

Chapter 281

Ashley pov

I paled as a ghost. I remember mom and dad talking about her, referring to her as a mental patient. From what I've heard of the things she has done, she wasn't such a good person. But she was still blood, no matter all of the horrid things she's done.

"I'm so sorry." I felt like I was suppose to say that. I knew Margaret history with my mom and it wasn't pleasant. But I also knew mom never holds a grudge.

I also knew that dad was silently mourning inside. It hurt him, that was the woman who took care of him. She's his mom.

I walk over to a vacant sofa and gently sat down, hoping that they wouldn't notice my wince when my bum touches the cushion. Blake really had a huge cock. It is know wonder he was always so cocky.

Don't act like you don't like it. The little voice inside my head reveals. I sigh. This is really not the time to think such thoughts. Mom looked lost as she watches dad rake a hand through his hair.

"We never got along but I do feel sorry that she died this way." She sighed.

I nodded. "Do you know what lead to for her to do this to herself?"

She looks saddened. "We had gotten word that she was doing much better but I guess this wasn't accurate. Margaret really wasn't mentally stable."

Dad comes off the phone and sits beside mom. He pulls her on his lap and she rest her head on his chest. He sighs in content as if having mom this close to him comforted him instantly. I loved their relationship though it cringes both Arden and I to see them this way.

"They found her hanging from a fan around seven in the morning. She used the sheet of her bed." He whispers brushing his fingers through moms hair.

"I'm so sorry baby." Mom whispered kissing his jaw. He clenches his eyes and when he does open it again it's now moist with unwashed tears. My heart aches for him.

"I admit I hated her, loathed her even but she's still my mom, the woman who raised me. I can't help but think that things would've been different if she wasn't senile." He grumbles as if hating himself for even feeling sad about her death.

"Why had they not called you sooner dad? This seems to be a bit fishy." Arden voices out. I chewed on my lip thinking of what Arden had implied. He was right. Why hadn't they called him sooner.

"Does grandpa even know?" Arden ask.

"I do not know why they had failed to inform me of my mother's passing sooner. Dad found out the same time I did, probably even sooner. He doesn't feel a bit of remorse." He sighs. "And quite frankly I don't want to think of any possibilities of why they didn't tell me sooner. I'm sure they had their reasons."

Arden nods in understanding. "Well I guess we'll be attending a funeral soon." He shrugs seeming nonchalant. I couldn't blame him he never knew Margaret, a woman supposedly our grandma but was the devil incarnated that wanted to kill me when I was still in mom's womb.

"I guess we will." Dad grunts pulling mom closer. I hated funerals.

\*next day\*

"What's up with you two today?" Ryan asks, putting down his burger on the plate. It was lunch and we all were seated around the lunch table, each having a different food to eat.

Blake and I was sitting usually closer than we ever had been. It felt natural to be this close to him but I guess everyone was noticing, including our bestfriend Ryan. I felt guilty for keeping such a secret away from him.

"Nothing's up yet." Blake shrugged but I knew the meaning behind the word. Ryan smirks throwing his head back laughing at his friends ridiculous joke. Or was it? With Blake I could never tell.

Stopping his laughing fit, he looks between us and gives a sly gaze. "You two have been awfully closer than usual and that's saying something. Just like lovers I might add." He accuses and gauges for a reaction.

I choke on the fry I was eating and quickly reach over for the juice so I could wash it down. "What gave you that idea?" I ask after clearing my throat. I was avoiding his knowing stare. I looked around for prying eyes.

"Just answer me this one question." He starts. "Where did you two go after english class was done? I heard moaning and grunting sounds coming from Mrs. Peter's class. It really didn't sound like Mrs. Peter. It sounded awfully familiar." He chuckles the says in a girly voice. "Oh Blake, don't stop."

I choked on my saliva as Blake choked on his soda. Were we that loud? A scarlet blush coated my cheeks and I felt shame hit me like a ton of bricks. "There are many Blake's in this school." Blake answered looking half embarrassed.

"Yeah but none sound like you dude. " He says then turns his voice into a very much exaggerated mannish tone.

"Oh fuck Ley baby, you're so tight, I'm about to cum."

I snap my eyes to Ryan, eyes widening in horror. He smirks. "Now I wonder who calls you that name Ley."

"Hush Ryan before someone hears you!" I hissed cheeks aflame. My eyes skittish around to see if anyone was listening on the conversation but they all seem to be on their own businesses.

I sighed in relief. Good. The last thing I want to hear circulating around the entire school is how Blake and I were fucking in Mrs. Peter's class.

"Don't be shy little Ash, you definitely weren't in Mrs. Peter's class. I don't think she'd be happy if y'all left cum on her desk though. Poor woman will be coming school tomorrow to find dried cum on her desk. " He jokes.

I wanted nothing more but to crawl in a hole and die. This isn't exactly how I planned for him to find out. I lost my appetite. Blake palm comes to rest on my thigh and squeezes it in reassurance. "Relax on the jokes man, you're embarrassing her." Blake warns.

Ryan sighs. "Fine." Then studies us. "How long has this been going on?" He questions generally intrigued for our answer. Though he seemed to know it already.

"After the party when Blake and I kissed. It just went from there." I answered.

"I knew it!" He shout rather loudly gaining everyone's attention. Seeming to notice the eyes on him, he flicks them off. "Mind y'all damn business!" He hisses and they do just that.

He then grins at the two of us. "So when's the wedding? Though I'm still mad y'all didn't let me on that little secret." He pouted.