

## Chapter 47

As soon as we entered we were knocked with the scent of freshly baked chocolate cookies. My favorite

I gave a cheeky smile to mom who was returning my warm smile with one of her own.

The aroma had my belly grumbling and a embarrassed blush lit up my cheeks when I noticed Niall and my mom laughing.

We walked more into the small but comfortable house that had a homey feel to it. It was just like I remembered.

Arts and Diy homemade crafts hanged on the grayish blue walls. The white sofas were around the wooden center piece table that had a bunch of wild flowers in a vase.

The television wasn't huge but it was a good enough size to watch entertainment. There were also some picture frames decorating around the living room area.

Some were mostly pictures of mom and I but there were at least two with my dad. One where they were a happy couple and one of my birth where he was present. Sometimes I wonder why she still has them up after all those years.

I stared at the picture frames in contempt. My mom must've noticed because she cleared her throat making my head snap towards her.

" why don't you guys go and freshen up and then we'll eat some cookies?" She asked. I just nodded still a little irate from seeing those darn pictures

"Sure miss Collins. By the way you have a lovely home!" Niall told her trying to ease the tension

"Thank you Niall, it means so much! But all thanks to Lily though she's the one that decorated the place" she beamed

"Yeah and I've seen that you've left everything the same" my words held a double meaning to them. One where only mom and I knew. I was referring to the old pictures of dad.

"Well we should go and freshen up so we could eat those cookies!" Niall said breaking the awkward silence.

I nodded before showing him to the guestroom. It was plain and small, but still perfect and comfortable. And don't get me started on the soft bed. It also had its own bathroom so Niall and I didn't have to worry about sharing one.

I left Niall to get settled in and went to my room. It was just how I left it from the last time I visited.

My room was a tad bit bigger than the guest room with cherry pink painted walls.

The flowered curtains blocked the sunlight from coming in and I went over to open them.

My bed was a suitable size for my small frame and I smiled when I noticed that mom had changed the covers. Well at least one thing changed.

I lay my duffel bag on the bed and started unpacking. The closet had some clothes I had forgotten last time and I thanked god that I didn't pack much.

When I was done putting away the clothes I walked over towards my white wooden desk. Many books were stacked up on one another leaving little space to write.

I took out one of the books that had always intrigued me. It was my high school year book.

Even in high school I didn't have any friends and Asher's bullying didn't help either . I didn't know Rose and Noel then.

No one signed it and that made me feel miserable. But then he signed it, the guy who bullied me. I was expecting him to write something hostile like he usually did.

I remember him taking it from me after he and his friends threw a bucket of worms and mud on me. The next day he returned it alone and with a secret wink he sauntered off.

I was puzzled and more nervous to open it. But then I saw where he had signed and my heart leapt at the words.

You're perfect ♡ He signed. At first I thought it was a prank or something to tease me but then he never brought it up. It was as if he didn't want anyone to know what he had written.

It confused me so much then but now I'm guessing that he was giving me little hints that he liked me but I was too naive to realize.

I closed the year book with a secret smile. That boy sure was something else. I grabbed my phone and dialed his number, chewing on my nails as I waited for him to answer.

"Hey baby" his deep voice answered

"Hey Ash umm I just wanted to tell you that I'm not on campus, I've gone home, I might be staying here for a week." I told him

"Oh okay" he sounds disappointed. His once thrilled voice was now a low murmur, it made me feel guilty for lowering his spirits.

"What are you doing for spring break? " I asked trying to make conversation when he was silent for awhile

"Well I was going at my parents home this week, I'm actually packing right now" he said dejected

"Oh" I was unsure how to answer to that. Asher parents and I don't get along so there was no way I could tell him to greet them for me. They probably would curse me out.

"Hey I know that you're a little far from me right now but I was thinking that I could at least call you everyday to check up on you" he asked nervousness seeping from his tone

"Yeah that's not a problem, you can definitely call " I answered quickly maybe a little too enthusiastic. He let a little laugh before saying okay

"So I'll let you finish packing" I told him

"Okay baby, I'll call you later, stay safe" his voice was back to being ecstatic

"Bye Asher" I breathed out before hanging up.

My belly grumbled making me realize how hungry I am even after eating so many chips. I went to go freshen up and quickly went in the kitchen when I was done.

Niall and mum were already munching on the cookies making me give them a glare for eating already without me.

I sat down on a stool and took at least half of the baked cookies and started eating them.

They were warm and melted in my mouth. I let out a moan of pleasure as I gulped down on all the cookies.

At that point mom and Niall were looking at me, both mouths hanged open in astonishment as they watch me chew on the cookies.

When I was done though the nauseating feeling returned and I jumped off the stool to vomit in the sink.

## Chapter 48

I woke up to the sound of loud voices coming from the living room area. I knitted my brows in confusion when I heard a booming shout.

After I had thrown up all the remaining contents of my stomach, mom had rush to my side to rub my back in a soothing manner.

Her worried eyes searched mine as a frown settled on her face. Niall had asked if I was okay but I only gave him a nod too embarrassed to look at him.

Mom had asked if I had the flu or a fever as she checked my temperature. I told her no and that it was stress from school.

She believed it but now I wasn't so sure that it was the cause. My body was weak and mom had told me to go and sleep it off.

This brought us to the present moment where the stranger's voices grew. I leaped from my bed and in long strides I had reached the living room. Our house was flat so there weren't any stairs to run down.

What I wasn't expecting was a man and a young girl sitting on the couch watching tv. The TV was blaring and the pair were focused on whatever was playing.

The brawny man's brown hair was shoulder length and tied in a low plait. He had on a plain white shirt and jeans on. His body shook every time he let out a boisterous laugh at the tv.

His eyes that were an exact replica of mine snapped in my direction and widen in astonishment. This man was my dad.

His eyes softened before he stood up briskly making the stunning young girl beside him look at him confused before noticing where he had his attention set.

My eyes shifted to her frame, she looked about a year younger than me, her brown muddy eyes widen in bewilderment as she studied me.

Her blonde hair reached her waist and she swept it back after she gave me a shy smile I didn't return. This girl must be my sister

My dad took a cautious step forward only for me to back away. At that moment mom came out of the kitchen with an apron on and spoon in her hand.

She looked like she was cooking breakfast judging by the flour on her exposed shirt and the scent of pancakes flooded the room. mom was always a messy chef.

Her infectious smile came to a halt as She noticed the tension between us. She gave me a nervous look before sending an awkward smile to my dad and sister.

"What are they doing here this early mom?" I asked mom. My vision blurred with unshed tears.

My dad took another step forward only for me to raise my hand in a stopping motion. His eyes downcast as he stared at the floor.

"They came here to meet you" mom whispered. She swept her hand over her apron in nervousness as she begged me with her eyes to not make a scene

"I wasn't ready to meet them, I thought we were doing this on my terms!" I yelled making mum startled at my harsh voice

"Well your dad called..." She said softly barely a whisper as she avoided my eyes

"Just stop, this man lost the right to call himself my dad a long time ago" I spoke in disgust.

My dad finally lift his head to speak softly to me. His eyes were red as they stared at me.