

A New York Kind Of Love

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Chapter One: Instagram

Friday morning, 3am

Everyone has left.

JJ just left to meet her Tinder hookup.

Fi and the rest of her crew left an hour ago for an afterparty, at her restaurant in the Upper East Side.

And here I am.

Snorting Charlie.

On my lonesome.

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☒ About Charlie ☒

Meet 'Charlie'.



He's our best friend.

You may hear us saying things like...

“Are we seeing Charlie tonight?”

“Is Charlie with you tonight?”

“I can't, sorry... I have a date with Charlie.”

Tonight, Charlie is taking me on a trip down memory lane.

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He's showing me half-naked photos of my ex and his new flame on Instagram.

They've just come back from *Cancun*.

Sitting on my couch at 3am

I'm getting kind of tired of this game.

Every day is shittier than the last.

And if I hear another rendition of Justin Bieber's 'What Do You Mean' I'm going to shoot myself in the face.

Tonight,

a guy

I just met

asked me

if I would

marry him.

Legit.

I'm **one hundred percent sure** that means he wants to get in my knickers.

Coincidentally...

that's *also* my cue

to tell him

to fuck right off.

Still, it was a welcomed change from the usual
Thursday night banter:

“Come to my hotel room.”

“Come to my hotel room
to do some Charlie.”

“Come to my hotel room
to FUCK
and do some Charlie.”

So, I thought, what the heck.

I said, “SURE, let’s talk more on this tomorrow because
I’m going home now.”

“Can I come with you?” he said.

“No!”

**So then he
disappeared,
never to be seen
again.**

Now I'm *kinda* stalking this guy from Tinder.

That's why I'm still up at 3am instead of getting the beauty sleep I'm *supposed* to be.

I don't know how he found me.

I must have linked Instagram to my Tinder profile by mistake.

No-one can ever find me on Instagram.

That's why I only have TEN FOLLOWERS.

Instagram wasn't *cool* in London when I left for New York City.

It was something we used to share pictures of our food or make us look cute in pictures.

So we could add them to our Facebook posts.

It was only until I moved to New York City a year ago that suddenly EVERYONE was asking me questions like:

‘What’s your IG?’,

‘Add me on IG’,

‘Follow me
and I’ll follow you back’.

To which, I usually responded with something like:

“Sorry.

But what the fuck

**is my
fucking
'I' 'G' .**

And where do I find it?

Because you all seem to know more about it than I do...”

When I **FIRST** got Instagram, I didn't know what to do with it.

So I asked Facebook.

**“What can I do
on Instagram
that I can't already do on**

Facebook.

Discuss.”

It was my most liked post of the year.

Here are *just some* of the replies:

“It’s just cool.”

“I like to see what the Kardashians are doing.”

“Sometimes I share cool quotes with my friends.”

“There’s always fit girls on there.”

“It’s like reading the Sunday paper, everywhere you go.”

Don’t even get me STARTED on Tinder...

I've been playing Tinder all day

long

and I've only won 3 games.

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Playing on Tinder

The first guy messaged me and asked me,
'Do you want sex,
and do you want it now?'

The second one messaged me,
'Hi'
in the middle of the night
and then by morning he had blocked me.

By the time the third guy messaged me to say,
"I see you like coffee, I like coffee too."

I decided to quit.

I suppose I'm not much of a gamer.

Strangely, a few days after I deleted Tinder, I
discovered I now had

one new follower on Instagram.

Mystery follower on Instagram

A David Beckham-esque silver fox.

He's not really a 'silver fox' **per se**.

He's just well over the age of twenty-five and has managed to grow an **adult beard**.

- No, it's NOT a *glued-on* Santa Claus-esque beard, found in Chelsea.

- And no it's NOT paired with a *glued on* 'man bun' either.

So, on that basis, I'm going to assume that means he at least has *his shit together*.

#justsaying

His profile name is 'Mr E NYC'.

Mr E NYC??

Maybe he *hasn't* got his shit together after all.

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He sounds like the local drug dealer, specialising in Ecstasy.

Still,
a good contact to have,
either way.

For argument's sake let's call him

'Mr E'.

Mr E was the most interesting person to start following me on Instagram.

He was also the only person that wasn't *already* my friend

in real life.

The same friends who, thanks to Instagram and Facebook, now yell at me *TWICE* for not liking their posts.

“If you saw I was in Spain, why didn't you like at least one of my posts??”

That's why, when someone that *I don't know* starts following me I start to get a little 'inquisitive', shall we say.

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