



# The Roommate (One Night #1)

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** None of it was supposed to happen.

Not the first kiss.

Not the same room allotment.

And definitely not the undeniable attraction.

But it did.

Now, the only way out is to burn.

But a burn isnt supposed to feel this good

**Total Pages (Source):** 17

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Message in a bottle is all I can do Standing here, hoping it gets to you”

“Life is like a sea, little princess. Very unpredictable.”

My Daddy always says this. Now, I think I’ve finally started to understand it.

“Yes, even Tiana said she would never ever kiss a frog, yet she did, and who knew, she would have turned into a frog herself.”

I watch him in awe with the wonder he does with the ropes—tying knots in so many styles.

We’re currently sitting on the deck of Daddy’s great-grandfather’s ship. We never sail, but it’s a really cool place to hang out. He came back yesterday and we always make sure to make the best of the three days of holiday he gets every month.

This time, he finally agreed on teaching me the rope work of ships.

He laughs. “You still can’t get over that movie, can you?”

I giggle. His laughter is contagious.

The air whips my hair, and the ocean water roars. It is so peaceful and happy. I could live here forever with Daddy. The princess of the sea and her king in their castle—the ship—forever.

“We just watched the movie last night. And kissing a frog is gross. It’s green and

ugly.”

My eyes suddenly drift towards the boy—who is so not a prince, nor a frog—as if some magical force pulling me towards him.

There is a whole ocean behind our houses—everything is divided by green and lush bushes.

Aiden is sitting in his backyard swing, headphones over his ears, and staring at the vast, endless ocean.

The wind has messed with his brown hair too, though they are a few shades darker than mine.

But it still looks soft like a fort of pillows.

They have grown quite longer than the first time I saw him a week ago.

I snicker imagining him in a tiny ponytail like I made with my Daddy’s hair.

I wonder why he is sitting there alone? What is going on in his cute head? He is the reason I wish for a mind-reading power.

As if the same magic is telling him about me, he turns towards me. The green in his eyes hits me like a tsunami, and I forget to breathe for a moment.

I quickly redirect my focus to Daddy instead.

I like Aiden Lennox. But he’s a meanie. He’ll probably just make fun of me if I tell him.

“Here I thought you liked green.” He raises an eyebrow, indicating that he saw our little eye-interaction. Oopsie.

“No, I like blue, Daddy.”

“Your eyes staring into a certain green ones says otherwise.”

“I wasn’t! And eyes don’t talk.” Then so quietly I continue, I don’t even think he heard. “But his green is different. Nothing like I’ve ever seen before.”

“Do you want to kiss him?”

“Him? Ew, no, Daddy! Besides, he hates me.” Realizing I sound disappointed, I add. “And I hate him too.”

“Good. Always remember what happened with Tiana.”

Then Daddy glares at Aiden. It makes me laugh for some reason.

“Now, watch and learn.”

Long, long minutes pass as we indulge ourselves in doing the basic, a bowline knot. For a hundredth time.

They aren’t as easy as they look, somehow.

“I brought snacks.”

Sounds of relief leave my mouth when Mommy joins us with foo...why is Aiden trailing behind her?

His gaze solely locked on mine.

I almost shiver. Almost .

“Hello, little Eda.” Another voice joins us.

“Lily!” I run to hug Lily when I see her coming here as well with one-year old baby in her arms. I swear she’s the cutest baby I have ever seen. “Can I please hold Aisley?”

I look at Lily with puppy eyes that always work with Daddy.

“No. You don’t even know how to hold a baby.” Aiden interrupts before she can reply.

“And you know how to hold a baby?”

“I’m her brother.”

“Then I’ll be her sister.”

I fold my arms and glare at him. His lips twitch, as if he wants to smile but is also hiding it.

“Kids! Let’s not fight.” Lily looks at me. “She’s sleeping right now. I will give her to you when she’s awake. Okay, sweetie?”

“Okay.” I smile and nod.

But Aiden. Jesus! He’s such a mood ruin-er. I like Aiden, no, I liked Aiden. If he’s bad to me, I can be bad too.

Before that, food is more important. As if on cue, my stomach growls.

“Can I try that?” He asks Daddy, pointing at the ropes.

“Of course, Aiden. Let me show you first.”

He looks keenly interested. Why does he even want to learn it? I wonder and watch him intently. He succeeds after several attempts but certainly fewer attempts than mine.

No way.

I forget snacks and my earlier exhaustion, and continue to make the knot as well.

“I did it!” But certainly, it isn’t as good as his. And it fills me with frustration. Especially when Aiden mockingly laughs.

Several hours pass.

With stuffed bellies and lots and lots of laughter. Lily had gone back home to feed Aisley.

“Mommy! Daddy! Look at that!” I scream and run towards the railing as the view of the sky—hues of orange and pink, melts together and reflects on the water. It’s nothing less than magic. It feels like I’m enchanted by the ocean.

I smile the widest because, isn’t it the prettiest sight one could ever see? My grin doesn’t even fade when I see Aiden in my peripheral standing beside me.

“Look, it’s so beautiful.”

“Yeah,” He speaks so low I almost don’t hear it.

I look at him and tilt my head in confusion. “You aren’t even watching the view.”

Because he’s watching me. Me .

And...is that a tiny smile on his face? Not of mockery but serene. Did I do that to him? Never mind my earlier thoughts, I don’t want to be bad to him. I still like him.

“Whatever.” He sighs, and stops smiling.

And I give up. He’s a broody and grumpy frog who can’t even enjoy a beautiful scenery. I won’t let him ruin mine though.

“There’s a myth about the ocean.” My Daddy says, standing behind us. “You write the name of the person you love on a piece of paper, keep it in a bottle and give it to the water. If your love finds it, then he or she is your true love.”

“Isn’t that impossible, Daddy?”

“That’s why it’s a myth, princess.”

“What is true love?” Aiden asks, curiosity gleaming in his eyes.

Mommy answers instead, looking at Aiden, then Daddy with so much love.

“True love is something that goes beyond feelings. You are obsessed with the person so much that you would do anything for them. It is love that you feel not only in your heart, but also in your soul. Their happiness is your happiness. Their sadness is your sadness. It is when you can’t breathe or think if anything happens to them.

Your spirit is entwined with theirs. They are the only person you want to kiss.

And being in their vicinity gives you a peace that no one else can. ”

Her words fill me with awe.

“It sounds awful.”

Of course Aiden finds it awful. There is nothing that he can find nice and beautiful, can he?

But maybe...maybe I can teach him. I can show him true love. It can't be that hard. A kiss is all it takes, right? Maybe then, he will like me too.

Wait— isn't love a stronger word for like?

An idea forms in my head.

I run inside my house.

“Eda!” Someone shouts my name. But I ignore them.

I tear a small piece of the page from the back of my notebook and write his name.

I somewhat make a mess of our house while on my mission to find a bottle.

I'm breathing hard by the time I find a small, vial-like, medicine bottle.

It's empty, and while I wonder why Mommy kept it, I am glad that she did.

I safely roll the paper inside the bottle, and then run back outside to the shoreline.



Slowly, I leave the bottle in the ocean letting it float. A thousand, millions of thoughts run in my mind. I have no idea how he will find it when we both live on this side of the water. But isn't that the real test?

"I see, my daughter likes someone."

I smile, waiting for some miracle to happen.

Possibly him .

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“If this is all that’s real, All I wanna do is get high by the beach”

Life is unpredictable.

That’s my first thought when I see mum in the living room with bloodshot eyes. Probably some new drugs she found.

My dad used to talk about the unpredictability. The sea. He would always find some correlation between life and water. Dad made it a habit of giving me life lessons in every single thing. After all, he only got three days a month to spend time with me.

And spend time with her—my mother.

There was so much love between them, what I used to believe as true love. Now that I come to think of it, it was stupid, ignorant and childish.

Considering, it cost her her sanity.

And mine, retrospectively.

We were supposed to go through dad’s death together but she chose drugs over me. She has become all bones and looks older than she really is. I guess drugs do that to people.

Life was unpredictable that way. I mean, who knew a ten-year old would be able to get over their father’s death on their own?

Maybe.

Or maybe I'm just too busy surviving.

This is just another reminder that things haven't been the same and never will be since dad died.

My heart squeezes in my chest.

"Where are you going?" Her voice strains.

"Do you care?"

"I'm still your mother."

I sigh. "To the party."

"Whatever. Enjoy and use protection."

A mother, isn't she? She doesn't even know that I don't do parties, that I have never gone to one before.

I don't do people either.

I doubt my decision to go out tonight, as I step out of the house. Clarissa, my only friend, begged, no, threatened me to come to the finals' party this year.

Unfortunately, none of the excuses I gave worked. So, now here I am walking to Clair's house next to mine and shivering in cold. It's peak January.

I ring the bell hoping for her to open the door as soon as possible, which doesn't even

take a second.

“What in the good heavens are you wearing?” It’s been years, but I still can’t get over her British accent.

“Hello to you too. Let me in, I’m freezing.”

Her house is much, much warmer. Goosebumps rise on my skin at the sudden change of temperature.

Clair is already dressed up in a pretty pink dress and matching make-up, looking as beautiful as an angel. Her blonde hair falling over her shoulders in perfect waves.

“Hello. Now, what are you wearing?”

“It’s called a hoodie and jeans.”

“You wear that every day. You can’t go like that.”

“Why not?”

She gives me all the reasons I can’t wear what I currently am as we walk to her room.

At this point, it is more of a home to me than my own. Considering the fact that I stay here most of the time to hide from mum. Even some of my clothes are at her house.

Colton is the one always throwing parties around the entire years of school. Colton, who also happens to be his best friend.

Aiden’s.

Which means Aiden will also be there. And I don't want to see him at all. Besides being my academic rival, which is fine by me, he is hell-bent on making my life hell. Having a rival has always pushed me to do better but he...he is infuriating.

If life has been giving me lemons, then he adds vinegar to it.

"Here, wear this, Eda. It's about time you show off those sexy curves."

Sexy? Repulsive is the word she should be using.

I was so lost in thought that I didn't even realize Clair was going through my clothes in her wardrobe.

She holds out a plain light blue dress with a square neckline, a thick waistline that is just a few centimeters below the breasts area, and a flow-y length that ends too short. A dress she gifted me last birthday.

"Oh, hell no." Show off my curves? The biggest no.

This is one and the only thing that I'm insecure about. Maybe because of the reason behind it but...I internally shake my head. It's not the time to think that, not when Clarissa is here, who can read me like an open book.

"Come on—"

I cut her off. "No. I agreed to come to the party. But I'm not wearing that dress."

Because nothing can convince me to wear that. Then she uses her wildcard, and gives me that look.

"Nuh-uh. Nope. Not happening. Absolutely not. Not in this lifetime."

The party is in full swing when we arrive...with me in that stupid dress.

It isn't easy to win against her.

I pull the hem down, feeling a lot self-conscious. It is short enough that if I bend over, my panties would be on full display and it shows a good amount of my cleavage.

Why did I agree to all of this again?

Yeah, right, because I'm such an idiot.

"You look perfectly gorgeous. Take a breath." Clarissa encourages me as she holds my hand all the way through the crowd.

Unlike me who glories herself in invisibility, Clair is someone whom everybody knows. It takes us approximately twenty-minutes to reach the kitchenette bar that is supposed to be a few minutes away from the main door with all the hellos and heys.

The place is just as I expected—sweaty, drunk teenagers dancing and grinding against each other. Few throwing up and few...ugh, they need to get a room.

The only thing new is me. I feel intimidated, uncomfortable and so not me.

Definitely not when I snatch the drink from Clair's hand and gulp it down in one go. The alcohol burns its way down my throat like I just swallowed a burning coal that is made of spice and herbs. But I need liquid courage if I'm going to last for even an hour.

"Edaline, are you alright?" I hum in approval...I think.

"You just had a drink." I nod.

“You never drink.”

My body is heating.

I thought that escaping from the hellhole of my house and some time away from my mother was what I needed. But suddenly, I’m doubting everything. I should run away from the house permanently instead.

“That was absinthe you had.” Absinthe— a high proof alcohol.

It registers to me that Clair is sounding worried.

I don’t understand why. Because I certainly am feeling good. Very good . Better than ever. As if some huge amount of dopamine has hit me in waves, so hard, I almost feel nauseous. But it’s good. So good.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?”

“I...m,”

“Good Lord! You’re drunk already.”

“I’m going to eat something.” I slur my words a little, but I swear I’m not drunk. My eyes find the luxurious food these rich folks have.

Surviving on canned food, a few chef-cooked-extra-food-by “mistake” from Clair, and unhealthy doses of candies isn’t very ideal. So, I stuff my mouth with whatever food looks the best.

She doesn’t leave me alone, though, which I’m really glad of, but I don’t need babysitting. Really.

“You should go and enjoy yourself.” I shout over the music. Why is it so loud suddenly?

“I’m not leaving you alone.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be right here devouring all these delicious delicacies.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

“Good. Don’t die.”

I don’t know how long passes as I keep stealing the rich people food. I might be overweight but I was born like this. And this body needs a good amount of food that isn’t fulfilled by the earnings from my part-time job.

Goosebumps rise on my back, and my skin feels all...all prickly . The familiar feeling of being stared at hits me like a brick.

And suddenly it feels like I’m not drunk enough. All I can hear is my own heartbeat and...oh God, I’m going to throw up.

I’m that six-year old girl again complaining that someone is watching me. The lights and noises fade...bushes, trees, tall grass...I’m in the park again...no...

I’m so close to a panic attack as I turn my head around to find the source, moving so fast, I almost break my neck.

Until I find a pair of green eyes. They appear black though, in the dim lights.



The storm of panic inside me roars, then everything quiets like a peaceful night.

So quiet that I think maybe I really am drunk and I imagined everything.

Aiden.

He is leaning against the wall conversing with his friends, but his eyes are locked on me.

Has he been the one watching me this whole time? I thought I had successfully avoided him.

I disappear out back, in the dimly lit backyard, planning to explore the house instead.

I shiver at the gust of cold wind. My steps are wobbly but I feel light and free, even after that almost panic attack.

“Isn’t this a surprise, Blueberry?”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Ever thought of calling when you've had a few? 'Cause I always do Maybe I'm too Busy being yours to fall for somebody new”

There are a total of three times when I've felt my heartbeat stop. The good type.

The first time was when my mother and I were wandering in the garden, when I was three or four, and we discovered several bushes of blueberries. I remember the burst of flavors. Sweet but not too sweet. Bitter but not too much. That's how I found my favorite fruit.

The second was when I saw her the first time. Shy and quiet little Edaline with loud blue eyes—contrasting yet in a perfect balance. I'd felt like a pirate being lured by a siren.

The third is right fucking now, as I see her.

Here. In a dress .

Some mysterious force drew me to her, making me aware of her presence without seeing her.

She shouldn't even be here.

She never comes to these things.

She is the only one who can debate me into silence, who can burn me with a single glare, who hides behinds books like it's her armor, who is such a good fucking girl.

Hell, I've never seen her in anything other than a hoodie and jeans ever since she grew up.

But here she is, looking like a temptress, a fucking minx.

Every goddamn curve is on display. Every inch of her skin visible makes me itch with the need to touch her.

I trace the length of her creamy legs, without even trying to be subtle, that feels too possessive to be healthy.

They'd look perfect resting on my shoulders.

And as much as I hate to admit it, her ass looks delectable in that dress.

I'm torn between dragging her out of here so no one else sees her, or dropping to my knees in worship right here.

Fuck me.

I'm pretty sure I haven't had that many drinks but it feels as if I'm high. Because there's no way I'm planning to act on my intrusive thoughts, like pulling her away from here and kissing the fuck out of her, right?

I stare at her like a creep—like I always do.

I can't look away from her.

The loud music, Jeremy's narcissistic blabber about himself and Colton's replies dims to a hum. I don't listen to a word they're saying, or anything for the matter of fact. The entire room has blurred, and all I can see is her.

Poetic much? Fuck it.

Her fingers fidget at her sides as Clarissa drags her to the kitchenette bar. She is nervous, I realize. She's confident when it comes to everything, but this?

And suddenly, I need to be with her.

No. Fuck no.

Edaline Walter is off-limits, for me or anyone else. I have made sure of it since junior school.

"Dude, you gotta check this out!" Jeremy punches me on the shoulder, startling me while showing me something unintelligent on his phone. I glare at him while thinking of all the ways to murder him, so I can watch her peacefully.

"He doesn't care. He's too busy watching his neighbor ." Colton laughs. Change of plans: I'm going to murder both of them , and then watch her peacefully.

"Piss off. Both of you."

I watch her get drunk in one glass. Of course, because Edaline never drinks. Just how careless is Clarissa?

She scarfs down almost everything that is present on the table.

I know hers and her mother's condition hasn't been that good, especially if the rumors of Olivia Walter becoming a drunkard is true.

I don't judge her for eating too much, it is actually adorable, but in the desperate way she is eating right now, either she has starved for days or simply loves desserts too

much to be healthy.

I'm ambushed by thousands of unwelcome thoughts—her splaying down as I lick the chocolate drip from her navel, images of her—

Suddenly something changes.

Her head snaps up, body tenses. Even from far, the panic in her eyes is unmistakably evident. Her gaze darts around the room, frantic, like she's searching for a threat.

What the hell?

Then her eyes lock onto mine.

And just like that—she stills.

Something unreadable flickers across her face. Not fear. Not anger. Something what one would call a relief. I'd very much believe that if I didn't know her better.

The entire incident leaves me confused as fuck.

She looks away too quickly, but the damage is done.

I watch her leave, and though I don't understand why, I follow her out.

I'm across the room before I think better of it, stopping right behind her. My voice a low growl near her ear. "Isn't this a surprise, Blueberry?"

She stiffens, but I catch the way her breath hitches. "What?"

"Didn't know we'd ever have the pleasure of seeing you at a party."

“Why not?” She turns around to face me. “I’m celebrating, after all, I secured the first position that is more than you.”

Her words should piss me off. They do piss me off. But all I can focus on is the way her lips curve around that taunt, the flash of triumph in her eyes.

I step closer, crowding her personal space. The cold bites at my skin, but she’s all I feel—warm, alive, infuriating .

“Celebrating?” I smirk. “Should’ve told me. I would’ve made sure you got a better prize than just first place.”

“Like what?”

Like my hand around your throat while I fuck you against the nearest wall.

I wonder how she isn’t feeling cold as the wind seeps through my jacket, chilling me. I almost choke on nothing when I accidentally see her nipples pointing hard through her dress. She folds her arms over them but it only pushes her breasts more.

All my control goes to hell as my brain imagines touching her delicious curves.

She huffs, rolling her eyes. “Get a picture, why don’t you?” She leaves me standing alone, and goes near the pool.

I follow her again, like a moth drawn to the flame.

“You’re shivering.”

“I’m fine.” A lie. Her arms wrapped around herself are covered in goosebumps.

I shrug off my jacket before she can protest and drape it over her shoulders. She stiffens—always so damn stubborn—but doesn't push me away.

An unwanted feeling punches through my stomach, and I don't understand how my temperature rises despite the cold as I see her clutching my jacket. It nearly swallows her frame.

Then she does something I very much expected. "I don't need this." And proceeds to take off my jacket.

"I wouldn't want this rivalry to go to waste if you die of cold. That would be a shame."

"It's not that cold."

"Your teeth are chattering. It's annoying."

Her eyes narrow. "Whatever, I'll return it to you after washing it tomorrow."

"Hmm." I don't know why I'm still here or why I'm thinking of a conversation with her but apparently, I am.

"You're staring again," she mutters, shifting under the weight of my gaze.

"What are you really doing here?"

"Why are you still here? Don't you have any poor souls to torment?"

"Don't worry about that. You're my favorite one."

"Oh, I'm so honored." She mockingly bows, making me burst into a laugh.

A realization hits me of how close we're standing to each other right now. Her nose and cheeks are dotted with faded freckles. So light that wouldn't have been visible if we weren't standing toe to toe right now. Literally.

My eyes flicker to her lips for a second. So does hers to mine.

My chest is brimming with a feeling, an overwhelming urge to kiss her. An urge to kidnap her away. It's weird but it's there, gnawing its way out.

"As you should, Blueberry." I lean in, the move more on instinct than a conscious decision, and take a deep breath. We're so fucking close that her scent hits me—coconuts and salty, sea water.

The moonlight catches in her eyes and something raw flickers there, something that matches the hunger clawing at my ribs.

I shouldn't want her but I can't do the rational thing, not when she is standing so close to me.

I snap.

My hand fists in the fabric of my jacket at her collar, yanking her against me. Her gasp is swallowed by my mouth, hot and demanding.

I shudder but it isn't because of the cold this time.

She tastes like victory and defiance and mine , mine , mine—

She melts for half a second before shoving me back, chest heaving. "We hate each other."



I drag my thumb over her bottom lip, smirking. “Keep telling yourself that, Blueberry.”

Then I grab her waist and smash my lips on her again.

This time, she kisses me back. I push my tongue against her lips daring her to open. Her lips part allowing me in as she holds on to my neck.

Our teeth clash and tongues collide.

I devour her as the years of wanting her comes undone.

It’s raw and burning. So fucking electric.

She bites me and I bite her back.

We kiss like we fight. Like the way we hate each other.

We pull apart for a moment to take a breath.

“Tell me to stop.” I whisper, but the look in her eyes is pure need. I’m sure that mine’s reflecting the same.

My hands tighten on her waist, and we kiss again. Feast is probably more accurate.

This one is deeper and hungrier.

This one is a war.

I want more of her. I want her everything. To own her, mark her as mine .

I grab her throat and devour her like an animal until she has no choice but to give in to this fight for dominance. And she— fuck—s he melts under my touch, submitting to me. Completely.

She pulls away and whispers, “We should stop. We need to stop.”

Yes, fuck! She is right.

And I hate it. I hate it more than I would ever admit.

I rest my head on her without being able to look in her eyes. I tighten my hold on her throat and give a tug to her lower lip before pulling away from her and leaving without a word, without looking back knowing I’m so goddamn close to losing my control.

I need to stay away from her.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“What could I have said to raise you from the dead?”

“ Goodness! You’re finally there. I’m sorry, I wish we were doing this together but you know Dad’s situation. ”

“It’s alright. In a way we are doing it together, you’re just not here physically.”

“ Hang on—that door opens to the bathroom. Oh, we’re sharing. ” Clarissa’s fake excitement fades away at that.

The room is simple, small, and white. Two desks attached to the wall, a single cupboard with two columns, a small arch window, the private bathroom (thank God it’s not communal), and two beds separated by a common bedside table.

It doesn’t have much space to walk around.

Clair keeps on talking about how we can decorate it all, and lists everything we will do together.

Just me and her against the world.

I do my best to maintain the smile on my face. Not feeling even an ounce of excitement, not when my heart is full of dread. Not when even after finally being away from home, all I want to do is run back to Mayrindale.

The nightmare still haunts me. It’s been worse ever since I stepped in USA. Logic says Blackwood and Silveridge are at opposite ends, thousands of miles away. There

is not a single chance he should be here. But the comeback of my nightmares don't help either.

At this point, I didn't think that missing my Dad more could be possible, but apparently it is. No one is here, and I've never felt this alone before.

Clair and I were supposed to enter our hostel together, but she couldn't leave early because of her father's trial. She might not say it but the shadow in her excitement betrays her fear—her father might go to jail. Thus, she is there with him. I understand her, and it's alright.

Meanwhile, I couldn't delay because well, it's already been nine years of me living in the hellhole of my house, it doesn't matter how scared I am.

A pang hits my chest at the thought that I have left my mother alone, in her condition.

But to spend even a day more made me want to drown just like my father did.

Ever since he died, everything has straight out gone to hell.

The rest of the day passes in a blur, unpacking and arranging my stuff. I didn't bring much—not that I had much to bring. But it was still a task to organize every single thing perfectly...

I lied. It's not alright. I need my best friend with me even if it makes me selfish. It is at this moment that I realize just how alone I truly am. And it hurts. It feels like an empty hole where my heart should have been.

By the time I finish, all I want to do is pick up a book and read until I pass out...which I do soon enough as exhaustion takes over me, without even giving me a chance to open the book.

Three days.

That's how long I've been holed up in my dorm room, drowning in this new book I bought on my way here—Blackwood.

Three days of ignoring the world—unless it's Clair's pixelated smile on my screen or the hollow silence where my mother's voice should have been. The landline number at my home rings and rings, but she never picks up.

Sebastian and Hana tried to get me to go with them to the frat house party tonight, but it takes place every Friday there (or so I have heard), so maybe next time.

The two of them are the first friends I made on my second day—or more like, they made me their friends.

They are also my neighbors. Hana showed up with brownies, Seb trailing behind her; I couldn't help but smile at their sweetness and Hana's brightest smile that can blind the sun itself.

It reminded me of when mom used to bake pies for new neighbors.

Since we had nothing to do as there is still one week left for the classes to begin, all I did was read the entire time—curled up in my bed with my latest obsession, and completely lost in the fantasy.

I close my eyes, a moan escaping my lips as I imagine myself in her place—the book's FMC. The way she's being punished and how he keeps bringing her to the edge, I can almost feel his eyes on me.

In some sick way, I want to feel that punishment, and more.

Being a goodie has been working well my entire life, but it doesn't mean that I want everything good and vanilla.

I need the filth. The ruin. The kind of pleasure that leaves bruises.

A sharp rattle at the door snaps me back to reality.

My heart stutters in my chest. There is no way anyone should be here. The door shakes again with the impatient and violent twisting of the knob. Like, whoever it is seems to come with a mission of breaking down the door if it doesn't open right this moment.

It is, I check the clock, 2 a.m. What the hell? I swear it was ten p.m. just now . My breath hitches as my turned-on state trades for fear.

Is it Seb or Hana—drunk and mistaking my room for theirs? But my gut coils tight, instinct hissing danger.

I quickly text on the group chat Hana created 'Bad Mouthing Ms. Rosalind' about where they are and got a reply almost immediately too.

If it's not them, then who?

Who can it even be at this hour?

Everyone is at the party taking place tonight, as far as I know.

And it's definitely not Clarissa. She is not the type to give surprises. Unless it is to orchestrate someone's downfall, which I'm sure is not the case in mine.

The door shudders under another brutal knock.

And it is as scary as a horror movie.

I can either put my earphones on, ignore the world and sleep, or I can be one of those stupid heroines who die first in the horror films and open the door.

I hate horror films.

I internally scream at myself to get it together.

Damn you, Clarissa, for talking about serial killers last Halloween.

Maybe if I stay quiet enough, whoever it is will go away thinking that I'm at the party too.

Maybe I'm just thinking too much.

I take a deep breath, and move towards my possible death, clutching a steel bottle in hand. I crack the door open—just enough to see.

A man, his back facing me, surrounded by a travel bag and sealed boxes. It worries me more. Is it...a roommate? Wrong room. My roommate is Clarissa, definitely not a man. And suddenly, I feel super annoyed. Both at him and myself—

He immediately turns around, a scowl adorning his face. My annoyance-filled relief doesn't last long as I see who it is.

It is way worse than a serial killer or a ghost.

Did I doze off while reading the book, and by any chance, this is just a nightmare?

No way.

It can't be real.

I close my eyes praying this is some mistake or I'm hallucinating vividly, and he is not real. He's not here. I'll wake up, and he will disappear.

“Well, well, well. Hello there, roomie.” His voice is deeper than I remember.

Why are you real?

I think, as I open my eyes and still see the face of the person, I thought I would never see again.

Wait—did he just call me his roomie ?



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“I wanna kiss you I wanna kill you”

I have fantasized about Edaline Walter more times than it is healthy to admit. So many times, that I wonder if my mind is playing some vile trick on me right now.

There’s no other explanation.

The only person whom I thought I’d finally be away from is standing right here in front of me, eyes wide with shock, lips parted in that same infuriatingly tempting way that makes me want to bite them. And a bottle in her hand.

The universe has a sick sense of humor.

She’s just my roommate. No biggie, right? Except it is.

She’s the one girl I’ve been trying (and failing) to avoid since junior school.

She’s the one girl who is very, very attractive with a body built to be worshipped.

Edaline.

“You’re not my roommate.” Her voice is sharp, laced with panic.

I toss her the room slip. “The paper says otherwise, Blueberry.”

She stares at it as if it’ll magically rewrite itself. “No. No, no, no. My roommate is Clarissa. Is this some new torture method you concocted?”

“Good to know you’re still joined by the hip to your Blondie.” I drag my bags inside, ignoring the way my pulse spikes just by being near her. “But I would rather incinerate myself alive than share space with you intentionally.”

She walks up and stops right in front of me, “What do you think you’re doing? I’m not sharing a room with you.”

“Trust me, I’m equally thrilled. But I’m not sleeping in the hallway either.”

“Oh God, please tell me it’s a freaking nightmare.” She groans, throwing her head back, as I organize my stuff on my side of the room.

“It is not,” I smirk, enjoying the implication of me replying as her God. I move close to her. “Though I’m flattered you dream of me.”

Her cheeks flush crimson.

Fuck.

“I must truly be in hell then,” She snaps. “to have the pleasure of meeting the devil incarnate himself. Again.”

“Careful, sweetheart. Saints don’t kiss like you do.”

Seriously, brain? Is it you talking or my dick?

Even pissed off, she’s breathtaking.

I’ve seen her so put together, perfect, untouchable. But this? Catching her off guard is like uncovering a sin I wasn’t meant to witness. My pulse riots, the traitorous organ drums against my ribs.

I thought I'd buried this hunger, locked it away where it couldn't ruin me.

My mistake.

One glance. That's all it takes. One fucking glance and my control shatters like glass.

Those blue eyes—same, though a little dull like someone polluted the ocean of her eyes. Flushed cheeks, her hair tied in a messy bun, leaving strands to surround her face like halo.

I need to walk away. I need to demand a room change. But the second her scent—coconuts and sea water—hits me, my body betrays me. My cock stiffens and every promise I ever made to stay the hell away from her evaporates.

Yup, I'm definitely thinking and talking with my dick.

That's when I notice her side of the room. And it is all blue . Every. Single. Thing. From her bed sheets to the frames of photos she has put. Our beds are separated by a common bedside shelf. And there is...what the fuck? A fucking seashell?

“Nice decor, by the way. Did you rob a beach shop on your way here?”

“Hey! I have a lovely aesthetic...”

My eyes suddenly find a book on her bed. My hands automatically reach for it before she throws the bottle at me. I duck in time as it lands loudly, leaving a dent on the wall.

She pushes me, making me capture both her hands.

“Getting kinky, aren't we?”

“Get. Out.” Her face, neck and ears are bright red as she struggles to release herself.

Fuck, she’s so damn cute.

“You seem to have forgotten it’s my room as well.”

The moment my fingers tighten around her wrists, I feel it—the electric current that’s always crackled between us.

Edaline’s breath hitches, her pulse fluttering wildly beneath my grip.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I should let go. I should walk away before I do something stupid.

But since when have I ever done what I should ? And when has the stupid universe cared about it?

Her chest rises and falls in quick, shallow breaths, her blue eyes darkening like a storm rolling over the sea. I know that look. I’ve seen it before—right before we kissed years ago.

I still remember that night like it happened yesterday. Every vivid touch of hers, the desperation as our lips met, and we kissed like we were fighting. She had melted under my touch and submitted to me like a good girl.

“Let. Me. Go.” She grits out, but there’s a tremor in her voice that betrays her.

I smirk, leaning in until my lips brush the shell of her ear. “Make me.”

She shivers— fucking shivers —and I feel it everywhere. My cock throbs in

response, aching with the years of need for her.

“This isn’t funny.”

“And you think I want this? To be stuck with someone who hates me?”

Her lips part, but no sound comes out.

Good.

Because I’m not done.

“You think I enjoy knowing that no matter how many times I tell myself to stay the hell away from you, I can’t?” My grip tightens, pulling her flush against me. “That every time I see you, I remember exactly how you taste?”

Her breath stutters.

I can see the war in her eyes—the same one raging inside me.

Hate and want. Anger and need.

A sharp knock makes us jump apart. Edaline realizes what just happened between us and hides her emerging emotions behind her pure glare.

Too bad.

I already know what’s behind her mask.

Rosalind Hates, as her name suggests, hates everyone as if the entire world has personally wronged her. And, like a cherry on top, she is our warden.

I met her earlier, and she is not exactly a friendly person who would happily wake up from her beauty sleep to welcome you at midnight.

The door's already open, and I see her standing there along with a few of our neighbors (I assume). Edaline stands here by my side, having another shocker of her day, or night, or morning (as some people might debate).

Silence descends before the storm hits.

“What. Are. You. Two. Doing ?”

The moment Rosalind's eyes land on the dent in the wall, the air in the room shifts . It's not anger—not the explosive, fiery kind. No, this is something far worse.

Her silence is more unnerving than any scolding. She steps forward, her polished shoes clicking against the floor like a ticking time bomb.

Edaline straightens beside me, her fingers twitching at her sides. She knows what's coming, and it doesn't seem good.

Rosalind can't be that bad. Can she?

She tilts her head, examining the damage. Then, ever so slowly she turns her gaze to us.

“Who,” she says, her voice deceptively soft, “did this?”

Edaline opens her mouth, but I cut in. “It was an accident.”

Rosalind's lips curve. Not a smile—a warning.

“An accident ,” she repeats, “How interesting.”

She steps closer, and despite myself, my muscles tense. Not because I’m afraid—I don’t do fear. But because Rosalind seems like the type who doesn’t need violence to make you regret your existence.

“You see, this dorm has rules . Rules that exist because of children like you who think consequences don’t apply to them.”

Edaline stiffens. “We didn’t—”

“ Silence. ” The word cracks like a whip. Edaline’s jaw snaps shut.

“You will both report to the maintenance office at dawn. You will spend the next week repairing every damaged wall and repainting every scuff mark in this building.”

My teeth grind. “That’s bullshit.”

Her gaze slides to me, and a shiver runs down my spine. Well, fuck. “Would you prefer I take this to the disciplinary board?” she asks sweetly. “I hear expulsion is quite a stain on one’s record.”

Edaline pales.

I clench my fists but say nothing.

“Good.” That being her last words, she leaves. I see some of the neighbors giving us a look of pity, before Edaline shuts the door and locks it this time.

Edaline exhales shakily, her shoulders sagging. But when her eyes meet mine, they’re not defeated. They’re furious.

“This,” she hisses, “is all your fault.”

I step into her space, “You’re the one who threw the bottle, Blueberry.”

Her breath hitches, but she doesn’t back down. “Stay away from me.”

I smirk. “Quite difficult considering we’re roommates .”

“I’m going to kill you, Aiden Lennox.”

All I do is laugh at those words.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Sometimes I hate that you know me so well”

Aiden Lennox is a grade-A asshole (as if he wasn't before).

A beautifully crafted, insufferable menace who lives to see me unravel.

Two days. Just two goddamn days. That's how long it took for him to sink his claws under my skin. Again . This time, though, deeper than ever.

I thought he was evil before, but after living in his vicinity, he is the goddamn devil.

And the worst part? He knows it. He revels in it.

His presence alone enrages me. Makes me want to bang my head on the wall. Or maybe bang his head against the wall. I'm not a violent person by any means. But Aiden Lennox makes me want to kill one of us.

That arrogant smirk, those stupid dimples and every single glance, every taunt is a calculated move in this sick game of his.

The asshole thrives on chaos. And me? I'm his favorite one.

He's a poison. A slow, intoxicating venom that I can't purge from my system.

I was determined to ignore him. But he's everywhere—shirtless after a shower, sprawled on his bed like he owns the place, smirking when I glare (showing off those dimples, might I add), and looking at me with the same hunger as the way he did the-

night-we-don't-speak-of.

I broke every rule of mine that night. I wore a dress. I went to a party. I drank. I kissed him.

Rosalind warned us. One more fight and you're out . But Aiden doesn't know how to quit, and neither do I. It's a wonder that we're still here. Considering that instead of painting the wall, once, we made a mess of the entire room by throwing paint on each other.

I hate him.

I hate how he shows no emotions other than ease, always remaining in control.

I hate how he always acts like he couldn't care less.

I can't lose to him.

We have had this sort of relationship since fourth grade. He's more than just my academic rival. Aren't academic rivals supposed to fight in academics only? But no, he has made it his vow to make my life hell.

He's the thorn in my side, the boy who stole my first curse word (he deserved it, though), my first kiss, my goddamn sanity.

And I let him.

I freaking let him.

When his mother died, I saw the cracks in his armor. For that one night, the mask slipped and behind was a beautiful, broken boy, who was torturing himself.

And the fool I am, I reached for him. Not out of pity, but because for that one time, I could read him. I could understand him. I could feel his pain like my own. And he let me in. He didn't push me away.

Lily was the sweetest and brightest woman I've ever met.

She smiled at me every time, and it felt like healing from a wound I didn't have.

I loved her and her sudden death devastated us both.

This is an understatement because Aiden and I both were shattered, him more so than me.

I know exactly how it feels to lose a parent.

I know how he felt. And I wouldn't wish that pain upon my worst enemy.

But apparently, he couldn't digest it. He became more and more persistent with his whatever the damned reason was to mess with me.

And now? Now we're roommates.

I need Clarissa. With her, everything is possible. She always has a solution to everything. She would know what to do in my situation. And it doesn't help that this is the moment when she'd decided to switch off her phone.

I'd be concerned had I not known that she does that—switch off the phone—when she's depressed. Does it make me selfish for needing her when she's struggling on her own? Yes, goddamn yes.

I'm stuck with Aiden.

Until I find some solution to this, I'm stuck with his smug grin, his infuriating control, his body—Jesus, his body should be illegal.

The sharp cut of his jaw, those sinful lips that looks too soft for his features, the way his abs flex when he stretches like some goddamn Greek God.

He is annoyingly beautiful with his olive-green eyes.

Those eyes. And his dark, silky hair that makes me want to run my fingers through them (which is again—super annoying).

His dimples show when he smiles and it's infuriating.

His entire existence is irritating—his looks, his personality, everything.

My life has gone to shit since he crossed the threshold of our room—or more accurately, since he entered my life years ago.

Having him around always gives me an existential crisis.

I had a boyfriend, Michael, a few months after the-night-we-don't-speak-of.

I've kissed Michael too, but I hated how sloppy he was for an eighteen-year-old, or maybe compared to a certain eighteen-year-old.

It was pathetic of me to compare my boyfriend (ex) with my rival.

One more thing added to the list of reasons for 'Why I hate Aiden Lennox?'.

He has ruined my kisses for me. Well, Michael and I broke up before our senior year finals.

I have grown up with Aiden, technically. He was my neighbor after all. He'd seen my ugly teenage phase. But he never went through that awkward stage. One day, he was this innocent-looking, adorable boy and the next he was a freaking Adonis.

Sharing a room with a rival like him is a special kind of torture. Even though he has distracted me enough for my nightmares to stop.

It's an unspoken game now— who gives in first?

One of us will break, and it won't be me.

I know he sees it—how much he affects me, despite my failed attempts to hide it. He's always seen right through me after all, hasn't he? Like some wizard with a crystal ball that reveals every corner of my mind to him.

But I'll never, ever admit what he wants to hear. I'll never utter a word about how badly I crave his hands on me, how I still feel the ghost of his lips on mine.

It will be him, not me.

Not that I want him to act on it. No, that will not be happening. Not again. That night was a mistake. One that gives us a lesson and tells us to never repeat it again.

Yet I can't erase the memory of that night. I can't forget the look in his eyes like he wanted to consume me.

God, I hate him.

I hate the way my logic goes to hell when he's near.

I hate it when he calls me that stupid nickname. Blueberry .

I hate that I'm the one he hates so much. I know he does.

I have seen it in his eyes—his plans to sin. And I use that to my advantage, even though I'm sure it mirrors my own. It scares me because I don't know where this is leading. I fear the outcome of our game, this line that we're toeing. I don't know what will happen when one of us finally crosses it.

I tell myself I hate him for it.

But the truth?

I'm terrified of what happens when one of us finally snaps.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“I wrap my hands around your neck You love it when I always squeeze”

“Wake up, sleeping beauty.” His voice is far too cheerful for this ungodly hour, laced with that antagonizing amusement that makes me want to strangle him.

“Whatever you want, I will burn it anyway. So, go away.” I mumble, my voice muffled under the blanket.

It is too early for me to process anything. I usually wake up at six, but today is Saturday and anything before eight a.m. is a violation of basic human rights. I pull the blanket higher, and try to go back to sleep—or at least pretend to—before he yanks it off me.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” I snap, glaring up at him. “Are you really having a death wish right now?”

He laughs. Of course, everything is so hilarious to him that it’s frustrating.

“Death by hurt-no-fly Edaline? Now that’s a headline I’d pay to see. But no. Michelle called everyone in twenty...nineteen minutes now.” He shoves his phone in my face, the light of the screen glaring back at me.

“But why—” My sleep-addled brain catches up. The uni tour . Right. Shit . I’d forgotten.

I rub my eyes, shaking off the grogginess, and scramble out of the bed—and trip over my own damn feet.

A strong arm locks around my waist before I face plant on the floor. My back flush against his chest. I think I cannot breathe. Yup, definitely not.

“You’re welcome.” He murmurs, his breath hot against my ear. Goosebumps erupt across my skin.

I drive my elbow into his ribs. Hard.

He grunts, but doesn’t release me. “And here I thought you’d be grateful.”

“I’d be more grateful when you stop touching me.”

His grip tightens instead, as my breath hitches, making him pull me closer to him.

Something presses on my back. Something hard and like a...oh God...

My eyes blow wide, even though he can’t see me. My back arches on its own accord, brushing my ass against his...thing.

Oh holy no.

“Liar.” His voice a dark, velvet scrape against my ear. “If you really wanted me to let go, you wouldn’t have arched into me like that.”

My face burns. “I did not—”

“You did.” His thumb brushes the bare strip of skin where my shirt has ridden up, and my stomach clenches. “Twice.”

My skin burns where his skin touches mine. I twist in his hold, but he doesn’t budge—just cages me harder against him, until there’s not an inch between my back



and his solid chest. I stare at the wall in front of me, having zero courage to face him when I'm burning red.

"Go to hell."

"Why would I need to when you're right here?"

I slam my elbow back again, but this time he catches it, his other arm banding around my ribs, locking me in place. His lips graze the shell of my ear. "Try harder, sweetheart."

My pulse thunders, traitorous and loud. "I hate you."

"Mm." His nose skims the side of my neck, inhaling like he wants to drown in the scent of my body wash. "Say it again. Maybe this time I'll believe you."

"Asshole."

He chuckles, the vibration rumbling through me. "There she is." He takes a pause before continuing, "All you have to say is fuck me , and you'll get what you want."

"I want you to let me go and stay at least ten feet away from me."

"Now, now. Aren't you a little liar? Didn't anyone teach you that good girls don't lie?"

A thrill runs down my spine at his words. The heat of him sears through my thin sleep shirt, branding me in ways I refuse to acknowledge.

Damn him.

“Say it.”

I tilt my head just enough to glare over my shoulder, meeting those wicked, knowing eyes. “If you think I’m going to beg, you’re delusional.”

His smirk is slow—the kind that promises sin. “Who said anything about begging, little liar? Though I wouldn’t mind hearing it.”

The hard length of him presses into my back, and my breath catches. Again.

“See? Your body’s already calling bullshit on that lie.”

I grit my teeth, “You’re insufferable.”

“And yet,” he drags his lips along the curve of my ear, “You’re still here, pressed against me like you want to be.”

I don’t. I don’t.

But my traitorous hips shift back, just slightly, and he groans of pure satisfaction.

“Fuck,” he growls, his hand sliding down to grip my thigh, hitching it up against him.

My laugh is breathless, taunting. “What’s the matter? Can’t handle losing?”

I feel my underwear drenching minute by minute, as I slowly lose myself in his touch.

His teeth graze my neck, sharp and punishing. “Oh, sweetheart, I always win.”

“Too bad that you’re already losing. Can’t not touch me, can you?”

“How can I resist when you respond to my touch like that? One would say it’s you who wants to give in so fucking bad. It’s you who is losing.”

His hand tightens on my thigh. Each cell of my body is begging me to say those stupid words, to take the loss and get the pleasure. I need him to touch a little higher, to push his hands deeper into—

A loud knock startles us, again, making us freeze.

“Eda! It’s time to go. Where are you?” Hana shouts from the other side of the door.

“Yeah. Give me a few.” I shout back, and jam my elbow in his ribs. A-goddamn-gain. Either I’m super weak, or he is super strong who doesn’t care about his bruising skin.

He sighs, his grip loosening just enough for me to wrench free. But before I can escape, he catches my wrist, yanking me back until our faces are inches apart. “This isn’t over.”

“It just started.”

“Exactly.”

Then he releases me and saunters out, leaving me standing there, flushed and furious—and Jesus help me, wanting more.

But I can’t. I can’t lose to him.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“You make it look like it’s magic ‘Cause I see nobody, nobody but you, you, you”

Addictions have never been known to be good.

I remember when I was addicted to music. My Mum gave me headphones after I couldn’t deal with the incident . I drowned in the noise, day and night, because silence? Silence was worse. Silence meant remembering. Silence meant reliving the night of the incident again and again.

I was addicted because then, I could easily ignore the chaos of my mind. So I played my music loud enough to deafen the world. Loud enough to drown out my own thoughts. Loud enough that I was nearing ear damage.

But then I saw her face—my Mum’s broken, helpless expression—that made me want to burn those fucking headphones. I stopped listening to loud music ever since. Those headphones, though, are still alive and with me.

Then came her.

Edaline.

She is a different kind of addiction—one that doesn’t just drown out the silence but sets my blood on fire. Where music had been an escape, she is a reckoning. A slow, torturous burn that I crave like a fucking drug.

I should’ve known better. Addictions ruin you. They hollow you out until you’re nothing but a shell of need.

But with her, I don't care.

I watch her from across the hallway of KRU, the delicate curve of her neck, her light brown waves ending at her shoulders, the concentration in her eyes (as if what Michelle is saying is the most wondrous thing she has ever heard), the way her jeans moulds over her perfect ass, and the unfortunate way she hides her body under oversized-hoodies as usual.

“Hey,” An awkward, but loud voice cuts through my thoughts.

A black-haired girl hesitantly waves at Edaline.

“You have beautiful eyes. I’ve never seen something like that.

Are you sure you’re not secretly a supernatural creature who lures your admirers and makes them your prey?

Because if so, then that makes me your prey too. ”

A super awkward silence that follows looks painful. I walk with the group, watching them in confusion. Is she...flirting with Edaline?

A redhead—black-haired’s friend considering that they’re holding hands—senses the weirdness, and interrupts the silence. Her voice is too low for me to understand what she is saying, but it seems enough to comfort Edaline. Huh .

Saaya replies, “I’m so sorry. That was weird. I just thought that oh you’re so pretty and I kind of wanted to talk to you. I’m sorry, I’m just really bad at socializing. I’m Saaya, by the way.”

“Hi. I’m Edaline. It’s nice to meet you both, and thank you Saaya.” Edaline’s voice is

soft, sweet— nothing like the way she is with me.

“Oh, don’t thank me. What I said is a fact, for real. You have the prettiest eyes I’ve ever seen. So blue. No offense, Vesta. Anyways, where are you from?”

I’m assuming Vesta is the redhead.

“I’m from Mayrindale.”

“Oohhh. You’re from Britain? You don’t have a British accent.”

Edaline hesitates, “My birthplace is actually Silveridge.” She elaborates after seeing the confusion on Saaya’s face. “It’s a little more than twelve hours away from here.”

Wait—what?

My heart rate spikes up at the name of Silveridge.

Both at the unwanted memories that assault my mind and the fact that Edaline is originally from Silveridge.

The same place that haunts my nightmares, that is drenched in bad memories.

The same fucking place where the incident happened.

I count from 100 to 1 and try to calm my racing heart.

“That’s so cool. I’m from India. You’re lucky that you can go to your birthplace on weekends. I can’t. I miss my home a lot, lot.”

She says nothing but only smiles in response.

“And this is the library.” Her shoulders sag in relief, when Michelle interrupts their weird conversation.

“Before entering, let me make a few things clear. You don’t talk.

You don’t whisper. You don’t fucking breathe too loud.

” A student snorts. Michelle’s gaze snaps to him, “This isn’t a debate.

Break the rules, and the librarian will kill you. I won’t save you.”

Seriously, do all the authority figures here have a stick up their asses?

The Kingsbury Royal University was built in the 1860s by the ruthless, wealthy royals. It exudes restrained power and reeks of old money. I doubt there are any students here who aren’t from an affluent society—other than the scholarship ones.

KRU is an exclusive, elite, influential, private university.

But beneath the polished surface, it feels like the ghosts of the dead—whose blood this university is built over—haunt the shadows and judge whether you are worthy enough or you belong with the dead.

Only the walls know its secrets. It is also rank #1 university in the Ivy League.

Each corner of KRU is built with such intricate designs, stone version of the Victorian Era. The library is no exception—vast with looming arches, towering shelves, and the scent of aged paper mixed with something darker.

The woman—librarian stands behind the mahogany desk, her silver hair coiled into a tight bun and her eyes watching us like a hawk.

But my attention doesn't linger on the books or the old woman, as the nightmarish pictures flash behind my eyes at the sudden onset of silence. Not even a single whisper. Not even of feet shuffling. Nothing.

My attention stays on her.

Edaline .

I don't dare remove my eyes from her.

It's too quiet in here for my liking, and she is the only chaos right now. She is my music right now. I will my brain to imagine everything I would do to her if—no, when she gives in. This seems to be working since neither the incident , nor my mum's funeral flashes in my mind anymore.

Fuck, it's bad. I've got it bad. She isn't my solace or anything, no, she's a goddamn witch.

Edaline .

Her name is a fucking prayer on my tongue at this point.

This addiction, it won't go away until I take what's mine. And for that, she will have to lose in whatever unknown game we have started.

I close my eyes for a moment, and take a long deep breath—soaking up the ancient smell, altered with distinct smell of coconuts and sea.

When I open them back—wait—where's she? Where's everyone?

“Looking for me?” Her whisper slithers down my spine, igniting every nerve.



I don't turn. Not yet.

Edaline is standing too close; I can hear her uneven breathing. I can feel her, the heat of her body, the challenge in her presence.

And what—just what I wouldn't give, as my fingers twitch with the need, to turn around, pin her against the bookshelf and eat her beautiful wet cunt until she begs me to stop.

I had her in my arms this morning. I had touched her soft, most delicious curves, but it wasn't enough. I need her, all of her, like I need my next breath.

I feel her touch. Her featherlight touch—hesitant and testing—on my back, making my pulse riot like a caged beast.

“You're playing a dangerous game, Blueberry.”

She laughs, low and throaty, and it crawls under my skin like a live wire. “You started it.”

Fuck.

I whirl on her then, my control snapping like a brittle bone. My hands slam on either side of her, pushing her back against the bookshelf. I lean into her, pausing only a breath away. Her breath hitches, but her eyes—those goddamn eyes—burn with defiance.

“Say it, Aiden, that you want me and I'll be yours.” She taunts me.

Every muscle in my body coils like a predator poised to devour.

But I don't.

Because she doesn't get to win by default.

I grip her throat, putting a little pressure. Her lips part—not in fear—but rather, in anticipation. A part of me wonders if she will completely submit to me right now, like she did that night, or if she will fight. I hope it's the latter.

I graze my nose against the shell of her ear, "You want me that bad, Blueberry? That you cornered me in a library." My other hand trails down her side, "You want me to wreck you? You want me to make you scream?"

"You talk too much."

"Then shut me up."

My thumb traces the delicate line of her jaw. Her pulse flutters beneath my fingertips, but she doesn't say anything. "Nothing to say, Blueberry? Where did that sharp tongue of yours go?"

Her lips curve, just slightly—a smirk that doesn't reach her eyes, but it's enough to make my blood run hotter. "Maybe I'm just waiting to see how long it takes before you break."

"You think I'll break first?" A laugh escapes my throat.

"I believe ," she breathes, "you're the one who can't stop touching me." Her gaze flicks down to where my hand still lingers near her hip. "So, you tell me, Aiden."

"You're awfully calm today for someone who gets riled up just by my existence. Does it have something to do with a very eventful morning, I wonder?"

Her cheeks flush. “And you’re awfully obsessed today for someone who claims not to care.”

“I never said I didn’t care.”

“Then say what you do mean.”

“You first.”

“This isn’t a negotiation.”

“No?” I drag my thumb along her bottom lip, watching as her breath catches. “Then what is it?”

“A game that you really enjoy playing.”

An involuntary grin takes over my mouth. “And what’s the prize?”

Her tongue darts out, wetting her lips— fuck , she has no idea what that does to me. Everything that she does to me. “You tell me.”

“You want to know what I’d do if you lost?”

“I want to know, why are you so afraid to admit you want me?”

I could kiss her right now. I could shut her up the way we both know I want to. But that’s the problem—she knows . And she’s counting on it.

So instead, I take a step back, releasing her. Her breath leaves her in a rush, as if she hadn’t realized she was holding it.

“You’re right,” I say, smoothing my shirt like nothing happened. “It is a game.” I tilt my head, studying her.

Her brows knit together.

I turn towards the door and don’t look back. But I hear her sharp inhale. The quiet, frustrated sound she makes when she’s this close to snapping.

Good.

Let her stew.

Because when Edaline finally breaks—when that careful control of hers shatters—it’ll be worth every second of the wait.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“All wrapped in one He was so many sins”

It's been nearly an hour since we got back and the shower is still running.

He's either trying to drown himself or he's doing this on purpose—sucking up all the hot water. I need to shower too and get started on my work.

I'm already too worked up because of him. Both the interactions with him in the past twelve hours has left me and my nerves all agitated, edgy and explosive.

God . What was I even thinking? Trying to make him admit it first? I don't even know how to play this game. But I don't want to lose either, and I'm not sure how long I can hold up when all he is, is a promise of fulfilling my fantasies.

He exudes raw power who knows exactly who he is and what he is capable of, and doesn't do exaggerations.

I storm toward the bathroom; my fist raised to pound on the door—

It swings open before I can strike.

I almost run into his very naked chest glistening with water droplets. He's only in sweatpants that's hanging low on his hips. His hair wet, dark, falling over his forehead.

I freeze mid-step.

Take a breath, Eda. Just take a deep breath. It's just a human body...even if it's the most beautiful one you have ever seen.

My cheeks burn.

His lips curl into that stupid smirk, the one that makes my blood boil—and my body betrays me.

“You took an hour...” My voice comes out softer than I intended. With the heat pooling in my lower belly, I don't dare to speak any further.

“Why? Miss me already, Blueberry?” His grin widens, exuding smugness at the reactions I'm unable to control. That stupid nickname sends a shiver down my body.

I force my gaze to stay locked on his face despite the ache building between my thighs forcing me to get more of his sinful body.

I take another deep breath and his scent washes over me.

Then it hits me.

The smell.

Not like his usual cinnamon, but more like...coconut and sea.

More like mine .

“You didn't,” I trail off, my jaw dropping in shock.

“Didn't what?” He asks, feigning innocence as he casually leans against the door frame.

What in the actual hell?

“You used my body wash.” My voice deadly quiet as I jab my finger into his rock-hard chest. Fire, red-hot lava, burns me from inside.

He raises his hands in surrender. “Yours smelled nice. Like coconut and...”

“Aiden—”

“Wait.” He lifts one finger to stop me, then dabs it on his chin as if in deep thought. After a long moment, he finally says, “Yes. Like coconut and beaches. That salty fresh water.” He grins.

“It’s mine . Use your own cheap, disgusting garbage you call soap.”

He catches my wrist before I can pull away, my skin feels like it’s on fire where he touches me. “But yours is so cozy. Makes me feel fancy too.”

“Oh, I’m so glad my body wash is elevating your asshole-ish lifestyle. But newsflash: I don’t buy it for you. ” I’m shouting now, even though it is having zero effects on him.

It took a portion of my savings to buy my favorite body wash.

I want to bloody scream . Why, God? Why? Don’t I pray enough to you?

He steps closer, his smirk widening. “Oh no, the princess is upset. What’s next? Gonna threaten to kill me again?”

He’s close.

Too close.

Too much.

The scent of my own body wash on his skin is dizzying, possessive in a way I don't want to examine.

“You're insufferable.”

His thumb brushes over my racing pulse. The air between us crackles, thick with something dangerous. Something I refuse to name.

I yank my hand free but the firmness of his grip only makes me fall back on his chest.

I hate how he always manages to get under my skin, how his stupid smirk makes my stomach twist in a way I refuse to acknowledge.

His hand slides around my waist, pulling me flush against him. The feel of his bare chest against me is short-circuiting my brain.

He leans in.

His lips so close to mine that my heart stops.

He is going to kiss me.

Except Aiden Lennox doesn't kiss. He devours .

I think I can't breathe.

“All you have to do is say the words, Blueberry.”



I can't bloody focus.

"Say it. You want me and I'll be yours." He repeats my words from before.

"I hate you. I don't want you." Partially a lie.

His fingers tighten around my waist, pressing me harder against him, letting me feel every hard plane of his body. The heat of his skin sears through my clothes, branding me in ways I'll never admit out loud.

"Good girls don't lie, Blueberry." His voice is a rough caress, laced with amusement and something darker—something that makes my stomach clench.

"The only thing I want is for you to stop touching me," Not really. "And never use my body wash again."

His laugh is low, sinful, vibrating through me. "You're cute when you're pissed."

"I'm not cute—"

He freaking bites my ear.

His teeth graze the shell of my ear, sharp and deliberate, sending a shock wave of sensation straight down my spine. A gasp escapes me before I can shut it, and his chuckle vibrates against my skin, smug and knowing.

Asshole .

I shove against his chest, but he doesn't budge. His grip is iron, his body an immovable wall of muscle and heat. His scent —my scent—wraps around me, taunting, possessive, like he's marked himself in my territory just to spite me.

“Let. Go.” I grit out, my voice trembling despite my fury.

Aiden doesn’t listen. Of course he doesn’t. Instead, his fingers dig into my waist, pulling me impossibly closer until I can feel the hard proof of his arousal against my stomach. My breath hitches as a pulse of liquid heat pools between my thighs.

No. Nope. No way. Oh hell—

His lips brush the sensitive spot beneath my ear, “Tell me you don’t want this, Eda. Tell me you don’t fucking ache for it, and I’ll walk away. Let’s end this game once and for all.”

Liar.

He’d never walk away. Not when he thrives on this—on the push and pull, on the way my body reacts to him despite my protests.

I swallow hard, forcing steel into my voice. “Why don’t you say it, if you want to end this so bad? I don’t want you.”

He laughs against my throat. “You’re such a terrible liar, Blueberry.”

Before I can retort, his hand slides up my back, fingers tangling in my hair, tugging just enough to make my scalp sting. My lips part on a silent gasp, and his gaze drops to my mouth, hungry and predatory.

For another heart-stopping second, I think he will finally kiss me.

End this stupid game.

I think I want him to.

But Aiden doesn't give me what I want.

He gives me what he wants.

With one last lingering bite on my earlobe—just hard enough to make me whimper—he releases me abruptly, stepping back with that infuriating smirk. Cold air rushes between us, and I nearly sway forward, my body protesting the loss of his heat.

He pushes past me like he hasn't just set every nerve in my body on fire.

I run inside the bathroom and shut the damn door. I lean against it, fists clenched, pulse erratic, torn between the urge to scream or chase after him and finish what he started.

God, I hate him so freaking much.

But the worst part?

I hate how much hating him doesn't change the fact how much I want him.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Now that I’ve trapped you in my arms No need to fight it, no need to hide it”

Say it. You want me and I’ll be yours.

The words slither into my veins like poison, sweet and intoxicating. My pulse thunders in my ears, betraying every lie I’ve ever told myself.

But my body—my stupid freaking body—remembers the way his touch burns. The way his smirk makes my stomach turn. The way his presence alone is a storm I can’t escape.

I stand under the cold shower until my fingers prune. Indifference is the key to success, not jittery nerves and a racing heart. I’m close to calm when I get out of the shower. I wrap the towel around me and find my clothes—

Oh no. Oh God, no.

Today is a disaster, and it’s all his fault.

I overslept (something that has never happened before), tripped on my own damn feet only for his arms caught me (I’d rather fallen on my ass), re-lived the worst memories of Silveridge, unsuccessfully tried to make him admit he wants me (only to end up all frustrated), and now?

Now, I forgot to take my clothes in with me—all because of him.

Suddenly, the bathroom feels too small.

I'm going to kill him. I can't go out like this nor can I ask him to hand over my inner wears. I could ask him to leave, but we both know he won't.

Fine. Two can play this game.

I just need to keep my body hidden and channel that confidence I get when I'm winning a debate or scoring straight As. What would Clair do? She'd stride out like she owns the damn world. She'll be so proud of me when I'll tell her.

I push the door open, feigning indifference—

Aiden. He is sitting on my bed (not shirtless anymore, thank God) with a book in his hands. My book. No. That book. The one I've been reading since I came here. The turmoil in my head comes to a pause, so does my breathing.

I really need to get my lungs checked. They have an Aiden-problem.

He looks up and my eyes lock with him, until he breaks it to actually look at me. No . To unwrap the towel with his eyes. Stop looking at me like that. The way he looks at me always does something to my insides.

“Hey, there.” Is it me, or did his voice just sound like a smut audio book narrator? It sends a shiver down my spine, as my nipples tighten against the towel. His eyes collide with mine once again and he smirks. Oh my God. This is bad, so, so bad.

I snap.

In a heartbeat, I'm across the room, lunging for my book, while screaming at him.

“What the hell?! How? How dare you touch my book when I told you not to?! Give me that fucking hell back.”

He laughs. He freaking laughs, holding my book just out of reach. “Ooh, look, the good girl has a dirty mouth.”

A growl rips from my throat as I reach for it—only to lose my balance, and fall right on top of him. My thighs straddle his, and oh God, I can feel him—hard, pressing against me. I’m practically sitting on it.

“Give. It. Back.” I demand, breathlessly.

“No, Blueberry.” He grins.

I follow his gaze, down to where my towel has slipped, baring me completely. My face burns bright as insecurity and shame claws at me. I don’t look at him, not wanting to see the disgust in his eyes.

I quickly try to cover myself, but both his hands grab both my wrists and flip us around in one smooth motion. He pins me down on the bed. His body cages me in, heat searing through the thin barrier of his clothes between us.

“Now, now Blueberry, don’t hide from me when I have already seen you and heard those sweet sounds you make.”

Wha—when? Oh, holy shit.

Another embarrassed flush creeps up my neck. That night in the shower—I thought I was alone and he was at the gym. But he’d been there. Listening. He has never brought it up until now. And now he’s smirking about it. Asshole .

My pulse is a wild, erratic thing, thrashing against my ribs. God knows I have imagined so many scenarios with him—his hands, his mouth, the way he’d take what he wants as he always does.

But this isn't some twisted fantasy. It's reality. And in reality, he is just my rival and my roommate. And we're just playing a game. He is just someone who hates me and someone whom I hate.

But what if...what if this can be a reality too? No, no, bad brain. This can't be. It would change everything.

His thigh presses between my legs, as his gaze rakes over my naked body like he owns it. Like he's already decided how this ends.

"What do you think you are doing?" My voice is surprisingly opposite to what I am feeling. Like I can melt into a puddle right now or combust in flames.

I should be pushing him away. This was never meant to get this far. But all I can think about is his weight on me, his hands pinning me down and his control wrapping around me like a vise.

Pathetic.

I have read about manhandling during intimacy in my books and I like it—but in reality, and by him, it feels a thousand times more...just more.

"What does it look like, my Blueberry? I'm giving you exactly what you want."

"I want you to get the hell off of me."

I twist my wrists in his hand trying to get them free, well aware of my breasts moving with the struggle.

He chuckles as he looks into my soul, "Good girls don't lie, my beautiful liar. Are you trying to get punished? Is that what you need right now, my pretty little slut?"

Something snaps inside me.

Shame licks up my spine, but it's drowned out by the molten heat pooling low in my belly. His words shouldn't affect me like this. They shouldn't make my breath hitch or my thighs clench.

But they do.

And he knows it.

And I hate it.

He grinds his knee against my clit, a soft moan slips past my lips before I can stop it. I'm embarrassingly dripping at this point, and the asshole laughs.

Stupid, stupid smut novels. They have ruined me.

"No smart words anymore, Blueberry?" He taunts, his free hand tracing a possessive line from my temple to my jaw before curling around my throat. "Cat got your tongue?"

No smart words indeed, my brain is close to short-circuiting. I should hate this but all I want is to beg. Not for him to stop or to go on. I want to beg, and I want to pretend that I don't want it. It's easier that way.

He is the cat playing with his food; I feel like his prey. Our power play dynamic has gone to hell, so has our game. And all I feel like, right now, is submitting to him, like I wanted to that night we kissed.

"You don't get relief, Blueberry. Not yet." He leaned down and spoke into my ears, "You might be the good girl for the world but for me...I know you, my Blueberry. I



know you want to be punished and then fucked like a whore.”

A shudder wracks through me.

And God help me—he’s right.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Baby, I wanna touch you I wanna breathe into your well”

If someone had told me that I would have Eda in my arms a few weeks ago, I would have laughed on their face before breaking it for daring to joke about what’s mine.

But here she is, sprawled beneath me, naked and breathless. Her skin flushed red, the blue in her eyes almost completely hidden by her pupils, heartbeat running a mile, and dripping wet for me. The sight of her sends a vicious thrill through my veins. I want to ruin her, so bad, for everybody else.

My control is in fucking shambles. Every rational thought has been burned to ash by the wildfire of need she ignited. I’m still painfully hard, my body screaming to take her, to claim every inch of her, to remind her who she belongs to.

Mine .

I don’t know how we got here. One second, I was reading that filthy book of hers—some twisted fantasy about punishment and pleasure—and the next, she was standing in front of me, wrapped in nothing but a towel, like a perfect Christmas gift. My restraint snapped.

Who knew the sweet girl, the good girl Eda, reads books that would make the devil kneel?

My tongue traces the delicate curve of her neck.

Her head falls back with a gasp, surrendering to me.

The scent of her skin—coconuts and beach-like—wraps around my senses like a drug.

I can't resist. My teeth sink into the column of her throat, just enough to claim, to punish, to own .

A moan spills from her lips, and it's fucking euphoria.

I get up to fulfill the purpose. This isn't about me, it's about her. She was supposed to lose the game, but I can't take it anymore. So, now, I'll make her say it. I'll make her beg me.

Eda whimpers at the loss of my touch, her hips arching off the bed in silent pleading. The sight of her like this—spread out, desperate, mine—sends pure satisfaction through me.

My gaze drags down her body, staying on the marks I've left—the reddening bite on her throat, her neck. My cock throbs at the sight, but I force myself to stay still.

She doesn't get relief yet.

Not yet.

“Say blue if you want me to stop.”

“What?”

“Your safe word.”

She visibly gulps before uttering a small “Oh,” I get her. It's hard for me to believe it too.

“Repeat it.”

“Blue.”

“Good. Remember it. Because tonight, you’re all mine .”

I pull out the handcuffs, lube, butt plug from the box beneath my bed.

A smirk tugs at my lips as I take a seat beside her.

Some might question why I even have these, but I’ve never been one to leave things to chance.

Preparedness is power. And I intend to wield every last bit of it.

I would never be caught off-guard ever again.

“Hands.” I command, my voice rough with barely leashed control.

She puts both her hands in front of me, submitting to me like a good girl. I falter for a moment for the fact that she trusts me enough to do this. The fact that she trusts me not to hurt her. Not in that way.

The cuffs click shut. There’s a soft layer of white velvet on the inside, so no matter how much she pulls against it, the steel won’t bite into her skin.

“Turn over.”

Those wide, sinful eyes flicker with defiance. Always fucking defiant.

A smirk curls my mouth. I like it when she fights.

“Make me,” she breathes. It’s a challenge—one I’ll gladly destroy.

In one swift move, I grab her waist and flip her onto her stomach, over my thighs. She gasps, her ass now on full display—round, perfect, begging for my hand.

“Are you okay, my Blueberry?”

She nods her head in response.

I don’t hesitate.

The first smack echoes through the room, sharp and punishing. Her body jerks, a scream tearing from her throat.

“Words, Blueberry. I need your words and good girls obey instantly. But you don’t want to be good, do you? You want me to punish you harder.”

“Yes,” I wonder if it’s a yes-she’s-okay or yes-punish-me-harder. “I’m fine.”

I knead her ass. Red blooms across her creamy, white skin, and something primal in me roars in approval.

“Such a cute ass you have. I bet it’ll look even cuter red and sore.”

I spank her, almost softly. Testing her.

“Again.” She says so low, I almost miss it. Well, well, well.

“Greedy little thing, aren’t you?”

Without any further words or warning, I slap her ass again, harder this time. Then

again. And again. She whimpers, her fingers twisting in the sheets. Her breath comes out in small puffs as I smack her five more times, without a break, alternating between her left and right cheek.

I stop, and gently massage her. Her ass burns in perfect, bright cherry red color. And fuck, isn't the most beautiful sight?

My hold doesn't allow her much to move as she squirms. "It's okay, Blueberry, but you won't get away. You'll take your punishment like a good girl."

I land another blow, then another, watching as her skin darkens under my touch, as her body writhes between pain and pleasure. She's a crying, whimpering mess with a wet cunt. And she's fucking perfect.

"Doesn't it feel good to be punished? Look at you, taking it so well. You are such a good girl."

When she's trembling, when her moans are nothing but broken pleas, I finally give in.

I drag her up against me, her legs on either side of mine.

"There, there." I stroke her hair. She groans at the pain as her ass rests against my sweatpants.

They're pure cotton so it should be comfortable for her, at least more than any other fabric.

I can't say it enough but fuck, she did so good. I've always thought my fantasies were too much. But seeing her, it is like she is made for me. I want to kiss her right now, but I won't. It's too intimate. Too dangerous. And neither of us is ready to cross that

line.

“You’re mine,” I growl against her lips. “Every fucking inch. And tonight?” I push her back down, spreading her thighs wide. “I’m going to make sure you never forget it.”

Tonight? I won’t stop until she’s done with her bullshit lie. I’ll make her scream, beg, and then I’ll make her admit that she wants me.

I lick her tears, then look straight in her eyes. There is desire, doubt, need, confusion and fear in her eyes.

She moves slightly on my painfully hard cock, and I choke on air. She lets out a moan as her clit rubs against me. Well, we’re both utterly fucked.

“Fuck me,” she hesitates, “Aiden.” I’m dying to do exactly that.

I chuckle, “So desperate, my sweetheart, but not yet.”

“I—I need it, Aiden.”

My hand on her hair stops, and I grip them. The tug makes her instantly still and hiss at the pain. “When I say no, Eda, it means no. Understand?”

She moves her hips back and forth on my cock. I barely restrain the groan that escapes me. “Yes, yes. I understand.” If not her, then my balls will definitely kill me.

“You’re going to be patient for me. I’m not done with you yet.”

She instantly freezes at that.

I can't help but laugh at her reaction. I kiss her forehead. "You know you sound very pretty when you scream. And I really, really want to hear you beg, my Blueberry."



## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“When I put my lips on you I feel the shivers go up and down your spine for me  
Make you cry for me”

I don't know what the hell is wrong with me.

One moment I want to claw his eyes out, and the next I am submitting to him, melting under his command; letting him do anything he wishes.

It is years of desire to sate. I need him, inside me and now. I need him to take me hard and fast. That is my impatience talking.

Because at the same time, I want to take it slow. I want to explore him, learn the body I've fantasized about all this time, and take our time to make up for all these lost years.

But this isn't making love, no it's far from that. It's reckless craving that is running in our veins.

And at the same damn time, I want to leave the country, probably shift to Mars.

If I wasn't so drunk on him—on this need right now, I would be running away from him.

But God, my core aches for this green-eyed asshole, so badly, and so desperately.

So pathetically . That dignity doesn't even factor in.

His hands grip me, maneuvering me against the headboard like I weigh nothing. Every freaking inch of my body is ignited. Every sense is too much, but also drowned. All I feel is my need to get off, and him. He is everywhere. I can't take it anymore. I just need more, so much more.

“Spread your legs. I want to see you. All of you.”

I move against the headboard, and do as he asks. Though, order would be more of the right word.

I feel exposed. Completely. The cool air hits me, but it's nothing compared to his scorching gaze.

It is so, so humiliating. Exhilarating.

It doesn't escape me—the fact that I'm completely naked and laying bare and dripping for his eyes, while he is still fully dressed.

“So beautiful,” his praise coils low in my stomach.

His eyes light up when he looks up at me. “Look at that, my beautiful liar. So needy for me, yet still pretending you don't crave this.”

He lifts my chin up, forcing me to meet his eyes. “Tell me, Blueberry, does it thrill you? The way your body gives in to me every time I take control.”

A whimper of agreement leaves my mouth.

“Open yourself for me,” his voice drops to a sinful whisper, “Or should I make you?”

His command lingers in the air, thick with dominance. It does unexplainable things to

me. My veins flood with liquid heat.

I hesitate, just for a second, testing him.

His lips curl in that infuriatingly knowing smirk, the one that makes my pulse stutter. “Stubborn as always,” he murmurs, fingers trailing down my throat, over my collarbone, lower. “But we both know you’ll break for me, Blueberry.”

I don’t want to, but he’s right. I will, even if I’ll hate it.

His hand wraps around my wrist, forcing my own fingers between my thighs. “Show me how much you want it.”

I bite my lip, shame and desire warring inside me. But the second my fingertips brush against my slick flesh, a moan tears from my throat.

“Look at you,” he growls, his green eyes burning with possessive hunger. “Already so fucking wet. Just from my words.”

His stare burns directly at my hole. I beg him in my mind to just touch me already. I want his hands on me. A sadistic grin forms on his lips. “Finger yourself.”

I obey, as if my body is a doll, and he is the master.

I push one finger inside. It isn’t enough, but the push against my walls feels nearly good. I push another finger in—he shakes his head once, “Just one.”

I groan, but follow what he says. I drag my fingertip along my inner walls, teasing the spot that makes my thighs tremble. My breath comes in shallow gasps, my hips lifting instinctively, chasing the friction.

His gaze is relentless, watching every twitch of my fingers, every shudder of my body. His lips part slightly, his own breathing uneven, but he doesn't touch me. Not yet.

“That won't do. Fuck yourself, Blueberry.”

Only God knows why I don't put an end to this. I can stop this, say my safe word, and I know he will stop. But I can't. It's humiliating, something I have never experienced but only read about in books. And what's worse is that I don't hate it.

I slide my finger in and out, slowly fucking myself. I close my eyes from the weight of embarrassment, and how much it turns me on.

“Now, don't do that. Open your eyes and look at me.”

He grips my vulnerable throat, and pulls me into him. “Look. At. Me.”

My veins flood with liquid heat. My pussy clenches around my finger as I freeze. His eyes—Jesus, save me—his eyes are dark, pupils so dilated, there's no green in them anymore. But they shine with a predator glint, hunger, need, desire...and it's all towards me. For me.

“So pathetic,” He comments, but there's no bite to it—only pure satisfaction. “Fucking yourself with just one finger because I told you to. Because you can't help but obey me.”

His grip on my throat tightens just enough to remind me who's in control. “I didn't tell you to stop.”

I whimper, my finger resumes moving in shallow thrusts, the slick sound obscene in the heavy silence between us. My thighs tremble, my body coiled tight, as the need to

cum hits me like a train wreck.

My clit is swollen with need and fuck it, he didn't tell me not to touch there. I move my other hand and rub my clitoris. I rest my head back without leaving his eyes as I chase the pleasure. My breath comes in ragged gasps, my skin burning, I'm getting close—

“Did I say you could come?”

I shake my head, biting my lip hard enough to taste copper.

“Then stop.”

My finger stills inside me, my entire body screaming in protest. A growl leaves my throat without meaning to.

He laughs, “You're such a good girl. Obeying me even if it frustrates you.”

I shouldn't have stopped. I could have gone through any punishment, but at least I would have gotten my pleasure. Who is he to tell me what I can and can't do?

His laugh disappears as he pins me with his gaze. “You want to come?” His fingers trail down my chest, circling my nipple until it pebbles under his touch.

“Yes,” I gasp.

“Beg for it, sweetheart.”

A shudder wracks through me. “I—I need to come.”

“Hmm...that sounds more like an order.” His hand drifts lower, teasing my clit with a

single, torturous stroke before pulling away. “Try again.”

Tears prick my eyes, humiliation and desire twisting together. “Please, let me come. I need it—need you.”

“Again.”

I sob, my body strung tight, my voice breaking. “Please, Aiden, just let me—”

“Let go.”

The command snaps the last thread of my control. My back arches, pleasure detonating through me in waves. I bite my lips so hard that I taste copper.

His gaze is molten. “Good girl.”

Without another thought, I blurt out, “Kiss me.”

He goes utterly still, his dark eyes flashing with something unknown. I almost think that I’ve ruined everything—

His mouth crashes against mine.

And the world shatters.

It’s not a kiss.

It’s a claim.

It’s as if a switch flipped with my words, when he suddenly grabs my throat, pulls me towards him, and claims my mouth.

I give him equally as good—our teeth clashing and biting.

Our breaths mingle in sharp, desperate gasps.

We kiss the way we feel, so fiercely. He goddamn devours me. Our lips part to take a breath.

Then he kisses me again. My legs part on their own to let him settle in between.

His mouth leaves mine only to trail down my jaw.

His teeth sinking into the sensitive skin of my neck.

I hiss at the sharp sting, knowing there'll be marks tomorrow—knowing he wants them there.

He looks at me with so much fire in his eyes; I'm sure mine reflects his.

His mouth descends lower, teeth scraping over the swell of my breast before he bites down—hard. A gasp tears from my throat as his tongue flicks over my nipple, the contrast of his cool, wet tongue against my burning skin sends shock waves straight to my core.

God, I'm burning with need.

He drops his saliva on my tit, then laps it up, sucks on it and freaking bites me so hard. I groan at the overwhelming sensations. I'm aching for more and more. He gives the same treatment to my other breast.

He is claiming what is his as he marks me. He looks down, seeming to be mesmerized by reddened marks. His declaration of ownership without any words and

the look in his eyes—it screams I am his.

And I just know I won't be the same after this night.



## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“I fall into your curse, hold me down But I need you now And I'm all in tonight”

Fuck, she's beautiful.

I thought I understood the depths of my own fucking addiction. But this—this is something else entirely. She's spread against the headboard, handcuffed, wrecked, beautiful with my marks, her body still trembling from the orgasm I ripped from her with my command.

And yet, she's the one destroying me.

Her lips are swollen from my kiss— mine —that's what she is. Mine. Mine to hate. Mine to touch. Mine to ruin her in any way I please. She's mine .

I wasn't going to kiss her. But the moment she whispered to me to kiss her, I was done for.

I bite down and suck her skin hard enough to bruise. I don't know what will happen tomorrow, but I do know that she will remember every moment of this. I'm making sure of it.

Every gasp, every shiver, every fucking hitch in her breath is a symphony. My name has never heard as good as it does when she moans it.

And I'm the one. The devil who owns her pleasure.

But it's not enough.

She's not enough.

Or maybe it's me—maybe I'm the one who'll never be fucking satisfied.

Because even now, with her taste on my tongue and her body yielding beneath me, I want more. More of her whimpers. More of her surrender. More of the way she moans my name. I have never liked my name more than when it comes from her mouth.

And I won't stop until she is completely mine.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Cause girl, you're perfect You're always worth it And you deserve it The way you work it 'Cause girl, you earned it, yeah”

My nerves are all electric—live wires sparking under my skin, threatening to burn me alive.

He keeps moving lower, leaving a trail of reddening marks all over my body. He has no intention of being gentle, giving me exactly what I need.

But I need more. So much more. That orgasm was far from enough. I need him buried inside me, fucking me into oblivion.

“Aiden,” I whimper from the need to get something. Anything. “Touch me there.”

My brain is muddled with lust and it doesn't even register to me how pathetic I sound. Every thought is drowned out by the relentless throb between my thighs. I'm soaked, aching, and the emptiness is its own kind of torture.

His touch is like a soothing balm over my skin. But it only makes me burn brighter with need. I nearly convulse when I feel his feather-like touch on my clit.

“You're such a good girl.” His finger slide down my slit. “And so fucking wet.” He pushes two fingers inside. A moan tears free from my throat. “Being punished and treated like my whore gets you so dripping.” He withdraws, then sinks back in, at an agonizing pace.

His fingers feel so good, so much better than my own.

My heart thunders with anticipation as his mouth moves lower. And the moment his lips descends on me, I scream words in gibberish.

Aiden's tongue is relentless—a wicked, sinful thing that laps at me with deliberate, torturous strokes. He doesn't just taste me; he devours me, as if my pleasure is his only purpose. His fingers curl inside me, hitting that spot that makes my vision blur, my thighs trembling around his head.

“Oh, God—Aiden!”

My hands fist in his hair, holding him exactly where I need him. His groan vibrates against me, sending shockwaves through my core.

He doesn't let up. Not for a second.

His fingers pump in and out, matching the rhythm of his tongue, and I'm lost in the brutal, beautiful assault. He nips, bites, licks, thrusts his tongue into me. Every flick, every suck drags me higher, until I'm teetering on the edge of oblivion.

“You taste fucking divine,” he growls against my flesh, “so sweet,” his breath hot and ragged. “But I want to hear you scream.”

And then he bites down on my clit.

The pleasure is sharp, blinding, too much—and I come with a cry, my back arching off the bed as my orgasm crashes through me like firecrackers. Aiden doesn't stop, doesn't let me breathe, his fingers working me through the aftershocks until I'm writhing, oversensitive and desperate.

“Please—please—” I don't even know what I'm begging for. To stop? For more?

He slows down making me think he's done with me, but he doesn't let up.

His tongue swirls around my clit as if he can't get enough. He adds a third finger inside me, curling just right, and I swear I see stars. My thighs shake, my breath comes in ragged gasps, and my nails dig into his scalp as another orgasm rips through me.

“Jesus—shit—” I sob, my body bowing off the bed. My legs pushing him away.

But he doesn't stop.

“Stop—oh hell—please, stop—”

“Blueberry, I've just started. Now let me enjoy my meal and don't move. Or else, I won't let you come all night. I'll keep you on edge, and like the good girl you are, you'll take it.”

His mouth and fingers simultaneously and mercilessly onslaught me, and just when I think I can't take anymore, his voice vibrates against my soaked flesh, “Again.”

I can't. I can't.

But he makes me.

I'm coming apart all over again, my vision whiting out as pleasure turns to agony, agony to ecstasy. It feels as if I'm falling from the cliff. I'm a whimpering mess, my body no longer my own—just his. His to ruin. His to wreck.

And then—

Oh God.

A sharp, coiled tension snaps low in my belly. I think I need to pee, and before I can stop, my body explodes. A gush of liquid heat spills from me, soaking his mouth, his chin, the sheets beneath us.

Aiden finally pulls back, chin wet, his lips glistening, his dark eyes smug.

“Good girl.” he rasps, licking my juices from his lips.

That’s when it hits me. “Di—did I...” Just squirted?

My throat is raw, my voice shattered. Words won’t form. All I can do is gasp, my body slick with sweat, trembling in the aftermath. I squeeze my eyes shut, forcing air into my lungs.

When I open my eyes a second later, he is sitting beside me with a bottle of water dangling in his hand. My hands are still cuffed. The heat that consumed me has faded, replaced by a chill that seeps into my bones from the AC blowing on temperature too low, and the comforter draped over me. Wait—

“You passed out, for a solid thirty minutes.” He says, his eyes filled with relief. “I thought you died for a second there.”

“I don’t think I’ll die from too many orgasms. Dehydration, on the hand? Definitely a risk” My voice is too scratched to be recognized.

“Drink.” He thrusts the bottle at me.

I push myself up, every movement a reminder of what we did—a sweet, aching throb between my thighs.

I gulp down more than half the bottle in seconds.

I thought I knew how it's all like from the books, but reality is nowhere near those books.

Reality is so much more electrifying, satisfying, overwhelming.

It wasn't just pleasure. It was annihilation.

I can get addicted to this, which is dangerous. Too goddamn dangerous.

My fingers have never been enough, but his? His fingers were magic. And his tongue? Even better.

An unfamiliar ache infiltrates my chest at the thought that he has been with other girls too, that they know his touch too. The discussions of the queen bee in high school about his glorifying dick wasn't lost on me; which is weird and gross and very unwelcomed.

Aiden's gaze doesn't leave mine as he takes the water bottle from my trembling hands. His fingers brush against mine—deliberately, possessively—and something primal unfurls in my chest.

Mine.

The thought is sudden, vicious, and entirely irrational.

His dark eyes are heavy with satisfaction, and yet all I can think about is the fact that other women have tasted this. That they've felt his fingers inside them, heard that voice whispering filthy praise in their ears.

Jealousy burns through me like acid.

It's strange and unwanted, yet, I can't push these thoughts away.

He's nothing more than my rival.

I freaking hate him. Do I?

And he hates me equally. Does he?

Then why is the eight-year old Eda coming out? That eight-year old whose sole mission was to make him hers?

I knew touching him would change things. But this vastly? Nope, it can't happen. I need to maintain my distance with him—

“You're thinking too hard,” Aiden murmurs, his thumb rising to my lower lip. His touch is gentle, a stark contrast to the way he tore orgasms from me. “What's going on in that pretty little head of yours?”

I tilt my chin up, defiance sparking in my veins. “Wouldn't you like to know?”

A slow smirk curves his lips. “I would, actually.” His hand moves to my hair, tugging just enough to sting. “Tell me.”

I bite my bottom lip, refusing to give him the satisfaction.

His breath is hot against my skin as he leans in, his voice a rough command. “Say it.”

I swallow hard, trying to find ways of how to tell him, to even tell him or not. “I was just thinking...” I hesitate, hating the vulnerability in my voice. “How many others have there been?”



“Others?” His brow creases in confusion.

“Women,” I clarify, my voice barely above a whisper. “How many have you... you know?”

A beat of silence.

Then, a low, dark chuckle rumbles from his chest. “Oh, my Blueberry,” he murmurs, his lips brushing my ear. “Are you jealous?”

Yes.

“No.” The truth claws at my throat, but I refuse to let it out. Instead, I glare at him, my nails digging into my palms. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

Aiden’s smirk deepens. He knows. Of course, this asshole knows how to read me like a freaking open book.

“There’ve never been others.”

My breath catches.

Heat floods my cheeks, but before I can protest, his mouth crashes into mine, stealing my breath, my thoughts, my sanity.

I can’t think, can’t breathe, can’t do anything but drown in the way his tongue strokes mine, possessive and deep. My body arches against his, eager, already slick with need.

He pulls back, “You don’t believe me.”

“Should I?”

His fingers trail down my spine, slow and deliberate, before gripping my ass hard enough to make me gasp. “You will.”

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“You possess venom, that came with a charm”

Unknowingly, I’ve been saving myself for her. Without even fucking meaning to. The realization hits me like a blade between the ribs.

No other woman holds my attention. No one comes close to her Goddess-like beauty, her razor-sharp mind, the way she commands a room just by breathing.

She’s perfection wrapped in poison, and I’m addicted to the taste.

And it fucking pisses me off.

Because no matter how many try to tempt me, no matter how many fall at my feet, it’s only her. Only Edaline.

And I’ll be damned if I let her slip through my fingers again.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“Baby, I wanna fuck you I wanna feel you in my bones”

“Turn around.”

The command is a caress, rough with dominance. I obey without thought, flipping onto my stomach, heart hammering against my ribs. Anticipation coils in my veins.

His hands are on me before I can catch my breath—large, possessive, his. He drags me up on my knees, fingers digging into the sore flesh of my ass, still tender from his earlier punishment. A hiss escapes me as he spreads me open, exposing what belongs to him.

Only him.

“So beautiful.” He murmurs.

I feel his warm tongue tracing my most forbidden place, and my entire body jerks. My eyes widen as heat floods between my thighs.

God.

His thumb replaces his tongue, and presses against my tight rim, “Relax, my Blueberry.”

His hands disappear, and before I can protest, I hear the unmistakable sound of a cap clicking open that sends a shiver down my spine. Cold lube drips onto my sensitive flesh, and I flinch, muscles clenching instinctively.

“Aiden—”

“Shh.” His breath is hot against the shell of my ear, as his fingers circle my back entrance. “You want to know how many women I’ve had?”

No.

He spanks my cheek, suddenly, not hard, but it aches the same, making me yelp. I fist the sheets beneath me in a deathly grip.

He presses a single digit inside, just to the first knuckle, and holy Jesus Christ , my eyes roll back into my head. “None.” Another inch. “No one matters when you’re here. It’s fucking annoying, if you ask me.”

I know his words are a lie, another game. But my stupid heart stutters anyway.

His free hand tenderly massages my sore flesh, coaxing me to relax. “Loosen up, sweetheart. Let me in.”

I gasp, as he adds the tip of another finger inside my hole, stretching me slowly. “Breathe.”

It doesn’t hurt, but it is that uncomfortable pressure. Then, he pushes both his fingers deep inside me. My vision whitens out, nails biting into the sheets.

Holy Jesus.

“That’s my girl. Just like that.” His encouraging words do help a bit. The stupid inner me relishing in the accomplishment and his approval.

More lube, another slow push. “You’re taking me so well.”

“Aiden, please—”

I’m panting, writhing, needing. The stretch burns, but the pleasure—God, the pleasure is everything.

“You’re doing so well, my Blueberry.” His encouraging words don’t stop.

Then I feel it—the cold, blunt pressure of metal against my entrance.

I breath, “Aiden—”

“Take it. Like the good girl you are.” He leaves no room for refusal. “Like my perfect little slut that you are.”

There is something seriously wrong with me, because my vagina cries with need every time he calls me that.

I bite my lip, my body resisting for half a second before the slick pressure wins, and the plug slides in, filling me in one relentless push. A choked moan tears from my throat as the stretch burns, then blissfully eases into pleasure.

How did I never realize that anal stimulation feels this good?

Aiden groans, “Fuck, look at you.” His palm smacks my ass, the sharp sting making me jerk. “Already so fucking greedy for it.”

His fingers trail down, slipping through my dripping folds, stopping at my clit. He rolls the bud between his fingers. Every touch is consuming, and making me utterly insane. I push my hips back, wanting—no, needing him to take me already.

“You have absolutely no patience, do you?” No. None.

I whimper, my hips rocking back against the intrusion, the fullness sending sparks up my spine. I want it, I want everything. The pain. The pleasure. All of it.

But Aiden doesn't give. Not easily.

He takes.

His fingers circle my clit, until my thighs tremble.

"Please—" God, I sound so pathetic, but I can't help it either.

"Please what?" His teeth grazing the sensitive skin. "Use your words, Blueberry."

Then his hands are on my waist, flipping me onto my back, like I weigh nothing. His weight pins me to the mattress.

I hate him.

I crave him.

"Tell me what you want, Blueberry." His fingers fists in my hair. "Tell me how bad you want it."

"Aiden—" My breath hitches. "I need you."

"Need me for what?"

I turn back around and growl—like an animal. Because that's what he makes me. Wild with need.

I don't beg.

My hands fist his stupid shirt between us, breathlessly. I scrape my nails at the neck of his shirt, like I could tear it apart if I tried hard enough. “Take it off.”

He chuckles. “You seem to have forgotten who gives orders here.” He pulls my hair, tilting my head back. “Maybe I’ll fuck you raw and leave you begging.”

My eyes snaps to his, “No, just—please.” The plea is ragged, stripped of pride. I don’t care anymore. I just need him.

I clench my fist and bring him closer to me, breathing him in—his scent mixed with mine.

With a sharp movement, he strips off his shirt, and my mouth goes dry.

Jesus .

He’s all hard muscle, built like a freaking God. My fingers itch to touch him to trace every ridge, to claim who has already claimed me.

I reach for him—

His hand snaps out, catching my wrist in a bruising grip. “Don’t.” His voice strained, his eyes darker not with need, but something else I’m unable to put my finger on.

Before I can protest, he pins my wrists above my head, his grip unyielding, “Don’t move them, or I’ll stop.”

Then he’s stripping off his sweatpants, his briefs, revealing the thick length of his cock, already hard, already mine.

I can’t stop staring, even if I tried.



I imagine taking him in my mouth—

His mouth crashes on mine.

Brutal. Consuming. A wildfire of possession and need.

And I burn with him. For him.

My legs fall open, an unspoken surrender, and he settles between them like he was made to be there.

The head of his cock pressed against me, not entering but just enough to tease. A low whimper escapes me, my body trembling with need. “Aiden. No more teasing, I need it. I need you to fuck me, please.”

A chuckle rumbles his chest, “Tell me who you belong to.”

I can’t. Won’t.

I shake my head, as my body betrays me, clenching around nothing.

“Wrong answer.”

With one brutal thrust, he buries himself inside me to the hilt, the stretch burning in the most exquisite way. The plug in my ass making every inch of him feel bigger, deeper.

“Fuck, blueberry. You feel so good.” He moans.

I scream, my back bowing, the cuffs biting into my wrists, as I struggle against the overwhelming fullness.

“You’re mine,” he growls, his teeth sinking into my shoulder. “Say it.”

He doesn’t wait.

Doesn’t give me a second to adjust.

He fucks me—hard, relentless. His hips slamming into me with a force that steals my breath. Each thrust jostles the plug, the dual stimulation dragging ragged sobs from my lips.

Just the way I need it.

Tears blur my vision, pleasure and pain spiraling together until I can’t tell where one ends and the other begins.

“Say it, my beautiful good girl.”

I thought my first time would hurt, but he prepared me so damn well. For him. I don’t even bleed, and all I care about is the ecstasy of his possession.

“Yours,” I sob, the word ripped from me. “Only yours.”

“Good girl.” His praise is a brand, searing deeper than his cock.

He stretches me so tight, and it feels so damn good.

“Such a good girl.”

He gropes my breast, squeezing until pleasure and pain dances along my nerves. The relief I feel is so—he hits a point in me that makes me lose all my control. “Oh God—”

His groan is guttural, “No, sweetheart. Tonight, you scream my name.” His pace turns feral. “Tonight, I’m your God.”

“Scream for me, Blueberry.” His cock drags against every over-sensitized inch inside me—it’s too much. “Let the whole world know who owns you.”

And when his fingers find my clit, I shatter with his name on my lips, my body convulsing as white hot pleasure detonates inside me.

But he’s not done.

He pulls out of me, flipping me onto my stomach and pulls me on my knees, again.

“I love seeing you come, Blueberry.” He grabs my throat, squeezing it slightly.

“I love it when you cry for more.” He slams back into me, deeper, harder.

“I love it when you scream.” His thumb circling my oversensitive clit.

“In fact, you’re going to come for me again.

” I whimper as he pulls back and thrusts into me hard from behind.

“I—I can’t—”

“You will,”

And I do.

I shriek, another orgasm tearing through me, as he pounds into me relentlessly, his cock hitting that spot inside me that makes me see stars. This new angle making my

body frantically twitch, muscles tremble and tears fall of pleasure and so much more.

It feels as if my soul left my body and ascended to heaven.

I collapse, and if it not for his arms around me, I would have fallen on the bed. But oh God, His pace doesn't lessen.

“Your body obeys me so beautifully.”

I whimper. Heat radiates from the point of contact. He grips my hair, kisses, bites my neck, my shoulder. “Fuck. I need to come inside you, Blueberry.”

“Do it.”

I feel him pulse, hot and thick, spilling into me. I groan as his teeth sink into a soft juncture between my shoulder and neck one last time.

Claiming me.

Owning me.

In every way possible.

He pulls out of me, letting me fall on the bed, carefully. I collapse, boneless, his heavy body draping over mine, panting; his body hot and heavy against my sweat-slicked skin.

“Mine.”

The cuffs click open, the bite of the metal leaving faint marks on my skin. His fingers trace the reddened skin, possessive even now. Mine , that touch says.

We're a tangle of sweat and sin, the air thick with the scent of us.

Time stretches, slowly, before he moves. He drags me up with him, his grip unrelenting, as if letting go would mean I'd vanish.

Maybe I would. Maybe I should.

"You're shaking."

"From disgust," I lie, even as my body leans into him.

A low chuckle. "Still a liar. Maybe I didn't punish you enough."

I let him clean me up. I probably need a shower again, but I'm too tired to move a limb.

He picks me up, drops me on the chair, changes the drenched sheets, and pulls me back down on the bed with him. All so efficiently, there's no lingering trace of the man who just wrecked me with his filthy words and rough hands.

His arm, like a steel band, locks around me, dragging me back against his chest. I should fight, now that I have oh so easily lost in that game, and this is all over, but it's so comforting. For tonight only I'll let it.

I lay, completely bare—exhausted but satisfied, still in disbelief.

How did we get here? From our rivalry to this—a tangle of lust and something far more dangerous. There was rarely any minute between us that used to go without making it a competition.

I twist to look at him, searching for answers in those lethal green eyes. I find him

staring at me back, his gaze cutting straight through me.

“What?” I snap.

“You’re thinking too loud.”

“Maybe you’re just obsessed with my thoughts.”

“Maybe I am.”

He watches me like he’s memorizing the way I fall apart for him.

Then, without warning, his mouth is on mine—soft. Too soft.

This man, who just had me begging in every language, kisses me like I’m something fragile. Like I’m his.

And that is worse than the roughness. Worse than the pain.

I break away, breathless. “Don’t.”

“Don’t what?” His thumb swipes my lower lip. “Don’t taste you? Don’t want you? Don’t—”

“Don’t pretend this is anything but what it is.”

“And what is it?”

I glare. “A mistake.”

He laughs, his eyes flashing with a hint of disappointment, or maybe I’m imagining

it.

“Go to sleep, my Blueberry.” He kisses my forehead, as sleep immediately pulls me in.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:21 pm*

“I'm seeing the pain, seeing the pleasure Nobody but you, 'body but me 'Body but us, bodies together I love to hold you close, tonight and always I love to wake up next to you”

My eyes blinked through the sunlight pouring into the room.

It takes my mind a moment to register everything that happened last night. Aiden . My body protests as I shift—every muscle taut. I need a goddamn massage.

I don't remember moving, but somehow, I'm draped over him, his arms locked around me in a grip that borders on possessiveness. As if even in sleep, he refuses to let me go. Asshole .

I rest my chin on his chest, and stare at him. His long and beautiful lashes, shadows against his sharp cheekbones, hiding his beautiful green eyes. His green is my favorite—second favorite. Because nothing compares to blue.

But God, his eyes.

I love them even when they are filled with annoyance and hate. And yet, last night—last night, they were something else entirely. So soft and full of something I don't even know what to name.

His entire face looks so serene in his sleep, all that arrogance smoothed into something disturbingly peaceful.

Oh no .



What the hell is wrong with me?

I hate him. I...do I?

Last night broke something inside me, in a good way. I discovered parts of myself that I've always wanted to explore; the desires and needs that I was too afraid to name. And he was the one who dragged them out of me.

Damn him.

What did that mean for us? Where would this lead?

I'd hated it when he first called me Blueberry in junior school, all smug arrogance over some stupid blueberry-printed top. I'd fought him on it for years.

But yesterday, he called me his . His Blueberry .

What is happening to me? Why am I even questioning myself right now?

This is Aiden. The same infuriating asshole who lives to get under my skin.

Then why am I entertaining the thought of him and I together?

This would never work. There is no us. There never will be.

No. Not in this lifetime. There could never be him and I.

There would always be a him and an I. Even if...

if we decided to go through with this...whatever this would be, there is his world and then there is mine.

“Good morning, Blueberry.” He grumbles, his eyes squinting. Shit . When did he wake up? “Is everything okay?”

He twirls a strand of my hair on his finger.

“Yeah. Yeah, everything’s good. Why wouldn’t it be?”

He looks unconvinced, and gives me a look of I-buy-no-shit. There is a turmoil of emotions inside me. My chest tightens, emotions clawing up my throat. Fine. Truth, then.

“I—I was just you know...”

“Seriously, since when did you start to hesitate with me? We just had amazing sex, and now you’re... shy?”

He pulls the strand slightly in warning. Oh, it is not good for the conversation we need to have.

“Don’t think too highly about yourself. It was just sex.”

“Just sex, huh? Do I need to punish you for lying? You seem to do that a lot.”

Heat creeps up my cheeks at his words. I scramble up, putting space between us.

“Tell me, Eda, what’s wrong?”

“I...” Okay. “Where do we go from here? Because you and I both know that there’s no going back. But also this doesn’t mean that I don’t hate you anymore because I do. You’ll forever be the pain in my ass.”

He chuckles, conceitedly. “Oh I know, Blueberry, I know . Is your ass still aching?”

“Oh my God, Aiden! I’m serious—ugh, I hate you.”

And he laughs. He actually laughs.

There goes any serious talk.

I bolt off the bed, and head to the bathroom showing the universal gesture of fuck you to him.

“By the way,” His voice halts me, dripping with smug amusement. “Where did you get that novel from?”

“One of these days, I will kill you, and you won’t even see it coming.”

His laughter follows me, and despite myself—despite everything—my lips twitch.

I still don’t know where this all is leading.

But for once, I won’t overthink