

# ***BACKUP GIRL NO MORE: ADIOS TO MY V-CARD AND MY FIRST LOVE***

## **Backup Girl No More**

### **Backup Girl No More Chapter 71**

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 71

Chapter 17

Twenty-four hours.

That was all the time I had left.

Last night—After Pax asked me to start over, I didn't respond.

I simply sat there, letting the weight of his words sink into the candlelit hush between us.

The restaurant, once warm and intimate, suddenly felt distant, the glow of the chandeliers dimmed by something neither of us was willing to name.

A silence stretched between us, thick and unresolved.

Pax's mother, ever perceptive, didn't push for an answer.

"These kinds of things should be settled between the two of you," she murmured, dabbing the corner of her lips with a napkin. "I've had my fill. I'll be heading home."

Before leaving, she handed me a gift.

An emerald jade bracelet—delicate, flawless.

I refused instantly.

It was too much, too significant.

But Pax didn't hesitate. He took it for me, slipping it into his pocket with the ease of someone who had already decided for me.

“Then I’ll hold onto it for now.”

And then, as if sensing that wasn’t enough, he insisted on picking out another gift.

“Something from me.”

I didn’t argue.

I simply followed him through the high-end shopping mall, trailing behind him like a shadow.

Like someone watching their own life play out from a distance.

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And then we ran into her.

Nina.

She was dressed in white. Her makeup was soft, natural—deliberately understated.

The perfect picture of restraint.

The moment she saw Pax, something in her shattered.

Tears welled up immediately, slipping down her cheeks in silent, measured streams. Her shoulders trembled as if she were standing in the eye of some invisible storm.

I inhaled slowly, she should really consider acting.

With that level of control, she could land a starring role without an audition.

“Park told me,” she whispered, voice trembling with raw emotion. “He said you were going to propose to her.”

Her hands clutched the fabric of her dress, wringing it as if trying to steady herself.

“I didn’t believe him. I thought”

She shook her head, exhaling in sharp, uneven gasps.

“But it’s true, isn’t it?”

The world around us didn’t stop.

People still passed by, conversations still buzzed in the air.

Yet somehow-

Everything around us blurred.

Like a scene suspended in time.

Just the three of us.

Pax turned to me.

It was instinctive, reflexive—like he needed to read my expression before he could decide how to respond.

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I smiled.

A light, effortless curve of my lips.

As if I hadn't heard a thing.

"I've told you a hundred times already," Pax said, his voice edged with exhaustion.

"I don't like you, Nina. I never have."

"How many more times do I need to say it?"

His patience, already stretched thin, finally snapped.

He ran a hand through his hair, exhaling sharply.

"Can you just stop this? Stop making a scene?"

But no one—not even him—had expected what happened next.

The moment her hand slipped into her purse, something in the air shifted.

A flicker of silver, the unmistakable gleam of a blade.

The mall's overhead lights caught the edge of it, sending a cold, metallic gleam into the air—My breath hitched.

Pax moved immediately, his body shifting in front of mine without hesitation.

But Nina—Didn't turn the knife toward me.

Instead, she laughed.

And then, with that same eerie, hollow smile—she dragged the blade across her own wrist.

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Chapter 18

Chapter 18

If you looked at it from another angle, Nina was pathetic in her own way. She had spent years believing in an illusion.

Convinced that she and Pax were something more than childhood friends. That their bond was built on mutual affection, not just habit.

She had left the country thinking she had a place in his heart—a permanent one.

And when she returned, the boy who had once braved storms to pick her up at the airport, who had stood there waiting for her, drenched, breathless, eyes filled with devotion had moved on in just two

days.

The world hadn't stopped for her.

The sharp wail of sirens cut through the air.

Red and blue lights pulsed against the glass storefronts, the reflections casting an eerie glow over the

marble floors.

The paramedics moved quickly, their voices urgent but professional.

Nina w

still conscious, her skin ghastly pale against the stark white of her dress.

The blood had already begun to seep through the delicate fabric, a slow, spreading stain.

Pax stood beside me, his expression carefully blank.

But his hands, fisted tightly at his sides.

The tension in his shoulders, and the way his jaw clenched just slightly.

He was worried.

He just wouldn't let himself show it.

I let out a slow breath, my lips curling into something faintly amused.

“Go.”

It had all been about him, up to this point.

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His hesitation lasted only a second before he stepped forward, but not before pulling me into a brief

hug.

It was quick, but firm.

His scent lingered—clean, crisp, familiar. A faint trace of cologne mixed with something uniquely him.

“Cecilia, wait for me.”

“After tonight, everything will be over.”

I almost laughed. Because he was right, it really would be over.

A few hours later....

A sales associate at an upscale boutique placed a velvet box onto the counter, the soft material absorbing the glow of the store's golden lighting.

With a careful motion, she lifted the lid, revealing a stunning diamond ring.

A ring big enough to silence doubts. Big enough to convince someone to stay.

“Miss, where’s your boyfriend?” the sales associate asked politely, assuming the moment belonged

to two.

I smiled.

“I don’t need it anymore.”

Almost, I wavered. But I didn’t.

By the time I got home, my resolve was steel.

I removed my old SIM card, fingers steady, and tossed it into the trash without a second thought.

There was no need to keep it anymore.

I had booked a hotel near the airport to catch an early morning flight.

With my suitcase in hand, I slid into the backseat of a taxi, watching the city blur past the window.

Everything outside rushed by—buildings, streetlights, familiar roads—disappearing at a speed I couldn’t control.

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But I didn’t look back.

I pressed a hand to my chest.

No ache, no hesitation.

Just quiet certainty.

Goodbye to the city that had been my home for twenty years.

Goodbye, Pax.

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Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Autumn is creeping in Berlin.

The plane trees lining the streets fade to golden, their leaves curling at the edges before the wind picks up they swirl, flutter, swirl, and slowly and obediently descend.

They fall one layer after another onto the cobblestone streets, crunching gently underfoot.

The seasons change, just like life.

I adapted faster than I expected.

The transition was almost effortless.

The enrollment process was smooth. I became part of the professor's research lab, integrating into the rhythm of early mornings and late nights, the meticulous data collection, and the sterile smell of

the lab.

For the first six months, I shadowed senior researchers – observing, learning, making mistakes.

By the end of the year, I had become a mentor myself.

“Interesting, isn't it?” my professor mused one afternoon, leaning back in his chair and browsing a

set of reports.

“You didn't come after graduation, you bet you regretted it.”

I laughed.

Regret? How could I regret it?

At that time, I never hesitated.

I just don't have the money.

That's the only thing holding me back.

Upon hearing this, one of the senior fellows next to me—the one who mentored me when I first joined—looked at me and a look of elusiveness flashed across his face.

I saw his expression and smiled easily.

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“Don’t look at me like that,” I joked. “I’m doing well now, aren’t I?”

Very well.

My scholarship covered everything I needed, and I had enough savings

Enough to remind me that I made the right choice.

And in the future, I’ll make more.

I never knew that on the day I left, Pax came looking for me.

That he had stood in the apartment we once shared, expecting to find me there.

That he had gone so far as to bring Nina’s parents, calling them as witnesses to something he should have done a long time ago, the moment he cut ties with her for good.

For that, the Brown family had paid a price.

But Pax didn’t care. It was done.

The next morning, he rushed to my apartment.

His heartbeat hammered against his ribs, his steps hurried, the words already forming on his lips-

“Cecilia, it’s over. It’s all been taken care of.”

“There’s nothing stopping us now.”

But what he didn’t know that five minutes before he arrived, I had already boarded a flight to Berlin.

The apartment door was still broken from the night he kicked it open days ago.

When he pushed it now, the hinges groaned, the frame shuddering beneath the pressure.

He stepped inside, the words on the tip of his tongue, and then froze.

The person standing there wasn’t me.

A different girl, the new tenant.

She blinked at him, startled, a flicker of confusion crossing her face before recognition settled in.

“Hi?” she asked hesitantly. “I thought you left the country with her?”

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Chapter 19

The words landed like a punch to the gut.

And for the first time in his life he was panicked.

He grabbed her shoulders, his fingers tightening, his voice sharp, desperate.

“Where is she?”

“Her flight to Norway isn’t for two more days. Where did she go?”

But I hadn’t told anyone. No one knew.

Pax’s hands were already fumbling for his phone, his fingers flying across the screen.

Dialing. Texting. Calling.

Nothing.

No response.

A sharp crack echoed through the empty apartment—his phone shattering against the floor.

But even that wasn’t enough to silence the storm inside his head.

By the time morning light seeped into the stairwell, Pax was still there.

Sitting on the cold, narrow steps of the rundown building.

Head bowed. Hands covering his face. Tears slipped through his fingers, hitting the dust-covered concrete one by one.

Tiny, dark imprints that disappeared almost instantly.

Finally, he remembered the night he had gone to pick up Nina.

He hadn’t been able to sleep afterward.

He had tossed and turned, restless, uneasy.

Somewhere between wakefulness and sleep, he had heard himself whispering apologies.

And somewhere, in the haze of that moment he had heard a sigh.

“Seven days left.”

“1.

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Chapter 19

At the time, he hadn't thought much of it.

Hadn't realized what it meant.

He had thought he was fighting for another chance.

That with enough effort, with enough time he could turn things back.

It had never once occurred to him that she had been counting down the days until she could leave.

Chapter 20

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Chapter 20

I never thought I'd see Pax again.

But fate, it seemed, had a cruel sense of humor.

Two years later, on another Christmas Eve, as Berlin slipped into wintertime, I found myself walking through streets dusted in the season's first snowfall. The golden glow of streetlamps flickered against frost-coated windows, the world outside hushed and serene.

Inside the lab, however, serenity was the last thing on our professor's mind.

“This one's going to be a handful,” she muttered, rubbing her temples in exasperation.

Her frustration was so uncharacteristic that Erike and I exchanged amused glances.

“What's the problem, Professor?” Erike asked, barely suppressing a grin.

“A hard case,” she sighed. “Connections. Family money. One of those. Can’t be fired, hard to manage—what a headache.”

Then, as if resigning herself to fate, she looked between the two of us.

“So? Which one of you is going to mentor him?”

A man, then.

I instinctively took a full step back.

“Erike you do it.” I shook my head with mock solemnity.

“I’d hate for her to fall helplessly in love with me.”

A voice came from behind me.

A voice I hadn’t heard in two years.

“Cecilia.”

I stilled.

For a moment, I thought I had imagined it.

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Chapter 20

But when I turned, there he was.

Pax Brown.

Standing in our lab.

That night, he officially joined our team.

And in the weeks that followed he shattered nine beakers.

Forgot to turn off the equipment fifteen times.

By the time he nearly melted an expensive sensor, I couldn’t take it anymore.

I turned to him and, for the first time in two years, I spoke to him directly.

“Maybe you should just marry a beaker.”

Pax froze.

For a second, he just stared at me.

Then his eyes turned red.

“Cecilia,” he breathed, voice raw. “Does this mean you’ve finally forgiven me?”

He looked at me like he had been waiting for this moment longer than he could bear.

He told me he had meant every word he’d said back then.

That he had done as he promised.

That he had long since severed ties with Nina.

But that had never been the real problem, had it?

They had grown up together.

He had spent his whole life by her side, buying her gifts. Picking her up in the dead of night.

If I had been in her place, maybe I would have fallen for him too.

I shook my head.

My First Love

Chapter 20

“The fact that you’re even asking me this question means you still don’t understand me.”

His breath hitched, his fingers twitching at his sides—like he wanted to reach for me.

But before he could, Huaiyu stepped forward, casually positioning himself between us.

Pax’s breathing turned uneven.

“So that’s it, then?” His voice was barely above a whisper. “You’re with him?”

Erike?

What was he even talking about?

I laughed, shaking my head.

“Pax, what does this have to do with anyone else?”

I looked at him—really looked at him.

“I just can’t tolerate being lied to.”

“You lied to me once, and I will never be able to trust you again.”

There was a time when the thought of leaving him had made my chest ache.

A time when just the idea of walking away had felt like ripping myself apart.

But I had left.

And I had survived.

Because the truth was I didn’t want to spend the rest of my life questioning.

Did he love me?

Was I enough?

Would I always come first?

I had no interest in becoming that kind of woman.

So I smiled—soft, distant, untouchable.

To My Card and My First Love

Chapter 20

“You’re a mess, Pax. You’re terrible at this. Please don’t ruin our lab too.”

Then, just as gently “Can you not make me hate you?”

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Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Pax Brown came as suddenly as he left.

One moment, he was here—his presence unsettling the entire lab, turning heads, lowering voices into hushed whispers.

The next, he was gone.

No explanations. No drawn-out goodbyes.

The others didn't understand.

I let out a slow breath, feeling the weight lift from my chest.

Beside me, Erike lowered his gaze, his long eyelashes trembling ever so slightly.

But his expression remained unreadable.

“So that's him?” he asked, his voice quiet. “The ex-boyfriend who pretended to be poor?”

I nodded.

Outside, winter had settled in fully.

Thick snowflakes drifted past the frosted windowpanes, blanketing the city in silver and white.

The wind howled, slipping through the narrow cracks, sending an icy chill through the room.

I curled my fingers, trying to shake off the numbness.

Erike moved first.

Without a word, he stepped forward and shut the window, sealing out the cold.

And just as the last breath of frigid air slipped through, his voice followed—soft, deliberate, unmistakable.

“Can't you pretend... that it was for me?”

I stilled.

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Chapter 21

For a second, the words didn't register.

Then, realization dawned,

He was echoing Pax's words. "What are you looking at?"

Only this time, there was no teasing. No arrogance.

Only quiet hesitation.

Erike turned toward me, the tips of his ears tinged red from the cold.

He pressed his lips together, his usually steady gaze flickering with something uncertain.

Expectation.

A quiet, unspoken hope.

Had I ever felt something for him?

Maybe.

After all, we had spent countless nights side by side, working until exhaustion blurred the edges of

reality.

But feelings born out of proximity were just that—a passing warmth, not a fire.

And so, I shook my head.

"I can't."

He didn't react.

Didn't argue.

He had probably expected my answer.

Outside, the snow kept falling—endless, silent, indifferent.

And deep inside, I knew—

There would be no more detours.

No more hesitation.

Chapter 21

The road ahead was mine alone to walk and I had already chosen.

I wasn't here to linger in love stories.

I was here to live my own life

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Chapter 1.

Chapter 1

After leaving the police station, Mandy slumped into the passenger seat, still sniffing with puffy red

eyes.

I was beyond arguing at this point and was about to start the car when she grabbed my arm with surprising force.

Ignoring me completely, she turned to Luke and whimpered, "Luke, I'm scared. You know I hate riding with anyone else driving."

Her face was blotchy from crying, the perfect picture of helplessness.

I wrenched my arm free. "Then get out."

The atmosphere in the car instantly turned arctic.

Mandy burst into theatrical sobs, tears streaming down her face.

From the backseat, Luke's voice cut through the air like ice. "Seriously, Yvonne? Would it kill you to

show some compassion? You know about her trauma with her brother. Have a heart, for once."

"Fine, I'll drive," he snapped, yanking my door open so forcefully that the winter air rushed in.

I shivered involuntarily.

I remained seated, meeting his gaze in silent defiance.

Luke, usually so level-headed, was now unrecognizable. He roughly unbuckled my seatbelt and practically dragged me out of the car.

I stumbled, barely catching myself on one knee before hitting the ground.

He slid into the driver's seat without so much as a glance in my direction, then gently stroked Mandy's hair.

"Stop crying. I'll take you home first."

"You're always so good to me, Luke," she purred, shooting me a triumphant look.

Luke called over his shoulder, "You're a grown woman, figure it out yourself. I'll be home after I drop Mandy off."

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Chapter 1.

They drove away, leaving me standing there in disbelief.

Through the rear window, I watched as Mandy leaned over to plant a kiss on Luke's cheek.

My phone vibrated, and I fumbled to answer it with numb fingers.

"Yvonne, have you seen Gavin's photos?"

Gavin my arranged marriage prospect. The man my family had chosen.

Tall, striking, well-built, with the kind of presence that commanded attention.

My mother's voice radiated relief. "Finally, you're being sensible. Your father isn't getting any younger, and he's been so disappointed since you ran away. It's good you're coming home at last."

I stared at the moths circling the streetlight, memories flooding back unbidden.

I'd fled home years ago to escape precisely this kind of life.

Meeting Luke had felt like divine intervention.

Seven years together. I'd supported him while he built his business empire.

Because he always said "the timing isn't right," I'd endured multiple abortions.

I'd been so foolishly convinced his love was enough.

But now? I couldn't stomach even the smallest betrayal.

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## Chapter 2

I ended up having to call a taxi home.

Despite everything, Luke must have felt some guilt because he showed up not long after. He walked in while I was sorting through my belongings.

Clothes were strewn across the bed as I methodically stuffed them into garbage bags.

“What are you doing?” Luke asked, hovering uncertainly in the doorway.

“Just decluttering,” I replied neutrally, silently willing him to shower and wash off that sickening perfume.

He hesitated, missing the underlying tension.

Then, completely tone-deaf, he continued, “That’s probably for the best. We can buy new things after we’re married. Maybe even move to a new place. What do you think?”

Luke was playing his favorite card – dangling our future together.

He kept stealing glances at me, gauging my reaction. I noticed but pretended not to.

In the past, such words would have moved me to tears.

Now? I wouldn’t waste a single drop on him.

My lack of response seemed to unsettle him.

He knew I was angry but wasn’t willing to make any real effort to fix things.

His presence tonight was probably the extent of his concession.

While Luke showered, his phone wouldn’t stop chiming.

Fed up, I picked it up.

Mandy had bombarded him with wedding photos of them together – traditional poses, contemporary shots, even bohemian-style settings.

A dull ache spread through my chest.

## Backup Girl No More: Adios To My V-Card and My First Love

1.

Chapter 2:

Apparently, Luke only reserved his impatience for me.

When I'd been excited to try on wedding dresses, he'd always found excuses to avoid it.

"They all look the same, just pick one," he'd dismiss me with obvious irritation.

I could still picture his contemptuous expression.

Yet here were dozens of intimate photos with Mandy- all genuine moments.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

I startled at Luke's voice behind me.

He snatched his phone away.

The force of his grab made me stumble backward onto the bed.

"Ever heard of privacy?" His face was flushed, voice glacial.

I looked down at the fresh scratch on my palm.

Blood had started to well up.

Truthfully, even if Luke hadn't interrupted, I wouldn't have scrolled further.

I'd already spent the entire night reading through their thousands of flirtatious messages.

My eyes were swollen, but I'd had to pretend I'd just woken up.

Seven years together, and our WhatsApp chat was just my monologues, occasionally graced with his emoji responses when he felt like it.

I was such a fool.

"Sorry, I won't do it again," I mumbled, avoiding his gaze.

Luke froze.

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Chapter 3.

Chapter 3

Luke stared at me, caught off guard by my reaction.

“Those photos... Mandy was exhausted from trying on dresses, so I just helped out. It’s not what you’re thinking. You know about her brother. I promised him I’d watch over her. I just wanted to see

how the dresses looked on her.”

I listened silently, seeing no point in challenging his flimsy excuses.

Mandy’s brother, John, had been one of Luke’s closest friends.

Back then, Luke was struggling to launch his business, facing countless obstacles.

John had brought him a USB drive, but never made it home – a car accident took his life.

By the time they rushed him to the hospital, nothing could be done.

With his last breath, he’d made Luke swear to look after Mandy.

And Luke had honored that promise with remarkable dedication.

It started innocently enough- occasional check-ins that evolved into deep involvement in every aspect of her life.

I inhaled sharply, knowing that in a matter of days, I’d be gone.

No reason to hold anything back now.

“Don’t worry about any misunderstandings. Actually, I think you and Mandy would make a perfect

couple-”

The crack of Luke’s palm against my cheek echoed through the room.

“What’s wrong with you? Mandy sees me as her brother. Unlike you, she’s not some cheap slut who

throws herself at men.”

My cheek burned where he’d struck me.

Right. Mandy wasn't like me.

I was just Luke's convenient plaything, available whenever he called.

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Chapter 3.

Tears welled up as I caught a flash of regret cross his face,

His voice softened.

"I didn't mean that..."

Suddenly, I felt a surge of courage, ready to lay everything bare,

"Luke, I'm getting m-"

His phone's ringtone cut through the air.

Mandy's voice filled the bedroom through the speaker.

"Luke, I had a nightmare about my brother... I feel awful..."

"I'll be right there." Luke's voice filled with urgent concern.

He threw on clothes hastily, rushing toward the door.

At the threshold, he paused, as if remembering something.

"What were you about to say?"

But the moment had passed, and I'd retreated back into

my

shell

"Nothing important. We can discuss it later."

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Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I woke to cold, empty sheets beside me as if no one had slept there at all.

With my departure only days away, I resigned from my job. There was no point in prolonging the

inevitable.

While handing over my donation bags to the courier, I noticed a commotion across the hall.

Moving men were shuttling new furniture in and out of the apartment.

Through the chaos, I spotted Luke immediately. He stood with his arm draped around Mandy's shoulders, directing the workers.

It was so typical of him – this attention to detail. He'd been just as meticulous when we first moved in, taking time off work to oversee everything.

That was his vision of making a home, he'd always said.

Now, he barely seemed to live in ours anymore.

"Miss? Your tracking number?" The courier's voice snapped me back to reality.

The commotion must have carried, because Mandy bounded out moments later.

"Yvonne! Luke bought this place for me because of my nightmares. We're going to be neighbors!"

She leaned in with that affected innocence of hers, eyes wide and eager.

Something about her just made my skin crawl.

As I turned to leave, Mandy suddenly stumbled backward as if pushed.

She collided with a worker carrying a cabinet, the corner catching her lower back. Her cry of pain

pierced the air.

"Ah!" Tears sprang to her eyes instantly.

Luke rushed to her side, concern etched on his face as he tenderly massaged her injured back.

He turned to me, his expression incredulous. "Yvonne, stop acting like some jealous psycho!"

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Chapter 4.

Mandy's face went ashen. "Luke, don't. It's my fault. I shouldn't have moved in here... I'm just a

burden."

"How could you be a burden? You're my sister!" Luke's voice rose defensively.

My head throbbed. Their brother-sister act was nauseating.

Luke's arm blocked my doorway. "Apologize to Mandy. Now!"

I've had enough.

"Why should I apologize for something I didn't do?"

"Like you haven't pulled stunts like this before?" Luke spat.

I let out a bitter laugh.

He'd always believe whatever version of events suited him.

Mandy raised a weak hand in protest. "Please, it's fine. Don't fight because of me. I'm just clumsy."

Luke took her hand gently, but his eyes, blazing with anger, stayed fixed on me.

"I never knew you could be so bitter, so petty."

His words cut deep, each one like a knife to my heart.

## **Backup Girl No More Chapter 80**

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

I didn't apologize.

Mandy continued moaning about her pain until Luke finally carried her downstairs.

Watching them disappear, I realized I needed to make a hospital visit myself.

Sleep had become elusive lately.

I couldn't pinpoint exactly when it started, but for weeks, rest had been nothing more than a series

of fitful moments.

After melatonin proved useless, I finally conceded to seeking medical help.

The hospital was relatively quiet today, and I obtained my prescription quickly.

On my way down, I encountered Luke and Mandy – unsurprising, given this was the nearest hospital to our apartment.

Luke was carrying her bridal-style, their medication clutched in his free hand.

The scene drew admiring glances from passersby.

“Now that’s a devoted boyfriend,” I overheard a pregnant woman whisper to her partner, nudging him pointedly.

Mandy blushed deeply while Luke remained perfectly composed.

We converged at the elevator. I stayed silent, but Mandy started squirming in Luke’s arms, her face

flushing.

“Luke, I can stand now,” she protested weakly.

“Stay still, you’re injured,” he chided.

Then, unexpectedly, he turned to me. “Why are you here? Are you unwell?”

I displayed my prescription. “Just sleeping pills.”

Luke hesitated before offering, “I’ll have my assistant bring you some lavender. It might help with sleep.”

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Chapter 5

He seemed about to continue when Mandy cut in, her voice honeyed and plaintive. She’d reverted to her practiced performance of pain, complete with that childlike tone she’d perfected.

The elevator descended steadily until, without warning, it shuddered to a stop.

The lights flickered once, then plunged us into darkness.

Chapter 6