

Bad Boy's Protection

Chapter 8

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As soon as my Biology teacher, Mr. Franklin -who was also the vice principal- told us we'd be going to the biology lab, I knew we were going to dissect something. Fantastic.

Grayson was in my biology class so I could actually pair up with someone to dissect whatever we were going to. Normally, I went by myself since everyone hated me and I didn't talk to Grayson then, and it was horrible. I had to do everything by myself and I nearly vomited a few times.

While our class was walking to the biology lab, Grayson and I walked beside each other. "About what you said to me yesterday," I said. "Is it true?"

Grayson sighed. "Yeah. I heard him talking to his friend on the phone about it before we got to your house. He said something along the lines of 'Grayson has a new friend. I'm going to try to get her parents approval.'" He sighed. "Sometimes I think he dates my friends just to bug me."

"That's horrible," I said. "But there's a four year difference between me and Graeme. I doubt my parents will allow it."

"I wouldn't get your hopes up," Grayson said. "Once, he was able to get this fifteen year old girl's parent's approval to date. He was twenty at the time. He's very persuasive and charming."

"But there's a difference between getting my parent's approval and getting mine," I said. "And trust me, he is not getting my approval."

We got to the biology lab and stood behind one of the tables there. I was not looking forward to dissecting something.

When each pair was at a table, Mr. Franklin begin handing out kits. Dissecting kits. Lunch didn't even finish two hours ago so I definitely didn't digest my food yet. I was probably going to vomit.

"Alright class," Mr. Franklin said once every pair had a kit. "Today, we will be dissecting a frog. You need to follow every instruction properly if you want to succeed. If you don't there can be disastrous results. Be careful." He then handed each pair a sheet of paper which had the instructions. Then came the worst part. He began handing out the frogs, which we laying on wooden boards.

"I think I'm going to be sick," I muttered.

Grayson raised an eyebrow. "We haven't started yet. And we've dissected things before."

"Yeah, but those were cow's eyeball and stuff like that," I said. "This is a real live animal."

"It's dead," Grayson pointed out before shaking his head. "I have one question only, Flower. How much do you want to dissect this frog?"

"Well, I told you I'm going to be sick," I said. "So I'd say not at all."

"Okay," Grayson said. "Then I'm about to get us kicked out of here."

"Whoa, wait," I said quickly before he could do anything. "If my mom finds out I got kicked out of my biology class, she'll kill me."

"Funny, you said the exact same thing before we skipped school," Grayson said. "And she found out, yet you only got grounded for a week."

I contemplated my choices. Either get kicked out of class and have Mom get even more furious than she was now, or continue dissecting a frog and possibly throw up in front of the class.

"Okay," I said. "Do your thing."

Grayson smirked before picking up the frog -gross! "It feels weird," Grayson said, holding out the frog towards me. "Here, touch it."

I backed up, holding my hands away from him. "Ew, no."

"Come on," Grayson said. "It's not like you're going to get a disease." He pushed it closer to me. "Just touch it."

"Grayson, I'm not touching the frog," I said. "Maybe if it was alive... "

"Maybe it will come alive if you kiss it," Grayson said, pushing it even closer, causing me to back up.

"One, the fairytale is that it will turn into a prince," I corrected. "And two, I'm not kissing it."

Grayson shrugged. "Fine, no kissing. But can you at least touch it?"

He pushed it even closer to me and by instinct, I slapped Grayson's arm, which caused him to drop the frog. And Mr. Franklin just so happened to witness all of it.

"Grayson and Poppy," Mr. Franklin said, his hands on his hips. "One of the instructions is to not pick the frog off of the boards. Office now. Both of you."

Grayson picked the frog off of the floor and placed it back on the board before grabbing his backpack. I grabbed mine and followed him out the door.

"Now my hands smell like a dead frog," Grayson said once we were out of the biology lab.

"I still can't believe you picked up a dead frog," I said.

"Well, you didn't want to dissect anything and I haven't gotten in trouble for a while," Grayson said with a shrug. "I thought it was perfect." He stopped in front of the boys' washroom. "Wait here. I need to wash my hands."

I waited for Grayson to wash his hands. While he was doing so, I heard the ever-so familiar clacking sound of high heels approaching me.

"Would you look what we have here?" Belle said. Luckily, it was only her. Her boyfriend and minions were nowhere in sight. "What are you doing out of class?"

"None of your business," I snapped.

"Hanging around the boys' washroom?" she asked as if I didn't say anything. "Isn't that a little creepy?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Standing outside of the boys' washroom isn't considered creepy. Do you even have a brain up there?"

Belle glared at me. "Of course I do. Why do you think I'm the most popular girl at school?"

Because you're deceiving and people are afraid to stand up to you? I thought but didn't dare say out loud. I wasn't going to start an argument with her. There was no point to it.

"Seriously, what are you doing here?" she asked. "Can't go anywhere without your bodyguard?"

"Grayson isn't my bodyguard," I objected. "I don't need people fighting my battles for me like you."

Belle laughed. "Oh, really? Then tell me. How come every time Devon is telling you nicely to leave me alone, Grayson threatens him?"

"Nicely?" I repeated. "Devon never told me *nicely* to leave you alone. He was pestering me. Never once did Devon ask me to leave you alone."

"Of course, you're making up a story," Belle said with a scoff. "You never tell the truth do you?"

"What happened to Ben wasn't my fault!" I said a bit too loudly. "You weren't even there!"

"I trust Ben!" Belle said. "And because of you, both mine and Ben's lives are ruined!" With that, she turned on her heel and marched away.

I didn't even notice Grayson was behind me until he asked, "Who's Ben?"

I turned towards him and sighed. "I can't tell you," I said. "But you have to trust me when I say that what happened to him wasn't my fault. Belle blames me for it, and..." I shook my head, trying to clear my mind. "We should be going to the office."

Grayson nodded, not saying another word about Ben, luckily. When we got to the office, we were told to wait until Mrs. Goth was able to see us. And we had to wait for our parents to show up.

After about ten minutes, Graeme showed up. "Great," Grayson said sarcastically. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Graeme just smirked. "Dad couldn't make it. He's still at work and since I don't have a class now, I'm here." Graeme saw me and turned the smirk into a flirty smile. "Why hello. Got in trouble?" I ignored him. "Oh, playing hard to get. I like it."

"Graeme, leave her the hell alone," Grayson snapped. "She's not interested."

Graeme didn't have time to reply because someone else came in. I was so relieved that both of my parents seemed to be working because Tony came in. "Really?" he asked me. "You got kicked out of biology?"

"What?" I asked. "It was either that or dissect a frog."

Tony sighed. "You're just lucky I was the one who picked up the phone and not Mom. After this meeting, we're going to the grocery store because that's where she thinks I am."

"Thanks," I said. I was thankful I had an older brother like Tony. He didn't care if I got in trouble and when I did, he made sure Mom and Dad didn't find out.

Mrs. Goth came out of her office. "Graeme, Tony. How nice to see you two again." Tony went graduated the school three years ago and even though he skipped school a few times, he was one of the top students. "Standing in for the parents, I see. Well, come in. All four of you."

We followed Mrs. Goth to her office. Grayson and I sat on the two chairs across from her desk while our brothers stood on the other side.

"Are you two aware of why we needed someone here for these two?" Mrs. Goth asked our brothers.

"Yeah," Graeme said. "My brother got in trouble once again and got kicked out of biology." He sighed and shook his head. "I am sorry for my brother's attitude. He will *gladly* receive any punishment."

"As will my sister," Tony agreed.

Mrs. Goth looked at Tony. "Poppy only recently started getting in trouble. Being kicked out of class was punishment enough for her. As for Grayson," she changed her glance from Tony to Graeme. She pulled out a file, which was probably Grayson's record. "Grayson has gotten detention seven times, cut class three, parked his car in the teacher's parking lot four times, pulled the fire alarm twice, vandalized the teachers' lounge once, got in two fights, and was caught smoking on school grounds once. And all of those was just this month. And now he was kicked out of class. I have no choice but to suspend him for a week."

Grayson shrugged. "Fair enough."

"Wait until Dad finds out," Graeme told him.

"Oh, I'm *so* scared," Grayson said as he stood up. "Can I leave now?"

Mrs. Goth sighed. "Yes, you're free to go. I better not catch you on school grounds, Grayson, or there will be consequences."

"Yeah yeah yeah," Grayson muttered.

The four of us left the office. School was over by then. "You're a lucky one, Poppy," Tony said. "Imagine what Mom and Dad would do if you got suspended."

"Well, luckily I didn't," I said. "I'll meet you at your car. I just have to talk to Grayson."

Tony nodded and continued walking outside as I walked over to Grayson and Graeme. "Can I talk to you, Grayson?" I asked.

"Yeah," Grayson said. He told Graeme to leave, which he surprisingly did. "What's up?"

"You don't blame me for your suspension, right?" I asked. "I was the one who wanted to get out of class."

Grayson chuckled. "Flower, me getting suspended has nothing to do with you. I'm surprised I wasn't suspended a while ago. I should be going now. If Devon or Belle ever bother when I'm not here, tell me. I'll deal with them."

As he left, I groaned. Grayson wasn't going to be here for a week. That meant I was going to be an open target for Devon and Belle, especially Devon. I could handle Belle, but her boyfriend was a different story. What was I going to do?