

Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy |

Mocking Laughter

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I fidget with my shirt. As the movie began, I couldn't shake the feeling that everyone behind us was silently judging me.

I fidgeted with my shirt, pulling it down anxiously, although it already covered all my curves. Were my rolls spilling over the sides of the chair? Maybe everyone could see them.

I shifted uncomfortably, unable to find a comfortable position. The movie began but I couldn't focus on anything but my own insecurities.

The large popcorn in my lap looked so small, making me feel even more self-conscious. I wondered if anyone noticed how out of place I felt, how much I wished I could disappear into my seat.

James reached out and squeezed my hand. He meant it in a loving way but it somehow made me feel worse. Now everyone, who doesn't already know, can see he is with me. They can see how bad I make him look.

He smiled at me. I tried to smile back at him, but inside I felt like crumbling.

I made a conscious effort to immerse myself in the comedic storyline unfolding on the screen. I leaned back in my seat, trying to let go of the nagging insecurities that plagued my mind.

I squeezed James' hand. I tried to focus on the familiar feel of his fingers intertwined with mine.

Chad and his friends laughed behind us. Were they laughing at the movie or at me?

Chad and his friends seemed to find amusement in every scene, their laughter echoing loudly in the confined space of the theater. I didn't laugh. Not really. The fake laughs don't count.

I had no idea what was going on in the movie. I stole a quick glance over my shoulder, trying to gauge their reactions without drawing attention to myself.

Chad's eyes met mine briefly before quickly darting away, a knowing smirk playing at the corners of his lips. My heart sank. He was laughing at me.

I turned back to face the screen, my cheeks burning with humiliation. I tried to focus on the dialogue, to lose myself in the humor of the movie, but the laughter behind us grew louder, more pronounced with each passing minute.

I squeezed James's hand again. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, trying to shrink into myself, to disappear from their line of sight.

But no matter how hard I tried to blend in, I couldn't escape the feeling of being exposed. It felt so vulnerable to have them sitting behind me where I couldn't see them.

I didn't eat my popcorn. I forced a laugh whenever the characters on screen delivered a punchline, hoping to mask my discomfort, to convince myself that their laughter wasn't directed at me.

James leaned in close, his voice barely above a whisper. "Are you okay?" he asked. "You're shifting around a lot."

"I'm just struggling to get comfortable," I said. It wasn't a lie.

"Lean on me?" James said, lifting his arm. "I think I'll go to the washroom first," I said and got up before he could object.

I got up, leaving my popcorn behind. As I attempted to navigate past the other moviegoers in our row, I couldn't ignore Chad's mocking laughter. His eyes bore into me with a mixture of scorn and amusement.

It took every ounce of strength to hold my head high and ignore the sting of his disdain as I squeezed past. I felt his eyes follow me as I left the cinema.

Once inside the washroom, I found myself facing my reflection in the mirror. My heart sank as I took in the sight before me. I saw every flaw magnified in the harsh fluorescent light.

I saw the impurities on my skin, the red spots that I had tried to cover with concealer. I traced the contours of my round face with trembling fingers, my cheeks were still flushed with embarrassment.

How could James find beauty in someone like me? With a heavy heart, I lifted my arms and let them fall to my sides. Flap. The sound of flesh meeting flesh was loud in the silence of the restroom.

I couldn't help but cringe at the sight of the rolls on my stomach. A surge of shame washed over me. I tried to search for what James saw in me. What made him choose me out of all the people in the world?

But all I could see staring back at me was a fat, flabby girl. Tears welled up in my eyes. I wanted so desperately to believe that I was worthy of James's love.

But in that moment, all I could see staring back at me was a stranger, a girl who didn't belong. I wiped away the tears with the back of my hand. I had to go back to the movie, although I didn't want to.

I stepped out of the restroom. James was there. He'd been waiting for me just outside the door. His concerned expression softened as he saw me, and he reached out to gently take my hand in his.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked. "You've been gone for a while." Oh. I hadn't realized I'd been looking at my reflection for that long.

"Yeah, just wasn't really feeling the movie," I replied, hoping he wouldn't see through the facade I was desperately trying to maintain.

James studied me for a moment, his eyes searching mine as if trying to decipher the truth hidden behind my words. But instead of pressing further, he simply nodded in understanding and squeezed my hand reassuringly.

"Let's get out of here then," he suggested. "How about we go for a stroll around the park instead?" I felt a surge of gratitude wash over me at his suggestion.

With a nod, I fell into step beside him as we made our way out of the theater and into the cool night air. The park was next to the cinema. It was illuminated by the soft glow of streetlights, casting long shadows across the ground.

I breathed in the crisp winter air, feeling the tension slowly begin to melt away with each step we took. As we walked hand in hand, James's gaze suddenly lit up with excitement as he caught sight of something in the distance.

“Look, Keily! A half-finished igloo!” he exclaimed, pointing eagerly toward a mound of snow nearby. I couldn’t help but smile at his enthusiasm, feeling a spark of excitement ignite within me at the prospect of adventure.

Without hesitation, we made our way over to the igloo. “I’m going to finish building it!” James decided. “I’ll help!”

Working together, we molded the snow into shape, our hands growing numb with cold but our hearts warmed by the shared experience. James’s laughter was infectious, his playful spirit contagious as we worked side by side, lost in the simple joy of creation.

Once the igloo was done, James turned to me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He threw a snowball at me. It smacked me in the chest, and for a moment all I could do was stare.

Then I grabbed a handful of snow and threw it at him. He laughed and dodged. “Bet you can’t catch me,” he grinned. “Oh, I’m going to catch you and shove this snow right down your shirt,” I threatened playfully.

James began running around the igloo. I grinned, feeling a surge of adrenaline coursing through me as I sprinted after him, the snow crunching beneath our boots. James was faster than me. I’d have to outsmart him.

He was running clockwise around the igloo. I stopped and ran counterclockwise. We collided with each other. I shoved the snow down his shirt.

“Ahhh!” he screamed. I giggled. “You’re in big trouble now!” he said.

I began running, knowing he’d catch me. As he gained, I slid into the igloo. He followed and grabbed me.

I playfully tried to push James away, but he easily overpowered me. He pinned my hands above my head with a playful grin. I squirmed beneath him, a mixture of laughter and anticipation bubbling within me.

“James, no!” I exclaimed, expecting him to retaliate with a handful of snow down my shirt. But instead, his mischievous grin softened into something more tender, more intimate.

His eyes locked with mine as he leaned in close. His lips brushed against mine in a gentle kiss. I melted into his embrace. He released my hands.

I wrapped my arms around him, pulling him closer. His hands trailed down my body until they found purchase on my hips. Oh man. His touch ignited a fire within me that threatened to consume us both.

He was on top of me, pressing his hips down. I could feel how hard he was. I knew how wet I was, how desperately I wanted him. James grabbed my pants. I lifted my hips, needing him to rip them off.

Next Chapter

[Continue to the next chapter of Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy](#)