

A night stand?

Julian blinked open, for the first time since he passed out in the bar the previous night and he had no idea of what had happened after he passed out. His vision was hazy as he tried to make sense of his surroundings.

To his surprise, he realized that he was lying in a large, plush bed, wrapped in crisp white sheets that felt soft against his skin.

The room around him was bathed in soft morning light, streaming through the large and opulence windows. The decor was rich, with dark tones accented by elegant touches, creating a sense of luxury and comfort. Everything around this room screamed of luxury and elegance, it was nothing like his cramped apartment or anywhere he'd ever been before.

Questions flooded Julian's mind: What was this place, and what was he doing here? How did he get here in the first place?

"Damn, here comes the hangover, maybe drinking a dozen bottle's wasn't really a good idea." Julian's head pained him as he tried to sit up, memories of the previous night coming back little by little. He remembered the bar, the endless drinks, and...nothing much after that.

He reached up, rubbing his temples, wondering how he'd ended up here, in this strange bed, in a room that reeked of wealth and class. As he removed the covers off him, he realized that he had no shirt on him, and to his dismay, even his pants were gone, left only in shorts. 'Weird.' he thought.

As Julian's gaze drifted across the room, he suddenly noticed a figure beside him, curled up under the sheets. His body tensed in alarm, and he immediately jolted upright.

A woman lay next to him, her cherry red hair spilling over the pillow, her peaceful expression framed by the soft morning light filtering through the window.

Who was this woman laying next to him? And what the hell had happened last night? How much had he drunk to not even remember how he ended up in a stranger's bed?

He tried to remember, but his mind was blank, struggling to recall anything, let alone the events of the previous night.

Julian's eyes darted nervously to the young woman beside him. He looked at her face trying to recognize her, but she was very unfamiliar. However one thing that he noticed despite the situation was that she was stunningly beautiful.

Her features were exquisite and captivating, with high cheekbones and a delicately shaped nose that gave her an almost ethereal quality. Her skin was smooth and fair, glowing softly in the morning light that streamed through the windows. Her cherry red hair flowed across the pillow in loose waves, framing her face.

Her lips were a soft, natural pink, slightly parted in a way that made her look almost serene.

Julian continued to watch her, trying to piece together how they had ended up in the same bed. But before he could think further, her eyes snapped open.

She blinked a few times, then her gaze shot to him. Her face drained of color as their eyes met and she quickly sat up, pulling the blankets to her chest. Panic flashed across her green eyes as she scanned him.

"What the hell?" she gasped, her voice trembling. "Who are you? What are you doing in my room?"

Her mind raced, fear creeping in as she wondered if he had done something to her, or was planning on doing so.

Julian instinctively took a step back.

She looked him over quickly, then froze, her eyes narrowing as they landed on his bare chest. Why was he shirtless in her bedroom? He was almost naked. Her gaze darted over him again, then back to his face. Everything pointed to him having done something—or maybe, somehow, they'd done something together. Did she bring a man here last night?

No, that didn't make sense, she wasn't that type of girl to just bring a stranger to her house.

But she struggled to recall anything that might explain this, as her memory was blank. How in the world did he end up here, right beside her?

Julian, noticing how alarmed she was and realizing what she must be thinking, raised his hands defensively. "No! I didn't do anything to you. I promise, I don't even remember what happened!" he stammered, stepping back, his mind scrambling to process the situation. "I woke up here, just like you. I swear, I didn't do anything to you."

She shook her head, panic creeping into her voice. "You're in my room. You're half-dressed. What did you do to me?" She pulled the blanket tightly around her chest, her hands trembling as she tried to shield herself from him. Her mind raced, trying to piece together what had happened. It didn't make sense.

She stayed quiet as she started to recall something. At first, she thought he had snuck in, but that seemed impossible, since no one could get past security here. So, if he wasn't the one who broke in... then maybe it was her? Was she the one to blame for this? She remembered that she drunk a lot at a fashion event she was at, last night.

'Did I really drink that much at the event and brought a guy over here? No, that's not like me... but how else did he get here? Oh my god, what did I do?' She thought to herself.

Julian stood there, confusion clouding his thoughts. All he remembered was being at a bar, drinking. Everything after that was a haze. He had no idea how he had ended up in her room, and the mystery of it left him just as lost as she was.

The uncertainty hung heavy between them, each of them trying to make sense of the situation, neither one able to remember the night that had led them here.