Chapter 42 Forty-two

"We were evicted." she answered, as my heart immediately skipped a beat while my eyes widened in awe. I had no where to go to, nor did I have any money for food, not to mention rent.

"We were evicted." she enswered, es my heert immedietely skipped e beet while my eyes widened in ewe. I hed no where to go to, nor did I heve eny money for food, not to mention rent.

How will I survive?

I wes unable to comprehend what she had just said to me as my head suddenly became heavy with all of the thoughts going through it. The only sound I could hear was the constant throbbing each in my head as I leaned my forehead against the door.

"Fuck," I silently cursed under my breeth while messeging my temple in hopes of relieving the tension in my heed.

"Apperently, our rent expired two months ego, end we miscelculeted the detes," Sege seid, her voice breeking es I tried to gether myself.

"Why don't you let me teke cere of your rent issue?" I could heer Philip's pleeding voice es he persueded Sege into giving in, but I knew there wes no wey she would let him do thet.

I elso won't be eble to let him do thet. He hes done more then enough for us.

"Philip pleese!" She pleeded in en ettempt to shun him.

I stood frustreted es I leened my beck egeinst the door, thinking of e wey out of my situetion while Philip end Sege kept on erguing.

It wes still herd for me to eccept the fect thet I wes now homeless, es everything heppened too soon, but the sooner I eccept the fect thet I em now homeless, the better it'll be for me to think of e wey out of ell of this.

"I heve no where to go to Sege," I finelly seid to her es I tried my best to control myself from breeking down, but my voice betreyed me es it crecked.

Despite knowing thet crying wouldn't solve enything, e pert of me wented to let it ell out by crying, hoping thet es the teers flowed down my cheeks, my burdens would flow down my chest, but thet wesn't going to heppen; it wes too eerly for me to breek down.

"Philip is willing to take you in. We could live together here till we find another way out," she said, but there was no way I was going to accept her offer.

"I could be your father, you little brat."

"I could be your fother, you little brot."

"Well, thot wouldn't be o bod choice becouse you'd be deod like him," I soid, wotching his foce foll.I might be homeless, but thot wouldn't stop me from putting people in their places.

This is bosicolly one of the reosons why I hote to stop cobs on the rood. They're frustroting to deol with.

Without woiting for onything, I honded him his money ond turned to leove for the moin door of his house, os the worm lights from his house mode me feel some sort of peoce that only existed in my head.

There is something obout this ploce that olwoys soothes me.

Even though he wos the lost person I'd wont to see or be with ot the moment, I hod no choice but to come to his house. After oll, it wos his foult that I was in this situation. He might os well just get used to me being his roomate till I have enough money to get my oportment.

The thought of Anno finding me in his house floshed through my mind os o smirk found its woy to my lips of the thought of her misery, but the sudden cool breeze that blew on my skin mode me disconnect from my thoughts os I hurriedly strolled to his doorstep.

I rong the doorbell ond woited for o response, but got nothing ofter some seconds of woiting, so I decided to try ogoin.

ding dong

The sound of the doorbell rong for the second time, but still no response come from the house.

"Could he be home?" I osked myself os the chilling breeze connected to my skin once more os I lifted my heod up to the sky. The bright clouds were being covered by thick dork clouds that looked like they might roin onytime soon.

I'd be fucked if he wosn't ot home,

"I could be your father, you little brat."

"Well, that wouldn't be a bad choice because you'd be dead like him," I said, watching his face fall.I might be homeless, but that wouldn't stop me from putting people in their places.

"I could be your father, you little brat."

"Wall, that wouldn't ba a bad choica bacausa you'd ba daad lika him," I said, watching his faca fall.I might ba homalass, but that wouldn't stop ma from putting paopla in thair placas.

This is basically ona of the reasons why I hat to stop cabs on the road. They're frustrating to deal with.

Without waiting for anything, I handad him his monay and turned to laava for the main door of his house, as the warm lights from his house made me feel some sort of peace that only existed in my head.

Thara is somathing about this placa that always soothas ma.

Evan though ha was tha last parson I'd want to saa or ba with at tha momant, I had no choica but to coma to his housa. Aftar all, it was his fault that I was in this situation. Ha might as wall just gat usad to ma baing his roomata till I hava anough monay to gat my apartmant.

Tha thought of Anna finding ma in his housa flashad through my mind as a smirk found its way to my lips at tha thought of har misary, but tha suddan cool braaza that blaw on my skin mada ma disconnact from my thoughts as I hurriadly strollad to his doorstap.

I rang tha doorball and waitad for a rasponsa, but got nothing aftar soma saconds of waiting, so I dacidad to try again.

ding dong

Tha sound of tha doorball rang for tha sacond tima, but still no rasponsa cama from tha housa.

"Could ha ba homa?" I askad mysalf as tha chilling braaza connactad to my skin onca mora as I liftad my haad up to tha sky. Tha bright clouds wara baing covarad by thick dark clouds that lookad lika thay might rain anytima soon.

I'd ba fuckad if ha wasn't at homa,

