

Tangled In His Sheets - by Demiah13 |

Chapter

1

♡ Mia's pov ♡

The air had a stench to it when I entered the dining room. It wasn't a bad stench like a, 'I forgot to close the garbage bin again'. No, it was stuffy with tension. Heavy tension.

My eyes dropped to mom sitting on the chair around the dining table. Her hair was messier than usual and looked knotted. Her shoulders were sagged and her face solemn.

I furrowed my brows in thought.

Did she and dad have a fight?

No that couldn't be, they've never fought. In fact, they were the few married couples that never did fight seriously. Their fights were that icky playful fights that had me and Austin gaging.

So what was wrong?

I scan her slouched figure and then my eyes finally noticed the white paper she gripped tightly. Her eyes seemed to be reading the words over and over. She was so transfixed by this that she hadn't even heard me when I walked in and took a seat opposite her.

"Did my school send you my report sheet in the mail?" I winced, my eyes on the paper. The school was still closed but teachers usually send report sheets late in the mail.

I hadn't exactly been doing well in school. It wasn't bad where it was an alarm to involve my parents but it was bad enough to let me know that I needed to take my work seriously and stop binging TV shows the entire day.

Mom's eyes finally left the paper and the air that had been in my lungs got stuck. Her eyes were red-rimmed and dark circles had now taken hostage under her eyes. She looked like crap, but I wasn't going to tell her that.

"What's wrong mom?" I whispered, feeling cold all of a sudden when her eyes glisten with incoming tears. I've never seen my mom cry with so much pain. Sure she's cried before, but not like this. Not with pain.

She chuckles dryly. "Can you believe the nerve of that bitch?"

I jerked back in shock as I stared at her. Never had mom spat out curses with so much anger. She and dad always tried to not curse in front of Austin and I but clearly, today she didn't care.

"It has been over seventeen years. Over fucking seventeen years since we last spoke. And she had the nerve to pull this shit on me." Her voice cracked with pain as she tore her eyes away from me and fixed them on the paper.

As my eyes followed her line of vision I realized that there was another paper just beside her. I had been too focused on her sudden features to realize it there. As I pinned it down with my stare, I realized that it looked like a handwritten letter.

"Gwen was always a selfish, self-absorbed bitch. She never cared about anyone else but herself. And now, look where that got her. Look where that fucking got me." The crack in her voice was painful for me to hear.

Dad was better at consoling her. But he left for work already and Austin was too young to even know what to do. And he was still in bed.....

Should I wake him up?

No, he would just ask for cereal or pancakes and disregard our mother's blatant sobbing emotional fest.

Not knowing what to do because I sucked at being a shoulder to lean on, I reached for the paper beside her. I thought she'd not want me to read it, but she doesn't even notice as her eyes stayed glued on the paper she clutched.

Was this invasion of privacy?

It probably was, but how would I know what upset her if she kept talking in riddles? Besides, it was just a peek. A quick peek.

Until my eyes scan over the letter that looked like teardrops had stained them. I lift my eyes to mom just to see her let out a shaky breath. I pressed my lips together and drop my eyes back to the letter and, read.

Dear Arabella,

If you're reading this, then that means I'm no longer living. I know you must still hate me, I know you do since you never picked up my calls. I get it, I ruined your family, I nearly ruined your life. Maybe I did. And for that, I'm truly sorry.

I was an awful friend to you. Whilst you looked at me like a best

friend should. I looked at you as competition I needed to stomp on. I didn't know when it had come to that point. Maybe after I realized that I never could be as perfect as you.

I did some bad things to you and said some bad things about you in the past. I regretted it since then. I regretted it every single day. After I moved away, I tried to get my life on track. But you know me Bella (I know Haiden's the only one who calls you that, but I'll say it this

once because I think it suits you) I couldn't do it.

I couldn't get my life on track. I worked as a prostitute just so I could eat. I stood hours on my feet just to make ends meet. But it wasn't enough. Especially when I got knocked up.

Kade, he was the best thing that had ever happened to me. I knew I wasn't fit to become a mother, I knew that. But when I had placed my palm on my flat stomach, a feeling, a feeling I never felt before overcame any senses to have me pussy out. I promised I'd protect him and do better.

But of course, I couldn't. The addiction to sex was stronger than I thought. Then the addiction became stronger and I found myself abusing drugs to quench it. I know, I know don't give me that 'what the fuck look'. It got bad to the point where child protection services came more than once to take my life away from me until I could get back on 'track'.

But I could never fully stop. I couldn't do that to Kade again, having him go live with a family for a few months just so his mother could go clean. I couldn't watch the disappointed look again he gave me every single time. The look of pain when they tugged him out of my arms. The look of fear when he looked at me with his hands on the car window as they drive him away from me.

I really did try Arabella. I really did, but we both know I was always the fucked up one. I'm writing this letter not for me, but for Kade. I know that one day I'll go too far, one day I'll not see my baby boy anymore. And I know it will be entirely my fault and the fucked up choices I made.

But please Bella, please. He deserves someone better than those families they put him in. He deserves someone who would care for him. He deserves you.

I know you loathe me and would rather tear this letter into pieces than read every word. But please don't. I may not be your best friend anymore, but you're still mine. You're the only one I can trust with my life. And Kade's my life.

You're the only one who won't make him turn to someone like me.

I love you Arabella and I wished I had been a better friend to you. Take care of him for me, would you? I know you'll do better than I could have ever imagined.

Love, Gweneth.

I placed the letter on the dark oak table and gulped. The pain behind her words were bare and I felt guilty for reading it knowing it was only meant for mom to see.

"Gweneth huh? You never mentioned her before." I said softly. Like I said, I wasn't good at that comforting thing.

Mom's eyes peel away from the paper she was reading and peered at me with unreadable eyes. Then she spoke, her voice emotionless. "She wrote a will. She gave me her son."

That didn't exactly answer my question but only made me more confused. "What do you mean?"

She lets out a shaky breath that shows her distress. "It means, from now until he turns eighteen, I am now Kade's legal guardian."