

Bad Boy's Protection

Chapter 2

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Mom wasn't happy when I told her I had detention yet again. I tried telling her that it wasn't my fault but he didn't want to hear it. And if I had one more detention, I'd be grounded for sure. To make things worse, Mom had yet another meeting at the time I was to get out of detention and Tony had a doctor's appointment, so neither were able to pick me up since it wasn't guaranteed that they would be home by the time I was out of detention. Dad should be home from his business trip, but he probably wanted to rest.

I was at my locker at the end of the day, putting my textbook in there when Devon, Belle, Jace, Adam, Loni, and Lisa walked up to me.

"I can't believe you said that!" Belle said very loudly.

I furrowed my eyebrows. "What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Yesterday, you said I should feel guilty about what happened," Belle said.

I narrowed my eyes at Devon, knowing he told Belle about what I said in detention. I should have known that Devon would tell Belle.

"I didn't mean it like that," I said through my clenched teeth.

Belle scoffed. "You're already ruining my life as it is!"

"How am I ruining your life?" I asked, trying not to raise my voice so I wouldn't attract any attention. However, Belle was doing enough yelling for the both of us. Many of students that were still in the school curiously watched us as they murmured to each other.

"Do you know the pain I've been going through?" she asked.

"And what about me?" I asked. "I've been going through a lot worse."

Devon rolled his eyes. "Please, Poppy. I bet you're making a big deal out of it for attention."

I glared at him. If only he knew exactly what happened. If anything, Belle was making a big deal to get attention. I was not ruining her life. She was ruining mine.

"I am not doing for attention," I said. "Why would I ever lie about what happened? It deeply affected me, but Belle doesn't seem to care because she's a selfish..." I stopped before I could say 'Brat', knowing that everyone would hate me even more if I lash out at her. I needed to have everyone know that I was the victim, not Belle.

Devon took a threatening step towards me. "She's a selfish what?" he asked, his glare as sharp as daggers.

"Nothing," I muttered.

Before Devon could take another step towards me, someone decided to step between. I was somewhat shocked to see Grayson glaring at Devon. He did defend me yesterday, but I thought it could have been a onetime thing. I never expected him to defend me while most of the school was watching.

"Didn't I tell you to leave her alone?" Grayson asked Devon in a threatening tone.

Devon changed the glare from me to Grayson. "Stay out of it," he said, just like he did yesterday.

"So long as you stop fighting your girlfriend's fights," Grayson replied. I had a strong sense of déjà vu since they were having almost a similar argument to yesterday. "Just because she's an attention seeker, doesn't mean you have to be involved."

Belle's jaw dropped, looking completely shocked about what he said. "Excuse me?!" she shrieked. "I'm an attention seeker?! Poppy is the attention seeker!"

"Then why don't you tell me what happened?" Grayson asked.

Belle smirked and looked at me. "Go ahead, Poppy. Tell him."

I looked away, not wanting to tell anyone what happened. I couldn't talk about it. I couldn't even talk to my family about it.

"That's what I thought," Belle said, and I could sense a smirk on her lips.

"Have fun in detention you two," Devon said. "We won't be there because of football practice. Have enough fun for the three of us." They walked away, laughing.

Grayson turned towards me. "You okay?"

"Yeah," I said slowly. "I'm just tired of everyone thinking I'm the one ruining Belle's life."

"What happened between you?" he asked.

I sighed. "I can't talk about it."

"You can't or you won't?" Grayson asked.

"Grayson, I *can't* talk about it," I said. "What happened scarred me, alright? I can't talk about what happened because it overwhelms me and it brings back too many bad memories."

"Devon shouldn't get involved," Grayson said.

"Well, he is," I said. "Nothing can change his mind. He'll always take Belle's side."

"Not if I have something to do with it," he muttered before walking away.

He was up to something, that was for sure. As for right now, I had to go to detention, unfortunately. I found it unfair that Devon, Adam, and Jace got out if it just because they had a football practice.

Grayson was already in the detention room, sitting in the same chair he did yesterday. Mr. Pierce was on detention duty again.

As I sat down, I realized that the three who caused us to get another detention weren't there anymore. Instead, the one who Devon was bugging and the one who defended me were there. In other words, Grayson and I had detention for no reason.

"You're late to detention," Mr. Pierce told me. First, I had detention, now I was late? This better not stay.

I sighed. "Sorry. I was occupied."

"I'll let it slip this time," Mr. Pierce said.

"Thanks," I said. This detention, I had nothing to do since my Biology test was today and I had no other tests coming up. I didn't have any homework either, luckily. It was usually once a month that it happened.

Since Mr. Pierce didn't have to photocopy any notes or worksheets, he decided to lecture us on the importance on lying. I wanted to tell him that he was preaching to the choir since Grayson and I were the ones who were telling the truth the day before.

After an hour of the lecture, detention was officially over. I hurried out of the room, wanting to get room right away. Then I remembered that I needed a ride.

Grayson walked up behind me. "Hey, Flower. Need a ride again?"

"Okay, but my name is Poppy," I corrected.

Grayson led me to his car, which was parked near the exit of the school. "I know," he said.

"Then... "

He didn't reply as he opened the passenger door for me, then got into the car on the other side. Before he could start the car, he got a text and pulled out his cell. He looked at the screen before holding up for me to see. "This is your address, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah, why?"

"My dad and I got invited to a dinner at his co-worker's house," Grayson replied as he started up the car. "He texted me the address and told me to head over there after detention and I thought the address was yours. I guess I'm going to your house for dinner."

When Grayson pulled into my driveway, I noticed that my dad was officially home from his business trip as his car was parked in the driveway, as was an unfamiliar car. Both Mom and Tony were also home, which made me wonder if they just got home or if they never wanted to pick me up.

Grayson and I got out of the car and I led him to my house. "Mom?! Dad?!" I called.

"In the kitchen!" Mom called. I led Grayson in there. All three of my family members were there, as well as a man I hadn't seen before, but who looked similar to Grayson.

"Grayson, there you are," the man, obviously Grayson's dad, said. He turned to my parents. "This is my son, Grayson. He would have been here earlier but he had detention. Again." I couldn't help but notice the disapproving stare Grayson's dad gave his son.

"Poppy had detention again as well," Mom said, matching the disappointing stare and giving it to me.

"Mom, it was my second one," I pointed out. "And it wasn't my fault. Both of them."

Mom didn't reply. Instead, she completely changed the subject and asked, "How did you get home?"

"Grayson drove me," I replied.

"So you two know each other?" Grayson's dad asked.

Grayson didn't seem to want to reply, so I did. "Kind of. We just met yesterday." I left out the part about meeting in detention. "Well, kind of yesterday. We're in some classes together but we just started talking yesterday."

"Well, dinner won't be ready for a half hour or so, so why don't you two head to the basement or something?" Dad asked.

I looked at Grayson and he shrugged, so he followed me to the basement. The basement was where we stored our TV and gaming systems since Mom didn't want her clients or Dad's co-workers to see them in the living room. I didn't know why, but I never questioned her. Whenever Mom did something, she hated it when people questioned her.

"Wanna play any games?" I asked, gesturing to the shelves with all the video games.

Grayson walked over to the shelves and scanned the games. "Do you play?" he asked as he grabbed a shooting game.

"I haven't in a while, but I do," I replied.

He gave me the game and I inserted it into the PS4 before handing Grayson a controller and getting one for myself. We sat down on the old, brown leathered couch facing the TV. The couch was slightly uncomfortable and it made me wonder why Mom couldn't buy a new one. It was probably the fact that she never came down here and didn't care what it looked like.

After a few minutes of gaming, I knew that Grayson was an expert. He never died once and got the most overall kills. I died about three times and got the fourth most overall kills.

An hour of gaming later, Mom called Grayson and I upstairs for dinner. Most of the time, my family ate at the small table in the kitchen, but seeing as there were six of us, we had to eat in the dining room.

Grayson and I sat down at the last two empty seats; the two beside each other. The light wood table could only fit six people, so the two of us had no choice but to sit beside each other. I didn't mind since Grayson was the only person being kind to me for the past couple months and he was the bad boy of the school.

"So, Grayson," Mom said, trying to make a light conversation since we've been eating in awkward silence for a while. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen," Grayson said simply, not even looking at Mom. I noticed a lot of the time that he rarely made eye contact with anyone.

"He failed grade eight," Grayson's dad said with a disappointed tone. "I kept telling him to be serious in school, but he wouldn't listen."

Grayson didn't reply. He just angrily stabbed the chicken on his plate, not even eating it. I knew how he felt to a certain degree, since Mom always got disappointed when I got low grades.

Grayson's dad looked at me. "Poppy, is it?" he asked. I nodded. "What do you plan on doing as a career?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but Mom beat me to it. "She wants to be a doctor."

I silently scoffed. The choice of words she used was a complete lie. I didn't want to be a doctor. She wanted me to be a doctor. I wanted to be something completely different.

"That's good," Grayson's dad said, but he seemed to be talking to Mom, not me. "I've been wanting Grayson to go into the medical business as well, but he keeps refusing."

"Because I don't want to be a doctor," Grayson muttered, low enough for only me to hear.

Dinner continued on silently for Grayson and I while my parents and Tony continued talking. They seemed to get along, but I couldn't help but notice the constant disapproving glances Grayson received from his dad.

"Well, thank you for the delicious dinner, Gene and Izzy," Grayson's dad said to my parents when everyone was done eating. "I really appreciate it."

"No problem," Dad said. "We should have get-togethers like this more often."

Grayson's dad nodded. "Absolutely. Time to go, Grayson."

Grayson stood up from the table, thanking my parents for dinner as well after his dad gave him a harsh glare. Grayson turned to me. "See you at school, Flower," he said before following his dad out the door. Why did he keep calling me flower.

"That Grayson is nothing like his father," Mom said once they left. "He rarely said a word and he had quite the attitude."

I rolled my eyes when my parents weren't looking as I cleared off my dinner dishes. As I was washing my dishes, I listened in on my parents conversation. They must have thought I wasn't in earshot, because they started talking about me as well.

"I have no idea why Poppy is friends with that boy," Mom said with a scoff.

"I'm pretty sure they're just acquaintances," Dad said, which was completely true. "They just started talking yesterday, as Poppy said."

"I still don't think she should be around him," Mom said. "Obviously he's a bad influence. He had detention as well today,"

"Mom, I don't think it's fair to judge Grayson," Tony said. "After what happened with Poppy a few months ago, nobody has talked to her. I think we should give Grayson a chance."

"I still don't trust him," Mom said.

Why were they talking about Grayson being near me? And Tony was right. Grayson was the first person to talk to me and not believe what Belle was saying. Besides, we both had the same thing in common. Mom wanted me to be a doctor and Grayson's dad wanted him to be one, and we both didn't want to be one.

When I finished washing my dishes, I went upstairs to my room. Seeing as I had no homework and I was extremely tired, I decided to go to bed early today.