

Chapter 1

Alina's POV

"Come on, Alina. I can't stand to see you so miserable and still crying over that prick. Get up, we're getting you out of this at."

I was currently lying on my best friend's sofa in my faded Nirvana T-shirt and uffy pyjama bottoms, stung my face with a tub of Ben and Jerry's and watching Dirty Dancing for the third day straight. I know, pathetic! But what else do you do when you walk in on your boyfriend of three years in bed f****g the Starbucks waitress that served you coffee that morning?

Urgh, just replaying the scene over again in my mind had my swollen, red eyes threatening to shed new tears again.

"Uh, no. No more crying! Get up! It's time for the tough love," my new atmate and best friend, Chloe, said, throwing the blanket off me and pulling at my arm.

"Chlo, please... I just want to lie here and dream about Patrick Swayze coming to my rescue and telling me this was all a nightmare for a few more days."

"As your best friend, I will not allow you to think about that asshole for even one more minute, let alone days!"

"Huh? Patrick?"

"No, Michael," she sighed dramatically, "here is what we are going to do. You are going to get your butt in the shower, get dressed into something that resembles fashion and I will make you a breakfast that consists of more nutritional value than ice cream," she ordered, prying the tub from my hands, "and then we are going shopping!" she clapped her hands together and turned towards the kitchen.

Chloe and I have been best friends since we met on our rst day of high school. She has always been the bossy one, but I knew she had my best interests at heart, most of the time. Doesn't mean it isn't super annoying though!

I slowly climbed off the sofa with a groan. There was no point in arguing with her when she was like this. She was a woman on a mission and I knew the only way through it was to do what she said.

As I turned the shower on and the hot water stung my puffy face, I closed my eyes and replayed that last conversation I had with Michael.

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"s**t. Oh! Fuck... um... Lina, baby, this is not what it looks like?"

"So, you're not f****g a girl in our bed at three PM on a Thursday?" I screamed, standing in the doorway of our bedroom.

"No... Well, yeah, but I can explain. She came on to me," he said as he scrambled to pull up his trousers and put on his shirt.

"Um, excuse me, but you asked for my phone number when she went to the toilet, remember?" the black-haired girl interrupted. She was trying to get dressed just as quickly.

I looked her up and down slowly. She was pretty in a plain kind of way, but nothing special. Now I come to think of it, I've seen her before.

"Oh my god. She works at Starbucks. You served me coffee this morning!" I shrieked at her, pointing my nger towards her in disbelief.

She just shrugged her shoulders and mouthed "sorry" as she slipped out the door.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU!" I started throwing the rst thing in my reach, which just so happened to be the teddy bear he bought me on our rst Valentines' day, so it didn't quite have the desired effect as it bounced off his head.

"Alina... calm down. Let me explain... I made a mistake. I really f****d up; I know. But you've been so busy recently with studying and your job at the bar. You've hardly spent any time with me."

"Oh, I see. So, it's my fault you're a cheating pig who can't keep his d**k in his pants for one afternoon whilst I'm studying. Wow, you really are something. f**k you, Michael."

I started grabbing my clothes and throwing them into my duffel bag as quickly as humanly possible.

"Alina, listen. It's not your fault, of course it's not."

"I know! It's yours!"

"Yes, well the thing is... we don't really do anything adventurous in the bedroom. It's always so samey and you know sometimes that can get a bit..."

Is he for real?

"A bit what?!" I stopped what I was doing to wait for his answer even though I already knew I didn't want to hear it.

"Boring!"

I started to laugh uncontrollably. I don't know where it came from, but I think it was a coping mechanism as I tend to laugh in the most inappropriate situations.

I grabbed the bag and made my way towards the front door.

"Alina, what are you doing? Come back, let's talk about this like adults," Michael pleaded half-heartedly.

I scoffed. "There really is nothing to talk about, Michael. We are done and I really couldn't care less if you think I'm boring in bed because I have more fun thinking of your brother in the shower than having s*x with you, so go f**k yourself... or her again. I really don't care."

The last part was a lie. I didn't even nd his brother attractive, but I knew he had always been insecure that his brother had everything handed to him on a plate, whereas Michael had to work hard in life. So, I hit him where I knew it would hurt. I'm honestly not a spiteful person, but when your heart has just shattered into a thousand pieces, it's the only way I felt anything at that moment.

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I turned off the shower and felt refreshed.

I decided Chloe was right.

It was time to stop feeling sorry for myself and move on. I forced a smile on my face to project positivity into my life. After the year I just had, I knew something far better had to be just around the corner for me. I could feel it in my bones.