

Badboy 80

Chapter 80

**Eleven over ten**

BEN

I think Gracie is mad at me. Shit. I fucked up again. I shouldn't have snapped. But it was so hard to keep calm with the false niceties. Gracie won't be here again in two months time and I want to spend every second with her, not answer some lame questions about my life. I haven't touched a ball in over a year.

Asher throws one leg over me without looking away from his iPad. They spoil him too much. I prop a pillow behind his back to make him more comfortable, he flashes me a smile and continues watching one of those kids show from Disney or Nickelodeon. I sneak out of the bed and he rolls to his stomach.

"Where are you going?" he screams.

He wouldn't have to scream if he removed those ear buds but he won't. They were the first things Josef gave him after they exchanged greetings and he won't take the damn thing off. I gesture to the door and he nods. I'm going to get my girlfriend before they recruit her to their team. She's mine and mine alone.

I meet Josef downstairs. He's alone at the dining table with the plates stacked in front of him. He looks up when I stop at the foot of the stairs and my insides curl with remorse at my untouched plate. I barely ate. I should have because Mum added the vegetables to the white rice the way I have always liked it.

"Where's she?" I ask. I move behind Gracie's seat and Josef arches a brow. Sometimes, I think he would kick me out of here if he had the chance. I'm making his wife unhappy. I'm an ass. "Mum, where's Mum?"

"Kitchen," he answers in a curt tone.

The dining light reflects on his head, I close my eyes and force out the words, "I am sorry."

It is the first time I am apologising to him so it sounds strange. My head lowers to avoid his gaze and I grip the top of the chair until my knuckles turn white. It's so hard when everything reminds me of her.

"You owe your mum an apology, not me." I nod because he's right. "She's trying, Ben. She really is. You have to meet her halfway." I nod again. Some days, it's easy to overlook everything, other days, it's not. "Tell us where we went wrong? Your mum wants you to be happy. I want your mum to be happy."

And I want her to be happy too because she deserves it. She brought us up alone until she remarried.

"You went wrong with Theresa," I answer and walk out of the room before he figures it out.

I stop at the kitchen door. Gracie is crying and Mum's comforting her. She mumbles something under her breath and Gracie nods again. I clear my throat and they look towards me. Gracie tries and fails to smile, Mum drops Gracie's hands and smiles at me. I try to reciprocate it but it comes off as a grimace.

"Hey," Mum calls out to me.

Maybe it's because of Gracie I answer. "Hey." I walk further into the kitchen and stand on the opposite side of the island. I spread my hands on the tiled surface and count to six. "I owe you an apology, Mum." I don't look up as I continue speaking. "The food was good and I'm sorry for raising my voice at you."

Soft arms wrap around me from behind, I turn in her embrace and hug her tight. Mum rubs my back until the weight in my chest dissolves. We break apart and she palms my face. I smile sheepishly at her.

"It's okay," Mum tells me. I nod. "Your girlfriend is waiting for you. She's so pretty," she whispers.

That's right. Gracie is so pretty and sweet and kind and smart. She's everything. The kitchen is so quiet after Mum leaves. I take her seat and place a foot on Gracie's stool. She eyes me from top to bottom and her lips turn up in a scowl. I want her smiling at me. Or kissing me. Or pecking me. Or hugging me.

"Are you mad at me?" I ask.

Her lips purse. "I was until you apologised to her." Gracie jumps out of her seat to stand in front of me. "You did good, babe," she says with a smile. I push my hand under her shirt and caress her boobs. She whimpers but doesn't stop me and I cup her breast. It's small but I love it. "I'm proud of you, Benny."

Puckering my lips for a kiss, she pulls my lower lip between her teeth and giggles when I groan. My hand weaves into her hair, my heart swells when my fingers brush the clip I gave her last year. She is the best.

"I'm sorry for making lunch awkward for you," I say against her neck. She shrugs like it doesn't matter. Maybe it doesn't but I don't want her to be upset with me. "You can stay for dinner, I'll be a good boy."

Gracie laughs. Her head falls back as she snorts with laughter. She catches me staring and slaps a hand over her mouth. I flatten her hands on my chest, we listen to the sound of my heart and smile at each other.

"I was so scared you would never talk to me again after yesterday," she says. Tears fill her eyes and she takes a deep breath. I might have been upset but there's no way I'll stop talking to my Gracie. My thumb brushes her cheek. "You know I love you, right?" I do. She reminds me everyday. "I will always love you."

"Always and forever," I tell her.

Taking her hand, I guide her to the cinema. Josef is so rich we have a mini-cinema and an outdoor pool. The house might look small from the outside but it has a lot of things. We step in and recline on the couch-cum-bed in the cinema. She sits between my legs and rests her back against my chest. I peck her temple and she giggles.

The room is dim. With a remote, I turn on the screen and the brightness illuminates our faces.

"Do you want to see a movie?" I ask.

"No."

I toss the remote after finding a slide of slow songs to play in the background. My hand sneaks under her skirt. It's the first time I'm seeing her in a skirt. She sucks in a breath as my fingers move between her legs to trail a line on the insides of her thighs. I don't know if I am doing it right but her moans urge me.

I help her out of her shirt and her bra. My heart thuds against my ribcage as I lower her to the couch. Anticipation and nervousness rolls off of both of us. She's quiet except for her shallow breathing and I kiss her soundly on the lips to diffuse some of her anxiety. I am anxious too. Anxious and very excited.

My hands are shaky as they come to rest on her belly. I place a wet kiss on one of the white spots on her stomach, following a path up to her perky breasts. My mouth closes around her nipple and her nails sink into my scalp. She moans when my fingers slip into her warmth and her legs tighten around my waist.

Tingles explode inside me and I curve my fingers inside her. She is tight but wet, so my fingers move freely in and out of her. Her hips buck, she writhes under me and her soft whimpers has me keen on pleasing her. I push into her faster until she cries out and my mouth covers hers to swallow her moans.

This place is soundproof, the music is still playing but I am not taking any chances.

Using the tempo of her breathing to guide my actions, my fingers thrust into her until she is close to her release. Our eyes connect, Gracie smiles at me and moans out my name as her legs drop from my waist.

A content sigh escapes her and her knuckles brush my cheeks. I smile at her, unsure if she can make out my face in the dimness. She struggles with my sweatpants until I take the initiative and pull it off. My dick springs free, she caresses the tip and I hiss. A warm feeling shoots up my chest, my heart pounds so hard I expect it to jump out of my mouth. She pushes me gently so I'm lying down and she's on top of me.

"My turn," she whispers, her lips a few inches from mine.

My eyes jerks to her and a smile fights through the battle happening in my head. "Are you sure?"

Her breath fans my dick and a shiver runs through me. "I think so."

Her sincerity never fails to astound me. My hands move to her shoulders in an attempt to pull her up but she slaps them. "Gracie, we don't have to do anything." I'm fine with making her feel good.

Gracie answers by circling her tongue around the tip and my remaining thoughts disappear. I groan as she licks her way down and back up. She's sloppy but I like it. I love everything she does. Soon enough, my load shoots into her mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut, shy and self-conscious as she swallows my cum.

I am floating in cloud nine when she snuggles close to me. Her leg wraps around my waist and her finger teases my belly button. We should get dressed but we are too sated to care about our state of undress.

"How did I do?" she whispers into my ear.

Goosebumps spread out on my skin, I twist so we are facing each other. Her breath warms my face and I push a strand of hair behind her ear. Without seeing it, I know she's smiling and is just as happy as I am.

"Great. Eleven over ten."

Her giggles are my favourite sound. She pecks my jaw and says, "Eleven? That's just 1.1. So I did poor?"

My chest rumbles with laughter. I flick a finger over her nose and she whines. "Shut up, Gracie."

We stay there for so long I lose count of time. Our chests rise and fall, the sleep clears when Gracie says, "Why are you so mad at your mum?" My eyes close. I trace random patterns on the parts of her belly with the most white spots. "Benny, I love you and your answer won't change how I feel about you. I promise."

Gracie is telling the truth but I whisper, "Not today. I don't feel like talking about it."

"Alright, babe. I'm here for you."

Until she has to go to New York. I press a soft kiss to her lips and hug her close. I won't focus on that. I'll focus more on the present and all the beautiful memories we can create until she has to change states.