

Chapter 0089

“It slipped your mind that I was going to be moved out of my home? Do the Luna and Alpha know? Does Dad know? Oh, Goddess he is going to be so pissed. Or maybe not. Did he kick me out? Is that what happened? He hates me so much that he doesn’t even want me in his house now either?” I’m starting to spiral and can feel the tears start to sting behind my eyes. I start rubbing my temples with both of my hands and I blink them back as best I can, I cannot lose control here. I just want to run to my room and cry at the thought of not having a home anymore, but I’m frozen, I don’t even know where I would run to now.

“Hey, hey, breathe. It’s not like that.” Mateo pulls me into a hug. “I wanted you out of his house, that’s all. I’m tired of the way he acts towards you. You are better off here, with Luna Ava. I didn’t think it would be that big of a deal.” Mateo is rocking me and stroking my hair.

I should be thankful that he finally sees me, sees what being around my father does to me, but I am pissed. It’s just another decision that was made for me, about me but without me. I take a deep breath and I push

him away.

“You didn’t think it would be a big deal to pack up my things and rip me from the only place I have ever known because now you don’t like the way he treats me? Newsflash a*shole, that man has never loved me, never wanted me and never will. He has tolerated my existence for fifteen years and I have tolerated the neglect. Stop trying to think for me. I come and go as I please, thanks to that neglect. I eat where and when I want, thanks to that neglect. I have been on my own my entire life, you do not get to come in now and try to be the f*cking hero.” I stop and close my eyes, take a deep breath, then look at my brother and the rest of the guys and Sierra. “I know you all want to help, and that you mean well, but don’t presume there is an easy fix to what is going on. Thank you for bringing me closer to Luna Ava, but talk to me before you do anything else that drastically changes anything for me, make sure it’s what I actually want and not what makes you feel better. Now show me my room.” I turn around and walk toward the packhouse front door where I see Luna Ava standing waiting for us. Why is she smiling like that?

“Well said my dear, teach those boys to think first react later instead of throwing sh*t at the wall and seeing what sticks.” She laughs and Sierra comes up

behind me linking her arm with mine. “But, seeing as they have already had all of your stuff moved and I anticipated you being angry with them, I will show you to your new room.” She walks us up the stairs to the second floor and to the right around the wall that houses the elevator. She punches in a code to the third floor staircase and leads me up.

“You put me on the third floor? With the twins?” I ask her back as we ascend.

“After some thought and your very colorful interaction with that girl yesterday, I thought it would be a good idea to not have you on a floor that literally everybody has access to. So I have your things in the boys’ study.” 1

“I don’t want to take over one of their spaces.”

“Nonsense, they don’t really use it, they both have desks in their rooms where they do homework and if they are working on anything for pack business, they do it in the Alpha’s office on the main level. They never actually use this room, it gets more used when the boys stay.”

“I don’t want to be in the way of that either. This is messing with more than just me, I don’t want to inconvenience anyone.”

Chapter 0090

“Trust me, you are not an inconvenience, and besides, this way you and Sierra have a bed here when you stay now and the boys just sleep wherever they are anyway, they don’t actually need a bed as I’m sure you figured out last night. Besides, your room is done now and I won’t be returning anything.” She stopped at the door next to the media room, turned the handle and pushed it open.

It was incredible. The layout was the same as Kota’s room. From the door to the right was an enormous white four poster king sized bed. The comforter was the same pale blue fluffy cloud that was on Kota’s bed. There were double doors on either side of the bed, I could see the bathroom light on beyond one of the open doors. To the left of the bedroom door was the most eye-catching fireplace surrounded by stones of all shapes and sizes in varying shades of gray and blue. A sleek TV hung above it, but the best part was the floor to ceiling bookshelves that flanked the fireplace and were completely filled. Two very familiar oversized armchairs sat in front of the fireplace. A desk sat between the door and one of the bookshelves, complete with a comfy chair holding my

backpack and the rest of my things from my desk at home. Everything was white and clean, even the floor was a white washed wood with area rugs to tie in the different spaces of the room. Two windows let in a decent amount of light with soft white sheer curtains.

“I hope you like it my dear. The boys really did mean well and they know now that your relationship with your father is not as amicable as they thought. They want to see you happy and were hoping this may help that along, although they would never be able to put it into words.” All three of us laugh. “Now get ready for school, all of your things are in the closet and Sierra, I had a few things in your size put in there as well, you know for time like these.” She winks at us. “Then we have breakfast waiting.”

We both shower and dress in record time. I organize my bag and we head downstairs to the rumble of noise I have become familiar with on Saturday mornings. I slip my bag off my shoulder and take a seat at the large island next to Sierra not making eye contact with the guys even though they have stopped talking and are all looking pointedly at us. I have forgiven the guys and actually love my room, but we decided they needed to fester just a little bit longer. The Luna seems to approve as she comes up and gives us plates filled with food while leaving them to fend

for themselves. She starts asking on how I like my new room and anything else I may need and then moves into other mundane topics waiting to see who will crack first. It was not who I expected.

“Are you really still mad at us Bite Size, or just proving a point?” Oliver asks from across the room. “Cause the silent treatment sucks.”

I look right at him. “I was never mad at any of you, I am mad that a major decision was made about me, without even a thought to consult me. I may let you all toss me around like a shared toy, but this was a big deal and as much as I am glad that I have some separation now from a bad situation, you didn’t even think to find out if I would have any reason to not go along with the idea.” They all nodded their heads. “You don’t know what goes on in here,” I point to my head, “it’s weird for me to be wanted somewhere, for people to want me to be around, wrap your heads around that. You need to give me time, and be okay if it takes me time to make decisions and process things. Now let’s get to school, we’re going to be late.” I jump up and grab my bag before the conversation gets any deeper.