

"Miss Daniel, what do you have to say about the pictures that surfaced tonight on Mr Leblanc's affair? Miss Daniel!" The reporter screeches, bringing the lip-ribbon microphone too close for comfort.

Just a few more steps...

Just a couple more steps...

"We're from The New York Daily. Is it true that Erik Leblanc has favored another model over you--"

I try harder. I try to tune their voices out. My heart thunders and my fingers tremble. I am a few moments away from an outburst. Zora's hand is a force of steel against my back. A silent reminder that I can't act out. A silent reminder that I can't afford to break in public.

My head is filled with roaring and I swallow for the fifth time since the video surfaced. The video of my boyfriend fucking another woman against a wall like an animal.

I watched it five times. Just to be sure it was Erik. My Erik. Then I watched it two more times to comprehend it all. The hunger that shone in his brown eyes and the groans that escaped him.

He never sounded that way with me. Or looked at me like that.

Am I that terrible in bed?

Is that why he did it?

I swallow again, fighting the inevitable outburst.

A few more steps and I will be inside my apartment, I chant over and over again. It does nothing to stop the roaring in my head. Or stop my heart from raging. Breaking.

Zora's hand tightens on my shoulder and she urges me forward, faster, as if she can sense that I can no longer keep it inside.

The grey doors of my apartment is a few paces away when it happens.

Another microphone is shoved in my face and even Zora's guards who form a wall around her can do nothing as the male reporter speaks the words that break the dam.

"It is rumored that Mr Leblanc often seeks Miss Walker out, whenever he is deprived of--"

I am moving before I realize it.

My fingers close around the microphone and I yank it from the man's grasp before hurling it into his nose. The sound of bone breaking fills the air and I pant, looking at the reporters who inch away from me and the man with the broken nose.

Pointing the microphone at the reporters like a weapon and ignoring the fact that I am live on TV, I say, "You stay away from me, my business and my apartment. Go interview Mr Erik Leblanc. I'm sure he has more juicy information to give you. Get the fuck of my porch!"

"Annet..." I hear Zora say somewhere around me but I toss the mic at the feet of the male reporter who is clutching his broken nose and I walk to my apartment.

I punch in my code and I hear Zora's furious steps follow me. "Annet, there are implications for your actions and--"

I step into my apartment and turn at the threshold. My gaze meets angry blue eyes. "Fuck your implications and fuck you, Zora."

I slam the door in her face.