12

Have a great day!

On with the chapter...🐿

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🐿Emilia POV

The next few days went by being treated like a broken record. I was being treated with more care than what I have had in the past 7 months of my life.

A ear my moment with Blade, he went back to his broody self, ignoring me or being rude to me. Sure, just act as nothing happened 3 days ago.

Another thing is that I still struggled to get down my meals which disappointed Elijah and Alessandro. What did they expect me to do, I go from having nothing to eat to having elephants sized meal.

Of course, the questions didn't stop, Axel would ask me the same thing every day, it was starting to piss me o now.

"Anything you want to tell me?" He asked me the same question every day.

Diego hasn't spoken to me much a er that day, I didn't expect him to, he would stay silent or walk out of the room. 2 people in the house might hate me so I can at least add that to my 'people who hate my guts' list.

Quite frankly, I was used to it. People just simply hate me by me being in their range of sight.

At the moment, I was sat in the dining room eating lasagna and garlic bread, I was sat next to Luca and Axel. They were the only two people who noticed me, Elijah and Alessandro always worked most of the time, especially at night.

"What you thinking about?" Axel asked me.

"Nothing much, just... thinking." I start separating the mince and sauce from the pasta strips.

"Hey, no more for you," Luca reaches into the dish to get another serving. Ges, these guys are pigs.

"Have you never heard of fourths?!" I'm a big lad, I'm growing." Luca whines and protects.

"No, you're just greedy." Blade took the spoon with the lasagna on and put it onto his plate and smirked.

"Hey! I am not greedy." He states as a fact. Yeah right, these guys eat like fives times the amount of what I do.

"Can I have yours?" You cheeky cow, go back to the toolbox you sparmer, who said I was finished.

Okay, I was finished but that was beside the point. These people would eat shit o the floor. They would probably eat a speck of dirt covered ice cream that a kid spewed up.

"She hasn't finished, Luca." Alessandro stopped him.

"I have." I put my plate on top of his squeaky-clean plate.

"Emilia," Alessandro says deeply as if he wants to say something else.

"It's fine, I was full anyway." I shrug his request o .

"It's not fine." He raises his voice making the whole table quiet. Chill, it's not that deep dude.

"May I be excused." I cough into my fist. This was just awkward, the best thing to do of a situation is to go to your room.

"No," Alessandro says at the same time Elijah says 'yes'.

"Go, I'll speak to you later okay." I nod and walk out of the room.

"Ahem." I was stopped just before I reached the door.

"What do you say." His jaw was clenched and his voice was very deep; he was furious.

"What?" I was utterly confused. What did he want?

"What. Do. You. Say?" His grave voice got deeper and stronger with every word he spoke.

"I told you before, answer verbally." What? When didn't answer verbally?

"I am speaking, what else do you want?" I was beyond frustrated.

"Elijah said he would speak to you later, you didn't respond." This is what it's all about, how pathetic. I nodded my head you chead.

"Seriously? Get over it." My eyes rolled. Crap, shit, mother trucker of hell, I was in deep trouble. All of this because he was throwing a tantrum over fracking lasagna. Is he crazy?

"Give me your phone." He had his fists clenched so hard his knuckles turned white. Calm down, Carl Frederickson.

"No."

"Give."

"You didn't buy it, it's mine." I hold my arms over my chest as a defence mechanism. How dare he, my mum bought me this, it's the last thing I have of her, he isn't taking this away from me.

"I don't care."

"Well I do, it's mine."

"Give me the phone, Emilia." He commands me.

"No." He stands up and walks over to me, every step he takes I take one back until he pulls my arm and searches my pockets. I keep trying to pry his hands o but it was no use, he was too strong.

"Stop it, AL" Someone says. Why can't Alessandro just leave me be! All of this over not saying 'yes', this is so pathetic and childish. To think I thought I had a connection with them a er spending around a week with them, it was too good to be true.

When he finally gets his hands into my hoodie pocket he pulls out my phone and walks back to the diner table to finish.

"Give me it back." I hit the back of his head pushing it forward into his food. Ha, take that you big piece of shit.

Wiping his face with a napkin thoroughly, he stands back up and bends down so he is at my height.

"Is this what you want?"

"Yes, now give me it back!" I stomp one foot. The blade was currently laughing at my sudden surge of confidence. Screw you, Norman Bates.

"You want it, go get it." He launches my phone at the farthest wall away from where we were stood. Don't treat me like a dog you wanker. I needed to watch my mouth, look where it got me with Shawn. It got me looking black and blue and neglected.

"ARE YOU CRAZY!!!" I was crying my eyes out, how could such a cruel person do this to me. I rush down to the place where my phone landed from bouncing o of the wall.

It was shattered, completely broken, heck, it wouldn't even turn on. She's gone, the last thing I could use to bring her everywhere with me was gone.

"What is wrong with you!?" Sally tears gushed down my face like a waterfall.

"You shouldn't have tested my patience." He shrugs and gets a new plate of lasagna.

"This was the last thing my mum bought me, and you broke it, this probably means jackshit to you but to me," I take a deep breath because I was unable to speak through my sobs, "this means everything, I never grew up having everything I wanted, I wasn't fed from a silver platter, I was never spoilt, I never had any of the luxuries that you guys had. So why you did this I have no idea. The last thing she bought me you break it?" I take my phone and storm towards the door.

"Go take an anger management class you, twat." I charge out of the room and instead of going to my bedroom, I walk straight into the library.

My reason for this is because the library had the comfiest beanbags. There was only two but there were blankets and pillows as well. I knew they would search my room straight away. It was might as well get those few extra minutes of silence.

Straightening the beanbags out, I made a bed and surrounded it with pillows and blankets. Now it was time to search for entertainment. My eyes were too strained to read.

There was nothing for me to do other than get one of the laptops that were stacked.

Yeah, I'll do that. Maybe watch some YouTube, it's the only thing I can think of.

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I have no idea what time I stopped watching YouTube until I got tired I guess, I stacked it back up and curled up on the beanbags and relaxed my body on the noisy seat.

I couldn't stop thinking. My mum, she was... o sically gone, she was never there with me physically but I always carried her with me, my phone. I probably sound like a hormonal teenager you gets angry from being restricted from being on a phone, but I had my reasons for being obsessed with it. Even if I did get a new one, I would still keep it.

I also couldn't a ord to have it repaired, these villains spent money like it was nothing. Do they get a tra mark on their shoes? No problem, I'll just buy some new ones.

I hate them. I hate them all. They will pay for what they did, in all due time. They never liked me, I was just an inconvenience that irritated them.

All I had to do was stay away from them. Simple, right?

I nodded o to sleep and silently cried into the big sacks of beads. Aka the beanbags. I could've just said that.

No matter where I go, I always am that wrecked girl who has no life...

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Hello fellow Wattpadians (I think that's the name lmao), I would like to say thank you so much for 1.8k reads. I had to count a rough estimate. If you're reading, remember to stay safe in these times.

Question:

What's your favourite food and colour?

Mines pineapple and the colour blue.

No one asked.

Sorry

My apologies for the mistakes, I wrote this at night like i always do.

1583 words this chapter!

XOXO, Demi 🐿