

Chapter 1 - Leaving New York.

'Sometimes the strongest women are the ones who love beyond all faults, cry behind closed doors and ght battles that nobody knows about'

~ Farzana Baig

Italy.

Spain.

France.

England.

Australia.

There are so many amazing options but I can only pick one yet whichever one I pick is one which could strongly impact the rest of my life or at least the next few years of my life because this isn't just a vacation, it's more of a temporary staycation.

"Can I help you, ma'am?"

An effeminate voice with a southern twang asks me.

I narrow my eyes from the board on the wall to the young man behind the desk who was looking at me with a big, bright smile on his glossy lips.

"Actually, you can...do you fancy playing Russian roulette with me?"

I ask him with a smile and he looks at me like I've lost my damn mind.

"Ma'am...this is an airport, it's not a casino"

He says and I chuckle.

"I know that, sir, I'm just looking to get away from New York for a little while but I'm stuck on where to go"

I say and he rolls his eyes in a jokey and semi-serious kind of way.

"Let me guess, you're running away from a boy?"

"Got it in one"

I say while nodding my head and smiling.

Dylan Tate is denitely a little boy.

Grown-ass men who are mature don't do what he did.

"You really shouldn't let a man run you out of your own home, honey because the moment you give a man that type of power and control, it's hard to get it back"

"Well, it's kind of hard to stay here when my ance screwed my brother behind my back"

I say angrily while smiling a sad and pained smile as the guy behind the desk gasps dramatically and clutches at his invisible pearls.

"Oh my"

He says as he straightens his jacket and looks at me with a shocked and sympathetic expression.

"Well, if I can make a suggestion...London is always beautiful at this time of year"

London.

I think to myself as I smile a real and genuine smile.

This is the rst time in four whole weeks that I've smiled like this.

I've always wanted to visit London, England but for some reason, it just never happened.

"The UK has also got a lot of historical and cultural spots if you're interested in that type of stuff, not to mention their nightlife is lit"

He says the last bit while doing a little twerk before quickly getting himself together and looking around to see if anyone had seen him do it.

"Sorry ma'am, that wasn't professional at all"

"Don't worry about it"

I said while chuckling.

"It looks like I'm going to London then, when does the next ight leave?"

"In twenty minutes, ma'am"

"Great, book me a seat please, oh and make sure it's one way"

I say and the guy looks up at me with sympathetic eyes.

He then arranges my ticket for me and books me on the next ight to London.

I was so excited but I was also feeling really nervous as well, especially when I was handed my ticket and I was told what gate I had to go to.

The reason why I felt this way is because this meant it was real, I was really leaving not just New York but also America, my home and right now with how I'm feeling, it's going to be for good.

I thank the worker who wishes me good luck as I head towards my gate and take a seat letting out a sigh as I did.

The past four weeks have been super freaking crazy and stressful for me and I just can't wait to get away for a little while so that I can get over recent events, get myself together and work on myself mentally.

I take a sip of my water as my mind drifts back to four weeks ago when all of this mess started.

My ance Dylan Tate and I were hosting our engagement party at the Ritz Carlton and it was supposed to be the party of the century.

The Carpenter, Black and Tate families are the top three most powerful, inuential and richest families in New York's elite and the fact that two of these families were joining together through marriage was a big freaking deal but I didn't care about any of that.

I loved Dylan and I had loved him ever since I rst set my eyes on him when I was sixteen, we were childhood sweethearts and had dated each other ever since our high school days.

He's the love of my life, the man of my dreams, so when he proposed to me in Bali, the answer was a given and I couldn't have been any happier but then my whole world came crashing down the night of my engagement party, the night that was supposed to be one of the best nights of my life turned into pure hell.

What happened was, Dylan had gone AWOL right before we were supposed to make the ocial announcement, so I went looking for him but I wasn't expecting to see what I saw when I nally found his ass.

I found Dylan in our hotel room with my brother Luca and they were both butt-ass naked having s*x on our bed.

I can't even begin to describe to you how painful it was to see the love of my life and my beloved older brother who I love so freaking much entangled the way that they were.

I was so heartbroken and devastated that I didn't even stay to hear their sorry ass excuses.

I quickly left the room and the hotel altogether because honestly, there's nothing they could say or even do that would be good enough for me to accept or even forgive.

After I left the hotel, I went to a nearby bar where I drank all of my pain and sorrows away.

I ended up getting so freaking drunk that I found myself in a hotel room losing my virginity to some strange guy or at least that's what I thought at the time.

When I woke up the next morning, I realised the guy who I had s*x with and gave my precious virginity to was none other than New York's most eligible bachelor Logan Black who is also the best friend of my eldest brother Justin.

I was in so much shock and I couldn't believe I had s*x with Logan.

I instantly freaked out and panicked because I didn't know how Logan was going to react when he woke up and realised he'd had s*x with me, the girl he had always seen as his younger sister and I really didn't wanna to stay to nd out, so I quickly got dressed and left the hotel room.

I then went home where of course, I found out I was the villain of my story because I had left my engagement party without a word and had shown up the next morning literally doing the walk of shame.

My parents questioned me about where I had been? who I had been with? why did I leave? how could I embarrass the Carpenter and Tate familys the way that I did? you know all that blah, blah, blah BS.

Of course, Luca and Dylan didn't say anything and they were only too happy to throw my ass to the wolves which broke my heart even further because they were supposed to love me, yet they didn't care and they stood there allowing me to take the brunt of the blame for last night when it was all their fault.

Anyway, I took all of the abuse and all hell broke loose when I told them that the wedding was off and I didn't want to marry Dylan anymore which angered my parents, more specially my dad who hit me for the rst time in my life and he demanded or I should say he commanded me to still go through with the wedding.

Even that fake ass piece of s**t Dylan acted like a love-sick victim and begged me not to cancel the wedding and even had the nerve to say he'd forgive me, you know ME for MY indiscretions, the cheeky bastard but I refused to budge even despite my dad's determination for it to still go ahead.

I didn't wanna ght them anymore, so I let them all think they had won, so while everyone was planning the wedding of the century, I was making plans of my own to leave and get away.

I really didn't want to leave because at the end of the day, my family are still my family and I love them so much but I knew I could never forgive them, especially Luca.

Luca was my best friend growing up and I was the closest to him out of all of my brothers which is why this is so devastating to me.

It's also the reason why I stopped myself from publically dragging Luca and Dylan out of the closet and outing them to the world so that everyone would know I wasn't the big, bad wolf in this story because deep down inside of me, I still do love them both and I don't want to hurt either of them.

There's also another reason why I'm leaving or I should say this was the nal nail in the con if you will and that reason is because I'm pregnant with Logan's baby.

I knew my parents would ip their lids when they found out and they'd either assume Dylan is the father and would use my baby to make the wedding happen sooner or they'd wanna know who the real father is and if they learned Logan is the father then they'd force me to marry him to save face.

I didn't want either of those options, I didn't want Dylan and I didn't want Logan, I just wanted me and my baby, so I packed a bag and grabbed as much cash as I could because I didn't wanna take any cards with me in case they tried to track me down and I headed straight for JFK airport hoping to start a new life.

I was brought out of my thoughts when I heard the boarding call for my ight.

I let out a breath and smiled as I thought to myself this is it whilst placing a hand on my stomach.

"It's just you and me from now on my little angel"

I take a nal deep breath in and slowly release it before standing up and grabbing my bags.

I then head towards my gate and my new life in London, England.