

## Keily | Bad Liar

### Bad Liar

I immediately spun around, turning my back away from his sight.

James was staring at me, wide-eyed and mouth agape. He had seen it.

*Holy hell!*

I could tell my face must have been at its brightest red. But not redder than my pants, judging by the look on James's face. My hands and feet were cold despite my whole body burning, and not in a good way.

The level of embarrassment I felt right now could easily compete with the day my swimsuit tore at the water park when I was ten.

*He's going to ruin me.*

When I saw James's eyes sliding down to my crotch, I snapped out of my frozen state and fumbled for the door handle behind me.

"You—"

Before he could say anything, I opened the bathroom door, stumbled inside, and slammed it shut.

I pressed my back against the door to catch my breath, which was coming out in puffs, but I quickly moved away, remembering my problem down there.

I didn't want to dirty such a clean, nice bathroom. My lips were quivering, and I was seconds away from crying.

I felt so ashamed and gross, and thinking how James would have a field day with this one pushed me further to the edge.

*Not a good time to have a crying session, Keily.*

After several minutes of hyperventilating, I finally composed myself. I dragged my legs to the front of the mirror and checked my bottom.

*No!*

My white pants were ruined. They were gone. The area around my crotch was smeared in red. Those blood stains weren't going to come out.

I rushed to the toilet seat and started rolling out toilet paper frantically to soak the blood from my pants and underwear. It wasn't working, but I still kept going. I had no idea what else to do.

And James, my bully and the witness of my mortifying situation, was just a door away. *Heck.*

Somewhere among scrounging for toilet paper, my vision blurred, and I heard myself sniffing.

*Don't cry.* A tear fell. *Please don't.* Another followed.  
*Great!*

Now I was sobbing and rubbing paper on my drenched clothes simultaneously.

A knock came from the other side, pausing my movements. "Keily." James. I must've been inside for a long time. He knocked again when no reply came from my side.

"Keily, are you okay in there?" His voice was gentle, surprising me. Wasn't he going to make fun of me?

"Yeah," I replied reflexively. I sounded like a little kid.

"Are you sure?" he asked again. "Do you need something?"

Yeah, a boring machine to dig myself a hole and crawl into it.

"Do you have your sanitary napkins or whatever you use?" he continued.  
"Also, I can lend you my pants if you want to change out of yours."

*Is this guy James?* I looked at the door, confused. He was acting so out of character—or at least not how I expected him to, *just like at the party.*

My eyes moved down to inspect my mess. Whatever his intentions were, I didn't have the luxury to mull over them in my current state.

So, I stood up and adjusted my pants to get to the only help I had at the moment.

“I can drop you home—”

I opened the door just enough to peek my head outside.

James was two steps away, no hint of disgust or mockery on his face, only a strange softness as he stared back, once again defying my horrendous imagination of him.

“Were you crying?” he questioned, his brows furrowing.

I shook my head, avoiding his eyes and feeling like a lying five-year-old. *I should’ve washed my face before seeing him.*

“You’re not a good liar.” James sighed. “What were you crying about, huh? Are the cramps that bad?” he asked seriously.

His eyes narrowed as though figuring something out. “Wait, is this the first time you’re menstruating—”

“No!” I flushed at the assumption. “No to all. It’s just my pants are ruined, and you saw...” I shifted on my feet and looked down, feeling uncomfortable.

“Keily, it’s just a period,” he said. “We were taught this stuff when we were twelve in sex ed.

“Also, my mom’s a doctor, so I learned about human anatomy way before other kids, and let me tell you, menstruation was not the thing I found repulsive.” He snorted. “Don’t be embarrassed.”

“But you looked at me—”

“I was a little surprised, that’s all. Your pants were...are really ruined,” he clarified and cleared his throat. “Like I said, you can borrow my pants.”

“I’m going to stain them too,” I sniffled.

“Then we can wash them,” he mimicked my whiny voice. He chuckled when I frowned. *This man is handling the situation way more maturely than I am.* “What else do you need?”

“I-I don’t have tampons with me, and”—my blush returned—“and my underpants are soiled too. I need those. So, don’t lend me your clothes; they’ll be messed. And it’s not like I can fit in your pants—”

He cut me off. “That’s it?”

“Uh...yeah.”

“Give me a minute.” James took out his cell phone. “I’ll get you your stuff.” He stepped back, putting his phone to his ear.

“What are you doing?”

“Calling my mom,” he replied hastily, walking away, “because she’s a woman too, you know.”

“But—” Before I could continue, he barged out of the room, leaving my peeking head confused and alone.

After some time, I was about to shut the bathroom door when James returned.

He had two packages of tampons in his fist. Instead of coming to me, he sped straight ahead to another door, which led to what I assumed was his closet.

He stepped out. “Here.” He handed me a navy-blue folded cloth and dropped the tampons over it. “Change into these.”

“But—”

“They’ll fit. Stop being a baby.” I was reprimanded.

I looked down. “Okay, but my underwear—”

“It’s tampons, you won’t need it. And if you want, I can ask someone to run the machine to wash your clothes.”

“No,” I said immediately, the redness on my cheeks intact. I was still surprised at how casually he was talking about such stuff. “I can wash my clothes. There’s no need to trouble someone else.”

James stared me down, long enough for me to cower again, before he sighed. “As you wish... Just a tip, use the liquid hand wash to get the blood stains out. It’ll remove them.”

I nodded and closed the door, finally able to breathe again. Receiving so much generosity from him had stopped my brain from functioning. I needed to take a breather.

James's track pants weren't tight, but they did snug around my butt, and they were really long, so I had to fold them to my ankles. All in all, they weren't too big for me.

Though I felt weird wearing them without any panties on. He was right about the liquid hand wash too; it worked like a charm to remove the blood stains from my pants and underwear.

As I walked out of the bathroom, James looked up from his cell phone.

When his eyes moved over my figure, I felt a thousand times more self-conscious about wearing his pants than I had in the bathroom.

Add in the fact that we both knew I was going commando.

"Thanks." I stood awkwardly before him. He was sitting on the bed. "Thank you for your pants and...other things." I was still very embarrassed.

He shrugged. "Do you want to go home or work?"

"I can work." My cramps had already subsided, so currently I was in no state to die.

Also, it didn't feel right to ditch James after he'd helped me, even though crawling into my bedroom to relive this humiliating situation was very appealing.

He shifted, leaving half of the bed. "Come here," he ordered, patting the empty space when he saw me hesitating to join him.

I was afraid I'd leave a spot on the bed because—well, because I didn't have my underpants on. I was always used to wearing them during my periods.

I sat next to him, stretching my legs out, copying his position but squeezing my thighs shut.

James once again settled the laptop on his lap. He moved closer, and my heartbeat rose as our thighs brushed against each other.

He cleared his throat and looked at me. "We have to start by filling drop-down menus."

"Okay." I nodded.

Before we could start, there was a knock on the door. A middle-aged lady in an apron walked in, carrying a tray.

"Thanks, Charlie," James said to her. "Put it on the bed."

Charlie placed the tray in front of us. "Tell me if you need anything else." Her eyes moved to me, and she smiled.

I tried to return the gesture as best as I could, while she assessed me and my current dressed state. I wanted to hide.

"Will do, ma'am." James nodded, and she left.

On the tray were croissants and two cups of tea.

"I asked her to make some ginger tea; it's good for cramps," James told me. My insides melted.

"You didn't have to do this." *This guy isn't James.*

"But I did. So, eat up. I'm hungry too; it's almost five." He picked up a croissant and took a bite.

"Why are you being so nice?" I couldn't help myself from asking. Only on Monday, this guy had called me a whale.

The movement of his jaws paused. "Because I can," he said after gulping down his morsel. "It's not very pleasant to have a girl crying in your bathroom. I'm not a monster."

"But you acted like one to me."

"That's why you hate me."

"I couldn't hate you, even if I wanted to." My mouth moved without my permission.

James's eyes sharpened and mine widened at my slip-up. This was becoming a pattern. I was losing my filter a lot in this devil's presence. A long silence followed as we stared at each other.

My cheeks heated under his scorching gaze.

“So, you don’t hate me. That’s strange.”

“Don’t miss the ‘I want to’ part.”

“Then maybe I should step up my game.” He smirked, and my heart thudded. *James is back.*

“So, are you going to bully me again? This time, I won’t be an easy target.” I glared at him, trying to follow Addison’s advice. However, I knew I’d failed when his lips only quirked further.

“Oh, I have something better in mind.” He grinned evilly, and I gulped. He enjoyed my apprehension. “Drink your tea, Keily, before it gets cold.”

He moved away, making me realize our faces had gotten closer, and took another bite of his croissant.

Next Chapter

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