

## **BadBoy 53**

### Chapter 53

#### **Relax**

Motorbikes are dangerous. And if Daddy was here, he would tell me the number of people who die from bike accidents yearly.

We zoom past a car and I clamp my eyes shut. This is Ben, he is a great biker. I can trust him. We won't get into an accident. I keep repeating these phrases as the bike glides down the road, passing between cars.

My arms are around Ben's waist in a choke hold, reducing his air supply. I should adjust but it is the only position I am comfortable in. The bike slows to a stop by the roadside, I scowl as the cars we left behind zip past us. Ben pries my hands off his waist, I push my visor up without meeting his gaze.

What did I do?

With his help, I get down and he takes my hands in his to warm them. I flush at the intensity in his gaze.

"Relax." Easy for him to say because he is the one in control. I huff and he presses a kiss to my lips. "You have to relax to enjoy it. Life will pass you by if you don't relax enough to enjoy the moments, Gracie."

When my boyfriend calls my name like that, there's no way I can turn him down. Top it up with his sexy road hair and some philosophical jargon and I am a goner. My fingers weave through his hair, he grins.

"Fine," I say with a pout, careful not to trip over the bridge. I shiver a little and rub my palms up and down my arms. Ben shrugs off his jacket and helps me into it. His scent overpowers me, I lean on the railing for support and he eyes me with worry until my head bobs. I will enjoy the moments. "I'm ready."

We resume our ride, Ben says something I don't hear. He spreads his arms out and my arms clench around his waist. His body vibrates with laughter but I don't find his actions funny. "Put your hands down," I scream against his neck.

"Gracie, relax."

No fucking way can I relax when the biker doesn't have his hands on the clutch. What if he loses control and we fall. Our skulls will split open, brains will splatter everywhere. Bile jumps to my throat at the thought and I heave a shaky breath. Ben must have smelled my fear, his hands lower to the clutch and my breathing returns to normal. We can't die on Thanksgiving. I smile a little as his hand covers mine and he gives it a squeeze.

The sound of the engine blasts through the night, he hits the brake and we are dashing past cars again.

Streetlights and houses blend into one, the chilly air stings my skin. Few minutes into the ride, I push out one arm. The wind whistles through my hair peeking out from the helmet. On Ben's instructions, I ease my grip on his waist and my other arm sticks out. The weight I never realised was suffocating me melts, I curve my hands around my mouth and let out a small scream. Ben chuckles. I giggle. This is not so bad.

We complete our journey with me overcoming my fear of bikes. I straighten up when we swerve into a residential street. In the silence, the bike is so loud and I expel a breath of relief once we come to a stop. Ben doesn't notice my stiffness as he parks in front of the only single story building with the lights off. I push my hands into the pockets of his jacket and spin in a small circle to take in everything around me.

Houses line each side of the street in the same pattern as mine. Ben offers me a hand but I don't accept it. I purse my lips when he hops to the rusted mailbox in front of the house. If this is his surprise, I'm not sure I like it. I look to him for an explanation but his gaze is on the mailbox. Ben smiles at it, I smile too.

I clear my throat to call his attention to me. He winks, my question dies in my throat as he cups my face to devour my lips in a rough kiss. We break apart for me to take a greedy gulp of air, he laces our hands and kisses my knuckles. My heart flips. I don't know how I survived without a boyfriend all these years.

"Have you ever broken into a house before?" he whispers. His words don't register at first. He continues grinning and my eyes round to saucers when I process his statement. Ben's head jerks in the direction of the house. "Have you ever picked a lock?" His grip tightens on my hands. "Come on, don't be a chicken."

A chicken? I like being a chicken if it means we won't have to do this. What if the cops find us? "Ben..." He silences me with a quick kiss, tugging me towards the dark house. "I don't like this," I whisper as we wade through the darkness to find the backdoor. Ben doesn't bring out his phone, his movements are swift and determined. Chills run down my spine at the realisation he has done this before. "Ben. Benny."

He stops and I almost bump into him. His breath warms my face, he pecks the tip of my nose. "Trust me, okay? I promise it's safe." I am already nodding in agreement when he adds, "If it's not, get ready to run like your life depends on it." I slap his chest, he erupts in a fit of laughter. "Just kidding. It's pretty safe."

But it doesn't stop me from stealing a second look around. The next house is a bungalow, only the lights on the porch are on. We climb up the short stairs and he brings out his phone to light our path. My hand goes over my mouth as Ben crouches to pick the lock. What the hell? He blows me a kiss when the door opens, I hesitate to enter but he drags me along and my resolve weakens as quickly as his smile comes.

A step away from the door, I whisper, "I don't like this." He nods. I flash my phone's light at his face. "Ben. Are you even listening to me?"

"Nope."

My eyes narrow and he shrugs. Okay, I am done here. One hand locks around my wrist to keep me from escaping and his eyes plead with me to stay. I stick close to him as we move down the long corridor to a room. I don't know so much about houses but the whole place looks like it has been cleaned up for a big sale. My temperature rises at this thought, I am too young for jail. I don't want any trouble with the law.

The stairs creak under our weight as we make our way upstairs. The light filtering in from the window on the end of the corridor is our only source of light. He holds a hand to his mouth when we are at the front of a room and I roll my eyes. He's lucky I like him. With an admirable deftness, he pushes the door open and flips a switch. I take one step into the room and stop. The bed has been slept on.

For the one millionth time, I don't like this.

"Ben," I whisper and his lips come down on mine again. Our lips are a blur of action. The jacket drops to my feet, I groan against his mouth when he tries to tug my gown down my shoulder and shove him. Hurt flashes across his face as he staggers, I make up for it by saying, "I don't want to have sex yet."

He sweeps me off my feet to lay me on the bed. All my worries evaporate at his gentleness and my heart flutters. I become a blushing mess when he straddles me to place a scalding kiss on my lips. Ben might be my first kiss but I know for sure he's the greatest kisser on this planet and the most handsome boy.

Taking the space beside me, he props his head on his arm. On our sides, we stare at each other. “Neither do I. Your dad will kill me if we have sex,” he says with a laugh. Ben pushes the hem of my gown to my waist to reveal my inner thighs, I try to pull it down but he holds my hand. “I like looking at your body.”

“My body is not perfect like yours,” I mutter without looking at him.

My vitiligo is on display. Knowing that causes my eyes to burn with tears. He’s hot, I am not. I look to the ceiling through blurry eyes, Ben gets up from the bed and the room is cast into darkness seconds after.

Ben strokes my legs, mostly the parts covered in white patches and my body lights up with each touch. “Asher has vitiligo too,” he says into my hair as he presses a kiss to my temple. “It’s his super power.”

I am not so self-conscious anymore as his hand moves to my stomach. He brushes my underboobs, hand lingering on my vitiligo. That force that takes over me whenever he’s nearby makes an appearance and I shrug out of my gown, leaving me in my tights and bra. He doesn’t make it awkward but places a kiss on my shoulder. My breath snags in my throat, I inhale shakily at the alien sensations that wrack my frame.

Another kiss behind my ear and he whispers, “Our dad had it.”

This is his first mention of his dad and a warm feeling spread through my chest. Progress. I pull my head back to stare at him. With the blinds open, light seeps in through the spaces between each slit, casting horizontal shadows on his face. Pushing myself into a sitting position, I trace the corners of his sexy lips. He nibbles on my fingertip and I giggle.

“How was he? You never talk about him,” I say. My hand sweeps across the room and the implications of what we are doing hit me twice as hard. “Ben. What are we even doing here? What if we get caught?”

Ben closes the distance, our foreheads touch. “We won’t, Gracie. I come here all the time.”

That explains the bed and the neatness of the house but my body refuses to fully relax. “I was born here. I grew up here. Me and Asher.” I sense he has more to say but I don’t rush him. Curiosity eats my inside at his hesitation. He sighs. “Mum sold it a few years ago and the new owners put it on sale this year.” My eyes flit to his face but he is not looking at me. Has he been stalking them? His arm snakes around

my waist and his touch burns my skin. I shiver and he draws me close. "I hope to buy it someday. I like it."

"But you are broke," I blurt out. He pouts. I rectify my blunder by adding, "It's a nice house."

Ben has big dreams, I respect that but if he can't afford to take his girlfriend on a date, how will he buy a house? Who says it will be on sale when he's ready? I giggle like a kid as he flips me under him to tickle me.

Breathing on my face, he says, "About that..." My laughter dies down. I blink twice. "I am not broke."