

Hello!

Have you had a fantastic day? [please say yes because I want you to have a great day].

Make a cup of tea and get some biscuits and chillax, put your feet up and enjoy the chapter.

I would like to thank those of you who have read this chapter and previous ones and voted on it too. Many thanks 🙏

Wait, did anyone tell you that you are breathtaking? Stay beautiful ☺️ 🌸 🌺

On with the chapter...👉

\*\*\*\*\*

🌸Emilia POV

Light snoring woke me up like my alarm, I swear to God, I will hit whoever is snoring. It's like you have something stuck in your lungs.

I open my eyes to see that my arms were wrapped around Diego's torso. Do brother's and sister's hug in bed? I sure hope they do because this is weird. 🤔

His legs took up most of the room in the bed, he was like one of those spiders that had abnormally large legs. Who was this guy, Thanos?

Nudging his sides with my elbow, he groans and curses profanities.

"Fine then, don't get up." I walk to the bathroom and do my business and wash my hands. An idea comes to mind, one way I can get him out of bed. I don't want him stinking my sheets out.

I fill a cup of water up with the bathroom sink water and walk back into the bedroom to dump it on his head.

Splash.

He sits up gasping for air with a hand placed on his chest. I was officially dead. He started to choke on the water and cough it up. Holy shit. I'm a dead girl.

"Get here you little shit." That hurt dude, no need to call me shit, I already know I am.

He begins to untangle his legs from the quilt and run towards me, I boot out of the door and down the hall towards the main entrance stairs. It was the safest option.

I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die.

My nakedfeet slap against the floor, I hadn't realised my mistake, my socks must've come off when I was in bed. Sugar honey iced tea.

What do I do now?

I'm in the kitchen where Elijah stands over the stove cooking pancakes. We're playing cat and mouse around the island, it was hard trying to hide my ankle and pain.

When the entrance was clear, I pushed my feet as fast as I could towards the kitchen exist. My clumsy ass trips up on the last step. Holy shit this hurts, this is so painful.

The foot that I tripped on was my poorly ankle that was now throbbing as I tried to make it towards my bedroom and make sure to lock the door.

A loud crash into the door makes me jump followed by harsh furious fists pounding on the door.

"Let me in." His stern voice frightened me a little. This reminded me of that night when I was stuck in the bathroom, just like in my dream. Or should I say nightmare?

I was fed up of people being so furious with me for no apparent reason, yes I hurt Diego this morning but I didn't mean any harm. Now he is going to hate me and never speak to me again because he thinks I'm a freak.

I ignore the loud banging and cursing from the other end of the door, I was surprised that he hated me that much, especially a er last night.

A er getting in the shower and brushing my teeth, I put some more jeans on like the plain Jane I am and a white long-sleeved shirt. One of the very few outfits I have.

\*\*\*\*\*

Currently, I was sitting on the other end of the door listening to see if anything was going on outside it.

Creeping downstairs I can tell that everyone was in the kitchen by the sound of forks scratching the plates sending o an awful cringing sound. I know it was bad to eavesdrop but I couldn't help myself, I was stood in the small space beside the kitchen door so nobody could hear me breathing.

"I told you, the kid angers me too, Diego."

Blade. He's mad because he is the reason God created the middle finger. I tell you what, he can take both of my middle fingers and suck on it, he is more disappointing than unsalted McDonald's chips. Screw you fucker.

"She didn't anger me, Blade, don't put words into my mouth. I am more annoyed that she woke me up at 8:50. 8:50 on a weekend that is. I had enough crap to deal with rather than her freaking out over a dream." That hurt you bitch. You weren't saying that when you were enjoying my comfortable bed.

"Leave her alone." Thanks, Luca. That my boy, you tell 'em.

What the heck am I even doing, where has all this confidence come from? Did I see Lord Jesus in my dream and he gave me the gi to stand up to people? I think not.

"No one asked you, Luca." Blade's voice remarked. He's dumber than my left hand, what is he talking!

"You can come out now, Emilia." Axel? No, no way, he couldn't have known I was here. How, what, what is the monstrosity?

I slowly peek my head around the kitchen door and see Diego's eyes wide with horror and Blade the bald bitch smirking like a Cheshire Cat.

Okay, he wasn't bald I just chose with what went with my mind. What can I say, I'm just creative like that.

Stop being egocentric!

Thanks, I'll keep a note of that.

"I'm- I'm- I'm so sorry, I didn't mean it." When he spoke I hit the inside of my cheek to stop the lump in my throat from getting bigger. I feel like I swallowed an apple whole.

"Dude gets the fuck out of the kitchen now, both of you," Axel commanded them at once. He pointed to the door and Blade rolled his eyes. They hurt my feelings, I want to see them hurt, to feel my pain. It's okay for them, they have been fed with a silver spoon all of their life, I was living off of microwave meals because Shawn wouldn't buy any gas as a punishment.

"Keep rolling your eyes, you might find a brain." I walk over to the sink to get a glass of water and I drop it on the floor when I feel someone yank my hair back, my neck could've cracked asshole.

"OWWWW!" Double ouch, I dropped the glass on my foot causing it to shatter all over my feet and to top it off, my skull sent a burning sensation through my scalp.

"Oh shit I didn't mean for that to happen, I'm sorry." Blade quickly picked me up and put me on the island to get me away from the glass.

"GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN NOW, BOTH OF YOU." Blade sent me an apologetic look and lip-synced 'sorry' before Elijah dragged both Blade and Diego out of the kitchen.

"Shit, are you okay." My tears weren't stopping, I just wanted to go to my room.

"Make it stop!"

"Please!"

"It hurts!" I screamed, I saw a lot of glass pieces stuck in the top of my foot making me cringe. I wondered how the fuck ingot in my foot, I had socks on.

"I know, Love but you have to stay still." I jumped down from the island to run to my room, I can take care of this myself, I have done it for 7 months and I can do it now.

Trying to get up the stairs was tricky, especially when Axel was hot on my trail. All I need is rubbing alcohol and tweezers. I don't need anybody.

I tripped up on the last step on my bad foot making me send an ear-piercing scream to echo through the house. Axel yanked me up into his arms and to us to the third floor.

"I'm not supposed to go up there." I choked out.

"I'll get you help, don't worry." He was running with me in his arms so fast I was surprised he hasn't fallen.

"I'm sorry!!" I saw Blade rushing behind us but Elijah pulled him back by the hair. I saw the pain in his eyes, and regret. I know, I just know he didn't mean it. But he hurt me, and I hurt him, I deserve this.

The tears magnified my surroundings so I couldn't see anything properly. I could hear distant shouts in the background and the sounds of a few slapping sounds. Multiple slapping sounds.

No, please don't hurt them.

Axel opened the door and sat me on a bed that looks like the ones at the hospital, it was blue and had paper sheets over the top protecting it.

I saw Axel cutting my jeans up to my thigh and all I saw was pale and purple legs. Was that supposed to happen?

My crying had slowed down a little but it didn't help that I felt like I was dying right now.

"It's gonna be okay," Axel reassured me whilst I was sniffling up all of the snot that blocked my nose.

I felt a stinging sensation when a cold liquid was poured over my foot making my dog my nails into my palm whilst biting my lip.

\*\*\*\*\*

A er feeling every piece of glass being pulled out of my flesh, Axel insisted that he checked my other foot.

"No, it's fine."

"No, it's not, I'm checking it." He reaches for my other ankle and I slapped his hand meaning no.

"ELIJAH!!" Soon, Elijah rushed into the room as requested and Axel told him to hold my arms down. I thrashed and wriggled whilst giving frustrated groans of pain.

He pulled my sock off of my foot and looked at the mulberry and midnight black lump that looked twice as big a er tripping up the steps.

"Stop it!!"

"I told you not too, what don't you understand?!" I cried.

"If you think I'm sorry then you have another hung coming, I'm not sorry I saw this," Axel explained and I gave up fighting, it was too early in the morning to deal with them. I was so exhausted and tired.

Elijah and Axel just stare at each other with no words to say but their expression said it all.

"How did this happen?" Elijah asked me.

"W-when I stubbed my toe." I lied, hopefully, they couldn't see right through me like I was transparent. Hi, I'm Casper the Ghost.

"Don't lie to me," Elijah replies sternly. I heard the click of a camera bringing my attention to Axel who was typing away on his phone.

"What do you think you're doing?" I ask furiously.

"Sending this the Alessandro." He says nonchalantly.

"You can't do that, I'll get into trouble, please don't do that, please!" He looks up at me before smiling sympathetically and reaching up in the cupboard for a bandage.

"You can't expect us to not do anything, now tell us how that happened, you didn't get this from stubbing a toe, do you think I was born yesterday." Elijah made his input.

"I-I'm clumsy."

"Don't. Lie. To. Me." Elijah's green orbs stare into my blue ones making me slightly frightened; his jaw was locked in place as he spoke through gritted teeth.

"I-I told you, I'm c-clumsy." I nervously fidget in my seat.

"We'll see what Alessandro has to say." Elijah walks out of the room leaving just Axel and me in the room.

"What, he can't do that." I start to panic thinking of all the possible outcomes of the conversation, he'll hate me, he'll punish me and hurt me just like Shawn did.

"You could just tell me." He wraps my ankle up securely.

"There's nothing to tell." He glances at me for a short second before finishing wrapping my ankle and securing it with tape.

"Is there anything else you have been clumsy about?" What is he getting at?

"Don't even-" I don't finish my sentence. What is he getting at?

"You know what I mean, I'm not blind, I can see right through you."

"You have no idea what you are talking about." I snifle up; my nose was most likely red and pu y and my under eyes looked scarlet red swollen, my eyes were bloodshot. I probably looked high.

"I do, you just won't admit what I'm getting at." Does he mean?

Shawn?

"I'll wait." He throws the bloody sock in the bin with all of the other waste and puts my clean sock back on. Was that supposed to happen, I thought it could collect bacteria. Oh well, if I die, he's paying.

"Does he hate me?" He turns to look back at me confusion pooling in his eyes.

"Blade, I mean."

"No, he doesn't, you should know that he's a difficult person to deal with, he finds it hard to trust." You and me both.

"What time is it." He turns on his phone and reads me the time.

"11:40"

"Do you want to go eat?" He asks me as if right on cue, my stomach growls louder than the dinosaurs on Jurassic Park.

I jump down immediately wincing at the sudden impact, it felt like a stood in a knife.

"Easy, tiger."

He picks me up scooping his arms under my legs, I wrap my arms securely around his neck and he takes us downstairs. I had a major case of hiccups and the sniffles which made me feel ill.

To top that off I had a pounding headache that felt like Ringo Starr was playing the drums in my head, no disrespect to the king, I love the Beatles.

We walk into the kitchen and it goes dead silent, it was so silent that it was painful to the ears.

They were all sat on the island apart from Blade who was sat on the swinging bench outside in the back garden. His head was in his hands and his leg was violently shaking.

"Can I?" I point towards the door, Axel hesitates but helps me outside to the bench.

He doesn't bother to look up at me but just sniffles. I see a few drops fall onto his black jeans, he was crying.

We sit in the agonising silence for like five minutes before he breaks the silence.

"I'm sorry." His voice breaks so it sounds croaky. I look at his face and see his eyes are bloodshot and he has a bruise on the side of his jaw.

"I never meant to hurt you, I was just teasing." He runs his long fingers through his hair and scrunches it in his hair.

I have never seen a guy cry before, it shows how messed up our society is. Men are afraid to cry before they think it damages their masculinity.

I give him a huge hug, he stiffens at my touch but then eases into by placing an arm around my shoulder. Great, now I'm crying, thanks to Blade.

"This doesn't mean anything okay." I laugh-cry at the same time, not the best combo.

"No seriously, it doesn't mean I like you anymore." He smirks at me. Yup, he's back to his old self.

\*\*\*\*\*

**I want to say that it is okay for a man to cry, don't be scared 😊**

**This was quite the emotional chapter so let me know what you think of it. I am not sure if this book is going too slow so please tell me if it is, I just don't want it to be like 20 chapters long and say it's completed.**

**A question instead of a fact:**

**What's your favourite music artist[s]?**

**Mines Little Peggy March, Elvis Presley, Tove Lo and Joji.**

**Have a great day and make sure to say what you think about the book, it helps so I can improve my writing. And thank you for 1k reads.**

**XOXO, Demi 🙏🙏**

**Sorry for the errors.**

**[p.s make sure you stay kind and genuine 😊]**

**2721 words in this chapter.**