

Bad Boy's Protection

Chapter 7

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"What are you wearing?" Mom asked as I came down the stairs. I came home from school about an hour ago and immediately got changed into a very comfortable outfit; baggy sweats and a loose fitting t-shirt. My hair was in a messy bun.

I looked down at my outfit with furrowed eyebrows. "Why? What's wrong with it?"

"You look like you just got out of bed," Mom told me. "Need I remind you that we are having guests over today?"

I nodded. "Yes, I know. But I don't think they'll care what I wear. I mean, I am friends with one of them."

Mom sighed. She was always so high maintenance, always wanting to have her family look their best. I didn't understand why we had to dress nicely for Grayson's family.

"Poppy," Mom began, but she got cut off when someone knocked on the front door. Good thing too, because I was not going to get changed.

Mom opened the front door, welcoming them into our home yet again. Grayson entered the house before Graeme, thankfully, and walked over to me. "Hey, Flower," he said. "Long time, no see."

I raised an eyebrow. "We saw each other at school today."

"Yes, but an hour was a long time ago," Grayson said.

Graeme walked over to me and Grayson with a smile. "Looking good today," he said to me.

Grayson glared at his brother. "What did I tell you, Graeme?"

Graeme snorted. "You think I'd actually listen to my little brother?"

I looked at Grayson, who looked down at me. He knew how much I hated Graeme flirting with me, and he tried getting Graeme to stop. But Graeme was very stubborn.

Grayson looked back at his brother. "I'd love to stay and talk, but we are going to play some video games." Before Graeme could reply, Grayson made his way to the basement and I

followed. Grayson knew I was grounded and couldn't play video games, so I knew he was using it as an excuse.

"I wish I could play," I muttered. "I've been so bored ever since I got grounded."

Grayson sat down on the couch. "You got grounded yesterday. How can you be so bored already?"

"I usually spend my free time on the computer or watching TV," I told him. "But now, I can't."

"I guess you shouldn't have skipped," Grayson said jokingly.

I rolled my eyes, seeing as it was him who got me to skip. I did wonder if Grayson got in trouble for skipping or if his brother didn't say anything to his dad.

"Do you mind if I play a game?" Grayson asked.

I shook my head. "Not at all. I'll just watch."

Watching Grayson play wasn't as entertaining as it would have been if I was playing at well, but it was better than nothing. In fact, I was watching carefully at his strategies just in case we ever played against each other. I could use it against him.

Half an hour later, Mom called the two of us outside. Since the dining room table couldn't add another person, we were having a barbeque and eating outside. I led Grayson up the stairs and to the backyard. I immediately smelt barbeque ribs sizzling on the grill. Dad absolutely loved grilling, so there was no surprise when he told us we'd be having barbeque for dinner.

"What were you doing in the basement?" Mom asked me once Grayson and I were outside.

"Grayson wanted to play video games," I said. "But don't worry. I didn't play. I just watched him."

"Good," Mom said. "I don't need you disobeying me any more than you already did." She walked to the grill to help Dad set the ribs on some plates.

I sighed and shook my head. I always felt like a big disappointment in Mom's eyes. No matter what I did, I was doing something wrong, whether it be skipping school because I was sick or wearing sweats and a loose t-shirt when we had company over. Nothing pleased her.

"Wow," Grayson said. "That's exactly how my dad acts to me."

I looked up at Grayson as he was taller than me. "I guess we have something in common. We're both disappointments."

"I don't see how you're one," Grayson said. "The only bad thing you did was skip school. And trust me, it's not even that bad. I've done worse. I've been through worse."

I sighed once again, having the memories of what happened last summer flood back to me. "Yeah, so have I. And since the thing that happened to me, my mom has been making sure I only make right decisions, even though it wasn't my fault." I looked down at the grass. I didn't understand how Mom thought it was my fault. I didn't want it to happen. I didn't ask for it to happen.

"You know, I'd probably understand a lot more if I knew what happened," Grayson said. "I know you're can't talk about it, but I'll still wait for you to tell me."

"Thanks," I said. "We should probably sit down." I noticed that everyone was waiting for us to sit at the picnic table. And there was only three available spots; one beside Tony, and two on either side of Graeme. I, of course, sat beside my brother because there was no way I was going to sit beside Graeme.

After dinner was served and we began eating, Mom decided to talk to Graeme. "So, Graeme," Mom said. "Are you in college or university?"

Graeme nodded. "Yes. I'm currently in my third year of college. I'm studying to be an anesthesiologist." I raised my eyebrows. No wonder Grayson's dad looked down to him. Grayson failed a grade and Graeme was in college studying to be an anesthesiologist. Graeme probably seemed perfect in his dad's eyes.

"Impressive," Mom said. "How's it working out for you so far?"

"Great," Graeme said with a smile. "School is challenging, but I'm doing well."

"If only my other son would do well in school," Grayson's dad said with a sigh. Why did he bring up Grayson's educational problems? We didn't have to know about it.

"Yeah, I get it," Grayson said. "I'm not perfect like my siblings." Siblings? He had another sibling? "Just so you know, Graeme isn't as perfect as you think."

At first, I thought is dad would have gotten angry at Grayson, but all he did was sigh. "Grayson, now is not the time to bring up your brother's relationships with your friends. They liked him, so they went out. There's nothing wrong with it."

"Yeah," Graeme agreed. "Just because I had more girlfriends than you, it doesn't mean I'm not perfect." What surprised me was the way Graeme said that sentence. It wasn't in a conceited tone; more of an innocent tone. And judging by the looks on everyone's faces, they believed him. Wow.

Grayson's dad faced my parents. "I'm sorry about Grayson's behavior."

"What behavior?" I asked, even though he was talking to my parents. "Of course Grayson would be mad at his brother dating every single one of his friends who are girls."

"Poppy, mind your own business," Mom said in a fake sweet tone. "Their sibling problems doesn't involve you." *It does if Graeme is going after me next*, I thought. I didn't say anything, though. All I did was continue to eat my dinner without a single word.

Dinner turned silent as everyone ate. I looked at Grayson, who was sitting across from me. He looked like he was both sad and angry. Sad at being looked down on. Angry at having his brother taking his girl friend's away. I felt bad for him.

Grayson's family had to leave as soon as dinner was over. His dad thanked my parents for having them over again. And Grayson did something completely shocking. Before he left, he pulled me into a hug. I hugged him back, a bit confused, but that was before he whispered in my ear.

"Graeme is going to try to get your parent's approval to date you. Make sure they don't approve of him." He left afterwards, leaving me completely shocked and confused. Graeme was going to try to date me? Even though there was a four year difference?

There was going to be one thing for sure. He was not going to date me.