

My Saviour - Chapter 1 Prologue

Prologue

Rachel

I'm running from my ex-husband. Yes his my ex-husband but he still finds ways to get to me. I'm done with the physical and emotional abuse.

I lost a baby because of his abuse that was the final straw, I don't even know if I could have children anymore. I didn't wait for test in the hospital I just wanted to get out, out of the hospital out of the marriage. Just out.

I filled for divorce a week after the miscarriage and to my surprise he didn't contest the divorce. I didn't think about why to much, I was just happy to get away from him. After the divorce and the fact that he didn't stop harassing me. I had to swallow my pride and ask for help. I never told my family what happened in my marriage, I didn't even told them about the miscarriage. They always warned me about him, but I never listened.

My brother was the only one who didn't say I told you so, he helped me to get a plan together and to get away. He contacted a friend that stays in New York City and asked him if I could stay with them till I'm on my feet, he bought me a one way ticket to New York City. Luckily my passport and visa was still valid for another few years. My brother and I decided the further I can go the better it would be, if I stay in South Africa he can always get to me, moving to a new continent will make it a bit more difficult.

So here I am on my way to New York. I sold all my "I'm sorry" jewellery from him and that gave me a good sum of money to survive a few months if I don't get a job. He spoiled getting jewelry as a gift for me, it will always leave a sour taste in my mouth. Just another thing he took away from me.

I'm on the plane on route to New York via Dubai when suddenly I'm startled by the sound of the air hostess.

"Miss are you okay"

"Yes thank you, why do you ask?"

"You are crying miss"

When I touched my face I felt the wetness on my skin. I'm not sure why I was crying, was it because I'm on my way to freedom or was it because I'm leaving everything and everyone I know behind?

"I'm really okay thank you for asking" I told her

"Can I bring you anything miss?"

I decided a glass of wine would help me through this flight. "A glass of wine please" I asked her

She immediately brought me a glass of wine and some pretzels. "Thank you" I smiled at her "My pleasure."

I sat back and enjoyed my wine and pretzels afterwards I put my head down and I was fast asleep.

I slept most of the flight. I don't know if it was the wine or because I was emotionally drained and physically tired or just a combination of everything.

When we landed I felt a bit better, a bit stiff from the long flight but better. I had new perspective, new dreams for my life and a determination that I will make this work and I will get a job. "That's it Rachel be positive you will make it and you can do this and if you struggle remember these words fake it till you make it" I told myself over and over. 'Fake it till you make it.' Mind over matter.

Massimo

My name is Massimo Marchetti, I'm the son of Salvatore and Rossa Marchetti, they are legal restaurant owners. I emphasize the legal because,

my work on the other hand is not as legal. I have a criminal empire my main goal is to be head of all the Mafia Families in New York City. My father was never in the Mafia or worked for the mafia but that was always what I wanted to be, a Mafia boss, my father never understood where this came from for me but it's just who I was. With all the money and power I have in New York City I would say it's only a matter of time, I've worked hard to get where I am. And I will be the head of the Mafia Families. My best friend Damon is head of the organised crime gangs in New York City. How can we be friends, when we do the same thing, you will ask. Damon and I have a good understanding we don't step on each other's toes we help each other. He wants me to be head of the Mafia families for his own reasons.

In my private life the bit I have, I'm a dominant and I practice BDSM it's difficult to get women that are in the life style and not just pretend, to get their hands on your money, Or tell people you assaulted them. It's a very difficult situation. There is a club I go to, when I want to play, I just don't go there often. There is just not enough time in my days.

When it comes to love, I'm not so sure love is in my cards and love at first sight not something I believe in. Women is just a distraction and gets in the way of business. I sound cynical but that is what I think. If I ever "fall" for someone that person would have to be some kind of amazing. Women always say if a man comes riding up on a white

horse he will be for them. Maybe if a women comes riding up a white horse to me I might think about it. I'll think really hard about it.

I have my men that works for me so there is always people around me I'm never alone. I never feel the need to go and look for women or other friends. I'm content.

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