

## No way out?

The silence from the woman as she stared at him, was unsettling Julian. “I really have no idea, believe.” He said.

The woman’s eyes narrowed, her voice cold. “You seriously have the nerve to stand there and pretend you don’t know what happened?” She sat up, wrapping the blanket around her shoulders. “Half-dressed in my bed. Do you just wander into random women’s rooms, or am I just the lucky one?”

She didn’t sound as angry as earlier, because she was starting to realize something. She suspected that she might be the one at fault here. Maybe she was the one who invited him, but with no memory of the night, she couldn’t shake the feeling that it could still be his fault.

Julian clenched his jaw, frustration building. “Look, I don’t know what happened either. I was at a bar, had a few too many, and woke up here. That’s all I remember. I’m not at fault here.” He said.

She raised an eyebrow, giving him a skeptical once-over. She wasn’t as uncomfortable and enraged as she was initially, now that she realized she might be also at fault. “Oh, I’m sure this is such a hardship for you,” she said, dripping with sarcasm. “Drunk, half-naked, and suddenly claiming innocence. Real classy.”

Julian’s patience was running thin. Defending himself wasn’t helping, only making it look like he knew more than he did. He decided it was better to stand his ground and leave. “Look, If anything happened between us, we’re both responsible. Now I just need to find my clothes and leave. Problem solved.”

Her lips twisted into a smirk or maybe it was a look of disdain. “Good luck finding them. I’m surprised you remember how to dress yourself at all.” She crossed her arms tightly, her gaze still locked into him. “But don’t think I’m letting you leave without an explanation. Either you start talking, or I’ll call security, and believe me, they’ll get the truth out of you.”

Julian hesitated, feeling slightly uneasy at her threat. Judging by the luxuriousness and how opulent this room was, he already could tell that he was dealing with someone from a wealthy background. And she seemed to have connections. If that was the case he didn’t want to get into trouble with someone like that. Still, he kept his tough exterior. “Fine, call security. Just know, whatever you’re thinking? It didn’t happen, and if anything happened, we’re both to blame.”

Hearing his words, doubt flickered across her face. She watched him trying to gather his things. Once again, she tried to remember what happened last night, but she couldn’t remember what happened either, which meant she might have brought him here. She had no memory of how she got home the previous night, and if that was the case, she was just as responsible.

Her expression hardened, the disgust fading to a more guarded look.

Then, she realized that there is even more at stake: If her family discovered she’d spent the night with some stranger, especially when she was already engaged to someone they had chosen for her, it would be a scandal, one she couldn’t afford. The engagement itself was a burden she didn’t want, forced upon her by her family’s demands. Yet, despite her disdain for it, the consequences of defying them now felt even more suffocating.

Julian found his clothes under the bed and started putting them on. The wrinkled, frayed clothes were very different to the room’s pristine elegance.

She watched him as he put on his clothes, her lips twisting in disgust. A moment ago, his physique had been handsome and impressive, but now, dressed in shabby clothes, he looked downright repulsive. “What are you wearing?” She wrinkled her nose her voice full of disdain. He looked unkempt, like he’d just rolled out of a gutter. The idea that she might have potentially spent the night with someone like him made her stomach turn.

Julian, noticing her look, shot back sarcastically, “Trust me, this wasn’t my dream morning either.”

She scoffed. “You leave now, and we both forget this ever happened. I don’t care who you are or how you ended up here, but if you say a word about this, it won’t end well for you. Do you understand?”

But she wasn’t finished. She intended to track him down later. She suspected he knew what happened but was refusing to talk, and if by any chance he had taken advantage of her last night, she wanted to make him pay. For now though, her only priority was getting him out of her sight before anyone else saw him.

Julian agreed to leave.

He was more than happy to escape. “Trust me, I don’t want anyone knowing about this either.” He said as he put on his shoes.

She glared at him, her eyes cold as she tried to decide. On one hand she could get the truth out of him easily if she just got help, however in doing so she would also be exposing his presence to everyone in the house. So she was left with only one choice, to let him go, but what if he at fault?

After a second, she stepped aside, gesturing toward the window. “Alright, you can get out through that window, I don’t want anyone to see you and start rumors, you have less than 40 seconds, or I’ll call security. And believe if I do that, your life will be ruined.”

Julian’s gaze darted to the window, he walked over and stared outside. A chill running down his spine as he realized just how high up they were. There was no way he’d make it safely if jumped down from the window and he didn’t want to try it. He turned back to her, frowning. “Forget the window,” he said. “I’ll take the door, thanks.” His voice left no room for any argument, as he stepped in that direction, determined not to let her scare him into doing something so reckless.

She immediately dropped the covers, and quickly blocked his way, determined to not let him go through the door. She crossed her arms and had a sharp look in her eyes. “You think I’m joking?” she hissed. “No one should see you leaving my bedroom, and no one should even hear about this. Out the window, or I call for help, and trust me, your life is going to be over.”

Julian raised an eyebrow, not listening to her. “I’m not going to risk my neck jumping from the top floor just because you’re afraid of a rumor,” he replied, voice calm but serious. “I’m leaving through the door, and you’re not stopping me.”

She stared at him, clearly frustrated, as he held his ground against her. Julian reached for the doorknob and he was about to pull it open when she pushed it back shut. “Hey, don’t....”

Before she could even finish her sentence, the door to her bedroom opened suddenly.