

Chapter 025|World's apart

~And I'd choose you

In a hundred lifetimes,

In a hundred worlds,

I'd find you and

I'd choose you.

Later on, I received a call from Mom who sounded hysterical like she couldn't believe I had slept outside and wasn't kidnapped. She believed the coloured notes on the fridge were from my so-called captors and had asked me to head straight back home, muttering something incoherent about making sure

before I had hung up rolling my eyes. Weren't parents just such a joy?

Not.

Law had given me a spare brush and offered me his closet which was fucking huge to freely select whatever I could work with. I'd spent hours in there not because of a lack of what to wear since I majored in boy clothes but because of the assorted varying clothes to choose from.

I had opted for a jean jacket, a white plain jogger which was a lot big on me but served the purpose and at least wasn't sliding out of my waist after I had secured the rope hanging from it twice and making sure I didn't trip on the trouser, since Law was a lot taller than me, I had folded them twice

I ran a brush through my hair hastily, took the bag

where Law had neatly folded the clothes I had worn yesterday and came outside to meet him since he had insisted on taking me back home after informing me casually that he planned on hanging out with Ron and the boys like they were some dimpled rich guys and didn't do drugs, crimes and, use crass languages that would put a sailor to shame.

He wolf-whistled as I slide into yet another of his insanely expensive sportscar, trying hard and failing not to ogle at him. He looked like a dream. His hair was slightly damp and his Indigo V-neck tee shirt hugged his impressive outlined triceps and I couldn't help but noticed his taut tanned biceps. His Rolex watch was on and apart from the antique piece, he really was trying hard at looking casual and not too intimidating. But... because he reeks and exuded wealth and authority he was failing miserably, just like I was in trying not to gape at him.

Law was like a beautiful work of art, and whenever I turned to read his emotions, I couldn't stop myself from noting yet another stunning expression and another allure. Highlighting a set of discoveries I never made before. He was dangerous for my health and sanity. Everything.

"You sure you ain't going to consider the fashion line I talked about?" He gave me a suggestive look, "Because you are definitely owning these clothes and making me think they were never made for me in the first place."

"Oh please," I scoffed partly because I couldn't believe that anything was not made for him; He could wear a sack and still pull it off, and to hide my cheeks that were flushed because of the way he stared at me in awe like I was the most beautiful girl he has seen. His raw expression at that moment clenched my heart tightly reminding me yet again of his confession

yesterday. He loves me!

I had barely registered when the engine of the car had come into life or when we had manoeuvred out of his gate, out of the neighbourhood gate, the airy breeze blowing into my face since the car's hood was up while I soaked in the view of giggling rich children, expensive cars, way too shiny malls and boutiques with women who represented a brand from their head to toe walking around so casually.

But I had been more alert the minute we had entered La Paz and then slowly Creekside. The Stark difference could be noticed by a blind man. Overflowing gutters, flies, littered dirt, children dressed in rags or naked and crying of hunger while wandering around.

I stared at Law Tyler who was hitting his left leg to the afro-pop music playing from the radio oblivious to my

roving eyes. Our lives and our backgrounds were worlds apart it was embarrassingly so clear to see and spelt out.

"Mom!" I hollered dumping my bag on our worn-out cushion and slumping down next to it.

She came out. She was wearing the pub's t-shirt she worked for in the mornings and an arched eyebrow.

"You said you were with a friend?"

I didn't reply to her. The little smile now on her face tells me there was more to whatever she wanted to say and she would tell me when she was good and ready.

"By friend do you mean the good-looking guy that just dropped you at home and has been making rounds in the neighbourhood gossips?"

"Mom, have you been listening to gossips?" I gave her an exaggerated disappointed huff trying to hide the huge smile that threatened to break out on my face if I wasn't careful.

She shrugged sitting next to me, "It is quite hard to work in a pub and not be in the know of trending gossips especially when this particular gossip drives an expensive car and wears a watch that could put you through college."

I leaned into the couch hoping that gives her the impression that I didn't want to talk about it. Whatever it is she was going on about.

"Talking about working in a pub, shouldn't you be there right about," I did a dramatic show of checking my empty wrist, "Now?" I asked noting she didn't budge.

It felt a bit weird having her sitting next to me striking up a discussion. Although it wasn't her fault she works four Jobs to keep our heads afloat but it has almost been like she wasn't here and I've gotten used to her absence. She doesn't just expect me to flip on and off that switch now, does she?

I flinched at the sudden contact of her feverish hand against mine but found myself relaxing after a while.

"I was truly worried when I came back home last night and entered your room to check up on you and discovered it empty."

"I dropped a note." I tried to sound exasperated, not wanting to evaluate how good it felt to know that she does check up on me every night though it was also a little creepy. But it felt nice to know she was looking out for me because for a while I had been tempted not

to drop a note thinking she won't even notice I wasn't home.

"I saw the note. That's why I didn't contact the police but still, you have always been cooped up at home. Always. And although I was worried you didn't have friends or anyone you visit, you weren't obsessed with your mobile phone like every teenager I know, wasn't whiny about wanting to attend a party even though it was past your curfew and I didn't have to deal with my teenage daughter boy issues mood swings, I had become used to the routine." My eyes met hers.

She tightly smiled, "I know going to a school where almost everyone lives in Todos Santos would have been hard for you even if you didn't mention it and I was so scared for you. Still scared as a matter of fact even though most parents consider me lucky because you're the most undramatic teenager on Earth but___ I've always been so scared you'll miss out on life

cooped in your room." Her voice broke and I was the one grabbing her hand now, "I didn't want you to ever get punished because you were just from another side of town and although I knew you were strong I just felt like you might end up loathing me one day just like Rob does because you do deserve a better mother, a better life ____"

"Mom," I muttered wiping a tear that had escaped her eyes, "I'll never hate you. Ever."

She smiled weakly. "Do I need to be worried that my little girl is spending a night alone with her male friend?" I sighed at the obvious quotes on the friend while she grinned smugly, a reply to my obvious bullshit.

"Next time you can invite your friend inside too." She mumbled and I grimaced. Of course, she must have eavesdropped on me stopping Law from coming over

to say hello. I wasn't in any way ashamed of my home and roots but I knew mom was home and didn't know how she'll react to him.

"Do I need to give you the talk again?" She jokingly teased even though I could sense a bit of seriousness in her voice as she grabbed her bag and left the room, searching for her boots outside.

I cringed. The bees and pollination. Please No. "I think I can do very much without Mom."

"I don't want to be direct but I don't want you doing anything friends don't do with their friends."

"Seriously! Bye, Mom!"

I heard her chuckle all the way from where she was.

I smiled. That moment felt so good though it was

cringe-worthy and a reminder of why nobody wants their parents in their beeswax but I felt normal.

As normal as a girl getting the talk from her mother could. I stood up in preparation to head out for my noon shift in Morning Bli.

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