

Keily | Getting Back at Him

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Getting Back at Him

I tried to undo the next button in my coat, but James's hands might as well have been iron shackles. He was so strong that I couldn't budge.

Without another word, he turned me around and pushed me straight out the front door out into the night.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, fighting against him.

"I'm calling you an Uber, and you're going home."

"No way!"

I finally managed to break free of him and spun around to face him. His eyes flashed down to my partially opened coat, and his eyes all but devoured what he saw. My breasts swelled up against the lingerie, silk smoothing the curve of my belly.

James opened his mouth to say something, but no words came out.

"What's wrong?" I taunted, the alcohol making me brave. "Not what you expected a piggy to look like?"

My words snapped him out of whatever trance he was in, and he glared at me. I could practically feel the heat from his gaze warming my face. Or maybe that was just me.

"You're drunk," he finally ground out, the words tight as he fought for control.

"We're at a party." I folded my arms underneath my breasts, making them pop out more. "Isn't that the point?"

"I'm taking you home before you do something stupid." He reached forward to grab me, but I smacked his hand away.

“Why do you care?” I demanded. “You’re not my boyfriend. You don’t even *like* me.”

That stopped him short.

I huffed and tried to walk past him, but he just stepped in front of me, blocking my way. We had a staring contest for a few moments before I sighed and buttoned up my coat all the way, the lingerie vanishing from sight.

“How’s that?” I asked.

He narrowed his eyes. “If so much as a button comes *loose*—”

“Yeah. Whatever, *Dad*.” I stomped past him and tried to lose myself in the party again. I was definitely going to regret this after tonight when the alcohol wore off, but I didn’t care. I needed another drink.

I squeezed my way to the kitchen, on the lookout for someone I knew that was *not* James.

“Keily!” a familiar voice exclaimed.

I turned back to find Lucas entering the kitchen with a bright grin on his face.

He was in a black-and-red checkered shirt and dark-brown cotton pants. Our quarterback looked handsome as ever but also a little drunk. I smiled back at him.

“I was wondering when you’d show up,” he said, pouring a drink for himself. “I hope we’re better at throwing parties than your people in Remington.”

“Lots better,” I lied, taking another sip from my drink. He didn’t need to know I hadn’t attended many parties back in my old town.

“What about us, Lucas?” Addison called as she entered the kitchen with Sadhvi, fake pouting.

She had a cup in her hand; I guessed it contained Pepsi and her liquor of choice.

“You only seem to care about my cousin. Weren’t you waiting for us?” She brought the cup to her lips and threw a quick glance at me to wiggle her brows teasingly.

I returned it with a small glare.

"I know where there's alcohol, I'll find you two." He looked at her and then Sadhvi, who was preparing herself another cup. *She's quick.*

"Truer words were never spoken." Addison nodded before downing her drink.

Lucas turned back to me. "And you, Keily, better not drink like them."

"These two are regulars, but you don't look like one. We can't enjoy the party if we have to fend off guys from a beautiful drunk girl." He looked more serious than my father.

"O-okay." I nodded obediently, my mind hung up on the word *beautiful*. He didn't have to know that the three of us had gotten suitably drunk already.

"Smooth," I heard Addison whisper, imagining a smirk on her lips behind the red cup.

"God, you're so easy." A teasing grin broke out on Lucas's face, letting me know he was just playing with me. "Don't worry. Have as much fun as you like."

"That's my favorite song!" Sadhvi suddenly squealed. Maroon 5 had started playing in the background. "Addy, let's go dance."

Sadhvi yanked Addison away, leaving Lucas and I alone. I didn't know what to say.

I brought the cup to my lips and finished the remaining drink in one swig, unsure of what to say to fill the silence. Lucas watched me in amusement as I put my empty cup down on the counter.

"You want to dance?" he asked, making me freak out internally. He filled both of our cups with some branded bottle.

I tried to look nonchalant. "Sure."

We grabbed our alcohol and headed to where Addison and Sadhvi were.

The girls were dancing, swaying rhythmically, holding each other's waists and laughing at their inside jokes, completely ignoring the boys who were ogling them.

“You should thank me for rescuing you. Sooner or later, they would’ve ditched you.” Lucas grabbed my hand, and before I could register what he had said, my world spun around.

He twirled me and didn’t stop until we completed two full rounds, spilling a few drops of my drink on the wooden floor.

I giggled, my hand resting on his shoulder to steady myself. “Are you trash-talking my friends?”

“Yeah.” He grinned. “But they’re my friends too, so I’m allowed to trash them.”

I chuckled for no reason, and he followed suit.

It was a good thing I was already drunk. Sober Keily would never have been so relaxed dancing with the captain of the football team. Lucas wasn’t as intimidating when we were both tipsy; he was a fun kind of drunk.

We swayed to the beat of the music, spinning each other, arguing about nonsense like what kind of animal Lucas looked like and which was better, cats or dogs—definitely dogs—and laughing like maniacs after seeing Lola and Matt making out in the corner.

Each time our cups went empty, we raced to the kitchen for a refill, giggling like children. Seeing me like this, my parents would disown me.

After my sixth and Lucas’s umpteenth cup, we decided to take a breather and stood near the stairway.

I could feel my hair sticking to my face and neck, beads of sweat all over my body, but I couldn’t have cared less.

Lucas’s armpits were dampened too, his face had a pinkish hue, and his hair was a wild, wet mess. Leaning against the wall, we looked like perfect drunks.

I was mindlessly looking at the throng of people in front of us when I spotted James staring at us with an expression I could only mildly describe as livid. I glanced down at my buttons, but they were all still secure.

He was on the other side of the big hall, surrounded by his friends from the football team.

While I'd been dancing with Lucas, I'd felt his laser-like glare on me and located him once or twice. But with my intoxicated mind—and Lucas always keeping me on my toes with his ridiculous dance moves—I had successfully ignored him.

"Hey," Lucas said, making me turn to him, "do you want to get back at him?"

"What?"

Lucas rolled his eyes, making me pout. "Do you want to get back at James?"

We both snuck a look at said scary man who was glaring at us. Of course, I wanted to get back at him. He was evil.

I nodded, my head bobbing more than necessary. *God, I am so drunk.*

"Then, kiss me."

"Huh?"

"Kiss me and watch how the motherfucker burns." Lucas's eyes gleamed with mischief.

Lucas did make sense. Since the first day, James had always been against the idea of us being anything more than friends. Hell, he even disliked our friendship.

He wanted to shield his friend from a larger girl to uphold some ridiculous social hierarchy in his mind. My kissing Lucas would definitely push some of his buttons.

Lucas was a genius. A genius who was also handsome and the heartthrob of our school. I also wouldn't mind kissing such a gorgeous person; opportunities like this rarely came by.

I grinned. "Okay, but no tongue."

Lucas gasped, putting a hand over his heart. I blamed his overacting on alcohol. "No tongue," he said.

"I want to use my tongue when I'm sober and not smelling like a gazillion types of alcohol."

"A true lady. I'll keep that in mind." Lucas nodded, trying to look serious and failing. "Now, come on."

He leaned forward, and I wet my lips, doing the same. I caught the strong smell of alcohol mixed with his faint musky scent and deodorant, building the anticipation of what came next.

When our noses brushed, I closed my eyes. Our lips met and—

I stumbled forward, my face meeting thin air. I opened my eyes and saw James's incensed face. He was holding Lucas by his shirt's collar.

From the look of it, James had dragged him away from me before we could kiss.

Well, that wasn't very nice of him. I was looking forward to that kiss.

I was about to tell James that, but the moment my eyes met his furious ones, every word flew out of my head. He looked like a monster right out of my nightmares—or an angel from a beautiful dream.

Perhaps a mixture of both, because, you know, he was really good-looking—especially with those strands of gelled hair falling over his forehead—but also terrifying.

Handsomely terrifying.

I should've gone lighter with the drinks.

"Hey!" Lucas interrupted the murderous look James was casting my way. "What do you think you're doing?!"

"You're drunk. She's drunk," James said, clearly holding himself back from pummeling Lucas's face. Or maybe my face. I was the one he hated. "I don't want you to regret this in the morning."

"Who are you? My father?" Lucas huffed, dislodging himself from James's grip. "And anyway, why would I regret kissing Keily? She's cute and beautiful, with a kind heart."

He should've gone lighter on those cocktails too.

I blushed when the two boys looked at me, Lucas with a smug smile, and James carrying an angry scowl. Lucas's plan was backfiring on me.

I wanted to get away, but before I could leave, James turned his wrath in my direction, getting close.

"And you," he spat. "Don't you dare *ever* try to get with Lucas. You aren't good enough for him. Know your place."

"Don't talk to her like that!" Lucas slurred.

"Shut up!" James shoved him away, and Lucas stumbled back with a groan, his drunk mind processing things slowly.

Seeing James pushing away the person who had stood up for me finally made me locate some courage in my drunken haze.

"My place is wherever I want it to be, James," I said. "I don't care what you think."

I jutted my chin out and realized it was a bad move because our faces almost touched.

My little courage vanished when I saw his nostrils flare. I had somehow irked him pretty badly with my words.

"Your place is in the mud, Piggy. You're lucky we let you in the house." His eyes narrowed. "What, did the little Piggy think kissing Lucas would turn her into a princess? This isn't a fairytale."

Tears blurred my vision. I bit my lip, trying to focus so they didn't spill over. If James saw me cry because of him, I would die of shame.

But his eyes widened as he saw the tears anyway.

Great.

I braced myself for the onslaught of insults and jibes, but they never came.

Surprisingly, I saw his expression soften. I saw anger flash in his eyes, but for once, it wasn't directed at me.

It looked like he was mad at himself...

“A-are you okay?” I asked.

What am I saying?! Why the heck am I trying to comfort my bully? I was officially insane. Or drunk. Or both.

“Just...shut your mouth, Piggy. If you don’t want me to completely lose it,” he muttered. But his words lacked the usual bite.

He placed his hand on the back of my neck, holding me in place so I had to look at him. My skin tingled wherever he touched.

“You are going to find Addison, and you are going to go home. Understand? Get the hell out of here, or I’ll throw you out myself. I’ll deal with you in school.”

I was about to argue with him like I did outside, but there was something different in his expression now. He was actually dead serious.

He let me go when I nodded.

“Run home, Piggy. You’re not wanted here.”

“Dude,” Lucas said. “You’re never going to get anywhere with her if you keep acting so—” Lucas couldn’t finish his babbling, because James hauled him away by his collar.

I frowned, swaying on my feet, the alcohol really getting to me now. Did I hear Lucas right? Get anywhere with who?

I raised my hand to wave goodbye to Lucas, but one look from James made me pause. He was treating both of us like unruly toddlers.

Feeling like a kicked-down puppy, I began my search for Addison and Sadhvi.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Keily