

Shattered Girl - Chapter 4 Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Jacob squeezed my hand as he stood, went to the door, and flagged down my nurse. He smiled at me again, and stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Could you help me get dressed please?" I asked quietly. The nurse nodded and grabbed the scrubs off the side table, laying on the bed next to me.

"Ok dear, first let's get all this stuff off you," The nurse smiled pleasantly as she began disconnecting wires and pulling off the tape. She removed my IV and helped me sit up. Just as I began to work the gown off my broken arm with the nurse's help when suddenly raised voices from the hallway made us both pause. After several minutes the voices quieted down, and I finished getting dressed.

"It's still going to be a little while before you will be ready to leave, there is quite a bit of paperwork to go over, and appointments to make." The nurse said as she helped me get comfortable in bed again.

"Sounds good, thank you," I said as the nurse tidied up the tubing, and threw away the garbage. On her way out of my room, she grabbed the bag of my belongings and set it on the bed so I wouldn't forget it.

As the nurse walked out, I saw Jacob stand from where he was lounging against the door jam, walking in he closed the door behind him. He glanced at me making sure I was settled before he dragged the visitor's chair over to the head of my bed. He flopped into the chair and leaned forward, squeezing my good hand.

"So in case you didn't hear, I convinced Dad to let me take you home. He wanted to show you off at the press conference he has in an hour, but your doctor told him you wouldn't be discharged by then." Jacob shook his head running his fingers through his hair again. "He got pretty mad, because he wasn't getting his way, but ended up leaving so he would have enough time to get ready."

"Wait, wait, it takes him an hour to get ready to stand in front of a bunch of microphones?" I let a giggle escape, and I eyed Jacob. It seemed like he wasn't thrilled with his dad at the moment, but I didn't want to make fun of my new stepfather if it was going to upset him. Jacob snorted, smiling at me.

"Yeah, just be prepared, he's going to want to drag you on stage tomorrow to introduce you and tell his constituents what good care you're receiving after your horrible accident." Jacob rolled his eyes at the last statement, but my mouth was hanging open.

"What. The. Fuck" I swore " how was this an accident? Did I accidentally walk into my father's fist? Did he accidentally stomp on my arm until it broke? Kicked my ribs so hard they cracked!" My voice raised with each statement until I was crying again. Jacob climbed into bed next to me, carefully wrapping his arm around me, and making shushing noises.

"Why is he doing this? I just met him today, and we are going to be one big happy family by tomorrow?" I sniffled as Jacob slowly rubbed my back.

"I don't know anything about your family." I said in a panicked voice. I met my mother for the first time yesterday, and she's made it very clear she doesn't want me living with you guys. My stepfather who I met this morning only wanted me so people feel sorry for him and give him their vote. I don't know anything about my other three stepbrothers, except that one is your twin, and the other two are overseas." At this point, I was seriously beginning to panic. Jacob had gone from rubbing my back to squeezing my hand, telling me to take deep breaths so I don't pass out again.

After threatening to go find the doctor and nurse, I finally began to take deep breaths until I was calm again. Jacob let go of my hand, giving it one last gentle pat. Sitting down in the chair again, he exhaled loudly.

"Ok, one thing at a time Little Sister." He said with a smile.

"I'm not little." I grumbled.

"Yeah you are, Shorty," he snorted. " You're what? A little over five feet?" Jacob was giggling now.

Trying to be the mature person in this conversation I stuck my tongue out at him. Jacob continued to giggle, finally taking a deep breath and getting himself under control.

"Okay," he said, more serious now. "Some of this I can fix by answering your questions." He leaned forward expectantly, waiting for me to speak.

"So tell me more about your brothers, " I said.

"Ok Andrew is the oldest, he's twenty-six and a medic in the army. Michael is twenty-four and a special forces sniper. Joshua and I are nineteen, we are both going to be freshmen at Granite Harbor University this fall." He shifted on the bed and continued. " We are all very close and talk or email at least once a week. Joshua and I won't be leaving until September when classes start, so we will be home with you all summer." He grinned.

"Good, I'm glad I will have some friendly faces around" I smiled.

Jacob continued to tell me silly stories about the four of them growing up. The one thing I noticed was that their father was hardly ever there. It was their mother, and once she died, various nannies took over. We talked until the nurse walked in with a large stack of discharge papers and a bottle of painkillers.

After going over everything and reminding Jacob to make sure I got plenty of rest, I was tucked into a wheelchair and wheeled out of the hospital by the nurse as Jacob ran to get his car.

We made it outside right as Jacob pulled a black SUV into the loading zone. He jumped out of the car and ran around to where I waited, gently picking me up and getting me settled into the passenger seat.

“Wow, nice car,” I said looking at the fancy screens, and buttons on the dashboard.

“Thank you, but it's an SUV, not a car.” He smirked waiting to see if I would respond to his teasing.

“Smart ass,” I mumbled as I struggled with the seat belt.

“Here let me.” Jacob looked at me for permission before leaning over me and grabbing the shoulder strap. Pulling it out far enough so it wouldn't hit my broken arm, he clicked it into place, grazing his hand across my thigh as he did.

I swallowed hard as his fingers sent heat scorching right to my center. “Family, family, he's my stepbrother I shouldn't be turned on” I desperately chanted in my mind.

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