

Keily | You're Ruining Me

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I turned back to find James stomping toward me. His angry frown was intact. My insides twinged with fear.

When James reached me, my defenses went up, picturing his *old self* in the menacing stance and glower he was giving me.

"Come with me," he asked—no, demanded. I stared at his hardened face, afraid to say anything.

I didn't want to go anywhere with him when he was looking like that, but his dark eyes had me suspecting if I said no, he'd have no problem throwing me over his shoulder to carry me out of here.

I shouldn't have let Lucas tease him in Calculus. It had only come around to bite me.

James sighed, his features softening slightly as he studied my face.

"Please," he said, a single word taking all his strength. "I want to talk. I won't mind doing it here, but I thought you don't like others nosing in our business."

I looked at the other students around, who were throwing curious glances at us. He was right.

"Okay." I didn't have the heart to refuse when he'd said please. I was a mess for him.

I followed him to an empty classroom and doubted my decision when he stood before me, staring me down with those blazing eyes.

Sunlight streamed through the windows behind him, lighting half of his face.

He looked heavenly.

"What do you want—"

“Lucas is just messing with you,” he announced. “He’s flirting with you to get a reaction out of me. Don’t get wrapped up in it.”

I frowned, even though he was completely right. “Not everything is about you, James.”

“I know, but right now it’s about you. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

He doesn’t want me to get hurt. My frown deepened. “Funny, coming from the guy who hurt me every day.”

“I’m not doing it now!” James defended before taking a deep breath to compose himself. “I’m trying to make things right, and I don’t want anyone to make them worse. Don’t be gullible enough to think Lucas likes you.”

Gullible!

I glared at him. “I’m not gullible. I know what he’s doing. And I also know you’re not concerned for me, just jealous.”

“I *am* concerned for you,” James stated, then his eyes sharpened. “But you’re not as innocent as you look, are you? You know what he’s doing, and you’re not stopping him. So, Lucas isn’t the only one who wants a reaction out of me.”

My cheeks colored, and he smirked.

“You’re right,” he said. “I’m jealous too. I fucking get jealous when Lucas touches you. I don’t want anyone else touching you other than me.”

“You have no right.” My voice was tiny. He was so close; I could feel our body heat meshing together.

“I know. But it’s not easy to reason that when Lucas has his arm around you, I want to—” He paused, his brows knitting angrily.

“You want to...,” I urged.

His gaze dropped to my lips, and before I knew it, they were smashed against his.

He kissed me aggressively, as though he’d been starved of it. My fingers curled into his soft hair, trying to keep pace with him.

His hand snaked around my waist to pull me more into him, while the other steered my neck to deepen the kiss and let him plunge his tongue inside me. He was ravishing me with no qualms.

When he let go, I was red, gasping, and staring at him in a daze.

James looked at me. "Fuck," he groaned, and once again, my lips were captured by his. This time he was slow, gentle, savoring our taste together.

We continued for as long as we could without losing our breath.

After we pulled away, James beamed, and I was smitten. He twirled a strand of my disheveled hair around his finger.

"I want to drag you away from him and kiss the life out of you to show everyone you belong with me."

Wait, what?

Oh...

He kissed my cheeks, sparing my swollen lips. "Kissing you in reality is way better than I ever imagined."

He imagines kissing me.

He dropped another peck on my jaw. "I swear, after that night, it was so hard to control myself once I'd tasted you. It was torture to see you every day, strutting around, and not kiss you."

His nose brushed against my ear as he kissed my neck.

I whimpered, leaning into him.

"Fuck." I felt his hold on my waist tighten. "You're ruining me, Keily Harris." He reluctantly backed away but kept me in his arms and stared at me longingly.

Slowly, the nagging voices inside my head became louder, telling me this was wrong. I was being weak to cave just like that. I had to hold on to some dignity.

Then came the insecurities about my body *that he was touching*. I felt fat and pictured the flab covering me.

I became aware of the rolls on my belly, where James's fingers were drawing circles. His insults—Piggy, whale, fat, slut—attacked my mind.

I pulled myself away from him, tears pricking my eyes. I didn't want to see his disgusted face when he changed his mind about me and decided I was too ugly for him.

Guilt followed my self-hating thoughts, and tears rolled down my cheeks. *I was pathetic.*

"Shit!" James cursed. "What the fuck did I do now?"

I would have laughed at his wide-eyed, scared face if not for my state.

He placed his hands on my shoulders, looking pained at seeing me crying. "Keily, I'm sorry," he said. He didn't know what he was sorry for.

I shook my head, trying to control my sobs.

"I'm sorry," he said again and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into his chest. I could hear his heart thumping against my ear, warm and beating for me.

I sobbed harder. *Can he stop being this sweet already?!*

His voice was deep, reverberating through his chest as he spoke. "I shouldn't have come on this strong. I'm sorry."

"N-no," I finally said, finding my voice. "It's just that we shouldn't be like this. It's wrong."

"Please, don't say it's a mistake." There was fear and pain in his tone.

"Or else you're going to throw me aside and call me a 'desperate whale,'" I sniffled.

He pushed me away slightly to stare into my eyes. Guilt coated his features. "I didn't mean it. You're not any of those things. I was stupid. I'm so sorry." He leaned down and cupped my cheeks. "You're beautiful."

I wanted to believe him, but I couldn't. I didn't trust him to not revert back to his old ways.

His sweet words melted me, but they weren't enough. My insecurities were winning. They were overwhelming.

James let go of my face. He realized he couldn't get through to me right now. "I promise I'll make it right." He rubbed his fingers over his eyes. *Great, I made him cry too!* "I promise."

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