

Understanding

{Alex's P.O.V}

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"Anna, baby, please stop crying.." I said, trying to calm the wailing toddler. "This feels like last week all over again," Tyler said, groaning as he slumped down on a bean bag chair. Oliver is quietly standing by the door with a distant look in his eyes as they cast down to his feet.

"Al-lex.." Anna says while gripping my shirt, tears still streaming down her face. Her brown locks stick to her red face. I push her hair out of her face, humming in response. "D-Does, b-Buba h-hate me?" she choked out, falling into another fit of cries. I stroke her hair, trying to give her some comfort,

"He doesn't hate you, baby girl. He's-

"Being a dickhead." Tyler finished.

"Tyler!"

"No! Don't Tyler me, you know it, I know it, Lee knows it, and frankly, so does Anna. He's done this before, and every time we ask why he's like this, we get ignored. It seems like everyone one else in this house knows something that we don't. We aren't kids anymore Alex, tell us what's wrong with our big brother!"

I look down at Anna, who seemed to tire herself out from all that crying she fell asleep. "Fine." I lay anna down in the bed, taking o her dress and laying her under the covers. She stirs a bit then her chest heaves up and down in a calm manner.

I sigh; Oliver and Tyler sit in front of me, waiting for me to start. "It isn't a long story. It's more like something, or someone has made Anthony, in a way, mentally damage. Before we were born, our grandfather, James De La Cruz, owned a small hospital in the city, more like a clinic.

But it was only then he wanted to go into something bigger. So he partners up with a friend of his, and they both expanded o of each other. It was good business for a while; money was coming in faster and faster. But like they said, money is the root of evil

James wanted more, more money, and more power. So he made a deal with his son, our dad. To make his friend's daughter fall for him so he can take the business for our family.

And that is what happened, but instead of it being one-sided, he fell in love as well. Soon a er, they had their first son, Anthony. With him being the firstborn.

It was decided he was going to take over, and dad made sure of it. He wouldn't let Anthony live his life, and it was also business first, no matter what.

Until mom had enough of it, she told our dad if he did keep stripping away their children's freedom that she'll leave.

But dad was in love with her, and he would do anything that she says. Anthony had 4 years of normal high school life, and then he went to college.

He wanted to be a professor in medicine. He didn't want to run the business; he didn't find the fun in working behind a desk for the rest of his life. Dad and Anthony always argued; I was there the first time dad hit Anthony.

Telling him that he'll strip him of everything if he walks out. Meaning that we would never see him again, and he wouldn't be a part of our family.

Ever since then, he's been quiet and closed o , always doing dad's bidding.

He would always mentally abuse him and degrade him for everything, make him miss family time, vacations, parties, holidays-

"Why didn't you help him?" Oliver asks, tears evident in his eyes; I look over at Tyler, but he has his head down in his hands balled up in a fist.

"We tried, but he would always push us away." I sigh again; reliving these memories is painful for the rest of the guys and me.

Seeing our own family basically killing themselves for the sake of us isn't easy to watch.

Especially if you can't do anything about it.

The silence in the room was all too familiar. I look over at Anna, who is still peacefully sleeping, with a plastered frown on her face and her cheeks still stained red.

Why can't we be happy for once?

No problems.

No running.

Just finding peace in ourselves as a whole.

As a family.

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A/N

Happy 4th, everyone!!

Here's your gi for the holiday.....

A chapter.

Boom

Q: is a hot dog a sandwich

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A: please, entertain me with your opinio

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Continue reading next part