

## Keily | Pinned Against the Camaro

### Pinned Against the Camaro

THREE WEEKS LATER

I was sitting on the bleachers right next to Lola. Matt was on her other side with his arm resting on her shoulders. The other seat beside me was empty, waiting to be taken by my boyfriend.

The game was about to start.

The cheerleaders had just finished their performance, and once again, I was enthralled by their flexibility and grace, but my eyes still slid to James at the benches where the players were huddled.

He was standing with Lucas, Coach, and another one of his teammates, talking with them.

Football season had started weeks ago, but our team had been on a losing streak. Now the stakes were high. If our school lost again, we'd be kicked out of the season.

The boys were good, but unfortunately, James's sudden departure from the team had affected them.

Three weeks had passed since the incident at the carnival. James had recuperated well, but he'd been advised against exerting himself too much to hinder complete healing.

So, he had to skip the football championship. I was disheartened for him, as it was our last year of high school and his last event to play with his teammates.

Instead, he'd spent almost the whole day talking to Lucas on the phone. Lucas was very anxious about today's game, because scouts were coming to see him play. James was so patient and understanding with him.

Since we started dating, things between us had been moving forward, and I was learning that—under all that intimidating roughness—James was a sweet guy to all he considered his friends.

“Look who’s here,” Lola said, making my gaze shift away from James. She was looking at a small crowd of unfamiliar faces a couple of rows above us.

However, there was one face I recognized: Myra.

“Is she here to cheer for Lucas?” Lola wondered.

“Maybe.” I chuckled. “I hope Lucas and her just bury the hatchet and either get back together or move on.”

“Not everyone is like you and James,” Lola commented. “Both Lucas and Myra are stubborn. Neither of them is going to give in easily.”

“But anyone can see they’re into each other.”

“Now you understand my frustration when I looked at you and James,” Lola said, smirking.

I groaned, a blush coating my cheeks. “Don’t remind me.”

Myra noticed us looking at her. I smiled and waved, and she waved back. We’d had a rough first interaction, but there was no need for hostility.

“You two are friends?” Lola asked, surprised.

I shrugged. “We talked online. She’s cool.”

“Who’s cool?” James asked, settling into his seat. His arm came around my waist, and he kissed me on my cheek. My face flushed again at his open display of our affection.

I couldn’t say I didn’t like it, but it sure was taking me time to get used to it. He was very blatant. *And shameless.*

Unlike me, James never shied away from initiating intimate touches and caresses that left me flustered. His hands always found their way onto my body whenever we were close.

At first, I’d been hesitant, fearing he’d feel the extra flab on my body and be disgusted.

His actions in the past and my insecurities hadn't been completely wiped out—they still lurked in some corners of my mind—but his persistence and also his regard for my boundaries helped me overcome many hurdles.

Now, I was learning to be comfortable in my skin and let my boyfriend have his fair share too. The experience was liberating and a little scary as well.

"Myra," I answered. "She's here." I pointed my chin at her.

He scoffed. "No wonder Lucas looked so happy."

"I hope they end their fight soon," I said, highly aware of James's cold fingers slipping inside my cardigan.

"Maybe you can nudge Lucas to make up with her. Myra is angry with him, but she still wants him." I tried to keep my face straight as his thumb gently stroked my waist, giving me goosebumps.

"I guess I'll give it a try. I don't want him third-wheeling with us anyway. He can be a pain in the ass."

"You're such a horrible friend." I shook my head, chuckling. I knew he was joking, but not entirely.

James shrugged and pulled me closer. "Guy is lucky that I'm not beating his ass for trying to flirt with you in front of me."

"Maybe he wants to keep the spice in your relationship alive," Lola chimed in, and Matt laughed. I didn't think they'd been listening to us.

"I don't need him to spice up our relationship. I'm capable of that myself," James stated, his hand under my cardigan sliding upward.

My breath hitched, and my body heated when his fingers almost reached my breast. I looked at James to find an evil smirk lifting his face as he stared ahead.

I waited for his hand to move up and cop a feel, but it didn't. His fingers remained plastered just below my breast, tapping lightly, as though waiting for my patience to snap.

"So, tell me...what spices do you like, girlfriend?" James whispered in my ear, and I shivered as his breath hit the soft spot on my neck.

My brows knitted as I glared at him. He was clearly taking pleasure in keeping me all hot and bothered. He was loving it. "Ones that burn *you* too."

He grinned, and I was gone. He leaned down and kissed me hard, unfazed by the people surrounding us.

I couldn't deny myself the taste of him or the thrill that every one of his kisses gave me. I kissed him back even harder.

"Just looking at you burns me, Keily," he said cheekily after we pulled away, gasping for breath. His possessive gaze lit me up.

I was even more hot and bothered now. His kiss had managed to heat me up a hundredfold. *He is a devil who tempts me so well.*

"Are you guys done?" Matt asked, bursting the bubble where only James and I existed. "The game has started."

I turned beet red, realizing our friends had just witnessed our heavy make-out session. Maybe I was as shameless as James.

"Shut up," James grunted.

The game had started several minutes ago. Our school was on the offensive.

I watched our team play, but my attention was only half on the field. The rest was on the man sitting next to me, his hand on my body, exciting and calming me at the same time.

I found James's loud cursing and silent cheering more interesting than the game itself. I felt his grip tighten on me each time one of our players closed in on the touchdown.

His eyes brightened whenever we scored and dimmed when our opponents did. He was fascinating to watch. So beautiful.

*I am so turned on.*

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We won. Our team won!

It hadn't been an easy win. Pinewood's team was good, really good, but our players had given it their all and taken the win by a scratch—and I was certain Lucas had impressed the scouts too.

"This one is good," Sadhvi said, looking at her cell phone. We'd just finished taking selfies and photos as she requested. It was a ritual for her to post online after every win.

She wasn't the only one, though; almost everyone around us was taking pictures with players or cheerleaders.

Right now, James and Matt were with the team at the benches, while Lola and I were with Addison, Sadhvi, and the other cheerleaders.

"I'm so down to have a good bash," Addison chirped, her arms resting on Sadhvi and me. "Man, if only Coach didn't have our asses for partying."

"You guys are leaving tomorrow night for another game!" Lola admonished her. "Rest tonight. And slow down with the parties—we don't want you two to ruin your livers." She looked at Addison and Sadhvi.

I chuckled when Sadhvi pouted.

"I'll make Keily throw me a party at James's house with lots and lots and lots of expensive alcohol." Addison stuck her tongue out at Lola before blinking at me. "You will do it, right?"

I shook my head. "I don't own James's house, nor his money to make him spend it on alcohol that'll give my cousin a bad liver." I grinned at her deadpan expression as she let go of me, feeling betrayed. Lola snickered too.

"But you own his heart, missy," my cousin said and looked past me. "With the gooeey eyes he gives you, he'll jump off a cliff if you ask him to."

My cheeks reddened as I followed her gaze. James was looking at us, at me, as he conversed with his teammates.

It was funny how, earlier, I'd wanted to disappear from his sight, but now I relished the attention he gave me.

"How far my kids have come," Addison sighed.

I tore my gaze away from James to raise my brows at her. “Your kids? From what I remember, you were the one who was most against us being together.”

“Rightfully so,” she stated. “But opinions change. And most of all, James changed.”

“I can’t argue with that.” I wouldn’t have been in favor of dating James either if he’d continued with his wrong behavior.

“So, make him throw the party and buy me booze.”

I giggled, shaking my head. “We’ll see once you win your track meet, and the guys bring us that trophy.”

“I’m not worried about Addison,” Sadhvi said. “But it’ll be pretty hard for our football team to win this season without James. He and Lucas are our best players. With one gone, it’ll be a tough win.”

“Then, we won’t win. Big deal.” Lola shrugged. “It’s just high school.”

I nodded. Winning was good, but ultimately, it was the enjoyment of the game that mattered.

“And as for the celebratory parties, I’m sure you guys will find some other reason to have them.” I nudged Addison.

An arm snaked around my shoulders, and a familiar scent surrounded me. “Ready to go home?” James asked. Lucas, Matt, Keith, and Axel were also here.

I smiled at him and nodded.

“Not before I have my winning kiss, Keily,” Lucas chirped and stepped forward.

James pulled me into himself and glared at our quarterback. “She’s my girlfriend, jackass,” he growled and looked up at the bleachers. “Yours is up there.”

Lucas’s cheeks tinted as he, too, looked at Myra, who was talking with her schoolmates. He turned back.

“Keily, you should find another guy,” he told me and pointed at James. “This one’s a sourpuss and gets jealous easily. He’s also a high-maintenance diva. I’m not sure you can handle all that.”

I chuckled. “Your words are well taken, but I’ll keep him for now.”

James frowned.

“It’s not like you can return him easily, either.” Addison joined in. “The prince bled for you. Now he expects nothing less than your allegiance for life.”

After the initial shock and concern had worn off, our tragedy had become a sort of joke in our friends’ circle, and James and I were fine with it. Laughing about it took away the trauma.

This time, everyone laughed except James, whose frown deepened.

I stood on my tiptoes and pecked his cheek to ease him. My face colored as our friends oohed and aahed to tease me. *God, I hate them.*

“We’re leaving,” James announced, annoyed. I congratulated Lucas before my boyfriend dragged me away.

“The guy who replaced you was really good too,” I rambled as James and I walked to his car in the parking lot. Our hands were clasped together. “What’s his name?”

“Mark,” came James’s gruff reply. His black Chevy Camaro was a few steps away.

“Yeah, Mark played really well. I think our team has a good shot this season. Everyone is working hard. Last game, you guys were unprepared, but now with good plays—”

I yelped when I was suddenly pinned against the Camaro’s door by a strong grip on my waist.

“James, what are you doing?” I glared at the smirking culprit.

“I know you’ve been watching me the whole evening,” he said, his voice heavy. He leaned down, and our noses brushed. My heart raced and my stomach buzzed with butterflies.

“So?” I asked, breathless. His closeness and fiery gaze weren’t helping me calm down the neediness I was feeling for him tonight. And this devil had caught on to that.

“So”—he dropped a small kiss on my lips, not letting me delve deeper—“your starry eyes make it hard for me to let you go tonight. I want to take you home.” Another kiss.

“Take you to my bed.” His eyes raked my face and brightened at whatever they saw. “Do you want to come with me?” He smiled.

*This guy is shameless.* And I was already in.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Keily