

Tangled In His Sheets

Chapter

2

♡ Mia's pov ♡

"What are you going to do?" Was the stupidest thing that ever came out of my mouth.

"He'll come to stay with us." She sighs and turns her head to look out the window. The curtains were drawn and we could see the neighbors yard clearly.

"Don't exactly know what I'm going to do. Haven't worked out a solid plan yet. Not even your dad knows about this. I've been avoiding opening that letter from yesterday the moment I saw her name on it. " Mom said while staring blankly out the window.

"Do you know how old he is?" I whispered, not quite knowing what to do or say at this point. Hearing that someone you've never seen or known about was coming to live with you was the biggest bomb that has ever been dropped.

Mom sighs, tearing her eyes from the window to rub her forehead.

"Don't know Mia. I have never even seen the boy. For all I know he could be a nine year old."

She looked sad, exhausted, and stressed. " You know Gwen was always fucked up but this..... This was on another level. She gave me her son, her son to look after even though we never spoke for years!" The tone of her voice nearly shook me from the anger that swirled in it.

She was furious.

I didn't know for what exactly or for whom. Was it at Gweneth? Or the situation? Or maybe because she was forced to take in a boy she never knew about?

But she could easily get out of this if she tried. She was smart enough to. But somehow she didn't give him up. Instead, she was willing to open her home for a complete stranger, despite how obviously strained her relationship with Gweneth has been.

My mom was someone to admire and I did.

The house phone rings and her red eyes close for a quick second before opening. "That must be her lawyer. He said he'd call in a few to finalize some things." She grumbles and stands up. The chair screeches by her actions and I looked at her lost on how to ease her worries as she walked over to the ringing phone in the other room.

This was really happening. A little kid or teenager would be coming to live with us. It wouldn't be Austin, mom, dad and I anymore. Soon there would be a new addition to the family.

I wasn't quite sure if I like that or not.

I sighed, my eyes falling back to the letter and I found myself reading it once again.

"So Kade sounds like a cool name." I let out as I picked at the broccoli on the plate. I wasn't really hungry, and judging by how quiet everyone at the table was, neither were they.

We had been sitting around the dining table in complete silence for a few minutes now. I hated it, it was suffocating.

Dad lifts his head from the plate, his brown eyes identical to mine falls on my mom. She looked vulnerable and out of it. " I guess. What do you think baby? Does Kade sound like a cool name?"

Mom had not spoken for a few hours now. She was trying hard to not show it, but the news of Gweneth's death hit her, hard. I didn't think she was expecting it or the surprise she left for her on the will.

In fact, I think we all weren't expecting it.

"Yeah it's cool." She answered sounding lost.

Dad sent her a worried look and looked at me helplessly. Not even he could cheer her up and that was a shocker since mom could never be sad in his presence. But today, we all were witnessing a side of her we didn't really want to see.

"Am I finally getting a brother!?" Austin yells in excitement. For a seven year old he sure has a set of lungs.

Mom cringes while dad looked at her awkwardly. I on the other hand sent Austin a glare. Apparently, he didn't want an older sister but an older brother. I made a mental side note to not share the candy I snuck in my room with him.

"Not exactly....." Mom cleared her throat.

"Did Mr. Barnes send the photo of him yet?" I asked softly, wincing inwardly for even being curious about this 'Kade'. Mr. Barnes was Gweneth's lawyer, the man who sent the letter and a copy of the will to mom. He said Gweneth wanted to break the news to mom herself and the only way to do it when she's six feet under was through a letter.

He mentioned that even with some living relatives, she only wanted mom to have full custody of her son. She trusted no one else to care for him.

I thought it was kind of nice that she trusted mom with her 'life'. But the look on mom's face was all I needed to know that she wasn't ready for that huge shift in her life. I don't think we all were.

Mom shook her head. "He mentioned that Kade didn't like taking out photos and it would be a hassle to dig for some that are recent. Apparently, the last photo he took was on his eighth birthday and that was years ago."

"Oh, then that means he should be a teen now right?" I stopped picking at the broccoli and just placed the fork down on the plate.

Mom nodded, finally lifting her eyes to stare at us. They were still red and swollen from all the crying she had done earlier. "I suppose it does. Didn't really ask for his age, the question never came to mind actually."

I lift a single shoulder in a shrug. "Maybe he's those guys who're shy? Explains the hate for taking out photos."

Mom hums while dad's eyes never left her. He looked worried, features tight to show exactly that. "Barnes said Gweneth had the photo of Kade when he was eight in their house. He said he was heading there actually, to let him know...."

My brows drew together into a line of confusion. "Let him know what?"

She sighs looking at Austin and me, before drawing her eyes to dad who smiled at her reassuringly. "To let him know that we'll be coming to the funeral and, " Her eyes flick back to me. " to bring him here afterward."

My throat tightened. "Oh. When's the funeral?" I looked over at Austin who didn't have a care in the world as he dug into the creamy chicken mom whipped up earlier.

"Two days from now." Her voice went back grave.

Wow, that's pretty soon. I thought we'd at least have a week or so to get ready for a new addition to the family.

I chewed on my lips, my stomach tightening in anxiety. "Are we all going?" I hated funerals and going to someone's funeral who I didn't know? Yeah, that screams awkwardness and tension.

Dad was the one who responded, his voice soft. "No. It will only be your mom and me. We'll be back before your senior year starts. This should only take a day or two, depends....."

I nodded in understanding. "Depends on what?" Curiosity swam in my voice as I stared at my parents in question.

Dad murmurs out lowly. " Depends on if the situation, escalates." His eyes flick to mom and they shared a look that I couldn't interpret.