

Moving on

(Olivia)

On the morning of my 26th birthday, I woke up with an uneasy feeling in my chest. The house was too quiet, too quiet.

For months, I had done everything in my power to save my marriage to Aaron, my husband of ve years. But despite my efforts, nothing seemed to change.

I walked down the stairs, my heart pounding. Every step felt heavier than the last as if my body was already aware of the devastation awaiting me. I tried to get rid of the dread, holding on and hoping that maybe, just maybe, Aaron had something planned for my birthday.

But as I entered the living room, I saw something that shattered my world beyond repair. Aaron, my husband, was locked in an intimate, passionate kiss with my sister, Lila.

I froze, my mind refusing to accept what my eyes were seeing. Aaron pulled back, his face immediately draining of color when he saw me standing there. Lila, on the other hand, looked horrified at rst, then her expression softened into something like regret.

“Olivia... it’s not what it looks like,” Aaron stammered, but even he couldn’t nd the conviction to make that lie sound believable.

“Olivia, I didn’t mean for you to nd out like this...” Lila’s said. As she stepped toward me, looking torn between guilt and desperation.

“I’m sorry. It’s not... it’s not what you think. Please, just let me explain.” I blinked, trying to process what she had just said. How could she possibly explain this?

I crossed my arms over my chest, my heart hammering against my ribcage.

“Not what I think? I just saw you kissing my husband, Lila. What part of that am I misunderstanding?” Lila’s eyes twitched when I said that.

“Olivia, I never meant for this to happen. Aaron and I... it just happened, okay? We didn’t plan it.” I laughed bitterly, the sound harsh and cold.

“Didn’t plan it? How long, Lila? How long have you two been sneaking around behind my back?” I demanded, my voice shaking.

She hesitated, biting her lip, and that told me everything I needed to know.

“It doesn’t matter,” she whispered.

“It does to me,” I said, my voice quieter now, but no less angry.

“I deserve to know.” Before she could answer, Aaron stepped forward, looking like he wanted to jump in and defend her.

But I raised my hand, stopping him. I couldn’t handle hearing his voice right now. His betrayal hurts in a way I couldn’t even begin to describe, but Lila, my sister her betrayal was greater than his.

“You were my sister, Lila,” I said softly.

“My family. How could you do this to me?” Tears welled in her eyes, and for a brief moment, I wanted to comfort her.

But then I remembered what I had just witnessed and started to laugh.

“How long?” I demanded again, my voice steadier than I felt inside. I wasn’t even sure I wanted to know the answer.

Lila’s gaze dropped to the oor, biting her lip.

“Six months,” she said softly, her voice breaking.

“I never wanted to hurt you.” I felt my heart crumple inside my chest, the betrayal so deep I could hardly breathe. But the worst part wasn’t just Aaron, it was Lila. My sister. The one person I thought would always have my back.

Aaron still couldn’t look at me.

“I’m sorry, Olivia,” he murmured, sounding more like a coward than the man I once loved.

The sound of paper rustling caught my attention. I looked down and saw Aaron holding out divorce papers.

“A divorce?” I choked out, feeling the weight of the word fall heavily on me.

“On my f****g birthday?” Aaron inched but said nothing.

Lila glanced at Aaron, then back at me.

“We didn’t plan for this to happen today,” she said quietly.

“It just... happened. But Olivia, maybe it’s for the best. You deserve more than this.” I stood there shocked because of what she said.

I had expected anger, maybe even defensiveness, but this... this regret was different.

Without another word, I grabbed the pen from Aaron’s hand and signed the papers, throwing them back at him.

“Happy now?” I asked.

Lila’s face crumpled, and she stepped closer, reaching out as if to touch my arm.

“Olivia, please, I’m so sorry. I didn’t want it to come out like this. We didn’t mean to hurt you.” I scoffed when she said that.

“Didn’t mean to hurt me?” I repeated, my voice trembling with disbelief.

“How else did you think this would end, Lila? You’re sleeping with my husband!” Tears lled her eyes, but I didn’t care. I pushed past her and headed upstairs to pack, my emotions twisting between hurt and fury.

I could hear Lila quietly crying downstairs, but I blocked it out. She wasn’t my concern anymore.

When I came back down with my suitcase in hand, Lila was at the bottom of the stairs, wiping her tears. She looked up at me, her lips quivering.

“Olivia... I—”

“I don’t want to hear it,” I snapped.

“You’ve said enough.” She didn’t argue. Instead, she stood aside as I walked past her. But as I reached the front door, I felt a hand grab my arm. Lila had followed me.

“Olivia, wait. Don’t leave like this,” she pleaded, her eyes red and puffy.

“We can x this. I... I don’t want to lose you.” I turned to face her, glaring.

“Fix this? There’s nothing left to x, Lila. You broke everything.” Her face hardened as her voice dropped to a hiss.

“Don’t act like you were the perfect wife. Aaron was miserable with you. You barely paid attention to him. It’s not my fault he came to me.” I blinked, momentarily stunned. Her remorse had vanished, replaced with venom now that we were alone. My anger ared.

“So what’s your excuse? I wasn’t good enough for him, so you thought you’d step in?” She smirked when I said that.

“Maybe if you were a better wife, he wouldn’t have had to.” My ngers tightened around the handle of my suitcase, my knuckles white.

“You are pathetic, Lila,” I said coldly.

“Enjoy playing house with my sloppy seconds.” Her expression faltered, but she quickly recovered, her smirk returning.

“Oh, I will. Aaron’s all mine now.” I yanked the door open and stepped outside without another word. As I walked down the driveway, I could feel her eyes on me, but I didn’t look back. I wouldn’t give her the satisfaction.

The morning air hit my face, a welcome relief from the suffocating tension inside the house. I threw my suitcase into the trunk and climbed into the driver’s seat. My phone buzzed with a message from Aaron, but I didn’t bother to read it. I blocked his number, tossing the phone onto the passenger seat.

With one nal glance at the house, the house, the house where I had been deceived for months.

I started my engine and drove away.