On with the chapter...

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Emilia POV

My eyes slowly flutter awake to see I am surrounded by complete darkness.

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Okay so I published this book just a day ago and it has a lot of reads, thank

I wasn't expecting this to get so many reads from just one day of it being

you if you have read, it means a lot me if you have read it.

The song up above is by Tove Lo and it's called True Disaster.

published but it has.

Was I asleep for that long?

my arms around them.

"ALESSANDRO, BE QUIET."

head and play some games on my phone.

the sheet to ease my mind back to relaxation.

under the covers.

"Do you think she's sleeping?"

I pull the charger out of my phone and check the time, it 9:30 at night.

What!

I was asleep for nine hours? They didn't even wake me up, thanks to my two brothers I won't be able to sleep now.

I can't exactly go exploring around the house either, I will get into so much

trouble if I do. But I have been awake five minutes and I am already bored.

"AXEL YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH YOU MESSED UP, WE NEEDED

THAT DEAL IN BY TODAY!!" Who's Axel and why are people shouting.

I hated it when people shout, especially men. I hate men, they are so disrespectful to women it angers me, they treat women like shît and they are also perverted and pretty much have anger issues.

It is not as if the neighbours can hear, there are none, Stupid.

The voice continues to boom downstairs sending me into a frightened state.

I pull the covers over my head and pull my knees up to my chest wrapping

Well, you're not doing a great job of that yourself you twat. The hypocrisy.

The mystery guy must be pretty dumb, probably a set 8 kid in high school. Or he probably wasted all of his time hanging around with the wannabe bad boys.

The voices quieten down and I unravel my arms and pull my covers from my

I hear many pairs of footsteps ascending the steps sending vibration waves

Causing an earthquake across the second floor.

They get closer and closer to my new room and my first instinct is to put my phone under my pillow and pull the covers over my head again.

The loud footsteps came to a halt when I heard the slow creak of the door open agonisingly slowly.

Now it's time to get scared, I squeezed my eyes shut tighter and clutched in

Did it work, no?

The closer they got, I got more frightened. Who were these people and why were they in my room. Was it Shawn and his work friends getting their revenge on me.

I could feel multiple people looking over my scared body that was scared

They never like me, Shawn always told them terrible and untrue things about me. Like I was a whore when in reality I was still a virgin. He should pick up a dictionary and learn the meaning before he calling me it. He says I am rude to people in public, he calls me a murderer.

Who was this, I have never heard this voice before, it must be one of Shawn's

friends taking me away. They wanted to hurt me and kill me.

Calling me a murderer hurts more than any other insult could ever. Blame

the death of my mother on me is wrong in so many levels. It makes me feel

worthless and selfish. It makes me feel like people thought I hated my mum

Just thinking of them grossed me out. The way they would touch my chest

and stroke my hair made me feel sick to my stomach. Sometimes they would

touch my bum, not my jay, but it was still horrible for grown men to touch me

I felt like I was going to die. They were going to kidnap me and then kick me

until I spewed my stomach out. They were going to choke me until my lungs

were beating against my chest. They were going to rag me around until every

I didn't want to make a sound, I was too scared to, I could feel the hairs on

"Yes, you dipshît." I heard a smack of something on the skin and it made me

Elijah? I think that was Elijah. But still, who were the other men creeping in

on me whilst I sleep? Was he friends with Shawn's friends? No, this means

they could get to me even quicker. They could replace Shawn and do the

I heard the footsteps slowly fade and the creaky door was shut slowly behind

was no way I was sleeping now, so it was might as well just waste my time on

a game I sucked at. I could read, but I had already finished the books I have,

Turning the torch on, I take a long gaze at my surrounding letting my eyes

adjust to the light. There was a cabinet of book that looked antique and old.

not to mention that I have read them more than once as well.

bone, vertebrae and organ was turned into nothing.

the back of my neck stand up straight with fright.

His friends used to... touch me. Touch me in places that I didn't want them to.

when she was the only thing I loved.

Shawn ruined my trust in men.

shudder even more.

"C'mon, leave her."

them.

anyways.

like that.

I open the covers and take a big pu of air, being stuck under there for so long, and not to mention the hyperventilating made me sweat out gallons.

I pull my phone back out from under my pillow and open candy crush. There

same things that he used to do to me.

It was slim and was made of brown oak wood with fancy designs carved into the sides.

I crawl out of bed and tiptoe over to the cabinet making sure not to make the floorboards creak.

It didn't matter anyway, my stomach's growls overtook the creaking

This cabinet was filled to the brim with amazing-ness. There was a lot of

classic books in here, from Shakespeare to Brontë and Austen. There were

Some more modern books in there as well, like the Divergent series and Hunger Games. I have been meaning to read Divergent but I always had way too many books checked out from the library. I le those books at the house. I have no idea how they will get them back but it sucks to be them.

I pull out the first book of the divergent series and hop back into the comfort of my bed.

The bed was way bigger than my last one, I think this was a queen-sized bed

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I was reading for a few hours before I got a little tired again so I hummed some of Tove Lo's songs while making shapes with my finger in the now pitch-black room.

I always loved nighttime.

It gave me a chance to hide away from the world in the darkness of my room.

Just being invisible and unnoticeable from any other person made me feel

calm, and also at night I could think about any thought I dismissed through

the day. All the thoughts I had on the people that I saw. Like the horrible

thought they could see what I was thinking, but at home, I could call them

Today was a very active day which made me even more tired, not forgetting

about the striking shock of pain that would shoot up my ribs every time I

made a sudden movement. My ankle still killed me and my bruises on my

teachers. I wouldn't think bad about them in school because I always

every word under the sun.

1490 words in this chapter.

I found comfort in knowing I wasn't going to be seen by anyone.

or something because this could fit like 4 people in it.

arms and legs just made them throb. Like numbing cream kinda.

When my thoughts stopped running wild, I closed my eyes and took in today's unfortunate events yet again.

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Thank you if you read today's terrible chapter. It's a little boring because she didn't meet the rest of her brothers but I promise that in the next chapter, she will.

I'll try to update as much as I can, maybe every day or every few days.

It's 3 AM in the UK right now so I should warn you that I will not edit the

mistakes in this until morning. I was a little tired whilst writing this so it

won't be at the best of my abilities but, I hope you enjoyed it.

Thank you again, XOXO, Demi 🕜 🕜