

Keily Book 2: Dating My Enemy |

Anticipation

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Thump-thump went my heart as I opened the mailbox. A few weeks had passed since James submitted his assignment.

We'd both applied to MIT and expected to be receiving our acceptance or rejection letters one of these days. Every day I opened the mailbox, I felt nervous that my letter would be there. When it wasn't, I felt deeply disappointed.

Then I'd have to wait for the next day—which was plenty of time for my anxiety to get worse. Was today the day that my letter would finally be here? I sifted through the many envelopes.

There was one for my mom. One for my dad. Another one for mom. I saw bank statements and other things....

There it was. A letter from MIT, addressed to me.

My heart almost stopped, and I couldn't help but stare at it. I ran my fingers over my name, accepting that it was real.

This snapped me back to reality. I rushed back inside my house, quickly waving at the neighbors as I passed them. My heart raced as if I'd just run a marathon.

This letter promised the answers to questions that had plagued me for weeks. As I walked into my living room, Dad looked at me from where he sat on the couch. He had a soda in one hand and the TV remote in the other.

My mom sat next to him, with her hand on his thigh. "Keily, is everything okay? You look pale," Dad said.

Mom's eyes darted to the letters in my hand. She instantly sat up straighter. "You got your letter from MIT, didn't you?" she exclaimed.

I nodded. With trembling fingers, I put their letters on the counter. I clutched my own, crumpling the paper. "Well, open it!" Dad said.

I looked at the envelope, adorned with the prestigious insignia of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. My breath caught in my throat as I held it in my hands.

Wow, was I ready for this? “Go on!” My dad urged, switching off the TV.

But as eager as I was to tear open the envelope and uncover its secrets, I hesitated. The anticipation was almost unbearable, the fear of disappointment looming large in my mind.

What if the letter didn't contain the news I had been longing for? What if my dreams were shattered in an instant? “Come on, Keily!” Mom pressed.

“Not without James,” I decided.

James and I had worked so hard for this, it just wouldn't be right to open the letter if he wasn't here. I pulled my phone from my pocket, ready to call him.

The doorbell rang. I turned around and opened it.

And there was James, standing with his letter in hand.

We didn't even greet each other. I eyed his letter. He eyed mine. Together we made our way to the kitchen table.

I knew my parents wanted to follow. They looked visibly jittery. But ultimately they decided to remain on the couch—giving James and me some space. They knew how hard we'd worked to make this happen.

They knew this was the big moment that we'd been waiting for. Sitting down, James and I placed our letters side by side. The weight of anticipation was heavy in the air.

We didn't need to open them just yet. For a moment, we sat in silence, lost in our own thoughts and emotions. It was a moment of quiet reflection, a chance to soak in the significance of what was about to happen.

What if the letters didn't contain the news we had been hoping for? What if our dreams were shattered in an instant? “Are you ready for this?” James asked.

“No,” I replied, a mixture of anticipation and anxiety coursing through my veins.

“You should be. You’re the smartest girl I know,” he said.

“And you’re the hardest working man I know,” I replied.

James nodded, a determined glint in his eyes. “We’ve got this, Keily. No matter what happens, we’re in this together.”

Taking a deep breath, I squeezed his hand tightly. “On the count of three,” I said, feeling a surge of determination welling up inside me.

“One...” I said.

“Two...” He said.

“Three!” We said together.

With synchronized movements, we tore open our letters. The sound of ripping paper filled the air. For a moment, everything seemed to stand still as we each scanned the words on the page.

My heart pounded in my chest. But as I read the contents of my letter, a rush of emotion washed over me, leaving me speechless and overwhelmed.

Beside me, I could see James’s expression shifting, his eyes darting across the page as he processed the news. There was a moment of charged silence as we each absorbed the significance of what we had just read.

Whatever the outcome, this was a moment we would never forget—a milestone in our journey together, marking the beginning of a new chapter in our lives. “I made it,” I said. “I got into MIT.”

The rush of joy and relief that flooded through me as I read the acceptance letter from MIT was indescribable. It was as if a weight had been lifted from my shoulders, and I couldn’t help but let out a breathless laugh of sheer happiness.

I felt like I was walking on air, my heart soaring with excitement for the future that lay ahead. But when I looked at James and saw the solemn expression on his face, my heart sank.

Oh no. I feared the worst. Perhaps he hadn’t been accepted. Maybe our dreams of attending MIT together might be ruined.

But then his face broke into a grin. “I got in too,” he said.

I felt a surge of overwhelming relief wash over me. “You scared me!” I couldn’t help but smack him on the shoulder in mock indignation, but the relief and happiness that filled me were too strong to be dampened by his little prank.

We were both accepted into MIT, and that was all that mattered in that moment. “Gotcha!” he said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Our hearts brimmed with excitement and relief. We shared a moment of laughter.

With our acceptance letters from MIT in hand, we were filled with anticipation for the adventures that lay ahead. As we gazed into each other’s eyes, I knew that no matter what challenges we may face, we would navigate them together.

The journey ahead was bound to be filled with ups and downs, but we were ready to embrace it all. I was eager to see where our dreams took us. I was ready to embark on this new chapter together.

My parents entered the room, cheering and clapping. Guess they couldn’t give us any more time and space.

“Keily! We are so proud of you!” my dad said as he pulled me into a hug. I hugged him back. My mother had tears streaming down both of her cheeks—she was crying too much to speak!

“Congratulations, James,” my dad said and shook his hand.

“Thank you, sir,” James smiled.

My mother’s tears spilled all over me as she hugged me. Next, she hugged James. She was so happy for us, yet she would miss us when we left.

I would miss them too. “We must celebrate!” my mother finally found her voice. “Let’s go to your favorite restaurant.”

“I’ll have to change my outfit for that...” I said, immediately heading towards my bedroom.

“I’ll help you choose something,” James said and quickly followed me. I didn’t miss his naughty grin and I knew he didn’t have my outfit on his mind.

We laughed all the way into my room. Once there, we didn't take one look at my clothes. James's lips crashed against mine. It was an energetic, passionate kiss.

I was breathless when it ended. "James..." I said, stepping away from him. "Our lives are really going to change a lot, aren't they?"

He took my hands in his. "Yes." His eyes met mine. "But that's a good thing."

"Is it? I'm kind of happy with the way things are."

"Things will only get better from now," James told me. "I promise."

I knew I could take James at his word. I trusted him more than I trusted anyone else. I should be excited for our future.

I was excited. But there was still uncertainty because I couldn't predict how everything was going to unfold... What would happen next?

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