

Shattered Girl - Chapter 6 Chapter 6

Chapter 6

"If it makes you feel better Em, we don't spend much time in this wing of the house. Our rooms are all in the East wing, and it's where we tend to spend most of our time." With that, Josh turned down a hallway, and after a couple of minutes, we were in a more relaxed part of the house.

Large overstuffed chairs and a couch were scattered around the large room, and a flat-screen TV hung on the wall, surrounded by several gaming systems. At the other end of the room was a small kitchen and dining area. I also noticed six closed doors, three off each side of the room. A seventh door looked like it led into a bathroom.

"Wow, much better," I grinned while looking around. There was even a small library set up on one side of the large room, and I couldn't wait to explore it. I have always loved to read, but I never had enough extra money to spend on books, and the local library didn't have much either considering how poor our neighborhood was.

"Yeah we like it," Jake added as he walked toward one of the closed doors. "This will be your room, once you feel better we can help you decorate it however you want." He pushed the door open and carried me into my new room, setting me gently onto the softest bed I had ever laid on.

"I love it," I grinned looking around at the beige and pastel blue room. "It's perfect, I'm not changing a thing," still grinning I looked up at the twins. They were both staring at me with heated expressions that made me immediately blush, and I glued my eyes to the comforter studying it like there would be a test later.

"Hey, don't be scared baby, Jake already promised that we would all keep you safe. We would never do anything to hurt you." Josh sat next to me, gently rubbing circles on my back.

"Not scared, just shy," I say quietly, still not brave enough to meet Josh's eyes.

"Ok, Jake clapped his hands, making me jump at the sound of skin hitting skin. "Let's get you settled so you can rest, maybe take a nap before dinner?" "Our parents won't be here tonight, they have another dinner party to attend for Dad's campaign. We could order food, and just relax and watch movies. "How does that sound Em?"

"Great, but I would love to change before I take a nap. The scrubs are ok, but they are kind of scratchy." I scratched my leg to prove my point.

"On it," Josh jumped off the bed and ran out of the room, some crashing followed, and Jake just shook his head. A few minutes later a triumphant Josh returned holding up a t-shirt, and a pair of boxers for me to change into.

"Thank you, Josh," I reached for the clothes he offered, taking them in my good hand, and glaring at my splinted broken arm. This wasn't going to be easy.

"Would you like some help Em?" Jake asked. I looked up at him to see sincerity and concern on both twin's faces.

"I want to try on my own, I need to learn how to take care of myself again, especially since my arm is going to be like this for a while. I smiled shyly as both guys headed toward the door.

"We will be right here if you need anything," Jake closed the door most of the way leaving it slightly cracked so they could hear me if I called.

"Well, here goes nothing," I mumbled as I began to try and get out of the itchy borrowed scrubs.

Yep, I was going to have to suck it up and ask for help. While the bottoms came off with only a little tugging, there was no way I could get the top off.

"Hey guys, I'm going to need some help after all." I called out as I threw a blanket over my lap, the last thing I wanted them to see was my boring white cotton panties. I heard a commotion outside my door, Jake slipped in, slamming the door in his brother's face. I could hear Josh cursing good-naturedly on the opposite side.

I giggled as Jake yelled through the closed door "Next time brother." He was grinning when he walked over, squatting down in front of me. "What's the best way to help Em, I don't want to hurt you"

"I think as long as I move slow, and you don't jerk the shirt, we should be able to get me out of this." After several minutes of gently trying to get my good arm out of the scrubs, I sighed "Screw it, go find some scissors, you can cut me out of the stupid thing."

Jake nodded and began searching the desk that was across the room from my bed.

He triumphantly held up the scissors, and came back over, helping me stand.

"Ok, I'm going to cut along the seam and it should just fall off without hurting your arm." He began to cut carefully, and a few minutes later, the scratchy shirt fell away. I sighed happily, now that the stiff fabric was gone.

"Here's the clean clothes from Josh, do you want help with these too?" He set the clothes next to me, waiting for me to decide what to do.

"I think I would like to get cleaned up first." I was glancing longingly at the bathroom, having spotted the large soaking tub and shower. Jake stood, holding out a hand to help me stand. Wincing I got to my feet, and carefully made my way into the bathroom. Jake followed, stopping to wait at the door until I asked him for help.

I stood in the middle of the room, taking everything in. The tub was big enough to hold three people easily, and the shower was enormous, with so many buttons, and knobs I didn't think I would be able to turn it on without an instruction manual. I turned to face Jake, my anxiety clearly showing.

"I..I..don't know what to do." I looked at Jake with tears filling my eyes, and lip trembling. I wanted to take a shower, but with all the bandages and splints I couldn't do it myself, and there was no way I was asking my new stepbrother who I had just met that day, to shower with me. That just sounded wrong, plus he would see all my scars and I didn't want him to pity me more. As I fought through all of the thoughts running through my head, Jake came up to me and gently enveloped me in a hug, kissing the top of my head and making shushing noises, as he held me.

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