

# Their Beautiful Strong Queen

## Chapter 1 – Their Beautiful Strong Queen

Cold, all i feel is cold. Its so dark and down in my room. I hate being in the basement. I don't know why i have to sleep down here.

The nanny comes in and cleans up my wounds again. I have a split lip this time and a black eye on my face. I also have a big cut on my leg.

Im only five years old but yet i bet beat almost daily. I have three older brothers and two older sisters. They all get treated way better than i do.

When my sisters do something bad they blame me. Even though i spend most of my time in the basement i still get in trouble for it.

After the nanny cleaned up my cut and put a bandaid on it, she snuck me a sandwich. I was told earlier my my mommy that i wasn't allowed to eat tonight.

Tasia broke the vase but blamed me. So because of it im not allowed food for a week. Im so small now that the nanny said that i look like im three not five.

Mommy and daddy went out and the other kids have another nanny so my nanny snuck a sandwich down to me.

Before she left she whispered into my ear "Just rest sweet girl. Im trying to figure out a way to get you out of here, and away from this abuse."

"Call my nonna, i know she wobs me. She told me so the wast time id see her."

"I don't know who your nonna is though baby."

"Me finks her name is Rose. Shes my mommy's mom." "Ok baby ill see if i can find her. You just sleep now ok."

After the nanny left i finished my sandwich and curled up on the little cot with a towel as a blanket to try to sleep.

Five months later, I was allowed to be upstairs and dressed in nice clothes for once. Mommy and daddy were having people over, and since everyone knew about me i had to be there.

I was warned to be on my best behavior though. I tried to stay in the corner all night. There were alot of big and loud people there.

Some of the guys were looking at me and my sisters weirdly. Mommy and daddy didn't notice it. They were too busy showing off.

It made me feel weird so I hid. One of the guys told mommy that I was way prettier than the girls with my black and red hair and green eyes.

My sisters both have brown hair and brown eyes. It made them mad that someone thought that I was way prettier than them. They kept giving me dirty looks for it and it wasn't my fault.

After everyone left my nanny took me to get ready for bed. As we were heading to the kitchen to go downstairs mommy yelled for her. She left just a minute and when she did the girls attacked me.

They shoved me down the basement stairs. When I made it to the bottom they came down and started hitting and kicking me. One of them held me down while the other one cut me from my chest down my belly and then cut my face.

"There, now no one will think that your ugly self is better looking than us. We are prettier than you and always will be now" one of them said.

"Especially when we get mommy and daddy to make you suffer and not get stitched up. We'll make sure that no one takes you to the hospital. Hopefully you die down here. It would've been better if you never would've been born" she said.

The pain was so bad and I was crying so hard that I could hardly breathe. When the nanny came down stairs she gasped.

"Oh, baby what happened to you?" she asked me. "Sisters did it, hurts so bad. Help me" is all I could get out.

She ran upstairs and was gone for a few minutes. When she came back downstairs she was mad. She pressed towels to my wounds and told me to hold on.

"They won't let me get you the help you need, and won't even call a squad. I found out who your nonna is and where she works. Just hold on I'm calling her now."

She pulled her phone out and called a number. When someone answered it she said "Yes is there a Rosa Russo working here? Is she working today? Can I talk to her please? Thank you. Hi, Mrs. Russo? You don't know me, my name is Cynthia I'm your granddaughter's nanny. I'm only in charge of River and she needs help, now. She was attacked by her sisters and they cut her badly. She's got two big cuts, one on her face and one from her chest down her stomach almost to her privates. I went and told Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery but they won't let me call a squad. Poor River has been getting abused by these people for awhile now and she told me a few months ago about you. I had just found you finally and was going to call you over the situation when this happened. I don't know what to do she's

bleeding really badly. I don't want to move her because she may have some broken bones. I think that they may have shoved her down the stairs also. She sleeps in the basement, and it's cold and dark down here. I have pictures of everything that's she's gone through to try to get her away from here. Me going to the cops did no good either. Ok, thank you. Oh thank god this poor baby needs away from here. Ok ill see you soon.

"Don't worry sweetie your nonna is on the way and we are going to get you the help that you need. Just hang on ok."

It seemed like it took forever but we finally could here people talking. At first it was yelling and then we could hear my nonna.

She was coming downstairs and had the cops right behind here. When she seen how bad i was she cried and told a guy that was with her that she wanted full custody of me. That i wasn't ever coming back here.

These people came up and started working on getting the blood to stop while the cops talked to my nanny. Finally after taking pics of me and getting me ready they loaded me up and took me to the hospital.

True to her word i didn't have to go back to that house. Nonna got full custody of me and all the girls got was sent to counseling for it. They said it was an accident. It wasn't and they knew it.

Being with nonna i get to meet two of my uncles. One of them was just a little bit older than me. I also got to meet my Uncle Zane's wife, my Aunt Bella.

My Uncle Nicco became my best friend. On nights when my nightmares were bad, he would lay with me and hold me and promise that no one would ever hurt me again.

Over the years him and i got as close as siblings. Even though he was my uncle he was more like my brother to me.

After he graduated from high school he left for a year back to Italy to spend time with our family over there. I missed him like crazy and was glade when he was back.

Thankfully i've not had to be back around my birth family. I've only seen them a few times and that's when they have stopped into my nonna's restaurant.

When i seen them come in though i head to the back of house and work. They girls have just gotten worse over the years.

They were mean when we were kids, now they are just plan evil. They have even changed their looks to try to be prettier than what they were. They both die their hair blonde and wear eye contact to change the color.

They've even had plastic surgery. And all any of it has done is made them look like the fake plastic barbies i use to play with as a kid.

Thankfully the scar on my face from where they cut me isn't too bad and is covered up with makeup. The one on my chest is another story though. It's so bad that i don't wear any kind of revealing clothing.

I usually wear shirts that cover from my neck down. What i usually wear is a crop top hoodie and a spaghetti strapped shirt. I've got them in every color.