

BadBoy 39

Chapter 39

Romeo and Juliet

What was I seriously thinking? That a kiss will change anything? This isn't a movie or a high school romance, the Badboy doesn't end up with the nerd. Hell, I will finish high school without a boyfriend and I will die a virgin.

He should have walked away. I would pick his silence over his words. We are not friends so why did he kiss me? Oh, I get it. To prove a point. I was nothing more than a little experiment to the jerk.

A tap on my shoulder causes my head to snap up. I am still where Ben left me. Daniel grimaces, I hold a finger to stop him from talking. "If you know what's good for you, stay away from me." I shake my head when his lips part, these boys are out to annoy me this morning. "I don't want to hear it. I'm not the one you need to talk to anyways. Talk to Maria and leave me out of it." My voice raises towards the end, a few heads in the hallway turn to us. "Talk to Maria, please," I whisper. "Leave me out of your mess."

I have mine to deal with already. A broken heart to heal. He sighs. "Fine. Have a nice day."

"You too," I spit at his racing figure, annoyed at myself for feeling bad for him.

He did this. If he had told Maria about the video earlier, Olivia wouldn't have found me, the kiss would have never happened. I enter the class when Mr Sam is already teaching. He sizes me up without a word, I mumble out an apology to him. Ben questions me with his stare as I plop on the empty seat beside Abigail. I dislike her but I will rather sit with her instead of the rude, handsome jerk staring at the back of my head. What does he want? Why did he look sad when I walked over to Abigail?

"Trouble in hellfire?" she whispers, wiggling her brows as her eyes wander between me and Ben.

"You mean, trouble in paradise?" I grumble.

She shrugs. "Same difference." I snort. "Baby boy looks like you killed his puppy."

Really? I want to confirm it but I don't want to give Ben the satisfaction. She's probably lying. Mr Sam interrupts us, saving me from her questions. The rest of the class and school goes on without a hiccup, I am a bit slow to drama club.

On getting there, the hall is empty. No sign of the hot guys. I collapse into one of the chairs and try to gather my thoughts. My stomach grumbles, I retrieve the leftover chips I got for lunch. One minute, two, three and many more minutes pass but there's no sign of Miss Jota or anyone. I gulp my juice greedily, shove the empty pack into my bag.

"Hey." I almost jump out of the seat. My hand goes over my chest and I release my breath slowly. Why is everyone trying to scare me? Why is Ben talking to me? Hold on. I scan the empty hall. We are alone. The last time he was nice or tried to talk to me, we were also alone. Is he ashamed of me? In the hallway filled with students, he ignored me. Wow. He kisses me one day and treats me like trash the next day. I grab my bag, ready to leave. I will not be anyone's doormat. "Sharing is caring, you know?"

He crosses over to me and occupies the seat beside me. I try not to look at him and my grip on my bag tightens. "Nice shirt, it looks better on you." Am I supposed to reply to that? He can't keep giving me mixed signals and expect me to be cool. I push myself up, he says, "Sit down." My stupid knees weaken at his order, I fall back to my seat. He leans so close his breath fans my neck. I shiver when he whispers, "Have you spoken to your coach?"

Talking becomes difficult, I shake my head. I want to leave but my butt is glued to the seat. I focus on the stage to distract myself, try to picture myself acting but every scene leads to the same thing. Romeo kissing Juliet. His legs touching mine doesn't help, I adjust and his fingers brush my neck when he slides his arm around the back of my seat.

His hand is warm. Without meaning to, I lean into him and he relaxes his arm on my shoulder. Ben laughs a little and I smile. I am such a pathetic sap.

"Miss Jota had to cancel today's rehearsal because of the game," he volunteers minutes later. We both ignore his hand on my neck, the sparks playing on that spot. I don't keep up with the school's games. The only update I get is from Maria and since we are not best of friends now, there's no way I would have known. Not like I would have cared but it still begs a question. I twist my chair so I'm facing Ben, his head lowers as he picks the loose thread of his jeans. "She didn't want anyone missing out on it."

"Then why are you here?" I whisper.

He shrugs without looking up. "I was waiting for you. I knew you would miss the news." And I did but how did he know that? We are not friends, he made that clear. Why does he care what I do if he can't be bothered to speak to me in public? I am tired. "You barely paid attention in Calculus class."

"Yeah," I say because it feels like I'm required to say something. I mimic him by running my hands over my knees, his finger angles closer to mine and I shove my hands into my pockets. "I was distracted."

Ben is strange.

His mood swings are worse than a girl on her period and I don't want to get caught in his mess. If I will get into trouble with Olivia, it has to be for something that's worth it. And I'm starting to think Ben isn't.

"Is it because of your friend?" Our eyes meet. He has a new, deeper cut on his eyebrow. There was a fight last night, I got the summary from Coach. I wet my lips and his gaze locks on my mouth. "She didn't talk to you. You didn't walk her to class like you always do. Then you ignored Daniel Holt."

He has been watching us—me. Why? Is this a case of boy likes girl but bullies her because he doesn't want to like her? It's stupid but I read it in a book. Even more stupid is the girl falling in love with him and having a happy ever after with his kids. I must be stupid too because my heart flutters at his smile.

Squeezing my knees, I say, "Yeah. She's not happy with me." A pause ensues. "I'm not happy with you."

This damn mouth. Those words did not come from me. Squaring my shoulders, I wait for his reaction. He crosses his arms and his jaw slacks. I hate to say it but he looks genuinely upset. I hurt his feelings.

"You wound me, Juliet." It's the way he says it that makes my cheeks burn. My lips curl in a shy smile. "That is not how our love story goes." Our love story? We have a future together? Oh. He means Juliet from the play. He winks. "Juliet loves Romeo." A cough wracks my body when he touches my knee, he tugs me to his laps, rubbing my back until the cough subsides. His face twists in concern, he tilts my jaw. "Are you okay?" I nod. "Sure?"

"Yes, I'm fine." If there's anything wrong, it's the little distance between us and my heart pounding in my ears. "Thanks." Acutely aware of our position, his hand on my back, the other on my jaw, I make to

stand but his arm locks around my waist. Panic tightens my body, I whisper, "Ben." But the Ben staring at me is the one from the weekend, the one who was nice to me. The one who makes sitting on his legs feels okay. Placing both hands on his chest to push him away, I try again. "Benjamin. Benny."

His hand slides to the back of my neck, he brings my head down. Our mouths are inches away from each other, he pins me with a gaze as if to seek consent. I try to remember his unnecessary harsh words from this morning, his cold attitude towards me, the punches.

We are not friends.

He does not care about me.

I don't want to be anyone's second option but my head jerks shakily in a nod and Ben captures my lips.

For a brief moment, I forget how to respond. His fingers tangle in my hair, he massages my scalp and I snap out of it. Our lips move in synchrony. He is gentle, letting me lead the pace and I kiss him back like I have always seen in the movies. Along the line, he pulls my legs on each side of him so I am straddling him, then he takes charge of the kiss.

His chest vibrates with a growl when I nibble on his upper lip. I tense as his hand slips inside my shirt. His fingers brush my boobs and a moan escapes me.

Tingles shoot down to my toes, erupt all over my skin. I grind against him, he moans my name and I repeat it. A new but welcome sensation spreads through my chest. Without breaking our kiss, Ben cups my small breasts gently. I whimper, horny, nervous and excited to see where this leads.

The little voice of reasoning in my head manages to take over. We are moving too fast and I don't want to remember my first time in this kind of place.

"Ben," I say, pulling his hands out. He doesn't protest, I silently thank him for complying. If he so much as insists, I might agree. Our foreheads touch, he grins at me and my heart flips. When his hands move to the hem of my shirt, I panic and blurt out, "I'm a virgin."

One. Two. Ten seconds pass without his reply. I want to chew the insides of my lips but he doesn't like that, so I settle for wringing my hands. His eyes are clouded as he inspects my face. He must be reconsidering the kiss. He has been with a lot of girls. Olivia must be a sex expert, not a nun like me who stops the hottest guy from kissing her or doing more.

Pushing my hair behind my ears, he pecks my lips. I am less worried when our gazes lock, he takes my hands and laces our fingers with a smile. "Me too," he whispers. I heard wrong, right? Ben cannot be a freaking virgin. "You confuse me, Juliet," he says so low I have to strain my ears to pick out his words.

I press my lips against his in an innocent kiss. "You confuse me too, Romeo."