

BadBoy 69

Chapter 69

Bad student

I am barely listening to Mr Banks, our maths teacher. His lips move but I hear nothing. Ben's words keep reverberating in my head, stabbing me in my heart but I take comfort in the fact we haven't broken up.

Mr Banks throws a question to the class, someone answers and he nods in approval. I count the seconds until the bell rings but a peek at my wristwatch shows I've been in the class for less than ten minutes. A period is supposed to last forty minutes but I don't think I will survive that long without talking to Ben.

I shoot to my feet. My books clatter to the floor and my chair squeaks.

"Yes, Theresa?" Mr Banks says.

Heads turn in my direction, my eyes locate the floor, wishing the earth will swallow me. Buying time to compose myself, I pick my books and set them on my seat. His footsteps approach me and I lift my head.

"I'd like to use the bathroom." A girl snickers behind him and I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from commenting something snarky. Mr Banks stops between the row before mine, his fingertips brush a desk. I force a note of desperation into my voice, pressing my knees together as I begin bouncing. "Sir?"

One, two... Five seconds later, Mr Banks nods. I try my hardest not to squeal and rush out of the class. I speed-walk down the hallway until I find a perfect hiding spot. I send Ben a text, my feet rapping on the floor as I wait impatiently for his reply. My phone pings. I smile and turn the corner leading to his class.

The hallway is quiet and I almost reconsider my plan. I stop in front of Ben's class and peek inside. Ben is at the back, drumming the tip of his pencil against his note with a scowl. He looks bored out of his mind.

After a quick note of motivation to myself, I push the door open. For the second time today, all heads turn in my direction and I almost miss my step. I focus on the lady at the board, I can't recall her name but she taught me once last year. She stops writing to appraise me and my lips curl into a tight smile.

She crosses her arms on her chest, from my peripheral view, I see Ben do the same. He purses his lips, picks his phone and mine vibrates seconds later. I try not to look at him. Because if I do, I'll ruin the plan.

The lady clears her throat. I wipe my hand on my hip and she lowers her arms. "How can I help you?"

"Benjamin Carter." She arches a brow and my mind blanks. I didn't think this through. Her brow lowers but her frown remains. I grimace. I need to say something. "Um... The principal asked me to call him."

I feel Ben's piercing gaze on me and my body lights up in response to it. My phone vibrates again and I jump a little. A few students return to copying notes and some continue to watch our silent exchange.

"Principal?" she says with a frown like she doesn't believe me. I don't believe me either. For someone in the drama club, I am a terrible liar. With a crooked finger, she motions for Ben to stand. I gulp. "You can go."

Ben tucks his notes into his backpack. I step back as he barrels towards me with a knowing smirk. My eyes widen in a warning, he recovers fast and stops a foot away from me. I hide a smile at his forced aloofness. His teacher's gaze darts between both of us, we offer her a fake smile and turn to the door.

No sooner are we out the door when he grabs my wrist. He pins me to the wall and my breath ceases.

"You were lying," he says.

I ignore the sparks travelling up my arm and shake my head. He steps away from me and I take in a rush of air. My smile grows as we walk further away from his class. "I wasn't. The principal wants to see you."

"Liar," he replies.

Ben chuckles and his hold on my wrist tightens. I tuck a piece of hair behind my ear, steal another glance at him and he winks. My cheeks turn a light shade of pink, he laughs harder and I glare at him. We stop at the corner before the stairs leading to the principal's office, he places both hands on his waist. I pout.

“Where are we going?” he asks.

I lift a finger. “Have you cooled off?” His laugh is loud and pleasant, the sound warms my insides and my responding grin is bigger. “Not funny,” I say but there’s a smile in my voice. He straightens up. “I don’t like it when you’re mad at me.” Ben hums a reply, I stomp my feet like a kid. “I couldn’t concentrate.”

His breath fans my face and his lips brush mine. “I’ve cooled off.” Placing a hand on the wall beside my head, he nibbles my neck and my head falls back. “I couldn’t concentrate either.” A moan lodges in my chest as his teeth graze a path behind my ear. I place a hand on his chest. “Don’t hurt my feelings again.”

“I won’t. I promise,” I tell him, brows knit together in determination. “Sorry, Benny.”

Linking our fingers, he tugs me in another direction. It’s my turn to ask, “Where are we going?”

The answer presents itself. I frown at the door leading to the parking lot. I push myself up on my toes and sway a little. Ben tries the knob and the door opens. He takes his first step out but I don’t join him.

He throws a glance over his shoulder when he notices. “Gracie...” he murmurs in a patronising tone.

“Where are we going?” I ask. I cough to clear the nerves and his shoulders rotate in a half-shrug. Our last impromptu visit was his old house. I loved the experience but it is barely mid-afternoon, we can’t go breaking into people’s houses without being caught. I kick the air. “I want to know where we are going.”

He stands on the last stair, making me tower over him from my position. I take a tentative step forward and stop on the top stair. My hand settles on his shoulder. “Nowhere, really. Just want to get out of here.”

A moment of quiet passes between us. His gaze doesn’t falter. This is Benny. And I trust Benny. “Okay.”

Damning the consequences, my feet edge me forward. The cool temperature hits me first, I shiver and Ben shrugs out of his jacket to help me into it. My protest dies down on my lips when he pecks me. At this rate, I will own a wardrobe full of his clothes. He pecks me again, too comfortable in his sweatshirt.

“You forgot to take this,” he says to shut me up. I frown. I don’t want to deprive him of his only source of warmth. He slips a note into my palm, I duck my head as shyness consumes me. I didn’t write him a note today. In my haste to leave home, I forgot about our morning ritual. “Babe, you good?”

“Yeah. Thank you, Benny.” Ben grins. “You will get yours tomorrow.” He hums again. “Promise.”

Our feet make crunching sounds as they connect with the gravel on our path. He kicks the pebbles in his way and I roll my eyes. I pat my pocket for my key, my search comes up positive and we head to my car.

Warning bells go off in my head as we settle down in the backseat. I sit between his legs with my back pressed to his chest and his arms wrapped around my waist. Warmth spreads through me, my toes curl. I can’t believe I’m missing a class for this. I twist my neck to get a view of him and he grins down at me.

“I’ve never missed a class before,” I tell him.

His arms move below my breasts. He rubs his cheek against mine and a strange but nice sensation travels to every part of me. “There is always a first time for everything,” he murmurs. I squint and he pouts. He pushes one foot up, folding his leg at the knee so I can rest my head on it. “I’ve missed a lot of classes.”

“Bad student,” I tease.

Ben stretches his arms to flex his muscles. I slap his biceps and he puffs his chest. He is so full of himself. I love it. “Wrong. Awesome student.” My face scrunches in mock horror and he lowers his arms with a smirk. “And awesome boyfriend.” I give him a thumbs up. His fingers race down my arm, my eyes close when his lips press to my temple. “I think the bell for next period just rang,” he whispers against my hair.

“I don’t want to go,” I reply without opening my eyes.

“Bad student.”

We both laugh. Something stirs inside me, butterflies flutter in my belly. Benny makes me happy. When our laughter quiets down, I push away from him. He observes me in silence as I create more distance between us. I let him wrap a hand around my ankle to comfort both of us.

“Why were you at my house yesterday?” He tenses briefly, then shrugs. I take his hands and rub them between mine. Ben releases a heavy sigh. “Benny,” I drag the word. “Talk to me. Talk to your girlfriend.”

His hands relocate to my knees, he hoists me on his laps so I can sit astride him.

“I was having a bad day.” My heart clenches, a sad look enters his eyes but it’s gone before I comment on it. “I wanted to see you.” My forehead meets his. His hand lingers on my waist. “Seeing you makes me happy.”

A burst of flame erupts in my belly. Heat crawls up my neck. “Seeing you makes me happy too.” I peck him on his lips. “Sorry I wasn’t there for you when you needed me.” He grunts. I peck him again, pushing his lips apart with my tongue. “I won’t do it again.” Staring into his eyes, I say, “I’ll always pick your calls.”

Mirth dances in his eyes, he drags my bottom lip and nibbles on it. “If you want me to forgive you,” he starts and taps the tip of my nose twice. I bat my lashes. “You have to kiss me eight times everyday.”

Touching a finger to my lips, I giggle. “Just eight?”

He pouts. “You gave me attitude for eight days.”

“Done.” He grins. “Do you want to go out?”