

BadBoy 40

Chapter 40

I confuse him

Unknown: Hey, sorry it took so long to text you. I have been so busy with AJ I didn't have time to read your letters and reply them. I am not ignoring you, I swear. Just busy This week has been so hectic.

AJ? I know AJ and only one person says AJ. I snatch my phone from the nightstand and begin typing.

Me: Hey stranger. What about now? Have you read them?

Throwing my legs over the bed, I sit at the edge, back hunched and teeth between my lips. My feet drum into the floor as seconds roll by without his reply. The answer is easy. Yes or no. I toss the phone on my pillow and collapse to the bed. I count to twenty, then peek at my screen. No reply. I cup my face, glaring at the ceiling as I scream. I am dying to talk to someone about Ben. About our kiss.

What should I do? I need advice.

Maria is a no-no for now. She sure as hell wouldn't want to hear about boys after getting her heart broken by one of them. Why do boys have to be so stupid and complicated sometimes? Mum is out of it. I can't tell my mother about the kiss, she will force me to bring Ben home.

He kissed me again.

We almost went first base and he admitted to having feelings for me. Does being confused count as a confession? I don't know. That's the thing when Ben is involved. I know nothing, I can't think straight. I am a lost cause.

My phone pings, I sit up so fast a wave of dizziness hits me. It took him six minutes to reply and only to tell me he didn't read it? I sent the letter about a week ago, what's his goddamn problem? I move to the window and pull the curtains close to chase the sunlight filtering in through the cracks. Bouncing on my toes, jumping, I do everything and nothing to delay my reply. If he is not so eager to text me, I shouldn't be. My phone vibrates again with another text, by the time I return to it, only one minute has passed.

Unknown: I'm sorry.

Apologies can wait, what I need to say can't. At this point, I will gladly talk to Daniel. I roll my eyes

Me: No biggie, I'll save you the stress. I kissed him. I got my first kiss after the party.

The three dots appear to show Let is typing. I wait for his reply, when it doesn't come, I continue.

Me: You can get the details in the letter. But it was hot. I felt everything. Sparks. Fireworks. You name it.

Tired of seeing the digits on my screen as he types his reply, I save the contact as Let. A frown touches my lips. We are the oddest friends. I don't know his first name, he doesn't know mine. And we are not bothered. Maybe I am but I guess it's part of being anonymous. I can easily find him if he tells me his name. He can do the same too. If he's half as popular as I think he is, I will find him in a day, at most two.

Anticipation courses through me, my eyes dart to my screen. Why is it taking him so long to reply? If it was Maria, she would have called me as soon as she got the first text. I hit the call button. It rings the first time but he doesn't pick. The second time, he denies the call. My heart sinks to my stomach, I hug a pillow. One second later, I roll on my side, tapping random numbers on my calculator till his reply pops up.

Let: Sorry, can't pick. Busy with AJ. Sorry for the late replies. Do you like him?

Apologies will mean nothing if he doesn't step up. I want to type that but I force myself to wait twice as long as it took him to reply. I am busy too, busy being busy. I flex my ankles, prop my head on the pillow to perform some leg stretches. Picking my phone, I groan at the time. Time is so slow when I'm involved.

Me: Very much. I've had a crush on him since forever.

Butterflies flutter in my belly at my admission, I bring my knees to my stomach and grin sheepishly at the ceiling. Ben isn't here but I'm blushing from the thought of him. Is he thinking of me too? Does he

smile when I am mentioned or frowns like he did on Monday morning? We didn't discuss that, we should have. I can't handle his irate mood swings.

Will we be friends? Will we continue kissing secretly? I don't mind kissing him daily but I want to know what we are. Is he my boyfriend? Does he have to ask me out first?

Let: I'm happy you got your first kiss with someone you like. Makes me regret mine all over again. Your first kiss is something you will always remember with a smile. Lucky you, stranger. Does he like you?

Me: I confuse him.

Let: What does that mean?

Me: I don't know.

The next reply takes so long to come I stop expecting it. I read the back and forth between us and let out a sigh. Let is not ignoring me. He is busy with AJ, I shouldn't text until he replies. I start punching the air, practising my kicks. If I'll partner with Ben, I have to be in the best shape. Funny how we are partners in almost everything. Drama, literature class and the fight club. My phone finally pings, I hesitate to pick it.

Let: Then you shouldn't be kissing him.

A sliver of anger rushes through me, I clench and unclench my fists, waiting for the annoyance to pass but it doesn't. I lower myself to the bed and reread his message. When he got his first kiss, I was supportive. As much as it hurt, I didn't show it and he can't do the same for me? Is this how pen friends act?

Me: YOU ARE NOT MY DAD. DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO. I will kiss him all day if I want to.

Two minutes pass, the idiot reads the message without replying. I reread it, once, twice. The words play in front of me until it all begins to make sense and a truckload of guilt hits me. I dial his number but he denies the call twice and my heart cracks into a thousand pieces.

Tears sting my eyes. I shake my head. I didn't mean that. I place a hand over my lips, body vibrating with remorse. Fuck. His dad is dead. I'm an idiot.

The three dots I am beginning to hate appear on my screen, I gulp when they disappear. With the letters, we were safer. We had time to process each other's messages and reply logically. But this is new territory.

Me: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Sorry. Please don't be mad at me. I'm sorry. I don't want us to fight.

Let: I kissed someone too. I like her. I really do. I have never liked anyone like this before. It kinda freaks me out a little. Fuck that, it freaks me out a lot because I'm not used to this feeling. I'm lol typing but I don't want to get hurt. I spend so much time thinking about her but I am too much of a chicken to ask her out. I liked the kiss very much, it made up for the first kiss, sparks and fireworks. Wish she was my first kiss because every time I think about our kiss and her cute face, I smile. Don't bother to ask, I'm not sure she likes me.

Me: Then you are in no position to judge me.

Let: I guess. I gotta go now, AJ needs me.

Stupid me. I slap a hand over my forehead and possibly some sense into my skull. Did I have to type that?

Pinching my stupid self, I frown at my phone. I'm a giant prick who says all the right things at the wrong time. He got a better kiss and that's all I have to say? Am I jealous? No. Is this our first fight? I take deep breaths, pull out my phone and begin typing. No fakeness, no lies. Sincerity has always been our motto.

Me: I'm sorry I don't sound so excited about your kiss, maybe I am a bit angry at you for telling me not to kiss him. Tbh, I know you are right but I don't want to hear it. I want to kiss him again. I am not sure he will ever like me but when we kiss, it feels so right. I can't stay away from him. That feeling is out of this world. I am SUPER GLAD you got another kiss, it's nice to get a kiss from someone you like. It is nicer if the person likes you back but I'm fine with this for now. He might start liking me later, who knows?

Let: I get you, I really do. That's how I feel about her, she is so cute but we share nothing in common. OK, we share a few things in common but she always looks at me like I annoy her. Lol. Sometimes she smiles at me, sometimes she doesn't. It didn't feel like she hated me when we kissed. She was very much into it. So AJ is calling, he needs me. Stay safe for me, stranger. Lol. We need to find better names for each other.

We do. But I don't type that. The alarm on my phone goes off, I shoot out of the bed to get a change of clothes. I promised Asher I will be at his games and it's today. One glance at my outfit in the mirror has me nodding in approval, I leave the house with Maria's song playing on repeat from my car's speaker.

My arm hangs outside my car as I slide into the only available parking spot, I take a second to freshen up in the rearview mirror before stepping out. Ben will be here, I need to look good if I want another kiss.

The cheers threaten to deafen me, I cringe as I head into the loud stadium filled to the brim with opposing teams seated far from each other. My eyes scour the field for Asher, he's number eleven. The scoreboard shows the guests are losing, I grin and my hands go into my pocket as I try to find a spot.

The stadium quiets as an opponent snatches the ball, I stop trying to find a seat and wait to see what happens next. I shift when some viewers yell at me to get out of their sight, veins bulging like I am the reason the opposing team snatched the ball.

In my haste to get a better spot, I collide into a wall. Time stops, I try to find my balance but it's too late.