

Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 8

Read Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 8 – “My boss said we will drop her to before school care on the way to the airport and he will organise someone to pick her up and drop her to you at the practise” She lets out a breath.

“Okay, they seem organised. Why do you have to go on such short notice? How are you going to cope with getting on a plane?” I shrug, I never once saw this on their schedules, must be a spare of the moment decision.

“I have no choice so I will just have to deal with it I suppose” My mother nods, she is very aware of my fear of flying. I have refused my entire life to set foot on one of those flying d***h traps.

“I need to go pack” I tell her, and she nods before singing out.

“I ordered pizza for dinner they should be here soon; I couldn’t be bothered cooking”

“Cheesy garlic bread?” I ask sticking my head back through the door and she sends me a smile.

“Of course,” she says before puckering her lips and blowing me a kiss. I smile. She knows me too well, probably better than I know myself, I think to myself.

I head upstairs, the thick grey carpet soft under my sore feet. Walking into my room, I flop down on my double bed, the springs groaning under my weight when Maya rushes in, climbing on the bed and bouncing on her knees on my bed excitedly.

Sitting up, I grab the small suitcase under my bed and open it. Tossing in my pyjamas and black high waisted skirt and white blouse and a pair of heels as well as some jeans and a low cut shirt on the off chance, I need something casual to wear. Walking into my closet, I grab my little black dress and a pair of high heels for tomorrow. I hang the dress on the back of my door and make sure I haven’t forgotten anything.

“Are you going somewhere Aunty Ada?” Maya asks, watching me.

“Yes, and my bosses will be picking us up in the morning, so I need you to be on your best behaviour okay” She nods, chewing her little nails nervously. I pull her finger from her mouth giving her a pointed look.

“When will you be back?”

“Someone will pick you up from the school office tomorrow to take you to grandma” She frowns, Maya takes some getting used to when it comes to trusting strangers, she was

a wary child, and it didn't help with some of the people her mother let around her before we got custody of her.

"I will ask my boss if he can send a photo of the person okay, so you know who to look for" I tell her, and she nods sadly when I hear the doorbell downstairs.

"That would be dinner," I tell her, standing up and holding my hand out. She grabs it, her face lighting up into a grin. My mother pays the delivery man before walking toward us on the stairs and we follow her down the hallway to the kitchen.

Sitting at the dining table, I send Eli a text asking if he could possibly get a photo of the person picking up Maya, telling him she doesn't like strangers.

He replies almost instantly with a photo of a woman, with dark hair cut into a pixie cut, and dark brown eyes similar to his, she had softer features and was quite pretty with red lipstick on and a bright smile on her face, she looked friendly enough.

'That was fast' I text back.

'It's my sister, her name is Emery' He replies.

'Okay Thank you'I sent back not expecting a reply when he sent me a winking face emoji. I shake my head, placing my phone down and digging into my dinner.

The next morning, I bleary eyed my alarm as it screeched beside my head signalling it was time to get up. Smacking the incessant thing to shut it up, I rolled onto my back stretching like a cat, my back crac as I yawned. I didn't want to get up, my days were blurring into one long one that consisted of work and sleep. Forcing myself up, I retrieve my clothes and head into the bathroom hanging them up on the back of the door before starting the shower.

My mother knocks on the door as I am washing the soap from my hair.

"I am leaving love, I put Maya's clothes on the table for you" She calls out from the other side of the door.

"Okay, see you tomorrow" | sing back, and I hear her footsteps walk down the hall before faintly hearing the door shut. When I am finished showering, I step out of the shower before blow drying my hair and doing my makeup in the fogged-up mirror, repeatedly having to wipe it with my hand to get it to stay clear enough and not poke my eye out while applying my eyeliner. Getting dressed, I slip my clothes on before walking to Maya's bedroom. Pulling back her pink unicorn comforter I shake her shoulders gently.

"Maya time to wake up sweetie, you need to get dressed" I tell her. She squints back at me and I feel terrible that she is awoken so early every morning. Her lips formed an O

as she yawned. She sits up rubbing her sleep filled eyes and I scoop her up, taking her to the kitchen and pouring her milk in the cereal bowl my mother placed on the bench for me. Maya lays her head on the table and I have to jostle her to remind her to eat her breakfast.

Going back upstairs, I grab my small luggage bag and place it by the door when I hear a knock. I look at the clock hanging in the hallway. It wasn't even twenty to six yet. Opening the door, I see Cyrus standing there in his black slacks and white shirt which was rolled to his elbows.