

Keily | Watch Your Tongue

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Days had passed, and James still didn't know we were supposed to work together on the assignment.

I'd had plenty of opportunities to tell him, but after how he'd been treating me (and Lucas!), I'd decided not to. Screw him. Maybe I was giving myself extra work, but he'd only be dead weight, anyway.

Stupid asshole.

I'd already drawn out the layout of our—*my*—website in a notebook. Designing the site was kind of soothing and helped calm down my overthinking.

I'd looked at different websites of restaurants and cafés for ideas and general color schemes, but I made sure not to overdo the styling and features and kept it simple for a high school project.

I hummed “All Too Well” by Taylor Swift under my breath as I passed through the white-blue hallways of our school.

The song had come on the radio when Addison was driving us to school, and like the masterpiece that it was, it had gotten stuck in my head.

My cousin, unlike other mornings, wasn't walking with me because she had to rush to submit her history assignment (which was due yesterday), so Taylor's voice in my head compensated for her absence.

My singing stopped once I reached the hall with the seniors' lockers. James was standing near his locker, smiling and talking to a cute, petite brunette beside him. My jovial mood abated at the sight.

James looked breathtaking as always, dressed in a casual dark-gray T-shirt with its long sleeves pushed up to his elbows, black jeans, and blue Air Jordans on his feet.

His dark-brown locks were a little messy at the front, letting me know he hadn't used the gel today, but it didn't bring down his handsomeness one bit; in fact, it gave him a rugged charm.

The devil might lack in the *being nice* department, but he was definitely stocked in the *looking good* one.

When he chuckled at something the girl said, an unconscious frown etched on my face.

It was astonishing how he looked like such a pleasant and approachable person when chatting with her, but somehow, he turned so hostile with me.

Sure, he was a *sourpuss*, as Lucas liked to call him, with others too, but never to the point of insulting them for no reason.

Is there something wrong with me?

James spotted me looking at him over the brunette's head. I immediately averted my gaze and sped to my locker, a light blush coating my cheeks at being caught checking him out.

A jumble of curses ran through my head as I started putting my stuff in my locker. It was ridiculous how easily he could make me react.

After hurriedly shoving things in my locker, I shut it and took a deep breath to calm myself. *Don't think about that asshole.*

I jumped when I turned around. James stood right in front of me, looking down at me with amusement and blocking my path. Sadly, I had to admit he looked even better up close.

His dark eyes skimmed over my whole figure, making me self-conscious, before returning to my face.

It was too early in the morning to deal with him.

"James, I need to go," I managed to choke out, fighting back the redness that was ready to burst under his forceful gaze. I knew he was here just to toy with me.

"Class doesn't start for fifteen minutes. What's the hurry, Piggy?" he said, his tone taunting. "We still have plenty of time for you to ogle me." He smirked.

God, he's so infuriating!

"I'm not ogling anyone—especially not you," I countered immediately, my blush intensifying.

"Lying doesn't suit you." His smirk widened, and he studied my face. "Well, I've been taught to do charity sometimes. If you want, my offer from a few days ago still stands—"

"Will you stop it?!" My patience snapped. "Never in my life would I ever go for someone like you. So, keep your disgusting charity to yourself!"

"Watch your tongue, Piggy, before it gets you in trouble." His voice deepened, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

He stepped closer, making me instinctively take a step back, trapping myself between him and the lockers. He leaned closer, so our noses were almost touching. I couldn't look away from the intensity of his gaze.

Breathe, Keily.

"You'd never go for someone like me?" he whispered.

"N-never," I stuttered. There was a storm of butterflies in my stomach.

He raised a hand to my face, tracing his finger along my jaw. His touch left a trail of fire on my skin.

"Are you sure about that?" he murmured.

He sounded so...intimate. So sure of himself.

His finger lifted my chin, his thumb just underneath my bottom lip. "Never?"

My knees were turning to jelly.

"J-James...", I whispered.

He began to lean in, and my heart almost exploded.

Oh my God. What is HAPPENING?!

He closed the distance between us, our lips hovering centimeters apart. I couldn't move. I was a deer in headlights. Did I want this? Did I want *him*?

He suddenly leaned back, a sadistic smile twisting his face.

“Yeah, right, Piggy. Did you really think I would kiss you?”

My eyes widened. It felt like my face was on fire.

Asshole!

I stared down at my feet, unable to look at him. I was so embarrassed, I could have died.

“Aw, don’t be sad, Piggy.” He ruffled my hair like I was some pet he owned. He sure knew how to humiliate someone. “With all the time we’re about to be spending together, maybe you’ll get another opportunity.”

He stepped back, giving me my much-needed personal space.

But then it hit me what he’d just said.

“W-what?”