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1,236 words.

<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Excitement was in the air, it was December 25th after all. I was awoken by the sound of my younger sister running down the hall.

I had gone home for Christmas; I was beginning to regret that decision.

I picked up my phone and saw the ungodly time of 05:08.

Fucking hell.

There was no use fighting it, the girl was up, so the whole house should be.

I can't complain too much, when I was her age, I was the same.

How did mum and dad put up with it...

“Abi... I'm up...”

“Mum! Dad! Sam is up! C'mon, he's been!”

Of course, he has been... I spent a good portion of my evening arranging everything and wrapping my gifts.

I winced as I rubbed my still sore back.

Abigail was my younger sister, she was eight years old, my parents had me young and in their later years they were quite shocked to find my mother was having another, I remember I was sixteen when they told me, I was disgusted that my forty year old parents were still doing it.

without protection no less...

I was home for the holidays for one big reason. I was single, for the first time in as many years as Abi has been born. I thought me and Jay were it, we were going all the way, but alas he had other ideas, when I found his tongue in some other girls' mouth and his hand in her pants, I realised that I was so wrong. He didn't deny it, he said he wasn't sure I was for him; I had let myself go and he had different goals in life compared to him.

Bullshit.

All of it was just a crock of shit to just give him a reason.

Not that it mattered, I cut him out as quickly as I could. Just his name made my blood boil.

This happened about ten months ago, and I had since moved into a new place, my job paid me well and any time I wasn't working, I was in the gym. Despite me not believing I had let myself go, I found a new passion for the gym.

Standing in the spare room, I looked at myself in the mirror and thought back to my old body and compared it to now.

I was around 180 lbs when me and Jay split, now I was down to a much leaner 140 lbs. I looked like I really looked after myself, standing at 5'2, I was a short girl and thanks to my recent gym obsession, I was relatively flat all around. I didn't mind, I didn't have boys on my mind at all. That avenue was still closed off to me.

My parents went big this Christmas, they invited me to stay around, and they made a whole fanfare of the run up to the big day.

Probably felt pity for me.

They might be a bit strange, but they did show me they cared a lot. I was well and truly out of the nest, but it was nice to see they could easily turn it back on and roll back the years for another great Christmas. I had been staying with them for five days at this point and the amount of festive activities we had been doing to get me in the mood and build the excitement within Abi was almost unbearable. It was fun though.

So now here I stood, 5:10 on Christmas day, my eight-year-old sister trying to drag me down the stairs.

Fun.

After much too long of a delay from Mum and Dad, we started to descend the stairs.

“Oh my god! I can see the presents! Come on!!!” Abigail shrieked.

“Yes Abi, we know, can you be a bit quieter, the neighbour’s are sleeping.” My Mum said softly.

“And I’ve got a headache.” My Dad chimed in.

“How do you do it?” I whispered to them both.

“The look on her face when she opens the presents. One day you’ll understand. It is worth it.” My Mum rubbed some sleep from her eyes.

“Your mother is right. I can still remember when you got that bike.”

I smiled at the fond memory of opening my mountain bike on my tenth Christmas.

“Come on, before we miss it.” My Mum hurried us down the stairs.

The front room had four piles of presents, one for each of us. The piles were much bigger than when I had last seen the room. I glared at my parents who smirked back at me cheekily.

Not wanting to prolong the torture any longer, we let Abigail start us off. She opened her first gift and squealed with joy.

We took it in turns opening gifts.

My dad got some clothes, same as mum and me.

Abigail got a whole bunch of toys, everything off her list according to her.

Everything opened, we sat there, tired and exhausted, when my dad said something that made Abigail screech.

“Oh... Hang on... I think Santa might have missed something...” He got up and left the room, returning with four boxes. “One each.”

Abigail started to tear into the paper, and she let out a big screech again.

The newest games console.

She started to paw at the box and tried to open it right then and there before my Mum

stopped her.

“We can set it up later. I think it is Dad’s turn next.”

Dad opened his much smaller box and inside was a new laptop.

Jeez, lots spent this year...

He gave Mum a big kiss and suggested she go next.

Mum opened her box and inside hers was a diamond necklace and a new phone.

“Always have to outdo me...” She whispered.

Dad nodded.

“Ass.” She said before kissing him back.

“Your turn Samantha.”

I opened my box and found inside the newest and top range fitness smart watch.

Holy shit.

I looked at my parents shocked, and they just ate up my surprise.

Mum took Abigail to her room with all of her toys, and I cornered Dad.

“This is too much, come on Dad... Take it back.”

He shook his head. “No way. I’ve been given a hefty Christmas bonus this year and I wanted to make it extra special for everyone. Plus, I’ve seen how much you’ve been in the gym lately. This is meant to be the best thing you can get for fitness.” He tapped the box. “Just take it honey, enjoy it, I hope it is as good as they say.”

I already knew the answer.

The brand was fairly new, but their tech was unrivalled. They have made a breakthrough in sensor technology, and they use the data to inform their AI that they have to help make bespoke fitness plans. All the top athletes have them.

“Thank you, Dad.”

I wrapped my arms around him and gave him a big hug.

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