

Shattered Girl - Chapter 3 Chapter 3

Chapter 3

"Emilia, I'm so glad you are awake," his smile grew impossibly wide, He approached with his hand out, lowering it when he saw my left arm was splinted. " I'm Clint Peters, your stepfather," yep, that's exactly what I was afraid of. he was reaching out to pat my shoulder, but I flinch away from him, not wanting this strange guy, with the over white smile to touch me.

"Dad, stop it, she doesn't want you touching her when she's hurt" The boy stepped up, grabbing the older man's shoulder and turning him slightly away from me. I gave him a small smile of thanks for his intervention.

"Oh nonsense, she doesn't mind, do you Emilia?" Clint's creepy white smile was plastered back on his face, as he shook his son's hand off his arm.

"Umm, my name's Emmy, not Emilia, and I'm in a lot of pain, so I do mind" While wanting my voice to be strong, it still wobbled with fatigue. The boy, whose name I still didn't know, but guessed was one of my step-brothers, snorted. Clint glared at him, as he turned back toward me. His glare made me flinch, and my stepbrother took another step forwrd , ready to block me from his father.

"Oh, that's right, your mother warned me of this childish nickname you insist on using." He sighed loudly, thinking for a minute he snapped his fingers, and grinned at me." I have an idea, when we are home you can call yourself Emmy, but while out in public you can go by Emilia, it's a much more dignified name for the daughter of a soon-to-be senator."

I stared at Clint, shocked into silence, there was no way this guy was serious, I glanced at my new stepbrother, but he just rolled his eyes and shook his head.

Clint's ringing phone pulled him away from my bed, without another word to me, he crossed the room, told my stepbrother whose name was Jacob to help me get ready to leave, and walked into the hallway letting the door close behind him. I glanced at Jacob in shock, as he glared at the closed door shaking his head and muttering something to quiet for me to hear.

Jacob approached my bed, a frown deepening on his face as he took in my injuries. " I'm sorry my father is such an asshole, luckily he isn't around much." He smiled at me, as he pulled a chair up to the bed and sat next to me.

"Is there anything you need right now?" He asked, his face concerned. I studied him for a moment, seeing the genuine look of concern on his face. Giving him a small smile I shook my head.

"I'm good, thanks." I said, happy that there seemed to be at least one person that would be on my side, at this strange new house.

"Sorry about that, He can be a real overbearing asshole sometimes" Jacob gave the door his father had just walked through a hard glare and then came over to me. holding out his hand to.

"Nice to meet you, Jacob, I take it you are part of my new family?" I awkwardly squeezed his hand, blushing and letting it go quickly.

God, he's so hot why does he have to be my stepbrother, it's so not fair. At that thought my sex-starved inner voice popped up to helpfully remind me I was only related to him through my mother's marriage, and of all the stepbrother romances I had seen advertised on my e-reader. Ok fine, I might have a few of them saved for later, I admitted to myself.

"Yep, you will meet Joshua later, he's my twin." Jacob smiled and ran his hand through his hair. "Our other two brothers are currently stationed out of the country," he said over his shoulder Oh wow there are four of them, I'm so screwed. My inner voice was now doing a happy dance as she began searching for something sexy to wear. No I thought, I'm a character in a romance novel, I cannot get romantically involved with any of them. My inner voice flipped me the bird and began pulling out sexy underwear.

Jacob pulled my bag of belongings out of the little closet, opened the bag, and began searching for something for me to wear. After a minute a frown appeared on his handsome face, as he dug through the meager contents. I knew any clothing left in there was beyond saving.

" You're not going to find anything worth wearing in there." I said as he gave up his search.

"All right, little sis," Jacob grinned wickedly. "Let's find you something else for you to wear so you don't have to go home in that hospital gown. I think the nurse left these for you to change into" He reached for something on the bedside table and held up a new pair of scrubs.

" Wait, wait," I squeaked pulling the blanket further up my body " You can't help me change, you're my stepbrother."

"Ok, how do you plan on getting dressed with a broken arm, and cracked ribs, hmmm" Jacob said, pointing out the obvious. He sat on the edge of the bed, waiting patiently for my answer.

I stared hard at the sheet covering my legs, not wanting Jacob to see that my eyes were filling with tears. The last few days had been a lot, and I had hit my emotional limit, there were too many things happening at once. My father was arrested, A new family I knew

nothing about, except that my Mother didn't want me there, and my stepfather only seemed to want to use me for his political campaign. Four stepbrothers, three of whom I hadn't met yet.

Jacob was still sitting on the bed, and he was watching me carefully now. As soon as he saw the first tear drip from my face to the sheet he slowly leaned forward and gently lifted my chin until I was looking him in the eyes.

" Oh sweetheart, I didn't mean to make you cry," He murmured. As he reached up to touch my face, the movement startled me and I jerked away from him hissing as my ribs and arm protested, causing more tears to run down my face.

"Hey, hey, sweetheart, I'm sorry to scare you, I didn't mean to" Jacob pleaded. " I swear, you're safe with me, with us. We won't let anyone ever hurt you again." Jacobs's voice went from pleading to determined so quickly that my eyes snapped up to his face, looking for any signs of deceitfulness.

"Don't say that" I whispered, " you can't make a promise like that." shaking my head, I carefully rubbed the tears off my face. No one had ever shown me an ounce of concern, not my parents, or teachers, or anyone really, so why would this guy care enough to say something like that? There was no way this could be real.

"I can say it and we will do it" Jacob declared in a firm voice, slowly leaning forward and gently kissing my forehead. "I promise, we will all keep you safe. You are not alone anymore sweetheart, you will have all of us on your side."

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