

Chapter 293

Ashley's pov

I closed the door quietly behind me, not wanting to let mom know that I was home...early. I curse softly underneath my breath when it still happen to make a loud thud.

I hold my breath when a petite woman rounds the corner with a basket full of laundry. Her brown hair set into a messy burn atop of her head. Some tendrils framed her face as she forces to hold the basket.

She turns to face the door and her eyes widen in confusion. She places the basket down on the floor and saunters over to me. "How are you so early today baby? Are you sick?" She asked using the back of her hand to press on my forehead and neck.

"Uhh..." I drawled out not knowing what to say exactly. Should I tell her the truth? No I probably should not. I open my mouth to speak but the home phone rings in the living room.

"I'll be back." Mom says and turns around to walk quickly to the phone. I sighed and start to head upstairs when she comes around the corner frantically. Her eyes glaring at me. I gulped.

"Ashley Grey, why did you break a girl's nose!?" Mom hissed coming towards me with the phone still to her ear.

I bite my bottom lip shrinking back at the intensity of her glare. "It was an accident."

She scowled. "Your fist don't magically end up on someone's nose Ashley."

I shrugged. "She was asking for it."

Her eyes narrow. "Baby I'll call you back, I need to talk to our daughter without you asking me questions through the phone. It's distracting. "

I paled. Dad knew. In fact he was the one who called. But how did he.....Principal William. Ofcourse he would. I was now starting to hate him.

"Okay, see you in a while." After hanging up she shifts her attention to me. "Ashley what were you thinking? I did not raise you to be violent!" She scowled.

It was now my turn to scowl. "Violent? Mother it was just a punch nothing more. Her nose will heal unfortunately." I mumble the last part begrudgingly.

She gasped, placing her hands on her hips. "Unfortunately? Ashley what has gotten into you? What did this girl do to have gotten you so upset?"

I clenched my fist at my sides in anger. "Nothing has gotten into me mom. Let's just say I was tired. I was tired of being a target. I was tired that I had to keep Blake and I's relationship a secret because I feared of what people would say. I was tired of it all!" I hissed.

Her eyes widen as she flinch away. "You and Blake are dating?" She gasped.

Was this all she got from my little speech?

I nod. "We are. And that girl that I punched is his ex girlfriend who thought it would be funny to fake a pregnancy then taunt me afterwards."

He eyes widen even more, almost comically. "She faked a pregnancy?" She gasped.

I nod. "Yes and I heard her. Blake doesn't know yet that she's not actually pregnant. I should tell him before things get worse."

"Ashley this still didn't give you the right to punch her on the nose. You could've caused serious damage. I'm glad that you stood up for yourself but that was not the way to do it." She frowned.

I sighed feeling the fight leave me. She was right Stacy didn't deserve the punch. She deserved two. I would not voice this out though. "I know mother and I'm sorry. Don't be mad at me?"

She sighs. "I am not mad at you darling, let's hope your dad don't ground you again. Knowing him, he'd settle for an entire year."

My eyes widen. There was no way I could survive an entire year of being grounded. "Mom you have to talk to him before he does." I pleaded.

"Yes I will, only if you tell me about you and Blake." She smirked.

I couldn't help but let a giggle slip pass my lips. "I will just not now. I need to change out of this clothes and probably shower."

"Ashley Grey get your ass down here now!" It was dad. His voice was loud. Really loud and he sounded pissed off.

I jolt off my bed, nearly slipping on the floor because of my sock cladded feet. I find my fingers tugging the door open swiftly and amble down stairs. An angry dad was not good. Oh God I do not want to be grounded for an entire year.

When I reach halfway down the stair I caught sight of dad. His suit is still on which means he just came from work. His head is down, staring at a white envelope as he grips it with deathly fingers.

Something does not feel right.

I stare at the envelope and noticed that he wasn't only clutching it but a picture. My stomach drops and I feel the blood drain from my face as nausea crawls up my body, wanting a way out.

It couldn't be. Could it?

He seems to hear my footsteps because he lifts his head. His eyes are dark with anger and his jaw ticks. "I found this in my car today." He gestured to the envelope.

His tone is calm a bit too calm. I reach the bottom of the stairs already feeling moisture settle in my eyes. "What is the meaning of this!" He roars. The volume of his voice has me flinching back in shock.

Mom comes around the corner, apron tied to her waist and flour on her hands. Her brows furrowed as she stares at us. She walks over to dad.

"What's wrong baby?" When she sees him clutching the photo tightly she peeks and she winces moving her eyes away quickly.

He shows me the picture and my heart starts to hurt behind my chest. This one had been taken the same day but this time Blake's hand was tugging at my hair while he thrust behind me.

"Explain this to me!" He hisses.

My bottom lip tremble. Never had I been so humiliated before. "I-I-" I stuttered sobbing.

"Where did you get this baby?" Mom asked him, soothingly brushing her palm atop his hand.

He turns to her. "I had left something in the office and went to retrieve it. When I got back this was awaiting me. They must've slipped it between the glass." He explained.

What I had been avoiding was now right in front of me. I was now an embarrassment to them.

"What time is it?" He asked mom.

"Should be about three thirty. Why?" She questioned in confusion.

He turns to me. "Call Blake and tell him get his ass over here now."