

CHAPTER EIGHT: TELEPATHY

Justin walked unto the mansion with a cold face, Jasmine and Colin were sitting at the gazebo

when he walked past them without showing any respect to the elders,

“Justin! Come back here.” Colin called, he might be older and has greatly advanced in years but

his cold aura and fierceness is still in fact, he still us the most ruthless man in the De Marco’s

family so far,

The boy walked to them,

“Grandpa, mommy good afternoon.” He greeted, not waiting their reply he turned back and left.

“He must be in a bad mood grandpa, don’t scold him.” Jasmine said to the older man when she

noticed he was going to call the boy back,

“That doesn’t mean he should disrespect his elders, Alex would have to start disciplining the

boy before he grows wild.” The man muttered,

“Grandpa, I’ll talk to him when he gets back but for now concentrate on your health and finish up

this herbs, they’ll help you recuperate faster.” She handed the unfinished herbal concoction in a

bowl to the man, who drank it quickly.

Justin was already asleep when his father came home, the man took the elevator up to his son’s

room, opened the door and got inside.

The boy was soundly asleep, so he didn’t wanna wake him up, he kissed the boy’s furrowed

brows and turned to leave when the boy muttered something in his sleep,

“Mommy wait.” Andres turned to the boy, he sat by the bed and caress his cheek, When Justin was younger, he’d dreams.

Dreams where he saw a woman calling on to him but he couldn’t get to her because they great

distance between them.

The woman is always with a younger boy who looks exactly like himself and most times in his dream, he'll try to go after them but he had never caught up with them, they are always far from his reach.

Most times after running for ages, he'll only continue to see them go farther and farther till they're out of sight.

Often after having such dreams, the boy wakes up with high fever or heartache. So many doctors have been asked to know what the problem was but they all came up with one word

'Telepathy.'

It's a connection between two people, they tend to feel each other's presence even if they aren't close.

But what bothered Andre was this, How can one have telepathy to his dead twins?

That's the question, those renowned doctors and physicians couldn't answer. Since nothing was said to be wrong with the boy, the matter was put at rest. Meanwhile, Gianna and Reid had just arrived at Tony's house, the happy grandfather was

waiting for them at the corridor,

At the sight of his grandfather, Reid left his mom's hand and ran to the man throwing his

lightweight body at the man who caught him joyously,

"How's my favorite grandson doing?" The man asked, smiling at him,

"Grandpa, Reid did very well in school and the teacher gave him five stars." The boy announced,

showing his star book to his grandfather,

"Woo...oh, Reid's a very intelligent boy, grandpa will treat you to lots of chocolates after

dinner." The man said proudly, just then Gianna walked up to them.

Looking at how happy her son and her father is makes her joyous,

“Good evening father.” She greeted the man, he bent over and pecked her forehead,
“How’re you Gigi?” He asked his daughter, the woman smiled,
“Doing good and you?” He nodded then led them inside, keeping the boy in the living room, he followed his daughter to the kitchen. “So how are things going over at work?” He asked her, she nodded not looking at him but her concentration was on the pork she’d gotten,
“Where’s mom and my sister?” She asked him,
Even though those two hadn’t accepted her and treat her like family, she made it a duty to ask after them whenever she came around,
“Camille’s out on her usuals while Carol went to get something down the street.” He’d reply, Looking at his daughter, he felt so dissatisfied, she looks thinner than ever,
“Gigi, are you okay?” He asked her again, she nodded, this time took a glance at him,
“Yes, I’m fine dad, you worry too much.” She assured,
Actually she isn’t fine at all, she was drowning in worries,
The house rent is due.
She’ll have to pay her tax soon.
Reid’s medications are almost finished and she needs to refill them.
And so many other things she needs to do but has not enough resources to do it.
But like the sensible person she is, she isn’t going to cry to her father or let her son see her vulnerability, she act like she’s got everything under control but deep down, she’s really lost.
Reid cried jerked her from her memory road, she ran to the living room to know what’s wrong but heard Carol’s yelling voice,
“Stop calling me grandma you bastard.” The woman cursed her son,
This isn’t the first time and wouldn’t be the last,
Carol and Camille had the habit of making sure her son and herself are in pain.
The boy ran beside his mom,

“Mommy, grandma’s mad at me again but Reid did nothing.” He cried, she tugged him closer,

“Reid go to my room, I’ll be right there.” She said to the boy,

As the boy turned to leave, he bumped into Camille, the latter gave him a tight slap that sent the

boy falling back to Gianna’s arm. Immediately, Justin who asleep woke up with a great cry,

Andre who was in his study ran to the boy’s room, seeing his son like this really hurts him.

He sat beside the boy,

“Another nightmare?” He asked putting his arm around the boy, who nodded with fear still

visible on his face,

“Your brother again?” He asked, the boy nodded,

“Someone pushed him and I didn’t see him again.” The boy said making it sound real.

Andre pulled the boy to himself,

“Don’t worry, he’s safe.” He said, the boy looked at him,

“Father, do you think he’s real?” His lips trembled as he asked,

“I wish he is.” With this, he laid the boy back to the bed,

“Go to sleep, remember you have practice with your tutor tomorrow.” He coerced the boy to

sleep while he lay there and watched him sleep.

When Justin was three, he was sent to Boot Camp.

Boot Camp is a type of training for kids from the age of seven and above but the De Marcos

attend this camp when they’re three.

Andre had agreed with his grandfather, saying the boy should be sent there, he’d gone to the

camp and so had his father and grandfather, so his son was no different.

The Camp lasted for a the whole summer and he’d expected Justin to run back home but the boy

proved to be willful, he stayed till the end.

The boy proved to be strong when for the next four consecutive years, he made his father send

him there to practice.

Now almost eight, Justin can assemble any fire arms or war weapon under seconds,

He knows the great art of fighting and has mastered the art of shooting and archery Even though he lagged behind at his studies, he was a real fighter making Andre proud of him.

When kids his age are busy with cartoons and toys, he was busy assembling guns and firearms or training in his archery spot.