

## **BadBoy 61**

### Chapter 61

#### **I love it**

A comfortable silence settles over us. I peek at the stars through my fingers. "It's almost time," he says. I dart a gaze to the clock and nod. "Ready? Ten. Nine. Eight." A swarm of bees erupt in my stomach. This will be our first Christmas together. Ben pats his legs for me to sit. My arm slides around his neck and our foreheads touch. "...four. Three. Two..."

"One," we chorus and seal our first Christmas with a kiss.

The sky lights up with fireworks, somewhere in the distance, someone screams and another laughs. But we don't break off our stare. We are in our peaceful bubble with the streetlight illuminating our faces.

"Merry Christmas, babe," I tell him.

His hands lower to my back. "Happy anniversary," he replies.

My head falls back as giggles sputter out of my lips. Tears leak from my eyes and he wipes them with his thumb. I slide off his lap for him to retrieve an item under the driver's seat. "You remembered."

He sits up with a package in his hand. "Never forgot."

Curiosity piques me, I stare longingly at the box without saying a word. Ben brings my hand to his chest, his heart thumps so hard and I force a smile to my lips to calm him. He's nervous.

A figure moves behind the curtain in my living room. My mum is not the only one who tends to eavesdrop. Hayden too. He likes to term it looking out for his baby sister.

"I got you something," he finally says. I look away from our house as a weight settles on my legs.

The box.

Ben is a big ball of nervousness beside me. I am too. He drums his fingers on his knees as I unwrap his gift. I got him something too. A customised silver wristwatch but I didn't think to bring it with me.

Our shoulders touch, he offers me a jittery smile and I rip the box open. A sob catches in my throat, tears rush to the surface of my eyes. Holy cow. I trace the sole of the boots to be sure they are real. They are.

"It's not exactly the same as the—"

"I love it," I scream. Ben bursts into laughter and the nerves slowly leave his body. I bring out the boot and rub it against my cheek. So smooth. It's not the same colour as the one from the movie we watched on our first date but it's the same style and quality. My eyes shine with joy. "I love it. I love you, Benny."

My head lowers to his shoulder, he plants a kiss on my hair and his other hand goes around me.

"I love you too, Gracie," he whispers. "Merry Christmas and happy anniversary."