

Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy |

Christmas Dinner for Two Christmas Dinner for Two

James was up to something...

He led me into his massive mansion. Excitement tingled through my veins. Once inside, he shut the door and told me, "Close your eyes."

I obliged.

What was he up to?

"It's so quiet," I pointed out. My heart was beating significantly faster. "Are your parents home?"

"No," he said, but didn't offer a further explanation.

He took my hand and carefully led me into the house. A sense of anticipation built within me. We walked until James pulled me to a stop. I had no idea where we were in this enormous mansion.

"Stay here," he said.

I nodded. My heart beat so fast I could feel it in my throat. So, I stood there, enveloped in darkness. I listened to the soft sound of James moving around. There was the faint rustle of fabric. Then the gentle clink of dishes—each sound heightened my curiosity and anticipation.

I heard the striking sound of matches being...

"Open your eyes," James commanded.

As I obeyed, my gaze fell upon a sight that took my breath away. Before me stood a beautifully set table for two, adorned with flickering candles casting a warm, romantic glow. I couldn't help but feel a sense of awe wash over me.

James had prepared a romantic dinner!

"James..." I breathed. My hands flew up to cover my mouth.

James smiled. He was clearly pleased at my reaction. He then gestured for me to take a seat. I did. He pushed the seat forward, so that I was closer to the table.

“I need a moment to heat up our dinner. I cooked it before we went to the Christmas festival.”

“You cooked for us?” I knew he could cook, he’d told me as much before. But, I found it amazing that he had cooked for me. This love language touched my heart.

“I did,” he smiled.

James disappeared into the kitchen. I could hear the faint sizzle of something heating up, and a tantalizing smell wafted through the air. It made my mouth water in anticipation.

What had he cooked? Hamburgers? Pizza?

James emerged from the kitchen with two steaming plates of food. He’d cooked spaghetti and meatballs with red sauce. My heart swelled with gratitude and affection. It was clear that he had put a lot of thought and effort into this evening, and I couldn’t help but feel incredibly touched by his gesture.

“I don’t have words,” I said, feeling tears prick at my eyes.

“Then don’t speak,” he said, placing my plate in front of me. “Just enjoy.”

He could have sat down opposite me, but instead he chose the chair right next to mine. He pulled it so close that my leg brushed against his.

I couldn’t imagine a more perfect way to spend the evening.

As James twirled his fork around his spaghetti, a playful glint danced in his eyes. Instead of bringing the fork to his own lips, he offered it to me. I accepted, allowing him to feed me a bite. The flavors exploded on my tongue.

YUM!

But as I attempted to gracefully devour the spaghetti, I quickly realized that elegance was a lost cause. A rogue strand escaped my lips, landing unceremoniously on my chin, while red sauce dripped onto my chest. My

cheeks flushed with embarrassment as I hastily slurped up the stray noodle and reached for a napkin to clean up the mess.

"It's delicious," I managed to say, trying to salvage some semblance of composure.

"You're delicious," James replied with a mischievous grin. His words sent a shiver down my spine. Before I could react, he leaned forward and planted a trail of kisses down my neck, each touch igniting a fire within me.

My thighs clenched together involuntarily as warmth spread through my body, my breath catching in my throat. When he reached the cleavage where the red sauce had spilled, he licked it clean with a slow, deliberate motion, sending a surge of desire coursing through me.

As James sat back upright, his demeanor casual as if he hadn't just driven me to the brink of madness with lust, I struggled to compose myself. The air crackled with tension between us, the memory of his touch lingering on my skin like a sweet torment.

And as we savored each bite of the delicious meal, I couldn't shake the feeling of overwhelming happiness and contentment that filled my heart.

The table was so big, yet it was only the two of us sitting at it. There was room for many more people—for a whole family.

"Do you usually spend Christmas with your family?" I asked.

James' expression flickered briefly before he replied, "Not really. Christmas isn't a big thing for us."

I couldn't help but sense a hint of sadness in his voice, a fleeting glimpse of loneliness that tugged at my heartstrings.

"Must be lonely," I murmured softly, my gaze searched his.

James shrugged nonchalantly. A forced smile played on his lips. I could tell it was forced because I knew him so well. I knew how his usual smile reached his eyes—this one didn't.

"It's just how it's always been," he said, brushing off my concern.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked.

“There is nothing to talk about,” he replied.

It seemed like James was not ready to open up about his lonely Christmases, and that’s okay. A part of me wished he’d share more with me. But I knew it’s important to respect his boundaries and not push him to discuss something he’s not comfortable sharing. Instead of pressing the issue, I decided to steer the conversation in a different direction, focusing on different topics.

“So... what are your plans after high school?” I asked him.

This wasn’t a topic we’d discussed before. But I’ve put quite a lot of thought into my future. I wanted to know if James had done the same.

“I’ve not really thought about it,” James said, twirling his fork in the spaghetti. “I know my dad wants me to pursue football. Luckily, he has been too busy with work lately to push me into it.”

I stopped chewing because I didn’t like the sound of that. Whatever James did, he had to choose to do it. He shouldn’t be ‘pushed’. But I decided not to mention that to him right now. Instead, I swallowed the delicious noodles.

James slurped up a piece of spaghetti. As he chewed, he asked, “What about you? I’m sure little Miss Genius over here has it all figured out.”

I felt my cheeks grow warm. I stabbed the meatball with the fork, only to realize how that had not been one bit elegant.

“I’m no genius,” I objected. “But, after graduation I want to attend MIT.”

“And she says she is not a genius,” James said, dramatically rolling his eyes. “You’ll thrive at MIT. I should have known you’ll study something in technology because you have a passion for coding and programming.”

He knew me so well. His eyes lit up with admiration as he looked at me. I couldn’t help but feel a surge of excitement at the thought of pursuing my goals. I like how he looked at me now—like he believed in me.

It gave me confidence.

“You have it all figured out,” James said. But I sensed a note of sadness, or maybe jealousy in his voice. Maybe he didn’t feel good about the uncertainty of his future.

“You’ll figure everything out as well,” I confidently told him.

Despite his lack of concrete plans, I had no doubt that James would find his way. He’s smart, talented, and full of potential, and I knew he’d excel no matter what path he chose to take.

We finished our meal. I couldn’t help but feel grateful for moments like these—moments of shared dreams and aspirations, moments that remind me of the bright future we have ahead, together.

“Can I help you wash the dishes?” I asked, getting up.

“The maid will clean them in the morning,” he replied.

I could stay until morning because Addison was covering for us. She told my parents that we were staying at a friend’s house. There’s no rush for me to leave, and I found myself relishing the opportunity to spend more time with James.

Before I could react, James lifted me up into his arms. My legs instinctively wrapped around his waist. In that moment, weightlessness replaced the self-consciousness I had been feeling earlier, and I’m filled with a sense of exhilaration.

A mischievous grin spread across James’ face as he carried me up the stairs. His touch ignited a fire within me. As he gently laid me down on his bed, I refused to let go. I kept my legs wrapped around him in a silent plea for him to stay close.

His kiss was passionate. His hands were eager as they roamed over my body, pulling at my clothes with a hunger that mirrored my own. In the heat of the moment, I lost myself in the intoxicating sensation of his touch, the world around us fading into obscurity.

As our bodies entwined in a passionate embrace, I couldn’t help but feel bliss wash over me. With James by my side, I never wanted this winter break to end. But I knew that it would.

I wanted things to stay this perfect forever.

But, of course, they didn’t.

Next Chapter

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