

Chapter 4 Broken wings to mend.

His hard and indifferent gaze towards me didn't last more than ten seconds, his eyes scanned me from head to toe and his features relaxed when our eyes met again. He let out a sigh, apparently tired, and approached me.

I couldn't move a muscle, as I didn't see any intention of receiving me with fanfare; rather, it seemed like he was going to reprimand me. Honestly, I wished he would, I deserve it for abandoning the only people who love me unconditionally, above all else.

I inhaled his fragrance when he stood in front of me, I remembered that perfume very well, thanks to me he used that fragrance after throwing away his old perfume that only made me nauseous. His mouth opened, ready to release a well-deserved scolding, but it closed as his arms enveloped me in a hug that brought me back to life.

"I missed you so much, my little Sari."

I let myself be carried away by the warmth of his embrace, the comforting feeling of our touch, and the pleasant silence that surrounded us at the entrance of the house, enjoying each other's embrace.

It was impossible to stop my tears, I felt so miserable, a bad daughter for abandoning the man who gave and would give everything for me, for my happiness, for my well-being, in exchange for a fool who offered me a 'till death do us part,' but I didn't know he was talking about the death of his love for me.

"Forgive me, father, I have been inconsiderate, selsh, a bad daughter. I deserve what I am going through for abandoning you for a man who was unfaithful to me." My words were barely understandable, as I couldn't stop sobbing while tears overwowed from my eyes.

I felt so bad inside, my soul was in pieces just like my heart. Knowing that it wasn't worth it to have left my life for the man I fell in love with, and that the woman I considered my friend cared less about the fact that we were married.

She disregarded our years of friendship, revealing her true self, the one who always envied me for capturing the attention of the man who, unbeknownst to her, she was interested in.

The only good thing I rescued from this tragedy was the result of our...my love for that man who ended up unlocking insecurities and fears in me, becoming my rst heartbreak, because he was the rst and the last.

And I couldn't help but ask myself, "What happened? Wasn't I enough for him? What did I lack? Did he let himself be inuenced by his family's derogatory and negative comments towards me, due to my unknown origins? How important is it for them what others say? He didn't seem to care about that when he proposed to me."

I set aside those questions that only tormented me and encouraged myself.

"No, I gave him everything, I was a good girlfriend, a good wife, a good companion, but he didn't appreciate it."

"Come here, my Sari, we're going to mend those wings and pick up every piece of your heart. You don't need the crumbs of that man when you have the love of your family. Let's regain your self-love."

My father's words calmed me and made me feel like a complete i***t. He guided me into the living room, with one arm around my shoulders, and sat with me on the comfortable new cream-colored leather sofa.

"You have no idea how happy I am to see you again after all these years without your pleasant presence at home. We're going to light up your mood, I want the smiling Sarah who left here with dreams and goals back."

The dreams and goals of that Sarah were left in New York, the only thing that kept me going was the life growing in my womb.

"You're going to be a grandfather." I blurted out suddenly, and his surprised look didn't take long to appear. He looked at my mother, who had sat next to me with teary eyes, moved by seeing me so sad and broken. And at the same time, there was joy in her eyes at having me back.

"You're pregnant." He said more as an armation than a question.

The serenity with which he spoke restored the security and trust I once had with him. I knew he wouldn't judge me for being so careless; after all, I wasn't a fortune-teller to know that all this was going to happen.

I never suspected that Alexander was cheating on me despite his sudden disinterest, and although I could have done a lot to prevent it, it was too late, and all I could do was regret it.

"And he doesn't know." He added again like an armation, and I nodded ashamed, not looking at him.

I know I didn't have the right to hide it or to let my child grow up without knowing his father, but given the circumstances, all I could do was put an end to the relationship with the man who shattered my heart, my trust, and my self-love.

I didn't give him a chance to nd out about his paternity; I felt it was the best thing for me, for my emotional stability. The farther away, the easier it would be to process everything.That was what I thought.

"I also don't want him to nd out." Disapproval in his gaze made me tremble and I had to improve my response.

"At least not for now, for my peace of mind during the pregnancy, it also helps me organize my thoughts."

My father let out a sigh, not quite believing the last thing I said. He knew me so well, between the two of us, there was a father-daughter connection that wouldn't be broken even if we were apart for ten years.

"I don't agree with your decision, however, I respect it. As a man, I wouldn't be pleased at all if something as important as a child were hidden from me, but if you believe it's the right thing to do, I won't interfere. I just want you to know that even if the baby lacks a father's love, there will be enough love from their grandfather and grandmother." he dried my wet cheeks with his thumb and I couldn't help but give him a genuine smile.

I didn't know how I could have thought that he wouldn't want to see me after all this time, of course he would unconditionally be there for me. I was his only daughter whom he always spoiled, although I had been replaced by Brandy.

"We're happy to have you back, sweetheart." my mother said by my side, as she wrapped her arms around my body until she reached my father's, embracing us in a family hug that I hadn't realized how much I needed.

"Enough sentimentality, I know you've come from a long and tiring journey, but you can't miss the exclusive banquet I prepared in record time to celebrate the return of my heiress." I scolded him with my gaze for doing such a thing, even though he knew I had returned completely broken.

"What? Don't look at me like that. It's as if you don't know me, of course I would celebrate your return. Besides, it serves for you to distract yourself and greet your old friends, and maybe make some new ones."

Now I looked at him slightly annoyed, I wasn't in a condition to greet old acquaintances, much less to meet new people, much less expose myself to society and let them know that I am Doinel's heir, it wasn't the right time.

"Abby has been invited." As soon as he said that, my face lit up.

"You should have started with that." I said, getting up from my seat and moving away from my parents' arms, while I wiped my wet cheeks. I wasn't going to continue crying for the rest of my life, it was bad for the baby.

The excitement of seeing my friend overwhelmed me, completely changing my mood. No, not my very, my sister from another blood, I'd known her since we were babies. She was from a very inuential family, the Dubois, my parents' best friends and partners.

"Maga!" my father called out when he saw my new mood, and my eyes widened when I heard that name.

My nanny, my second mother, I didn't know how much I missed her until this moment.

"Sir." her voice made me turn, and she couldn't hide her surprise and joy at seeing me.

"Miss Sarah."

"Nana!" I approach her and hug her, feeling the excitement in my chest.

After hugging each other, telling each other how much we missed each other and how happy we were to see each other again, my father asked her to take me to my room with my luggage, which consisted of a small suitcase with clothes I bought last minute in Orlando.

My room looked the same as always, the enormous, well-made bed with silk sheets, the pink carpet that covered the entire oor, my wardrobe, my private bathroom, and the balcony.

God, how I loved that balcony with a view of the backyard, the pool looked the same, as did the green and sports areas. What fascinated me about this place was the fascinating view of a forest with huge trees. All my life I wanted to venture into the forest, but I never had the opportunity or the courage.

"I'll leave you alone, my girl. Your wardrobe has been remodeled with the new Doinel collection, I know you'll like it. If you need my help with something, don't hesitate to call me." I thanked Maga and she left the room with a big smile on her face.

I didn't wait any longer and took a relaxing and long foam bath in the tub that I missed so much.

The little relaxation I managed to achieve vanished when I closed my eyes. Inevitably, the unpleasant image of my husband being unfaithful to me with my best friend came to my mind.

I let out a tired sigh, frustrated by my brain's ability to remind me of events I wanted to erase from my memory. I left the bathroom in a worse mood than when I entered and wrapped my body in a clean robe.

The sound of my cellphone caught my attention and I immediately picked it up. Since the driver picked us up, I hadn't looked at it, although it was strange that someone would message me. In recent years, I had distanced myself from many people and only a few would message me.

It was impossible for my blood not to boil upon seeing the sender, Rachel.

"We are grateful that you left. Just do us one last favor, don't ever show up again. You are not welcome in our house. It's a shame you didn't fulll your role as a good wife, but don't worry, I'll take care of that."

A sharp pain lodged in my chest, taking away my breath, making me forget how to breathe. Our house?

The good mood I had regained upon arriving in Paris was replaced by disappointment. The pain was slowly breaking the last pieces of my heart as I looked at the photo she had sent me.

It was a photo of her and him, both on the bed in our room...sorry, what used to be our room. Her head rested on the bare chest of Alexander who was sleeping. Although Rachel's eyes were closed, you could still see her slight smirk, as if she was proud of what she had done.

Unbelievable...

They couldn't wait for me to leave to continue their affair.

That was how the last sparkle disappeared from my face.

They killed me inside...

Anger blinded me for a moment, and I started typing an offensive response, but I stopped when I was about to send the message. I realized the atrocities I was writing.

I sat on the bed after taking a deep breath and rewrote the message more calmly.

"Congratulations, keep enjoying your feeling of superiority as the mistress. You have freed me from a huge headache. After all, it was your last gesture of friendship."

I sent the message and immediately blocked the contact. I didn't want to hear anything more from her.

I lay on the bed with my arms extended and closed my eyes for a few seconds, feeling not only sad but also angry at myself for being so blind and stupid to give everything without receiving anything in return.

I sailed through my memories, back to the day I rst saw him at that illegal car race Abby dragged me to on our last trip together.

I remembered running with Abby, trying to lose my bodyguard, and colliding with a strong body that made me stumble. Just as I was about to fall to the ground, strong arms held me, preventing my trembling body from hitting the ground. The rst thing I saw were his beautiful honey-colored eyes, looking at me with concern and tenderness.

After asking if I was okay and apologizing, even though it was clearly my fault for running without looking, he introduced himself as Alex. Just when I was about to tell him my name, my escort caught up to me, taking me away from that eighteen-year-old boy who didn't take his eyes off me until I got into the car, where Abby was waiting.

She scolded me for wasting precious minutes of our time with that boy, when we could have used them to escape from my escort. Years later we coincided at university, I knew who he was from the rst moment I saw him and I was surprised when he told me he had never seen me in his life.

I thought that was the rst sign that told me: THAT'S NOT IT. If I hadn't let myself be carried away by the rst impression I had of him in that place, I wouldn't have set my eyes on Alexander. I wouldn't have given him everything of myself, I wouldn't have become Mrs. Lancaster, nor would I have made the foolish decision to leave my loving family, to be part of one that only humiliated me whenever they wanted.

And now I was here, with a memory that hit me in the eye, a baby on the way, and with broken wings to mend.