

Thank you so much for 3k reads, it means the world to me that you even read it!!

Enjoy the rest of your day!

On with the chapter... 📖

📖 Emilia POV

I was sat in the back seat of Axel's Audi R8 and I must say this is quite the beauty, although the sound of the engine isn't so enjoyable.

Is it normal to go out shopping in a crazy expensive car? Actually, for these people it is, Diego is wearing a hoodie that probably cost more than £100 alone never mind the rest of his outfit.

Did I love how rich they were? Yes and no, mostly because these are the type of people to pay people to get rid of their problems but they invest in pretty spectacular things.

What made me curious was that Diego and Luca each had a car yet none of them could drive. Life of a rich kid I suppose.

We arrived at a shopping centre which looked pretty empty to say that it was the holidays, or just the fact that it was like 9 in the morning. Yeah, that explains it, only a psycho would go shopping at that time.

Hi, I'm a psychopath, nice to meet you.

"Where do you wanna go?" Axel asks me.

"McDonald's!" Diego says loudly before I even got a chance to answer.

"You just had breakfast not long ago, how much do you eat?" He placed his hand on his chest as if he took offence to what I said.

"Hey, I don't eat that much food, you just don't eat enough." Gees, I'm wounded.

I elbow him in the side and he gives me a deadly look. I smile widely with satisfaction that I managed to shut him up. You can never shut him up. He always talks about food, himself or girls.

"Where do you wanna go then, Em?" A new nickname, I like it.

"Umm, where ever, I'm not too bothered." I shrug my shoulder while he nods at my response and takes us down a different road.

River Island is where we stopped at first, I always hated that shop, it was too busy with girls who most likely had a Starbucks in their hand or they were the girls who would bully you at school because they think they're better than you. Bitch, you probably shop at Nike to get the latest tracksuit so your nothing special. Chav alert. You also probably have a pair of white Air Force 1s so I hardly call you special. They think they are quirky but in reality, they're the basic bitches who run the school.

My thoughts go crazy sometimes, it's weird because I won't say what I'm thinking. Okay sometimes I do but not all of the time.

I'm that girl who will think of the perfect comeback hours after the argument.

"Come on, your being slow." Diego pushed me forwards making me stumble far in front.

"What did you do that for!?" I glare at him until Axel came back with a basket.

"I just... felt like it." He skips far in front so we lose him in the aisles. He's probably gone to go play with the thongs.

"This way." Axel hauls me over to the girl's section to look at some clothes.

"So how come your shopping with me, I would have guessed you hated shopping for girls or found it embarrassing."

"I've had my few shares of girlfriends before, so I'm used to it." He explains to me.

"You have had a girlfriend? What does she look like?" I ask him.

"I said 'had', past tense, they all turn out the same anyway, they never last more than 3 months."

"That's sad." I snort making me sound like an awful person. I was mocking his past relationships which probably made him furious.

"Yeah it is, I prefer the single life though, it's so much fun." He's smirking crazily at the moment so I think I know what he's thinking. He's talking about one night stands, that the 'fun' he insinuating.

Ugh, men.

"You won't be needed anything from the tall section." He measures my height with his hand taking the piss out of my height.

"Hey, I'm 4'11, I'm not that short," I mention to him.

"That's actually below the height average in the UK, darling. The average for your age is 5'2/3."

"Wow, you know your statistics." I clap sarcastically while giving him dirty looks.

"I'm just wondering why you are so short." He laughs at me. I fold my arms over my chest to seem intimidating but it isn't working.

"Genetics, or did you not learn that when you were probably skiving class with your stoner buddies."

"Who said I smoked weed? And I'll have you know that I never skipped that many classes, I'm naturally intelligent. My lowest grade was a 6, I'm not dumb."

"You seem like the person to smoke weed."

"Well I'm not, it's gross." He scrunches his nose up at the thought of drugs. At least we know he isn't druggo.

"Here try these on." He hands me some pairs of jeans and tops in all different colours. Ew, red jeans, no thanks. I put them back on the rack.

"What's wrong with them?"

"I don't want to look like someone who has just walked out of a Disney show. Put me on set and call me Emma Ross but I will never wear these."

"Hey, hey, hey, Jessie." He mumbles under his breath.

"No. Freaking. Way." My jaw has officially dropped to the floor.

"You watch Disney Chanel? I thought you were what, 20 or something?"

"19 actually, I'm never too old to watch Jessie, I just watch whatever's on the tv." He shrugs as if it's no big deal.

"All I can say is that I'm shocked."

"Don't be, I also like watching Avatar: The Last Airbender. And Gossip girl." Bro, is he for real?

"I used to watch all the girly shows with my girlfriend when I was 15. I don't just go randomly watching them."

"So how old was she, 13?"

"14." Ha, good job you got rid of her or it would be jail time for you, mister.

"Go try them on before I shove you in there myself." He points towards the dressing room. I close the door and begin to try the clothes on.

The jeans were a little weird, they fit but in the waist, they were a little loose, I could get a smaller size but then they would be too short in the leg but perfect on the waist. I'll need a belt if I want to wear them. I don't mind, to be honest, it's just that belts can be a little uncomfortable and the metal and pinch your skin.

"You okay in there, need my assistance?"

"Um, I think I'm fine."

"Let me in, I'll see." I walk to the door and unlock it for him to check. I was fully clothed by the way.

"What's wrong?"

"The jeans are loose on the waist."

"So you want a smaller size or...?"

"But if I do they'll be too short on the legs."

"Oh, I'll go find you some belts, in the meantime, get back changed and we'll pay and go to another shop for some more clothes."

"Okay, thanks."

I put all of the things back into the basket and went to find Axel. Wait, where was Diego, was he chatting some girls up or something?

"You ready to pay," Axels asks me and I nod. I feel kinda bad about him paying it he did or and he was rich so I'm not too sure how to feel.

"Let me call Diego." He pulls out his phone and begins to dial it.

"Hello, where are you?" He speaks into the phone, I wish I had one but I will not give into Alessandro. I feel like I should apologise to him at some point but I won't until he does so to me. He hurt me deeply, and he hurt my mother in away.

"Okay hurry up." He ended the call and waited for Diego to return.

"I'm here, I was talking to some girls uh I mean friends from school." He scratches the back of his neck nervously.

We were walking towards the Top Shop for some more clothes, especially winter clothes because it was very cold in London and rainy. I did love the rain but sometimes it's just awful.

"Can I ask you a question, Axel?" I wanted to know something that I have been wondering a lot about lately.

"I don't think I have a choice."

"What did you think about my mum?" This catches him off guard because of the expression that played on his face.

"I-I, uh, well, your mum she was..." he finds it hard to make a sentence, was she a bad person?

"Look, I'm gonna be honest, I don't remember your mum, and that's all I'm gonna say, I don't remember what she was like." He mood completely darkens like a rainy day.

"Sorry for asking."

"Don't worry, I've never really talked about this before." He explains to me. There was one thing I was never really sure of, why did she leave him?

"What was my dad like?" Another thing is that I have never seen my dad, I don't know what he looked like, how he spoke, how he acted. For some reason, my mum brought me up away from him so I never grew up with a dad.

"He was a great dad, he was there when you needed him."

"Was?" I just messed up real bad, I saw that Axel and Diego stiffened when I said that.

"He died, 3 years ago," Diego told me. How could I be so insensitive, I was so rude and inconsiderate of their feelings. Damn it, why do I have to be stupid all of the time. This is why no one likes me because I was selfish and arrogant to the point where I wasn't considerate of anyone else's feelings.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking, can you forgive, a hand not mean to, I swear, really I wasn't thinking if your feelings-" Diego slaps a hand over my mouth to stop me from talking.

"Don't worry about, Em, you didn't know." He smiles at my panicking.

"Let's go get some more clothes for you," Axels says to me. Perhaps their riches is something I pull get used to, it's different from coming from a home that was falling apart to a mansion but I would have to learn to adapt to it somehow.

In the time of 40 minutes in Top Shop, I had gotten around 30 weirds glares from girls all around the shop, bumped into those same girls, had them trip me over and lastly, bought some clothes. The aim of this shopping trip. Instead, I ended up tripping over some flats I don't know how many times.

These girls had some problems. They looked like clones, the same bleached blonde hair, dark, dark tanned skin, Scouse eyebrows and the most revealing clothes you could ever imagine.

Their skirts looked like belts and their tops looked like bras. People like that when they could like Aliana King. She is my favourite model. She is amazing. Yet people like chavs. It shocks me.

"You ready to go?"

"Uh-huh." I nodded and headed for the door to the shop. Get me out of here. This was a nightmare that I didn't want to have tonight.

"Now all we need to do is get some shoes and school supplies. Oh and get some McDonalds for everyone."

"Seriously, I can still feel the toast and sausages in my stomach. As well as the eggs, and you're telling me you're hungry!?"

"Well, when you put it like that I feel greedy," Diego says with an ended tone but he was joking, I hope.

"You need some trainers for sports, I don't care what you say." Axel and me were currently arguing over trainers, he insists he doesn't buy me them because he has spent so much on me today but he won't listen.

"You've already bought me too much today, Axel, I'm fine."

"No, I know you love your Docs but you can't wear them for sports activities, you'll need a few pairs of them."

"What! No!" He hands the multiple choices of shoes to the woman and says he wants them all. How did he know my size? Not only did he get me multiple pairs of trainers, but he also bought me some flats and more Doc Martins.

"I feel bad, you shouldn't have done that." I slump down onto the comfy seats and fold my arms across my chest.

"Don't feel bad, I'm not paying," he pulls out a credit card from his pocket and waves it in front of my eyes, "I took it from Alessandro, it serves him right for what he did to you yesterday, I'm sorry by the way."

"Don't, don't give me pity, please. I don't like it, it's just a way to seek attention."

"Can I get these?" Diego interrupts our conversation and holds up a pair of Air Force.

"Where's your credit card?"

"Elijah took it out of me when he found out I ordered 10 pizzas and my friends some skateboards."

"Fine. Serves you right though, why would you buy your friends a skateboard each when they already have one themselves?"

"I just wanted to waste some money." Rich kid problems.

"Alessandro will cut you out at one point." Axel points out. So did Alessandro give Diego a credit card with his own money on?

"Speaking of, we need to sort yours out." Axel walks to the counter to pay.

"Excuse me, what do you mean?" I ask him, I hope he doesn't mean a credit card if my own.

"Your credit card, Blade and the twins have one each that's joined to Alessandro's account. It's only fair if you get one too."

"But why?" This makes no sense, did they have that much money that they didn't know what to do with it.

"Blade and the twins don't have jobs, neither do you, and Al has the most money." So an allowance? That's crazy.

"Why."

"God you ask so many questions, I work for Also all of the money earned stays in the family practice. I just work for my money, same with Elijah."

"What do you do anyways." What did he do, he worked a lot actually, he only got like one day a week.

"I'm the family doctor, our family owns a nursing clinic downtown. I work there and at home." Wow, that's cool.

"So what does Elijah do?"

"He works beside Alessandro as a CEO. The family owns an investors company. We just buy out a load of companies and earn a lot more money than needed." My mind is so confused right now.

"Wow, an investors company?"

"Yeah, it's cool I guess." He shrugs it off and waits for the bags to arrive from behind the counter.

"So why a doctor?"

"It was necessary, and I love helping people." That's cute, but wasn't he a little young to be a trained doctor, I thought that took years of training. You know what, I think I'm gonna leave him be.

"Our family owns a lot of other companies, like a winery, a publishing company, this is all spread out through the family, like cousins and uncles."

Oh, that makes sense, I was thinking about who would run them all at the same time. It's a big family I guess.

"Let's go get some food," I nod and follow Axel's lead.

"Did you get my shoes?" Diego asks looking up from his phone.

"Yes now hurry up."

When we got home we hear some shouting booming from the house.

"LUCA, GIVE ME MY FÜCKING PHONE BACK!" Blade chased him down the steps with Luca laughing like crazy.

"NO, NOT UNTIL YOU START BEING NICE TO ME," Luca replies. Join the club, my friend, he's never nice to anyone.

"GIVE ME IT BACK!" They were now tackling on the floor like dogs over a bone. In this case, the bone is the phone.

"Enough!" Alessandro pulled them apart and snatched the phone from Luca's grasp and put it in his blazer pocket.

He motioned me to follow him upstairs. And so I did.

"Hello." He sat down on my desk chair and I sat down on my bed.

"I'm sorry about last night, pushing your head in the food, it was wrong of me." Smile guiltily at him.

"I appreciate your apology and I hope you can accept mine, I never knew how much it meant to you so please take this." He puts the phone that he showed me earlier on my lap along with my fixed phone.

"But how, it was wrecked?" My eyes were glossy and watering.

"I know a few guys." I run up to him and hug him, he doesn't do anything for the first few seconds until he wraps his arms around me.

"Thank you."

"No problem, Emilia." He pulls away and stands up.

"This doesn't mean I will let anymore back chatting slide, I'll let this time slide but please respect everyone in this house. Including yourself as well."

"Yes."

"I have one more request, use this one instead of this, I don't want you breaking it again and becoming upset okay?" I think I could live with that.

Using the new phone he got me but still keeping my old phone for memories. And the best thing is, it works.

"Use your new phone as your main one and keep this safe so it doesn't break, okay?"

"Thank you."

"It's okay, let's go get some lunch now," I say yes and follow him downstairs.

Hello!!!

Question:

What's your favourite Netflix show?

Thank you for reading, XOXO, Demi📖

[3074 words in this chapter📖]