

Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy | Kiss in the Snowfall by Manjari

Kiss in the Snowfall

The air was crisp with a hint of snowflakes as James and I wandered through the Christmas festival. The twinkling lights danced above us, casting a warm glow on everything around.

It was one of those moments where you just couldn't help but feel grateful for the season and the company you were in. And I was in the best company.

As we strolled through the festive stalls, I couldn't help but let my mind wander back to everything we'd been through. It felt like a lifetime ago since James and I were at each other's throats, constantly bickering and causing chaos wherever we went.

He'd liked me from the start. But I hadn't known that—my insecurities had made me believe that a handsome boy, like James, would never want me. Him not being able to show me that he liked me only made things worse.

Instead of telling me he was into me, he said mean things to get my attention. He commented on my weight and called me names.

He'd gotten what he wanted: my attention. But, he'd also made me hate him.

Then came that fateful night when everything changed. Four men decided to make me and James their targets. They had attacked us. In the chaos, James shielded me, taking the brunt of the attack.

We had won the fight, but we came out of it hurt. Those men were in jail now—James's parents had seen to that.

One good thing had come from that night. James's bullying had completely stopped. He'd confessed his love for me and I had done the same.

And now, we were officially a couple.

Now James was like a completely different person. He'd gone from being my worst nightmare to someone who was always there for me. He'd gone from putting me down to building me up.

He'd gone from always being angry to always laughing. And, oh, his laugh was the best sound I'd ever heard.

I glanced over at James, a soft smile playing on my lips as I watched him admire the decorations with childlike wonder. It was moments like these that made me realize just how lucky I was to have him by my side.

The day was filled with laughter and joy as James and I immersed ourselves in the festive activities. We sipped on steaming hot chocolate, letting the warmth seep into our bones as we watched the world go by.

Building snowmen became a competition of creativity, each of us trying to outdo the other with our quirky designs. He won, by the way.

The ice sculptures mesmerized us with their intricate details. They reflected the twinkling lights in a magical way.

We marveled at the skill of the artists who had crafted such beautiful creations.

But perhaps the highlight of the day was the sled ride. We eagerly climbed onto the sled, anticipation bubbling in our chests as we pushed off into the snowy landscape. The wind whipped against our faces, sending exhilarating shivers down our spines.

Then, in a moment of sheer hilarity, our sled veered off course. We crashed into a fluffy pile of snow. We tumbled over each other, laughing uncontrollably.

The cold snow seeped through our clothes, but we didn't care. The warmth of our laughter melted away any discomfort.

I landed on top of James. My laughter abruptly ceased. It was replaced by a sudden wave of self-consciousness.

I couldn't shake the nagging thought that I might be too heavy for him, that my weight was crushing him beneath me. But before I could voice my concerns, James looked up at me with eyes full of warmth and adoration.

"You're beautiful, Keily," he whispered, his words melted away my insecurities like snow would melt under the sun. His hands gently cradled my face as he leaned in. His lips met mine in a tender kiss that sent sparks flying through my veins.

In that moment, the world around us faded away leaving only the two of us and the soft whisper of snowflakes falling around us. The kiss deepened, becoming more intimate, as we lost ourselves in each other's embrace.

The kiss got more aggressive. But just as things were heating up, someone cleared their throat.

I ended the kiss to see who it was—our friends.

Addison, my cousin, stood there. She was tapping one foot in the snow, feigning impatience. But there was a big smile on her face, telling me she wasn't really irritated.

She was happy that I was happy.

Yet, I couldn't help but feel a pang of self-consciousness knowing they had just witnessed our intimate moment. Sure, they'd seen us kiss before. But they'd never seen me sitting all over James.

Sadhvi's eyes twinkled mischievously, from where she stood next to Addison. Lola and Matt, the epitome of a cute couple, exchanged a glance that seemed to say, "Get a room!"

Funny, I could say the same thing to them.

Lucas caught my attention next. Standing there alone, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt as I remembered his past relationship with Myra, his ex-girlfriend. I kind of wished they'd both just get over their stubbornness and make up.

I hoped Lucas wasn't feeling too awkward witnessing our display of affection.

Suddenly, the reality of our public make-out session hit me like a ton of bricks. I scrambled off James, cheeks burning with embarrassment as I realized just how exposed we had been in front of our friends.

How could I have forgotten where we were?

"Sorry, guys," I mumbled, my voice barely above a whisper as I tried to compose myself. James reached out a hand, his touch grounding me as he gave me a reassuring smile.

“Don’t start apologizing now!” Addison said. “We’ve seen you two shove your tongues down each other’s throats about a million times!”

Yes, but this was different. They hadn’t seen my whale form on top of James. They hadn’t seen how my flab enveloped him.

James got to his feet and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. It was nothing like the desperately hungry make-out session we’d just had.

This kiss seemed to be one that said, ‘everything is going to be okay.’

Taking a deep breath, I straightened my posture. I willed my blush to fade as I joined the group. Despite my lingering embarrassment, there was a sense of comfort in knowing that our friends accepted us for who we were, flaws and all.

“Let’s get some hot cocoa,” Addison says.

I don’t tell her that James and I already had some. It’s so cold and a second cup would be delicious. Yet, I felt like I would be judged if I have another.

“That’s a great idea,” James said, falling into step beside her.

As I watch James mingle with our friends, a familiar wave of self-doubt washes over me. Are they all secretly wondering what he sees in me?

Do they think I’m really good enough for someone like him?

I know it’s silly to let these thoughts consume me, especially now when we’re surrounded by the magic of the Christmas festival. But sometimes, no matter how hard I try to push them away, those insecurities creep back in.

I stole a glance at James. His smile lit up his face as he chatted with Addison and the others. He seemed so at ease, so confident in himself and in us.

It’s one of the things I love most about him—the way he’s always so sure of what he wants.

But then there’s me, constantly second-guessing everything, especially when it came to our relationship. I couldn’t help but wonder if I was holding him back, if I wasn’t good enough to be by his side.

As if sensing my inner turmoil, James reaches out and took my hand. His touch grounded me in the present moment.

“I’ll stand in the line,” he offered.

“Okay,” I found myself saying. “But I’m coming with you.”

I didn’t want to be separated from him—even for a short while. Maybe that was a bit much, but so were my feelings for James.

“You two are glued together,” Lucas teased.

“You can stand on the sidelines and watch,” James teased. “I’ll buy you a hot cocoa.”

“And risk you drinking half of it before you give it to me? No thanks!” Lucas objected and quickly stood in the line.

James laughed at that. Addison and Sadhvi stood behind him, then Matt and Lola.

Lastly, James and I joined the line.

“I’ll buy yours today,” Addison told Sadhvi.

“That’s not necessary,” Sadhvi responded.

“I insist,” Addison pushed.

She was a girl who knew what she wanted and how to get it. She didn’t let people tell her what to do, or boss her around.

She was a natural leader. “Okay,” Sadhvi relented.

Another couple joined the line. They stood right behind me and James.

I studied the girl. She looked effortlessly put together, with her stylish scarf and well-fitted jacket—a picture of confidence and grace. Her boyfriend, equally as striking, stood tall beside her.

He oozed charm and charisma. They were a good-looking couple.

I glanced down at myself, suddenly hyper-aware of my own appearance. My cheeks flushed with warmth as I compared myself to the girl. Her slender figure and toned physique were a stark contrast to my own round, flabby one.

I couldn't help but feel self-conscious about the differences between us. She and her boyfriend looked good together.

Did James and I look good together?

I glanced at James next to me. He was poking fun at Matt, in a playful and humorous way.

"The mustache you'll get from the foam on the hot cocoa is the only one you'll ever have," James said.

"That's not true!" Matt said, his voice high.

"No one likes facial hair anyway!" Lola chimed in.

Matt glared at her, "Oh, so you agree with him."

"Well..." Lola said.

The three of them burst out laughing. I would have laughed with if I wasn't so distracted by the attractive couple behind us.

I looked at them one more time, holding hands. They looked picture perfect.

I glanced down at my hand, in James's. We didn't look picture perfect.

We purchased our hot cocoa. But even as we left the stand, I couldn't get that attractive couple out of my head.

But through it all, James remained by my side. His reassuring touches and understanding glances spoke volumes, reminding me that I didn't have to face my insecurities alone.

As the time came to bid our friends farewell and the Christmas festival drew to a close, I prepared to head home, resigned to the fact that my insecurities have once again tainted what should have been a joyous occasion.

However, James has other plans.

“Come home with me,” he said instead of saying goodbye. He took my hand and whispered in my ear, “I’ve got a surprise for you.”

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