7

So, how was your day? I hope it was great, I hope you felt amazing and confident. I hope you have an incredible rest of your day.

Thank you if you are reading this and make sure you stay positive.

On with the chapter... 🍾🥂🥂

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🍉Emilia POV

I feel myself slowly begin to return to reality but not in a pleasant way. I feel as though someone has stabbed me five times and poured rubbing alcohol onto my skin. It hurts like hell.

I did have a great sleep until it was time to get up. My eyes slowly open to a dark room with a few rays of light peeping through the sides of the drapes.

Using my arms to prop me up to stare around at the room. I feel like a princess in this room.

Nope, it wasn't a dream.

Recalling yesterday's events made me wonder if today's could get any worse. I thought I was hallucinating by waking up in this room. But no, this is happening.

I should be happy that I don't have to deal with Shawn anymore but I feel sickly anything. My two brothers feeling pity for me so they think they have to take me in. When I turn 18 I will be out of their hair.

For good.

Carefully, I untangle my legs from the very heavy covers and swing my legs over the edge of the bed not ready to feel a stinging sensation burn through my ribs.

I pull my shirt up to see a black mixed with a blue and purple bruise that has spread from my ribs to across my stomach. Pushing the shirt back down, I look around the room and spot a door in the corner of my room just begging me to open.

Who knew door knobs could feel expensive. It was cold and shiny like a diamond, but it was a gold colour. That was confusing.

I feel like I'm analysing every aspect of the house. Every intricate design, even dust bunny.

Opening the door, I see a bathroom that was clearly meant for a queen.

An enormous shower in the corner and a bath that looked like a hot tub. Heck, who makes a plain black toilet look expensive.

I was overwhelmed. It was just a bathroom, but it was a bathroom that was bigger than my kitchen back home. It kinda looked like a kitchen, it had black and white checkered tiles with black cabinets on the wall.

I thought I would do some digging. Maybe search the drawers, do some hunting.

Turns it was full of shampoo and conditioner, along with a lifetime supply of shower gel and deodorant. This was a lot of shampoo. Why am I even thinking about shampoo when I just moved into a freaking mansion.

If only the two people who lived in it with me weren't complete arrogant meanies.

I don't know them yet but I can already tell that these are the people who could kill you with one glance.

I did not fit in with these people, I was a poor girl living with two upper-classmen. Where's the logic?

Deciding to test out the new shower, I grab a pair of jeans and a long-sleeved hoodie that was way too big for me and some underwear. Who cares, the jumper looks cute.

The water pressure felt like someone was massaging my back; the stress that I felt from the previous night's events were gone.

Once I had dried myself and my hair I put it up in a messy bun, it was a little too long to have it down without it drenching my jumper.

I lean over to grab my phone and check the time.

8:49 AM. So I have slept for approximately 18 hours in the past 24 hours. That's a record.

I'm bored, I have nothing to do other than geek at the walls that don't seem very interesting.

It's like watching paint dry.

I wonder what Shawn is up to right now, eating in his cell, sleeping, or getting tattoos with the other criminals in them.

People who go to prison are either criminals or wrongly accused people.

A ex thinking long and hard, I exit my room becoming lost immediately. These hallways, the large windows omitted a lot of light into the extremely large halls. I could see down onto the first floor and the entrance area but I just didn't know how to get there.

I'll just have to do some exploring.

I turn on my le and walk towards the gigantic window where I can see the emerald green scenery. It's a live painting.

I began my travels up a very large staircase, similar to the one downstairs, that was until I am yeeted down from the ill. It step making my trip and fall. Before I could fall, a tight and very large hand gripped my upper arm, just the way heavens fly circulation was going to cut o any time soon if this beast wouldn't let go.

This mother trucker hurt my already swollen ankle.

"I wouldn't go up there if I were you." I am turned around to face a moodie, extremely tall guy who could bury me six feet under with his stare.

"Don't mind, the way he speaks reminds me of Shawn. The way he used to grab me and shove me over like I was nothing.

Who was this guy?

Whoever he was scaring the shit out of me. I feel his nails dig into the top of my arm making me whimper and try to pull away from his tightened grip.

"Do you hear me, I wouldn't try to go up there!!" He says with a more stern and deeper voice.

I nod quickly but he bends down a little so he is face to face with me, he is around five inches away from me. The green eyes darken and look as through the would shoot bullets into my brains any second.

"ANSWER ME!!" He shouts through gritted teeth. I continue to nod not remembering what Alejandro said to me yesterday.

Something about being vocal.

"Yes, I'm sorry." Eyes are closed tight and my head is turned the other way.

"I think she gets the message, Axel." The voice I recognise as Elijah breaks his trance making him let go of my arm slumping me to the floor.

With that being said, he walked back into the room that was a few meters away and made sure to slam the door shut sending vibrations through the floor.

"Sorry about him." He is ears me a small smile but instead, I stand back up and stay stood there awkwardly.

"He's just in a bad mood, he got into trouble." Who even was he though, I thought it was just Alessandro, Elijah and me living here.

Were they friends?

I nod to show my understanding and I fiddle with my thumbs awkwardly.

"Sorry." I think was the few tears that started to form in my eyes. You get that feeling that when you are upset and you try to speak but you end up crying, or when you feel a huge lump in your throat telling you not to cry but then you try but I speak and it all comes out?

That wasn't exactly what was happening but I was close to it. I could feel the rock in my throat.

I walk past his foot my journey back to my room to grab my phone. I had no idea what I was going to do today but I wasn't allowed to explore the castle.

I didn't want to piss in someone else's Cheerios this morning, I didn't want to poke the bear.

You get what I'm saying.

"You need to come downstairs please." I hear a or a knock on the door frame since I ie the door open.

"Okay," I mumble pushing myself o of the bed to trail behind Elijah.

I couldn't help but admire his height. Not in that way but he was freakishly tall, giant tall. I swear he had enough jewels hiding behind his eyes. I was the odd one out.

I haven't grown for around a year now and it's getting annoying. Like I haven't had my period in like 6 months, I haven't grown an inch in over a year. What's wrong with me.

We make our way back to the steps near the entrance and I could smell an aroma of was be it using through the air.

I haven't had wa les since mum died. Alessandro must be a great cook then. Beginning my descent on the few kitchen steps it all goes quiet and 5 pairs of eyes dart towards me. A few with mean scowls on their face and some are just not bothered.

Who are these people? Were these more of Alessandro's friends?

"Take a seat." Elijah pulls out a seat at the kitchen island for me to eat. I sho le over to the seat feeling so small compared to these 6 feet giants.

Continuing to twine my thumbs together I look up and find everyone staring at me deeply. Observing every inch of my face.

I wa les are flawed on a plate in front of me with a tiny jar of Nutella and some cut up strawberries.

Considering I haven't eaten in a few days other than the cups of tea to keep me going this looks very appetizing. Other than the strawberries.

I wasn't too fond of them, they tasted wrinkl, I like things like pineapple and bananas.

I begin eating but feeling very self-conscious under their fixated, watchful eyes.

"What happened, did someone die?" Someone snorts and I drop my fork in shock. A guy with dark brown hair snorts.

Elijah walks over a smacks him on the back of the head. The guy cussed then turns to face me.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that." he says apologetically.

"I'm Diego, my brother!" I choke on my food a little drawing attention to me.

My eyes are wide in the pure disturbance. My brother? I think not. I was told I had one brother then it turns out I have two and now I have three? What the actual fkin.

"Didn't you know?"

"Clearly," I say rather rudely, I wasn't intending on making it sound rude but it's just the way it came out.

"I brothers, I think I'm going insane..." I whisper to myself.

"4." The blonde head Diego corrects.

"What!!" The room goes silent and the other people in the room peer at my surprised state.

6 bleeding brothers? I think I am going insane. Why did no-one mention this to me, they say I am moving in with my new guardian, they never mention there were 6 of them.

They have to be joking.

"Well, I guess you know now." Diego proceeds to devour his wa le and my strawberries along with it. You cheeky git. I wasn't eating them but it isn't the point.

"Stupid girl." One of the new faces mutters with an obvious eye roll.

Sorry, Mister Moody Margaret Moaning Mona.

"This is Luca and he's sixteen." He points to a guy with pretty blue eyes exactly like mine with fly y brown hair that sweeps into his forehead.

"Hey." He gives me a quick wave before diverting his attention back onto his almost finished food.

"This is Blade and he is 17." Alessandro greets me to the very rude boy who called me stupid. Little bitch. Well, the opposite of little but you get my idea.

He doesn't say anything he just gives me a short one glance before combing his hair through with his fingers. What kind of name is 'Blade' anyways, he sounds like a knife in the kitchen drawer.

"This is Diego, Luca's twin." He looks nothing like the others, grey eyes and blonde hair.

He smiles widely at me showing all of the wa le and chocolate mixes in his mouth. I think I lost my appetite.

"You're familiar with us three." He points to the hulk I saw this morning, Elijah and him.

"Can one of you show Emilia around the house?" Elijah requested. Ooo, I might be able to see what's on the mystery floor.

Yet again, stop being so childish, Bitch.

"I'll do it." Diego pats my back like a baby, at least there is someone on my side.

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Two uploaded in one day? I am on fire with these uploads.

Thank you if you have read this chapter, it is the longest one I have done yet, I think so anyway.

I hope you have an amazing day and make sure to make any negativity stick off.

My apologies for the errors is 9 AM and I haven't slept 🙃

2166 words this chapter, XOXO, Demi🍉🥂🥂

[p.s. you're gorgeous and stunning]🫶