



Letting Go

{Author's P.O.V}

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Anthony's heart breaks for this little girl, and he wishes his sweet bundle of joy was able to enjoy a normal happy life. Having a mother and father to love and care for her, watch her grow up, and being able to spend all day at the beach like a happy family. He stares down at his baby sister's tear-streaked sleeping face.

He gently strokes her hair back, careful not to wake her up. His face hardens as if the man is in deep thought. He promised himself that he would give Annabella the best life he can; the De La Cruz brothers would treat her like the princess she is.

Anthony was forced to grow up, taking over his father's business after he disappeared with no traces to find him. It's like he never existed; it happened about a week after Anna was taken.

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The first couple of days, he was a drunken idiot, out all night and sleeping throughout the day. Anthony had to take care of his siblings, with the help of Joshua.

It was hard at first, but they all learned how to look out for each other. The disappearance of our sister did, in fact, affect us just as much, but we chose to be strong. The older siblings took over their father's company. Anthony and Joshua are now the owners of a medical equipment business. Best in Florida, they've earned so much money, but they chose to use half of it for their brother's schooling, and if they wanted to go to a university, they were covered.

They've donated a generous amount of money to different children's hospital facilities, the De La Cruz family is known to be quiet, and a bit closed off. But despite everything that's happened to them now, the De La Cruz brothers are now happy again. Having their baby sister with them again brought a sense of life and light in their dark and cold hearts.

Anthony had a feeling that he would have to explain to Anna what happens, and it ate him up inside. The child is fragile; he doesn't understand how something so pure and innocent is resting between his arms. He's careful to touch her, afraid that he'll break her, but deep down, Anthony knows that this little angel in his arms,

is probably the toughest out of all of us.

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Anthony had carefully moved Annabella so she can lay down in her bed and sleep more comfortably. He tucked her in and kissed her forehead, whispering, 'good night, my love.' He turned off the lights and exits her room. Once the door is closed, he leans against it and lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. "How is she?" Anthony didn't even notice Joshua was leaning up against the wall right in front of him. He was so engrossed in his mind he didn't bother looking at his surroundings.

"She's..." Well, how is he supposed to know? He doesn't know what it means to be 5 years old and only just now figuring out that your role model in life, your own damn mother is dead. If only it didn't have to be that way. "She'll pull through eventually; she just needs time." He concludes with his answer.

Joshua eyes him, keeping his face unreadable. He's already dressed in his nightclothes, light grey sweatpants with a dark smokey grey hoodie. His hair is still damp; he only recently finished his shower. "Alright," He turns to walk away, down the hall to where his room is; he pauses and turns around, "Don't push yourself too hard, bro, rest a bit." Then he leaves without looking back.

Anthony is intrigued by his enigmatic younger brother, Joshua, only being 4 years younger than himself. Anthony sometimes wonders which of the two can be considered the oldest. But better yet, Anthony always finds himself overworking him to half-dead, and Joshua is always there to force him to take a break.

The two of them are an unbreakable duo.

Anthony walks across the hall to his bedroom and closes the door behind him, leaving it slightly ajar. He kicks off his shoes and runs his hands through his already messy hair; he's currently under a lot of pressure at the moment. While juggling work and understanding, Anna is ripping a force between his mind.

Before, it was just working, work, and work, him leaving little time for family. Which he knew was wrong, but he tried keeping everything steady at the company, making sure everything is working okay. Even if it meant losing hours of sleep, he had to make sure that his family was financially stable.

But now, with her around, he'll have to change that, but at the moment, the only thing that mattered was that he gets some sleep. It's been a long day, and his body needs rest before he collapses out of exhaustion. He changes into his nightwear which consists of only a pair of black sweat pants and no top.

He's shirtless to bed, and his tattoos that are inked around his back and chest are on full display. He brushes his teeth and tucks himself into bed. Before he turns off the lights, a little voice calls out to him, "Bubba?" Little Anna is standing by the door whiling, rubbing her eyes as if trying to distract herself from her sleepy state. "Can I stay with you, please?"

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Anthony gets up and picks up the petit girl in his arms, placing her in his bed covering her in his comforters. He lays down, and she immediately snuggles closer to him. Something about her warmth makes him smile. She calms him down, and she makes him happy. She has him wrapped around her little finger.

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And for the first time in 5 years, Anthony slept soundly.

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A/N

Chapter 4!!! Thank you for reading and all the votes I've received. I appreciate all the support, and I'm happy that you guys enjoy this story as much as I am! 🥰

Don't forget to voice your opinions and suggestions! 📌

(Give me some idea of what you would want to see with Anna and her brothers)

I'll see you guys soon! 🥰

Love youuu! 🥰♥️

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