amazing"

I quickly stood from my seat, to get my sketchbook back, but due to the tight space it was hard to reach, as he was taller than me, and raising it over my head, this blasted man, I thought to my self as I began tugging on his suit like a child

"Lucas, give it back"

"Why havent you showcases any of these" he asks, ignoring my plees to return my sketchbook

"Because we arent fashioned based, we have a fashion department but it's mostly for private collections, or clients who want an original piece, now please can I have my sketchbook back"

As I explained he turned to look me, ba led by my statement "then why are you still there" he says hotly "you could start your own company with these designs"

His eyes were focused on my sketches for some odd reason, though I wont lie and say that I wasnt a bit flattered by his statement "I am contented with my current work" I snap back as I grabbed my sketchbook

"But you shouldnt be just contented you should be very happy" he argued and I know he had somewhat of a point, but what type of person would I be if I just got up and leave

"No one asked for your opinion Lucas"

"Its called Freedom of speak" he retorted dramatically, I had to stifle back a smile and a laugh with his comment "no need to hold back your laugh I know I'm a joy to be around"

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Unable to hold back I laughed, and he laughed with me, and suddenly I felt a tug at my heart, I stayed silent psuhing the feeling in the back of my mind, I wont dwell on it, and Lucas's comment

Thankfully a er that, Lucas le me in me peace, and I shortly fell asleep, letting the darkness consume my mind, it wasnt untill I felt a light nudge was when I opened my eyes, meeting with Lucas's grey eyes, another tug struck my heart but I couldnt pin point why, his eyes flickered with a emotion I couldnt read

"We're here" he said, placing his hand out for me "let me help you with your things"

Before I could protest, he was already grabbing my bags, and I was still too tired to argue, jet lag seriously hit me like a truck

As we boarded o the plane, the feeling of dread I had previously felt was replaced with a sudden surge of confidence and excitement, a feeling of thrill, I was no longer a heartbroken CEO's Ex-Wife, I rose up from the flames of pain, and now I am back no matter how short it may be, I was wondering what changed, and now I realize I did, and I couldn't wait to see the looks on New York Societies faces when they see me.

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"Come on lets get something to eat" he says as we walk exited through the airport his hands on my lower back leading me towards the exit, as we reached the door we both leaned in to open the door, and before I could react our hands touched, lingering for a monet

I pull my hand away ignoring the tingles that I felt "Thank you, but I'd rather eat at the hotel, more specifically in my room alone" I say still taking in the sudden boost of confidence I felt as I stepped o the plane

"Oh yea about that, you are staying with me" he said as a matter of fact, as we slide in the car

"I am certainly are not" I almosted screamed "that is very unprofessional"

"You most certainly are, its not unprofessional, you and me are supposed to be working together meaning your under my care and protection" he retorts as we stood on the side waiting for the car, since it was night there was not alot of people thankfully, or they would be surely looking the scene I was making

"Working together does not mean being together 24/7" I snapped back but he wasnt even looking at me, instead of replying he looked towards the road smirking as he did so which only fueled my anger even more "I am very capable of protecting myself, thank you very much"

He made his way towards be like an animal stalking its prey, I moved back to put distance between us, only for my back to hit the wall, his arms blocking me in, his face inches between mine, I tried to keep my head held high, but my traitorous eyes looked down to his lips

"How well do you say, can you protect yourself love?"

Before I could react or answer he let out a chuckle, before pulling away,

That blasted man was toying with me and my emotions

"See love you cant even protect yourself from me a harmless person, what about a hostile one"

"Nothing about you is harmless" I glare pushing him aside

So thats the game he wants to play, play we shall

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She is back sorry for the late update, what did you guys think of this chapter who is excited for the Society to see her back and better than ever!?

Thank u all so much for the love you are giving my book!

**Continue to next part**