

BadBoy 57

Chapter 57

Favourite colour

I pluck a strand of hair from Ben's bushy brows. He winces. "Stay still," I command. He stares up at me with a frown and I placate him with a kiss. The naughty boy puckers his lips for another kiss. "Almost done."

His hand hanging over the couch reaches for the remote to unmute the TV and a play comes on. None of us pays attention to the show. He props his legs on the arm of the couch and I smile at how comfortable we both are. This isn't such a bad arrangement. I kick the empty can of soda at my feet and his eyes flit to mine.

The parlour is a mini mess from our movie marathon. We are on a break and I am taking the opportunity to tackle his overgrown brows and hopefully get some information about Let. Noah runs in Ben's clique.

"Does Noah have a brother?" I try to keep my voice flat and uninterested but Ben's eyes remain on me. When he doesn't stop staring, I let out a nervous laugh. "He's such a jerk, wonder what's up with him at home." Growing nervous under his scrutiny, I mutter, "Psychology says we are a product of our home."

That's a lie. I made it up. I know nothing about psychology. And my boyfriend has to stop looking at me like he caught me smashing his best friend. Wait, who's Ben's best friend? Ben tries to sit up but my hands clamp down on his shoulders. He closes his eyes, I count five seconds until they open again.

Annoyance shines in his eyes, I blurt out, "Who's your best friend?"

"Don't have one," he replies in a clipped tone. Having his head on my laps makes him less formidable, I attempt a smile and he sighs. "Did he try anything?" I shake my head. "Was he harassing you?" Setting the tweezers on the stool, I press a kiss to Ben's forehead and his frown eases. "Noah has a brother."

"Younger or older?"

Ben answers without hesitation. "Younger." A minute later, he adds, "I think he has a sister too. Noah is cool." He's an asshole. "But his family dynamic is weird." My heart skips. It's weird because his stepsister

molested him and his mother refused to believe her son. "Yeah, two siblings. Elder sister and a younger brother. His mum remarried when we were in grade..." He throws his hands up. "I can't remember."

Colour drains from my face. I inhale sharply. Ben's eyes are closed so he doesn't notice. A headache begins to build. Let has a younger brother and an elder sister. Step sister. His mum also remarried but I don't remember what year. I resume my duty on Ben's brows while thinking up more questions to ask.

"Um, do you know his sister's name?" Ben pries an eye open. "Just curious, that's all."

This time, I am not able to stop him from sitting up. He grabs the pillow and hugs it to his chest.

"Do you like him?"

"What?" My head shakes vigorously. A look of betrayal flashes across his face and I bridge the gap. "No. I like only you." I tug the pillow from Ben's grip, he looks down at his hands splayed on his knees. "Ben."

It takes him thirty seconds to meet my gaze and my heart slows its rhythm. I don't like it when he's sad. I palm his face, watching him watch me until he pouts. His insecurity is cute. I am the one who should be worried about some other girls stealing my boyfriend but he is the one who's more concerned about it.

"Noah has stuff going on at home, it affects his behaviour in school." I understand because the letters mentioned it. Ben finally smiles. "You don't like him." I shake my head. His hands sneak into my shorts, I stifle a moan as his fingers crawl up my thighs. "I don't want you to like him. I want you to like only me."

"I like only you. Promise," I tell him, "I love you."

He smiles and everything is okay again.

We return to our former position and I resume trimming his eyebrows. When I motion for him to sit, he takes a second longer to lift his head off my laps. I offer him the small hand mirror, he arches a perfect brow while tapping a finger to his mouth as he inspects his face. I don't understand why boys get fuller brows and thicker eyelashes when ladies are the ones who need them. I'll kill to have his. Not kill but yeah, I would love to have those lashes.

"I like it," he says and I break into a smile.

Tossing the pillow between us, he pulls me to his laps and his fingers thread into my hair. In the silence, I listen to the sound of his heart beating as my mouth lowers to his. We kiss a lot. Way more than regular couple. But it's better than trying to have sex. I don't think I'm ready. That's if I will ever be ready for it.

I hear the first time is so painful and there's blood.

"Homework, Ben," I murmur against his lips. I can taste the soda and I dive in for another kiss.

My head jerks to my bag under the coffee table, he pouts but doesn't release me. I don't want him to. Biting his lower lip, a moan escapes me as his hand slips into my short. "I don't want to do homework."

Heat from his body seeps into mine. I inhale a shaky breath and exhale slowly. His impish smile is not helping. Anxiety knots my belly and a foreign sensation caresses my skin. "What do you want us to do?"

Ben grins sheepishly. "I want to do you."

For strange reasons, we burst out laughing. I snort and the air thickens with tension as our laughter quiets down. The intensity in Ben's eyes is foreign to me. We discussed sex once and he agreed to wait.

Did he change his mind?

The silence is suffocating. I shift on his laps and he groans. My throat closes at the mini bulge under me. I don't meet his eyes and my hands slip from his shoulders. He doesn't speak as I untangle myself from him to take the spot beside him. We sit still for a moment before he jumps to his feet and snags my bag.

My breath catches as he spreads out my books on the table. Ben disappears up the stairs and returns with his book. Our eyes meet as I drop to the floor but we don't speak. The awkwardness grows heavier when I notice his shorts. I gulp. He changed his shorts. I bite my lips and he grunts in disapproval.

“Where do we start?” he asks.

I flip to the page on my textbook marked for homework and tap on a section. The truth is, I can do this without his help but it’s an excuse for us to spend time together. I think it’s the same for him.

We sit side by side with a hair’s breadth between us and my hands are clammy as I pick my pencil. His leg brushes mine, he leans close to me until his head is resting on my shoulder. “Sorry for making it awkward.”

The load in my chest melts, I release the pencil in my vice-like grip and plant a kiss on his temple.

We begin and finish the homework in silence, I catch him staring at me a few times but I don’t comment on it. Once we are done, Ben lies down and I mimic him. Surrounded by our thoughts, we stare at the ceiling.

“Soo…” he drawls out.

My eyes remain on the ceiling. The awkwardness isn’t as heavy as before but it lingers in the air, making it harder for my words to form. If Asher was here, he would have said something to diffuse the tension.

“Soo,” I finish for him. He chuckles. Our legs touch again, he stretches his hand to me and I take it. A jolt of electricity shoots up my arm. “Maria thinks we should go next week. What do you think?”

Ben rolls on his side to face me but I maintain my position. I raise our entwined hands to my mouth and my lips brush his knuckles. He opens up his palm, I trace the lines on it and his eyes flashes with mirth.

“I have a fight next week,” he says. My eyes narrow, he shrugs. He won yesterday’s match and the one before that. I love his determination but it’s hard to be unworried about him. I cease the movements on his palm and he shakes his head. “No, don’t stop.” I giggle, he pouts. “What about the week after that?”

School will be over then and he will be at home with his mother. We haven’t had our date yet and I am trying so hard not to appear desperate by reminding him again. I sigh and his shoulders droop. Pushing myself on an elbow, my hand moves to his face to touch the cut below his brow. He got it from the fight.

“You fight too much,” I whisper.

His body tenses, I expect him to launch into a speech defending himself but he doesn't. “I guess so.”

The sad note in his voice breaks my heart, he takes my hand and places a kiss on the heel of my palm. I push closer to him and our legs tangle. There are so many things left unsaid but I shove those thoughts and worries to the back of my mind. The feather-like touches on my cheeks draw me out of my reverie.

“What's your favourite colour?” I ask.

His fingers halt, then lower to a corner of my lips. “Pink.” My head jerks up and his lips widen in a smile. “Just kidding.” Slightly brushing his lips against mine, he murmurs, “I dunno if I have a favourite colour.” When I squint, he licks my lips. Ew. “I love all colours, I guess. They are all good for different reasons.”

The philosophical Ben. I shiver as the floor grows colder. Ben carries me to the couch and reclines on the armrest so I'm glued to him. His hand slips under my shirt, bumps erupt on my back and another shudder wracks my body. The cold evaporates, heat builds in my stomach and spreads to all parts of me.

It becomes harder to breathe as his fingers move under my boobs and back down to my stomach. The TV is on but my brain is too muddled to understand the ongoing show. “What's your favourite colour?”

“I don't know if I have a favourite,” I reply in a squeaky voice that gets Ben's attention. He stares at me with worry so I fake a smile. “But I like black. It never disappoints.” His chest vibrates with laughter, I lift my eyes to his face and he grins. How did I get so lucky to have him? “What's the plan for Christmas?”