Summary

Thomas William Hiddleston—the head of the mafia, who had so much money that you can buy the whole world. He was a good strategist and had no weaknesses but one. His daughter, Wale, who didn't want to follow in his footsteps.

"Honey, come here, please!" shouting from his room, Tom asks.

Thomas William Hiddleston—the head of the mafia, who had so much money that you can buy the whole world. He was a good strategist and had no weaknesses but one. His daughters are Wale.

Weil, looking up from her songwriting and hiding the sheets on which she had written, left the room and wandered over to Hiddleston.

"Yes, dad," the girl came into her father's room, "did you want something?"

"Honey, soon, you will be 17 years old," the man came closer to his daughter, putting his hands on her shoulders. "And I would like you to continue my work. Do you agree?"

"Dad, me..."

"I know I agree," Thomas laughed. "That was a stupid question. And also, what do you want, from the material plane, for your birthday?"

"Hmm," the girl frowned, "well, I'd like to..."

"You can have anything your heart desires."
"I wish... nothing."


"Yes, dad," Weil said softly, looking at the floor.

"All right. Go, you have to do your homework."

"Nicely."

The younger Hiddleston went to her room. No, not to do lessons, but to write songs. Of course, she would be asked tomorrow, but she didn't care. Though if she gets two, she's dead.

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Gathering herself, she walked out of the house. Her father met her there.

"Honey, "he hugged her," I hope you're prepared. What lessons do you have today?"

"Math, English, history, biology, chemistry, physics and physical education," Tom nodded.

"Okay, can I pick you up?"

"No, thanks, dad. No need."

Weil left the house and walked to the bus stop. After waiting five minutes, a bus stopped beside her. She paid the driver and sat in her seat, plugging her headphones into her ears.

So I went the whole way, while Hiddleston is not pulled up to the school. As she stepped out of the vehicle and into the room, Emily bumped into wale.

Emily is a green-eyed brunette, cheerful, loving animals and always ready to help. Hiddleston's best friend.

"Finally you came, why you so long not was?"

"I was... I was sick," wale didn't want to lie to her friend, but you couldn't say her father was the head of the mafia, that he took her to America with him for one thing.

"Okay," Emily believed her friend. She was quite trusting.

"Wait, what time is it? Weil asked excitedly, looking around. She didn't even notice that no one was around.

"Already lesson! Klein exclaimed.

"Let's go!"

The girls were five minutes late, but that was beyond the point. Being late, even for one second, in such an elite school threatened with expulsion or cleaning of all classes.

But the girls, especially the whale, hoping that a teacher of physics in their spare. She was kinder than the others.
Reaching the office, Weil knocked first and entered. Klein followed.

"Excuse me, please. We missed. May I come in?" Hiddleston how can you sincerely asked for forgiveness in front of the teacher. And of course she made eyes. No one can resist her eyes, well, except her father.

"Hello, young ladies. Answer me please, why are you late? Now it's like 6 minutes is a lesson. We among other things pass a new subject, " looking at Schoolgirls, the teacher spoke in a severe voice.

"I'm sorry," Emily says. "We really won't."

"What shall I do with you?" without changing his tone, asked a rhetorical question ucancam woman. "If you really don't do this anymore, then come on in. I forgive you, but I'll call my parents."

"Oh, no! Dad will kill me!" I thought Thomas's daughter.

As soon as the lessons were over, the girls left the school. Beside the car, Weil's angry father waited. She buried herself in her mind.

Tom, who had come home from work earlier, decided to surprise his little girl. Having bought her favorite famous writer Stephen king and his equally well-known book "It", he went into her room and was about to put the publication in the locker, when he noticed that from under the couch, something looks out. Leaning forward, he saw the papers. At first he thought they were just old sheets, but as soon as he saw the writing on them, he got very angry.

Thomas hated the music.

Now, he was waiting for his daughter outside the school. When he saw her, he began to approach her menacingly.

He's sexy, Emily thought, but didn't say it out loud. "Hello, Mr. Hiddleston."

"Hello, Emily," he said, and turned to his Weil. "Into the car. Quickly."

"But, dad..."

"Quick! In the car!" unable to bear the evil shouted the father. At this stage, many of the disciples turned to him.

"All right," the younger Hiddleston whispered softly, and started to run.

"Stop! Stop!" now, Thomas was even more furious. "If you don't come back right now, you'll get a full house!" blue-eye didn't like to punish wale very much, but this was a special occasion.

But the girl is not listening to him, escaped on the road, what a strange looked at her.

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Quietly closing the door, Hiddleston cautiously entered the house. It was one o'clock. Oh, she doesn't know how worried her father was and what awaits her, Oh, she doesn't know...
"Hello, dear," Tom greeted her in a stern voice that made her wince. She didn't like his voice. He usually told them when she did something or something happened.

"Hello, dad," the daughter nodded weakly.

"Let me know where you've been?"

"Well... this... v..."

"Don't mumble!" the man raised his voice again.

"Emily... she said, almost in a whisper.

"Where!?" already fully seriously and menacingly yelled, there is no not so, yelled Tom. "Tell the truth!"

"Emily..."

Thomas got tired and he came to the whale, gave her a resounding slap. The girl looked at him in horror and clutched her cheek. She knew what a monster he could be if you made him angry.

"At a party..." again a slap in the face, just on the other side.

"At the party!?" he was yelling so that the veins in his neck entered.

"Yeah..."

"Oh, you whore!" again a slap in the face. "How dare you go there without my permission!?"

"Well, everyone goes there when they want, without asking their parents..." in response, Hiddleston slapped her again.

"You should always ask my permission, okay!?"

"Yes, dad," he said, slightly aroused by her "dad."

"So, since we started the conversation on the topic of "trust", then please tell me, what else are you hiding from me? he squinted angrily, knowing her answer.

"Nothing..."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," she said more boldly.

He lifted her chin and picked up the sheets of paper from the Desk, tossing them in her face. "What is this!?"

"It's a text..." already in open crying told Weil.

"The text then!?"

"Songs..."

"That's right-songs! And you know how much I dislike music! still holding her chin, the blue-eyed man continued. "Tell me, you all of this, did me on evil!?"
"No, father."

"But it seems to me that Yes! Week without gadgets and walks on the street! Only in school, and there I you himself pick up d."

"But, dad..."

"Silent. Into the room! To eyes my you not saw!"What?" he shouted.

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