



Ruthless Possession

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Category: LGBT+

Description: I watched him before he ever knew my name.

Noah Draven is everything I'm not—untouchable, fearless, and terrifyingly beautiful. I told myself I hated him. But hate doesn't make your heart race when he looks at you. Hate doesn't make you crave the way he controls a room or you.

When he finally notices me, it's not sweet. It's not gentle.

It's dangerous.

Because Noah doesn't flirt—he claims. He doesn't seduce—he owns. And once he sets his sights on me, there's no going back.

Now I'm caught in a twisted game of obsession, jealousy, and brutal desire where the only rule is: I belong to him.

But I never expected the way I'd start to want it.

Even when it hurts.

Even when it destroys me.

This isn't love. It's possession.

And I don't know if I want to escape—or beg for more.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:11 am

William

The campus was alive with the kind of energy that only a Friday night could bring.

The air was thick with the scent of cheap perfume, spilled beer, and sweat from bodies pressed too close together in the dimly lit frat house.

Music thumped through the walls, bass vibrating in my chest as I leaned against the wall in the living room, a half cup of warm beer in my hand.

I hated parties. Hated the noise, the chaos, the way people looked at me like I didn't belong—which was stupid.

It's a fucking party; everyone belongs. My roommate, Tim—that asshole—had dragged me here, insisting that I needed to “live a little”.

As if I wasn't living just because I didn't want to be touched by sweaty strangers.

I agreed to come, but only because if I didn't, that asshole would have given me another long lecture about how I spent too much time alone in my room, buried in my books or lost in my thoughts. Right now, that asshole was standing next to me, too busy hitting on a girl to give me any attention.

But let's be honest—I had my own reason for coming tonight.

I scanned the party, searching for the real reason I was here. And there he was. Or rather, they were.

The brothers were impossible to miss—tall, broad-shouldered, radiating the kind of confidence that came with knowing you were untouchable. But my eyes weren't on all of them. Just one. Noah.

The first time I saw Noah was at football practice.

Tim had dragged me there too, hoping to join the team.

He didn't make the cut, but I saw him . Noah had been putting on his helmet, and I'd only caught a glimpse of his face.

But that one second? It stuck with me. Then, as if the universe was playing a cruel joke, he turned—and his eyes found mine through his helmet.

My stupid heart did something it had never done before. It skipped a beat . That's when I knew I was fucked.

After that, I made sure to be in the same places he was. Same parties. Same hallways. I watched him from afar, but we had never spoken.

Which is why I hated him.

Because why couldn't he be the first to talk to me ?

Okay, maybe I lied. Maybe he hadn't really been looking at me during practice. Maybe I just wanted to believe it.

Back to the party. Noah, with his dark tousled hair and piercing green eyes, had his hand on the back of his teammate, laughing at something his brother said.

As much as it pained me that he didn't even know I existed, it didn't stop me from

imagining what it would feel like to have those hands on me .

I needed to stop staring before someone noticed. But before I could force myself to look away, I tried again—willed him to look at me.

In 1...2...3...

His gaze swept over the room. For a heart-stopping moment, I thought he'd look my way. My pulse hammered. But then—nothing. He didn't see me. Again. And my heart dropped.

Fuck this. I turned to interrupt Tim, needing a distraction. But he turned at the same time, causing me to spill both our beers.

"I'll go get us another round," I muttered, cutting him off before he could complain, and headed for the kitchen. There was a line.

Great.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?"

The voice was low. Teasing. And way too close.

My stomach dropped. I knew that voice.

Noah.

He was standing right behind me. I could feel his breath on my neck. How close was he?

"You've been staring at me all night," Noah murmured, his voice a dangerous purr.

“Here I am. Got something to say to me, pretty boy?”

My mouth went dry. My pulse pounded in my ears. How did he know I’d been watching? He never looked my way once.

I wanted his attention—had craved it. But now that I had it, I felt like I should run.

Noah was like a tiger or a bear, he looks so welcoming and cuddly on the outside but the minute he gets close to you, you right away know the danger you are in.

Noah moved, stepping in front of me. I had never been this close to him before. On instinct, I looked down. What was I, five ?

His fingers gripped my chin, forcing me to meet his gaze. My breath hitched at the intensity of his green eyes, the way they seemed to strip me bare.

“Cat got your tongue?” he drawled, his thumb trailing down my neck. I shivered involuntarily.

“Or are you just shy?”

My mind raced, filled with all the things his hands could do to me. I should push him away. Tell him to leave me alone.

But I couldn’t .

I didn’t want to.

The way he touched me—it wasn’t much. Just the brush of his fingers. But it was everything I had fantasized about, and more. Yes, I am delusional.

Noah smirked, clearly enjoying my distress. “You like this, don’t you?” he murmured, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip. Did he even care that we were in public? “Being the center of my attention for once.”

I nodded before I could stop myself.

Why the fuck did I nod?

Noah chuckled. A dark, delicious sound that sent shivers down my spine.

I might be hard.

“Good,” he said, his voice dropping as he leaned in. Wait—is he going to kiss me?

Fuck, No. He only whispered.

“Because I’m just getting started.”

Before I could fully process what was happening, Noah grabbed my wrist and pulled me through the crowd. The people moved out of the way without a word. Of course—his reputation was enough to clear a path. He led me up the stairs and into a dark, empty bedroom.

The door clicked shut behind me.

Noah leaned against it, his eyes locked onto mine.

How had I let myself get kidnapped in the middle of a party? And why was I such a willing victim?

“My brother told me you’ve been watching me for a long time,” Noah said, his voice

low. “He thought you were planning something dangerous.”

He took a step closer. Then another.

“But I know better,” he murmured, backing me against the wall. “I know exactly what you want.”

His fingers trailed down my chest, making my knees go weak.

“You want me ,” he said, his breath ghosting over my lips. “More specifically, you want to suck my dick, don’t you, pretty boy?”

I gasped. My breath coming in short, shallow pants.

Noah’s hands tightened on my waist. “Why?”

How the fuck did he expect me to answer when his hands felt that good on me?

“I—I don’t know,” I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper.

Noah chuckled. “You’re a terrible liar.”

His lips brushed against my ear.

“But that’s okay. We’ll figure it out. Together. ”

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William

My back was pressed against the wall, my chest rising and falling rapidly as Noah loomed over me, his presence overwhelming. My mind was a whirlwind of panic and desire, my body trembling under his touch.

Noah's lips were still on mine, kissing me with a hunger that left me breathless.

His hands roamed over my bare chest, his touch sending sparks of electricity through my veins.

It was too much, and yet not enough. My hands gripped his shoulders, my nails digging into the fabric of his shirt as I tried to ground myself.

He pulled back slightly, his green eyes gleaming with amusement as he studied my flushed face. "You like this, don't you?" he said, his voice a dark, teasing purr. "Being at my mercy."

My breath hitched, my heart pounding in my chest. I wanted to deny it, to push him away and reclaim some semblance of control. But the truth was, I did like it. I liked the way he looked at me, the way he touched me, the way he made me feel like I was the only thing that mattered in that moment.

"Answer me," Noah demanded, his grip tightening on my hip.

I nodded, my voice barely above a whisper. "Yes."

Noah smirked, clearly pleased with my answer. “Good boy,” he murmured, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip. “Now, let’s see how far you’re willing to go.”

Before I could process what was happening, he dropped to his knees in front of me, his hands sliding down to the waistband of my jeans.

My breath caught, my eyes widening as he undid the button and zipper with practiced ease.

The cool air hit my skin, making me shiver, but it was nothing compared to the heat of his mouth as he wrapped his lips around me.

I moaned, my hands tangling in his hair as pleasure shot through me. It was too much, the sensations overwhelming, but I couldn’t pull away. I didn’t want to. His tongue swirled around the tip in a way that made my knees buckle.

“Fuck,” I gasped, my hips jerking involuntarily. “Noah—”

He pulled back slightly, his lips curving into a smirk. “What’s wrong, pretty boy?” he teased. “Can’t handle it?”

I shook my head, my breath coming in short, shallow gasps. “I—I don’t—”

“Shh,” he murmured, his lips brushing against my inner thigh. “Just let go. I’ve got you.”

My eyes fluttered shut, my body trembling as he took me deep again, his tongue working magic. The pressure built, pleasure coiling tight in my stomach, and I knew I wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Noah,” I gasped, my fingers tightening in his hair. “I’m—I’m gonna—”

Noah pulled off with a wet pop, his smirk widening as he looked up at me. “Not yet,” he said, his voice rough. “I’m not done with you.”

I whimpered, my body aching with need as he stood up, his eyes dark with desire. He leaned in, his lips brushing against my ear.

“On your knees,” he commanded, his voice low and firm.

My breath hitched, my heart pounding as I dropped to my knees without hesitation. He unbuckled his belt, pushing his jeans down, and my mouth watered at the sight of him. My body trembled with anticipation.

“Open,” he ordered, his voice rough as he gripped my hair.

I obeyed, my lips parting as he guided himself into my mouth. The taste of him was overwhelming, but I didn’t pull away. I couldn’t. I wanted this—wanted him—more than anything.

His hand tangled in my hair as he looked down at me, his eyes burning with approval. “Good boy,” he murmured, his voice dark and possessive. “Now, let’s see just how much you can take.”

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William

My room felt suffocating.

I sat on the edge of my bed, my hands trembling as I stared at the floor.

My mind was a chaotic mess, replaying every second of what had happened with Noah.

His hands on me, his voice in my ear, the way he'd looked at me like I was something to be owned.

I could still feel the ghost of his touch on my skin, and it made me want to scream.

I hated him. I hated how he made me feel. But more than anything, I hated myself for wanting it. But then I loved every second of it, fuck.

"Dude, you look like hell," Tim's voice broke through the silence, and I flinched. He was leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed, his usual carefree expression replaced with concern. "What happened to you last night? You disappeared."

I didn't answer. I couldn't. My throat felt tight, like the words were stuck somewhere deep inside me, tangled up with all the things I didn't want to admit.

Tim stepped into the room, closing the door behind him. "Seriously, Will. You've been acting weird all morning. Did something happen at the party?"

I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. “Nothing happened.”

“Bullshit,” Tim said, sitting down on his couch across from me. “You’ve been jumpy all day. And don’t think I didn’t notice how you nearly bolted when someone mentioned Noah Draven.”

My stomach dropped at the sound of his name. I could feel my pulse quickening, my chest tightening. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Tim raised an eyebrow. “So something did happen with Noah.”

“I said I don’t want to talk about it,” I snapped, my voice sharper than I intended. Tim blinked, surprised by the edge in my tone, but he didn’t back down.

“Look, man, I’m just trying to help. You’ve been acting off ever since that party. If something happened, you can tell me.”

I wanted to laugh. Tell him? How could I possibly explain something I didn’t even understand myself? How could I tell him that I’d let Noah Draven—Noah fucking Draven—do whatever he wanted to me? That I’d wanted it? That I still did?

I shook my head, running a hand through my hair. “It’s nothing, Tim. Just drop it.”

Tim studied me for a moment, his expression unreadable. Then he sighed. “Alright, fine. But if you change your mind, I’m here.”

I nodded, but I knew I wouldn’t tell him. I couldn’t. The thought of anyone knowing what had happened made me feel sick. It was bad enough that I had to live with it, that I had to carry the memory of Noah’s hands on me, his voice in my ear, his—

I cut the thought off before it could go any further. I didn’t want to think about it. I

didn't want to think about him.

But it was impossible not to.

The worst part was, I couldn't stop replaying it in my head.

The way he'd looked at me, the way he'd touched me, the way he'd made me feel like I was the only thing that mattered in that moment.

It was everything I'd wanted, and yet it felt like a betrayal.

Like I'd given him too much, too easily. Like I'd let him win.

And maybe I had.

I hated myself for it. I hated how weak I'd been, how I'd melted under his touch like I had no self-respect. But at the same time, I couldn't deny the part of me that craved it. That wanted more.

It was a dangerous line to walk, and I didn't know how much longer I could keep my balance.

"You know," Tim said, breaking the silence again, "people are talking."

My head snapped up, my heart racing. "What do you mean?"

Tim shrugged, but there was something in his expression that made my stomach twist. "Just... rumors. People saw you leave with Noah. They're saying stuff."

"What kind of stuff?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Tim hesitated, like he wasn't sure he should tell me. "Just... that you two were together. That something happened."

I felt like the walls were closing in on me. My chest tightened, my breath coming in short, shallow gasps. "They don't know anything," I said quickly, my voice trembling. "They couldn't. We were in a private room. No one saw anything."

Tim raised an eyebrow. "So, something did happen."

I froze, realizing too late what I'd just admitted. "I—I didn't mean—"

"Relax, man," Tim said, holding up his hands. "I'm not judging. I'm just saying... if people are talking, you might want to be careful. Noah's not exactly the kind of guy you want to get mixed up with."

I wanted to laugh. Careful? It was too late for that. I was already in too deep, and I didn't know how to get out.

"I'll be fine," I said, though the words felt hollow. "It's nothing."

Tim didn't look convinced, but he didn't push it. "Alright. Just... be careful, okay?"

I nodded, but I knew it was already too late for that. Noah had gotten under my skin, and I didn't know how to get him out...

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William

The days blurred together, each one feeling heavier than the last.

Noah hadn't spoken to me since that night. Not a word. Not a glance. It was like I didn't exist to him anymore.

I told myself it didn't matter. I told myself I didn't care. But the truth was, I did. I cared too much. Stupid of me, right?

I found myself watching him more than I should have.

In the hallways, during lectures, even at the gym.

I couldn't help it. My eyes would seek him out, drawn to him like a moth to a flame.

And every time I saw him, my chest would tighten, my stomach would twist, and I'd feel that same stupid ache I'd been trying to ignore.

I now understood why people became stalkers.

It was because of people like Noah. They clawed their way into your soul, left you craving more, and then denied you the pleasure.

They made you feel like you were nothing, like you were disposable.

And the worst part was, you let them. You let them because you couldn't help it.

Because you wanted them, even when you knew they'd destroy you.

I hated myself for it. I hated how weak I was, how I couldn't just let it go.

But every time I tried, I'd remember the way he'd looked at me, the way he'd touched me, and I'd feel that same stupid hope stirring in my chest. Hope that maybe, just maybe, he'd look at me again. That he'd want me again.

But he didn't.

It had been a week since the party, and Noah hadn't so much as glanced in my direction.

He walked past me like I was a stranger, like I was nothing.

And maybe I was. Maybe that night had meant nothing to him.

Maybe I was just another body, another name he'd forget as soon as the next one came along.

I tried to convince myself that it was fine. That this was how one-night stands were supposed to go. You hooked up, you moved on, and you pretended it never happened. That was the deal. That was how it worked.

But it didn't feel fine. It felt like I was being torn apart from the inside out.

Because even though he ignored me, I still felt him everywhere. It was maddening.

Everywhere I went, it was like he was there, watching. The moment I stepped into a lecture hall, my pulse would spike, scanning for him. He wouldn't even be looking at me—but he knew I was looking at him. I could feel it, the silent game he was

playing.

He sat in the back of the room, legs sprawled out, arms crossed. I'd catch myself glancing back at him like an idiot, waiting for something—anything. A smirk. A glance. A fucking blink in my direction.

Nothing.

And that? That was worse than any cruel taunt.

Because Noah had made me feel wanted, even if it was in the most twisted way. He had devoured me, consumed me, left me gasping—and now he acted like I wasn't even worth acknowledging.

FUCK HIM.

Tim noticed first. "Dude, what's up with you?" He threw a fry at me during lunch, brow raised. "You keep zoning out. Did the aliens finally take you?"

I forced a laugh. "I'm fine."

"You sure? Cause you look like you're about to have a mental breakdown."

I shoved my tray away. "I'm just tired."

Tim narrowed his eyes, chewing on his fry like he didn't believe me. "It's him, isn't it?"

I stiffened. "What?"

"Noah." Tim leaned in. "Look, I don't know what the hell happened between you two

at that party, but it's obvious you're losing your mind. Just... talk to him. Or move on. One of the two."

I scoffed. Talk to him? Yeah, right. As if Noah would even acknowledge me.

But maybe that's what he wanted —to see how long I could take it before I cracked.

And I was cracking.

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Noah

The party was loud, the kind of loud that made it hard to think. But I didn't need to think. I already knew why I was here.

William.

I'd been watching him since he walked in, my eyes tracking his every move. He was drunk—laughing too loud, smiling too much, his movements loose and uncoordinated. He looked... different. Carefree. Like he didn't have a single thought in his head.

And it pissed me off.

Because he wasn't supposed to look like that. He wasn't supposed to be laughing, flirting, touching someone else like I didn't exist. Like that night didn't exist.

My grip tightened around the glass in my hand, my jaw clenching as I watched him lean into some guy, his hand resting on the guy's arm. The guy said something, and William laughed, his head tilting back, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"You gonna just stand here all night, bro?" Ethan's voice cut through my thoughts, and I turned to see my brother smirking at me, his arms crossed over his chest. "Or are you actually going to do something about that?"

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. Ethan knew exactly why I was here. He'd been giving me shit all week about William, about how I couldn't seem to let him go. And

maybe he was right. Maybe I couldn't.

But that didn't mean I was going to admit it.

"Looks like he's moved on," Ethan said, nodding toward William. "Guess one night wasn't enough to keep him hooked, huh?"

I shot him a glare, but he just laughed, clearly enjoying himself. "Relax, man. He's just having fun. You should try it sometime."

I didn't respond. My eyes were locked on William, watching as he leaned in closer to the guy, his hand sliding down to rest on the guy's chest. My stomach twisted, a surge of anger rising in my chest.

He wasn't supposed to be touching anyone else.

"You know," Ethan said, his voice dripping with amusement, "if you want him that bad, maybe you should actually do something about it. Instead of just standing here, brooding like some kind of possessive psycho."

I shot him another glare, but he just shrugged, holding up his hands in mock surrender. "Just saying, man. You're not exactly subtle."

I didn't respond. My eyes were still on William, watching as he laughed at something else the guy said, what the fuck could be that funny .

My chest tightened, a wave of possessiveness crashing over me.

He wasn't supposed to be laughing like that with someone else.

He wasn't supposed to be looking at someone else like that.

He was, is, supposed to be mine.

I downed the rest of my drink, slamming the glass down on the bar. Enough was enough. If William thought he could just forget about me, he was wrong. If he thought he could move on, flirt with someone else, pretend like I didn't exist, he was about to learn just how wrong he was.

I pushed off the bar, my eyes never leaving William as I made my way across the room. The crowd parted for me, people stepping out of my way without a word. They knew better than to get in my way when I looked like this.

William didn't notice me at first. He was too busy laughing, too busy flirting, too busy pretending like I didn't exist. But then I was there, standing right in front of him, and his laughter died in his throat.

"Noah," he said, his voice slightly slurred from the alcohol. His eyes widened, and I could see the flicker of something—defiance?—in his gaze. "What are you doing here?"

I didn't answer. My eyes dropped to the guy he'd been flirting with, "Are you going to move or do you want me to break your hands," I said and felt a surge of satisfaction when the guy immediately backed off, muttering something about needing another drink.

Good. He knew better than to get in my way.

"Having fun?" I asked, my voice low and dangerous. William blinked, his cheeks flushing as he looked away.

"I—I was just—"

“Flirting,” I finished for him, stepping closer. “With someone who isn’t me.”

William’s eyes snapped back to mine, and I could see the defiance in them. “Actually, yes, I was having fun till your stupid ass came over and ruined it. You don’t own me, Noah.”

I smirked, leaning in closer. “Don’t I?”

He swallowed, his breath hitching as I backed him against the wall. “You’ve been ignoring me all week,” he said, his voice trembling. “What was I supposed to do? Wait around for you like some kind of pathetic—”

“You were supposed to come to me,” I interrupted, my voice sharp. “You were supposed to remember who you belong to.”

William’s eyes widened, and for a moment, he looked like he didn’t know what to say. Then he laughed, a bitter, humorless sound, I hated it. “Belong to you? That’s rich. You’ve been out and about flirting with everyone, so why can’t I do the same?”

I frowned, my grip tightening on his wrist. “You belong to me, William.”

“Is that what you tell yourself every day before you sleep?” he shot back, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “Because it sounds like you’re the one who’s obsessed, not me.”

I let out a low laugh, my lips curling into a smirk. “Oh, I know you belong to me. You think I didn’t see you stalking me last week? Following me everywhere like a lost puppy. Is that what you need? A master who will teach you how to behave?”

William blinked, clearly surprised by my words.

But then he smirked, his defiance returning.

“That, I admit, was a moment of weakness. I had always fantasized about what it would be like to have you in me. But turns out, it wasn’t that much.

” He paused, letting out a mocking laugh.

“Oh, and you think I only stalk you? You’re not the only hot Draven brother, Noah. ”

He said it quiet—too quiet—but I heard every word like a gunshot.

“Ethan’s just as hot as you. Maybe I should give him a chance.”

I froze. For half a second, my mind went blank. Then the silence hit. Thick. Heavy. Venomous. And then I moved. There was no thinking. No deciding. One second he was standing there, breathing like it was nothing— The next, I had him pinned against the wall, the impact rattling through my bones.

My fist curled in his shirt like I could tear it— and him —apart. My jaw ached from how hard I clenched it.

“If you ever say that again,” I said, voice like broken glass, low and lethal, “I’ll make sure Ethan never fucking breathes again.”

I meant it. I wasn’t bluffing. Not this time. I don't care if Ethan is my brother, no one was touching William, he is Mine.

His eyes widened for a second—but he didn’t back down. Not William. Not the one person stupid and bold enough to poke the wolf with a stick and smile when it growled.

He should've dropped it. Should've laughed, apologized, ran.

Instead, he looked right at me. Licked his lips. Smirked.

“Oh? You worried he'd do it better than you?”

Crack. My fist slammed into the wall next to his head before I even realized I was moving. The sound echoed sharp, angry.

He flinched—barely. His chest rose and fell fast. Mine too. I should've walked away. But I stepped in closer, until we were chest to chest, my hand finding his throat. Not squeezing. Not yet. Just holding. Just reminding.

“You think I'm fucking playing with you?” I said, my voice rough, dangerous—because it wasn't just anger anymore. It was something worse.

He swallowed. I felt it beneath my palm. “I think you're losing your shit over nothing.”

I smirked. That got him. Because I wasn't just mad now—I was enjoying it. And he knew.

He looked like he wanted to run. But he didn't. He looked like he wanted to fight. But he didn't. He stayed. Letting me see everything he didn't say.

So I leaned in, my lips brushing his jaw. Not a kiss. A promise. A warning.

“Try it,” I said. “Go ahead. Fuck my brother.”

My hand tightened around his throat, just enough to make him suck in a breath.

“But if you do...” I leaned in, my mouth at his ear. “You won’t be able to walk when I’m done with you.”

He shuddered. I felt it. Every broken breath. Every tremble. Every pulse pounding under my skin.

He was mine. No matter how hard he pretends to hate it.

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William

I should have known Noah wouldn't let me go that easily after making that comment about his brother, besides it's not my fault Ethan is hot too.

Because now? Now he wasn't ignoring me. He was watching me.

Everywhere I went, I felt it. His presence wrapped around me like a noose, tightening every time I thought I could breathe. He never touched me, never spoke to me, he didn't need to. Because the moment I convinced myself that maybe, just maybe, I was free?

Noah reminded me who I belonged to.

It started small. Subtle.

I'd be sitting in class, pretending to focus, when I'd feel it. His stare.

I turned once—just once—to find him lounging in the back row, his eyes locked onto me, lazy amusement curling at the corner of his lips. He said nothing. Did nothing.

But I could feel it. The weight of his gaze, dragging down my skin, settling low in my stomach. The moment I shifted in my seat, thighs pressing together in frustration, he smirked. Fucking bastard.

Then came the whispers.

Not loud enough for anyone else to hear. Just for me.

Passing me in the hallway “Still thinking about my hands on you, pretty boy?”

Brushing too close in the cafeteria “Bet you wake up hard, don’t you? Wishing I’d fucking wreck you.”

My face would burn. My body would betray me. And Noah? He drank it in. Like he was starving for my humiliation.

Then he stopped playing fair. A party. Another Friday night. Another mistake.

I hadn’t planned to come, but Tim dragged me, insisting I needed to “have fun” again. Like fun was even possible when Noah Draven had my body wired to self-destruct.

I was halfway through a drink when I saw it. Noah. Sitting on the couch, sprawled out like a king on a fucking throne. A girl curled into his side, her fingers tracing his chest. He didn’t even look at her. He was looking at me.

And then—

His hand slid down her thigh. Something inside me snapped. I shouldn’t have cared. I shouldn’t have felt that sharp, ugly heat curl in my gut. But I did. I turned away, shoving my drink back, pretending it didn’t mean anything. I was so fucking stupid.

Because the next thing I knew, I was pressed against the wall in an empty hallway, weird considering we are at a party, Noah’s hand wrapped around my throat.

“Jealous?” His voice was velvet, thick with amusement.

I gritted my teeth. “Fuck you.”

Noah smirked, tilting his head. “You’re cute when you lie.”

His fingers flexed against my neck—just a reminder of his strength, his control. He wasn’t squeezing. Yet. I swallowed hard, my pulse hammering against his palm.

Noah leaned in, his breath ghosting over my lips. “You want me to stop?”

Yes. No. Yes. No. I want your lips on me, marking me.

I said nothing. He smiled. Fucking smiled.

“That’s what I thought.”

And then—

He let go. Stepped back.

Just like that. I sucked in a breath, my chest heaving. “Fucking asshole.”

Noah just chuckled. “And you love it.”

He walked away, leaving me wrecked in the hallway, my body burning for something I shouldn’t want.

By Monday, I was done.

I couldn’t do this. I couldn’t survive this. Noah was inside my head, twisting me up, making me crave something I should fucking hate. So, I decided, maybe not the best decision I could come up with, but I was desperate. Avoid him. Completely.

No stolen glances. No reacting to his whispers. No falling for his fucking games. It lasted three days. Then Noah snapped. I was heading to class when I felt it—his grip on my wrist, yanking me into an empty locker room. He slammed me against the lockers, eyes burning.

“You think you can ignore me?” he breathed, his voice dangerous.

I swallowed hard. “I don’t belong to you.”

Noah’s jaw ticked. “Say that again.”

I lifted my chin. “I. Don’t. Belong. To you.” Why the fuck do I keep on putting myself in this situations and opening my big mouth.

His eyes darkened. And then he smiled. Fuck.

“That’s cute,” he murmured, stepping closer. Too close. “You think you have a choice?”

I was shaking. With anger. With need. With everything he was pulling out of me. Noah’s fingers ghosted over my lips.

“You can fight it all you want, pretty boy.” His voice was pure sin, pure promise. “But in the end? We both know exactly where you’ll end up.”

I sucked in a breath. “Where?”

Noah’s eyes locked onto mine, hungry. Wild.

He pressed his lips to my ear.

“On your knees, begging for more.”

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Noah

William was coming undone. And I was loving it.

I watched him try to fight it—try to fight me—but it was fucking pointless. Every time I pushed, he trembled. Every time I whispered filth in his ear, he flushed. Every time I touched him, even for a second, he melted.

Then I'd pull away. And that? That was the best part. Because William wasn't just desperate now. He was losing himself in it.

I wasn't touching him anymore. Not like before. No more teasing brushes of my fingers against his skin. No more lingering hands on his waist when I passed by. No more whispers that made his knees go weak. I wanted to see what he'd do when I took it all away. And the result?

Fucking glorious.

The first day, he ignored it. Acted like he was relieved I wasn't tormenting him.

The second day, he started watching me. I'd catch him in class, his gaze flickering toward me, waiting for me to do something. Begging for it without realizing.

By the third day? He was a mess. Fidgeting in his seat. Jaw clenched. Restless. Furious.

Good. I wanted him angry. I wanted him so fucking frustrated he couldn't think

straight. I wanted him to come to me. But he was stubborn. So I had to make sure he broke first.

It happened in the library. Late afternoon.

Almost empty. William was sitting at one of the back tables, hunched over a textbook, but he wasn't reading.

He was seething. I knew because I'd been sitting across the room for the last thirty minutes, watching him.

Waiting. And when I finally got up, walking toward the nearest bookshelf, I felt his gaze snap to me.

I smirked. Perfect. I took my time, pretending to scan the books, giving him the chance to make a move.

Seconds passed.

Then—

The chair scraped back.

I fought the grin threatening to spread across my face. There he is. I didn't turn around. Didn't react. Just kept browsing as his footsteps approached.

“Are you fucking serious?”

His voice was sharp. Frustrated. Desperate.

I pulled a book off the shelf, flipping it open like he hadn't just hunted me down.

“Something wrong?”

William let out a harsh breath. “You’ve been ignoring me.”

I raised an eyebrow, turning to face him slowly. “And?”

His nostrils flared. His fists clenched. Beautiful.

I leaned back against the shelf, studying him. He looked wrecked. Dark circles under his eyes. Shoulders tense. His pulse hammering in his throat.

He was this close to breaking. I tilted my head. “Did you miss me, pretty boy?”

His jaw tightened. “Fuck you.”

I grinned. “That’s not a no.”

He let out a shaky breath, running a hand through his hair. I had him. But I wanted to push him further. So, I stepped closer—invading his space—but not touching him.

His breath hitched. I smirked. “Say it.”

William swallowed hard. “Say what?”

I let my lips brush just near his ear, but never touching. “Say you missed me.”

He let out a shaky exhale. His whole body was tense, fighting the truth. Fighting me.

Then, finally— “...I hate you.”

I chuckled, my chest vibrating against his. “Close enough.”

Then I turned and walked away. Leaving him standing there—angry, aching, and so fucking desperate he couldn't see straight.

I was having too much fun.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:11 am

William

I told myself I wouldn't go to him. I told myself I had control. That if I ignored him, if I pretended none of this was happening, it would all go away. But it didn't. Because Noah wasn't just inside my head anymore. He was under my fucking skin. And tonight? He was going to ruin me.

It was late. The campus was mostly empty.

I had been restless all evening, pacing in my dorm, forcing myself to focus on my assignments—on anything but him.

But it didn't work. It never fucking worked.

And when I finally caved, when I let my feet carry me out into the night, I knew exactly where I was going.

Straight to him.

I told myself I was doing this to end it. To get the final word. To make him stop. But the second I stepped inside his apartment, the second the door clicked shut behind me, I knew I had already lost.

Noah stood in the center of the room, watching me with knowing amusement.

Like he had been waiting for me.

Like he knew I'd come.

And maybe he had. Maybe he had played me so fucking well that even I hadn't seen it coming. I clenched my fists. "This stops tonight."

Noah's lips curled. Slow. Dark. Smug. "You sure about that, pretty boy?"

I swallowed hard, my resolve cracking under the weight of his stare. But I forced myself to nod. "I'm done playing your games."

Noah took a step closer, his voice smooth as sin. "Who said it was a game?"

I backed up, but the door was already behind me. Trapped. My pulse pounded, my body betraying me in the worst way. I needed to leave. I needed to fucking leave. But then Noah's fingers ghosted over my jaw, tilting my chin up.

And I fucking shattered.

He knew. He fucking knew. Knew that all it would take was one touch. One brush of his fingers, one stroke of his voice against my skin, and I'd fall apart.

"Say it," he murmured, his lips just inches from mine.

I squeezed my eyes shut. "No."

His grip tightened, just enough to make me gasp. Not enough to hurt. Just enough to make me want more.

"Say it, William."

I shook my head, even as my body leaned into him. Noah chuckled, his breath hot

against my skin. “You’re shaking.”

I hated him. I fucking hated him.

Because he was right.

I was shaking. I was wrecked. And when he pulled away, when he took a step back like he was letting me go, I snapped.

“No.”

Noah stilled. I swallowed hard, my hands fisting his shirt before I could stop myself. “Don’t stop.”

His smirk returned. Dark. Dangerous. Possessive.

“I thought you were done playing my games?”

I whimpered.

Fucking whimpered, what’s wrong with me.

And that was all it took. Noah crushed me against the door, his lips crashing against mine, his hands everywhere. And I let him. I let him ruin me. Because I wasn’t fighting him anymore.

I was begging for it.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:11 am

Noah

I should've been satisfied. I had him. Completely. Finally. I should've felt victorious, smug, fucking unstoppable. But I didn't. Because having him once wasn't enough. Not even close.

I needed to ruin him—completely, utterly. I needed to mark him, to make sure that every inch of his body screamed mine. I needed to burn myself into his skin so deep that no one—not even him—would ever be able to erase me.

I was going to devour him. Just like he wanted me to.

William was wrecked beneath me, his chest heaving, lips swollen and pink from my kisses. His skin was flushed, burning under my touch, every inch of him responding to me and only me.

I dragged my thumb over the fresh bruise forming on his neck—a mark of possession, of proof. But it wasn't enough. It would never be enough.

I leaned down, pressing my lips against the already bruised skin, sucking harder this time—hard enough to make him gasp, to make him feel it tomorrow.

Good.

Let him fucking feel it. Let him wake up and see me all over him. Let him remember that he belongs to me. His breath hitched. “Noah—”

I groaned, my grip tightening on his hips. “Say it again.”

He shuddered, and fuck, I felt high on it. “Noah,” he whispered, softer this time, like he couldn’t believe this was happening.

I smirked against his skin. “That’s right, pretty boy.”

I wanted him like this forever.

I ran my hands down his sides, feeling the heat of his skin, the way he shivered under my touch. His body was so fucking perfect, so made for me. It drove me insane that he had ever thought—for even a second—that he could belong to someone else.

No one else would ever touch him. Not after tonight. Not after I was finished with him. I pressed my forehead against his, my breathing uneven. “You feel that?” I whispered, dragging my palm down his stomach. “That’s mine now.”

William let out a shaky exhale, his hands fisting the sheets. Helpless. Wanting. Fucking perfect.

“I want to see you ruined,” I murmured. “For me.”

His breath stuttered. “You already have.”

I growled, flipping him onto his stomach, pinning him beneath me. “Not even close.”

He gasped, arching into me, and fuck, that sound was going to kill me.

I ran my teeth along his shoulder, biting just hard enough to make him whimper. Another mark. Another reminder. I licked over the spot, soothing the sting before whispering against his skin, “I’m never letting you go.”

William trembled beneath me. “I know.”

Fucking perfect.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:11 am

William

The moment I woke up, I knew I was fucked.

Every inch of me ached—a delicious, lingering soreness that had Noah Draven’s name all over it. Literally.

I shifted under the sheets, and the faintest pressure against my skin sent flashes of last night through my mind—the way Noah had touched me, ruined me, claimed me in every possible way.

His lips on my throat, his hands pinning me down, his voice—low, dark, commanding—whispering filthy promises into my skin.

My face burned. God. I turned onto my side, expecting to see him next to me, but the bed was empty. My stomach twisted. I wasn’t sure if I felt relieved or disappointed. Probably both. I needed space. I needed to think.

Except the more I thought, the worse it got. Because now that I was fully awake, I could feel him everywhere. The marks. The soreness. The heat still lingering in my stomach.

I groaned, shoving my face into the pillow. What the hell had I done? I had spent weeks fighting him. Weeks convincing myself that I could resist him, that I hated him.

And then?

One night, and I had crumbled like I was made for him. I probably was.

A sharp grumble from my stomach snapped me out of my thoughts. Right. Food.

I grabbed the first pair of sweatpants I could find and pulled them on, too tired—and too sore—to bother with a shirt.

I figured I'd grab something quick and sneak back to bed before Noah got the chance to make some smug, possessive remark about me still being here.

I didn't think to check if he was alone.

I shuffled into the kitchen, rubbing my eyes, still caught in my mess of thoughts and embarrassment. I barely registered the low whistle.

“Well, well, well.”

I froze. That was not Noah. My stomach dropped. I snapped my head up, and there he was.

Ethan Draven. Noah's brother.

Sitting on the counter, coffee in hand, a shit-eating grin stretched across his face as his gaze dragged down my body. I was bare-chested, covered in marks, standing in front of Noah's brother like a fucking idiot.

Ethan's smirk deepened. “Damn, you look like you got eaten alive.”

Oh my god. Heat exploded across my face. I wanted to die. Right now.

I whipped around, ready to run the hell back to the bedroom, when I collided with

something solid.

Noah. Tall, shirtless, very much not amused.

He grabbed me by the waist, pulling me into him, his grip firm, unyielding. Possessive.

Ethan let out a low laugh. “Relax, bro. I was just admiring your work.”

Noah stiffened.

Then, in one quick motion, he reached back, grabbed a kitchen towel, and threw it over my shoulders like it was some kind of shield.

“Look away,” he growled.

Ethan snorted. “Jealous much?”

Noah shot him a murderous glare. “Unless you want me to put you in the fucking ground, don’t look at him.”

I swallowed hard. Jesus.

Ethan just laughed harder, shaking his head. “Man, you are so fucking gone.”

Noah ignored him, turning his full attention back to me. His hand tightened on my waist, his jaw tense, his eyes dark.

“Back to the bedroom,” he ordered, voice low and dangerous.

I blinked up at him. “What—”

His fingers brushed my throat, tracing the marks he put there.

“Now, William.”

I swallowed. Shit.

Ethan took a slow sip of his coffee, way too entertained. “Damn. You’ve got him trained already?”

Noah didn’t even spare him a glance. He just grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the kitchen.

The second we were back in the bedroom, Noah let go of my wrist—only to grab my chin.

His eyes burned into mine, his grip firm.

“You don’t walk around like that where people can see you,” he said, voice sharp. “You hear me?”

My breath hitched. I should have been annoyed. I should have argued, told him he was being insane. But all I could do was nod and the fact that his commanding voice made me horny.

Noah exhaled through his nose, still clearly pissed. He yanked open a drawer, grabbed a shirt, and shoved it against my chest. “Put this on.”

I hesitated for a second too long.

His jaw clenched. “Now, William.”

I swallowed, then quickly pulled it over my head. The fabric was soft, oversized, swallowing me whole.

Noah took one look at me and smirked.

“Better.”

My face was still burning. “You’re insane.”

Noah hummed, stepping closer. “You say that,” he murmured, brushing his fingers against my pulse. “But you’re still here.”

I hated how my stomach flipped at that.

His smirk widened. He fucking knew.

And God help me, I was so screwed.

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Noah

Ethan was still fucking smirking. I should have ignored him. Should have let his stupid teasing roll off me like I didn't give a shit. But I wasn't built like that. Not when it came to William. And Ethan? He was pushing me. Hard.

I leaned against the counter, arms crossed, watching as Ethan took another slow sip of his coffee, way too fucking amused for someone who was one second away from getting his teeth knocked in.

“So,” Ethan started, dragging out the word. Dangerous. Calculated. Fucking testing me. “I never really noticed before, but...” He let out a low hum. “William’s actually—”

I knew where this was going. I knew.

“—kind of good-looking, don't you think?”

Red. Everything went red.

My muscles tensed, my grip tightening around my mug so hard I thought it might shatter. Ethan was baiting me. But I wasn't in the mood to be played with. I dropped the mug onto the counter with a sharp clink. “Shut the fuck up.”

Ethan raised an eyebrow, taking another slow, deliberate sip of his coffee. “What? I'm just saying. I've never really looked at him before, but—”

I moved before I even registered it.

Fast. Violent. Unhinged. My fist collided with his jaw with a sickening crack, sending his coffee cup clattering to the floor. Ethan stumbled back, catching himself against the fridge. Then he looked up. And the fucker—

He laughed.

I was breathing hard, my knuckles stinging, rage still boiling under my skin. And Ethan was just standing there, rubbing his jaw, grinning like a bastard.

“Holy shit,” he exhaled, voice dripping with amusement. “You’re actually insane.”

I rolled my shoulders, barely restraining the urge to hit him again. “You’re lucky I didn’t break your fucking face.”

Ethan just snorted. “You just punched me over a joke.”

I narrowed my eyes. “It wasn’t a joke.”

Ethan tilted his head. “Oh? And why is that?”

I stepped closer, glowering down at him. “Because you don’t get to look at him. You don’t get to fucking talk about him like that.” and because William once said he wanted to fuck you, but I wasn’t going to say that to my idiot of a brother.

Ethan smirked. Like he had just confirmed something.

“Damn, bro,” he muttered, rubbing his jaw. “You’re so fucking gone for him.”

I clenched my fists, jaw tightening so hard it hurt. “You have no idea.”

The air was thick with tension, sharp and suffocating, both of us staring each other down like we were about to go at it again.

Then, A quiet shuffle of footsteps. I stilled.

Ethan's grin widened. He fucking knew. I turned my head just in time to see William standing in the doorway, eyes wide, mouth slightly parted. Fuck.

His gaze flickered between us, from Ethan rubbing his jaw to my still-clenched fists.

I saw the moment realization dawned on his face.

“What—” His voice was rough, sleep-heavy, confused. “Did you just—”

Ethan laughed again, cutting him off. “Your boyfriend just lost his shit over you, pretty boy.”

I snapped.

I stormed across the kitchen, grabbing William's wrist, yanking him toward me.

“Back to the bedroom,” I ordered, my voice lower, rougher than I intended.

William flushed, his breath hitching. “Noah—”

“Now.”

Ethan chuckled behind me. “Damn. You're so fucking possessive it's disgusting.”

I didn't care.

Because I was already dragging William out of the kitchen, my grip firm, claiming, owning, proving.

And William? He let me.

The second we were back in the bedroom, I shut the door, pressing William against it.

His breath was ragged, his skin warm beneath my hands.

“You—” He swallowed. “You hit him?”

I brushed my thumb along his throat, feeling the pulse hammering beneath his skin. “You really think I’d let him talk about you like that?”

He exhaled sharply, flustered, uncertain. I pressed my forehead to his, breathing him in, taking him in.

“No one gets to look at you,” I murmured. “No one gets to talk about you.” My fingers slid under his jaw, tilting his chin up. “Only me.”

William shivered. I smirked, pressing a slow, dangerous kiss to his lips. “You understand me?”

His hands fisted my shirt. “Yeah.”

I kissed him deeper, longer, until he was completely lost in me again.

Ethan was still outside. Probably still smirking. But I didn’t care. Because William was here. And he was mine.

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William

Leaving Noah's apartment should have felt like freedom. Instead, it felt like a mistake. I told myself I was just tired. That I needed space, needed air, needed time to think without him breathing down my neck. But even now, as I stepped inside my own room, I could still feel him.

His hands. His mouth. His fucking voice. My skin burned with the memory of him, and I hated it. I hated that I wanted to go back. But I wouldn't. Because Noah Draven might've claimed me in his own twisted, possessive way, but he never asked.

And that? That was starting to piss me off.

"Dude."

Tim stared at me, mouth slightly open, like I had just told him the biggest scandal of the year.

Which, honestly? Maybe I had.

He blinked. "You're telling me that Noah Draven—the Noah Draven—is, what? Your hookup? Your stalker? Your... boyfriend?"

I flinched at the last word. I should have told him that I was the one stalking Noah in the first place.

"He's not my boyfriend," I muttered, shifting uncomfortably on the couch.

Tim's eyebrows shot up. "Uh, could've fooled me."

I rolled my eyes. "It's not like that."

Tim scoffed. "Not like what? Because from what you just told me, it sounds like he's obsessed with you."

I tensed. "He's not—"

Tim cut me off with a pointed look. "Bro. He punched his own brother because he was jealous. That's not normal."

I swallowed hard, gripping my drink tighter. I knew that. I fucking knew that. But I didn't want a normal Noah. A normal Noah probably wouldn't have wanted me.

Tim watched me closely, his expression shifting into something more serious.

"You said this is the second time you've... y'know." He gestured vaguely.

I felt heat crawl up my neck. "Yeah."

He frowned. "And he hasn't asked you to be his?"

The words hit harder than they should've. I swallowed, suddenly feeling off-balance. "No."

Tim's frown deepened. "So what the hell are you guys, then?"

Enemies, stalkers....

I didn't have an answer. I should've. It should've been simple. But it wasn't.

Because Noah took what he wanted without asking, okay he asked .

Because he had claimed me, marked me, but he never once said, You're mine.

Okay that's a lie; he did say it while making me come undone.

He never once gave me the choice. Again, another lie, because he did give me a choice, but it's so hard to resist him.

And that realization? It made my stomach twist.

Tim sighed. "Look, man. If he's serious about you, he should fucking say it. Not just act like he owns you and expect you to roll with it."

I looked down at my drink, suddenly uneasy.

I wasn't stupid. I knew Noah was dangerous, controlling, unhinged. But I'd let him consume me anyway. And now? I was starting to wonder if I'd made a mistake.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:11 am

William

Ignoring Noah Draven should have been easy. It wasn't. I told myself I was fine. That I just needed space. That I wasn't avoiding him—I was just... re-centering.

Bullshit.

Because even after two days of radio silence, I still felt him everywhere. I caught myself looking over my shoulder. Waiting. Expecting him to appear in the halls, outside my classes, in the shadows of my own damn thoughts.

But he didn't.

And that? That was worse than anything. Because Noah Draven didn't let things go. And the fact that he wasn't chasing? Meant he was hunting.

I told myself I didn't care.

That I didn't miss him. That the weight in my chest wasn't disappointment every time I looked at my phone and saw nothing. That the ache in my stomach wasn't from something as pathetic as wanting his touch.

I told myself I was fine. That I was free. But then I'd wake up in the middle of the night, my body still sore, still sensitive, still marked with the memory of him. And I'd crave him like a fucking drug.

The bruises were fading, but the feeling wasn't. The phantom of his hands on my

waist, his breath against my ear, the way he controlled me so completely and made me forget who I was.

I hated myself for it. For wanting him. For missing the way he'd drag me closer, kiss me like I was something he couldn't live without, make me feel like I belonged to him.

And the worst part?

I knew all I had to do was reach out, and he'd be there. Waiting. Ready. But I didn't. Because if I did, I'd lose. And losing to Noah Draven meant losing everything.

I should've known I wouldn't get away with this.

I should've known that the moment I let my guard down, he'd strike.

But I was stupid. I let myself breathe. I let myself think I had control.

So, when I unlocked my room door that night, exhaustion weighing heavy on my bones, I wasn't expecting him. But he was there. Sitting on my couch.

Waiting.

I froze, heart lurching into my throat, my fingers still curled around the doorknob.

“Noah—”

“You've been avoiding me.”

His voice was calm. Too calm. A sharp contrast to the tension crackling in the air like a live wire.

I swallowed hard, stepping inside, forcing my expression to stay neutral. “I’ve been busy.”

Noah tilted his head, studying me. Then he stood. Slow. Deliberate. And in two strides, he was in front of me, his body caging me against the door. My pulse jumped. I felt cornered. Trapped. And God help me, I liked it.

His gaze flickered over my face, dark and unreadable. Searching. Then, finally, he spoke. “Say it.”

I blinked. “Say what?”

His hand came up, fingers skimming my jaw, his touch just light enough to make me shudder.

“Say you don’t want me.”

I opened my mouth—

Nothing came out. Because I couldn’t. Because it would be a lie.

Noah’s smirk was slow, lethal.

“That’s what I thought.”

He leaned in, his breath warm against my skin. I shuddered. He pressed a kiss to my jaw, slow and claiming.

“You’ll always be mine.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, my body betraying me. I should have pushed him away. I

should have told him to leave. But I didn't, and he was right.

The moment I stopped fighting, he pounced.

His mouth crashed against mine, raw and all-consuming, his fingers tightening in my hair as he backed me toward the bed, never breaking contact, never giving me a second to think.

I should've resisted. I should've—

But fuck, I didn't want to.

I wanted this.

I wanted him.

I wanted the way he kissed me—like I was something sacred and sinful all at once.

I let him push me down, let him crawl over me, let his hands roam and claim and mark again, because I couldn't fight it anymore.

I didn't want to fight it anymore.

Noah kissed down my throat, dragging his teeth across every vulnerable inch of me, murmuring against my skin. "You can run all you want, pretty boy..."

I gasped, arching into him, my nails digging into his back.

He smirked against my collarbone, pressing a bruising kiss there, then lower, then lower.

“But I’ll always catch you.”

This time? I let him.

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William

I felt it before I saw him, that heavy, predatory gaze that sent something sharp and dark curling in my stomach.

But I refused to turn around. If I looked, I'd fall.

Again. And I couldn't afford to do that.

Not after everything. So I kept my head down, focusing on the conversation at the table, forcing myself to nod along to whatever Tim was saying. I was fine. I was fine.

Until I heard him laugh.

It was light, flirty, a little too familiar. It cut through the noise of the cafeteria like a gunshot. My fingers curled against my thigh, my whole body going still as something cold and unwelcome slithered down my spine.

I didn't want to look. I shouldn't look. But I did. And I fucking hated what I saw.

He was standing too close. Too fucking close to my Noah.

His filthy hand was on my Noah's arm, head tilted just enough to be suggestive.

He was ugly, fuck that's a lie, he was pretty and confident, I hated it.

The type of guy who knew exactly what he was doing, and exactly how to get what

he wanted.

And Noah? That fucker was smirking.

Heat exploded in my chest, sharp and blinding, and suddenly, I was gripping my fork like I wanted to stab something. My jaw locked so tight it ached.

What the fuck was he doing?

Noah didn't date. He didn't flirt. He didn't entertain people. And yet, here he was, entertaining the guy. Letting him touch him, smile at him, talk to him like he had a chance. Didn't this fucker say we belong, like two days ago or was I dreaming.

Something ugly twisted inside me. I didn't like this feeling. It was unfamiliar. Uncontrollable.

Tim whistled low next to me. "Damn, never thought I'd see the day Noah Draven actually flirts back."

I exhaled through my nose, a slow, deliberate breath. "He's not flirting."

Tim raised a brow. "Pretty sure he is." Does this motherfucker want me to stab him, how dare he say Noah is flirting. He's probably being polite to the ugly fucker who's trying to take him away from me.

I shoved my chair back before I could stop myself. Tim barely had time to react before I was moving, stalking across the room, my legs carrying me toward something I wasn't ready to name.

The guy was still talking when I reached them. I didn't hear a word of it. Didn't care.

Noah saw me first. Of course he did. And he fucking smirked. Something in me snapped. I grabbed his wrist, yanking him away from the parasite of a guy, so fast he actually stumbled back. “We’re leaving.”

Noah let me pull him, but he didn’t budge easily, his body heavy, deliberately slow. He was fucking with me. Enjoying this.

“Something wrong, pretty boy?” His voice was all mock innocence, laced with dark amusement.

I glared at him, my nails digging into his skin. “Shut up and walk.”

Noah chuckled, letting me drag him away, and I hated that I could still feel his eyes on us. I hated that he had looked at my Noah in the first place. That he thought he could touch him, talk to him, and fucking have him. I hated it more than I should have.

And Noah? He fucking knew it.

I shoved him against the nearest wall the moment we were out of sight. His back hit the brick, and he barely reacted, just looked down at me, so damn amused it made me want to hit him.

“Jealous?” he murmured.

I hated him. I hated him. I hated him. But mostly, I hated that I was so, fucking jealous I could barely breathe.

“Shut up.” My voice was sharp, clipped, but not nearly as steady as I wanted it to be.

Noah smirked, leaning in, his hands sliding into his pockets like he had all the time in

the world. “Make me.”

I clenched my jaw. “I don’t—”

“Don’t what?” His voice dropped, and suddenly he wasn’t teasing anymore. He was daring me. “Don’t care?”

I swallowed hard, my hands still fisting his shirt, the fabric warm from his body.

I could still feel the heat from where he let that ugly fucker touch him. It made me fucking sick.

Noah exhaled, his lips curving into something softer, but not safer. “I told you, William.”

I inhaled sharply.

“You’re mine,” he murmured. “And I’m yours. Whether you like it or not.”

I hated him.

I wanted him.

I had no fucking clue where that left me.

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Noah

William thought he could pretend.

Thought he could keep his feelings locked up, hidden beneath layers of denial, like I didn't already see every fucking crack.

Like I hadn't just watched him snap. He had dragged me away.

Claimed me. Staked his territory like he didn't even realize what he was doing.

And now? Now he was acting like it never happened.

Cute.

But I wasn't going to let him get away with it. Because that look in his eyes? That fire in his touch? That jealousy burning through him so violently it shook?

That was mine.

And I was going to drag it out of him until he had nothing left to hide behind. We hadn't spoken about it. Not really. After he shoved me against the wall, after he trembled in my hands, after I told him You're mine, and I'm yours—he had run.

Not physically. But emotionally.

Now he was avoiding my gaze. Brushing past me in the halls like I wasn't under his

skin.

Pretending that he hadn't revealed exactly how far gone he was.

And I let him play that game. For a little while.

Because I wanted him to think he was getting away with it.

Before I shattered that illusion completely.

I found him in the library, hunched over his books, fingers tapping anxiously against the table. Tense. Uneasy. Waiting. He knew I was coming. He just didn't know when.

I smirked to myself, taking my time walking up behind him. Letting him feel it first. The shift in the air. The presence at his back. The moment his body registered me before his brain did.

His shoulders stiffened, his breath caught—

And still, he didn't turn around. That was fine. I would make him look at me. I dragged my fingers along the back of his chair before gripping the edge of the table, leaning down beside his ear.

"Busy?" My voice was low, teasing. Dangerous. He flinched like I had physically touched him.

"I—" His voice wavered. "Yeah. Studying."

I hummed, eyes dragging over the tense line of his jaw, the way his fingers curled around his pen like it was the only thing anchoring him.

Liar.

“You’ve been avoiding me.”

Finally, finally, he turned to glare at me, fire sparking in those stormy eyes.

“I have not.”

I smirked, dragging my thumb across his jaw, watching his throat bob as he swallowed.

“Say that again,” I murmured. “Without shaking.”

His breath hitched. Fuck, I loved this game.

“Noah—”

I leaned in, my lips ghosting over his ear. “Tell me, pretty boy...”

I trailed my fingers down his wrist, over the place where his pulse pounded violently beneath his skin.

“If you don’t care, why did you drag me away from him?”

His jaw tensed. Bingo.

I chuckled. “You don’t like seeing people touch what’s yours, do you?”

He jerked away, standing up so fast his chair scraped against the floor. “You’re not—”

I stood too, closing the space between us in a single step. Caging him in.

“What was that?”

He swallowed, his hands fisting at his sides. I tilted my head, voice dropping lower. “Finish your sentence, William.”

He licked his lips, eyes darting toward the exit, toward anything but me. Panicking.

I smirked. “That’s what I thought.”

He hated it. Hated me. Hated himself for wanting this.

I reached up, brushing a thumb over his bottom lip, watching his pupils blow wide.

“You can pretend all you want, pretty boy,” I whispered, “but we both know the truth.”

He exhaled shakily. I felt his resolve crumbling. And then, just to push him that little bit further, just to see him fall apart completely—

I turned and walked away.

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Noah

William was unraveling. I saw it in the way his fingers twitched when I was near, the way his breath hitched when I got too close. The way he clenched his jaw like he could physically hold himself together when all I wanted was to tear him apart.

I had spent weeks pulling him deeper, tangling him in a web so tight he could barely breathe, and still, he fought it. Still, he tried to deny me.

That ended tonight. He was done pretending. Done running. Done thinking he had a fucking choice. Because by the time I was through with him, there would be nothing left to fight.

I waited.

I let him think he was safe, let him believe he could slip away without consequence. I let him sit in his little apartment, lights off, door locked, as if that meant a damn thing.

And then I came for him.

His breath hitched the moment he saw me in his doorway. I didn't say a word. Just stepped inside and shut the door behind me, locking us in.

“Noah.”

I ignored the way his voice shook. I ignored the way his hands balled into fists like he

could stop what was about to happen.

Instead, I walked toward him. Slow. Measured. My eyes drinking in every inch of him—the tension in his shoulders, the slight tremor in his fingers, the way his chest rose and fell too fast. Like he was bracing himself.

Good.

“You’ve been running your mouth,” I murmured, stopping just close enough that I could feel his heat. “Acting like you don’t want this.”

He swallowed, his throat bobbing, but he didn’t answer. I reached up, brushing my knuckles along his jaw. His breath caught, his lips parting. Waiting.

Waiting for me to touch him.

Waiting for me to wreck him.

“You can fight all you want, pretty boy,” I whispered, tilting his chin up. “But we both know how this ends.”

His pulse pounded beneath my fingers. Desperate. Needy. Fucking begging for me. And still, he tried to deny it.

“You’re so full of yourself,” he muttered, voice shaking. “You think I—”

I cut him off by gripping his throat, not squeezing, just holding. Holding him in place, holding his breath in his lungs, holding him at the edge of something he couldn’t escape.

His pupils blown wide. His body frozen. I leaned in, my lips ghosting over his ear.

“Say you don’t want me.”

He trembled. I tightened my grip. “Say it.”

A shaky inhale. A slow exhale. Nothing. My smirk was slow, dangerous.

“That’s what I thought.”

He hated me. Hated himself. Hated how his body betrayed him so fucking easily. I dragged my mouth down his neck, teeth grazing the bruises I’d left before.

“You already lost,” I murmured against his skin, nipping just hard enough to make him shudder. “So why don’t you just admit it?”

His nails bit into my arms. Not pushing me away. Clinging. My blood ran hot.

Possessive.

Insatiable.

He was mine.

He had always been mine.

William

Noah didn't let me go. Not after. Not even for a second.

I was still trembling from everything he'd done to me, but he kept me right there, beneath him, drowning in the heat and weight of his body.

His breathing was uneven against my neck, lips brushing skin that I swore must be bruised from how hard he kissed me.

I couldn't think, couldn't speak, couldn't even hide the pathetic whimper that escaped when his hand slid down my side.

"No, no," Noah murmured darkly against my ear. "Don't run from me now."

I wasn't running. I was barely breathing.

And when he shifted, sliding his thigh between mine, I almost lost it right then.

"You thought you could act like you don't feel this?" His voice was low, dangerous. He pressed his palm flat against my chest, directly over my hammering heart. "You think I didn't notice how you've been clinging to me every time I touch you? Every time I ruin you?"

I shook my head, but it wasn't enough. Noah grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. Those dark, furious eyes that swallowed me whole. "Lie to me again, and I'll fuck the truth out of you," he hissed.

My body arched against him involuntarily. Shame burned through me, but it wasn't enough to stop the need.

He grinned like a predator who already knew the ending.

“No way out, William,” he whispered. “Not anymore.”

I hated how much I loved hearing that.

Noah kissed me again, slower this time but no less devastating.

His tongue claimed my mouth like it belonged there, like I belonged to him.

Every touch of his hands left me raw. My wrists pinned above my head, my legs forced open.

There was no pretense left. No excuses. No more pretending that I wasn't addicted to the way he destroyed me.

“You're mine,” Noah said, dragging his mouth down my neck, biting until I gasped. “Say it.”

I shook my head, defiant and desperate. His laugh was dark, pleased.

“Oh, you will.”

His hand slid lower, trailing down my body until I was shivering beneath him, my dignity nowhere in sight.

When I tried to turn away, he caught my throat—not to hurt, but to hold, to make sure I saw him. Felt him.

“You think I’ll let you go after this?” His thumb stroked my pulse. “After everything? No, sweetheart. You’ll beg me to keep you.”

Noah chuckled darkly. “You’re addicted, sweetheart. You just don’t want to admit it yet.”

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William

My fingers fumbled with the collar of my shirt as I sat on the edge of Noah's bed, the silence between us coiled tight like a wire about to snap.

I could still taste him—his kiss, his claim—lingering on my tongue. I could feel the weight of his stare, heavy and consuming, like he was still inside me somehow, even with a few feet between us.

He hadn't said much after dragging me back to the apartment. He didn't need to. The silence did more damage than words ever could.

Until now.

The bathroom door opened with a soft creak. I looked up—couldn't help it.

Noah stepped out, damp curls falling over his forehead, a small box rolling slowly between his fingers. He didn't make a sound, but I felt him. God, I always felt him.

My heart stuttered in my chest as he came closer, stopping just in front of me.

"Look at me," he said, quiet but firm. A command, not a request.

I looked. I always looked.

The box clicked open, and inside sat a silver ring. Simple. Elegant. Nothing flashy, but still screaming his .

And inside, engraved in smooth cursive, was his name.

My stomach dropped. “Noah—”

“You’ll wear it,” he murmured, stepping in until his thighs brushed my knees. “You’ll wear it for me, won’t you, sweetheart?”

That voice—low, syrup-thick, coaxing and cruel all at once—wrapped around my ribs and squeezed.

I swallowed hard. “Isn’t this—”

“Too much?” he cut in, head tilting like my hesitation amused him. He leaned in, breath hot against my ear. “You already gave yourself to me. This is just proof.”

His words slithered under my skin, heat pooling low in my stomach. I hated the way I leaned into it. Into him .

Into the gentle pressure of his thumb under my chin, tilting my face up like I was something precious. Like I belonged to him.

“I didn’t agree to—”

He kissed me.

Slow. Deep. Claiming.

By the time he pulled back, I was dazed. My lips parted, my breath unsteady.

His thumb traced the corner of my mouth, and when I whimpered from just that , he smiled.

“You’ll wear it,” he said again, softer now. “Because you crave it. Because you like being mine.”

My head spun. I should’ve said no. I should’ve run.

But instead, my hand lifted—shaking, stupid—and I let him slip the ring onto my finger.

It fit like it had always been meant to be there.

When he whispered “Good boy” against my lips, something in me cracked wide open.

Warmth. Hunger. Pride.

I didn’t even notice the tears slipping down my cheeks until he leaned in, licking one away with a quiet, cruel kind of tenderness.

“There’s no escape, sweetheart,” he whispered. “Never was.”

I loved it.