

Chapter 1

"Don't say we're not right for each other because the way I see it, we might not be right for anyone else." The Cutting Edge

Sitting at my desk I couldn't help but look outside at the beautiful spring day. Living in England you have to enjoy every moment of a sunny day because you never know when you'll see a day like it again. In the summer and spring English holidays are glorious, everything blossoms and comes alive and everyone is smiling and drinking Pimms come sun or rain. The birds in the sky and the sun shining down the Thames, I wish I was outside enjoying the weather, rather than being stuck in a large office building, bored out of my mind.

This morning all I've done is make a rubber-band ball to the size of my hand. It was very impressive. I've been working on this project for over a week. I've cleaned and reorganized my desk twice and also made Chris's tea... most likely wrong about three times in one day. I never really have much to do, I'm sure there was loads of work judging by everyone running around the place like mad but Chris... I mean Mr Howard hasn't given me any to do all day.

Working at HE, Howard Enterprise has been great. I was Christian Howard social secretary for near a year now but have only worked with him for near six months. He was the owner and founder of the business. Powerful and smart he had a smooth charm, kind hearted air about him and a hilarious sense of humour. He was one of the richest aristocrat in all of London, not to mention he was also the most handsome, sexiest man to ever walk the planet. He stood tall in one can only describe as an incredible 'fit' body, with large broad shoulders and a top half that definitely complemented the rest of him. Jet black hair that made you want to run your fingers through it and a face a model would be jealous of and a smile that could make a nun blush.

I guess that's why every time he would approach me I wanted to crouch down in a ball and hide! I couldn't help but act like a giggling school girl in front of him, always making a fool out of myself. For example when we first started working together I made such a boob of myself, I honestly thought he was going to fire me on the first-day we met.

I made him a cup of tea, when he asked for coffee, I left the phone off the hook missing hundreds of phone-calls and I ended up printing one hundred of the wrong slides on the photocopier, nearly breaking the damn thing in the process.

For the last six months working with Chris I haven't learnt from my mistakes at all. That's why it was best that I just sat here and tried not to ruin anything. Let's just say that through the months I've been working here I've managed to basically screw up everything that's been asked of me. Not particularly big screw ups but still nothing ever ran smoothly and yet he still hasn't given me the boot.

I don't understand why he hasn't seen what a terrible job I'm doing. You have to be really bad at your job to sit and list why ones boss hasn't fired you yet.

He is always saying how he likes my organisation skills, the fact that I bring him breakfast in the morning without him asking. He finds it amazing how I manage to know every ones name in the office and send cards to all his staff from him on their birthdays. When you've got nothing else to do, what else is there other than talking to other staff members? I was his social secretary which meant I helped manage his social calendar. Remembering Birthdays, picking up deliveries here and there was the only part of my job I could do right.

He also says that I'm always smiling, which has an effect on the people around me, that my goodness has rubbed off on people around here. I didn't really know what he was talking about

but I loved that he was given me a complement, I felt my cheeks turn red just remembering it and the butterflies in my stomach from his smile...

Anyway... so let's just say that I'm not the brightest tool in the office but I was hard working and would do anything asked of me. I couldn't really afford to question or complain about my job, I needed the money, if I wanted to live in London still. My family were very rich but I never want to go back to them and admit defeat.

So here I am, working for one of London's most successful entrepreneurs and the world's sexiest man, with a great...decent apartment, well it was standing and there was no Leaks and I had thirty followers on twitter and I did it all by myself. The flat, the job and a good friend in Chris, my life was finally starting to go right... there was only one tiny problem...

I was completely and utterly in love with my boss.
Christian Howard.

He was perfect in every way. Every time he talked to me or was just near me I couldn't help but feel goosebumps and start blushing, feeling all nervous around him. I couldn't keep doing this to myself. I thought about him all the time. At home, in the office... on the tube. He would never be far from my thoughts.

And I had no one to talk to about it. No friends, no family. I was alone with this stupid day dreams of Chris and I being together. That's how I found myself on this website Agony aunt.com, I needed advice! This might not be the best time to be doing this... but after all the late night's dreams and day dream about him and me together... I know I've got a problem! I've never really done an Agony Aunt question before, always thought them rather silly but here it goes...

“Dear Agony Aunt,
Is it normal to have dreams about someone you don't even really know?
From
Troubled Reader”

Send. That's the weirdest thing, I didn't really know him. Not as well as I should know a man I claim to be in love with but somehow I just know I do. Without having to know every little thing about him I just knew that he was the perfect man. I kept on looking around to make sure that no one was looking at my screen... would be rather embarrassing to explain. My computer made a little beep showing a reply. That was fast!

Reply

“Dear Troubled Reader
No, a dream has the power to unify the body, mind, spirit and can overpower what you are truly thinking. This could be your heart telling your head that you're ready to go out there and start looking for a special someone.
If that's truly not what you think is happening sometimes your mind can play tricks on you. The mind is a powerful thing, if you've been stressed and tired of late, this has an effect on your thoughts and dreams. Tell me a little bit from about the dreams, if you will.
From Ag”

I breathed in and started telling this complete stranger about my life story and my secret dreams... I really need to get some friends. I thought about what this person wrote. I had been stressed... I have this family week away, which was really getting at me. I hadn't seen or spoken to my family except my grandfather for nearly five years after they cast me off for not following my father's rules. As well as the troubling part of my pathetic life that involves my sexy boss that

was paying my bills.

“Dear Ag,

I have been stressed lately and have had lack of sleep thinking about him.

What if the person you're dreaming about isn't the right guy for you and you're not the right girl for him... but your heart wants it to be right and can't let it go. How do I get my heart to start listening to my head?

The dreams... there very detailed and seem so real I just can't stop thinking about how good they are.

From Troubled Reader”

Send... Reply

“Dear TR

Again dreams are tricks of the mind even people that you don't even like are in your mind, that's probably why your dreaming about them. Maybe if your heart wants what your head knows it can't, you need to learn which ones more important to listen to. It sounds like these dreams are very heated... you don't need to say. It's normal to dream about the people close to you because like I said you're around your friends all the time its normal to dream about them

Ag”

“Ag, Is it normal to have dreams about your boss?” Send.

Reply “TB, Trust me everyone dreams about their boss. It's all to do with a sense of power over you and remember that a dream has the power to unify the body. All this power is just getting on top of you, pardon the pun. Trust me I even dream about my boss and if he's as hot as mine it's hard not to lol

Ag”

Oh good I'm not the only one I thought to myself but I bet she's not in 'love' with her boss! God I wish it was just lust. I thought about the dream I had last night again...

We were in a romantic cabin somewhere in the Alps, with snow falling everywhere outside the windows. There was a wood fire in the middle of the room and we were both wrapped round a blanket naked, with our arms and legs wrapped around each other. He was holding means large arms tight around my waist, hot and sweaty after making love we looked deep in each other's eyes and then he said 'I love you' leaning in to kiss me...then I woke up.

Always at the best bit of a dream you wake up to that bloody alarm clock!

I shook my head at the memory, God what was wrong with me? Why can't I get it out of my head? He could never fall in love with me. I started typing my last message, finally the big one.

“Dear Agony Aunt,

Last question I promise.

Is it normal ... to have dreams about your boss that you don't really know but you're actually slowly realising that you're falling in love with... but and here's the killer, he is seeing your elder sister who you haven't seen or spoke to in 5 years! These dreams... thoughts, there not just heated and lusty, there romantic and heart-warming too, I just need to know how to stop them!” I suddenly stopped typing as a voice came from above me.

“I need you to go to the photocopier with these contracts for me” I jumped right out of my skin at

the deep strong voice, I quickly looked up to see Chris looking at me.

I speedily closed the Agony Aunt page and looked back up at him and just nodded as he spoke to me. I couldn't speak; he was just so... hot! He was about six foot six, with black hair with the most amazing green eyes, you have ever seen. Mr Christian Howard was one of the youngest richest men living in London, with hundreds of billions and his good looks and gentleman charm he could rule the world. Well I thought so anyway. It all made him so... intimidating.

Anything he asked me to do I'd do without a second thought. Although he could be a dick sometimes, he doesn't think of others or the consequences of his actions or if he did he was blind to other people's emotions. Being quite stubborn and blunt with people, he was on the edge of rudeness but I guess you had to be in business like this. He had a short temper and latched out a lot whenever he was angry, I've seen countless times grown men near tears after coming out of his office but 'so far' he hadn't latched out on me. He could still be snappy and sometimes ask for things without saying thank you or please but only really if he's stressed and has a lot on and at the end of the day he would always say how hard I've worked and he appreciates my help. That was better than other bosses out there I could imagine.

He tends to have mood swings a lot too, just the other day I was in his office and he was telling me about the new accounts the company had won... or something on them lines. I wasn't really listening. All I was doing was looking at his big green eyes and his lips moving so fast. I loved watching him talk about his work. He was so passionate about it all, about stocks, figures and paperwork... I didn't really get what all the fuss was all about but whatever. He loved his job and that was good enough for me. I remember standing there just watching him mutter away when he went from business talk to charmer all in one second. He turned round just before I left and said.

"Leah did you do something to your hair?" he said with a boyish smirk. He knew the affect he had on me... he must do with the amount I blush every time he grinned.

"Yer I got it done yesterday" I started playing with it nervously trying not to look at him. "Do you not like it?" I Mumbled, I only just had it coloured and cut, I was a little worried it was too much but I'd finally had enough money to treat myself. It must seem rather silly but inside I was doing a little happy dance. I was hoping that he would notice the differences, it showed that he noticed me and cared... that gave my belly a little warm feeling inside.

"No... no I think... it's just different it... it brings out your eyes" he said moving closer so our bodies were almost touching, he started pulling the hair away from my face and took it behind my ear. "You have amazing eyes" he said slowly and deeply. I suddenly stopped breathing and in that moment when our eyes met I thought he was going to kiss me... but as quick as it started he just turned back round to his desk, looking at the paperwork.

"There's a spelling mistake on this" he said pulling out the hundred copy contracts I printed for him. Great! I had to print them all out with bloody spelling errors on them. Perfect! Now he thinks I'm a right moron.

"Oh sorry" I said taking the papers as I kept my head down looking at the floor cursing again and again in my mind.

"It's fine... Just do them again" he said sitting back in his chair. How stupid was I to think that he would have wanted to kiss me?

What an idiot! Men like Christian Howard couldn't help but flirt, it was in his nature. He must have been mortified when he realised he was flirting with me back then... I was just plain Jane

and there he was...with that body!! He had a body like a warrior, big and strong arms that any girl would want wrapped around her. I really needed to stop thinking about his arms. My mind started to wonder somewhere completely different. Him in a gladiator outfit with my wrapped in his tight muscly chest...

"Lea!" he called when I remembered I was still standing there staring at him. "Don't you have some work to do?" he said not even looking at me. I always had that problem where I would just zone out and not realise that you're meant to be doing something else.

Which is exactly what I'm doing right now... again, I double checked that I minimised the Agony page.

Looking at him like an idiot I completely forgotten I still had my mouth open, still looking up at him like he was some Greek god, through my glasses. Yer I forgot to say I wear glasses, only when I'm tired or reading on the computer screen. I thought when I first got them they would make me look intelligent but right now, looking up at Chris I looked everything but!

"Lea... Are you ok? You do know how to work the copier righter?" he said in a patronising voice but I knew he was teasing as he grinned at me. Biting hard on my lip, resisting the temptation to snap back at him I just nodded my head because I didn't trust myself to speak.

"Ok, I need three dozen ready for this evenings meeting" he said leaving the papers on my desk and walking away into his office, which can I just say was the same size as my whole flat.

"Yes sir" I Mumbled. As soon as he was gone I pulled back up the website just to seeing a reply from agony aunt, I didn't even know I sent anything.

Reply

"Dear Troubled Reader,

Well, I think you're in a bit of trouble Hun; you need to speak to him and see if he feels anything for you without actually saying you're in love with him because you don't what to lose your job and at the same time losing your sister again which makes me think you need to either talk to him and your sister or say nothing at all.

You don't what to make things wrong if it's not worth it, if you're really in love with him you need to find out if he feels the same. You need to find out what you really want from this because you could be making or breaking a relationship here with your boss and your sister.

Take the time to think things through, to work out what is best for you. You can either take a step back from him, get a new job and start over or do something about it and fight for him.

Remember that your sisters your family, maybe by telling her how you feel you can work things out.

I can't really tell you what to do other than think of the pros and cons for telling him how you feel and weighing out which side means more. Your love for your sister or your love of him?

Agony aunt"

Well that didn't really help me! I wasn't close to my sister, I never have been and I'm quite sure she hates my guts! But she's still my sister at the end of the day! It was wrong to love her boyfriend. He wasn't really her boyfriend, I reminded myself. They were just 'seeing' each other the newspapers said... or maybe it was me hoping so.

I... I can't say anything. It's not right! I will just forget my feelings for him until they go away! There that's simple right? Oh god I have no idea. I should really get another job but with the money and everything this was the best thing right now, I don't think I'd be able to get another

job with my lack of knowledge.

Why! Out of every other woman in the city, why is he with Jess? They were so different!

Why did he have to be my boss? There are millions of people in London why do I have to fall for my boss! And why did he have to be so, perfect! Why couldn't he be a snobby jerk?!

Why did I have to be in love with him?!!

Chapter 2

Jealousy is no more than feeling alone against smiling enemies. Elizabeth Bowen

The day was going on forever! It was like it would never end. As always it was just me and Chris left at the end of the day. I'll tell you the man works none stop, no wonder he makes so much money. It was starting to get dark out and I wasn't looking forward to the walk home. With London being so busy this time of night with everyone finishing work or heading out drinking, the tubes were jammed and it didn't help that it had started raining as well. Trusty England it rains, it gets windy, the sun comes out and we have an afternoon of hot sunshine then the wind picks up and in rains again, the circle of English weather. Great!

After moping about the weather I finally send the last of Chris's emails out I slumped into the back of my chair with a large sigh after hitting send.

Wait... that was send right, I questioned myself. I panicked as I looked that the computer screen. Oh My God please don't tell me I just deleted that five paper email that has taken me near hours to complete!

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE! I searched through the files in hope.

Oh thank God it saved itself! I swear I have no idea why I still have a job I don't understand technology atoll, I'm lucky I can even work my phone.

Right now send...Done.

I closed my eyes thinking that I couldn't wait to get back to my flat and attack the left-over Chinese from the other night. Yer, I moaned happily and what was awaiting me tonight. I couldn't wait to chuck on the pjs, grab a large wine of Pinot and watch old episodes of Sex in the City and Gossip Girl what better way could I spend my Friday nights. Maybe I'll have the whole bottle of wine that would make me even sadder, I laughed at myself.

I was sitting in my chair smiling like an idiot with my eyes shut, when I heard the Gucci shoes walking down the hall towards my desk. A high pitched voice came to my ears and before I even opened my eyes I knew the face to that voice.

"Well, Well, Well.. look who it is" I opened my eyes, looking at my ice queen of a sister. Jessica. In no less than a second I was pushed back in time. I suddenly felt like that scared seventeen year-old again, rather than the twenty-two year old woman I was meant to be. She hadn't changed, tall, thin and gorgeous everything I wasn't and by looking at the outfit, she wears still living off 'Daddy'.

Ever since I was cut off I haven't seen or heard from Jessica since then. It wasn't even Christian that told me they were seeing each other. It was in an article in OK magazine called 'When Billionaire meets Heiress'. You could imagine how I felt when I saw the picture of my gorgeous boss standing next to my gorgeous sister at some party. Not great!

At the shock at her standing there I thought I should say something. I moved too quickly and started falling on the backwards off my chair just before I gripped the table in fright, making the papers were falling to the floor. Smooth.

I went down to pick them up when she spoke again laughing.

"How far you have fallen little sister... well you were never that high anyway. Here I am all the way up here... and there you are" she said with her high and mighty voice that made her think she's above someone like... the Queen.

Cleaning my throat, I looked back down at the mess I was cleaning up.

"Hello Jess" I managed to say.

"Jessica" she corrected me.

"Sorry, Jessica" I said standing up but with me being so much shorter than her I still felt like that little girl.

"Christian told me you were working for him" she lifted her chin, pointing that thousand pound nose job at me.

"Really I didn't know he knew we were sisters" I said. If he did surly he would have told me he was seeing Jess. He might not care for me in the way I would like but he still must care a little to tell me...

"He's not stupid Leah, the last name is a giveaway" she said making me feel really dumb. Of course he knew! Why did I think he would have thought I had the right to know about him and a sister I hadn't seen in over five years... then a thought came to me. What had she told him about me? Did she tell him why we didn't talk? About Alex...

"So, how have you been? I mean in the last five years" I asked nervously trying to be the better person.

"Better then you it looks. Funny isn't it you once had help and now you are the help" she laughed "And what is so funny over here" Chris said coming over to us. I stood and watched as Jess walked over to meet him a few steps away and wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him slowly.

My heart was slowly breaking and I started to feel like the room was getting smaller and smaller. I looked away quickly back down at the table. I couldn't watch that, it was like she just slapped me in the face then and there. I could tell that Chris could see from the corner of his eye that my face went bright red. I knew we could never be together but I didn't need my sister showing me that right in front of me.

"Not in the office Jessica" he said pulling Jess away looking a little annoyed.

"Sorry you know how I get when I see you, I can't keep my hands off you. You're so sexy it turns me on" she replied with no sense of whispering at all. With that, they both went into his office and I could hear the door lock before hearing her high pitched giggling and them kissing again.

I swore I could hear my heart breaking into thousands of little pieces, smaller than grains of sand. I just wanted to cry. I can't do this, I can't tell him now I feel and I won't tell her. I'm just going to have to get along with it and act as everything is normal.

Normal how is this normal. I thought to myself you've known this man for less than six months and you're secretly in love with him but he's in love with your sister.

THAT IS NOT NORMAL!

Before I thought I was going to break down, I quickly pulled everything together from my desk and started walking down the hall when Chris and Jess came out of his office.

"You off Leah" Chris said

"Yer, everything is done and I've got everything ready for Kelly on Monday for you. I made her a list of everything that needs to be done over next week when I'm not here and by number and your PA's in case she is stuck with anything but seeing as you're not here anyway she doesn't have much to do" I said turning to leave as a voice came from the office.

"Why where are you going next week?" this came from Jess as she glares at me crossing her arms over her expensive investment Daddy paid for again. Did she not know I was going to Granddads birthday? Did it not cross her mind that I might be there...

"The week away for Granddads Birthday, I've been invited" I said shifting from one foot to the other nervously as she stared me down.

"Oh... Dad doesn't know about this" she looked up her nose at me... the story of our whole sister relationship.

"I couldn't think why he would" I said turning to walk away. Our father hadn't cared to know what I've ever been up to my whole life, only ever caring about his money and his cars. "I'll see

you next week Mr Howard, have a good one and I guess I'll see you on Sunday Jess"

"Jessica! And you'll be seeing him before that. He's invited to the week as well. Christian's done work with both father and grandpa" Jess said.

"You never said" I said looking straight at Christian, not helping the little bit of hurt that showed through my eyes. He didn't tell me anything really did he, why would he I only work for him it's not like we're true friends.

"I apologies I didn't think" he stood tall looking at me. That was it! That was all he can say!

Aaghh this man drove me crazy sometimes a sorry would have been nice!

"Whatever, I'll be seeing you both on Sunday then" I said as started walking away when Chris called after me and met me at the lift with no Jess on tail... very surprising, I thought they were attached to the hip, I let myself feel the green stab of jealousy. Damn! I needed to hold it together!

"Could we give you a lift?" he asked looking straight into my eyes I thought I was going to melt... I could never stay truly mad at this man. He had these eyes... this look that took all the hurt and anger away from my life and just made me feel warm and... full again. I so wanted to say yes but then I remembered what he said 'could WE give you a lift?' We, includes him and Jess. Normally I would be head over heels with the offer seeing as it was dark and the rain on a Friday night but not now, not if it meant spending more time with the devils whore... ok that maybe a little harsh she is my sister... maybe just the devil... or just a whore.

"No thanks"

"Are you sure? It's raining and dark outside, come on it can be dangerous out there" he said actually caring for my safety but what he didn't know was it's not as dangerous as being with him.

"I'll be fine, really. Thank you Mr Howard I'll see you Sunday I imagine" I said walking into the lift waiting for the door to close but Christian put his arm out to stop it.

"Leah, I've asked you...Chris, call me Chris. Please" his green eyes were glowing and I was in a trance. I looked up at him, giving him a small smile as I pressing the button to go down again. I needed to break this staring game. I couldn't risk falling harder than I've already gone otherwise when everything goes wrong sooner or later it will be harder and longer to pick myself up.

"Bye I said and as the doors closed I smiled weakly saying his name on my lips "Chris". I lent on the walls finally letting an awaiting tear fall down the side of my cheek. This was going to be the hardest weekend away of my life.

Chapter 3

You gain strength, courage, and confidence by each experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face. You are able to say to yourself, "I have lived through this horror. I can take the next thing that comes along." You must do the thing you think you cannot do. Eleanor Roosevelt

Saturday morning!

I felt like a kid again, Saturday NO SCHOOL! But now it was NO WORK for a whole week but a whole week with my family. Joy!.

For a change I didn't dream about Chris last night! But it was a nightmare instead. The same nightmare I've had since I left home, at the leaver's party with my cousin Alex and the last night I saw my family. Except from my Granddad and step-Nan, I have no one who I can really call family. My grandparent's always believed in me, when my actual parents always thought me a disappointment.

I was always a disappointment to them, when I was at school. I was never good at... well anything really. I hated maths, I mean I can count but why would I ever need to know the square root of pie in my everyday life. I haven't used it yet! I didn't understand science! Why does the Earth rotate around the sun? I don't know because it does, why question it! Why do we need to have to answer that! English... well the day the teachers told my Dad that they thought I was dyslexic. He got that teacher fired.

He said "How dear she! To think that a daughter of mind would be... that! There is no such thing as dyslexia it's all laziness of the mind. We'll fix this don't worry" he said to me, I was only fourteen but as time went on he could tell that it wasn't just being lazy. I couldn't really read or spell at the same age as the other children, I understood all the rules, I just couldn't remember them. I didn't speak like everyone else in my family either because... well to be honest because I never could understand the words they were saying. Still can't really. Over the years I tried to hide it from everyone until it came to the time of doing my exams and told my father I failed all of them and they thought the reason was that I was dyslexic he looked at me like I had some sort of disease! Like I was a disgrace to the family name.

I failed all my A levels that my father knew I was taking but he ever knew I did Art and Music until the day of my results. I got A's in both subjects, I loved Art and I loved music.

They were. They are the only things I'm good at, the only subjects where I feel I can do but my Mum and Dad would have none of it, my Dad said

"You will never make money out of being an artist and I won't have a daughter of mine being some musician, you will never make any money" everything in our family went around money! I understood that it was important and without it you can't survive but it shouldn't go ahead of your dreams!

"What do you think you will be Leah, a singer? Is that it? Well you won't. Your head is full of dreams. We've let you get too wild" my Mum would say, cocktail in hand as always.

"I don't care; I don't need to make money to be happy. and I don't want to be a singer I want to help make music... like composing but I can sing Mum and I'm good with music you've heard me, I'm ok. I just know that this is the only thing I'm good at and it would make me happy" I begged trying to sound them the best I can that this was something I needed to do.

“We are your parents and we know what is best for you and we say you will not be doing art or music anymore do you understand me” my Mother yelled.

“Granddad said I’m good and he said he thinks it’s a great idea about making music” I shouted back not wanting to back down like always! I needed to fight for what I wanted Nan said and I was trying to do just that but I knew... I knew they would never back down to this.

“Your grandfather would tell you anything and I’m telling you. You’re not good enough!”

I’ll always remember that. You’re not good enough! You’re not good enough! It still hurt. When someone tells you you’re not good at the only thing, you thought you were good at. I used to think I had a good voice, probably because I was young, but I never wanted to be a singer. I wanted to help people who loved music like I do and help them make their dreams come true. I would have loved doing anything! As long as it was to do with music, teaching, composing, producing! Anything!

That day I went to see Granddad to tell him the about my results. I founded it harder to tell him about them because he believed in me so much more. When I told him he didn’t see it has bad news. He was so happy for me for getting my two A’s in Art and Music, he knew I only cared about them anyway.

“That’s my girl, I told you didn’t I? I told you, you’ll be my little star. On the west end singing your heart out” he hugged me tight. I loved my Granddad so much, he was so happy for me I forgot about my parents and the other grads.

“You know I don’t want to be a singer, old man. I just wanted to make you proud of me” I said getting a little teary. It was quite as he stood looking at me with love and proudness shining through.

“I’m always proud of you Leah, for just being you, just the way you are” I started crying into his arms. If I didn’t have him I’d be so alone, he was my everything, my Granddad, the Dad I always needed and the friend I always wanted to have.

“Oh dear, now what’s going on in here” Nanny Meg, Granddad’s second wife came in the room.

“Leah got two A’s in Art and Music” Granddad said proudly. Nanny Meg cheered in happiness and pulling me into her arms congratulating me.

“Oh, well done dear. You should be out celebrating with your friends, not here with the oldies” she smiled. I loved Nanny Meg, I was very young when my Nan died and I never see my Mum’s mother who lives God knows where, so Nanny Meg was the only Nan I ever really had.

I remember thinking ‘oldies?’ They didn’t live old, skiing trips and back packing around the world’

“She’s right, Lea. Go see your friends”

With that I kissed them both goodbye and made my way to a friend’s house that was having a leaver’s party with everyone from school. That’s where the nightmare happened and things with my family went from bad too BAD.

After half a bottle of vodka I stopped caring about what had happened with my parents that day. What will be will be?

The night was going great before my cousin Alex and his stupid friends turned up. They were all spoiled little rich boys who thought they were god’s gift. They walked in dressed from head to toe in Raphe Lauren just waiting to get beaten up, with their heads held high like they were looking down their noses at everyone then walking into the party with Alex as there leader. Top dog, he liked to think of himself. I hated that I was related to him. He freaked me out. The way he sometimes looked at me just made me feel sick, there was something not quite right with him... mentally. I remember he started acting a little weird a couple of years ago before his parents, my Uncle Peter and Auntie Ava sent him away to boarding school and ever since he came back he was just... weirder.

“Why if it isn’t my little cousin” he walked over to me eyeing my body up and down with his dark creepy eyes. He was the same age as my sister... why was he at a schools leaver party?

“Hello ‘little’ Alex” I said, normally I would never try to annoy or tease him but being drunk, who cares. The little Alex joke sent a group of girls nearby giggling. Before he could start talking to me again I slipped away from the group and went to find my friends.

A couple of hours later, I hadn't seen Alex at all, he must have gone home I thought but was proven wrong as I went upstairs to use the loo and saw Alex in the way of the door.

“What do you want Alex?” I said not in the mood for his silly little games, I was too drunk at this point.

“You” he said smirking.

“Very funny, now move” I said but he didn't move a bit.

“I'm not joking Leah. I want you and you more than anyone here knows I get what I want” he gripped both my arms hard as he pulled his body towards mine, pushing us together. I let out a little gasp feeling too shocked and sick to do anything else. I tried to push him away but he wouldn't let go of me.

“I'm your cousin you pervert” I yelled. Alex's hand came across my face so hard I fell to the floor. I remember the heated pain of my cheek and head hitting the hard ground.

Everything happened so fast, I just remember him pulling me into one of the bedrooms with me kicking and screaming under his hand. He laid me on the bed pushing me hard into the mattress, he was overpowering me and I remember being so scared. I was too drunk to understand what was going on... I didn't know what to do; he was so much more, stronger than me. I remember I was crying... and he was laughing. He tried to kiss me but I hit or scratched him... I couldn't remember but it sent him back enough for me to bring my knee up between his legs. Hearing a girly scream come from Alex's mouth I run from the room, not faster enough as he grabbed my arm pulling me back, I screamed aloud hoping someone would hear me over the music but no one came. He pushed me back on the floor ripping my top. I just remember hitting him over and over again as he touched my breast... and the rest of my body. I felt sick everything was so dizzy. I reached around me for something to grab... I managed to grab something that felt like a hairdryer and hit him as hard as I could over the head with it, it didn't knock him out but it moved him off me enough to run... I ran out the room, out of the house fighting through the drunken teenagers and I just kept running until I was out of breath. I couldn't stop shaking; I couldn't get his evil dark eyes looking down at me... I felt sick and cold. I can't remember much after that enough than the cold, I remember crying all the way home and feeling dirty. I managed to get the bus near home and walked the rest of the way. By the time I got home, I thought everyone would be asleep but all the lights were on in the main dining room. I went inside and saw my Mum, Dad, Jess, Uncle Peter and Aunt Ava and... Alex, with a towel attached to his cheek and Aunt Ava holding a blooded one to his head, he looked pretty hurt. Good! I thought he deserved worse than that. As soon as he looked my way I couldn't look at him anymore, I felt my heart jump in my throat and the shaking started again, I needed to get out of here, I couldn't be in the same room as him.

He's just attacked me!! I just spent all night running away from him, why is he here in my dining room! What was going on?

Is he here to say sorry?

Has he told them that he attack me... nearly raped me!

From the looks on their faces I don't think so.

“Come in Leah”... my Mum said... or more hissed.

Chapter 4

He told them I made a pass at him. He told them that I tried seducing him, that I got him drunk and tried to have my way with him. He said I've been obsessed with him for years but he just thought it a childish crush, being too young to understand that they were cousins, he was trying to be a good cousin by not telling everyone about the other times 'I' tried coming on to him! He said that he kept saying no but I wouldn't stop and in my drunken state, as he tired pushing me off him I hit my head on the floor. He said he tried to help but I hit in over the head, out of anger of him not wanting to be with me. He told them that he wasn't the only one that I've done this to. He told them that not everyone got away like he did and that most of his friends I had seduced over the years, that I was the biggest slut at the school.

He told them... He told them... He told them!

The room went spinning and I fell to my knees on the floor in shock. I couldn't breathe... I couldn't hear anything around me, other than my un-even breathing and the humming of his evil lies leaving his mouth. No one came over to see if I was ok as I just sat there staring at the floor, what was happening? They couldn't believe what he was saying could they?

"Do you have anything to say?" Jessica said sat next to Mum who was crying. I looked around the room full of people looking at me like I was a disease.

"It's not true" I whispered as heavy tears fell from my cheeks. I was shaking uncontrollably and I tried to remember to breathe. "It's not true! He's lying, he tried... he was going to..." I tried to explain but my father stopped me.

"Get Out!" Dad yelled looking in the opposite direction.

"Dad?" I cried. How could they believe him?

"I said get out. Pack your things, you're not welcome here anymore" he said with the littlest of emotion, like he didn't even care he was getting rid of a daughter.

"But... but it's not true. Dad you have to believe me" I yelled rising to my feet, I knew I wasn't close to my family but we were still blood. That must mean something. "Please Dad" I cried.

"Don't call me that... you are not part of this family anymore. You have disgraced us for the last time" I yelled louder than I've ever heard him yell as he looked at me like... I was nothing to him.

"Where will I go...?" I whispered.

"I don't care; from now on I only have one daughter" That was the last thing my father said to me in five years.

I had to look after myself from that point on. I had nothing... no one. I could have gone to my Granddads, I knew he would have helped me but I was so scared to face him after everything that happened. What if he didn't believe me? Then I would have lost everyone.

After that I went to London, worked in cafes and bars trying to get enough money in to start working on my music but with the debts coming in I needed a job to get myself back on my feet but the only thing was... I wasn't good at anything other than music. I was lucky I ran into an old friend from school and she was working as an intern at H.E. and told me of the assistant job needed there. I was lucky at the interview; the lady was really nice and took a liking to me that was really how I got the job. I didn't know it was a personal secretary for the CEO and I didn't know it was for Christian Howard. I had been working for the company for six months before I met him but I was still really nervous to meet him. He was beautiful, powerful and rich and I was... neither but I soon got used to being around him. He talked so openly to me, I felt like I could say anything to him.

But not now! Not now that he was with Jessica. I didn't want them finding where I was and what I was doing. I was so scared I would say something and he would tell her and like always she would go run and tell Daddy and they would ruin this job for me and the life I had worked so hard to build. I felt like a part of the life I had slowly built up without my family was already starting to fall. I felt empty inside thinking that the small friendship I had made with Chris was now getting taken away from me. Would he act, differently with me now that he was with Jess? Would they tell him about the pass, about why my Dad kicked me out? Would he believe Alex's lies?

Well why wouldn't he I thought, it's not like he knows what I was like back then and what I'm really like now. Would he still want me working for him? Or would he see me as a scandal as well.

I could deal with him being with my sister and not with me but I couldn't deal with him thinking badly of me. Of him hating me and I couldn't not seeing him every day, smiling at me. I wouldn't let it happen. I wanted to show him who I really am, not who my family think. But I can't do that. I can't be near him without my feelings for him getting too strong. Starting Sunday morning when I see him, I'm going to spend the whole week trying to stay out of his way and my families. Then that way my heart will be safe.

Ring Ring Ring!!!

Who was calling me at this time of the morning? Well it was ten... but still! To be honest over the years I didn't have many friends, I didn't really like getting close to people. So hearing my phone ring on a Saturday morning was strange.

"Hello?" I said in a confusingly.

"Leah, it's your mother" I heard a voice I hardly recognised. Did I hear her right? My Mother? What was she doing calling ME? After nearly five years without a word and now she just calls me casually on a Saturday morning. WAIT!

"How did you get this number?" I asked forgetting how rude I sounded I didn't really care anymore.

"Your grandfather" she answered bluntly. That couldn't be true! Grandfather would have given her my number without asking me first.

"Oh" was all I could say. I was in shock! I haven't spoken to her in so long, what did she want?

"You're probably wondering why I'm calling you, well Jessica told me all about her seeing you the other day at Christian's office and that your invited to your Grandfathers Birthday this week" she said so formally like this was a business call rather than speaking to a daughter you haven't seen in over five years.

"You heard correctly" I said.

"We thought it would be better if we were to see each other before the celebration so there is to be no conflict, at the affair" She said.

"...Ok" I managed to say

"Good, I'm glad you agreed. We are all staying in London right now, so we are asking if you would like to come over for dinner tonight?" my jaw dropped. Dinner... tonight... I was in shock I didn't know what to say; I didn't want to meet them for dinner I didn't ever want to see them ever again! But how do you say no to someone that's trying to stop the conflict between them without starting drama... you can't.

"... Ok" I said again, not saying anything else.

"Good, I shall be expecting you at seven then. Goodbye" she said hanging up before I had a chance to say 'Bye' I put down the phone and just stared into space. Did that really just happen? Did I really just have, no more than a minute, conversation with my mother who I haven't spoken too in five years?

I phoned Granddad but it goes to his answer phone most likely avoiding me after giving my number away.

“Hey, old man its Lea. Just thanking you for the heads up and giving my number out. Just got off the phone with my Mother, asking be over for dinner round theirs tonight. I'm kind of freaking out about it so if you could call me back that would be great but if not I'll see you Sunday to ring your neck old man. Love You. Thank again, Bye”
Oh, god what am I going to wear!

Chapter 5

“In a perfect world, when he's with her, he would be wishing he was with me; when he looked at her, he would be looking at me; when he smiled at her, his smile would be for me; when he thought about someone, he would be thinking about me. In a perfect world, he would realize that she wasn't the one he was supposed to be with and I would still be standing here waiting for him still when he finally knows this. But this isn't a perfect world and people do get hurt, you smile when you feel like crying, you act like you're okay when you're falling apart inside and you let it go. You move on, because there's nothing else you can do” Quote

Dinner!

What do families wear to Saturday night dinner?

Standing outside my closet looking at all my clothes I had no idea what to wear. For someone who was in as much debt as I am, I have a lot of clothes, they weren't designer or even that expensive.

Come on, I'm Christian Howard's assistant and he pays me a good wage but not a lot when living in London but I have to say I have a Topshop weakness! And H&M, Zara, River Island, well everywhere.

So what was it to be? Casual? Smart? Casual smart?

Oh, who cares? I thought, I'll be sitting opposite Jess anyway so whatever I wear I'll feel like a fat pig. I wasn't as big as I used to be when I was younger but with Jess' supermodel body my size 12 bum felt like ten times bigger. I had short stubby legs, big hips and curves. When Jess had long thin legs, the tightest toned bum I'd ever seen, with long dark hair. Bitch. My hair was just over the shoulder and was a light reddish copper colour. Not Ginger!

How about skinny pale jeans, brown wedges with a cotton baggy top with a brown cardigan and a belt? Too casual! How about my one shoulder cocktail dress with gold jewellery and my heels? Too smart! God, at this point I'm already with my hair curled and make-up done but I was just standing there in my hot pants and tank top. I always over think everything! Just pick an outfit Leah I screamed at myself.

Why do I care so much what I wear?

“Bee Bee!” The doorbell went off. Running up to see who it was I opened the door and I couldn't believe who was at the other side...

“What are you doing here?” I said looking straight into Christian's beautiful face. He looked good, he was wearing black smart jeans, a white shirt and a cream raincoat. Guys had it so easy, especially when they looked like Chris did. He could put a black sack on and look good and no one would say anything bad about it.

He looked at me and then looked me up and down. I felt... every emotion imaginable I just couldn't think which one I felt more... I was getting really hot. How could I not feel anything when he was looking at me like that? I felt naked with his stare which made me blush. I looked down to realise that I might as well be naked wearing these shorts in front of him.

“Arr... you're not ready” he said looking back to my face.

“Not ready for what?” I asked confused.

“I'm driving you to your parents for dinner. Didn't Jessica tell you” he asked

“No...No she didn't. So you're coming to dinner tonight?” Great! Just what I needed!

“Yer I have business with your father to talk about and Jessica invited me... I hope that's all right by you” he said giving me his charming smile.

“No, that's fine” I said trying to take in that he was at my front door.

It brought me back to a dream I had of him, when he came barging into my flat and run over to me kissing me until I was melting into his arms. Which then he carried me into my bedroom and made love to me all night. I had a lot of sugar that night. Always makes my dreams more dramatic.

Shaking my head I saw him look back down at my legs with then I realised yet again how I looked. He'd never seen me outside work. He'd only seen me in my plain black work trousers and baggy shirts. But now like this I felt... naked.

“Sorry, come in. I was just getting changed” I said to him showing him to the sofa. Oh god the owner of a billionaire company and my boss is sitting on my ugly sofa. Not really first class.

“Really I thought you were going like that” he joked making me laugh nervously.

“Ha Ha! Do you want a drink... or hmm anything?” I tried being a good hostess but I lacked the experience not really having many guest over... well no one over. I did have many... any friends.

“No, it's ok... I'm fine” he said sitting down looking up at me.

“Ok, I'll just be a minute” I said walking back over to my room.

“Take your time” he said from the sofa.

“Thanks! Oh and thanks again, for taking me over there, I really didn't fancy getting the tube”

I said smiling at him thinking how much better it was now I knew I had a lift.

“Well I'm glad you didn't have to” he said sweetly.

I walked casually back to my bedroom and shut the door when I started moving around like a mad woman. What to wear what to wear Aaghh!! I screamed in my mind! Bloody Christian Howard and his bloody good looks! Like I wasn't nervous enough!

Sitting in Leah's flat and it's exactly what I thought it would be like. It was... warm and homely. It reminded me of the flat me, Mum, Gemma (my sister) and Ben (my brother) stayed in before I became rich. It felt like old times. It wasn't very tidy but at the same time wasn't unclean. With clothes everywhere and loads of other girly things, it looked more lived in. Not like my houses which feel like hotels instead of homes. I still couldn't believe I was in her flat. After months of trying to keep the whole employer and employee relationship going with this girl here I am, on her sofa.

Ever since I first met Leah I thought she was the strangest girl I'd ever met. She was like none of the other employees that work there. She was nothing like the other females I've met. I couldn't work her out. When she smiled at me, it looked... real. Like she was happy to see me but at the same time I could see by looking into her eyes that there was something that was missing, something happened to her... sometime in her life that was hurting her.

It hit me one day, when she came into my office, that I was attracted to her. I couldn't keep my eyes of her and when she was near me I had to fight myself not to kiss her.

But I couldn't kiss her; I couldn't do anything with her. And I hated how much I wanted to. It scared me. She was not like the normal girls I went with. She was... different. She was the type of girl that, if you had you wouldn't let go. She was the good girl. She would be the one, just not my one. She was too... sweet and innocent for me. I would break her heart without knowing

That's why I started seeing Jessica because I knew that with her it was nothing but a bit of fun and we both knew that. No mixed feelings. At the start I didn't know that Jessica was Lea's sister. I didn't even know James had two daughters he only ever talked about Jessica. They were all so

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