



10; Snap out of it, Isabella.

Chapter Ten- "Snap out of it, Isabella".

Isabella Montague.

"Book a ight for me back to England tonight." I said to Amy, as the elevator doors dinged open, signifying our arrival at the penthouse where I've been staying since my return to New York a few days ago.

My father has houses scattered around the States, and I could've chosen to stay in any of them but I don't feel like it. I prefer the privacy that comes with staying at a penthouse. Besides, the owner of the Hotel is an old friend so I don't have to worry about my privacy and stuff.

"I thought you were going back tomorrow." Amy inquired, following after me as I had stepped out the moment the doors opened, her phone already in her hand—no doubt already on the task.

I shook my head that's still throbbing, reminding me that I will need a relaxing shower and a hungover soup. "Change of plans, I want to leave tonight." I have no business in America, at least, not yet. Besides, my family is in England, and so, I'm in no place to stay here any longer than necessary. "Anyways." I spoke up again. "Check up on the jet if you have to."

"Andrew took it to y to the Bahamas." She announced.

I hummed drily. "Why am I not surprised." I mumbled not so lowly, rolling my eyes in the process. Of course he'd take the jet I brought to the Bahamas, and then label it that it's because of work. As I'm here to kid around. I mean, everything points against me but you get what I mean.

"—Just book me a ight whatsoever." I waved it off, unbothered by taking a plane instead of my family jet that's currently unavailable thanks to my dearest step brother.

"Already on it." And that ladies and gentlemen is why I love Amy. "I found a ight that leaves at 19:40pm. Booked two rst class for you and I. Meaning." She snapped her folded Samsung phone close, "we have a few hours for you to rest and sober up before we leave."

I looked at her over my shoulder, offering her a wide grin. "Bless your soul." I blew her a kiss. "What would I do without you?"

She offered me a tight lipped smile back—her mocha lipstick covered lips slanting upwards slightly. "An absolute wreck, that's what." She pointed out, knowing she's right.

"You're right about that." I nodded, unbothered to deny it because there's no point in doing so.

"That's what I thought." She kissed her teeth, then waved her hands off. "Now go and take a shower, you reek of expensive man cologne, and wine. I'll prepare some hungover soup for you in the meantime."

I sighed, my arms hanging by my side as I pouted slightly, ashing her the puppy look. "I love you." I made heart shape with my index nger and thumb.

"Whatever." And just like that, she waved away my ying hearts towards her—the poor hearts falling on the ground, now broken and weeping silent tears.

"Bummer." I muttered, turning around and making my way to my bedroom. The minute I stepped in, I leaned down to remove the shoes I had on, tucking them aside before taking off the coat on my shoulder, placing it on the nearby couch before making my way to the en-suite.

There, I turned on the bathtub water, threw in a few shower bombs in it and added lavender essential oil and a few drops of my favorite, Jo Malone moisturizing bath oil. Though it's not late at night, I happen to be a sucker of a good scenting environment when I'm in need of a clear mind. So, I brought out two bubble candles, and lit them up, respectively placing them where they belong.

I turned off the water when I noticed it has reached a certain level I want, my hand sinking beneath it to check the temperature. Once satised by it, I got out of my dress, and then got into the bathtub, the warm water instantly soothing my sore muscles.

My eyes icked close once I had fully immersed myself under the water, my head thrown back as I allowed my body to go limb. I remained in that position for a while, simply enjoying the feeling of being underwater—almost as if I was oating, though I know I wasn't.

At one point, I decided to scrub my body and get rid of any trace whatsoever is meant to be on my body. At one point when the water started to become cold, I stepped out and drained it, before slipping on a robe and making my way back to the bedroom.

I walked directly to the walk in closet, settling down on the stool by the vanity table. I pick out all my body oils and rubbed it all over my body. Just as I reached my feet, my hands stopped just a little above my heels, noticing the now wet band aid there, making my lips slant downwards into a frown.

Growing up in a hole where balls and events of such sorts were norm, I'm used to wearing heels and stuff. However, it doesn't mean it has stopped making my legs hurt, I just choose to suck it in because I know I don't have a choice, it comes at the price of being part of my life, so, I don't bother to complain.

I peeled off the wet band aid, because there's no use leaving it there. My eyes fell on the red spots there—caused by walking around in my heels. If possible, my frown deepened because as far as I'm concerned, I don't remember putting on a band aid.

I wore the heels knowing it would cause me pain, and went the ball like that. I didn't have the time to focus on my legs, nor on my shoes even. Frankly speaking, I have no recollection of taking off the shoes. Which mean, if I wasn't the one that put it on, then there was only one person I was with throughout the night that could've done so... A certain face with a boyish smile ashed in my eyes, making my face heat up almost instantly.

"No, it can't be." I shook my head, waving my head in the process as if I'm trying to convince myself and someone else as well. "It couldn't have been." I muttered to myself, my thumb caressing the skin underneath the red spots, the action slowing as the face ashed in front of my eyes again.

Only this time, instead of the smug smile I saw earlier, I felt as though I was having a ashback of last night. His face, it sported a frown and a crease of worry formed between his brows, his eyes set on mine. His lips moved, he said something to me but I can't remember what.

"Could it?" I found myself muttering in a small voice, a sigh escaping my lips.

I blinked, my gaze moving from my feet to stare ahead, part the opened door to the chair in my direct line of sight, where I had neatly draped the coat he had given me, and underneath it, the at shoes he had gifted me that may have had a meaning which I hadn't seen earlier.

I stared at them quietly for a few seconds, before I shook my head softly, blowing out a small breath. "I'm overthinking stuff again." I mumbled, dropping my legs on the carpeted oor. My ngers ran through my hair, which I packed into a small bun, using a small hair band to hold it in place. "I don't even know his name." It's funny isn't it? I don't know who he is, nor do I even know his name. And yet, I'm here thinking about him and the things he may or may not have done.

I turned around to stare at myself in the mirror, staring at the woman that looked back at me. The woman I see in the mirror somehow looks like the woman I was a few months back, she had a similar look in her eyes, a look I had vowed not to ever have again. It wasn't that of sadness. It was...longing.

I sighed, shaking my head yet again as I closed my eyes, then opened it again. "Snap out of it, Isabella." I said to myself, staring at myself in the mirror. "Remember, you promise to not be swayed again. Let's not allow history to repeat itself, hmm?" My lips slanted upwards into a smile, a forced one that I would keep putting on till it becomes real.

This is who I am now. This is who I was forced to become.