

Chapter 1 Positive.

I had the pregnancy test in my hands, I hadn't wanted to take it just because of a few simple nausea, but my mother practically forced me and I had no choice but to obey her, the result appeared within minutes and my heart began to beat uncontrollably in my chest.

It couldn't be.

It was impossible.

I was pregnant.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, if this had happened six months ago, I would undoubtedly be jumping with excitement before running to shout it to the world, but at this moment, my marriage to the great fashion industry businessman, Alexander Lancaster, was hanging by a thread.

After two years of marriage, he became indifferent, cold, he treated me as if I didn't exist and it was rare for him to even touch me, so I knew perfectly well the day it was conceived. That night he came home from a cocktail, it had been a long time since I had seen him so excited, and when he nished, he fell asleep next to me in bed, I thought everything would return to normal, but I was wrong, the next day he barely greeted me.

Tears welled up in my eyes and my mother didn't take long to wrap me in her arms.

"Sarah, this is great news, you shouldn't get depressed, it's what your marriage needed, I'm sure Alex will change when he nds out he's going to be a father." My mother made an effort to encourage me, although I have always thought that a child would never be the solution to problems and doubted that the child I carry in my womb would be the reason to recover my marriage, to recover Alex.

"I've never agreed with that, I can't use a child to make everything go back to how it was." My voice came out broken but understandable, my mother looked at me as if I were saying a lot of nonsense.

She approached the closet and took out my suitcase, along with all my carefully folded clothes.

"Come on, pack your things, you'll return on the next ight, you'll go to your husband and tell him you're going to be parents, you'll see how everything will improve, you love each other, you'll be a happy family and you'll give all the love to my grandchild."

I would love to have my mother's enthusiasm, even though she had never met Alexander in person, she had so much faith that he could become the loving husband he was in the beginning.

"Leave? Now? My ight is in four days." I said without taking my eyes off my mother, who meticulously folded each garment in my suitcase.

"You'll leave on the private jet, more comfortable and relaxing. You can think about what you're going to say to Alexander when you arrive on the way. Keep packing, I'll let the pilot know to prepare everything for your trip." She left the last garment she had managed to fold and left the suite with her cellphone in her hand, leaving me alone with my half-full luggage.

I wiped the tears on my cheeks, looking for the positive side of the news, and I didn't take long to nd it. I touched my still at stomach, as if I could feel the life growing inside me, then all the bad disappeared, I was going to become a mother and the best part was that I would have a child with the man I loved.

I would be a mother.

I repeated it over and over again in my head, while with a smile on my face, I began to pack the clothes I brought for my short vacation and week-long visit to my mother in Orlando.

I took a deep breath when I arrived in New York, nerves were bubbling in my system and my legs couldn't stop trembling.

My mother's idea turned out to be a complete failure, I couldn't relax or think about how I would tell Alex the news, all I did was caress my stomach and think about all the negative.

I took a taxi that would take me home, along the way I called Alexander a couple of times on his cellphone, I wanted to know where he was so I could surprise him, but the call went straight to voicemail.

Okay, no problem with that, he was probably at the company right now. It was only two in the afternoon, so I planned everything in my head.

I left the luggage at home and rushed to the company with the pregnancy test in a gift box that my mother got me. Yes, that was how detailed my mother was. I wouldn't have thought of such a thing.

My plans were short, but precise, and they would have worked perfectly if it weren't for Alexander's sister being at my house. As soon as she saw me arrive, she didn't waste time giving me a look of annoyance, as if she couldn't stand my presence or as if her eyes suffered just from seeing my face.

"The one who wasn't needed has arrived." She rolled her eyes and continued what she was doing, trying on the new collection that Lancaster Collection was going to launch in a month.

The living room was a mess, with many items of clothing scattered everywhere, while a couple of designers from the company advised her. She seemed to forget that she was in my house and she was the intruder here.

"Who gave you permission to come in?"

"Well, sorry for coming to MY house." I emphasized the word "my" and she looked at me with a mocking smile, as if she found it amusing what I just said.

"Your house? It's my brother's house and I have more right to be here than you do. You should know your place. You're nothing but a gold digger." she said with such arrogance that I wanted to slap her across the face, but I preferred not to give her attention and continue with my plans.

She doesn't even know what she's saying, she can't see beyond her own nose.

I was never liked by Gina, Alexander's younger sister, and even less by his mother. They always took every opportunity to humiliate me, always with the same topic, that a beggar like me would never have a place next to a successful man like Alexander, born into a wealthy family.

I tried not to pay attention to each of the Lancaster's attacks, as I preferred to avoid future conicts. I didn't even tell Alexander about it, the last thing I wanted was to create a bigger problem where his family would be portrayed as the villains, and even though they were, I wouldn't hesitate to defend them with all my might, before myself. I just had to swallow the mistreatment from these two women and keep as much distance from them as possible.

And now more than ever, since I just found out that Alexander's child is growing inside me, I had to stay calm for the sake of both of us.

What they, and even Alexander, didn't know was that I came from a recognized, powerful, and even more inuential and wealthy family than the Lancasters. But I put my family aside when we both fell in love in college and decided to take the next step after graduation; we got married, vowed to love and respect each other until death do us part.

Of course, my family never agreed with my relationship with Alexander, they didn't want to meet him either, so my father gave me a choice: marry him or take my position in the Doinel fashion house.

My mother was the only one who supported me, although she preferred to keep her distance because she didn't want to go against my father.

I saw my mother twice a year, I haven't seen my father since I got married.

I wiped away my tears as I remembered the last day I saw him. He didn't seem happy with my decision, as he wanted me to follow in his footsteps and become as important in the fashion world as he was. However, I remembered the last thing he said to me.

"Fly, y high, but don't let them clip your wings, and if that happens, remember that I'll be waiting for you with open arms to mend your wings and teach you once again to wait for the right moment to take a long ight."

I missed my father so much, especially in moments when Alexander treated me with such indifference and coldness, as if he no longer felt anything for me, when I felt that he no longer desired me, when he barely looked at me before sleeping. I couldn't remember the last time he told me he loved me.

In those moments, I missed my father, because he wouldn't allow his daughter to be treated that way, he couldn't allow me to settle for so little when he gave me everything.