EMILY KNIGHT

I am...

A.BELLO

Hashtag PRESS

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To the Bellos
Mum, Dad, Gbolahan, Lola and my crazy Fergie
One of a kind.

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PROLOGUE

The Rogues

"Lox! Lox! Lox!" the crowd chanted, throwing their fists in the air and waving posters and banners.

Lox Knight was kneeling over, with his hands on his knees, breathing hard. He coughed violently, a tight feeling in his chest. His opponent was slowly stirring from the ground. It wasn't long before he would have to attack again. Lox wiped the sweat and dirt from his forehead. Something sticky trickled down his cheek. Lox wiped it off on the sleeve of his Dojo kit and looked at it. His blood shone vividly against the white linen.

"Come on, son," a deep voice hollered behind him.

Lox stared into the dark eyes of his father, who was seated in the first row. He was dressed casually today, in jeans and a striped shirt with his trademark sunglasses. His 'disguise' he called it, even though everyone knew who he was. Lox thought it was a pathetic attempt at blending in and told his father so many times.

Lox's opponent was slowly rising. His orange training kit was streaked with dirt, blood and sweat. It was torn at his torso, where Lox's fireball had hit. He was called Zeus, apparently after the Greek god because he truly did believe he was the best. This self-assurance and his huge power energy was the reason why Zeus was the three-year-running champion of the annual Warrior Tournament.

"Only a minute left to go. Can Lox Knight go the distance . . ."

The commentator's announcements were drowned out by the cries of Lox's loyal fans, chanting his name, and blowing their horns. "Lox! Lox! Lox!"

Here we go, Lox thought.

Lox closed his eyes. He could sense that Zeus's power energy had dropped significantly. Lox looked up at the clock below the commentators' box. Thirty seconds left.

He cupped his hands. His palms faced his opponent, who was shaky as he got up. "Himyara, Himyara," Lox chanted. He could feel the last of his energy draining out of his body, forming into a blue fireball, growing rapidly in capacity and power. The audience were cheering, his father was shouting, but Lox was completely focused on Zeus.

Zeus was unsteady on his feet when he stood up to his enormous height. His head was spinning and his vision was blurred. He looked down at the little boy in front of him, focusing until his sight cleared. "Who—who do you think you are?" Zeus said slowly as Lox smirked at him.

Dazed yet determined, Zeus charged full speed towards Lox with his heavy fist raised. Lox smiled and watched as Zeus came closer.

"Now, Lox!" his father screamed.

But Lox waited. Only when Zeus's shadow hung over his small frame did Lox holler, "HIMYARA," and shoot his fireball with the last of his energy, hitting Zeus in the pit of his stomach. Zeus's eyes widened and his mouth formed a giant 'O' when the fireball threw him across the stadium, dropping him hard on the concrete floor and knocking him out. Some members of the audience buried their heads in their neighbour's chest, while others cheered.

The referee raised the red flag and Lox punched the air in victory. The crowd hugged each other and applauded loudly. The paparazzi pushed to get to Lox first. They were flashing lights and thrusting microphones into Lox's face.

Strong hands squeezed Lox's tired shoulders affectionately and he looked back to find his father behind him. Lox tried to shake him off but couldn't.

"Tell me, Lox, how does it feel to be the new champion?" a pretty, blonde reporter asked, shoving the microphone into his face.

"It feels good," Lox said, breathing hard.

"And being Thomas Knight's son must make it even more significant?"

"I don't see why it—"

"Thomas, Thomas, how does it feel that your son is the new champion? Clearly inheriting your breath-taking skills that rid the world of Neci . . ."

It was happening again. Lox didn't know why they bothered. They only spoke to him to speak to his father. The press adored Thomas Knight. It wasn't because he, Lox, had won because he was skilful and had trained up to the

early hours of the morning until his body ached and his mum begged him to stop. No. They all thought he was an amazing fighter because he was Thomas's son. Lox stepped backwards from Thomas, and Thomas's hands slid off. He waved at his fans who cheered and waved banners, for him. The paparazzi closed in, circling Thomas until Lox could no longer see him.



The sky was a dull, dark grey. The streets were quiet. Everyone had gone inside fearing the thunderous rain they could sense was approaching.

No one saw Lox Knight walking along the deserted streets, enjoying the peaceful silence. His enormous rucksack kept hitting against his back. He crossed the road, not bothering to look if any cars were coming. He tightened the straps of his rucksack, so they dug into his shoulder blades.

The sky rapidly turned from grey to black and there was a sudden chill in the air. Lox shivered in his worn-out, black, hooded jumper and thin, black tracksuit bottoms. He took off his baseball cap and pulled out the elastic band that was holding his ponytail, allowing his long, black, curly hair to fall over his ears, warming the sides of his face. No one was around, so he pulled down the scarf that covered half of his face, hiding his identity.

He began to whistle tunelessly. He smiled at the familiar mansions that he wouldn't have to see again. His phone vibrated in his pocket. A text from Dad. Lox deleted it without reading it.

No more training sessions with him, or pretending that they were the perfect family. He wouldn't have to smile for the press anymore as Thomas rested his hands on his shoulders. Lox's victories would be his own, and there would be no one to take them away.

"I'm free!" he shouted up to the sky.

Lox quickened his pace. He wanted to get to The Valley as soon as possible. He couldn't believe he had only heard about it a week ago from a girl at school, who had stayed there when she had family problems. It was a hidden underground spot where teenagers with powers could hide out. He would stay for a couple of nights until he thought of a better plan, or before the other warriors ratted him out to the press for money. He would call his mum in a few days to let her know he was okay. He hoped she would understand why he had to run.

Lox stopped in the middle of the street and looked closely at the pavement. He pulled out a lighter from his pocket. A glow of amber rose from its top and he could now make out money on the ground.

Lox hurried over and studied it. A twenty-pound note. He laughed at his luck as he picked it up. Lox froze; he could hear quick footsteps behind him. He jumped back and dropped his lighter. He quickly wrapped his black scarf over his face and jammed his baseball cap on his head. Lox reached into his other pocket for his knife which he held in front of him.

"Who's there? I'm armed," he said fiercely.

Silence. His voice sounded muffled through the scarf, but when he looked around wildly he couldn't see anyone. Lox frowned. He thought he had heard footsteps.

"Hello, Lox," a woman's voice called from within the shadows.

Lox took a step back and held his knife out. "Who are you?" he asked. He could see the outline of a person in front of him.

The woman breathed in the air deeply and sighed. "I can sense from you a great power. It's magnificent. Breath-taking."

Lox took another step back. "What do you want?" he asked. The knife was shaking in his hand.

"You."

Lox felt his pocket, for his lighter, but it wasn't there. Baffled, he emptied both pockets, spilling loose money over the concrete floor until he remembered he had dropped it because of her.

"You want this?" the woman asked, and floating in mid-air was Lox's lighter.

"How did you—"

"Take it." Her voice cut in smoothly.

Lox hesitated. The lighter seemed to be coming closer towards him. He saw a glimpse of a white mask before the flame at the top shone bright in his eye. He jumped back and waved his knife around wildly. "I swear if you come closer I'll—"

"Why have you got a knife, child? When you can produce a fireball big enough to destroy this entire city? Or did you think I wouldn't recognise you with your face covered?" Lox opened his mouth, but was lost for words. "I saw you at the Warrior Tournament a year ago. It's taken me this long to track you down, but it was worth it." She lowered her voice, so that Lox had to move closer towards her. "You

have an amazing ability. There is so much that I can teach you. There is so much that you must learn. I can help you."

Lox pulled down his scarf and stared at the woman coldly. "I work alone." He walked away from her to carry on with his journey, but curiosity made him stop. He turned back around to face her. "Who are you?"

"My name is Rose Moore and I want to help you."

"Why?" Lox shouted, marching up to her. "Why does everyone want to control me? I didn't ask for your help. I don't need it!"

Rose laughed shrilly in Lox's shocked face. "We are the same, Lox. We're both warriors fighting alone. I know everything about you. I know all about the warriors worth knowing. I know who you share blood with."

"Everyone knows he's my dad," Lox said, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Yes, they do," she answered. "But I know that he hasn't been there for you and your family, even though he promised he would be. I know that every time you defeat someone, he always gets the recognition and praise. I know you feel trapped by this man that you adore and despise. You're constantly torn between your love for him and the anger that rises inside of you every time you see him, testing your loyalty and freedom. I know deep down, you hate him." Lox studied her black silhouette in silence. "You're so desperate for someone to notice you, Lox, and I do. Do not doubt what I can do for you," she whispered. "I'll make you invincible. A legend. Together, we will make history. Just take my hand."

Through the darkness, Lox saw her pale hand reach out to him, with vivid scarlet scars etched all over them. Her

long, black hair blended in with her black training kit, that clung tightly to her lean physique.

"Take it and glory will be yours," Rose whispered.

The sky was an inky black. The rain drops felt light, and refreshing. The sky was streaked with golden bolts. A second later the rain fell heavily, soaking Lox's clothes until it stuck to his skin. His eyes didn't move from Rose's scarred hand.

"Glory would be mine?" Lox asked.

Rose nodded. "You'll get all the praise you deserve."

"Would I be allowed to come back to see my family?"

"I was under the impression from your heaving rucksack that you wouldn't care to see them again," Rose replied.

Lox looked up and stared at Rose. Her dark eyes lit up as he put the knife in his pocket and seized Rose's battered hand.

"Let's go home," she said.

That was the last night that Lox Knight was seen in Legends Village.

Leah Knight cried in disbelief when she awoke the following morning, armed with pancakes and tea, to find her baby gone. Every day she stayed at home, just in case he came back, fighting the nightmare that he was lying dead somewhere. Lox's three-year-old sister Emily cried with her mother, unaware of the seriousness of the situation though she could sense her mother's sadness.

Three years later, no one had heard a word.

Thirty-five million pounds was the going rate for his safe return. Thomas had left the family home years ago, promising Leah that he would search the world if he had to and would return home with their son.

The news blared out every day in the living room and newspaper articles were scattered over the marble floor bearing Lox's handsome face as Leah waited for news on her boy, or on Thomas, and yet nothing came. Every other day, somebody would call her confirming that they had spotted Lox and then ask for the reward money. Thomas returned months later with no Lox.

After a year had passed, Leah died from her long battle with breast cancer, leaving behind her seven-year-old daughter Emily and husband, Thomas. A heartbroken Thomas, determined to fulfil his dead wife's last wish, went back on his search to find Lox. He moved Emily's godparents, Sally and Michael Meran, into his family mansion and they became Emily's legal guardians. As Emily got older, her father visited less and less until the visits stopped altogether.



CHAPTER ONE

The Osaki Training School

Emily Knight touched the bird-shaped necklace on the display. She picked it up and held it to her neck. She thought the contrast of the blue against her caramel skin was beautiful. Emily looked around the shop. The staff were running up and down the stairs, there was a long queue at the till and the burly security guard was talking to a lady pushing a pram.

Emily slipped the necklace into her jeans pocket. She continued to look at the other displays, gradually filling up her pockets with jewellery.

"Excuse me, but you're banned from this shop."

Emily recognised the chubby blonde lady, today wearing a pink knitted dress, who was frowning at her. She had caught Emily shoplifting twice over the past few months. Some of the customers stopped and stared. One of them pulled out their camera phone.

Emily shrugged her shoulders. "Am I? Cool. I'll leave."

She turned to go, but the lady grabbed her arm tightly.

"Hey!" Emily said clenching her fists.

"Aren't you forgetting something? That jewellery hasn't been paid for."

"I ain't got nothing," Emily spat, unclenching her fists and a small fire flame flickered in the middle of it. "So take your fat hands off me."

The lady quickly released her when she saw the flame. "Right. Ahmed," she called over to the security guard, who winked at the woman with the pram.

He marched over to Emily, shouting codes into his walkie-talkie.

"Be careful, she's one of them," the lady whispered to the security guard.

"One of what?" Emily said angrily, as the flame turned red.

"Do you want to empty your pockets, miss?"

"Like I told her," Emily said, through gritted teeth. "I ain't got nothing."

The security guard raised his eyebrows and pointed at her pocket. A flower pendent was hanging out of it. Emily's flame rapidly disappeared.

"Let's go downstairs," the blonde lady said, when she saw the customers staring. "I believe you know the way." She stared coldly at Emily, who rolled her eyes and allowed herself to be led towards the stairs.

Emily placed her forehead on the wooden table, listening to the clock tick. A policeman next to her tutted and shuffled some papers beside her. Emily looked up and saw him reading the newspaper. The headline read KNIGHT'S FREE

SPREE IN HARRODS and underneath was a picture of her, holding Harrods shopping bags and six security guards chasing after her. Emily snickered. The policeman looked at her and turned the paper over, so he could see the headline.

"Stealing isn't funny. It's a serious offence."

"So I've been told. That's the good thing about being rich, you can buy your way out of anything."

The policeman put down the paper and looked sternly at Emily. "Why didn't you pay for the jewellery? Or the things from Harrods? It would be petty change to you."

Emily stared at her nails, checking to see if her red nail polish was ruined. "Didn't feel like it."

The policeman picked up his paper. "Spoilt brat," he muttered.

Emily hit the front of the paper, so that it fell out of the policeman's hand.

"I don't care what you, or anyone thinks!"

"When I get a hold of that girl!"

The office door opened and a skinny, scraggy-faced woman with long, oily brown hair and small grey eyes stormed into the room.

"You!" Sally Meran screamed at Emily, who looked unfazed. "How many times do the police have to call me because of your stealing? If your father could see you—"

"Well, he can't," Emily cut in, rolling her thick dark hair into a messy bun. "They've got back all the jewellery, so can we go?"

"Do you even know how wrong stealing is?" Sally asked in disbelief, as she walked towards her.

"I've heard it's pretty bad," Emily said, smiling.

"Don't you be smart with me, young lady," Sally snapped.

"Ms, she was caught with two hundred pounds' worth of jewellery," the policeman informed Sally, whose mouth dropped open.

"Which is nothing to the thousands I almost got from Harrods," Emily said.

"Enough!" Sally roared, pointing at Emily. "Just be quiet!"

Emily sighed and placed her head back on the table as she listened to Sally apologising to the policeman. That was the problem with getting caught. She always had to listen to the same lecture. Sally complaining that she was at her wits' end with what to do with her, then her husband Michael would say that they were letting Thomas down and they had to be stricter on her. Then Jenny Li, her counsellor, was called and Emily had to talk to her about her issues.

Emily didn't feel she had issues. She knew she was an angry girl, but who wouldn't be? Her mother had died, her brother had run away causing her father to go and chase after him, so she had no family around her. Emily had a constant ache in her heart that didn't go away whenever she thought of her family. She often wondered if her dad loved Lox more? Or if he would have left Lox to find her? Jenny said she shouldn't think such thoughts and of course her dad loved her, but it was hard to tell when he wasn't around.

Sally and Michael were her godparents, but also fostered four children who lived with them in her family mansion. They loved that Emily was a warrior and constantly hassled her to show off her powers. They thought she was cool because she was the daughter of Thomas Knight, the leader of the Five Warriors.

The Five Warriors were some of the strongest warriors to exist; Thomas Knight, Roberta Taniana, Hubert Jenkins, Cecil Archinia and Niles Thompson.

They built their reputation on defeating evil warriors, using their powers for good, saving lives and winning worldwide warrior competitions. They were treated like rock stars by warriors and non-warriors. Boys loved Roberta Taniana because she was beautiful and strong and girls loved Niles Thompson because he was sixteen and gorgeous, but Thomas Knight was the most popular amongst everyone. He was the only warrior in the world to battle the evil Neci and win.

Neci was notorious for winning battles and killing her opponents. Her goal was to be the strongest warrior in the world and she didn't care who she had to kill to succeed. She had famously killed Cecil Archinia and Niles Thompson in the same battle that Thomas had won. The deaths of Cecil and Niles eventually ended the heart broken Five Warriors. After her first loss, Neci had fled. No one knew where and no one hoped to see her again. Thomas had gone down in history, for being one of the greatest warriors that had ever lived.

Emily thought back to the day of when she had got her powers. She was seven years old. She ran crying into Sally and Michael's room, screaming as smoke surrounded her hands. She felt like her flesh was burning off. Michael had grabbed the bottle of water by his bedside table and thrown it at Emily. The water sizzled as it hit her hands and the smoke disappeared. Sally grabbed Emily's hands and was in disbelief to see that they were fine with no scars.

After that night, Emily had felt different. She felt stronger, faster, her senses were heightened and her body felt lighter. She wasn't surprised by the changes to her body, or even that they appeared earlier than the average age (warriors usually received powers when they turned thirteen) because Lox and Thomas's powers had also come early. But she didn't expect her powers to come and go as they pleased. One minute she could barge through walls, making them crash down around her, then the next minute she would knock herself out as she charged at the wall and it stayed solid.

Emily hated that she was constantly compared to Thomas and Lox. She hated that she had no control over her powers. She hated that the kids at school treated her differently out of fear or adoration.

Sally refused to send Emily to private school like the other warrior children in the neighbourhood, for fear that she would end up spoilt. Instead, Emily was sent to public school, but she stood out like a sore thumb. She was harassed with questions about her family, money, even about her famous neighbours to the point where Emily begged Sally to fire the driver and maids and to get rid of the Aston Martin, just so she could fit in a little bit more. But what Emily hated the most was when everyone assumed that she was this brilliant, skilful warrior and she wasn't.

It didn't help that she lived in Legends Village. An exclusive neighbourhood where the residents were famous warriors. Everyone lived in five-storey mansions with an indoor swimming pool, cinema, training room and a zillion bedrooms. She was surrounded by excellence. She lived next door to Roberta Taniana and Hubert Jenkins from

the Five Warriors, so the press camped in Legends Village. They would be outside her door waiting for a story, hoping that they had found the next 'legend' in her.

One time, she took her little foster sisters, Rosy Lang-Sheen and Yvonne Saunders, to the park and they were immediately ambushed by the press. Bright lights flashed at them and the girls started to cry. Emily had felt an anger rise up in her and before she knew it, most of the paparazzi were on the floor, knocked out. She didn't know how she had done it, but since then, she had a reputation as a dangerous brat.

"Emily! Emily!"

"Huh?" Emily said, sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

"Come on, we're going home," Sally said, before she marched out of the office.

The car ride home was quiet. Emily kept glancing at Sally, waiting for her to explode, but Sally remained tight-lipped. Emily took out her mp3 and put the headphones in her ear. Before she pressed play, Sally rested a hand on her leg.

"Yeah?" Emily asked, removing the headphones.

"I was so worried that you had sent more security guards and paparazzi to the hospital. I've run out of 'get well soon' cards." Sally's mouth twitched as she looked at Emily.

"I did have a flame, but I got rid of it," Emily confessed. "You know I don't mean to hurt them. I don't even know how I do—"

"I know," Sally interrupted, squeezing Emily's leg gently. "But we have to fix this, Emily. You can't go through life hurting people and hoping they'll understand. You need control. There are already people out there who are scared of warriors and they make it harder for you all to exist.

Adding thieving on top of it doesn't help. You don't want your dad reading in the paper that his daughter is stealing from Harrods! Especially when you have millions in the bank. He'll start thinking Michael and I are pulling the wool over his eyes."

Sally laughed to herself, but Emily didn't reply. She hoped that her father would see his thieving daughter as front page news and rush home. It was her way of saying that she needed him.

"But we will fix this, that's a promise," Sally said as she turned the car on to their street, filled with rows of mansions with perfectly kept gardens. Emily nodded and put back in her headphones.



There was a quiet knock on the door.

"Come in," Emily called from her desk.

She closed the text book she was reading and Michael Meran popped his head around the door. His square glasses were at the tip of his nose and he pushed them back up.

"Hey, Ems, you busy?"

Emily shook her head. She noticed he was wearing the grey checked shirt she had got him for his birthday. He didn't know it was stolen.

"I was just doing some summer homework."

"Oh, that's good to hear. Do you mind coming downstairs quickly?"

Emily got up and followed Michael. She paused and asked, "Am I in trouble?"

"No, honey," Michael said, looking back at her and smiling. "I think you're really going to like this."

Michael led her into the dining room where Sally and Emily's counsellor, Jenny Li, were sitting around the oak table. It was the only room in the house not covered with toys and hair products.

"Hi, Emily," Jenny said excitedly. Jenny was a pretty Chinese woman, with shoulder-length auburn hair. She was wearing a short, white summer dress that clung to her petite body and showed an ample amount of her toned thigh. In contrast to Sally, who had changed and now had her oily hair tied up into a messy ponytail and was wearing black leggings and one of Michael's faded University of Kent jumpers.

Jenny patted the seat next to her and Emily sat. Emily leaned on the table, but it was still sticky from when Rosy had spilt her juice at dinner. At times like this, Emily missed the maid. She kept her hands in her lap.

"So, what's going on?" Emily looked at the three of them, and they all glanced at each other.

"Well, we've reviewed your file with Jenny and we all felt it was important that we found you the right type of support," Sally said.

Emily frowned. "Support?"

"With your powers," Michael explained. "We know that when warriors are thirteen, they receive their powers and are meant to join a training school. You got your powers early and they've been developing quickly, but because of your age, we couldn't find a suitable place that could teach you how to keep them under control."

"But now that you're thirteen, we've found somewhere," Jenny said, sliding over a prospectus.

Emily picked it up, staring at the colourful cover. It had a picture of two young warriors sparring over a beautiful koi pond.

"The Osaki Training School?"

"Oh Emily, it's brilliant," Jenny said, reaching over and opening the prospectus. "They teach martial arts, they have meditation rooms and they even teach you how to breathe under water!"

"Really?" Emily asked dubiously, re-checking the information.

"Yes! And so many famous warriors have trained there. Tainwo Kena, Penelope Summers, you know she was the youngest warrior ever to play Dojo professionally," Jenny said knowingly.

"And don't forget the Five Warriors," Michael chipped in. "Roberta Taniana, Jenkins, Cecil and Niles."

"Your parents and Lox," Sally said.

"They went here?" Emily said, surprised.

Sally nodded. "The Five Warriors formed at this school. It's where they all discovered their amazing powers. Emily, this could be you."

Emily laughed. "I don't know about amazing powers, but if they can help me control it, that would be great. So when does it start?"

"It starts on September 3rd and it works just like a regular school. You go in from Monday to Friday. You can get a bus from St Bertudes, which would take an hour. Driving is forty minutes, or to fly is twenty, but then it depends how

fast you can fly. You can't fly, can you?" Jenny asked and Emily shook her head.

"I think she'll get driven," Sally said sternly, looking at Emily.

"You already have a place because you're a Knight, so all we need to do is get your training kit and you're all set, so what do you think?" Jenny said it all in one breath.

"Well," Emily said slowly, feeling overwhelmed. "I think it sounds . . . okay."

"Just okay?" Jenny said astonished. "Emily, I know you're not in love with your powers, but this is first class training! There is the option of staying up there, would you prefer that, so you can be with your friends?"

"I haven't made them yet!" Emily said, rolling her eyes. "And no, I don't want to be stuck in a room with some weird fans of my dad. I'll just commute."

"Emily, are you alright?" Sally asked frowning. "You don't sound too pleased."

"Look, it's bad enough being at a school where everyone treats me differently. Now, I'm going to go to this school where they worship my dad even more and people will just be expecting too much from me."

"This is a fantastic experience and who cares what anyone else thinks about you? You just do the best you can do as you've always done," Michael said, smiling at her. "We all want what's best for you. You do know that?"

Emily nodded and looked around the table. "Thank you, I do appreciate all your effort," she said. "I just need some time to get my head around this. I'm going to take this upstairs and read through it."

Emily left the table, hugging the prospectus tight to her chest. When she opened the door to her room, she was instantly bombarded with questions.

"So, what was it?"

"What's happening?

"Are you leaving?"

"You're smiling—why?"

"Guys!" Emily shouted over the racket the kids were making. She hid the prospectus behind her back. "I will tell you all in the morning. Now go to bed, it's way past your bed time."

"Oh," James Evernham, Rosy Lang-Sheen and Yvonne Saunders moaned.

"But you're going to tell Cathy, aren't you?" Rosy asked, crossing her arms and pouting.

Cathy Lee shook her head solemnly, making her blonde curls bounce. "I promise, I'll find out in the morning too." She crossed her two fingers at Rosy.

Clearly satisfied, Rosy skipped out of the room hand in hand with Yvonne.

"Emily," James said, running up to her. "You know tomorrow can we play 'Smash the Bricks' in the garden? I want to see if you can break them all with just one punch."

Emily laughed. "Sure, but I think I smashed them all from the last game."

"Oh." James looked crestfallen. His brown fringe fell into his eyes.

"I'm sure Dad will buy some more," Cathy said, making James jump up and down.

"Yeah, he will. I'm going to ask him now," James said, running out of the bedroom.

Emily made sure he had gone all the way downstairs before she hopped onto her bed and placed the prospectus in between her and Cathy. Out of everyone, Emily felt the closest to Cathy. They were only a year apart (Cathy was older) and Emily's mother, Leah and Sally had been best friends, so the girls had grown up together.

"Wow, what is this?" Cathy asked, picking up the prospectus. "The Osaki Training School, you're going to a training school?"

"Yeah," Emily said miserably.

"Don't get too excited," Cathy said as she flicked through it.

"I admit it does sound cool, but they're just going to treat me the same, aren't they?"

"You don't know that," Cathy said, putting an arm around her. "Look, if this is as good as it looks then I'm sure it'll be worth the hassle. Emily, this is not about them. This is about you. For safety reasons, you need to get this under control."

Emily smiled. "So there will be no more walls falling down . . . by accident anyway."

Cathy laughed. "Exactly, Mum and Dad would be so grateful that you're not destroying this gorgeous house. I wonder what they're going to think when they see you? It's Emily Knight, daughter of the sexy Thomas Knight, the thirteen-year-old Harrods thief."

"Shut up," Emily laughed, throwing her pillow at Cathy, which missed and hit the wall. "And please don't call my dad sexy, that's weird."

Cathy laughed. "I still can't get over you stealing from Harrods."

"You dared me to," Emily said defensively.

"I know, but I didn't think you would." Cathy moved closer to her. "Emily, this whole stealing phase isn't really funny anymore. I mean, Harrods was crazy! I know you said your dad will only remember you if you're on the cover of every paper, but I doubt he's forgotten you, how could he?"

Emily sighed and fell back onto the bed, with her arms under her head. "I've been in the papers religiously, for about two years now with no contact, so I need a new plan anyway. Hey, when they teach me how to fly, I can fly all over the world to find my dad."

"As long as you take me with you," Cathy said. "We'll leave a note for Mum and Dad." Cathy stretched out her arms and yawned. "I guess that's my cue. See you in the morning, babe."

"Night, Cath," Emily said as Cathy left the room.

Emily got up and paced around her large room. She stared at her four-poster bed, the family pictures on her bedside table and back to her bed where the prospectus was. Emily picked it up and left her bedroom. She walked down the hallway and opened the last door. She put on the light and looked at Lox's bedroom.

It had not changed since he left as Thomas wanted to keep it the same for him, for when he came back. He had pictures of battles on his bed covers and the walls. All of his trophies were lined up in his glass trophy case. There was a massive picture of him holding the World Warrior Tournament trophy, with their father right behind him. Emily

always found Lox's expression odd in that particular picture because he was smiling, but there was a sadness in his eyes.

Emily always visited Lox's room whenever she was uncertain of things. She wasn't sure why, but she felt like she could think better in his room. Emily sat on his bed and reopened the prospectus. She read through the first paragraph before she felt a strong energy. Emily's eyes darted from left to right. She closed her eyes. The energy felt even stronger and it was coming from the window. Cautiously, she walked towards the window. The wind blew Lox's curtains up and Emily grabbed them and wrenched them open.

She gasped when she saw a person floating in front of her, covered head to toe in black, so all Emily could see were light brown eyes. Emily could make out a lean, muscular figure with prominent biceps. The pair locked eyes and neither of them moved, or spoke. Emily opened her mouth, but words seemed to escape her.

"Don't go," he said in a deep voice.

"W-What?" Emily frowned.

"Don't go there," he said, before he slowly started to fade until he was gone.

Emily stuck her head out of the window searching for the person, but he had disappeared. She closed her eyes, but she couldn't sense his energy either.

"Don't go where?" Emily shouted, but she had no response.