

## Keily | Very Unlike Him

### Keily

#### Very Unlike Him

It took me less than a second to recognize the four men standing in front of us: Collin, Ryan, and their two friends—black hair and blond.

Right now, they were eyeing James and me, amused, like they'd found an easy target. I felt extremely uncomfortable under their gazes.

"Well, look what we have here," Collin said. "Didn't think we'd run into *you* here, of all places."

"What are you two kids doing out here?" the blond asked, his white teeth shining in the dark. "It's not safe out here at night."

James stood up, shielding me from view. "We're fine. We don't need your concern," he said curtly. The message was clear: back off.

I wasn't the only one who didn't like this new company.

"What's the rush, James?" Ryan said. "Your boys aren't here to help you out this time, are they?" His smile widened, and Collin snickered behind him.

"What are you hiding her for?" he chimed in with a mocking laugh. "It's not like anyone *wouldn't* notice her. Got a lot of *extra*, don't you think?"

Black Hair nudged him. "Hey, to each their own, right? At least she's large enough for us to share."

The blond licked his lips and grinned. "Bet she's nice and soft. The more to grab, the better."

All of them laughed like hyenas, making my skin crawl with disgust. *It's so humiliating.*

I immediately stood up and held James's arm when he stepped forward to charge at them. His fists were tightened, and his jaw clenched as he glared at the men. He was fuming.

If I hadn't reacted quickly, I knew he'd be thrashing these perverts. I might've even let him, but there were four of them.

As strongly built as James was, he couldn't take down four guys at once.

"Relax, James," Collin taunted. "You know how it went last time. Only reason you got so brave then was 'cause your team had your back. Now it's just you. So, go ahead—be the hero. Let's see how that works out for you now."

"Say one more thing," James growled, "and I'll make sure you regret it."

I held him tighter. "Leave before we call the cops," I said and glared at the men.

Black Hair snorted. "Babe, you won't be calling the cops till we're done with you."

I noticed they all had moved closer, hemming us in.

"Don't call her *babe*!" James growled, pushing me behind him. "And you won't be doing anything with her." His stance changed, ready for an attack.

This was all escalating too fast, and I knew it wasn't going to end well for us. I discreetly slipped my phone out of my jeans pocket. There was no signal. *No!* "Boy wants to protect the honor of his princess. Let's see what you got." *Oh God!*

Next thing I knew, James was in the middle of four men, fighting them off. It all happened too quickly.

He was trying to keep up, dodging their attacks and punching back whenever he could, but he was outnumbered.

I shouted for help. I shouted at them to stop. I shrieked as loud as I could, but nobody came to help. My cheeks were stained. I was crying. They were hurting him.

Somewhere between the painful grunts, I heard James yelling at me to run. But I couldn't just leave him like this. In the clutches of these monsters.

I looked around and found a large stone. I picked it up, and as expected, it was heavy—heavy enough to be a weapon. James was keeping the men busy, so they didn't notice me charging at them.

As I closed in, I brought down the stone on the nearest guy's head with all the force I could muster. It was Collin, and he dropped on the ground with a curse a second after I hit him.

When he didn't get back up, I prayed that the man had only passed out. I wasn't prepared to have blood on my hands.

My little stunt didn't go unnoticed by the others. Before I could get over the shock of what I'd done, I was lying on the ground with my stomach throbbing in pain.

"You wanna fight, babe?!" Blond was on top of me. "I'll give you a fight!" He punched my face, and my vision turned black for a second. I tasted blood inside my mouth.

That was going to hurt a lot if we made it out alive.

"Get off her!" James yelled from somewhere.

"I don't know. I like this position," he taunted James, grinding himself against me. I felt nauseous.

My hand fumbled around, digging into the ground and collecting mud. When Blond looked back at me, I closed my eyes and threw the mud at his face.

"Bitch!" he yelled, his grip loosening on me to rub his eyes. I took the moment to push him off me. He fell back, and I kned him in his groin before he could recover.

Right now, every action I took was dictated by the adrenaline surging through me. I felt like a spectator in my own body.

I once again kicked Blond's family jewels, making him grunt, then straddled him. I choked his neck as he tried to hit me.

Because of the pain, his movements had become sloppy, so when he managed to punch my torso, it wasn't enough to get me off.

I put all the pressure on my thumb and choked him harder, burying his head into the ground. His fingers dug into my wrist to push my hands away. His grip was painful, but I didn't give up.

His body writhed under me until he passed out. I didn't let go until I was sure he wasn't getting up.

I sighed in relief when I felt my unconscious attacker breathing under me. *Good. He isn't dead.*

Shaking, I got up and looked for James. He was now handling the remaining two much better than before.

He had one of them—Ryan—by the back of his head, and Black Hair was groaning behind him, holding his nose.

James's football skills and hard training were showing, though he wasn't in very good condition himself.

He didn't have his leather jacket on anymore, and I spotted a little blood trickling down his forehead and bruises that had started to form on his face.

James kneed Ryan in the abdomen and threw him on the ground, leaving the guy to groan in pain. It looked like these perverts weren't so formidable when singled out.

"All right, you and your chick can fight," Black Hair said, cautiously stepping around James, who was glaring at him menacingly.

If I'd thought James looked scary when he bullied me, I'd never been so wrong. Right now, he looked lethal. And when he glanced at me, his bloody face turned downright deadly.

A chill ran down my spine. I hoped to never see him like this again.

"You're dead," James gritted and launched himself at Black Hair.

Before James could reach him, Black Hair pulled something out of his pocket. Its tip shone in the dark. *No!*

"He has a knife, James!" I shouted. But I was too late, as he was already on the guy.

James hit Black Hair hard enough to make him lose his balance. However, he didn't go down alone and pulled James with him.

Before James could get up, before I could run to them, a hand with a knife raised and stabbed James in the side.

James didn't realize at first and kept on thrashing the man mercilessly. He had no idea of the knife sticking in his side or the blood pooling out and staining his shirt slowly.

He didn't stop until I reached him and pulled him off the man. Black Hair was knocked out and beaten to a pulp.

"Oh God!" I cried, looking at the blood oozing from James's wound. I made him sit against a tree.

"Shit!" James grunted when he touched the knife. It was deep inside him. "That fucker." He glared at the lifeless Black Hair.

I noticed beneath all the angry red marks and dried blood, his face had begun to pale.

"Does it hurt badly?" I sobbed and rubbed my eyes to clear my vision, but my tears didn't stop. I was so shaky.

"It does," James said, his face scrunching in what was supposed to be a reassuring smile. "What about you?" His hand came to stroke my face gently; it stung.

When I flinched, he immediately pulled his hand away. I saw blood on his fingers. Fury flashed in James's eyes, but it was gone as soon as it came.

"It's nowhere near you." I rubbed my eyes once more because I just couldn't stop crying. My face throbbed at the simple action. The adrenaline was wearing off.

"You saved my ass over there, Keily," he said proudly. "Who knew my girl could take down two grown men?"

I snorted. "I have not agreed to be your girl, so calm down with the title."

"You are."

I shook my head and sniffled. "We have to get out of here." I looked at the men lying around us. It wouldn't be long before they regained consciousness.

One of them was already awake and groaning, but thanks to James, he was immobile.

James nodded. He looked extremely tired.

I took off my jacket and carefully pressed it around the knife. He flinched at the sudden pressure. "I'm sorry," I said.

"It's all right." His voice was faint, very unlike him.

"Can you get up?" I asked, delicately stroking his hair off his forehead. It was wet with sweat and probably some blood.

"Yeah."

He couldn't. I helped him up, and we slowly retraced the path we came from.

The longer we walked, the more sluggish James's steps became. Initially, he was reluctant to put his weight on me, but ten steps later, he conceded.

I peeked at him. His lips had turned purple, and his skin had lost its color. I felt my jacket on his wound getting wet.

I was seconds away from falling under his weight and bawling my eyes out. Though my tears were already spilling out silently.

*James, please be okay. Please.* I didn't say the words aloud, knowing I would finally break if I did.

James didn't say anything either. He couldn't. He was barely holding on to his remaining consciousness. I saw him trying to keep his eyes open and stumbling along the way with me.

I was losing him.

"Help!" I cried as we neared the edge of the carnival. "HELP!" I shouted, putting all my energy into being as loud as I could. "Please, help!" I broke down but didn't stop yelling for help.

At last, I fell down, taking James with me. He didn't react. He was lost to unconsciousness. Blackness was clouding my vision too. Every muscle of my body hurt. It hurt so bad.

I kept my blood-soaked jacket pressed against his wound and cried for help. I yelled so loud that my throat hurt.

My voice broke, but I kept shouting against the annoying music playing in the background.

*Someone, please, help.*

“Holy shit!” *Finally*. A silhouette of a man approached us carefully. “Are you all right?”

“No,” I said. “Please, help.”

Next Chapter

[Continue to the next chapter of Keily](#)