

His Girl Best Friend Mocked My Calm Act— Unhinged Family Shut Her Chapter 02

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Before Cole could say anything, Skyler laughed.

“Daddy’s girl. Your girlfriend is a total daddy’s girl.”

Skyler slipped the ring into her pocket. “Running to your parents for everything. You’ll never grow up. You’ll never have an original thought.”

Cole saw things going south and quickly said to me, “Grace, stop. We’re not calling anything o . Skyler’s just joking around. Don’t take it seriously.”

I looked at Cole. “The ring is in her pocket. Who exactly is it you want to marry?”

Cole turned to Skyler and held out his hand. “Skyler, give me the ring. Quit messing around.”

But Skyler pulled her hand back. “Why should I give it to her? Look at her. All she talks about is what her parents said.”

“She takes o the ring at the first hint of trouble. Threatens to leave. She’s obviously manipulating you. I’m helping you see what she’s doing. Don’t shoot the messenger.”

I stood up and grabbed my purse. “Fine. Keep it. That little rock was too small anyway.”

Skyler sco ed. “Too small? Then why were you wearing it? Stop pretending.”

I ignored her and walked toward the door.

The second I stepped forward, Cole’s voice came from behind me. “Grace, maybe you should go home and cool o .”

He didn’t grab me or chase a er me.

Because I had never told him about my family. I was low-maintenance. None of that stu seemed worth mentioning.

I looked back over my shoulder. Skyler was leaning back in her chair with her arm slung over Cole’s shoulder, patting it.

“Let her go. Don’t chase a er a woman throwing a tantrum. She’ll come around on her own.”

Cole nodded. “Grace is usually really easygoing. I don’t know why she’s acting so dramatic today.”

When I got home, both my parents were there.

My dad was sitting on the living room couch cleaning his collection of custom-made Buck hunting knives.

My mom was lying in her massage chair getting her nails done by a nail technician she’d flown in from Milan.

I changed into my slippers and sat down on the couch. “Dad. Mom. I called o the engagement with Cole.”

I said it calmly. But my parents did not stay calm.

My dad’s knife stopped mid wipe. “You called it o ?”

Without another word, he flipped the blade out.

“Did that bastard Cole do something to you? Is there another woman? Did he hurt you?”

“Say the word and he disappears tonight.”

My mom sat up straight, her ten freshly done nails spread wide, eyes blazing.

“Who dares to bully my daughter?”

That’s just how my mom talks. She’s forty-seven and still acts like she’s royalty.

The reason my dad fell for her back in the day during a gang war? There was a knife to her throat and she was still screaming, “Go ahead, touch a single hair on my head. See what happens. Your queen dares you.”

I pulled a pillow into my lap. “No one bullied me. I just didn’t want to get married anymore. It didn’t feel right.”

My mom accepted it immediately. She patted the spot next to her and motioned for me to come sit.

“Fine. Don’t get married then. Come pick out a nail design you like.”

“Mommy always said that ring was too small. I could barely see it without a magnifying glass. I’ll go buy you a dozen rubies to play with.”

I stayed calm because I know my parents too well.

If I told them the truth, Cole’s family business would be shut down by the next day. And Skyler might turn up in the lake the day a er that.

With parents like mine, the only way to live is low-key. Otherwise we’d be on the news every other day.

Besides, I really am low-maintenance. Nothing feels worth getting angry about.

A er my shower, I lay in my king size canopy bed and stared at the lamp on my nightstand.

It was custom made by a local artisan. The base was encrusted with diamonds. Every stone was bigger than the one on Cole’s ring.

I suddenly laughed.

Skyler said you have to fight for things in this world. No fight, no voice.

She said she couldn’t stand girls like me pretending to be above it all.

But what exactly am I supposed to fight for?

Growing up, if I wanted something, my dad would have it in my room the next day.

If I liked something I saw, my mom would buy out the whole store. I didn’t even have to ask. I just had to look at it for one second too long.

My mom said my life was supposed to be easy, no struggles, no drama, just peace.

All I had to do was stay low-key, and everything would stay peaceful.