

# Im Different

By : layce

Esme`e Holmes life is turned upside down quicker then she has been able to put all her favorite parts together ,she soon discovers that being the daughter of the Devil himself can have its good times but more bad then you'd bargain for. Leaving the only place she knew as home to go live in Satan's Glory she discovers that he has been secretly grooming her for the perfect murder weapon Esme`e gets drawn in to deep from her fathers nice and almost to caring gestures. Will Esme`e find the Ark Angel in her soon enough to save herself and the Holmes family? Can she betray her father enough to save her dignity and soul?



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## **Truth**

*I could not take it anymore, the family I grew up thinking was mine had turned into nothing more but another lie I had grown up with. I mean first I had thought my real father had died, now I learn he was just the twin of my Devil like father, only this time around I was the only innocent one in all this mess, now I'm still growing up with the woman I had once called 'mother', a sister I was bought up calling 'Ali' instead of 'Nale', and a younger brother who had always called me 'Sam' just like GranpaMax always had done even though my name was Esme`e.*

*I could not tell whether the entire truth had come out or if there were still some lies, lying low behind the truth.*

*'Esme`e' mother began 'lets just please talk about this, where would you go either way? . . . you can't just leave now its way to late for that now'*

*I was rudely ignoring her, pacing up and down my room, thinking what I would need into a small bag, she was right it was late so I could not take all my worldly possessions with me I would not need them much knowing what I am either way they would just do a good job at reminding me of 'home'.*

*'Sam' Justin came walking through my room, he stood tall and manly something I would particularly miss little of him 'you can't just leave - that man cares little for you.' he was referring to my real, biological father.*

*'He's my father, would you not do the same?' I turned to look at the three of them - Mother, Nale and Justin, now thirteen.*

*He stood and shook his head, a barely visible tear crinkled up under Nale's eye. 'Sam-'*

*'My name is Esme`e, damn it!' I yelled, my face went blood red as the dry Alaskan winter winds blew my bedroom windows open.*

*'Esme`e,' he sounded, the name sounded unfamiliar to his tongue as it roughly rolled out of his mouth out into the open 'your real father doesn't need to be married to your blood mother, or to be the sperm donor for you to be fertilized. . . He just needs a heart like yours. He needs to love you,'*

*'He'll learn to love - his daughter -'*

*'That Devil has no heart. . . He doesn't care.' Nale said this.*

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