

Chapter 0010

NEW YORK

~SEBASTIAN~

"Did you call Arianna?" I asked Anastasia on our way downstairs for breakfast in the morning.

As usual, she rolled her eyes at the question and showed no enthusiasm that I asked about her 5 year old daughter that she hadn't seen for an entire month. 1

It was so weird to me that she even managed to go that long without seeing her.

I always thought that mothers were more affectionate to their kids than dads, but Anastasia proved that theory wrong. She was able to pretend that her daughter didn't exist. 1

At times, I thought that maybe it was my fault. If I never supported the idea of her moving out instead of staying at my brother's place until their divorce was finalized, Arianna could have been with her mother and Anastasia wouldn't have been with me pretending that she didn't exist.

"Her dad will call if they need anything," she walked ahead of me to the dining table.

"Have you even called her ever since you moved out to your own place a month ago?"

"Can we have breakfast first?" She rolled her eyes again and sat

down on her chair.

The maids finished their work and left. I sat down on the head of the table and looked over to Anastasia at my side.

"You need to go and check up on her. Don't you think she misses her mother?"

Anastasia got up from her chair and slammed her hands on the table. "Just shut the fuck up, Sebastian! If I need parenting advice, I'll ask someone with kids. Ugh, I've lost my appetite," she threw her napkin on the table and left.

I realized that I had lost my appetite as well and went to work. As usual, I sent Anastasia money for her shopping, outing and whatever else that she wanted to do for the day.

She loved going out and I didn't see anything wrong with making sure that I sponsored her lifestyle.

She wasn't working and didn't want any spousal support from Samuel, so helping her out wasn't an issue to me. I wanted to help. 4

She and my brother broke up a year ago and their divorce was recently finalized.

I was her shoulder to lean on during the whole process and one thing led to another and we ended up having sex.

When I realized that Anastasia wanted more than the one-night-stand fling that we had, it became difficult to tell her about how I truly felt because I had thought that this was what I wanted all along.

When I got in my office, I attended a few meetings and was through

with almost half the schedule for the day before I thought of Sienna and thought of calling her. 1

It was a stupid idea but I got tempted to call her and just hear her voice. I missed her so much and it drove me crazy that I hadn't seen her for so long. 1

I felt like I was losing my mind after she just disappeared into thin air.

I stared at her contact numbers on my phone for a long minute before gathering up the strength to call her.

It had been five long years of fighting the urge to call her because of the guilt that kept consuming me. But my heart shattered inside me when I heard that the cell phone numbers were invalid.

She was no longer using the numbers that I had. I wished that things turned out differently that day and I never uttered the word 'divorce'.

It broke my heart every day that it was my fault that we got divorced, and now I felt like crawling out of my skin because of how much I missed her. 1

Later that day, I knocked off early from work and planned to spend the evening with Anastasia and talk like we used to before everything that happened five years ago.

And when I got home, I found her in the living room reading a book. I took a deep breath when I saw her on the couch and decided that since she was already here, I had to make the most of it.

"Hey Ana," I greeted her when I got to her side.

She looked at me and pouted, trying to ignore me by reading her book. "Hi Seb. Hope you don't mind that I let myself in again, I hate the loudness of my neighbors."

"Come on, you know I'm not mad that you're here," I sat down next to her.

"Tell me, what did you do with Anastasia?" I chuckled. 1

She straightened up and chuckled too. "What do you mean?"

"You're reading a book," I scoffed. "What is it about?"

She beamed. "Did you think that I never read?"

"I've never seen you read anything," I laughed.

"Oh please, I do read and guess what? There's an open book festival of 'Sincerely, Yours Too' tomorrow in Manhattan. I was thinking we should go. I'd like to meet the author." She handed me a pamphlet about the open book festival.

I looked at it and just thought that she wrote about things that only women found interesting and it wasn't going to benefit me to be there. "I will arrange for a driver to take you there, I have a golf session with one of my clients."

"Baby come on. It will be fun. Just read the first chapter and tell me that it won't be worth it to attend the open book festival," she gave me the book and I hesitated to even read it. 1

"Read," she insisted. "Tell me what you think after reading it, I will go and take a quick shower." She then left.



I sighed and opened the book and when I saw the acknowledgments, my heart almost stopped. I looked at the book cover again and stared at the author's name.

There was something about the name but I couldn't wrap my mind around it or why it stood out.

I quickly took out my cell phone and searched for Simona Middleton on the internet who was an author.

Finally, I found a picture of her at an open book festival in California and I couldn't believe my eyes that it was her.



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