

Bad Boy's Protection

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Apparently, my severe headache was because I was getting the flu. After Grayson dropped me off at home, I started feeling really sick just minutes afterwards. That stayed that way even the next morning.

"Poppy, you need to get up!" Mom said as she stood by the door.

I groaned dramatically, feeling really horrible. "Just leave me to die!"

Mom sighed. "Poppy, you're not dying. You need to get to school."

"But Mom!" I whined. "I don't feel good!"

"You're perfectly able to go to school," Mom said. "If you don't get up now, you're going to be in serious trouble."

I wished Dad never left for work yet because he definitely wouldn't have let me go to school when I was feeling like crap. I hadn't missed a single day of school before, besides yesterday when I skipped, because Mom believed that unless I was in the hospital, I should be in school if I ever wanted an education. I tried telling her that one day every now and then wouldn't affect my mark.

Seeing as I had no choice, I slowly got out of bed. Unfortunately for me, I felt extremely nauseous. I could barely move around without feeling like throwing up.

After I got changed, I went down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mom was waiting for me. "See?" she asked. "You're not dying."

"Mom, I really don't feel good," I muttered. "Can I please stay home?"

"One day can affect your studies," Mom told me. "You're going to school whether you want it or not."

"Please Mom?" I asked, trying one more time to stay home. If I went to school today, I would probably do worse if I didn't go, if that made any sense. I wouldn't be able to concentrate in school at all.

Mom, however, didn't take no for an answer. "Grab your bag and get in the car."

I sighed and grabbed my backpack sitting by the front door before going outside and straight to Mom's car. I climbed into the passenger seat and rested my head against the seat as I waited for Mom to come in. When she did, she didn't even notice how sick I must have looked as she pulled out of the driveway and drove to the school.

Mom told me she wasn't able to pick me up after school because of yet another meeting she had. She had been having a lot of meetings lately. Mom was a home interior designer and she was helping a newlywed couple design their new home.

As soon as I walked into the school, I felt extremely sick. The loud voices of the teenagers in high school always gave me headaches and seeing as I already had one, it didn't make me feel better.

"Flower?" Grayson said from behind me. I turned around. "Are you okay? You look really sick."

"I am," I said. "My mom forced me to come, but I feel very nauseous."

Without another word, Grayson grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the school. "Where are we going?" I asked.

"My house," Grayson said. "You obviously need to rest and I don't want to be at school."

"So we're skipping again?" I asked as we got into his car.

"It's not really skipping if school never started yet," Grayson objected. "You really need to rest, anyway."

Grayson pulled out of the school parking lot and began driving to his house. Driving with him reminded me of our conversation we had yesterday; about his brother. I remembered the way I acted and honestly, I felt bad about it. "Grayson," I said. "I want to apologize for the way I acted yesterday. I shouldn't have yelled."

"It's fine," Grayson said. "I shouldn't have pushed you to tell me if it had something to do with the thing that happened between you and Belle. It's cool."

"No, it's not," I said. "You just wanted to know something. I overreacted. When the time comes, I'll tell you what happened. But I'm still too emotionally scarred to talk about it."

Grayson raised an eyebrow. "So I'll get to know about it?"

"Yeah, eventually," I said. I did think Grayson deserve to know what happened to me. He defended me from Devon constantly and now, he was taking me to his home so I could rest. For some reason, he was treating me like his best friend or something.

"Okay," Grayson said. "I'll be waiting for you to tell me." When he pulled into his driveway, I noticed another car parked there. "Dammit!"

"What?" I asked.

Grayson sighed. "My brother's home. He told me he was going to run some errands today, but I guess not."

"Oh," I said quietly. Grayson told me what Graeme constantly did to the girls that hung around Grayson and I couldn't have a random guy flirting with me. It would definitely bring up too many memories.

"I can take you back to the school if you want," Grayson asked.

I shook my head. As much as I didn't want Graeme flirting with me, I felt very nauseous and I just wanted to rest somewhere. I'd rather put up with Graeme than be at school.

Grayson turned off his car and led me inside. As soon as we walked in, Graeme walked over to us. "Uh, you're supposed to be in school," Graeme said sternly.

"Uh, I don't care," Grayson shot back in a mocking tone.

"You skipped school yesterday," Graeme said, making me wonder how he found that out. "I'm not letting you do it again. Go back to school."

"No," Grayson said. "My friend is very sick and she can't stay at her home right now, so I took her here."

Graeme looked at me and flashed a smile, making me feel even more sick. "Well then. How about you head back to school, Grayson? I could take care of your friend."

Grayson snorted. "Hilarious. I don't care what you say, Graeme. I'm staying here with her, got it?" Grayson took a step towards his brother with a glare. Grayson was shorter, but not by much. "And keep your hands off her."

Graeme raised an eyebrow. "Are you seriously trying to threaten me, little bro? Well guess what?" He ruffled Grayson's hair, who immediately glared harder. "It's not working. I do what I want."

"Just stay away from her," Grayson repeated.

"Why?" Graeme asked. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"No," Grayson said. "I'm just tired of you flirting with every single girl that's ever near me."

"It's not my fault girls can't resist me," Graeme said with a smirk. "How many of the girls you've been around dated me? All of them, right?" Grayson continued glaring. "And how many have dated you? None."

Just listening to the conversation brought back memories. Why did all my friends' brothers turn out to be the same way? Graeme reminded me so much of Ben and I couldn't handle it.

"Grayson," I spoke up, wanting to end their small argument. "I really don't feel good."

Grayson turned to face me as if he just remembered that I was there. "Right. Come on, I'll let you rest in my room." I grabbed my wrist and quickly pulled me up the stairs and into the first room on the left. His bedroom was fairly small, but it was big enough to fit everything in there; a queen size bed, a dresser, a desk, and a TV stand across from the bed.

He set me down on his bed and turned to leave. "Wait!" I said quickly before he could leave. "Don't leave. Please."

Grayson faced me, his eyebrows furrowed in confusingly. "Why?" he asked.

"I can't be alone," I told him quietly. "Not when Graeme's here."

He must have realized that it had something to do with my past, because he walked over to his desk and sat down at it. As he went on his laptop, I laid down and closed my eyes.

I must have actually fallen asleep because Grayson was shaking me awake. "What?" I asked.

He handed me my cell phone. "You may be in a bit of trouble."

I looked at the screen where a message from Mom was. It read: *The school called saying you never showed up to school. Care to explain?*

I sighed and looked at the time on my phone. It was only lunch at school. If I told Mom where I was, she might have made me go to the last two classes which were the two that required most of my concentration. Even though I did fall asleep, I was still feeling a little sick.

Finally, I decided to text Mom back. If I didn't, she could have thought that I was kidnapped or something. I replied with:

i am so sorry. i felt really sick so grayson took me to his house to rest.

While I waited for a response, I looked at Grayson. "Is your brother still here?" I asked.

Grayson shrugged. "Possibly. I haven't left the room so I don't know if he went out. Being near him really bothers you, doesn't it?"

I nodded as my cell phone buzzed. "I really wish I could tell you why, but I'm not ready to talk about it," I said, looking at my phone. Mom texted back and I could tell she was angry. *You skipped school to be with Grayson? Didn't I tell you he was a troublemaker?*

I texted her back, really hoping she didn't tell me to go to school. *he just took me to his house so i could rest. i told you i wasn't feeling good.*

"Is it true what Graeme said?" I asked Grayson. "That he's dated all the girls that has ever been around you."

"Yup," Grayson said simply, but I could hear the hatred in the voice. "Every single girl that I have ever liked or just been friends with fell for my stupid brother and dated him. And after he broke their heart, they didn't want to be near me because I remind them too much of Graeme. It's stupid."

"Well I can guarantee you that I won't fall for him," I assured. "I can't stand guys who are like him."

I got another text from Mom.

I told you to go to school and you disobeyed me. Go back to school now and you will be in serious trouble when you get home.

I sighed. "My mom just told me to head back to school. And that I'm in serious trouble."

"She's making you go even though you're sick?" Grayson asked.

I nodded. "Yeah. Apparently, my marks will suffer if I miss one day and I will never become a doctor." I rolled my eyes. "I don't even want to be one."

"Why don't you tell your mom that?" Grayson asked.

I got off of his bed. "I tried many times. She never listens to me when I say something. Anyway, can you take me back to school? I don't want to get in any more trouble."

"Sure," Grayson said before grabbing his cell phone and leading me downstairs.

Graeme was still there. He gave me a flirtatious smile once he saw me. "Leaving so soon?" he asked.

I couldn't handle him anymore. I needed to do something that told him I wasn't interested, nor would I ever be. "Yeah," I said. "The sooner I can get far away from you, the better."

I walked passed him and went outside to Grayson's car. I heard Grayson follow me and close the door behind him. "Nice job, Flower," he said as we got in his car. "I don't think I've ever seen him that speechless before."

"He was irritating me," I said. "And it's best not to irritate me when I'm sick."

We arrived at school about five minutes before lunch ended. During those five minutes, I was wishing I didn't run into Belle and her friends.

Needless to say, my wishes never came true. She and Devon -alone, thankfully- approached me and Grayson when we were at our lockers. "If it isn't little miss blame?" Belle said with a smirk. "Here to tattletale on me?"

"No, I'm here to learn," I said. "That's what one does in school."

"If you're here to learn, then why did you just show up now?" Belle asked. "Did the perfect girl actually skip school?"

I was getting really irritated by her and I could sense myself snapping at her any second. "No," I said. "There's this thing called being sick."

"Oh, I've heard of the sick for half of school virus," Devon spoke up. "A lot of people get it and it causes them to skip school for half the day."

"Okay, how many times do I have to tell you to stay out of their argument?" Grayson asked. "Just leave Poppy alone."

"Why should I?" Devon asked. "She ruined the life of my girlfriend!"

"Actually, she didn't," Grayson said. "Poppy actually told me everything that happened between her and Belle." That made me very confused because I never told him anything. However, I didn't make myself look confused because he obviously had a plan. "And I'm not afraid to tell the whole school exactly what that guy did."

"Poppy made it up!" Belle objected. "It's all a lie!"

"How do you know?" Grayson asked. "Were you even there when it happened?"

"Well, no," Belle admitted. "But her story sounds to absurd to be true!" And with that, she marched away with Devon following.

"And that's how you get rid of her," Grayson said with a triumphant smile.

"Grayson?" I asked. "How did you know a guy was involved?"

"It's obvious," he replied. "My brother flirting with you bothers you and you said it was because of the thing that happened between you and Belle. So obviously, a guy was involved."

"Well, you're not wrong," I said quietly. "But thanks for making Belle leave. I don't know if I can handle her anymore."

"Just think of me as your guardian," Grayson said.