4

The song is Teardrops by Joji.

On with the chapter...

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Emilia POV

I spent the night in the waiting area of the police station, I had not been given any further updates on my living arrangements nor had I been given any further updates on Shawn.

It's sad really, Shawn wasn't family to me, but he was the closest thing I had le of my mother. Without him, I am losing my mother too. I hate the guy's guts but he was one of the few people who had a relationship with my mother other than me.

If he goes to prison, I lose the last piece of my mother that I ever had. I want to dick to su er but then I will have nothing le of my mother, well, other than the house and the stu ed teddies she always bought me.

I was supposed to wait for the social worker to go back to the house. How long did she need to take? I have been sat in the waiting room of the station for around 3 hours. Only my phone to keep me entertained but it was on twenty per cent and I might need to save that.

I haven't slept yet, I have been in the police station since around three in the morning and it was roughly six in the morning.

I just want to go home.

O ficers that pass keep on giving me sympathetic glances, I don't need their pity, I need my life back to the way it was; happy and joyful. My life with my mum on it.

I was very cold, I still had my sleepwear on but they weren't very warm, especially with England's cold nights. The woman who took me here gave me a thin blanket but it wasn't as if it was any better than pyjamas.

"Emilia Russo?" I push my legs down from my chest and look up at the tall, beautiful Asian woman that stood before me.

"Yes, that's me." She reaches her hand out to shake my frail hand.

"I'm Mia Saintclaire, your new social worker. And what I will be doing is sorting your new living arrangement due to not having a guardian at this moment in time, but I believe we may have found some long distant relatives that you may not be aware of."

"So who am I staying with?" She takes the seat next to me and I sit down in my previous seat.

"That's why I took so long, I had to run your DNA through the system and it took a little longer than expected. We have found your new carer and his name is Alessandro Russo, your older brother." She gives me a weak smile.

Not once in my life have I ever had a brother, my mother gave birth to me and only me, not some fraud who claims he is my brother.

Family sticks together, so if we are family, where is he now? Nowhere to be seen. So, therefore, I have no family.

"I-I-I have never had a brother, so that cannot be true if I had a brother he would be here with me right now, but he isn't."

"Trust me, it took a while to find them, but I can assure you that your DNA matches this man. I will be taking to you to his house this a ernoon. When we were doing your DNA test, we took some hair from the hairbrush we found in your room, we told the guy it was an emergency so we had to be quick with the results. I tried getting them faster but you can't rush science."

"So when do I pack my things?"

"Now."

"Seriously, what's going to happen to the house, and the rest of the stu ?" I panic.

"The government can pay for a storage unit for anything you are not taking with you. You may take anything you like."

"Can I take some things from my mum's too?"

"Yes, yes, of course, you can, darling." She places her hand in my shoulder.

"We should go in my car so I can take you back to the house to pack your things." She pats my back as if she is telling me to get up. I walk out to the exit and I hear her rich footsteps of the expensive heels that hit the path.

She can't seriously make me think that I have a biological brother.

"You're wrong." I state as we continue to walk to her car which I can see is a Ford Fiesta, a silver one.

"About what." She questioned as she opened the passenger door for me.

"I don't have any brothers, you can't expect me to just believe you that I have brothers, brothers that I am not aware of. You should know that I am not going to believe you just like that, but I am too tired to even question them."

"I do not have brothers if I did, where are they now, if they were my family, they would be here, sitting in this same car as me." I raise my voice a little higher and point at her. I sink lower into my seat as Ms Saintclaire starts the car.

"I can't force you to believe me, you will just have to see for yourself."

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"Here, you'll need these." She hands me two suitcases that look family size.

How much stu does she think I have?

"I thought you might want to put some of your mother's things in there too." I nod and pull them upstairs. There was still a few o icers in the house with some dogs sni ing the found for drugs.

I still couldn't believe what was happening, Shawn was allegedly selling two types of class A drugs and was drink driving. I had a chance at a new life but I didn't want to leave hadehind me.

Shawn had my mother cremated and buried her ashes with a nice memorial around it. I didn't want to move far away from her, where I couldn't see her.

As I was packing, I decided that I needed to go to Shawn's room to get some things from my mothers.

I stand on the bed and try to reach up to get the box of things on top of Shawn's wardrobe that contained all of my mother's valuables.

Inside it, there was a locket that contained a photo of my mum from when she was a child, her mum gave it to her before she died, and now I will keep that with me in remembrance of my mum.

There was also a few family rings that had been passed down from deceased family members like my mum's wedding ring that had been passed down from her grandparents.

A few photos of me and my mum from when I was a baby scattered across the bottom of the box. I was sat in between her legs as she kissed my cheek. I don't remember this being taken but she looked happy. I could see my dad in the background.

The sad thing is is that I don't remember what he looks like, my mum said that he le us or something and that she never saw him again. I could walk past him and wouldn't even know he was my dad.

I don't need a dad, I haven't needed one for 13 years so why do I need one now? All they do is pack up and leave you behind.

I take the box in my room and place it into my suitcase and surround it by my clothes so that it doesn't crash around, I don't want the frames to break.

I stu all of my clothes and shoes that I had into the last suitcase along with my stu ed teddies and blankets that keep me warm.

I didn't have that many shoes and clothes but I had enough that I could survive. Most of the things that I packed were more decorations rather than my clothes.

I also packed all of my art books that had paintings and sketches inside of it. My paints were shoved into a plastic bag, it was a good thing I always bought my paints and pencils, otherwise, Shawn would have freaked if he knew I was asking him to buy me stu . I always tried to get as much money out of him, even if that meant stealing it from him.

I know it's wrong to steal from your carers but he treated me like shit so he deserved it. I finished packing my clothes and zipped up the suitcase ready for my travel.

I owned a few pairs of jeans and leggings and a few tops, most of my clothes were pyjamas. I pulled the suitcases down the steps and walked over to the car where Mia was waiting for me.

"You ready?" I nod and she helps me push my cases in the boot of the car.

"C'mon then." She opens the passenger seat for me and I slide in as she makes her way around to the driver's side.

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The lady sat next to me did not tell me where my brotherwere staying, I presumed that it would be in Brighton, the place where I lived before but no, I spent 2 hours in the car for a trip to London.

The agony.

I was too tired, it was still early in the morning, around 9-10 AM and I had still not slept from the night before. How i wish i could sleep right now.

"We're almost there, just another 20 minutes, tra ic is a little bad because parents are going to work." She kept her eyes on the road as she spoke to me.

"Ugh." I sink lower into my seat. I hate travelling, I always feel sick and nauseous, especially when cars smell of perfume and air freshener, it doesn't sit well with my stomach.

To make it even worse, every time I moved, I had a sharp pain shoot up the side of my ribs and back. My ankle was still a dark shade of purple, but my Doc Martins covered the bruise very well.

I hadn't even thought about school yet, what was I going to do, all of my artwork that was at my school. It wasn't as if I had any friends that I would miss, I used to have friends back in year 8 but they cut me o when I started ignoring them. I can't blame them.

I rested my head against the window and watched the world fly by.

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Thank you, De-jo