

3 Grow Up

Olivia POV

Connor tries to talk to me as the car continues to move toward a place that will be my hell for the next six months. Knowing this isn't permanent is the only thing keeping me from completely losing my sh*t. If I knew my father wouldn't get in trouble, I would run back home the first chance I got. A hand on my forearm pulls me out of my thoughts.

I immediately shake his hand off me. "Connor let me make this clear. Don't touch me. Don't talk to me. I may have no choice about living the next six months with you people, but that is all you'll get from me. The minute the six months are up, I'll be going back to my real home with my only real parent." I look at my mother hoping my words hurt her as much as she is hurting me. Tears stream down her cheeks.

"That's it," Xavier says, pulling the car off the road. "Out of the car Olivia, now," he says. I'm tempted to tell him to f**k off but something inside me has my hand moving of its own accord to open the door. I step out and close the door behind me. I cross my arms over my chest and refuse to look at Xavier.

"Look at me Olivia. I want to make sure you are listening and the only way I'll know for sure you are is if you give me your eyes." I look at him and I swear his eyes change color, but I shake that thought away. "I know you're angry, and you have every right to be. This situation isn't easy for any of us. I understand you love your father, and you want to live with him, but the woman in that car is your mother," he says.

I go to open my mouth, but he silences me with a raised hand. "She is your mother and she deserves respect. You are not a child, Olivia. In six months you'll be an adult and you need to start acting like one. Life is rarely fair, so you had better learn to roll with the punches because someday it might be you sitting in the car and your daughter acting like she hates you."

"That will never be me because I'm not a cheater. I would never betray my husband. So as unfair as life is, I'll never be her. As far as respect goes, it's earned, not just given. I lost all respect for her when she chose you over my father. You don't like my attitude towards her, then send me home. I'll be happy to never see the three of you again in my life."

Xavier takes a step toward me and I swear I feel like I can't breathe. "Xavier, please. I want to get to the house," my mother says from the side of the car. I never even heard her get out. "Get in the car and I don't want to hear another negative word out of you for the rest of the ride." "I'm glad to stay quiet if everyone leaves me alone," I say sliding back into the car.

"Oli" Connor starts to say, and I make a show of zipping my lips before I again look out the window. I'm not sure how much longer we drive because I must have fallen asleep. "Oli, it's time to wake up. We're here," Connor says. I quickly sit up and almost gasp when I see what can only be described as a mansion. Thankfully, I stop myself and keep my face impassive. I push the door open and step out.

A loud squeal has me looking toward the entrance. A pretty young girl with long blonde hair is rushing toward me. Before I can step back, she wraps her arms around me in a bone crushing hug. "Oh my goddess, you are so beautiful. You look just like your mom. I'm so excited to meet you. I've heard so much about you," she says, talking a mile a minute.

"Becca, baby, breathe. You are freaking her out," Connor says. She giggles and takes a step back. "Sorry, I'm just happy you're nally here" she says. "Oli, this is my girlfriend Becca" he says. I glare at him and his smile fades. "Sorry, Olivia. Becca, this is my sister, Olivia." As much as I want to be a b**ch to punish Connor, I can't. Becca seems sweet and so much different than the girls he normally dates. Don't get me wrong, she is pretty, but she isn't stick thin. She has curves, and she can only be ve feet and change.

"It's nice to meet you Becca. If you don't mind, I would really just like to go to my room and call my dad." "Of course, I'm sure today was a lot" she says. "Come on Olivia. I'll show you to your room," my mother says. Without a word I follow her. When we step inside again, I'm amazed by the size of the place. What's even more shocking is the amount of people milling about. My mother starts to tell me about the house, but I tune her out.

I don't care about this place, it isn't my home. We climb two sets of stairs and walk down a long hallway. "This is our oor. My room is at the end of the hall. The room across from yours is Connors and this is your room" she says. She pushes open the door and, under any other circumstances, I would love the room. The decor mimics what my real room is like. A big difference is the size of the bed. My bed at home is queen and this must be a king. "You have your own bathroom through that door."

I nod and move toward a large bay window. "Dinner is at four. Connor will show you to the dining room," she says. "No, I won't be joining you for dinner. I'll eat here. We are not going to be a happy little family no matter how much you want to replace dad." "Olivia, I love your dad" she starts to say, but I cut her off.

"Don't you dare say you love my dad. You're a li*r and a cheater. I may have to stay here because the judge says I do but I don't want to be here. I don't want to be anywhere near you. I will serve my sentence in this prison and the moment I turn eighteen you'll never see me again. Now if you don't mind, I would like to call my dad. The only parent I have left."

"I'm sorry, Olivia," she says. "Those are the two most useless words in the world. They don't x anything. They don't change that you destroyed our family," I say before I turn back toward the window. The sound of the door clicking closed has my shoulders sagging. Six months, Olivia, I repeat to myself. I pull my phone from my pocket and dial my dad. He picks up on the second ring. "Hey Oli girl. I miss you already" he says. "I miss you too, dad."

"How is the new house?" "It's just a building dad. Even if it was a palace, I would hate it here because I'm not with you." "Oh Oli, I know you're angry, but I don't want you to be miserable for the next six months. Someday all of this will be just a bad memory. As angry as I am with your mother, she loves you. I don't expect you to hate her on my behalf, Oli." "I don't, I hate her on mine. She destroyed everything. She is selsh. I'll never forgive her."

"Alright, let's talk about something else for now," he says. We talk for an hour about everything from movies to school. I'm dreading going to the new school, but my dad wants me to embrace it. When I hang up, I lay back in bed and close my eyes. A knock has me sitting up. I look at my phone and see it's after four. I slide off the bed and walk to the door. When I throw it open, I expect to see Connor, but instead it's Xavier.

"It's time for dinner" he says. "I'm not hungry, and I have already told my mother I will not be eating with your little family." "Olivia, I am trying really hard to have patience with you, but every time you make your mother cry it is making it harder and harder." "Her emotions are not my problem. She made this situation. If you all leave me alone, then I won't hurt anyone's feelings." "Enough, you will not continue to hurt my wife," he says. His words have me stumbling back.

"Xavier," my mother's voice, has him snapping his head in her direction. "Wife, she isn't even divorced yet." "The divorce was nalyzed ye days ago, and we were married two days ago. So grow up Olivia. This is the reality. You will not continue to hurt your mother without consequences" he says. I look between him and my mother before I turn and rush into the bathroom. I lock the door and slide down until I'm curled in a ball on the oor.

"What the f**k Xavier? How dare you tell her that without speaking to me first? That is my daughter, and you had no right." "I have every right. I am the head of this family and the Alpha," he says. "You're right you're the Alpha, but I am the Luna. Leave and make sure you grab a blanket and pillow because you won't be sleeping in my bed tonight" she says. "Evelyn" he says his voice softer. "Leave now, Xavier" she says.

A few seconds later a soft knock on the door has me holding back the sobs. I refuse to let her hear me cry. "Olivia, I'm sorry that just happened. Xavier should never have told you that. Please open the door so we can talk Oli," she pleads. Why didn't my dad tell me that the divorce was nalyzed? My mother continues to knock, but I can't even bring myself to tell her to go away.