| Right," I roll my eye to the back of my head and then back around then suck<br>a breath through my teeth, "guns."   |          |
|---|----------|
| /eah I'm sorry, I won't talk about that. So tell me, what're your plans for the<br>olidays?" He drops the subject just as his voice lightens to a so er and<br>entler subject.  |          |
| don't know. I really want to see Felix and my friend Rain over the holidays<br>ut Alessandro is being very di icult and won't let me see them." I hu and<br>ross my arms and then look at the large dog resting in a ball beside me. So<br>ny eyes so en.           | å        |
|   |          |
|   |          |
|   |          |
|   |          |
|   |          |
| What ya doing?" I rock back and forth on the balls of my feet standing in<br>ront of Ally's desk.<br>Signing o a drug parcel. It's arriving at the border, so I need to sign these  | to       |
| how documents of paying my workers," that's one way to be totally blunt<br>bout it.   |          |
| I guess it's better than being honest." I mumble and roll my eyes.<br>Can I help you with anything?" He asks me not looking into my eyes, he ju<br>cribbles a pathetic and scru y signature.  | ıst      |
| I want to see him," I whine to Alessandro about seeing Felix. I want to see<br>im because it's been too long, we were in the summer holidays and I didn   | ı't      |
| vant to spend my time cooped up in the house all the time. I wanted to ha<br>leepovers like every teen does but Alessandro is just being dicult. I've<br>ried asking him a few times already and he said no.  | ve       |
| t didn't take king for him to automatically understand who I was talking<br>bout.   |          |
| le looks up and shakes his head before skipping through more and more bages signing some things o .   |          |
| Tough. Can you leave me? I need to go over some work," I roll my eyes an<br>eel my lips trembling then gait to the door and walk out slamming it shut<br>behind me.   | d        |
| haking my head, I empty my mind if the last time I spoke to Alessandro<br>bout seeing Felix and stroke Neon.  |          |
| Well you have me so we're good," Tyrone pats my cheeks a few times before<br>anding up and brushing the fur from his jogger bottoms.  |          |
| 'e were all still in our pyjamas so it was strange for me to see Tyrone in an<br>ttire that wasn't your average clothing.<br>annoys me when boys don't know the existence of shirts. If I can't walk  |          |
| round the streets in a bra then you shouldn't be able to walk around the<br>reets showing your sweaty tits o .<br>yrone took the decency to put a shirt on, thankfully.   | đ        |
| need to go shower so I'll see you later," I run part him before he had time to<br>each the door before me.  | )        |
| ushing up the stairs, I crash into Axel who was holding Mia's hand tightly. I<br>o nothing but sco .<br>Excuse me," I try to pass them but Axel gives me a weary look telling me to   |          |
| op.<br>Go," he dismisses Mia down the steps and follows behind her. He looks back   |          |
| t me apologetically then smiles before strolling away.<br>/ell fuck him. We don't need him anymore.   | đ        |
| he saddest part was that I always saw him as my hero but now he's just<br>nother boy who did me wrong and has to it the price. He was willing to fight<br>ne - maybe kill me - over some girl.  | a        |
| t least I know where I stand in our relationship. Brother? Yeah right.<br>s I ascend the corner to my room, I was greeted with a familiar yet   |          |
| nwanted figure luring in my sight.<br>Hey, princess. Where you goi-   |          |
| shove a hand in Mr Mystery's face before he could finish what he was saying.<br>e was dressed the way every man does apparently in this house. A fresh,<br>avy suit.  |          |
| don't speak to homophobes." I walk straight past ignoring his stares and<br>am my bedroom door shut.<br>he shower felt so good when the water massaged my tensed muscles in my  | đ        |
| ack; I'd been pretty stressed lately and this made it all better.<br>nad a lot to think about lately so this really helped. Though showers don't  |          |
| el right in the morning; they so much better at night when you really have<br>me to think.  |          |
| horoughly, I lather my hair in shampoo and leave it to absorb for a few<br>noments whilst I was my body. Then I finish o my shower with washing<br>onditioner out then drying my body.  |          |
| was dressy day for me today, I felt confident and energised in myself to get<br>eady in a maroon skirt with tights and white blouse. I love the days when I<br>sel awake enough to actually get out of bed. It sucks dick when I stay in bed.                       | a        |
| uca seemed on edge lately and I can understand why. Mr mystery was  |          |
| ways around. But something that made him feel better was Tyrone.<br>uca was hiding his face in the cupboards pretending to look for something<br>ut I could see the bottom of his jaw moving up and down meaning he was   |          |
| ating.<br>alentina restricted him to only a few slices of cake because there was never<br>cally enough le for anyone else so he was not so discreetly shovelling the  | đ        |
| ictoria sponge cake down his throat.<br>yrone stood behind him with his chin balancing on his shoulder kissing it   |          |
| ith his arms necklaced around his torso. CUTE!!<br>lease, I can't deal with the romance.  | đ        |
| r Mystery takes a seat next to me in the island and reaches over to the<br>entre of the table to a fake apple.  |          |
| umb shit though it was real. They did look real though, perfectly shiny<br>nder the natural lighting of the rays of sunlight. I watch as he takes a large<br>ite from the green and red polystyrene then spits it out when he starts to<br>new.                     |          |
| hoke on it, maybe it'll fix your internal wring views on love.<br>DVE IS LOVE! Love is love.  | a්       |
| losely, I see how his eyes dri over to the happy couple that were ignoring is presence. Teach me.   |          |
| e rolls his eyes before coughing making sure to draw their attention. "Can<br>ou not? I want to have a conversation with my daughter please?" He gives<br>nem both a dirty look just as they were prepared to leave the kitchen.                                    |          |
|   |          |
| uca had a mouth full of cake (that sounds wrong) with jam and whipped<br>ream around his mouth with crumbs falling from his lips. The crumbs<br>ropped as they were walking to the door.  | ัส       |
| ream around his mouth with crumbs falling from his lips. The crumbs<br>ropped as they were walking to the door.<br>Don't leave. Let Luca enjoy his cake. Whatever ' dad wants to say he can say<br>now," I use finger marks to say 'dad' and force it out bitterly. | â        |
| ream around his mouth with crumbs falling from his lips. The crumbs<br>ropped as they were walking to the door.<br>Don't leave. Let Luca enjoy his cake. Whatever ' dad wants to say he can say   | ัช<br>ซึ |

it was. "Your hair is already beautiful. You've got gorgeous curls," he made me chuckle when he pinched my chin and scratched the top of my head. "Are you staying over again tonight?" It's been a week since Tyrone and Luca came out as a happy couple and every night Tyrone stayed over because I begged him to. It was amazing seeing Tyrone for the past few days when I came home from school, he would always give me a hug like he's already part of the family. And he used to buy me sweeties as a treat when I came home. He would also make the best homemade pizza ever. Valentina has got some

serious competition with Tyrone because his pizza is to die for. It's too spicy

But now school has finished for the year and now it's the holidays so I hope to see a lot more of him. Speaking of seeing too much of someone, Mia

She stayed over almost every night and she was glued to my brother, Axel,

"I think so, Luca wanted me to teach him how to hold a ummm... gun properly. Alessandro asked me to do that too," he looks away guilty.

must've made the point fly over her head when I bit her.

but I wouldn't have it any other way.

like super glue.

S а

> s W а

thaist Time Rdinstina W Taim A Au in 1987 The lifeti The three A La Libe Viev Twip MediDubel Ci Lich Hyth Lied nit in S

s

occasionally glancing over to me.

him to continue. Dipshît.

Maybe I should call the fire department. He definitely didn't look safe to be around, but my prayers had been called just as Blade and Diego entered the

"We need to talk about what happened." He announces. So I stare waiting for

kitchen sni ing over the freshly baked good from Valentina.

Leave a Light on - Tom Walker On 🕲 with ∯the �\chapter �\ ď � Emilia's POV "So can I call you my brother now?" I ask Tyrone playing with a coil of his hair, I think I was irritating him but he's just too kind to call me out on it. Opening wide, he blinks through his shadow and curtains of eyelashes and staring deep into my soul. He's my brother now. "Sure." He releases a deep giggle as I continued to twist the hair around my

finger and then released it. I love how it bounced back up. He showed me how when he pulls it it gets really long and then it shrunk back to its original

"I want your hair," I pout at him and continue to poke it because wit how so

curl pattern.

Luca has had a so ware update. I feel like this suits his personality more.

Baby you look fine as hell today 🖶 Omg thanks for the love on the last chapter and have an amazing start to 2021. I can't believe all the support you e given me omg

ď

ď

đ

a

đ

| guard. It doesn't look" he rolls out and gestures with his hand, "right."<br>"Well your face doesn't look right either but I ain't complaining am I?" I scowl<br>and slump in my chair. That cake was the only distraction I had.<br>I couldn't look anywhere else other than the cake, so I snatch a piece leaving<br>only three le since I uca ate four a while back   | đ<br>đ              |
|--|---------------------|
| only three le since Luca ate four a while back.<br>Blade slowly throws me an approved look over his hoodied shoulder and<br>chuckles just as he squeezes the hot tea bag over his cup. He is not human;<br>he squeezed the tea bag between his fingers and didn't flinch.<br>"Yeah well this face is what made you," he remarks.<br>"My mum could've had a sperm transplant." I wasn't sure if that's what you<br>call it but I'm sure you can put sperm in a woman's tummy to make her<br>pregnant. It's like eating tadpoles. Ew I can never imagine eating tadpoles. It<br>ba les me how they turn into frogs.<br>"I assure you," he giggles holding his hands up in defence, "she didn't. She<br>was truly wonderful though, I just didn't love her enough."<br>"Don't talk about my mum like that. She didn't love you either with the looks<br>of it," I grumble out with a pouted lip.  | ซิซิ                |
| "Fine. But there is also something that I wanted to ask you: as your father is<br>like for you to follow the strict rules we have here."<br>This is when Blade turned around to say something but Diego being the<br>nature one, nudges an elbow into his side.<br>"Darling, I haven't followed a rule in this house since I stepped foot in it. And<br>for the record you ain't my father." I point a bitten finger at him with a serious<br>tone in my voice.<br>"And that's where I come in. I will make you follow those rules," he tells me   | n, "                |
| like it's a fact.<br>Nice joke, tell me another one.<br>"Ooh shiver me timbers," I rub my arms as though it was cold. It truly was<br>though, summer was supposed to be warm but instead it was cloudy and<br>misty out there. Welcome to miserable Britain.<br>Enough of joking, I can't express how depressing it always is, you could be<br>the happiest person and then you look outside and see Mother Nature crying<br>her eyes out.   | ື ບ                 |
| "I've spoken to Alessandro about it too. No boys," he commands. So this is<br>why I can't see Felix? Because of his stupid, idiotic rule?<br>"It took him a while, he didn't even agree to the rule, but then he just gave up<br>on arguing with me. So that means no Fabio or whatever he's called,"<br>He's my best friend and I'm not allowed to see him because Mr Mystery is too<br>much of a try hard dad who wants to be overprotective. I broke down that<br>barrier with Alessandro a while back and he doesn't seem to care as much<br>anymore.<br>"Not happening."  | ත්<br>ත්            |
| "Not nappening."<br>"And that's how you get pregnant. Stay away from boys. Change that skirt<br>and I'd also like you to change your attitude," his rough voice carries on<br>further.<br>He was really annoying me now, why do I have to change my ways of living to<br>suit his old fashioned way of living.<br>Blade opens his mouth to say something but shuts it again when Diego<br>stands on his foot. I wanted to hear what he had to say.<br>"Why do I have to change my clothes? You can't force me to do anything."   | ťů                  |
| "It's too short. It's distracting to boys and I don't want you getting hurt.<br>Change it for me please."<br>The skirt touched my knees almost and he's complaining about it? I will wear<br>what I want to wear.<br>Why do I have to change myself just to suit the patriarchal society? If he's<br>that scared of me being hurt by boys then their parents need to teach their<br>sons on what needs to be kept 'down there.'<br>I just feel exhausted all the time. Stress, just constant stress of everyone so it  | ਹਾ, ਹਮ              |
| feels like I'm carrying them on my shoulders.<br>"Notice how you said 'boys?' Because only boys are that pathetic to be<br>distracted by a thirteen year old WOMAN wearing a skirt." I stand up to leave<br>the kitchen in a hurry but he clenched my upper arm making me squeal in<br>pain from the shock.<br>Blade kept closing his eyes and clenching his jaw but he knew he'd be in<br>trouble if he said a word to me.<br>"We haven't finished talking." So I comply. It was too much e ort for me to<br>fight back. My hormones must be at the roof today because suddenly I had   | ង                   |
| the urge cry out.<br>"Onto the next rule: no answering back to me," he growls sternly with a cold<br>stare scorching my eyes.<br>"Can't you just be my dad? Don't say you're my dad then treat me like a dog,"<br>I sni up.<br>"You don't see me for my entire life then pop back in then expect me to<br>follow your rules. You want to be my dad? Show me some respect. Show me<br>your love and don't act as though I'm your colleague 'cause I'm not," my  | 30                  |
| voice shatters like a thousand molecules of glass.<br>"I am being your dad. There's no ground rules set here so as a parent I'm<br>doing exactly that," he tries to calm me down by rubbing my shoulder.<br>"But what if I don't follow them?" I ask bitterly almost like I was teasing<br>him.<br>"Then you'll get a punishment." He replies like it's obvious. What kind of<br>punishments? I'm too scared to ask.<br>"And it's only me who has to follow them? What about the others?!" I point to<br>Diego and Blade unintentionally involving them.<br>"Nope. Just you and the twins. Blade is old enough now. He can do whatever<br>he likes," he takes a small glance at Blade.   | đ                   |
| "So I can punch you?" Blade clenches his jaw and cracks his knuckles and<br>pulls his arm back for a tight swing at his nose.<br>He raises his arm again and plummets and drives it deep into his nose once<br>again letting the blood flow out all over his knuckles like dye staining his<br>fists.<br>Mr Mystery wasn't prepared enough, so he covers his nose with a cupped<br>hand collecting the blood and letting it drip from his nose.<br>So he shakes it all free letting the blood roll o the tips of his callouses and   | đ                   |
| onto the black tiles creating a maroon shade.<br>I scream out, shrilling the entire house as the man throws a fist to Blade's<br>cheek bone but it wasn't as nearly as powerful as Blade's charging and<br>tackling him to the floor.<br>The man's ring catches and tugs on the corner of Blade's lip tearing the flesh<br>leaving a trickled trail of blood.<br>I've seen Blade angry before but never this bad before; he looked like he was<br>hurting internally and that's when I realised.<br>He's never been loved before.  | ង                   |
| "Dude," Diego's voice enters with his classic and iconic saying. He has a thing<br>for that word. He tries to pull him o of the man but Blade looked as though<br>he was on roids and couldn't be moved. He elbows Diego accidentally in the<br>chin forcing Diego to let out a series of cusses.<br>Still, my throat clenches and tickles for them to stop but it was almost like<br>they blocked out my pleads for peace.<br>They scramble to their feet where the weakened man takes his advantages<br>down pressing Blade's back into the refrigerator where his fists double into   | ซื                  |
| his abdomen.<br>That didn't stop him at all, Blade sends his knee ramming it into his dad's<br>groin where they finally separated a er more moments of quarrelling.<br>Blade was tightly clutching his stomach hunched over slightly with a thumb<br>swiping away the blood from his now swollen lip. His dad was kneeling on<br>the kitchen floor with his hands down his pants.<br>"JUST FUCK OFF OUT OF OUR LIVES!!! I've never needed a dad so just fuck<br>o !! I don't need a low life In my life!" Blade flies a foot into his back pushing<br>him further to the floor.  | ස්                  |
| When silence strikes, I slowly remove myself from the chair like it was my<br>safety zone and hug Blade.<br>Arms squeezed him tight for comfort and Diego joins in too patting a hand on<br>Blade's shoulder. Then I felt I droplet of something land on my forehead like<br>hot rain. He was crying.<br>As much as he tried to not show it, I look up to see him rubbing his eyes<br>making them even more glossy and shiny under the natural lights. "You can<br>cry," I mumble to him.  | đ                   |
| <ul> <li>"What's going on?" Elijah and Alessandro have guns out at the ready to shoot any intruder that comes to sight. Wow. Our heroes.</li> <li>I see them physically relax when their shoulders are no longer tensed and sti; they were slipping the guns back in the back of the waistband of their belts.</li> <li>All it took was two short glances between a trembling Blade and a cowering man to understand what was happening. They stand still and stare with their eyes wide in pure awe as the tension rapidly fills the silence.</li> <li>"Blade?! What did you do this time?" Elijah says with an exaggerated also. As the words fell from his tongue indignantly, Blade hu ed in sorrow. From the way his breaths paved up from his heaving chest I knew it pained him to always be at blame.</li> <li>It's not a bad person, he's a good person who's made some bad decisions.</li> </ul>   | °°°                 |
| It's not a bad person, he's a good person who's made some bad decisions.<br>He was just fucked yo as a child and wanted love like all of us. The only thing<br>we can do now is love each other in hopes of a reunited family.<br>"Shut up, Lijah." I whip a middle finger for Elijah to ogle at. He shakes his<br>head in disapproval. "It wasn't his fault." I couldn't finish what I was saying,<br>Blade storms out of the kitchen and I see him run at a quick pace up the<br>steps. The man I should be able to call dad, stands up with a few grunts.<br>"Maybe tell your dad that he's a douche," he spins round and stares deep into<br>my soul.  | τ,<br>Γ             |
| <ul> <li>"Emilia Russo don't forget I'm your dad too. Trust me I'm not going anywhere," he wavers a bloody finger in my face.</li> <li>"I just want my mum back," I whisper to myself and nimbly stroll out of the kitchen through the back door and sit on the wet strains of freshly cut grass. It likes through my tights and prodded at my skin to tear but I was too tough.</li> <li>It was spitting frosty rain despite the humid summer air and grey clouds, but it was so serene to me. Rain was one of those things where I found comfort in.</li> <li>Falling on my back, I open my eyes and don't flinch when a single droplet of murkiness falls to my cheek. Fingers danced in the thickness of the stratosphere to trace the outline of the duller clouds that contrasted the piercing white ones.</li> <li>"I'd love to meet you again!" I shout into the air hoping my mum would be able to hear me. The problem was that she was too far up in the sky for her to oven hear mo.</li> </ul>  |                     |
| even hear me.<br>"Maybe we could go out on a picnic like we always used to. Exclude Shawn of<br>course," I release a happy giggle.<br>"You remember that field?" I wait for a response but frown when I don't get<br>one. I still continue to chatter away though. "Maybe we could take the<br>Polaroid camera and take more pictures?" I shout again in a hopeful tone.<br>*+*+*+*+**<br>ELIJAH &   | τ <b>ή</b>          |
| Contemplation was killing me. I was on the balcony with my elbows pressed<br>into the wet stone looking over at the innocent yet dazzling girl sprawled out<br>on the grass. She looked at home there.<br>It was worrying me slightly how she was talking to nobody and laughing at<br>no one like she was seeing someone. She's just a little girl having fun I guess.<br>It was the least of my worries. Twiddling and lacing between my fingers was a<br>single - not yet been lighted - cigarette with a lighter clenched in a fist.<br>The question is: do I smoke?<br>It a habit I have when I'm stressed. I used to be at the point where I'd smoke a   |                     |
| packet of twenty cigarettes a day and only then did I see the deadly causes it<br>had only a few years ago.<br>Crazily enough I started smoke when I was sixteen and kept it a secret habit<br>until I was twenty one. That's when I didn't want to smoke anymore.<br>Then whenever I find myself in stress and confusion I know I'll always have a<br>cigarette to keep me company. Should I do it? I know I shouldn't but I want<br>to.<br>Dad was back and he'd already cause conflict in the house just like he always<br>used to. I don't have a problem with who Luca dates, he can do what he likes<br>but dad wants to use anything as an excuse to shame people.<br>Whether that be your background, placement in society, your identification,<br>sexuality. Anything just to her a rise out of people. Do I support his views? No.  |                     |
| I can just vaguely remember the way he used to treat mum. Every day was a<br>new beginning to a new argument and fight. I was only a young boy when<br>mum le and I missed her everyday.<br>Dad was never the nicest man to her. He would pull her by her hair and<br>throws things at the wall when she didn't do anything he said. Specifically, I<br>remember one time when mum forced baby Emilia into my young noodle<br>arms and told me to take her into my room.<br>That's when I saw it all. The monster that my dad was. Sneakily, I waited at<br>the top of our stairs, it was just an ordinary house back then since we had<br>money but not that much, dad hit her.<br>" I'll see you soon, baby,\$he kissed my forehead then tucked me into bed. It<br>still felt like the touch of her lips where glued to my forehead.<br>It was also the same night she snatched Emilia from our lives and away into<br>paradise. Well it wasn't a great paradise when Shawn was there.   | ង                   |
| Dad tried to look for her and Emilia but he eventually gave up a er a few<br>months. That's when I was greeted with hell. Constant training and I never<br>got what I want. I got all the lines I wanted but what about my dream? It's<br>stupid anyways.<br>I was a very athletic kid and so I always dreamt of being a famous football<br>player. You got the famous part, but not for the right reasons. All of that was<br>thrown away because of dad.<br>Welcome to the mafia where all your dreams don't come true. Welcome to<br>the fûcking hell hole where you damage your ability to care. Welcome. Stay a<br>while.   | n,<br>D,            |
| So here I am, standing on a balcony checking over my sister contemplating<br>killing my lungs one more time. Every fag I smoked the closer I got to cancer.<br>I was healthy but this just is a way of killing myself quicker I guess.<br>I'm trying. I truly am.<br>Failing, I flick the cap to the lighter open and place the fag in my mouth and<br>let the tip of it burn then take a large pu letting it invade my lungs.<br>Three pu s in and I take a glance at Emilia who was still laughing to herself<br>on the grass like a sweet girl. She's messed up just like the rest of us.<br>That's when I take one last pu then realise I didn't need a cigarette to make<br>me happy. I'll probably turn to cigarettes again at some point but right now, I<br>didn't need one. I thought I did but I don't.<br>With a flick of the wrist, it flies over the balcony until it's no longer in sight.<br><br>"Can I speak to you?" Tyrone knocks on my door and doesn't give me time to<br>give him permission.<br>He walks past me leaving the door wide open. I don't shut it behind him  | ດີ ທີ               |
| either.<br>"Sure just walk right in without permission," I roll my eyes but prepare myself<br>to listen. "Sup?"<br>"We have a slight issue. You see we had a shipment coming over right?<br>Straight from Italy and then one from France. Well the drugs from Italy<br>arrived perfectly fine but the Spanish ship was carrying a few dodgy men that<br>smuggled on and then ran o with a lot of drugs when the boat arrived at<br>England." He rushes out in a fast manner but I could just about understand<br>him.  |                     |
| "There's footage from the captain that shows them running o . There was<br>like four men and one woman."<br>"How much money's worth did they take?" I ask him sounding more<br>invested. We could've potentially lost a lot of money.<br>"A hundred."<br>"That's fine-<br>"Thousand!" Tyrone then begins to walk around in circles with fingers<br>pressed to his temple.  | đ                   |
| <ul> <li>"Shit. FÛCK!" He hits his thigh with his arm then growls out in frustration.</li> <li>"Right that's a lot of money. If we have to give up that money we won't be able to pay all of our workers."</li> <li>"Don't you have enough money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out of your money? I swear you have billions so why can't you just take it out a nervous chuckle.</li> <li>"I would do that. But the thing is those drugs had my name in them. They were being sent to me, they were due this morning, so they had my address on them too. If they find out where we live then I don't even want to think about the possibilities. It's fine. I'll just kill them." I run to my desk and pick up my phone and scroll to find Tiana's number and Gert's. They were much better at money than me.</li> <li>Gertrude and Tiana made it o icial that they moved in together in an apartment flat in London. It wasn't too far away maybe twenty minutes if they speed to the lights. But they're sensible so they wouldn't do that.</li> <li>On the phone<td>n<br/>n</td></li></ul> | n<br>n              |
| <ul> <li>"Hey, T, I seriously need you help right now and it's urgent," I hear a semusic in the background.</li> <li>"Hey, Lijah. What's do you need?" She asks lightly.</li> <li>"Is Gerty there with you?" There as a few moment of nothing and then suddenly the music is switched o.</li> <li>"You're on loud speaker, Gert's here with me now," I hear a 'hi' escape from Gert's mouth.</li> <li>"So uh I need to to come down here right now. We have a major issue, hundred grand of coke and ketamine was stolen. And there was a lot or benzodiazepines on there too." My heart began to race as I look over to</li> </ul>  | e<br>A<br>f         |
| benzodiazepines on there too." My heart began to race as I look over to<br>Ty who was still jumping up and down to release the nerves in his<br>system.<br>"Oh my, so what do you want us to do?" I hear Gert gasp and Tiana<br>inquired.<br>"I need you burn and your brains to come over here and work out how<br>much worth of drugs I've got le . Shit just get over here as fast as you<br>can I need to speak with Diego," I end the call abruptly just as they wer<br>about the say something.<br>Diego can hack into shop's security camera's near by the docks and see if we<br>can recognise any faces or see where they were heading to.  | a'                  |
| Ty follows me out of my room and shuts the door leaving it to slam as we run<br>down the corridor to Diego's room. I don't waste time knocking.<br>"What!" He takes his head piece o and drops the control pad to the floor<br>and looks up. Grand The Auto can wait but this can't.<br>"Fancy hacking into some systems?" I ask hopefully. Diego is down for<br>anything that includes high tech and codes. To me it's a big puzzle.<br>"Oh really?! Yesss," he wishes the game where it is and bolts to the door<br>before I do.<br>*********  | đ                   |
| <ul> <li>"So if with the drugs you ve got le', those people only took around here maybe six or seven percent of that shipment," Gert tell me tapping a pen against the desk.</li> <li>"So if we say they took five percent that was worth one hundred grand, we multiply one hundred grand by twenty," Tiana concludes.</li> <li>"Why twenty?" I'm a little slow.</li> <li>"Because there's twenty, fives in a hundred percent. Yeah?" She asks me but i nod when I wasn't sure.</li> <li>"So how much was drugs worth all together?" Dad asks them pressing two chapped hand against the desk.</li> <li>"Around two million all together. So you've still got an enormous profit for</li> </ul>   | đ                   |
| <ul> <li>"Around two million all together. So you've still got an enormous profit for what you're selling," Gertrude finalised with a click of the pen and dropping it on my desk.</li> <li>"Any leads yet?" Dad walks in the room, he was trying his best to involve himself but Alessandro insisted he rests. Asshole.</li> <li>"Uhhh," he looks up at dad but doesn't respond.</li> <li>He zoomed in on the cameras, four people running away into an old modelling studio that was shut down a while ago.</li> <li>"Well?" Dad asks again, he couldn't see the screen because I was stood</li> </ul>   |                     |
| <ul> <li>"Well?" Dad asks again, he couldn't see the screen because I was stood<br/>behind Diego blocking dad's view.</li> <li>"I think I found them," Diego writes down the address and crumpled it in my<br/>palms.</li> <li>"They're at Monique's. That's all I can give you at the moment," he shrugs<br/>and pulls his chair and stands up stretching his arms.</li> <li>"Monique's? Is that it? I thought it was an old modelling agency?" I ask him<br/>shoving the paper into my pocket.</li> <li>"Yeah it was. Early 2000s. Apparently according to the web it's now an indie<br/>fashion store." He treads to the door. He mumbles something about GTA.</li> <li>"Indie?"</li> <li>"For fûcks sake Elijah get with the time! Indie? Independent you dipshît." He<br/>groans and drags an palm down his face.</li> </ul>  | ធ                   |
| groans and drags an paim down his face.<br>"Even I knew that," dad points out.<br>"Piss o ."<br>"So how far away is it?" I ask, yet, another question making Diego stop once<br>again and growl.<br>"I dunno! Maybe thirty minutes? We don't live that close to the docks," he<br>shrugs and slams his bedroom door shut.<br>"Well okay then, moody," I sass him then I hear a short 'piss o ' through the<br>door. Sweet brothers.  |                     |
| Running down the straits three at a time, I snatch the black Jeep's keys from<br>the hook and take Axel's gun from the island. I've told him way too many<br>time to not leave his guns laying around. So I take it.<br>"Can I come?" Dad follows me like a dog. Speaking of, Neon was outside with<br>Emilia sleeping on the grass. She's a strange girl I must admit.<br>She was sleeping outside in the rain whilst cuddling Neon with a head resting<br>in his ribs.<br>"No! Dad go away, rest up or something." I mumble in search for Alessandro.<br>This mission was nothing compared to our usual ones. The average mission<br>usually are more violent.<br>It's funny actually, we steal from other people yet we don't like it when it's<br>done back to us. Should we be doing it? No. Technically we've still got a large<br>profit from the drugs we've got le .<br>"Al! C'mon!" I hail him over to me. I see Blade sleeping peacefully in the sofa<br>whilst Tyrone and Luca were also cuddled up in each other. I told Ty I could   | ส์                  |
| handle this. Bless him, he was shaking.<br>"Blade!" I slap his cheek to wake him up and so he does, he wakes up<br>squinting from the chandelier that emitted an orange light.<br>"WHAT?!" He grumbles turning around so he was facing the back of the sofa. I<br>feel Tyrone and Luca stare at me then giggle.<br>"Go bring, Em inside please. She's fallen asleep on the grass," at the sound of<br>Emilia's name he jolts awake like I just told her she died.<br>"Why can't you do it?" He hu s pulling his hoodie down since it had risen<br>from being asleep.   |                     |
| <ul> <li>"Because I need to go steal out stolen drugs back. Look a er her please? Axel has gone out on a date with Mia and Al is coming with me. Stay away from dad and don't go near D because he'll bite your head o . Just stay with her okay." I rush out all at once hoping he understood me clearly.</li> <li>"Why is she sleeping outside? That's weird"</li> <li>He got the message and went outside to bring her back inside, we didn't stay here much longer because we were already on the road to the location.</li> <li>The sooner we get this over with the sooner I can go home and rest, I haven't done much of that lately so it'd be nice to have a peaceful night.</li> <li>We'd parked a few streets away so it doesn't look to suspicious; if we had parked outside then that's would give them the chance to run away.</li> </ul>  |                     |
| "The spoken to Cordelia yet?" I ask him hoping for an answer if 'no' because I<br>never want to see her again.<br>He checks behind to ensure no one was following us. "I have."<br>"You being serious, bro? That's not cool, she tried to kill our sister and you're<br>speaking to her?"<br>"You don't want I talked to her about do you? I called it all o . Besides, I was<br>planning on doing it a while ago but I don't do well with crying girls," he rolls<br>his eyes In memory.<br>"You should see her sister though. She's very attractive," Alessandro gives<br>me a nervous laugh.<br>"Oh yeah? What's she called? How old is she? Don't tell me she's an old hag-<br>"She's called April. Sweet girl too. She's her twin." He was smirking. "She<br>gave me her number."   | ന്ന് ന്             |
| I was le shocked. Cordelia had a twin that she never mentioned. "How did<br>you meet her?"<br>"I went to Cordelia's place to tell her we're done and she was sat right there<br>in the kitchen as I told Cordelia."<br>"You gonna call her?" I ask him. I just hope she isn't as evil as Cordelia was. I<br>would've loved to be there to see her face.<br>"Good for you. But she knows everything about us and our 'business' and<br>she happily kept that quiet?" My voice laced with curiosity.   | τ <del>υ</del><br>Τ |
| <ul> <li>"Ahh right. Ummm I made a deal with her. That's all."</li> <li>"And what was the deal?" My voice edged with concern. If he's done something that could ruin everything for us I'll kill him.</li> <li>"She wants in. She doesn't have to be with me but she wants to be with us. You get me?" He turns around to check if anyone was following us. No one was really around other than a few teens.</li> <li>They were making a mockery of a homeless man by taking pictures with him and kicking him. Of course it's those boys who wear tracksuits and ugly hats, probably not going to do anything with their lives. Kinda like my brothers.</li> <li>But these boys were those kind of boys. The ones who would touch a woman or they'd bully a kid who got full marks on a test. It's funny because I remember when Axel would come home crying because the road men made</li> </ul>   | ന് ന്               |
| <ul> <li>I'd always tease him about it but he's try and hit me. It was nice when we were teens except from training. Oh to be a teen again.</li> <li>"Oi!!" I step and foot down and threaten them.</li> <li>"Ooh an old man so scary," one boys threats with wiggling fingers like a ghost. He'll be a ghost in a mixture if he doesn't move. He then retracted his hands to put the down his pants. Yuck.</li> </ul>   |                     |

"Listen to your grandpa, fam," one boys chuckles. I see Alessandro take physical o ence to that when he gasps to feel his face. a "They bothering you?" I already knew the answer. I needed to hear this from the homeless man himself. He nods.

"I need you to make me a promise. Okay? I'm going to give you some money and I need you to promise me that you're going to buy food and drinks for

yourself... yeah?" I decided to pull out my wallet and give him a little extra than planned. Way too much extra. "Yes, sir. Thank you," I push a hand down to give the man money, a crippled hand reaches up to take the money from me. "I uhh, want you to get yourself checked in a hotel too, buddy," I suck in a sharp breath when I return to my wallet to pull out some more money. I had way too much money. đ If felt nice to give money away. It felt like I'd restored my faith in humanity. Maybe the man won't keep his word and buy drugs again. Maybe. Maybe not.

It was cheeky of me. Selfish actually. My family does more than sell drugs, I could be the reason he's out in the streets. He might not even have a drug problem, he might just not have the ability to pay for his bills. The sad reality of life. "Oh my, thank you so much," his voice shakes and cracks.

"No problem, buddy. I hope you do well," I bend down and pat his shoulder. I could feel his shoulder bones under my touch. I fear I may have patted him too hard like I broke his bones from the delicate touch. I smile at him and give him and he gives me an appreciative nod. The teen boys decided to run away down a street alleyway.

"C'mon," Alessandro drags me down the street and outside the shop Monique's where the drugs were. It's either me or them and I wasn't choosing them. We don't have to include violence, I just want a friendly chat. Maybe ask why

they did what they did. But Alessandro must've had other plans. He waisted no time opening the door and rampaging up the steps in a scurry with me shortly following behind. a Our shoes echoed through the stairs so I was running on my tippy toes to makes as less sound as I could. Me thunder thighs was too busy storming through the floor and corridors checking every room we past by.

"Ayeeee we're going to be rich my friends," I hear a light shrivel of a voice fly down the halls and invade my sense of hearing. Reaching behind, I pull Axel's gun from my waistline and rag it to my chest as protection. That voice did sound familiar. So did the woman's voice. Poking my head round the door frame, I see Tracey jumping up and down howling in excitement. Squinting, I see her open a bag and swallow one Xanax tablet and laugh with the other three boys. ď "Trace?!" Alessandro exposes our cover. She screams and staggers back gulping in angst and fear.

"Sandro?! What are you doing here?!" She exclaims in a loud tone. The three boys turn around then turn around shaking. I had no clue who they were. đ "I could ask you the same thing," I rage over to her and snatch the bag of benzos from her back. "You tried to steal our stock?! That's not yours! It's shipped to me," I point in

her face. From the corner of my eye I see one of the boys charging or the door but my aim was on point. I didn't even have to look. I pulled the trigger and he falls to the ground clutching his thigh. Blood seeped through his jeans slowly so I knew I didn't shoot a major artery. "Yours?" She lets out slowly nervously; her chest rapidly moved up and down

"Yes. Mine!" I press the gun against her temple. "I-I'm so sorry, Lijah I didn't-

"Mean it? Too late you've already done that, Tracey! I want you to give me it all back." I stare at her with my green swirls. "I... I can't do that, we've taken some. And we already sold a few." "How much is 'a few?"" I repeat a er her with a slight annoyance to my tone. Her eyes try to move anywhere except mine, I could see how nervous she was. She'd been caught.

"How much did you sell?" I ask her again in a deeper and sterner voice this time. She's my cousin but I won't fret about shitting her int he temple. I will paint these walls with her blood if I have to. đ Alessandro was seeing how much was le in the many du el bags in the floor, he zipped the up and moved them away from the two lads. They looked too petrified to move. Statue like almost. "Not much. I'm so sorry Elijah I'll pay you back," she clutches the gun and

takes it from my grasp slowly and pushes it in my pocket. "Now what I really want to know why you're in England and why you lied about dad." My question catches her o guard.

"Tell me, Tracey or I'll shoot you," I threaten.

"We're all set," Alessandro pats my shoulder and walks to the exit with three du el bag in his hands. Two in one hand and the last one in the other. "I'll meet you in the car." I throw back at the door.

"Are you being serious? I was eleven and naive you can't blame me for a mistake I made six years ago," she throws her hands and puts us in arms length. "And six years later you didn't think to tell me? You aren't eleven anymore. You're seventeen - almost eighteen! Me and my brother went through hell

because you and Nonna were too selfish to let me grow up without a dad!" I point a finger to her face. "I-I know! Let's be real right now Elijah he was never a dad to you. He's just an asshole who didn't want to see his own sons grow up. You know why? 'Cause he doesn't love you!" It's almost like she tore my heart from my body

I stammer, trembling too much to even mutter and attempt a word. "Look, I'm sorry. At Christmas was the first time I'd seen you in two years and you think the first thing I want to talk about is your dad that hadn't been spoken about in SIX years?! No! Don't come at me with this shît. I pay you back," she pushes me back and back until I'm out of the doorway. I don't know what to do.

a

đ

\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\* 🛠 Emilia's POV

and stomped on it.

"Can you leave a light on?" I ask Blade who had already tucked me into bed. He and Tyrone made homemade pizza with Valentina whilst the twins and I watched. It was delicious. He's basically taken care of me all day because Axel, Alessandro and Elijah

had disappeared all day. Where were they? "Sure thing, I leave the lamp on," he smiled weakly at me then heads for the door. "Blade," I catch him just before he closes the door. He 'hmms' in response. "Can I use your phone please?"

Tilting to the side, his head faces me and looks at me in curiosity before patting himself down in search and hunt for his mobile. "Sure why?"

"I need to call Felix please. Remember?" I hint at what happened earlier today. One of the man's rules was no boys. In specific he was stalking about Felix. "Oh right, yeah go ahead," he throws me his phone and it lands a foot away

from me. I sit up straight feeling a surge of happiness and exciting pump through my body. The covers were now ruined as I reached over to the phone and dial his number.

Blade didn't move from my room, he sat down on the chair by my desk looking through my sketch book that I hadn't touched in months. He answered in less than a minute.

On the phone... "Hey, Felix!" I practically scream down the phone. "Oh hey, Em how are you?" I hear voice lighten in response to mine. I'd missed him so much and it's a shame I'm not allowed to see him. He sounded shocked almost to hear my voice from an unknown number. That bîtch Alessandro didn't repair my other phone - the one my mum bought me. I've just got to learn to let go I guess. "I'm great now. I haven't seen you in so long!" I pour even though he couldn't see me.

"Yeah what happened? When I can I see you? I miss you," his voice then lowers as he finishes what he was saying. "Yeah about that. I will find a way to see you but umm a man," I pause as I refer to my dad as a man since he didn't need to knew him he was, "came here and he's very controlling. He doesn't want me seeing you. Or any boy for that matter." "WHAT?! Who is this man?! You're my best friend they can't do that. How

can I live without you?!" I hear a loud crash over the line like something being wrenched at the wall. ď "Yeah I know. But trust me I will find a way. Maybe I could say I'm going to see Rain then we can all get together? Perhaps I can ask Ally when he

comes home? You want me to do that?" Sighing filled the speaker followed by a shout from Karen, I really did miss her, "yeah please. That'd be nice. I hope I can see you soon and I'm bummed I have to end the call here but mum needs me right now." "Oh okay... I'm not sure the next time I can see you but I will definitely see you soon," I say with a promising tone. "Yeah okay. Can I call this number tomorrow maybe? Who's phone is this?"

"It's mine!" Shouts Blade. Not sure how he heard Felix from the other line but I think Blade's speaker was too loud. "Oh. Well I'll see you soon hopefully," he chuckles, "I love you." Blade looks over sharply with a pointed look sent my way, I dismiss him so his attention turn back to my sketchbook. "Love you too," I make a kissing sound to send my love through the

phone. I really did love him. The line dies and Blade turns around quickly to say something. "Don't even," I point at him and throw his phone at his chest. He grunts but

e ortlessly catches it. "Not saying a word," he holds his hands up in surrender with a smirk curling on his lips. đ "Okay then! Bye!" I told my arms and pull the covers over my head in embarrassment.

"Love you," he mocks in a high pitched voice. I didn't have to look at him to know he was smiling like a Cheshire Cat. đ "URGH!!" I shy away further under the covers while the embarrassment blushed to my cheeks.

"Ooh Mila has got a boyfriend," he teases with a sing-song accent. I feel fingers prod in the side of my ribs and I slump under the covers further laughing, crying almost.

"Goodnight," he scru s my hair.

"Night, mother fücker. Choke on your own tongue, bïtch!" My middle finger punches the air. ď "EMILIA!"

Heyyyyy, gorgeous 🛞 Question:

What would you change about yourself? Mine would be my attitude.

What do you want as a magical power? I'd love immortality

ď There's many, many errors in this chapter but I'm too lazy :/ I feel okay with this chapter, nothing really memorable though but I like it. I feel like we get to know Elijah a little more <3 a Xoxo, Demi 🖉 🛠 [8388 words in this chapter lmao] đ

ð