

Bad Boy's Protection Chapter 8 - Meeting the Bad Boy's Mom

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Hailey's POV

Avery and I pulled up outside of his house, heading in.

"I apologize in advance. I am not sure how my mom is today. If she's having a good day or bad day, " He said worriedly.

"It is OK. Don't worry about it, Avery." I smiled.

He nodded, leading us inside. We headed into what I assume is the living room. A petite pretty brunette woman was sitting on the sofa, staring into space.

"Mom," Avery said softly.

"Hello, my sweet boy." She gushed, turning to face us. "Oh! You brought the company. You should have warned me, and I would have tried to be more put together. Sorry, you had to meet me in this state." She said fixing her hair.

"Don't be silly. You look fine. You're beautiful. I see where Avery gets his good looks from." I smiled.

"Thank you." His mother giggled relaxing a little.

He turned to me, giving me a small smile, mouthing thank you, and I returned a smile.

"Mom, this is Hailey. Hailey my mom Christie." He said, introducing us.

"Hailey that is a pretty name. It is nice to meet you." She smiled sweetly at me, but she looked tired. She looks like she has had a lot to deal with in her life which saddened me.

"Thank you." I blushed, "You too." I added.

"How do you two know each other? It is not like my son to bring someone here to meet me." She smiled.

"School." We both said in sync, making Christie laugh.

"Oh, wait. Avery, is this the one you said you were defending yesterday?" She asked.

He told his mom that. I guess she asked when she saw his face. So that is why he was fighting with Joshua, because of me. It was sweet and away, but at the same time, it was not because I do not want him to get in trouble because of me.

"Yes. I have some macaroni here for you. I will heat it." He smiled at her.

"Thank you, son. I will get to know Hailey a little better." She said, smiling sweetly at me.

"Okay." He nodded, heading into the kitchen.

I went over, sitting down next to Christie on the sofa. Christie was soon turning her attention to me.

"How is Avery getting on at school? Is he staying out of trouble?" She asked.

"He is getting on okay. Yes, he seems to be staying out of trouble." I smiled.

"That is good. Are you and Avery friends? Dating?" She asked.

"Just friends, " I replied.

"Oh, that's a shame. My boy could do with dating a nice girl like you. I know he doesn't do that or doesn't have the time due to having to look after me, which saddens me." She said sadly, feeling guilty.

"I am sure he will find a nice girl soon when he is ready. He loves you very much Christie...looking after you is what he wants to do." I smiled, giving her hand a small squeeze.

She nodded, giving me a small smile. I could tell it gets to her that Avery is the one looking after her, rather than her looking after him. We chatted with each other until he came back with her meal.

"You two not eating?" She asked.

"We ate at Hailey's. I am going to stay with Hailey tonight cause her parents are out of town. Will you be OK?" He asked.

"Yes, I will be fine love. I will get a shower and then go to bed. I'm exhausted today." She said.

"You sure?" He asked, Christie nodding.

We stayed with Christie for a bit as she had her meal. Avery cleaning up before Christie went off to bed, before heading back to mine. He was unusually quiet.

"Avery, are you okay?" I asked as we drove.

"Yes. Thank you for being nice to my mom. Not many people are because of her addiction problem." He said sadly.

"She is a nice woman. I like her. I can tell you have a strong relationship with her." I smiled.

"Yes, we do. We have only ever really hurt each other, we've never had anyone else so we have to stick together. My father was never in the picture. Well, he would show up now and again, then disappear again. Not seeing him in about five years now, I think." He said shrugging the last part off.

"I am sorry. Your so-called father doesn't deserve either of you in his life if that is how he is." I said.

"I guess." He said, managing a small smile.

I got the feeling from him that he didn't want to talk about it anymore. I decided to let it drop. A silence was falling between us. I could see he was away in another world. He seems to have a lot on his mind. I wanted to reach over, give his hand a supportive squeeze, but something told me he would not like that. I sighed, leaning back into the seat, watching him for a moment. I smiled a little. He was gorgeous, and I cannot deny it. I pulled away before I got caught. We pulled up outside of the store, heading in, grabbing a basket.

"What are you wanting?" I asked.

"Well." He started, smirking at me.

"Don't even say it or I will kick your ass." I giggled.

"Fine!" He pouted, walking away from me.

I shook my head, laughing before catching up with him. We went up and down all the aisles, grabbing anything we wanted from popcorn to chocolate to sweets, etc.... more than we needed. We would never make our way through all this stuff tonight, well I will not.

"What now?" He asked.

"I think we have enough, don't you?" I said, pointing to the basket.

"Maybe you are right." He chuckled.

Thank goodness for that. Any more and I would have to rob a bank to pay for the stuff. Once we got to the checkout, we ended up paying for it all together by each paying half of the items. Probably the best way to do it at this point. As we were walking out of the store I heard a female's voice.

"You blew me off for her?" I heard her huff.

I looked up to see Mandy's best friend Rachel standing there glaring at Avery.

"What if I did?" Avery said, no emotion to his tone.

"You promised you would meet me after school. You never showed, all for what? Because you wanted to hang out with little miss prude there?" She hissed, glaring at me.

Great! Another reason for that group to make my life a living hell.

"Sweetie, didn't your mom ever tell you not to listen to a bad boy that lies for a living?" He chuckled. "Plus I had you yesterday and you were nothing special, to be honest. Maybe learn how to fuck right then get back to me." He said smugly.

I stood there shocked. I never liked this side of him, not one bit.

"Fuck you, Avery. I hate you enjoy your little virgin there." She hissed flipping her hair before walking away.

He turned to face me. A blank expression on his face, like he could care less what he said, Rachel. I cannot stand her, but that was harsh. I shook my head, turning from him and walking back to the car getting in as soon as he opened it. He climbed into the car after me.

"What the hell is your problem? If looks could kill, I would have been dead with the way you looked at me." He asked, glaring at me.

"The way you spoke to her was disgusting Avery. I cannot stand the girl but that was horrible. I felt sorry for her. Is that how you treat girls all the time?" I asked.

"Yes, so what? They know what I am like, they come to me. They should know better but none of them ever learn. Hailey, I never pretended to be anyone else. You have no right getting mad at me this way." He said, annoyed.

"Whatever! Can we go please?" I asked turning away from him.

"Yeah." He groaned shaking his head before starting the car.

I was not sure if I even wanted his company after that. Is that how he is going to treat me in the end? Like a play toy? At least I have had the sense not to have sex with him which I'm glad of if that is how he treats people he's having sex with. As soon as we pulled up outside of my house, I got out of the car, rushing into my home. If he followed or not that was his choice. I dump the bags in the kitchen before heading into the living room and sitting on the sofa. I sighed running my hands through my hair shaking my head.

"Is this how it's going to be? One minute you are fine with me, talking and laughing then the next you are mad at me?" He said appearing in the living room.

"Why do you treat people like that?" I asked trying to calm my voice.

"Because they let me. I would rather them be treated that way than me." He shrugged.

"Is that how you are going to start treating me? Like crap just cause you can?" I asked.

"What? No, of course not." He said.

"Why am I different from anyone else, Avery?" I asked confused.

Why treat everyone one way, and treat me the complete opposite way?

"You just are. All of them are assholes and bitches that deserves it. You don't, simple as that." He said shrugging again.

"You are the most confusing human being I have ever met, do you know that? You ever try to treat me like that it will be bye-bye, bad boy." I said raising my brow at him.

He chuckled, "That is because I am one of a kind baby girl." He winked.

I shook my head, giggling. Why could I not stay mad at him for long? He was a jack ass, but let's face it we all know that but for some reason, I could not stay mad at him. I could not hate him. I need for my sanity I should stay away, but I never wanted to. I found myself wanting him around even though he is a massive pain in my ass most of the time.

"All-forgiving?" He asked the dorkiest smile on his face, it was kind of cute.

"Maybe, for now anyway. Let us see how long it takes for you to make me mad again." I giggled.

"I will say maybe a few hours then you will find another reason to get mad at me. I am okay with that though. Now let's get this torturous night started." He laughed, "What movies are you planning to torture me with?" He asked.

"Hmmm, well first The Notebook, then Bridget Jones Diary, then lastly for tonight A Cinderella Story." I giggled.

"Oh God, help me. Let's get this over with." He said rolling his eyes.

"You are the one that made the bet. No one to blame except yourself." I said smugly.

He rolled his eyes again, sitting on the sofa next to me. I cannot wait to torture him with chick flicks. It should be a fun night.