3

P.S, this is the turning point of the story.
I hope you enjoy it

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🔍Emilia POV

I am sitting in the passenger seat of my dad's car and let's just say it is so awkward in here. All I hear is him whispering profanities on how I am a slut.

Well, I'm a virgin you spanner.

The car jerks forward because he pressed on the brake so hard at the red light. I suppose the seatbelt so tight it might snap o

As soon as it is green, he speeds through the cars not even caring if it were to crash.

"C-could you slow down?"

He ignores my request but he revs the engine even harder.

"Please, o-slow down." I say a little louder but he just turns my way and presents a sinister smirk which means he is up to no good.

"What was that? You want me to go faster?" I want the speedometer to go up and up with every word he says, 60, 70, 75, 90 miles on a 40 road. Is he crazy or just stupid? Does he not care that he could get into trouble by the police?

"Stop."

"Stop!"

"STOP!" I scream and he pulls up to the side of the road. I reach for the door handle to escape but he pulls me back by my hair and pulls me down into my seat. He puts the safety locks down on the car window to prevent me from leaving

"You WANNA SAY THAT AGAIN?"
I move my head sideways and try to pry his hand o of my hair. He wouldn't, not in public. I think....

He pulls me over to the driver's side and pulls his arm into my stomach making me wince from not recovering from my last encounter with his fist. He repeatedly winds me in the stomach and then he pushes my head away from him with such force it crashed against the window making a slight crack.

I hear the pop of a lock indicating I can go and I don't hesitate to push the door open and run down the street back to school.

"I'll see you when you get home!" He rolled down the window to scream at me.

Fck, I didn't think about how I would have to see him when I go home.

I avoided going home as much as I can but I check my phone and it's very late. 8 PM kinda late. I have been sat on this bench for the last few hours so I don't need to go home.

I being my slow trail home, I should have gone home sooner, things are going to be so much worse now. He is going to be angrier that I took my time, let's just hope that he is out smashing some random girl and getting drunk so he won't be home.

That's what I was hoping for, but I am not so confident anymore. He would have stayed in to spite me is so many ways I could imagine.

I want my mum back, I want to have that normal childhood that everyone has, I don't want to be the freak that everyone ignores. I just want my old life back. Heck, my damn biological father didn't even want me. My mother said he le when I was around 2 years old. And until a year ago, my mother told me was deceased.

I don't feel anything anymore. My mother is dead. My 'dad' is supposedly dead but I am not too sure if am honest and my carer doesn't give two flicks about me.

It's sad, I'm sad, my whole life is sad.

I just ache everywhere. My head says bruise on it but I can't see because my hair is covering it. It hurts like a bitch though.

I am tired, freaking starving and I am sore.

The hungry part makes sense, I haven't eaten anything proper in over 24 hours.

I hadn't even noticed that I was in front of my house. Hell, here I come.

I slowly open the door like I did the other but I make sure to take my shoes o and leave them at the side of the coat rack next to the door. It would stop any further sound escaping my steps.

Her's not there.

I check in the kitchen but he's not there.

I walk up the stair and wait outside of his bedroom door to see if I can hear any sounds.

None.

I can't wait to deal with a drunken asshole in the morning. Yay me.

I grab a pyjama set which consisted of a long sleeved, comfortable shirt with the same material bottoms to match and then get into the shower. The bottoms were more like pyjama leggings because they felt a lot so or than regular ones.

I snuggle into my bed and pick up my book that I was reading the other night and began the get settled.

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2:05 AM

I hear a very loud bang coming from the front of the house.

The hungry part makes sense, I haven't eaten anything proper in over 24 hours.

"Police, open up!" I continue to hear sharp bangs against the door.

God, what did he do now?

I have no time to go to the door because it was kicked down before I have the chance.

4 intimidating men walk in with guns in their hands with dogs by their side. Big dogs.

I was sat on the steps observing shaking wildly. I don't like it when people shout, it makes me nervous and anxious that they will hurt me.

"Miss?" A lady o icer placed her arm on my arm as a sign of comfort but I immediately pushed away and begin to retreat my room.

"Miss, I am here to help you." She places her hands down showing surrender. My eyes are all foggy and I can taste the saliteness of my tears being absorbed into my mouth.

"Please!" She walks closer and closer to me with every step I take back until I am wedged in a corner. I slide down the wall and pull my knees to my chest.

"I'm not going to hurt you." My eyes are so magnified that I can barely see any of my surroundings.

"Could you please come with us?"

"No! Leave me alone" I sob into my frail and bruised arms. Luckily she cannot see any of the bruises that have been stained there for the past few days.

"Please miss, I do not want to force you to come with us, we aren't going to hurt you, we are here to keep you safe." She holds her hand out to me to grab but I warily take it whilst hiccuping and sobbing. I rub my eyes into my forearm to wipe them away.

I am carefully guided outside towards the back of the police car. The woman dives into the front and gives me a reassuring smile.

"What's h-happening? Am I in trouble?" My voice is so small over my sniveling.

"You're not in trouble, we are taking you to the station to get you away for a few hours until we sort your situation." She looks at me through the rearview mirror keeping the eyes on the road.

"At my situation?"

"I am going to have to ask you to remain quiet while I am driving please, Miss" she states with a tone that means 'that's final'.

I rest my head against the window and stare at her through the bars that block o the back seats from the front seats.

We arrive at the police station where the woman directs me through the halls of creepy people and many other o icers.

She directs me into an empty room where a silver table lays with a recording box at the end.

"Can I get you a hot drink? Hot chocolate, tea?"

"Umm, tea please." I say shyly.

She returns into the room with two plastic cups of tea in them.

"Are you aware of what's happened with your stepdad?"

I shake my head and sip to the tea. I can already tell that my cheeks are pu and red and my eyes are bloodshot.

"I am going to have to ask you to answer me verbally because this conversation will be recorded." She linked her fingers together and placed them in the table.

"No." My throat is very crosky and sore from the wailing of my cries.

"Would you like me to clarify what has happened?"

"Yes, please do, I'm scared." My lip quivers slightly.

"I know, Darling, I know."

"So, tonight, your dad had gotten into a... a lot of trouble with the police," does she think I am dumb and don't know what big words mean?, "and by trouble, I mean he was caught with possessions of two types of class A drugs. We also believe that he has been supplying them to other people."

She takes a large gulp from her drink.

"When we caught him, by the way, he is now in custody, he was highly intoxicated with alcohol and he was driving. When we pulled him over, we collected a da ba bag of £2000 and 15 kilograms worth of cocaine and 4 kilograms worth of methamphetamine. Have known as a crystal meth."

I nod at her giving her a sign that she can continue.

"Possession with a Class A drug and he has two of these o enses, that is 14 years in prison. If we later discover that our theory is right on how he has been selling these drugs, that could be up to a life sentence and alongside the charges of being drunk and driving."

"So what's going to happen?" I look at her in the eyes with worry evident in my face.

"You see your stepdad is going to have a charge whether he likes it or not. If all of the things I mentioned, he could be charged with supplying drugs for inappropriate use, drinking and driving and possession of two class A drugs. This would be up to the jury on the length of the sentence he gets. Thus meaning that you would have nowhere to stay."

So, am I just going to be homeless for the rest of my life?

"We have had to search the database for people who match your last name, and we believe that we found your brothers and the social workers will be here to pick you up to take you back to the house to pack up your thing's and-"

"Excuse me, brothers?"

"Yes, your brothers."

"I never had any."

"You did, you just don't remember, I will do the rest of the explaining to the social worker tomorrow. She works with your brothers and will be here in a while."

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I would like to say something about the charges that I mentioned earlier in this chapter. If you live in the UK, you can access the government's website yourself to check if you like. That was where I got my information from.

However, if you live in another country or continent these charges may di er. But I research the drug charges so please don't think I made this up.

And please if you are reading this, DO NOT take drugs, DO NOT drink and drive because you could potentially kill someone else and DO NOT sell drugs, it is a bad way of life when you can do so much more.

I do not judge people if you do sell them because for some people it is their source of income, but if you are young and intelligent you know not to resort to selling drugs. And if you are young, do more with your life, get a complete education. I will repeat, I do not despise people who sell drugs because they need to sell other people with them to put food on their table for their children. But just think if you are selling, imagine how many other lives you could ruin by selling it to someone who has a family. They could ruin their lives, too.

A serious note up there, please read it. **

Sorry for typos and all errors, I will edit this but it is 4 AM in the UK and I think I should be sleeping right now.

2101 words this chapter, Xoxo, Dx🫶🏻🫶🏻