

## Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy |

### Sweet Relief

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Someone nudged me.

I groaned. I wanted to keep sleeping. I was so tired.

Another nudge.

“Go away,” I mumbled.

I was nudged yet again.

“Keily.”

That was James’s voice. Suddenly, I sat upright. My heart pounded. We had been working on the English assignment, and I must have fallen asleep.

Had we missed the deadline? My mind raced with worst-case scenarios, my chest tightening with anxiety.

But then I saw James’s reassuring smile and a sense of relief washed over me. He turned his laptop’s screen toward me to show me the submission confirmation email.

“We made it,” he whispered.

With a sigh of relief, I sank back against the pillows, allowing myself to fully absorb the weight of the moment. Despite the challenges and uncertainties, we had persevered.

“Good,” I smiled at him.

James climbed on top of me. I squealed. He wrapped his arms around me and held me tightly. I felt my arms automatically wrap around him in return. We were both exhausted. The night had been a long one. Yet there was a sense of solace in our shared embrace.

“I’m sorry for being so mad,” he murmured in my ear.

James's apology reverberated in the stillness, his words carrying a weight of sincerity that tugged at my heartstrings. He pushed himself up on his elbow so that he could look at me.

I gazed into his eyes, seeing the vulnerability reflected in their depths.

"It's okay," I reassured him. "I know you've been under a lot of stress lately."

As our fingers intertwined, a sense of warmth enveloped us, binding us together in a moment of intimacy.

"But I had no right to take my stress out on you," James said. "You were the one person who stuck with me through everything, who always supported me. I know you did everything that you could to help me. You told me exactly what I needed to hear, even when I didn't want to hear it. Because of you, I finally had the courage to open up to my dad. Thank you."

"You don't need to thank me," I replied. "I'll always be here for you, James. No matter what."

"But you need to know how much appreciation I have for you," James said. "You are so very special to me, Kitten."

I tried to shove him off when he called me that terrible nickname. But he was too heavy. Instead, we both burst out laughing.

But the laughter ended. It was replaced by worry. Despite the warmth of our embrace, I couldn't shake the nagging fear that our recent conflict might mark the beginning of a downward spiral in our relationship.

"I'm worried, James," I confessed, because we'd agreed not to keep secrets from each other. If something bothered me, I had to tell him. "What if things between us only get worse from here?"

James grabbed my chin and made me look at him. His gaze was soft yet resolute as he reached out to brush a stray lock of hair from my face.

"I understand your concerns, Keily," he replied. "But I truly believe that this was just a bump in the road. We've faced challenges before, and we've always come out stronger on the other side."

His words offered a sliver of hope in the darkness, a beacon of light guiding me through the uncertainty that threatened to consume me.

"The worst is behind us," he added.

"You really think so?" I asked, the doubt still lingering in my voice despite his reassurance.

James nodded, his eyes meeting mine with unwavering conviction.

"I do," he affirmed.

James kissed me.

The world around us faded into obscurity, leaving only the intoxicating warmth of each other's touch. His lips met mine in a fervent dance, igniting a fire within me that threatened to consume us both.

I felt his hands trail along the curves of my body. I didn't feel insecure, I felt desired.

His fingers ignited a trail of sparks in their wake as they explored every inch of my being with a hunger that mirrored my own. His touch sent shivers coursing through my veins, electrifying every nerve ending with a sensation that left me yearning for more.

My fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer as our kisses grew deeper, more urgent, each one a silent plea for more. His hands roamed freely over my skin, leaving a trail of heat in their wake as they traced the contours of my body with a reverence that left me breathless.

With each passing moment, the world outside faded further into oblivion, leaving only the two of us. Our bodies moved in perfect harmony.

Things were getting heated real fast.

"Keily! James!" My mom's voice pierced through the haze. She called out to us from the other room, her words a stark reminder that we were not alone.

Her voice pulled us back to reality with an abruptness that left us both reeling.

"The pancakes are ready! Come eat breakfast!"

With a reluctant sigh, James pulled away. His breath came in ragged gasps as he met my gaze with a mixture of longing and regret.

“I guess we need to go eat some pancakes,” he murmured, his voice tinged with disappointment as he reluctantly untangled himself from me.

I nodded. I felt so warm. So wet.

Goodness.

“I guess so,” I replied, my voice barely above a whisper as I reached out to take his hand in mine.

As we gathered around the breakfast table, the scent of pancakes filled the kitchen, making my stomach rumble in anticipation.

My parents, ever curious, couldn’t resist probing about the assignment James and I had been toiling over.

“So, how did the assignment go? Did you manage to submit it on time?” My mom asked.

James flashed a confident grin, but I could detect a hint of nervousness in his demeanor. “Yep, we got it in right on the dot. Now we just have to wait for the results. I should have them by the end of the day,” he replied.

My dad chimed in, pouring syrup over his stack of pancakes. “Well, fingers crossed that it all works out for you two. You’ve put in a lot of effort, after all.”

James took two pancakes with his hand and put them on my plate. Then he took two for himself. I added butter and maple syrup. We dug into our breakfast, but didn’t speak much.

It was clear how tired James and I were.

Despite our exhaustion, James and I cleaned the kitchen together. The morning dragged on, each passing minute feeling like an eternity. It was hard to shake off the sense of anticipation, the uncertainty of what the results would be.

“I can’t believe we have to wait until the end of the day,” I muttered.

"I know, but we've done all we can. Let's try to relax and take our minds off it for a while," James said.

We made feeble attempts to occupy ourselves, scrolling through social media and half-heartedly watching TV, but the impending news loomed large in our thoughts.

As the morning turned into afternoon, fatigue began to set in. The anticipation took its toll. We ended up snuggled together on my bed, the soft glow of the TV casting a warm, comforting light across the room. The rhythmic sound of James's breathing beside me was soothing, lulling me into a state of drowsiness as we watched the movie together.

But as the minutes ticked by, fatigue began to weigh heavily on my eyelids, each blink lasting a little longer than the last. I fought to keep my eyes open, but the pull of sleep was too strong to resist. Before I knew it, I had drifted off into a deep, dreamless slumber.

I woke up.

The room was dark. The faint glow of the TV was the only source of illumination. Panic surged through me as I realized that it was late, much later than I had anticipated.

I reached out and shook James gently. My heart raced.

"James, wake up," I whispered urgently, shaking him more insistently as he stirred groggily. "It's nighttime! We should have your results by now!"

As he blinked away sleep and reached for his phone, he pulled up the school's website, which had a notification. My stomach churned with nervous anticipation. With trembling fingers, he tapped on the notification, his eyes scanning the screen intently.

And then, a smile spread across his face, relief washing over him like a wave.

"I passed," he breathed.

I looked and saw that he had indeed passed, with flying colors.

Next Chapter

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