



### Chapter 3 Home, sweet home.

The rst thing I did after calming my tears was to call my mother. My hands were shaking and I felt so weak, so shattered, that I didn't feel capable of driving. All I did was park a block away from the Lancaster company.

"Sarah, darling, tell me everything, I want details. How did he take it? Did you give him the box like I told you? How did everything turn out?"

I pressed my forehead against the steering wheel and let out a sigh that hurt in my chest.

I wasn't going to cry again, not while talking to my mom.

They didn't deserve my tears.

"I'm going to get a divorce" was the only response I gave, ignoring all the questions she surely asked with excitement on her face, only to have it vanish with my answer.

I didn't hear anything on the other end of the line, and I would have thought the call was dropped if I didn't hear my mother's breathing.

"Oh God, was it that bad?" My mother asked, although it seemed like a question for herself, as I could barely hear her.

"Don't worry, Sarah, it's normal at the beginning. Give him a few days to process it, and you'll see that everything will work out."

I let out a silent bitter laugh and wiped away a tear that rolled down my cheek.

If only everything were as easy as saying it.

"Mom, Alexander cheated on me with my best friend. I couldn't even tell him he's going to be a father." I said with a choked voice, taking a deep breath to suppress the urge to cry.

"What? Sarah, if this is one of your jokes, I warn you that I won't fall for it so easily anymore."

I wish it were just a damn joke, but it was nothing but sad reality. I stayed silent, trying to get rid of the lump in my throat, but it had settled there and didn't seem to want to disappear.

"This can't be."

"What should I do?" I asked, letting all my weight sink into the car seat, and my free hand rested on my belly.

The idea of my child not knowing his father terried me. I was being selsh, and I should think about what's best for my baby with a clear head.

"Leonardo will be happy to have you back, especially knowing that you're going to give him a grandchild. The jet hasn't returned to Orlando yet. I'll be waiting for you. Just bring what you need. Tomorrow, we'll go see your father."

Just thinking about my father, about his annoyed gaze for leaving everything for someone who didn't give me anything, made my skin crawl.

I could already hear him saying "I told you so".

"Do you think he'll take me back?" I asked, feeling insecure. My nerves, anger, and sadness were starting to calm down. Talking to my mother does me good.

"He'll be thrilled to see you. Don't waste any more time. Move your ass. I want you here as soon as possible, and don't worry, dear, everything will be ne. Remember, you're not alone, you're expecting a baby."

That brought a genuine smile to my face. It was the only reason why I wasn't completely falling apart right now.

I ended the call with my mother and drove to Alexander's house, no, it wasn't my house anymore. Gina was still in the house, with the living room even messier than before. She said something to me, but I didn't even stop to listen. I went up to the bedroom and looked for the most important things: my ID, my documents, the jewelry my parents gave me. I kept them as a relic; I would die if I were to lose them. And of course, I couldn't forget the box with the pregnancy test.

I left the car keys and the credit cards Alexander gave me, which I never used, on the bed, and hurried to leave the house after making sure I had everything I needed. I didn't take any clothes except the ones I was wearing.

I didn't give Gina the slightest chance to talk. I wasn't in the mood for her nonsense, and I was glad to know that I would never see her again, nor Alexander, and especially not his mother.

Goodbye, Lancaster family.

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My body trembled, and it wasn't because of the cold. I was only minutes away from meeting my father. I knew the way to Doinel Villa by heart, despite the time I spent away. The driver was driving in silence, occasionally glancing at me through the rearview mirror. He seemed surprised and happy to see me, but he didn't dare say a word, and I didn't want to make it awkward.

"You're going to love the renovations we made to the house. By the way, we have a dog now. Your father felt very lonely after you left for good and adopted Brandy. She's the most spoiled, obviously, by Leonardo. I just hope he doesn't neglect her with your arrival." My mother talked non-stop, updating me on the changes in the past years. It was starting to overwhelm me, even though I knew she was doing it to distract me.

She was doing a good job. I rarely thought about the failure of my marriage, but I couldn't stop thinking about the moment I see my father. That was what had me on edge, more so than when I was about to tell Alexander that I was pregnant.

"What if he slams the door in my face?" I asked, putting aside all the information she was giving me.

She let out a little laugh, she looked so beautiful and elegant with the sun rays hitting her tanned face. How I wished to look as radiant and happy as my mother.

"That won't happen, whatever happens, he is your father and will never turn his back on you." She said. I didn't want to believe it, but if my mother said so, it made me feel less worried.

"Trust me, Sarah, your father is happy for your return, he is eagerly waiting." She said, and my eyes widened in surprise.

Okay, I didn't expect him to be here at this moment and at this hour in the Villa, now I was even more nervous.

"I don't know how I will face him." I confessed, ashamed. As I dgeted in my seat, we were already arriving home, the one I should never have left.

"With the same face as always and with a huge smile." She said. It was so easy for her to say it, smile, I had forgotten what it was like to smile, lately I haven't had enough reasons to do so.

The Rolls Royce stopped in front of the angel fountain, and in front of it, there were the stairs that led to the entrance of the villa. I couldn't believe that I was here again, in the place where I grew up and had such beautiful memories with my parents.

Home, sweet home.

My home, so big and ostentatious, but as cozy as I remembered, surrounded by green areas, lush trees, and far away from the city, the perfect place, as far away as possible from the Lancasters and that woman who claimed to be my friend.

The driver opened the car door and I got out after my mother. The wind tousled my hair, it felt so good, so liberating to be here, I just hoped my mother was right and my father accepted me back, I needed them now more than ever.

My mother took me by the hands and infected me with her good mood and cheerful smile. Together, we climbed the steps and I noticed the rst change they made to the house, the old door had been replaced by a modern one with glass included, very nice. My mom opened the door and gestured for me to enter.

I felt like a stranger standing at the entrance of the house, trembling with fear and with my heart pounding hard in my chest.

I put aside my insecurity and walked into the house. Immediately, I was greeted by the barks of a dog who came up to sniff me. I didn't know much about dog breeds, but I knew it was a cocker, because I always wanted one when I was a child.

"You must be Brandy, how beautiful you are." I crouched down to pet her soft fur, and she seemed so adorable when she threw herself on the oor to have her belly rubbed. I didn't know her, but I already loved her.

"Brandy, where are you going?" I stopped petting Brandy when I heard that familiar voice so close that, when I wanted to react, I realized that he was already standing a few meters away from me. I was left breathless, I had forgotten to breathe correctly. A tingling sensation ran from my stomach to my chest when his green gaze locked with mine, and I was only able to move when I felt something wet in my hand.

Brandy was licking me.

"Hello, dad."