

SAMPLE: A NEW YORK KIND OF LOVE

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Volume One

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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.

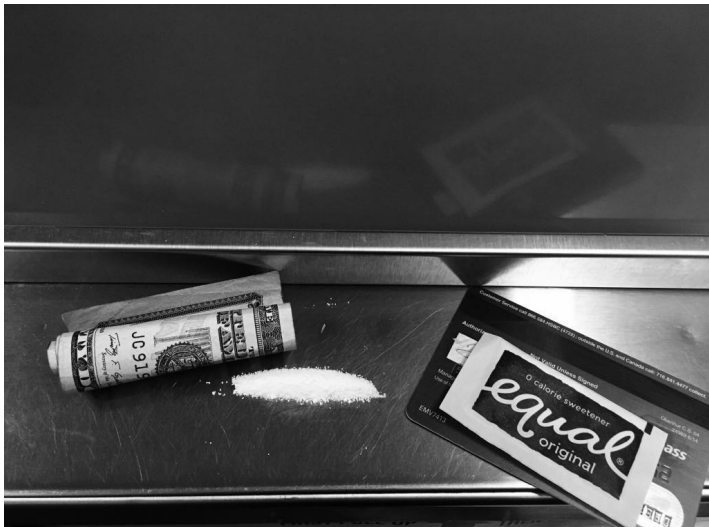
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💩 About Charlie 💩

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.”

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

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.

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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.”

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“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.**

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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

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**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

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all.

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??”

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

That excludes:

- bots with names like 'Get 10,000 follows free'.
- or the 'follow-for follow' / 'like-for-like' clones.
- or anyone that is basically selling me porn.

I'm looking at his profile and I have to say, this MR E guy is pretty darn **FINE**.

Fine / Fit / Hellafine.

Translation:

Someone I'd like to fuck.

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About Mr E

Mr E was not your typical Instagrammer.

One.

He probably had a great body, but he didn't need the whole world to see it.

Two.

He may once have had a great body, but he didn't need the whole world to see it.

Three.

He may once have had a great body, but he didn't need the whole world to see it... and he wasn't pretending he still had it today.

Even if he didn't.

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Some fun facts about Mr E...

One.

He's a little vain, but that's okay...
Aren't we all.

Two.

Every photo is of HIM, or his DOG.

Three.

He seems to like filters... a LOT.

Four.

He seems to like filters... MORE THAN
ME.

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I see he does have some strong qualities as well...

One.

There are hardly any girls on his page.

So it's *hopefully* safe to say he is not married or with girlfriend.

Two.

The only girls on his page appear to be **FAMILY**.

I know this because

- a) none of the girls are pouting,
 - b) none of them have their breasts out,
- and
- c) all of them look like a female version of him.

Three.

He takes pictures of food.

But of the ingredients,

BEFORE it's cooked.

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Which means he must be **good with his hands.**

Four.

He wears a suit 99.8% of the time.

This means he has a job.

Or at least he *had* a job at some point in his lifetime.

Five.

His mum comments on *e-v-e-r-y* picture.

With comments like, “My darling boy”, “I love you son” or “I miss you”.

Which reaffirms point one above, that he is not married or with girlfriend.

At least not on *THIS PROFILE*, with his mother watching.

But I’m still struggling with one thing.

Is he a drug dealer??

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Reasons he might be a drug dealer:

One.

His name is 'Mr E NYC'.

Two.

He wears a suit 99.8% of the time.

Three.

The remaining 0.2% of the time he is pictured 'smoking blunts'.

Four.

On a few of his pictures are comments from followers like,

“What do you actually DO for a living??”

Five.

To which he replies,

“I make paper with pictures of presidents on them.”

Six.

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Followed by several emojis of flying dollar bills.



**‘I MAKE PAPER
WITH PICTURES
OF PRESIDENTS
ON THEM.’**

He either actually *does* work in a paper
factory

OR

he’s selling drugs.

I JUST DON’T KNOW.

Back to sitting on the couch at 3am

I have work in 3 hours.

I haven't slept yet, but I need to think of a comment for Mr E's latest post.

He's wearing a watch.

It's big, gold and SPUNKY.

It fills the ENTIRE FRAME.

Do you think he might be loaded?

Clap. Clap. Clap.

Still, I'm reserving judgement...

Because there's *something about him* that I *kinda* like.

I'm about to throw my hat into the ring...

Mr E, I've been stalking you for months and you STILL haven't:

- Liked any of my photos.
- Commented on any of my photos.

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- DM'd me.

It's time to pull out the big guns.

Something a) witty b) flirtatious and c) **fun**.

**“I think I'd
look better
on your arm
@mr_e_nyc
#drippinggold”**

I'm a modern day, female Ricky Gervais.

The next day??...

Not feeling so clever.

I kinda wish I hadn't said anything.

I woke up 2 hours later and unlocked my phone.

Staring in front of me was ***the stupidest*** comment known to humankind.

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Do you ever just wake up, enjoy a few seconds of blissful ignorance and then open your phone, to reveal the most fucking stupidest comment EVER?

You're wondering to yourself, "Who *even* wrote *that*?! I bet they're feeling like a dick today."

Merp.

YOU.

YOU WROTE IT, YOU DICK.

I feel really fucking stupid now.

Perfect.

NOTE TO SELF:

Ambien and Charlie DO NOT go well together.

It's a work day.

You don't have time for this shit.

Sober up, sober up.

Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.

At work and I *stink* of fags and booze.

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I'm paranoid as FUCK, shaking like an electric toothbrush, avoiding any eye contact and stuffing my nose with tissues like the HOOVER DAM.

Bathroom.

Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.

I should have called in sick.

Then I'd be home, doing this.

Russian Roulette.

Spin.

Charlie or Ambien, or both.

“Psssst... Jen?... Jen??”

 **About Jen** 

Jen is my favourite person at work.

Jen is like a cup of tea
on a rainy day.

She's like the mum I never had, but always wanted.

She looks like the pretty girl next door that never says a peep, but then *always somehow* gets the guy in the end.

Except, this is New York City, so **instead** she's single and 40, without *even a hope* of meeting a guy that isn't
already fucking the entire city.

And then some.

Jen is around my height, maybe a little shorter, so if I'm 5"7 then she's probably around 5"4 or 5"5.

She has dark brown hair cut in a neat,

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straight line skimming her shoulders.

It's perfectly straight, all the time.

Except some days when it's neatly curled,
in equal and equidistant sections.

My hair is rarely brushed, let alone cleaned
or straightened.

It's a war of curls vs waves and some
straight sections, knotted and matted
together at the base of my scalp and then
hung over the front of my right shoulder and
dragged all the way down to my hips.

Sometimes it's black, sometimes it's brown
and sometimes it's caramel, depending on
the lighting.

I like it messy, sexy and ready to
go.

The rare few times I manage to drag a
brush though it, I feel like I should be in a
music video.

So I behave like an *idiot*.

A DIVA.

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reading
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<https://amzn.to/2BdCbNF>

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