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29
*****
MAXELPOV
                                                                              á
"Alessandro you're stupid!" I smack him around the head with a loaf of
seeded bread.
                                                                              å
"Oh Axel shut up, I've had enough of you!" He throws his hands in the air.
"I'm not sure if you're aware of this but our sister is up there frightened while
you're worried about not getting the meth in time!"
                                                                              ã
"I suggest you lower your voice unless you want her to hear." He grinds his
teeth together.
"Did you even contemplate getting her help? No, you didn't because you're
too busy getting stock other than helping your own sister help. What do you
think, Elijah?!" I turn my face to look at Elijah who was tapping his nails
repeatedly on the mug of tea.
I was worried about Emilia, what saddens me more is that I was the one who
had to recommend her help when in fact it should've been Alessandro who
saw the signs of needed help. He cares more for work than his own sister.
                                                                              a
Speaking of work, we had enough drugs and sellers all around the country,
so why is he bothered over one stupid dealer? Right now Emilia should be
the priority, with all of the crap she's been through in her life I want to make
her feel welcome and make it seem more like a home rather that a museum.
"I mean, she does need some professional advice, I have to agree with Axel."
Elijah replies.
"Thank you, it's not just me who has noticed, forgive me if your head is too
caught up in your fûcking ass all day that you can't even spare a few minutes
to check in with your own sister." My voice was stronger and sterner.
"What're you suggesting, that I'm neglecting her?! I have enough shît to deal
with like working to put a roof over your head." He quickly bends down
pulling the bread up by the plastic wrapper.
                                                                              a⁵
"Oh shut up about your money for one second! You've got enough for a life
time, in fact you have enough money to feed an entire country- if not more!!
Stop being selfish."
"I hope this isn't a bad time but I wanted to say I invited our friends over.
Thanks bye!" Diego rushes out leaving me little to no time to react, this
wasn't the time to be prancing around.
                                                                              a⁵
"What're you gonna do now? Just forget tonight happened? I suggest you
speak to her and explain a few things without saying the entire truth." I
suggest to him with the dirtiest look on my face.
"You want to talk truth? How about you tell her about the tracker that you
requested to be put in her phone? Let's see how she'll react to that," he
sniggers.
                                                                              å
"I did that to benefit her and her safety, I'm the only one making an e ort to
keep her safe because somehow when ever she's around the rest of you she
always gets hurt." How dare they, I would never hurt her, she's my dear sister
that I love to death, I could never hurt her.
                                                                              ď
"Hey, Axel!" Josh shouts at the entrance way, his face was painted like a
pumpkin while the others looked normal. You wouldn't think he's a teenager.
I ignore him and walk into the living room where I see Jaws started into the
tv. Great, I don't need anymore sharks in my life when I have Alessandro
already. What a dîck.
%Emilia POV
                                                                              a
Watching as the heavenly bodies become more noticeable as the sky got
deeper and darker, the rain also got heavier and more colder, that was my
alarm telling me to retreat back inside.
                                                                              đ
My stomach felt like it was bubbling and popping every few seconds, my
nerves were reaching moon they were that high.
I was stuck in a ditch of bewilderment, what do I do now? There was no way I
could face them tonight...or tomorrow...or the day a er that.
I couldn't face them ever again.
I think I should just sleep it o, all of this but thinking held a cloud of misery
above my head which gave me a major headache.
Sleep sounded like music to my ears, it's a way for me to escape reality and
into a world of fantasy only one could ever imagine. Sometimes I wish I could
jump into a movie and never come out.
                                                                              a
Rushing into my room, I pull open the sti , wooden draws and pull out my
non-matching jammies. The top was a huge shirt with Mulan's face on and
the bottoms were patterned with green frogs from Princess and the Frog.
                                                                              a
Tiana, Mulan and Merida will remain superior, you can't change my mind, I
love these princesses so much.
                                                                              498
I tug on the bottoms to pull them up my legs as fast as I can and rush out of
the room gasping for air, that must be a record. Just standing in the room
made me feel like someone was watching me. I'm just paranoid.
                                                                              å
Creeping down the hall to the top of the staircase, I listen in to the
conversation between my three eldest brothers.
"Axel, don't expect us back tonight, we need to find a stock supplier so we'll
     while, make sure Emilia gets to bed okay.
Alessandro commands Axel, I watch as Elijah and Alessandro button up their
coats and shut the door behind them hearing the lock click.
"You okay?" Blades voice from behind me startles me making me jolt from
my crouched position. I had my fists clenched tightly until I heard my thumb
crack, it was in the crevice of my fist.
"I'm not gonna hurt you, and either way you could even make me flinch with
that fist. You're holding it wrong. The thumb is supposed to be on the
outside, wrapped around your four finger, not trapped inside." He unwraps
my fingers from my fist and shows me the 'real' way to do it.
                                                                              ď
"Do it like that more o en, the other way can brake your knuckles."
"Thanks, Rex." I mumble under my breath and practise the motions. It felt
strange like this, my thumb felt warmer in the other position.
Blade walks past me patting my head before taking two steps at a time
walking down the steps. How did he even do that? In the name of Draco
Malfoy what is this wizardry?!
                                                                              a⁵
"You coming?" He waits for me with a tired expression. Hesitantly I bite my
lips contemplating going down there, it still feels like a war zone; Alessandro
and Elijah we're gone so I guess I was safe from them.
                                                                              a
I briefly nod sliding my so, pale palms down the railing remembering how
the wood feels under my touch; so cold and silky.
"Stop frowning, it's not a good look on you." He palms my cold cheeks and
pulls the up so my face is scrunched.
"I-I-I...never mind." I shut myself up this time which surprises me, I just didn't
feel like stretching my vocals out.
                                                                              a
"I'm sorry, you shouldn't have seen what you what you saw. We're not... like
that. Please don't think any less of us." How couldn't I think any di erent of
them, I had seen my loving brother shoot someone in the leg all because of
me. I'm just as pathetic as the low life that's on trial for drugs.
                                                                              a
I can't imagine what drugs feel like, or taste like. Maybe even smell like. What
about your sight? All the thing you could hear, what if you couldn't hear
anything? It must feel great, like an immense amount of adrenaline pumping
through your veins while your mind becomes an utter blur with your eyes
seeing things that aren't even humanly possible. Like blood pushing to your
brain. Drugs must be great, so I've read. Who knows, I'm quite the curious
child. I might just sni some flour and call it cocainė.
"We're not violent." He tells me in a cold tone, almost like he thought I didn't
believe him. This was hard to believe though, the amount of times I've seen
them in their most powerful and destructive form is uncanny.
Freshly pricked tears stabbed my eyes and rolled o my chin onto my
clothes. I tired to stop it but it was too painful.
"Why're you crying?"
                                                                              đ
"I don't know," I tell him with my lips trembling. Why was I crying? Not
because I was in pain, but because there's this emotional strain on my mind
that's keeping it captive, and sometimes, I just need to cry.
"Well stop, I'm not good with crying girls." He jokes around but it makes me
even more sad, it's okay for him, he has stayed here his entire life where as
me? I thought I got away from the violence and now I moving closer with
every minute I stay here.
                                                                              đ
"Would it make you feel better if I told you Cassidy was here? I know it's the
only thing to make you feel better." My ears perk at the sound of his name
and a small smile works its way to my lips. I nod 'yes' and rub the tears from
my eyes, I wasn't ugly crying, it was just a few hot tears that needed to come
out. Think if your tears like the waterfall in your soul.
"Stop crying, okay?" He pokes his finger into my side, that felt like a freaking
knife!
                                                                              đ
Blade opens the living room door to a brightly lit room with Jayden and Josh
frolicked on the floor playing with each other, more like fighting but it's the
same thing. Cassidy was talking to Aspen which looked like he was very
invested into the conversation.
No Kelsey.
                                                                              a
No Kelsey.
I repeat: NO KELSEY!
                                                                              a¹
I've never been so happy in my entire life! The witch was finally gone and I
was free! I'm surprised her brothers didn't bring her along with them, they
must've le her at home.
"Hey, pip!" Cassidy greets me with a dazzling smile which can brighten up
even the darkest of rooms.
                                                                              đ
He stands up and gives me a long, cosy hug and tells me he missed me. He's
like another brother to me, just more caring. He and Axel are the ones who
have been the nicest to me and I'm grateful for that.
                                                                              ď
"Hey, slut," Aspen punches Blade in his chest and I hear a loud grunt from
Blade who rubs his chest.
                                                                              a
"Stop punching me with rings, it's hurts." He frowns and pulls his shirt away
from his chest and looks down the shirt to inspect the damage.
I always thought it was weird how she called him a slut, it funny actually, that
kind of terminology is used with women when they greet each other. Never
have I seen a man and a woman greet each other like that.
"Why do you call him that?" I smile cheekily at her, I also found it fascinating
how he didn't take it personal.
"Because he's got a new girl in his bed every weekend." Josh sniggers while
pinching Jayden's ear hard. Blade's eyes were bulging from their sockets and
he started coughing like crazy.
"Josh, not around her please," oh right Axel, I forgot he was in the room with
"Go to bed you old man," Josh hysterically cries and Axel's broody face.
                                                                              a
"Yes actually I will, I need to make some calls so if you could, be sensible
around, Em please she's just a child." Axel kisses me on the head before
making a quiet exit.
"How do know if he does?" I ask Josh in a curious tone, unless there in
cameras in his room it's a little creepy he knows that.
                                                                              a
"Because he gives us the full details, everyone in our group has to listen to
his sex stor-" he's cut o by a pillow being launched at his head.
"And that's why I call him a slut, not to mention the countless girls he's
smashed when he was supposed to be in love with me," Aspen laughs at
Blade's embarrassing, his cheeks were rosy and he used his forearm to cover
his eyes. That's not going to do anything, dîpshit.
                                                                              đ
My ears were screaming, what was I hearing?
                                                                              a
How did she get over him so fast? Were they ever in a loving relationship? Not
only that, they also managed to stay friends a er- most ex relationships turn
out south and never contact each other again. Their past 'relationship'
sounds more like a fling to me.
This enrages me, how he can get away with such disgusting behaviour. If a
woman was to cheat on a man the same amount of times Blade did she
would be shamed and degraded, but Blade gets let o with a joke about
'being a slut.' Just a small thought. Sure Aspen cheated but if we're talking
about a random woman and not someone specific, it's a little weird to me.
I decide to keep my mouth shut and enjoy the night, there has been enough
drama for one night we don't need anymore adding to the fire.
"Blade is a hoe! Blade is a hoe! Blade is a hoe! Blade is a hoe!
Blade is a hoe!" Luca chants over and over again until Blade throws another
pillow at Luca this time.
                                                                              a<sup>6</sup>
"How does he pull so many girls though? I try and fail almost every time."
Josh whines as he sits on Jayden's back who was struggling to move.
                                                                              a
"Children are in the room, sir." Cassidy points a finger between Josh and
Blade. But instead they just smirk which looks rather ugly on them. They look
like a chihuahua trying to smirk, smirking is a very ugly colour on boys, it
makes them seem egocentric.
                                                                              a⁵
"He uses a sad story to pull them into bed that's why." Aspen adds on, what is
this 'story' I want to know.
                                                                              đ
"Aspen don't you dare!" Blade speaks in a warning tone.
"My dog just died and I really want the company, can you give me it? I'd hate
to be alone right now." Aspen mocks and Blade turns into a bright red, his
entire face is blushing so hard he might pop a vein. Or it may be his anger
reaching the roof.
                                                                              a<sup>6</sup>
"Hey I'd like to remind you again there is children in the room." Cassidy says
again in a more serious tone.
"Cassidy when was the last time you pulled a girl? Stop being such a dad,"
Josh rolls his eyes at him.
"Yet again, my sex life is not going to be spread out into a room with a
thirteen year old, innocent girl in. And besides I wouldn't tell any of you, I'm
not like you guys." He replies calmly.
                                                                              ã°
"She's gonna find out sooner or later, the jay-jay and p-p shall collide!" Luca
screams with his arms flying everywhere.
                                                                              ď
Oh.
"I apologise for their rude and insensitive behaviour, don't listen to a word
they say because they've never attended a science lesson in their life, they'd
rather smoke w- cigarettes instead of learning something useful." Cassidy
tells me with a tired tone, almost like he has to deal with this in a daily basis. a
"Oh."
"Wait until she finds out what pôrn is," Josh laughs but Blade pushes him o
of Jayden's back as an attempt to shut him up. Jayden on the other hand
crawled away and plopped onto the sofa next to me.
                                                                              å
"Huh?" That's a new word, remind me to search it up later.
                                                                              182
"It's fine! Don't worry about that, it's just a word that rhymes with 'corn'. It
doesn't mean anything, it's a synonym for 'corn'." Cassidy speaks over the
loud volume of the boys and Aspen.
                                                                              ď
"Cass, don't fool the girl, she'll learn about this at school. And Josh, don't
spoil her innocence, it's adorable." Aspen pokes Josh with her sharp, deep
red nail.
                                                                              ď
The next twenty minutes went by and the conversation developed into what
movie to choose and random stu like girls... then a spelling test on each
other which is weird and now Diego is getting his hair braided by Aspen. His
hair wasn't exactly short but it wasn't very long either, just to his jaw.
"Is it done yet? You're hurting my scalp." Diego whines balling his hands into
fists.
                                                                              á
 'Grow some balls, it seems like you lost them." She slaps his cheek hard
making his whine and groan even more.
"You're so violent," Blade mumbles as his fingers dance on his lap, it's very
fun when you try and make them do the splits.
"Done," she lays his head gently this time.
"Do I look good?" He poses with hands on his hips tilting his head down for
everyone to see. Two French braids which were neatly done, what was cuter
was was that they were so short and thick too.
"You look hot," she winks at him blowing her nails. Weird technique there.
Diego continues to pose for us by pouting his lips and walking fiercely. At one
point he even laid on the floor as an attempt to look sexy.
"You'd look great in a skirt, don't you think, Aspen?" I ask her, it takes her a
while to pull her attention to me but she smiles and nods widely.
"Ew no." Blade laughs at my comment.
                                                                              a
"Why not? Luca looks incredible in a dress, if I remember correctly you were
twirling around in a dress too, and it looked great." It was true, when Luca
walked out in the dress I was stunned, he pulled it o so well.
"Thank you, I must say red is my colour don't you think? Aspen I'm coming
for your company." Luca peers down at himself in amazement.
"Sure." Aspen tugs the ends of my hair threading it through her fingers..
"You should let me dress you all up one time. Especially Emilia, her skin
doesn't have a blemish, I'd kill for no acne." If only she could see I was filled
with blemishes and imperfections.
                                                                              a*
"She hasn't been through puberty probably." Blade grumbles, "I cant wait for
her to grow up."
                                                                              a⁵
It feels as though my body took a great pause for puberty, maybe one day my
hormones said 'okay we don't like her, let's stop her period to teach this rat a
lesson.'
                                                                              ď
Rubbing my eyes, I look at the tiny clock on the tv screen to see it was pretty
late, late enough for me to brake a yawn.
"You should sleep," Cassidy nudges my side, I'd forgotten he was here, he had
been quietly observing.
"It's past twelve, we should all hit hay... ew I'm never saying that again."
Jayden stands up stretching his arms wide, he drags himself across the floor
with his shoulders slumped low.
                                                                              á
*****
They had le me here standing in the middle of my pitch dark room and I feel
so out of place and uncomfortable. The nippy air pinched my skin like
needles; my hair in the back of my neck stood up straight almost like I felt a
presence behind me.
Why was I so afraid to stay in my own room? It was like I needed a boost of
confidence to stay here the entire night. It still felt like a murder scene but it
was all in my head.
" You know I love to see you writhe under me," he sneers.
                                                                              đ
No, I'm not spending another moment in here, especially when I don't feel
like I'm alone. I could still feel Tate in the room with me.
Making my way to the exist, I'm surrounded my darkness, I was never scared
of the dark, I was always scared about what was hiding in it. What monsters
and abominations lurked in the darkest corners.
                                                                              đ
I'd never been so ecstatic about being alone, like very alone standing in a
narrow hall surrounded by the unknown. The air in my room felt dirty and
contaminated almost.
                                                                              a
I find myself staring at the small amount of light emitted from underneath
Diego's door, it sounded like he was playing a game. I knock thrice and the
hard wooden door.
Not long a er Diego pulls his door open and I immediately look inside, Luca
was laid on his bed with a console pad in his hands. But looking around the
small area I could see, I saw many pictures of anime's stuck to his wall, sure I
had watched a few but when you have a wall full wall dedicated to anime you
know it's serious.
                                                                              a
He even had cute Kaonashi up there too. So cute when he eats his
cheesecake, even when he was sat on the train with Chihiro he looked
                                                                              đ
"Can I help you?" He says politely holding the door with his hand while the
other one was pressed against the door frame.
                                                                              a
"Hurry up! You're missing it!" Luca shouts loudly drawing his attention back
to the game, instead of telling him I wanted his company I assured him I was
fine and then le.
Hu ing loudly, I slide my feet across the floor to reduce the noisiness of my
steps. It was a technique I had picked up while moving around my old house,
it was a way for me to move without getting caught.
Knocking slightly one Blade's door, he opens it quick and fast with a
confused expression on his face.
"What's up? Why aren't you sleeping?"
"Can I stay in here please? I-I don't want to stay on my room. Please, don't
leave me alone in there." I beg him with my voice sputtery.
"Why? Is your bed broke or something?"
"No I-I just don't want to be alone. Please..."
He doesn't look sure at first but a er thirty seconds of deep thought he let
me in his room.
                                                                              a
"Is there a reason why you can't stay in there?" He asks me curiously.
"Y-no." I recover from my words.
"Well you ain't sleeping until you tell me why your expensive bed hasn't been
slept in, in the past few days, seriously that shît cost a fortune." He mumbles
the last part but it was loud and bough for me to hear.
If he's going to be like that I might as well just camp out in the library then, so
I gait my way to the door and pull down the cold, crisp handle but a hand
stops me.
"Fine, but at least tell me what's wrong. Please." He adds on the end.
"I feel lonely yet I feel like someone is watching over me and it's creeping me
out." I tel him honestly, I just wanted this to be over with.
"I mean..." he seems unsure of what to say, he's probably thinking I'm a
drama queen. I know I already am, no one needs to tell me that I am because
I already know.
"Okay." Is all he says and switches the light o again.
The next week went by I had managed to avoid Alessandro at all costs, even
at dinner I would remain silent when he spoke, I couldn't just assume
everything was okay. A er all I was the one who caused him to pull the gun
out in the first place so I should be the one to blame.
My one question is: how did he even get a gun? Doesn't Britain have no guns
allowed? I've never seen a gun in action before so now looking back
watching as the bullet twisted and coiled in the air and pierced a sharp hole
into his leg was quite incredible. Just take away the blood.
Blade had stayed with me every night in my room until I fell asleep, well most
of the times he would just fall asleep next to me but there was those few
occasions where he stayed awake. I felt bad, truly bad that I was holding this
over him.
                                                                              ď
Right now I was sat in the art room beginning to paint the largest canvas I've
ever attempted. It was a 24" by 36" which is gigantic. Trying to paint the
London Bridge seems easier than it looks.
                                                                              a
"Alessandro told me to fetch you, he needs to have a word with all of us."
Diego pushes the door open which had many prints of painted hands on, my
bad.
It's di icult to open a door when you have paint on your hands and
especially when there isn't a sink that I can wash it o with.
"Coming!" I shout loudly listening to it repeat in the echos.
                                                                              å
Wiping my paint encrusted hands on my jeans watching as it crumbles onto
the floor, I pull open the creaky door and shut it behind me.
A er my careful descent down the steps trying to make sure not to touch
anything, I walk into a room where I see everyone standing in front of
Alessandro, this looks like a recruiting event or a marching band.
                                                                              a
Putting my arms behind my back holding my wrist into my palm, Alessandro
coughs into his hand as though he's about to end us with his speech.
"I'm not going to waste your time by doing a great introduction but," he says
and pus at the end, "I need to set some more rules and regulations that
must be followed. I've had Elijah's word on this too."
                                                                              a
"Emilia, I understand your passion for your debates you have had with my
many clients but I must ask you to stop. I live for the enthusiasm but it's
costing me my workers." I was shocked, I never thought that I was hurting so
many people.
                                                                              ď
"In addition to this rule, I have booked weekly lessons to see a therapist
every Thursday a er school." He reads from the crumpled paper in his hand
squinting a little to read it. There was no point in protesting, I was under his
care and as much as I'm on bad terms with him I must appreciate the help.
"Boys, you're only allowed friends over once a week because... because it's a
little intrusive now. They're amazing people but I have my business supplyin
the house and I can't have them around here o en. Emilia I also want you to
try and sleep in your own bed tonight- alone only if you're comfortable with
that." Alessandro combs his hairs with his callous fingers. My cheeks tinge
with a slight blush at my exposure, it was embarrassing. It was comfortable
when someone was besides me. I felt safe too.
                                                                              ď
"But what about the Friday night hang out? We need to see each other at
least three times a week." Luca gripes annoyingly.
"Cousin Gertrude is travelling from Italy to stay with us for a while for
business purposes, Gerty will be acquainted to the house but we'll introduce
you to her since she can be a little rude. Oh and Blade you will need to be on
your best behaviour and so that means no fighting. You hear me?!" Gerty? I
couldn't help but snigger, I've heard of that name before and don't get me
wrong it's gorgeous, but these people come up with the most horrendous
nicknames for people.
                                                                              å
"Yes sir!" The boys chorus together.
"Yes sir!" I say a er them, I'm so late to these kind of things, we sounded like
we were at cadets camp and Alessandro was the captain.
                                                                              a
"You're a little late, Em." Alessandro deadpans. There's someone missing,
two people actually, why weren't Elijah and Axel being lectured too?
"Sorry Ally." I joke with him. He turns his head to the side in attempt to hide
his small smile.
                                                                              å
"No joking," he coughs into his fist to hold his beaming smile.
                                                                              đ
"Gerty will be coming for dinner, her plane lands in thirty minutes so I'm
going to pick her up now, Em go shower you're painted blue and the others
go shower solely because you stink of sweat. You know how she gets." I
snigger again when he said 'Gerty', why is this so funny to me?
"Is there a problem?" He asks actively says.
"Nope."
"Great, then you have been instructed on what to do so I suggest you comply
to my orders. Please." He points to the door with his hairy index finger. He
                                                                              ď
should really shave that thing it's getting a little long.
Accepting defeat, I pull my legs up the the steep, plush carpet and into the
shower. 'Gerty' sounds like she'd be irritated over anything, I guess I have to
wear something nice.
Hunting through the racks of expensive clothes which I could never see
myself in, I slump on the floor crossing my legs ignoring the stinging prick
and tingle of my coccyx bone.
                                                                              a
I mean I don't really care about what I wear, the majority of my clothes are
either black, blue or white. Not much variation to give myself.
You can't go wrong with a black skirt and white shirt can you? It's the best I
can do, I'm thirteen I've never even heard of the term 'style' before it's so
foreign to me. I can't consign to the oblivion about the weather so me being
me, I wore navy tights too.
                                                                              å
I looked more moderate yet still a little style. It's the best I can do I'm afraid,
my brain capacity for fashion is zero to none.
"You look nice," Luca whispers to me, he wore a simple hoodie that had a
picture of a pizza on it and some black jeans. Typical.
"Ah, it feels awe-inspiring to be back," a woman with tanned skin and some
what of a strong accent hidden under her powerful voice. It laced through the
words discreetly. He had sunglasses on that looked so big I could see them
from a mile away, a mid thigh navy blue dress that hugged her figure.
Tall. Very, extremely tall.
"Oh my! Luca what happened to your fat?! You used to have so much of it
now it's gone!" She gasps pulling her shades down to take and more in depth
look of his body.
Wasn't that a little rude or am I being paranoid? It sounds like she was calling
him fat before.
                                                                              a
"I didn't lose my chubbiness I just got tall," he frowns but the woman who I
assume is Gertrude, pulls his cheeks and slaps them multiple times until I see
his cheeks turn red.
"Hey, Gert! How you doing?" Axel walks down the stairs in his usual, dashing
suit- exclude the blazer because he never wears one.
"I'm doing just fine, Lovely. I see you changed, you were the epitome of a
baby when I last saw you, so handsome." She pushes a fallen strand from his
forehead back to his head.
"It was two years ago, Gert. That's not exactly long." He laughs.
"Where is the little piece of shît? Causing trouble I assume, only one can
remember his stupidity and his anger." She smiles showing pearly white
teeth that make me want to punch them down her throat.
                                                                              đ
Sorry, I'm trying to stay positive but she just gives me bad vibes. She seems
very intrusive and rude. Get out of my face, I don't want to smell the avocado
you had for breakfast.
                                                                              a
She wasn't in face, she hadn't noticed me yet but I hope she likes me... even
though I know she won't.
"I'm here. Don't be such a twat," Blade walks out from the kitchen with cereal
in a mixing bowl.
                                                                              a
"Haha, how charming," she says with sarcasm playing with her voice. I hear
her heals ascend towards me, so intimidating.
"Who's this?"
"I'm Emil-" she cuts me o short and throws her coat over my head.
                                                                              ď
"Don't care," she walks straight past me and into the kitchen. Her nickname
should be 'rude' not Gertrude.
                                                                              å*
"Take it yourself," I mumble harshly and throw it over my head, it was also
heavy so it took some mighty to pull it o of me.
"What?" She stops in her tracks and turns to face me with a sour face.
                                                                              a
"I'll take it," Alessandro takes the coat from the floor in one sweep and slings
in over his arm, "this is Emilia, she's our sister."
"She's a little... scrawny and I mean that in the best way possible. And what's
with all of your freckles? They look like explosive diarrhoea," she flicks my
nose with her white nail.
                                                                              đ۴
Quickly I slap it away earning a shocked expression from Alessandro, but he
also looked worried too, like he was worried for me.
"Oh darling did I hurt you, it wasn't my intention. I just like to point out the
flaws in people and you certainly are a big yet small flaw." She pities me.
                                                                              ₫¹
"The only flaw I can see right now is your blackheads falling from your nose,
out of my face." I command her at once, don't be rude to me and expect
something nice in return.
                                                                              a<sup>6</sup>
"Oh honey, I get the best facials in town, you on the other hand need surgery
to get rid of those freckles, they're so dark too." She pulls a disgusted
expression.
                                                                              a⁴
"I think that's enough, Gert." Alessandro advises her but she keeps strong eye
contact with me.
"Why is she so pale too? Ha mai visto il sole, cara cugina?" [Has she ever seen
the sun, dear cousin?]
                                                                              a
"Yes she sees the sun, please don't be rude. She wasn't born in Italy hence
the pale skin." Alessandro stands up for me once again, the others have
disappeared into the kitchen.
"Why is she so rude?" I whisper yell as she struts into the kitchen all
confident.
"I'm not rude, dear I'm just critical, I'm also twenty-four and looking better
than a ten year old like you!" She says one last time before disappearing.
                                                                              ď
"She's not the best but she's family, and I apologise for her actions and my
own for the other night."
It didn't matter anymore because there was no way I could change the past,
so I shrug it o.
"Get her some food, she looks peckish," she uses her finger to point at my
body.
"Get yourself a personality, being rude isn't one of them." I sass her using the
same gestures she did.
                                                                              ď
 Oh I'm sorry, it's truly not my fault. I just love to do this, it's fun." She quivers
her lips.
"Yeah I don't care what your hobbies are, you should really take a buzzfeed
personality test."
                                                                              đ
"Yikes that's what children do these days? Hit the sun for a little, you might
look a little more tolerable, to say you're Italian you have no features at all."
She bites the tip of her nail, I hope she chokes.
"You realise I have Eurocentric features, Italy is apart of Europe." In deadpan.
"Europe is a dierent country, stop confusing yourself." She taps my shoulder
to show sympathy.
                                                                              ā<sup>2</sup>
"Wow, you can a ord an expensive dress but you can't a ord a free
geography lesson? Europe is a continent not a country, you know tectonic
plates?" She looks so ba led it's funny.
                                                                              ₫³
"The lack of brain capacity is hurting me, I must leave before you spread your
stupidity to me." I take the long route of walking to the other side of the
kitchen away from her.
                                                                              a⁴
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I wouldn't be so rude if she wasn't coarse and surly I wouldn't have to respond the way I do, she's insulted my body I'm so many ways it hurts.

"Gerty I would like you to be nice, she's our sister who we care for very much." Axel puts and friendly hand on her shoulder to calm her down.

am nice, don't be so stupid. I just don't like new people.]

care, be nice to her she's had it tough in the past.]

along, she turns a sharp corner and up the steps.

"I'm not a fan of her at all. She called me ugly."

getting his fingers tangled in my brown locks.

was his response.

my lips rise to my cheeks.

foreign rolling o my tongue.

\*\*\*\*\*

I have a question:

what would it be?

hope you enjoyed 🥰

Love you! XOXO, Demi 🦴 ♡

brows bunched together making it one.

don't like this woman.

numbers up to ten in Spanish.

Dressing up was my way to impress her yet she still proceeds to be arrogant, I

"Sono gentile, Axel non essere così stupido. Non mi piace la gente nuova." [I

"Non m'importa, sii gentile con lei, ha avuto problemi in passato." [I don't

What were they saying? I've never spoken another language other than the

She stinks her foot and makes a dramatic exit ensuring to drag her suitcase

"Is she always this rude? It's uncalled for." I say to Axel in a small voice; my

"I know, Bambina. And to answer your obvious inquiry- yes. She is like that but I can't do anything. We've all been through it." He chuckles at the end.

"You're not ugly, you're beautiful. Don't listen to her." He palms my head

"Love you," I give him a side hug without thinking about what I just said, my eyes pushed themselves from their sockets but what shocked me the most

"Love you too." He says sweetly, he crouched and hugged me pressing his cheek against mine, I could feel his wide smile just playing with his lips.

"Let's go see what they're ordering for dinner aye?" He taps my chin making

So I'm going back to school: (which means I have to wear the most sti and uncomfortable uniform possible. I'll be going into year 10 (I think that's 9th grade for the Americans out there) which means I would start doing mock exams etc. Which means revision (a) (a). Updates? I'm not sure yet, I will try and use the normal routine of writing when ever I can.

What challenges does our generation face? If you could be in any movie

I'm not sure about this chapter, it's kind of last minute since I have lots of schools work to do and I just wanted to get an update out there. But I

Nodding yes, I swing our arms back and forth jumping up in the air occasionally enjoying the warm, toasty feeling of love in my chest, it was pounding on my ribs to the point where it hurt. But it was a good kind of pain, I hadn't told anyone I love them since my mum so the words felt so

I loved these guys, let's not let anything get in the way of it.

The book shall have regular uploads, don't worry 😉

Mine would be Divergent so I could kiss four 🗐

My apologies for the mistakes, it's kind of rushed 🗟 😩

A little insight to the next chapter: 🛠 🛱 🔦 🔊 🗬 🖒 🛒 🕙

[6733 words this chapter, have a great day <3]

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