

## Prologue

"I understand you want to keep this a secret for as long as possible but their powers are going to manifest themselves regardless of whether we want them to or not." David reasoned with his wife, Diane.

It was five o'clock on the morning of the 17<sup>th</sup> birthday of their quadruplets, Amelia, Ben, Charlie and Sam. David and Diane Taylor were arguing about whether to tell their children they had inherited magical abilities through their paternal family lineage. David had agreed with Diane they would not tell their children about their gift until they were older, however they had never been able to decide when the right time was, but now their children's powers were going to start to develop from their 17th birthday, as was the way it had always worked in his family.

"I don't think they need to know about magic and I'm not sure they will react very well to the news, particularly Charlie." Diane protested.

"You don't know for certain how they are going to respond and anyway isn't it better that they know their family history, rather than continuing to hide it." David replied. "I have been watching them, particularly the last few months, and I believe I have figured out which element they will each control. Lia will have control of water because she is a creative and understanding person, due to this, she will also have the gift of empathy, which means she will be able to experience what other people feel. Sam will have the power of fire as he is impulsive and quite temperamental; Charlie will inherit earth abilities, related to his grounded and logical nature and Ben will be able to influence air, like me, as he is the most independent of our children and enjoys learning but he can be a bit impractical."

"They are our children David. I've got seventeen years' experience with them, so I can be pretty sure of their reactions: admittedly Lia will love it, Ben and Sam won't be bothered either way and will probably just use their powers as another way to compete with each other, but Charlie will hate it, he won't accept it and it's him I'm worried about." Diane explained.

"I'm concerned about him too but I am more afraid about them being attacked by the Foulds, and being completely unprepared. Joe has taught his kids magic since they could talk, so they will use any trick in the book to try and steal my family's powers. They won't be concerned about hurting our children. The best chance Lia, Ben, Charlie and Sam have is for them to be informed and for me to start teaching them how to harness and use their abilities." David countered.

"Aren't you the least bit anxious it will make them feel abnormal and out of place?" Diane asked.

"Not in the slightest, they will still have you as their mum, which will keep them centred and allow them to continue as they are." David answered, giving his wife a quick kiss.

"Mum! Dad!" Lia, their daughter called, knocking loudly on their door.

"We're coming!" Diane called back. "Let them have this morning. You can tell them in the afternoon."

"Hurry up!" Sam yelled up the stairs to the second floor, when Diane came out of their room, followed closely by David.

She smiled as Lia bolted down the stairs just ahead of them and joined her brothers, who were hovering at the top of the first floor stairs.

“You can go.” David announced just before he and Diane got to the bottom of the stairs.

They watched with a grin, as Sam shoved Ben out of the way, so he could get downstairs first. He arrived followed by Ben on his heels, with Charlie and Lia not far behind. They burst into the front living room, where their birthday presents were laid out neatly.

“Cool!” Sam exclaimed after he ripped open the card from his parents, which informed him he could have driving lessons for his birthday and he would be sharing a car with Charlie.

“What’s that?” Ben queried, studying the box he had just unwrapped, containing his wireless headphones and speakers.

“Driving lessons, plus Charlie and I will be sharing a car.” Sam replied, tearing open the wrapping paper of his present, the new Liverpool strip.

“Banging!” Ben cheered, opening the card and seeing he also received driving lessons and would share a car with Lia.

“Looks like we will all be learning to drive.” Charlie stated, as he and Lia reviewed their cards.

“Bet, I’m the first one to pass their test.” Sam declared.

“Not a chance, I can beat you at driving any day of the week.” Ben retorted.

“You can take your time.” Lia reminded them.

“No way!” Sam smirked.

“What did you get Lia?” Ben asked, watching his sister carefully open a small box.

“This cute heart jewellery set.” Lia answered, holding it up for him to see.

“Nice.” Ben replied. “What about you Charlie?”

“The complete works of Stephen Hawking.” Charlie told him, flicking through one of his books.

“Thanks Mum, thanks Dad!” Lia cried suddenly, jumping up from her seat and hugging them both, before diving out of the room to deal with her dogs, Betty and Veronica, who were barking like mad in the kitchen.

“Yeah, thanks.” Ben and Sam echoed.

“Shall I go fix your breakfast, then you guys can exchange your gifts?” Diane queried, following her daughter out of the room.

“Yeah, I’m starving.” Sam announced.

## Chapter One

*13<sup>th</sup> May 2018*

It was late on Sunday afternoon, Sam sat in his usual spot, lounging on one of the comfy living room chairs, watching the last day of the football season with his brother, Ben, and a few of their friends. About an hour ago, their sister, Lia, had come down to join them and she was currently sat curled up against her boyfriend Aidan, with her English Anthology balanced between their legs so she could continue studying. Sam couldn't help but feel a little bit jealous occasionally, watching his sister and Aidan, as she rested her head on his shoulder and he ran a hand over her hair. Sam had never been in a relationship where things were that natural and he sometimes thought it would be nice to have one like theirs, rather than a purely physical one. Shaking his head, he turned back to the football, just in time to see a goal scored.

The goal was met by a series of cheers and groans, depending on who they were supporting.

"You owe me a fiver." Jake announced, from where he was sat, sprawled on a bean bag, near Sam's feet.

"Never." Sam retorted.

"Yep."

"How come?"

"Today's bet, Kane scored before Salah." Jake reminded him.

"Shit!" Sam muttered.

"Loser." Ben called from the sofa.

"Get stuffed."

"You knew it was a stupid bet when you made it." Liam, one of their friends, chimed in.

"Kane is desperate, too much pressure on him. That's why I chose Salah, plus he's better than Kane." Sam argued.

"Mate, just look at the evidence." Jake laughed.

"Sam, you lost the bet, pay the fiver." Ben told him.

Sam grabbed his wallet out of his pocket, yanked a five pound note out and slapped it into Jake's open palm.

"Always a pleasure mate." Jake said, making a show of putting it in his own wallet.

Once they had settled up, the group went back to watching the football, in relative quiet apart from the occasional shout or moan about passes and missed shots. When half-time came around, Sam shoved himself out of his chair and headed out of the living room into the kitchen. He grabbed various cans of fizzy drinks that were chilling in the fridge, to take back through with him. Turning

round to head out, he nearly collided with Lia who was walking in with her head still in the Anthology she was reading.

“At least try to watch where you are going.” Sam suggested with a smile, when Lia came to a startled stop just in front of him.

“Nah, you always move out of the way.” Lia replied, laughing.

“One day you’ll fall over the dogs.” Sam commented, with a grin.

“I do that at least twice a week.” Lia responded, with a wink.

“How does Aidan put up with you?” Sam teased.

“I have a high level of tolerance.” Aidan quipped, coming up behind Lia.

Before Sam or Lia could respond, there was a series of quiet knocks at the door. Betty and Veronica, the family dogs, ran out of the kitchen, completely disregarding the humans standing in the doorway. Sam sighed and followed the dogs, with Lia trailing behind him, to grab the dogs before they could jump at whoever was at the door. Glancing over his shoulder to make sure that Lia was holding the dogs’ collars, Sam yanked the door open, then stood slightly shocked.

“I hope now isn’t a bad time?” sniffled Emily, Lia’s newest friend.

Emily had entered their lives in a dramatic fashion. She was the cousin of Edward, who had arrived last winter and announced that he and Lia were destined to be together. He had refused to take no for an answer and continued to harass Lia even though she was dating Aidan. However, Emily had become a really good friend to Lia and she was the only one who knew about their magic powers, as she was a witch herself, with the ability to see the future.

“Erm, no.” Sam stuttered, backing away when he saw that Emily was crying.

Sam was not brilliant with tears, even though Lia did have a tendency to cry a lot. He moved away, so Lia could talk to her friend and deal with the tears.

“Emily, are you OK?” Lia asked, concerned. “Come in.”

Sam took Veronica from Lia, while she handed Betty to Aidan, so she could hug her friend as she came into the house. Taking the dogs with them, Sam and Aidan went back into the living room, leaving Lia and Emily in peace.

“Is everything OK, Em?” Lia asked, leading Emily into the kitchen.

“It’s Edward! He set me up with one of his friends.” Emily replied, wiping her wet cheeks. “And now it’s just a mess.”

Lia watched Emily sink into one of the kitchen chairs, then turned to put the kettle on, while Emily tried to pull herself back together. Leaning her head on the table, Emily sighed and felt a fresh rush of tears begin to sting her eyes. Smiling gratefully, Emily picked up the cup of tea Lia placed in front of her, and took a small sip.

“So, what happened with this guy?” Lia asked, once Emily had stopped crying.

“Well, to start with he seemed like a really nice person and he got on well with Edward and my grandma. I’ve been seeing him since the Easter holidays.” Emily explained. “He goes to Durham University, so it’s not far for us to meet each other. I went to see him yesterday, we were going to go out for a meal then go to the theatre.”

Emily paused for a few seconds to gather herself and take a few sips of her drink.

“Emily, I didn’t know you were coming round.” Charlie said, coming into the kitchen.

“It was a bit of a spur of the moment decision.” Emily muttered, managing a watery smile for him, as he walked past her.

“I wish I had time to chat, but exams are just around the corner so I need to continue revising.” Charlie stated, as he got himself a glass of water and headed back out of the kitchen.

“We should talk in my room.” Lia declared, standing up and grabbing her mug off the table.

Emily followed Lia more slowly out of the room, glancing into the back living room, to see if she could see Sam, who was now engrossed in watching the football with his friends. She shook her head as she knew nothing could happen between them, because she wasn’t Sam’s type. She was a petite brunette, relatively flat-chested and quite shy with traditional values, whereas Sam went for curvy blondes, who were modern and outgoing. Emily sped up a bit, so she could catch up with Lia, who had paused halfway up the stairs to wait for her. Following Lia up the two flights of stairs to her room, Emily laughed at the contrast between their bedrooms. Lia’s room always looked like a bomb had hit it, but it was worse at the moment because she was trying to revise for their upcoming AS Level exams, so there were mind maps and flashcards scattered across the floor, alongside the usual jumble of clothes and books. Emily’s room on the other hand was as neat as a pin, as she had been brought up to keep her room tidy.

“We shouldn’t be interrupted in here, carry on with your story.” Lia said, as she plopped down on her bed, next to Emily.

“So, we had the whole evening planned and I had booked the train tickets.” Emily explained. “I called him Friday afternoon and everything seemed fine. He said he was looking forward to seeing me, he had reserved the restaurant and bought the theatre tickets. However, on Saturday morning he didn’t answer any of my texts or Whatsapps but I didn’t think anything of it because I know he is also busy revising. Anyway, I hadn’t heard from him all morning but we had made plans, so, I got on the train as planned and called him when I was about a stop away from Durham. He sounded distracted but we still met up, but then it got weird. Part way through dinner he just announced that he couldn’t see me anymore but he clammed up when I asked why. I left before we went to the theatre, I didn’t want to spend the evening feeling awkward, particularly if he didn’t want to be with me anymore.”

“So, what upset you today?” Lia asked, feeling more than a bit confused.

“He tried calling me all last night and this morning, eventually my grandma got fed up of the phone ringing and she demanded that I answer.” Emily clarified. “When I did, he told me the reason he no longer wanted to continue dating is because Edward visited him after our phone conversation.”

Edward was with his dad, my Uncle James, as they are here for a visit. It turns out they were quite keen to set up a merger with his family because, you know, Wicca and that scared him but he says he likes me.”

“Your family is definitely keen on merging with other Wiccan families.” Lia murmured carefully.

“It’s completely insane! We had been on like five dates and we were just getting to know each other.” Emily declared. “It wasn’t like it was the love match of the century.”

“Have you told your grandma about what happened?” Lia asked, squeezing her friend’s shoulder.

“What’s the point, she’ll be on their side, just like she always is?” Emily grumbled.

“Still, if it’s upsetting you, you should talk to her. She is your guardian and the matriarch of your family, she does have some control over their actions.” Lia continued.

“I don’t know. It’s not like I saw a future with him. I’m just upset that, once again, Edward and Uncle James have taken it upon themselves to dictate my life.” Emily sighed.

“You would be the one to know if you had a future with a guy.” Lia joked.

“That’s not funny.” Emily said, but she did manage a smile.

Back downstairs, Sam was engrossed in the football, content in the knowledge that Liverpool were now guaranteed a top four spot and would be playing in the Champions League next season, as Chelsea were losing to Newcastle. He had all but forgotten about Emily crying when he had opened the door earlier. He felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and reached in to grab it.

*Sarah: Do you want to do something tonight? Xx*

Sam shook his head and jammed his phone back in his pocket, he had been seeing Sarah for the last couple of weeks, as she was attractive and willing to be adventurous about how they spent their time together. However, Sam did not see a relationship with her going forward because he wanted a girl who he could talk to, alongside some chemistry between them. In that vein, he had his eye on his sister’s newly single friend, Heather. She was a tall blonde, which was his type and they had had numerous flirty conversations in the past but because she had been in a long-term relationship, it hadn’t gone any further. Sam planned to change that now she was available and was just giving her some space before asking her on a date.

“Yo! Are you paying attention?” Jake asked, punching Sam in the arm.

“Yeah, I was just planning what I’m going to make you wear, when we win the Champions League.” Sam told his friend.

“Give it up mate, you have no chance against Real.” Jake laughed.

“We beat City.” Sam argued.

“Real are the best team in the world, you have no chance.” Jake countered.

“We can still beat them. You’re just pissed that Arsenal aren’t playing in the Champions League again.” Sam continued.

“Real have Ronaldo and Messi. They’ll score tons against your crap defence.” Phil, another of Sam’s friends, announced, joining in the debate.

“Where there’s will, there’s a way.” Sam declared.

“Absolutely delusional! Ben, tell your brother that he is out of his mind.” Jake demanded, with a chuckle.

“Sorry guys, I’m on his side on this, I think we can do it.” Ben admitted.

“Jesus, it’s like living in the land of misconceptions in here.” Jake cackled.

“I don’t know how the pair of them have managed it but they have even got their sister on board with this one.” Aidan said, grinning.

“I didn’t know she supported Liverpool?” Phil commented.

“I think it’s just the association with these two morons and David, I’m trying to educate her, so she learns that Arsenal are the team to support but so far no luck.” Aidan laughed.

“You and Lia talk about football? You two must have run out of things to say to each other, if Lia is talking about football already. Such a shame, I actually enjoyed being your friend.” Ben joked.

“Haha, you saying you will be Team Lia then?” Jake cracked.

“What the hell does that mean?” Phil asked.

“Well, apparently if a couple breaks up, sides are chosen by who you live with and who you are dating.” Sam observed.

“Our friendly Spurs supporter has not made it for the last couple of weeks because he and Heather have split so Lia has decided that me, Ben and Aidan are all Team Heather.” Sam explained, when Phil gave him a blank look.

“Oh shit, I hadn’t noticed that.” Jake muttered.

“Yep, if you hang out with us rather than with Luke, then by process of elimination you must be Team Heather.” Aidan told Jake, with a laugh.

“That’s demented.” Phil observed. “We are all grown-ups.”

“To be fair to Lia, all she said was that Heather was upset about the break up and it would be helpful if Luke didn’t come around for a bit, just in case Heather was here.” Ben explained, defending his sister.

“Still, she shouldn’t make it so one of your friends can’t come round, in case her friend comes round.” Phil argued.

“Doesn’t bother me. Sam, does it bother you?” Ben asked.

“No.” Sam replied.

“Oh shit... goal... this Tottenham – Leicester game is a thriller!” Jake suddenly interrupted.

“What’s the score now?” Sam asked, turning back to the screen, to see the goal replay.

“4-4, Vardy just equalised.” Jake commented.

The six boys all turned their attention back to the game in front of them, and were immediately sucked into the football, with a ninth goal, bringing Tottenham to a 5-4 win. At the end of the match, they all reviewed their fantasy football league and Sam was declared the overall winner. At the beginning of every Premier League season, for the last few years; Sam, Ben, Aidan, Jake, Phil, Luke, Matthew, Carl, Drew, Mike, Liam and Ryan all put £10 in a jar. Charlie looked after the jar to prevent any conflict and whoever won the fantasy league, got all of the money. For the last two years Sam had been the winner.

“Once again I win.” Sam crowed.

“Absolutely certain you cheat at this.” Jake grumbled.

“I can’t help it if I’m good at what I do.” Sam laughed.

“I’ll go and get the winnings off Charlie.” Ben announced, pushing himself out of his chair.

“While you’re up there, tell Lia I’ve gone to get Buster and I’ll be back in a few minutes.” Aidan yelled after Ben.

“Charlie!” Ben called, as he rapped his knuckles on Charlie’s bedroom door.

“I’m busy!” Charlie called back.

“I just need the winnings!” Ben yelled, through the door.

“I’m busy, can’t you wait?” Charlie grumbled.

“Come on, this will take two seconds.” Ben moaned.

“Fine.” Charlie sighed.

Wrenching open his bedroom door, Charlie shoved the jar in Ben’s hand, then slammed it shut again. Smiling, Ben continued up the stairs to Lia’s room and knocked on her door.

“Who is it?” Lia called.

“Ben! Aidan says he’s going to get Buster and will be back soon.” Ben answered.

“That’s fine, thanks.” Lia replied.

Shaking his head, Ben headed back downstairs to the living room, so he could deliver the winnings to Sam. At the bottom of the stairs, he paused to pet the family golden retrievers, Betty and Veronica.

They were primarily Lia's, as she had been begging their parents for a dog for as long as Ben could remember so for their sixteenth birthday, their parents had given in and bought her two puppies. The deal was that Lia had to walk, feed and clean up after them, which she always did apart from mornings, when either Sam or Charlie would walk them, as Lia was not great at getting up. The boys had learned to love the dogs, as they were very friendly and great companions.

"Hi girls, Lia will be down shortly." Ben told the dogs, when they looked up the stairs and whined.

"You got my money?" Sam called.

"You know there is nothing worse than a poor winner, right?" Ben teased, as he walked into the living room.

"I just want my winnings." Sam grinned. "Being a poor winner would be making you losers bow down to me because I am the King of Fantasy Football."

With a laugh, Ben tackled his brother off the chair he was standing on, starting a minor wrestling match in the middle of the living room, with Phil, Liam and Jake joining in.

"Nice to see that nothing changes." Lia observed, from the living room door.

"Go away." Sam chortled, as he struggled to get up from the floor, where Jake was pinning him down, while Ben, Liam and Phil rolled away.

"I just need Ben." Lia told him, leaning on the door frame.

"What's up?" Ben asked, pushing himself to his feet.

"Edward is coming round to pick Emily up in a few minutes." Lia explained.

Hearing Edward's name, Sam immediately pushed Jake off him and stood up, with the intention of marching straight to the front door, to take Edward on. Lia shook her head slightly at Sam, preventing him from stalking out of the living room. Sam glanced over his sister's shoulder and noticed that Emily was stood just behind her, looking worried. With a sigh, he sank down onto the sofa, deciding that the last thing he wanted to do was upset his sister and her pretty friend, by starting a fight with Edward, even if it was well deserved. Edward had made Lia's life hell for the last couple of months by continuously asking her out and making snide remarks about Aidan and Sam himself. Sam was spoiling for another fight because the last time Sam had landed one direct punch to Edward's nose and he had gone straight down.

"Have you told Charlie?" Ben asked, breaking Sam out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, he yelled something about being busy but did poke his head out of his bedroom to say bye to Em, when I mentioned that she was off." Lia replied.

"Typical." Sam muttered.

"What's that?" Lia asked.

"Charlie being so busy with his studies that he can't do a favour for anyone." Sam explained.

"It's no problem, I can just wait outside." Emily interrupted.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure that there aren't any issues." Ben assured her. "It would just be easier if Charlie were about, Edward doesn't mind him as much, that's all."

"Yeah, don't worry." Sam echoed, when he saw Emily was beginning to look a little bit panicked.

"I'm going to text Aidan, ask him to hold off coming round for a few minutes." Lia stated, heading out of the living room to get her phone.

"Everything OK now?" Sam asked Emily.

"Yeah, I just needed a bit of time to calm down before I headed back home to face Ed and Uncle James." Emily explained, with a small smile. "Sorry I interrupted your afternoon."

"You're always welcome here, there is no way of interrupting our afternoon, trust me." Sam assured her.

"I always feel that when I come here it causes a scene." Emily admitted shyly.

"This house is one big scene." Jake announced, with a laugh.

"It's not that bad." Sam protested, laughing.

"Bro, I have been coming round here for as long as I can remember and I swear, I cannot remember a single occasion when there hasn't been some sort of scene." Jake joked.

Emily managed a small smile at the boys' banter, appreciating the way that their friendship over the years had led to their easy relationship with each other. At Emily's smile, Sam met her eyes and offered her a grin in return.

"I think I can hear your cousin's car." Ben stated, interrupting the moment.

"Oh, OK." Emily muttered, her smile vanishing from her face.

Ben rested his hand on Emily's arm, led her out of the room and sent both dogs running into the living room, so they wouldn't growl at Edward. Sam heard Ben greet Edward, followed by Edward's stiff greeting in return, before Emily said goodbye and the front door closed.

"Well, that was painless." Ben commented, as he came back into the living room.

"Good." Sam grumbled.

"Jeez, what has this guy done to you?" Phil asked.

"He is always harassing Lia." Ben clarified, stretching out on the sofa.

"I forget how protective you guys are of her." Phil muttered.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Sam asked, mildly affronted.

"Anytime anyone does anything to upset her, you immediately jump to her defence." Phil replied.

“We’re her brothers, it’s part of our role to protect her, particularly from jerks like Edward.” Ben interjected.

“She’ll never learn to defend herself if you guys are always there to jump in.” Phil protested.

“She knows how to handle herself just fine, we only get involved if she needs us.” Ben told him.

“Is everything OK in here?” Lia asked, wandering into the room, phone in hand.

“Yeah, everything is fine.” Sam told her, glaring at Phil.

“OK.” Lia said, sitting down on the edge of the sofa, petting Betty, who had walked up to her.

“Aidan on his way back?” Ben questioned.

“Yeah, he should be here in a couple minutes.” Lia commented, glancing down at her phone, which had vibrated in her hand.

“What was up with Emily?” Sam asked.

“Oh, just a guy problem.” Lia responded, not bothering to look up from her phone.

“She seemed pretty upset.” Sam continued, ignoring the weird feeling he had, when Lia had said Emily was having boy problems.

“Who was upset?” Charlie asked, appearing in the doorway.

“Oh, look who it is.” Ben muttered sarcastically.

“I’m going to head off, see you Saturday.” Phil decided, as he exited the living room, closely followed by Liam.

Once they had heard the front door shut, Lia turned so she was facing Sam.

“What did Phil mean see you Saturday?” Lia queried.

“It’s the FA Cup final, so everyone is coming over to watch.” Sam told her.

“What time are they coming over?” Lia asked, carefully.

“I don’t know, late morning/ early afternoon, so we can play a few rounds of FIFA beforehand.” Sam announced, ignoring the warning tone in his sister’s voice.

“Have you forgotten that I’m having people round on Saturday?” Lia questioned, her voice low and dangerous.

“What do you mean you are having people round?” Sam enquired, oblivious to the fact that Lia was getting annoyed.

“It’s the Royal Wedding. I have been talking about having Heather, Siobhan, Emily, Callum and few others round for a brunch and to watch the Wedding for weeks.” Lia reminded her brother.

“Should Aidan be worried about Lia hanging around with Callum?” Jake queried.

“More like the other way round, Lia should be worried about Aidan when Callum is round.” Sam replied, grinning.

“You are both so juvenile.” Lia ground out. “Anyway, we were talking about the fact you have ignored the fact I’m having people round for the Royal Wedding!”

“We have two living rooms.” Sam sarcastically informed her.

“Great, so you guys will all go into the front living room, so me and my friends can watch the wedding in here.” Lia stated.

“The PS4 and Xbox 360 are in here though.” Sam countered.

“I don’t care! You guys promised that I could watch the Royal Wedding in here!” Lia exploded.

“Lia, calm down.” Ben suggested, before turning to get the door when he heard a knock. “I’ll go and let Aidan in.”

“You always do this.” Lia complained, as Ben went to let Aidan in.

“What do you mean we always do this?” Sam asked, incredulously.

“You agree to let me use the main living room, then as soon as there is sport on or your friends want to come round, you just conveniently forget!” Lia yelled.

“Hey, what’s going on in here?” David said, coming into the living room.

“Sam has forgotten that we all agreed I could be in here next weekend and now he’s invited his friends round.” Lia explained, exasperated.

“OK Lia, why don’t you take the dogs for a walk, I’ll deal with this.” David decided, examining Sam and Lia’s battle stances.

“Fine. Betty! Veronica! Walk!” Lia shouted, as she stalked out of the room.

The room fell silent, as they heard Aidan’s muffled conversation with Lia as she got the dogs ready to go out. David moved into the room, when Ben appeared in the doorway and stood surveying the room and the four boys that remained in it.

“Could you have your friends round just for the FA Cup?” David asked, when he heard the front door slam shut.

“Why can’t Lia just have her friends do their thing in the other living room?” Sam retorted, annoyed at his dad’s suggestion.

“Because she is right. We did all agree she could be in here for her Royal Wedding brunch thing and she never normally uses this room for anything, so for once she can.” David declared.

“That’s not fair, you always let Lia do whatever she wants.” Sam cried.

“Sam.” David warned.

“Fine, whatever.” Sam sighed, giving in and flopping down into the chair next to him.