

EI POV

She had no idea if Conner believed her that it was his own father. He certainly did appear shocked by her words. He didn't re-question her, though she was certain he wanted to. Had thought she'd been able to get out, had gotten a good few kilometres into the woods before she'd come across that rather large wolf.

Had stopped walking at the sight of it, didn't really know what to do about it, knew she was not to run, but that was about it. Standing her ground seemed to be the only option. Conner hadn't seemed to be afraid of it, simply yelled at it loudly and it had bolted off into the woods. Where he'd come from or why he was out there at this early hour of the morning she didn't know.

But a tiny part of her had been glad she supposed that he was there, that he was so very big and imposing, condent in his ability to make that wolf go away. Walked along next to him, felt really tiny next to him, she realised, he was a good foot taller than her, she thought absently. He didn't try and talk to her at all, simply escorted her back to her room, saw her inside and was gone.

Stayed in her room that morning, didn't want to go downstairs or be around any of them, was called downstairs to Logan's oce just after 10am, by her mother. Wondered what would happen if she just didn't go down there. Had nothing to say to that man at all. Just wanted to stay away from him, there was no way she was getting her mother away from him. Or at least it didn't seem that was going to be an option at that point.

Made her way down the stairs at her leisure to nd her mother standing by the door to the man's oce. She'd not been inside it yet, had seen him bang into it yesterday, but that was about all. She didn't hide the bruise on her wrist. She was not one of those women that would shy away from it. He was a man who wanted to hurt a woman. She'd show them all what he'd done. Screw him.

She saw her mother's eyes move right towards it, and frowned, expected her to ask her about it, but she didn't, just waved her into the oce. Was about to walk in when she stopped, he'd told her to never walk in, to always knock and be granted permission even if the door was open, and it was right this minute, open.

She could see him sitting at his desk, Conner standing next to him and someone else, another man in there, hadn't met that man yet. Her mother looked right at her, and she reached out and knocked on the door, got frowned at by all in the room.

Stood there, and after about ten seconds of silence stated, "I don't wish to incur your anger again," held up her wrist "Might get more than a bruise this time." Saw that man's jaw tick like crazy, he really didn't like it when she talked back to him. Well, it wasn't likely to stop till she was out of here. Perhaps he would simply toss her out on her ass, and she could go back to California.

"Come in Eliza, let's discuss that bruise."

"Discuss?" she questioned as she walked in. "Have you ever hit mother?" she put her thoughts about him right out there for all to hear.

Saw anger are right in him, "NO." he snarled right at her.

"I don't think I believe that." She shrugged, "You sound like you would have, the way you grabbed her yesterday and dragged her into this very oce, might have a bruise on her right this minute, under that long sleeve blouse she's wearing."

Watched as both Conner and the man behind him put a hand on Logan, looked from one to the other and then back to him, pointedly and he knew what she meant, he wanted to get up and hurt her and they were stopping him right this minute.

"El, he's never laid a hand on me." Her mother was standing next her. "I assure you of that."

"I don't know if I believe you either." She stated and looked at her mother. "You did give him everything, and moved out here. Now I am here and don't want to be, and I can't leave. I was told yesterday, I can't, by the man at the front gate. I believe he said "New comers must get permission from Logan." She turned and looked at him. "I'm not so easily swayed as my mother." Looked at her mother "I don't trust him and have no reason to." Looked at her arm pointedly, looked back to Logan "I'll call the police next time and have you charged with assault. I know my rights."

She saw shock register not just on Logan's face but on all three of the men staring at her now, guessed no one had ever threatened him with legal action before.

"Eliza, I am sorry about the bruise to your wrist. I would never intentionally harm you." Logan sighed now.

"Really? Hmm, I believe right before you did this," raised her wrist at him, so he could get a real good look at it. "you told me I wouldn't like you losing your temper." Looked at her wrist, then to her mother "did he make you marry him, make you give him all our things, so we have nothing. Are you forced to be here?"

"Eliza, that's enough. You just need to get to know Logan." Her mother snapped right at her.

"Hmm, pretty sure I saw the real side of him yesterday. My father would never have hurt me."

"He's your father now."

"Oh no he's not. Will never be my father." She shot at her mother. "Just because you forgot about dad, and moved on doesn't mean I have to." Turned and headed for the door "He's not even been dead a year and you moved on like he was nothing to you." She felt the sob rise even heard it escape her, couldn't hold it in.

Hated that her mother had just forgotten about her father, took less than six months, didn't even understand it, how was she still not grieving the loss of her husband of 20 years? Ran all the way back to her room and slammed the door shut. She didn't want to be here, but couldn't it seem leave of her own free will.

They might as well put some bars on her windows, this place was just a fancy ass prison. Flopped down on her bed and let the tears ow, she did miss her dad. Missed how loving and caring he had been. The fun that they would have going camping and talking about all the things she was going to be able to do once in Italy. The life she was now never going to get to have. Because her mother had married a brute of a man. That had taken it all away from her.

Heard the knock on her door a little while later and ignored it, didn't want to talk to any of them, didn't even care who it was. Wanted to be alone. Felt a hand touch her shoulder and heard her mother's voice "El, I'm sorry you feel this way. I do know this happened very fast."

"Just go away." She muttered. "I don't want to talk to anyone."

"El?"

"Just go away." She repeated herself, and moved away from her own mother.

"Please, El?"

"I want to go home." She whispered and she did, just wanted to go back to where everything in life, though had been sad, had at least been normal. Where her friends were, where she'd had a job and a dream to save for.

"This is your home now."

Said nothing to that, they probably all thought she was just some stupid teenager throwing a tantrum when really all she wanted was her old life back. Everything had been stripped away from her by that man downstairs, without so much as a care for her thoughts on the matter. He'd taken everything from her and just expected her to say thanks. Be okay with it and happy about it. Who the hell did that when their life was turned upside down?

Stayed in her room all day, ignored the text message from her mother to come downstairs for lunch in the dining room, said she and Logan would like to have a meal with her. El, highly doubted that man would want anything to do with her. That's why she was way over here on her own. He'd said she was welcome, but she knew she was not.

It had not escaped her attention that she was the only one in this part of the building, had been separated from all that lived here, and she knew why, because she didn't belong here. He'd wanted her mother here, but not her. He kept her out of sight so he didn't have to see her, recall she was there.

He had told everyone to make her feel welcome, but those other teens had not done that, no one wanted her here, so why wouldn't he let her leave?

It was likely her mother had asked for her to be here, she was the only one to seem happy about her being here, not that she saw her either, was always with Logan when she did see her. She got up and walked over to the window to look outside. There were plenty of people here, just not ones that wanted her to be here. She was a complete stranger to them all. Not one person had smiled at her other than those three boys with Conner yesterday, and she wasn't about to go and nd them, didn't even like Conner. She was not about to try and make friends with his friends. Nope. Would rather sit in her room and do nothing all day long. Stare at the walls and pretend she was somewhere else.

She had a fully stocked kitchen, a TV that seemed to have every pay channel there was, and a bathroom, somewhere to sleep. Could hole up in here and just pretend she was somewhere else altogether.

Did just that, put Netix on and immersed herself in a Mandarin Drama called Eternal Love, sat on her couch or lay on her couch and spent hours watching and reading subtitles. Ignored the phone when it chimed, ignored it when it rang, ignored when there was a knock on the door to her room.

The only person she would talk to was Cordi, had told her she'd tried to leave and couldn't, didn't know what to do about it. Cordi didn't know what she could do either. Told her to call the police and tell them where she was and that she wasn't allowed to leave.

Didn't exactly know how that would go down, had threatened to call the police if he touched her again, had shocked him completely to say the least, but had no idea what he would do if she did actually call the police. Looked at her wrist and thought about his words. Wouldn't like to see him lose his temper. If this wasn't him losing his temper, how bad was that when it happened?

Thought about her mother and wondered if she was indeed in danger, if leaving here would make that worse. If calling the police would make him so very angry, he'd turn on her. She didn't want that for her mother. Would have to stay and watch, she supposed, look for those signs of abuse. Long sleeves or high collars to hide bruising, like she was wearing today. Look for even the smallest signs of fear in her mother, a inch or a fake smile, nervousness.

There had to be something. If she saw it and found out he was hitting her mother she was going to call the police and not tell anyone, they'd just turn up here and arrest him hopefully. And while that man was away from her, she would make her mother see the truth and get her away from him. It was all she could do for now, wait and watch.

Didn't want to be here, but it also seemed she needed to be here. Turned the TV off and crashed out. It was late at night.