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So, another upload *rocks back and forth on feet because it's awkward*

teenagexxxsavage thank you for being so sweet and kind to me just like everyone else has, it's much appreciated ☺ 🥰

I hope you enjoy this, someone recommended longer chapters like chapter 17 so here it is. Another long chapter, I find them boring but some of you like them so here it is.

I apologise in advance if you see any errors.

Anyways, enjoy your day, beautiful [remember to stay happy 😊]

On with the chapter...

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✨Emilia POV

So I was watching the worst movie in my life, Conjuring it was called or something, I hated it, I feel like my bones were jumping out of my skin every two minutes.

Frequently, I yank the covers up to my head to avoid seeing any of the scary parts, I'm never gonna look at dolls the same after this.

My mum used to buy me pot dolls when I was younger, they look so old and fragile that sometimes when she would buy me them she wouldn't let me play with them. I'm sure they were in the storage unit somewhere with all of the other cheap crap from my house.

I miss being in the house, as crazy as it sounds I miss having a loving family, a mum who cared for me. But now, it just brings up bad memories, the ones I would like to stop reminiscing.

It got to the part where the girl was in the house all alone and she's playing a fucking clapping game with the creepy doll if I was her, I wouldn't think twice before launching myself out of the window.

No, no, no, she's walking towards the cupboard, does no one know that walking towards the problem is only going to get you killed.

Horror movies never made sense to me, how the girl conveniently trips up over a twig and then runs into the house and upstairs into the bedroom. Get help, how are you going to escape if the front door is downstairs you dimwit.

Couldn't we watch Matilda or something, maybe The Bee Movie, The Vampire Diaries? I would much rather see Damon flirt with whiny Elena than a doll freaking haunting a stupid ass woman who has no common sense.

"AHHHH!" I hate this, I want to die right now, no, I don't want to watch this any more.

"Tune this off!!" I demand them at once, who am I kidding, they won't answer to me.

"I told you, Blade, she shouldn't be watching this." Axel tuts and hugs me.

"No, she's just being a baby." Josh fills in for Blade. I didn't know we had a parrot in the house.

"She is only a baby," Luca informs Josh with a glare on his face. Yes, I'm not a baby, I'm 13, not 3.

"I'm not." I slam my fist down on my thigh expecting it to make a big sound but instead, I ended up hurting myself.

Getting a little comfortable, I lift my legs and swing them over Blade, it serves him right.

"Do you mind?" He pushes my legs off but I swing them back over to its original position.

"Nope." I keep my eyes glued on the tv but making sure to keep my blanket close.

Blade huffs and sighs I'm defeat.

I want some chocolate but Luca has got the bag on his knee, he's also sat on the opposite sofa which is on the opposite wall of the room.

"Luca!" I whisper yell grabbing his attention. I motion for him to slide some sweets across the floor.

Chocolate buttons? It'll do.

"Can we stop watching this now, it's not my cup of tea," I ask Blade to see if he'll turn it off.

"No." He replies monotonously.

I lean my head back on the cushion with a blanket over my head so I don't have to watch the movie. It was still very early to go to sleep and I didn't want to go upstairs alone. That would be creepy.

We were only around halfway through the movie until I started getting sleepy, I don't understand, it was like 8 PM I can't be tired now.

I shut off the world and let my mind wander into the abyss.

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He was sat there waiting for me, on the raged sofa that had multiple cigarette burns and tears in the back.

"Where were you?!?" He shouts at me making me stagger back.

"I was with Millie," I tell him honestly, Millie was my best friend, we hadn't talked in a long time so I went to go see her. I thought he was at work.

"She doesn't like you, bîtch, not after what you did to your mum. You're a murderer." He spits with disgust evident in his voice.

"I didn't kill her, Chemotherapy didn't work for her, dad, you can't blame me," I say in a small voice.

"What did you just call me?!? Dad?!?" He raises his gust through the air and punches me square in the jaw.

"Do you know what happened to your real 'dad?'" He makes air quotes with his fingers.

"He left you because he hated you, you caused so much trouble for him, he said he wanted you aborted, he wanted you dead the moment he saw because you know why? You're a piece of worthless shit." He points his finger at.

"That's not true." My voice was breaking with every word spoken.

"Isn't it? So why have you never seen your dad around? Why wasn't he here when you had a birthday party? He was never here because he never wanted you, and I could see why." He laughs maliciously while looking down my body.

"You don't know that!!" I defend myself.

"You're right, but if your mum was here she could say it's true but you killed her so we can't get her word from it." He bent down to my height and got in my face. I could smell the alcohol and smoke on his breath. White powder sat at the bottom of his nose, what a disgrace to mankind.

"You're a bitch." He states.

"And do you know what bitches like you get when you do something wrong? A punishment."

He grabs the back of my head my bangs it into his knee twice. Gripping my neck, he slams me into the wall with my legs dangling in the air.

I try kicking him but he moves out of the way so quick I can't get a clean shot.

"Say you're sorry." His nails plunged their way into my neck making me scream.

"So-sorry!" I gasp for air but it was no use, I could feel the blood heavy on my neck and head.

"Say it as you MEAN IT!!" What more do you want from me?!?

"SORRY!!" I choked out, he released me from his hold and kicked me in the waist right on my pelvis bone.

"Tell me what you did." He pulls my head back with my hair.

"What?" I look at him through my glassy eyes.

"Repeat after me." He commands me to do.

"I killed her, I killed my mother because I was so selfish, I brutally killed her hoping that she would suffer," I repeated after him not even wanting to hear he words come out of my mouth.

I didn't kill her, she died from cancer, it wasn't my fault, was it? What if I did kill her, this could all be my fault and I have been blind to see it. She died only like 4 months ago, he can't blame me for things I didn't do, or thing I didn't think I had done.

"See, you're a murderer!!" He yanks me up by my collar and walks sing into the kitchen whilst dragging me along.

Watching him pull out a knife was the most terrifying thing ever.

"You see this, I could end your life in an instant, and you know what? Nobody would even care; you're a murderer." He moves the tip of the blade slowly down my tear-stained cheek and down to my neck.

"Please don't." I whimper out choking on my sobs.

"Is she crazy?!" Michael? No, it can't be, what was he doing here?

"Just stop her, it's not that difficult." I felt a pinch on my cheek.

"Shawn I'm sorry just let me go." I didn't want to be near Michael, being around him makes me feel nauseous.

"Who's Shawn?" Seriously, Michael, I thought you would know your drug buddy.

"Blade get them out of here." The knife. It was still in his hands against my neck just waiting to burst my arteries.

"What's happened." A deep voice enters.

"I swear I didn't kill her, it wasn't me." Shawn scoffs next to me.

"Tell the truth, exactly what you told me, bitch." He presses the knife further against my neck, it may only be the tip of the knife but it was stinging.

"Michael I swear, I didn't kill her."

"Michael's not here you weirdo, just tell the truth!!" Shawn shouts at me. He was here I am sure of it.

"Emilia." The deep voice enters again.

"Would you like me to kill you, just how you killed your mother?! You're a disgrace to this world, no one would care if you left it." I look at him through my watery eyes to see he was gripping the knife so hard it turned his knuckles white.

"Emilia, it's me, Alessandro." No, he's not, Shawn is playing games on me.

"Axel, call Elijah to get here right away." Someone stroked my hair, just like Michael did. I didn't want him to touch me so I push his hands off.

"Do you think your mum would proud of you? She'd be disgusted." Shawn spat out at me.

There was an abrupt knock at the door making me jump.

"What's happened." A hand is placed on my arm and I panic to get away from them.

"Diego, go get some water, Luca, get some medicine." Diego? Luca?

"Bambina, I need you to calm down." The voice echoed around my head.

"She's sweating." A familiar voice says to me.

"No shît Axel, I think I can see that." A sarcastic voice enters the room again.

"Here, water and medicine."

"Emilia, can you hear us, it's Alessandro." Alessandro? He needs to go, he can't be here.

"We're all here, Bambina, it's okay." Someone rubbed my head. Elijah?

I open my eyes and push myself back away from where everyone was touching me.

"Hey, are you okay?" Alessandro rubs my back while Elijah hands me some water. My throat was pretty dry.

"Did you sort out your friends, Blade?" I look to where Axel was speaking and Blade was stood in the middle of the room. He nods and walks closer to us.

"I'll be back in a second, I'm just going to make a call." Alessandro exits the room and Blade takes Alessandro's seat next to me.

I could see out into the hall because the door was open and Alessandro was waiting for the person to answer the phone.

"Mia, Mia Saintclaire, is this you?" He catches me looking and shuts the door.

"Are you okay?" Diego asks me, I don't say a thing, I just nod.

"What time is it?" Despite having a drink, my throat was very croaky when I said that.

"Around midnight." Blade answers for me. What was I still doing down here?

"We started watching other movies but we were too lazy to take you up to bed yet." I must've said that aloud because Luca answered the question.

"Do you want some?" Luca shows me some watermelon pieces in a container that he was eating from. Again.

"Uhhh" I nod yes and he passes it over to me so I can start munching on it. I love watermelon, it's so nice and juicy.

"What happened?" Axel asked me, does he mean in my head or what?

"Sorry, I'll talk to you about it tomorrow." Axel smiles at me and rubs circles on my leg.

"C-can I go to bed?" I ask them.

"Not yet," Elijah tells me.

"Did you kill someone?" Blade asks me out if the blue. What, where did he get that from?

"W-what?"

"Did you kill someone?" He says louder.

"Blade I'm seriously questioning if I should beat your ass back to the bin." Axel threatens him.

"Yes," I answer Blade's question. I'm not sure if I did kill her, I sure feel like I have, I feel responsible for her death. I feel guilty like I did hurt her. The number of times I've heard that I killed her finally made me believe it because it's true.

They all look at me in shock, the silence was so loud it was painful to the ears. I hadn't even noticed that Alessandro had entered the room again.

"You killed someone?!?" Jayden peered his head around the door.

"You're crazy, I'm leaving." He made a run for the door but Alessandro grabbed him by the collar making him fall back into the floor.

"She didn't kill anyone, she was talking about a tv character," Diego told him.

"Yeah right." He scoffs and tries to get up but Alessandro pushes his foot on his chest pushing him back down. This continued or the next few minutes.

"Can I go to bed?" I ask Axel who was standing over me.

"No, not yet."

"You'll have to stay here, Bambina," Elijah reassured me.

"Send the boys home," Axel demanded Blade.

"Can't they stay here?" Blade tries to reason with Axel.

"Fine, just get them out of my sight, make them shower too, I can smell the smoke from a mile away," Axel said, Jayden scoffed and pushed Alessandro's foot off of him.

"Who said I smoked?" He glares at Luca as if he told them. Luca turns blue and pale as if he has been caught.

"Your exactly discreet about smoking, I can smell it on your breath." Axel pushed him out of the room.

When they were out of sight, all of them turned to look at me for an explanation.

"Are you okay?" Alessandro asks me.

"Stop asking me that."

"Sorry."

"Can I go to bed, I'm tired," I beg them.

"I told you already, you can't go upstairs until we've talked, everyone out, including you Alessandro and Axel." Elijah takes control.

"What, I'm older than you," Alessandro argues with him.

"Do I give a fuck." Elijah says to him, Alessandro clenches his fist and pulls Axel and himself out of the room.

"Are you okay? Scratch that, do you want to talk about it." Elijah takes his blazer off and loosens his tie.

We remain in slim enough for around 20 minutes until he finally breaks it. I was tired to speak, I couldn't be bothered to do anything, I just wanted to sleep and never wake up.

"Look, we can do this all night long or you can talk to me and then go to sleep, what's it going to b-"

"I killed her." I cut him off.

"Who." He asks shocked.

"Mum." My eyes water but I try to blink them away, I was starting to believe it was true, I was no good for her, the worst daughter to ever live.

"You didn't Emilia, it was cancer, you can't blame yourself for something that was out of control."

"My presence must've killed her every day." She probably hated me being around her, my presence must've annoyed her.

"She loved you greatly." He tried to comfort me but failing.

"How would you know, you were never there, I'm still just a stranger to you." It's true, I've known him less than a month and he thinks everything is going to be jolly, wonderland and fairies.

"Fair enough, but just so you know, I have always been there, the day you left I was heartbroken, sure I was young, but it doesn't mean I don't remember you." He tells me honestly.

"Just because I was never there doesn't mean you weren't with me."

"You could've been with me 9 months ago but you let me stay with Shawn, where were you then." I hate making him feel bad for something that wasn't his fault.

"I know, and I'm sorry, but I'm here now and I'm not letting you go again. Don't beat yourself up over this, your mother is resting now, peacefully might I add, she isn't in any pain anymore."

"Can I go to bed now?" He laughs and helps me off the sofa and guides me upstairs and then tucked me into bed.

In a house full of boys, I have never felt so alone, I didn't want to stay in my room tonight.

Debating whether or not to go to Elijah's, I finally decide to get up and trudge over to his room.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Yeah?" Elijah says through the door before opening it, a smile appears it's way across his face when he sees me.

"Can I stay in here tonight? I don't want to be alone." He looks shocked for a moment before letting me in.

"I'm sorry by the way, I shouldn't have pushed you to talk."

"It's okay."

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I hear the door shutting and I immediately open my eyes, it could've been a burglar or anything.

Sitting up, I'm in an empty room and unfamiliar one for that matter. It was pretty dark actually, navy blue walls and glow in the dark stars on the ceiling. That was adorable, I used to have those when I was a young child. I say that like I'm a grown woman already, I wish.

He seems to be obsessed with the colour blue.

I stand up and walk out of the room and back into mine to shower and change.

Once I have done that I go on for the hunt for my phone, there were many places I could've left it so I'll start with the dining room.

"If you're looking for your phone Alessandro has it, remember? Last night, he took it from you." Diego walks into the room all sweaty with no shirt on. I pull my hands over my eyes so I don't have to see.

"Have you ever heard of a shirt? It's this piece of fabric that stops you from getting half-naked in front of a 13-year-old girl who is, by the way, your little sister so I would like to not see anything like this again."

"It's fine, I have a shirt on now," I reveal my eyes to see Diego now has a shirt on, thank the Lord Jesus.

"You're crazy, you work out, that's insane." I scoff at him and make my way to the kitchen.

I wanted to hang out with Luca today and do something else than eat all the food in the house.

"Thanks." I steal Blades Nutella on toast and skip upstairs to look for him. Is someone playing the piano?

The music room?

Opening the door I see Luca sat at the red piano gliding his fingers across the keys.

It was the first time I had ever seen him so calm and not chaotic, he usually rants about food or talks about random stuff; it was nice to see him so invested into something other than food.

"Why're you creeping about?" He stops playing and turns to face me.

"It sounds nice." I ignore his questions and compliment him. I had no idea what he was playing but it sounded complex.

"You want a go?" He moves over to make room for me on the bench.

"Yes." I jump up excitedly making him smile before sitting down.

"What is this." I look a the papers in front of us that looks like a load of scribbles.

"It's sheet music, you follow it along, each one of these represents a note to press on the keys." Yeah, this still doesn't make sense.

"What was it you were playing, I feel like I've heard it before."

"Yeah a lot of people have heard it they just don't know the name, it's Für Elise." Nope, never heard of the name but it sounds familiar I guess.

"You want me to teach you the introduction?"

"Yes please." Wow, that's a first, I used my manners instead of being rude.

"Here, press 'E' and then 'D sharp'." It's doesn't help that there are no freaking letters on the damn thing.

"How about I'll guide your fingers?" I nod yes before he moves my fingers across the keys. I have no idea which letter is which on these keys, he keeps talking about finding the middle 'C' but I have no idea what that means.

"It sounded awful," I complained, my fingers were too slow for him to move them.

"It's great, trust me, this kind of stuff takes years if practice, I started completely baffled but then I spent my entire childhood in this room practising."

"It's crazy how you can remember which letters belong to each key, I can't even remember how to spell my name." He has talent.

"I'm more knowledgable in the creative side of things, kind of like you I guess." I never thought of it like that but yes, I was into creative arts more than Maths and English.

"You're still freakishly intelligent in other subjects though, I still can't do most of my subjects." He laughs. Thanks for the compliment I guess.

"When did you start." He asks me, what about, my period that vanished months ago? Me drawing? The nightmares? Be more specific, silly goose.

"Drawing I mean, you're amazing." He corrects himself.

"Umm, around 6 I think, I'm not too sure." I shrug while trailing my hands over the keys.

"I'm hungry." As if right on cue, Luca's stomach rumbles making me giggle.

"How do you stay slim when you eat so much?" I need to know his secret.

"Fast metabolism I guess, and Diego and Blade drag me out of bed to work out with them on the morning, if it wasn't for them I'd probably be obese right now." He chuckles to himself, I can't imagine him being obese, he was actually the smaller twin surprisingly.

"You wanna go eat?" I ask him, he smiles at me like a creeper before standing up. We walk down the stairs to see Blade stood over the frying pan with Valentina teaching him something. Probably how to get some manners.

Who am I kidding, Blade will get manners when Hell freezes over.

"What's cooking, good looking?" Luca jokes with Valentina, she slaps him playfully. Ooh, this is spicy.

"I'm teaching Mr Blade how to make pancakes." She grabs a stool and stands up to get the Nutella for the many cupboards. This was cute, she was apart of the family, even more than me. That's understandable though, I've not been here long.

"Yeah because someone stole my breakfast." Blade points the spatial at me flicking some hot oil onto my face. Sir, don't talk to me when you can't spell photosynthesis. Sorry, it's just my ego speaking.

No seriously, don't come at me with an argument when you don't know the difference between 'there', 'their' and 'they're', open a book, not your mouth; I'll also get Axel on you. He's like my bodyguard.

I'm so mean to people sometimes.

I should take a friendship lesson from Stiles Stilinski. He and Scott have an amazing friendship.

"What's the plan for today?" I take a seat at the island just watching Valentina guide Blade.

"Can we go out?" Diego enters the kitchen smelling fresher than he did before, he smells of soap mixed with Lynx.

"Where?" Blade asks.

"I just want to go out, maybe take Emilia to the skate park," Diego replies. He skates? Oh yeah, I remember when Axel said something about him buying a load of skateboards.

"Yes please." I jump up and down, I have never been to one before, I have been to a park but never to a skate one. It sounds like so much fun.

"You can't, Mia's coming in a while, you can go tomorrow with them." Axel walks in the room to tell me. As if right on cue, I hear a knock on the door signalling she is here.

Gulp.

"Hello." Valentina runs to the door and greets her with an enthusiastic handshake.

"Hello." Mia nods at Tina and walks through the entrance like a goddess. Just imagine flames behind her and then she looks like a baddie. She still looks like a model though; still very tall and slim with a checkered skirt and a white blouse and black blazer.

"Hello, Emilia." She greets me.

Double gulp.

****

Hello fellow readers, I am going to start this thing where I will tag someone in each chapter who has supported my book with every chapter.

I don't want to say this again but it has to be said, I don't mind if you point things out, just make them respectful and polite, it helps that way so I don't feel like shît. Oops, I just swore out of character.

Thank you for reading this chapter. I can't remember who asked for longer chapters but here you go.

Who is your favourite character so far? Mines Axel, Blade and Luca

What's your hobby?

Not that no one asked but I love to play the piano and sketch. [btw I ask questions so I can connect with you guys more, mostly because I love everyone in the world as well. Apart from racists and homophobes and Xenophobes. Or a Trump supporter, I hate them all.]

I love you, beautiful, xoxo, Demi 🥑✨

[4120 words this chapter.😟😊]