

Keily | Proving Him Wrong

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“Have fun at the party tonight,” Mom said at the door while she fixed Dad’s tie. “Remember your curfew,” she said.

“No alcohol,” Dad recited, “no grinding against boys, and—”

“Call you if anything happens, I know.” I rolled my eyes playfully at him. “Don’t worry so much. Besides, Addison will be there to keep me out of trouble. Have fun at dinner.”

“Business dinners are never fun, sweetie,” Mom said. She patted Dad’s tie, satisfied. “They’re more like a necessary evil.”

“At least we get free food,” Dad murmured.

They opened the front door and walked outside just as Sadhvi and Addison were walking up our driveway.

Sadhvi was dressed in a red top with a deep V-neck, tucked into denim shorts. She was flaunting her petite figure beautifully.

Addison was wearing a short dark-blue spaghetti dress, which hugged her lean, muscular body. I was sure she’d be dealing with lots of boys vying for her attention tonight.

She also had a backpack slung across her shoulder.

“Hey, girls!” Dad called.

“Hi, Uncle!” Addison walked up and hugged him and then Mom. Sadhvi smiled and waved at them.

“Look at you two all dressed up,” Mom said.

“And look at Keily still in her pajamas!” Addison gasped. “Why aren’t you ready yet?”

"I was working on my essay for English...", I muttered.

Mom, Sadhvi, and Addison shook their heads, but Dad just chuckled.

"Help her out, will you ladies?" Mom said playfully.

"*Mom*," I complained.

"We will," Addison assured her.

"And stay out of trouble," Dad said.

"Of course," Addison said solemnly.

With a final wave, my parents walked down the driveway and got into the car, driving off for Mom's company dinner.

The second their car turned the corner, Addison and Sadhvi twirled to me, mischief in their eyes. They pushed me inside and shut the door behind us.

Addison swung the backpack around so it was in front of her, unzipped it, and pulled out a bottle of whiskey.

My eyes widened. "Uh...what's that for?"

The two gorgeous girls just smiled at me. "You never show up to a party dry. Time for our pre-game!"

"I can't believe I missed that," Addison muttered as she brushed my hair. She looked at me and then Sadhvi accusingly in the mirror. "You guys ditched me!"

"Not our fault you had other plans," Sadhvi shrugged unapologetically. She was applying some blush to my cheeks. "Still, who knew that Keily would be such a hot commodity? She had Lucas and James ready to strangle each other."

"I knew, obviously," Addison said.

"They were *not* fighting over me," I protested.

Both girls looked at me in the reflection and grinned while my face went red.

“Of course they were. And now they’re both gonna be at the party, and they’re *both* gonna be looking for you.” Addison waggled her eyebrows suggestively before pouring out another round of shots for the three of us.

Sorry, Dad. I grimaced and downed it in one go, the fiery liquid burning its way down my throat. I wasn’t even fully dressed, and I was already tipsy.

“Looking to torment me some more, maybe,” I said.

“You should try punching James,” Sadhvi suggested.

“A nice little bop on the nose,” Addison agreed.

“Like that’ll work.” I’d probably just tickle him, and he’d tell me he felt more fat than bone in my knuckles.

Addison and Sadhvi stepped back and admired their work in the mirror, nodding in a satisfied way. I scrutinized my reflection and couldn’t help but smile.

My makeup was light, but the lipstick was a bold matte pink, which stood out, and my black hair was curled below the shoulders.

The black dress I was wearing reached down to my shins. It had long sleeves and fit tightly around my bust before turning into a flowy skirt.

It looked good, and it covered everything that it needed to. And the silver pumps that my mother had bought on sale last year went great with it.

After putting in this much effort, I was pumped for the party. Not even the thought of seeing James there dampened it. Avoiding him in a big house filled with other teenagers would be relatively easy.

The three of us grinned at each other and whooped excitedly as we raised more shots to the air and downed them. The liquor was going down easily now. I felt warm, a nice buzz going through my head.

“Let’s see James make fun of you now,” Addison said. “You look beautiful, Keily.”

“Thanks.” I smiled, but my mood dampened. “But James will find a way. He always does. He’ll probably comment about how covered up I am and how I’m a whale disguised as a teenager, or something.”

“What an A-hole,” Sadhvi said. “What’s his problem, anyway?”

“I don’t know!” I said, exasperated. I poured myself another shot and downed it. “So what if I don’t want to have my flab exposed? What’s it to him?”

“You should embrace your curviness, Keily,” Addison said. “You’re beautiful, and a lot of guys like that.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, sure.”

“No, seriously! Flaunt what you got, girl. Maybe James will roll over and die if he sees you show up sexy and confident and with a line of guys that wanna talk to you.” Addison mimed a heart attack, and I giggled.

“Yeah...” In my reflection, I saw a glint appear in my eye. “Yeah, maybe.”

I headed to my closet, an absolutely insane idea popping up in my mind, and stumbled a bit. I grabbed the wall for balance. *Oops, maybe we drank a little too much before the party.*

I rummaged around in my closet for *the idea* and pulled it out for Addison and Sadhvi’s inspection.

Their eyes went wide, then massive grins split their just-as-flushed-as-mine faces. “No way...,” they said in unison.

I was holding up a skimpy lingerie set that I’d bought a while back just because I was curious. As soon as I’d brought it home, I’d been too embarrassed to ever try it on.

But now I had the perfect reason to.

“He’s going to lose his shit,” Sadhvi says. “His head just might explode on the spot.”

Addison smirked. “I’ll keep the camera ready.”

The Uber steered into a posh-looking neighborhood. My eyebrows raised as I took in the mansions along the lane.

“That one is James’s.” Addison pointed to a large house on my left.

Behind its big iron gate, I caught a glimpse of a massive garden and a pristine white statue in the middle of a wide driveway, which led to the illuminated front porch.

It was enough of a glimpse to know that James Haynes was loaded.

“I know, right? My first reaction was this too,” Addison said.

I shut my mouth when I realized it was agape. “What do his parents do?” I asked when we left the house behind.

“His father runs the business that was passed down to him by *his* father. It’s something related to producing parts for everyday machines,” Sadhvi answered. “James’s mother is a neurologist. I guess that contributes to their massive income too.”

I nodded. No wonder James acted like a king; he really was, on some level.

A minute later, we stopped in front of Keith’s place. Although his house didn’t compete with James’s, it fit perfectly in this neighborhood.

The Uber stopped by the others in the driveway. It seemed enough of a crowd had already gathered.

“Keith’s rich too, but at least he has a better attitude about it,” Sadhvi said. She stepped out, and we followed suit. Music blared before we’d even stepped through the open door.

The party had already started.

I saw familiar faces from our school laughing, drinking, and dancing. The smell of alcohol, different perfumes, and sweat wafted in the air. Keith’s home was enormous, but with so many people, it didn’t seem like it.

“All right, girl, go get him!” Addison shouted in my ear over the music. She grinned at me as Sadhvi was already dragging her off to who knew where.

“Wait!” I said, some panic cutting through the liquid courage buzzing around in my head. “I thought you’d have a camera ready!”

But she was already lost in the crowd.

“Great...”

Someone walked by with a tray of Jell-O shots. I snatched one and downed it.

Well, here we go.

I'd never been to a house party before. The bass from the speakers thudded through the floor, people were dancing, drinking, making out—but my eyes found James almost immediately.

He stood out, tall, handsome, surrounded by a group of girls laughing at something he wasn't even paying attention to.

James—Mr. Hot, Tall, and Cruel—the guy who loved to mock me for my weight, calling me Piggy every chance he got.

He always had something to say about the way I dressed—baggy clothes to disguise flab, skirts to hide my thighs.

Well, tonight I'm not hiding anything.

The long coat I wore brushed against my bare skin beneath it. No oversized shirts, no long skirts—just lace and silk clinging to every curve.

I grinned, a little reckless from the alcohol, and locked eyes with him. *Let's see what he thinks of this.*

As I began to undo the first button, my heart pounded, but no one else noticed. No one but him. His eyes widened as my cleavage peeked through the deep V of my lacy bodice.

He moved toward me, ignoring the girls around him, cutting through the crowd like a man on a mission.

I undid a second button, my nerves forgotten as I gave in to the boldness coursing through me.

But before I could undo the third, his hands gripped mine.

I looked up to find him standing inches away, his eyes boring into mine. His jaw clenched, every line of his face screaming anger.

His eyes flashed down to my cleavage, lingering for a second before glaring at me. “What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing?” he asked.

“Proving you wrong.”