

Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

#Chapter 1 - Read Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Kidnapped While He Said "I Do"

The abandoned factory was overgrown with weeds. A rusty red sedan sat outside the entrance.

Inside, Summer Stewart's hands were tied behind her back, and a strip of yellow duct tape sealed her lips, muffling her voice into desperate whimpers. Her white dress was stained with dirt, and her slender, pale legs were exposed beneath the fabric.

A masked kidnapper crouched in front of her, his voice hoarse and raspy. "Ms. Stewart, you're Trevor Larson's fiancée. Four million dollars for ransom shouldn't be a big deal. Here, call him yourself."

A battered old phone was tossed at her feet. Without another word, the man ripped the tape from her mouth and cut the ropes binding her hands.

A sharp knife pressed against her fair neck.

Beep... beep... beep...

After what felt like an eternity, a low, cool male voice finally answered, "Hello?"

Summer trembled violently. "Trevor, I... I've been kidnapped. They're asking for four million dollars in ransom. Can you... please come save me?"

There was a brief silence on the other end before Trevor's voice turned even colder. "Summer, I already told you-Peyton is sick. Her final wish is to have this wedding. Stop making trouble."

It hit her then. Their wedding was today.

Peyton was Trevor's first love, but she had been diagnosed with a terminal illness.

Her last wish was to have a wedding with the man she loved.

When Summer found out Trevor had agreed, she had fought against it.

She shook her head frantically. "I'm not making trouble this time... I swear! Please, just believe me!"

Trevor's voice remained emotionless, cold as ice. "Summer, you'll always be Mrs. Larson. Why can't you be more understanding? My patience is wearing thin. You've crossed the line."

"Trevor, do you really not care if I live or die?" Summer clenched her teeth. "If you don't come for me, we're done!"

Trevor frowned. Here she goes again with the breakup threats. Summer, why can't you just behave?

His patience ran out.

The kidnapper snatched the phone away. "Mr. Larson, seems like you don't care about this woman? Four million is just pocket change for you. Are you paying or not?"

At that moment, inside the grand church, Trevor stood tall in a crisp white suit, phone in hand. Opposite him, Peyton stood in a flowing white wedding dress.

Outside, the ocean breeze rustled through the air, while the guests sat in awe of the romantic ceremony.

Trevor curled his lips into a cold smirk. "Not paying."

The kidnapper was stunned. If he had known, he would've kidnapped Trevor's first love instead at least she was worth something!

Through the phone, Peyton's soft, frail voice came through. "Trevor, I'm so happy you're fulfilling my final wish. Even if this wedding is fake, it's enough for me to remember forever. If Summer is so upset she resorted to something like this, maybe we should cancel the wedding."

Trevor's tone was firm. "I made a promise to you. I'll keep it."

The kidnapper let out a frustrated laugh. "Trevor, your fiancée is quite the beauty.

Aren't you afraid we might just have some fun with her?"

Trevor's voice dripped with scorn. "Do whatever you want. If you actually go through with it, I might even throw in an extra million."

Hearing this, Summer forced back the tears welling in her eyes.

She had spent five years chasing Trevor, loving him, indulging him, believing that one day she'd finally melt his frozen heart.

But the moment Peyton came back, everything she had worked for went up in smoke.

And now, Trevor was holding a grand wedding with Peyton.

The kidnapper grinned wickedly. "Alright then, Mr. Larson. Since you said so, we'll have to follow through!"

He hung up and turned back to Summer, his eyes gleaming with malicious intent.

"Ms. Stewart, your fiancé is ruthless. He's practically forcing us to have our way with you."

Laughing darkly, he shoved a pill between her lips, forcing her to swallow.

At the church, Trevor felt an inexplicable sense of unease.

Summer pulling stunts like this was nothing new. She had always disliked Peyton, always had a strong hostility toward her.

And now, with this fake wedding, she had given him the silent treatment for days.

But this time, she had gone too far. Kidnapping? Just to make him leave Peyton? I've spoiled her too much over the years.

Once this fake wedding was over, if Summer apologized, he'd give her an even bigger, more extravagant wedding.

Peyton watched Trevor's dark expression. She lowered her gaze and spoke softly. "Trevor, I'm sorry. This is all because of me."

Trevor's voice was calm. "It's not your fault."

Her delicate eyes shimmered as she asked, "So... Do we continue?"

Trevor hesitated for a moment before answering, "Yes."

Hearing that, Peyton's lips curled into a sinister smile.

Summer, I told you-you'll never beat me.

Summer stared at the disconnected phone, feeling as if her heart had been ripped out, bloodied and torn apart.

At this moment, whatever hope she had left for him was completely shattered. She would have to save herself.

Quietly, she reached for the fruit knife the kidnapper had left on the ground. She waited for the right moment-then stabbed the man with all her strength before bolting toward the warehouse doors.

"Shit!" The kidnapper cursed in fury.

"Get her! Don't let her escape!"

The drug was starting to take effect. Summer could feel the heat coursing through her veins, but she pushed forward, sprinting down the desolate road, barefoot and desperate.

The footsteps behind her grew closer and closer...

Her heart pounded in her throat.

This place was isolated, abandoned.

Just then, a sleek, black Porsche-an ultra-rare, limited-edition model-spun down the road.

Summer didn't hesitate.

Better to die by impact than fall into their hands.

She squeezed her eyes shut and threw herself in front of the car.

The tires screeched violently against the pavement, slicing through the silence.

The Porsche came to a sudden stop-mere inches from her body.

The impact sent Summer crashing to the ground.

A few seconds later, the car door swung open.

A pair of polished black leather shoes stepped onto the ground.

Long, powerful legs wrapped in tailored trousers moved forward. The man crouched down in front of her.

As Summer got a clear look at his face, her heart skipped a beat.

"You... it's you."

Chapter 2 Fraser Graham, My Antidote

The man before her was Fraser Graham-heir to the Graham Group.

If the Larson Group, led by Trevor, was among Havenbrook's top three financial conglomerates, then the Graham Group was undoubtedly number one. Starting as a banking empire, it had rapidly expanded its investments into real estate, technology, communications, and funds. More than half of Havenbrook's industries had the Graham family's mark on them.

Behind closed doors, everyone called him Prince Fraser.

Summer had met him once before. It was for a project the Stewart family had been competing for, under the Graham Group's bidding process. She had been one of the project leads.

Now, in her barely conscious state, she no longer cared about appearances. Using the last bit of her strength, she reached out and grasped the fabric of his tailored trousers.

"Fraser... please... help me."

Fraser's gaze darkened when he saw who it was.

Her blue-and-white dress was torn and filthy, revealing a pair of pale, slender legs. Her delicate feet had been cut, blood staining her soft skin. And when he noticed the unnatural flush on her face, his frown deepened.

Without a word, he bent down and scooped her into his arms.

A faint scent of cool pine enveloped Summer, making her feel both cold and safe.

Fraser placed her in the passenger seat and shut the door.

Then, leaning lazily against the car, he slowly rolled up his sleeves and

unfastened his watch-a limited-edition piece worth millions.

Glancing at the three burly kidnappers who had chased after her, he asked, "Did you drug her?"

His voice was low, calm-but chilling to the bone.

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Ten minutes later, Fraser slid into the driver's seat. His black dress shirt, now stained with blood, was stripped off and tossed out the window.

Under the dim light, his lean, muscular torso was fully exposed-each ridge of his abs distinct, the smooth lines tapering down to a narrow waist, disappearing beneath his black dress pants.

In the passenger seat, Summer had her eyes shut, her forehead damp with sweat. Her lips were slightly parted, teeth sinking into the soft flesh.

He studied her for a long moment, his gaze unreadable. Then, pulling out his phone, he made a call.

"In half an hour, come to the Westhaven villa. Bring medicine."

On the other end of the line was Xavier Hathaway-Havenbrook's top private hospital director and Fraser's longtime friend.

Hearing the demand, Xavier groaned in frustration.

"My dear Mr. Graham, even if I were a street racer, the drive from Havenbrook to Westhaven takes at least two hours! What do you expect me to do, pull out Doraemon's magic door?"

Fraser's lips curled into a lazy smirk. "Isn't that what your private jet is for?"

Xavier was stunned. Who the hell is important enough for Fraser to summon me with a plane?

I'm like those doctors in movies-the ones who serve the most mysterious and wealthy men. You know, always at their service, ready for anything.

Fraser hung up without another word.

Gripping the steering wheel, he turned the car around. The Porsche sped down the empty road like a flash of lightning.

Soon, they arrived at a luxurious white villa by the sea.

Just as Fraser put the car in park, something soft and sweet suddenly pressed against him.

Summer, her eyes hazy with desire, felt like she was being consumed by waves of heat.

She was burning up. The thin strap of her dress had slipped off her shoulder, revealing the smooth, round curve beneath. Without hesitation, she climbed over the center console and straddled him, her slender fingers roaming across his bare chest.

In the confined space of the Porsche, the air grew thick with tension.

Fraser's Adam's apple bobbed. He caught her by the waist with one hand, his other gripping her delicate chin.

He forced her to meet his dark, smoldering eyes. His voice was husky, almost a growl. "Summer, do you even know who I am?"

Summer's mind was muddled, but a shadow of recognition lingered.

She laughed—a slow, sultry smile, the corners of her eyes tilting up in a way that was irresistibly seductive.

She was like a ripe, juicy peach, begging to be tasted.

Hooking her arms around his neck, she nuzzled against him, her soft face rubbing against his skin.

"Fraser Graham... I'm so hot. I can't take it anymore. Help me... please?"

With that, her lips brushed against his Adam's apple, trailing upward before finally pressing against his lips.

Her kisses were messy and unpracticed, but they ignited something in him. Fraser's eyes darkened as he gazed at the flushed woman in his arms. Desire flickered in his stare, a deep storm swirling beneath the surface.

His warm palm slid up her smooth back, stroking her slowly and giving off a dangerous yet irresistible vibe.

"Summer," his voice was low and deliberate, "are you sure you won't regret this?"

Summer shook her head, her voice trembling. "No regrets... I just want to make Trevor regret."

Fraser's brows arched. "Oh? Still thinking about him?"

His hands stilled.

Summer whimpered at the sudden lack of touch, her body aching, desperate.

She looked up at him with misty eyes, lips slightly pouting, her expression heartbreakingly fragile. "No... no one else. There's no one else anymore."

Trevor no longer existed in her heart.

Fraser's fingers resumed their slow, teasing caress. His voice dropped into a dark whisper. "Beg me."

Summer didn't know how she only knew she needed relief.

Her eyes pleaded, her entire being trembling with longing. "Fraser, I'm begging you... take me."

Fraser's lips curled into a wicked smile. As a reward, he gave her a teasing kiss, murmuring against her lips, "So sweet."

Summer instinctively licked her dry lips, her breath warm as she leaned closer, whispering into his ear.

"I want to give you my first time."

Fraser's eyes flashed with something unreadable before a low chuckle rumbled from his chest. "Alright. I'll take it."

With that, he flipped the dynamic, seizing control. His strong hand cradled the back of her neck as he crushed his lips against hers.

This kiss was nothing like the first-this one was deep, urgent, utterly consuming.

He plundered every last bit of sweetness from her lips, leaving her breathless and dazed.

Summer felt like she was drowning, sinking deeper into the waves.

Her body instinctively pressed against his, craving more.

A heated current surged through Fraser's veins. For once, his usual self-restraint was shattered.

Soon, discarded clothing littered the car. Her dress. His pants.

And through the fogged-up windows, shadows entwined in passionate chaos.

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Hours later, Fraser sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the faint traces of blood on his pants, his eyes dark and unreadable.

Lifting Summer into his arms, he draped his suit jacket over her, covering her completely.

Carrying her inside, he headed straight to the bedroom.

After thoroughly satisfying himself, Fraser was in a rare, patient mood. He carefully cleaned her up, dried her hair, and tucked her beneath the silk sheets.

In the living room, Xavier lounged lazily on the sofa, flipping through a magazine. When Fraser finally emerged-shirt replaced with a printed one, two buttons undone at the collar-Xavier's gaze landed on the lipstick stain at his collarbone. Cherry red. Stark and obvious.

He checked the time. It was already 10 p.m.

He had been waiting there for five hours.

Xavier clicked his tongue.

"Fraser, good thing this is a private resort. Otherwise, with how your million-dollar car's been rocking for hours, people might've thought there was an earthquake."

Chapter 3 One More Time, Baby

Fraser shot Xavier a cold, cutting glance.

He walked to the liquor cabinet, grabbed a bottle of whiskey, poured himself a full glass, and downed it in one go. The burn of the alcohol finally cleared the lingering heat from the night's indulgence.

Xavier clicked his tongue teasingly. "Well, well... looks like someone finally got lucky. Guess my stash of meds is useless now, huh? So, who's the woman that managed to tame our untouchable Bossman?"

Xavier was dying of curiosity.

Fraser was infamous in the business world for being ruthless and cold-hearted. He was decisive, merciless, and always in control. But in their private circle, he was different from other wealthy man like Xavier.

Xavier enjoyed unwinding with drinks, actresses, and high-end escorts. If they found someone they liked, a little cash was nothing for a night of pleasure.

Fraser played too—but his version of fun was different. Racing, surfing, skydiving, boxing-he only cared about the thrill. Women? Too much trouble.

Just as Xavier assumed Fraser wouldn't answer, Fraser placed his empty glass on the counter.

With a casual flick of his fingers, the glass spun in place, casting streaks of reflected light across the surface. His dark eyes remained indifferent as he finally spoke.

"Summer Stewart."

Xavier froze. He hadn't expected that.

Lately, Summer's name had been making waves in high society.

Not because the Stewart family was particularly prestigious, but because she was Trevor Larson's fiancée.

Trevor and Fraser had always been business rivals.

They were both at the top of Havenbrook's elite, but they moved in entirely different circles.

Recently, Trevor had made headlines for throwing a grand wedding for his first love, Peyton. The whole city was gossiping about it, and naturally, his actual fiancée, Summer, had become the laughingstock of high society.

Even Xavier had heard about it. He couldn't help but ask, "Fraser, don't tell me you did this just to mess with Trevor? If you wanted to get under his skin, wouldn't Peyton be the better choice? Summer's completely out of favor these days."

Fraser's sharp gaze flicked toward him.

Xavier instantly felt a chill down his spine.

Fraser scoffed. "You think Trevor is worth that kind of effort?"

Xavier let out an awkward laugh. "Trevor's not worth your time, sure. But Summer is his fiancée, and you two... well, it's a little messy."

He wasn't about to say it out loud, but technically speaking, didn't that make Fraser the homewrecker here?

Fraser narrowed his eyes. "You sure have a way with words."

Xavier fell silent. Was Fraser actually thinking about cutting his tongue out?

"Get lost before I make sure you don't have a tongue to run anymore."

Alright, alright—he'd hit a nerve. If Fraser wanted him gone, he'd take the hint. Except Xavier didn't just leave.

He took off.

Moments later, a private jet soared into the sky.

Summer had been put through the wringer for hours. By the time the drug wore off, all that remained was an aching exhaustion that made her feel like her entire body had been taken apart and put back together.

Then, suddenly-

The deafening roar of a plane engine shook the villa.

She stirred, groggy, slowly opening her eyes.

As she sat up, the silk blanket slipped from her body, revealing skin covered in scattered, lingering traces of passion.

The memories from hours ago rushed back.

She had slept with Fraser.

And worse-she had been the one to initiate it.

Her face burned. She had no idea how to even process what had happened.

Then-

The bedroom door creaked open.

On instinct, Summer immediately lay back down, yanking the blanket over herself, gripping the edges tightly.

The sound of steady, unhurried footsteps approached the bed.

She held her breath, lashes quivering, toes curling.

Even with her eyes shut, she could feel the intensity of Fraser's gaze sweeping over her body.

Just when she thought she might suffocate from the tension-

"You've already slept with me, Ms. Stewart. Don't tell me you're planning to pretend it never happened?"

His lazy, deep voice echoed through the room.

Summer's heart pounded. Slowly, carefully, she opened her bright, clear eyes.

Fraser stood beside the bed, tall and broad-shouldered, arms crossed. His dark gaze was calm, but piercing.

This was the first time Summer had looked at him this closely, this clearly.

He wore a patterned shirt, the top few buttons undone, exposing the chiseled line of his collarbone. His posture was relaxed, yet carried an undeniable intensity.

His sharp, sculpted features were striking. Deep-set eyes. A straight, defined nose. Every angle was as if carved by the hands of a master.

Trevor had always had a cold, detached air about him.

Fraser? The corners of his eyes had a sharp, almost mischievous tilt. When he smiled, there was a trace of danger-subtle, but undeniable.

Summer tightened her grip on the blanket and hesitated. "Fraser, I... I didn't mean to. I was drugged, that's the only reason I—"

She trailed off, flustered.

"What... what do I owe you?"

She never expected to sleep with the Havenbrook's Bossman.

Even she was at a loss for words.

Fraser arched a brow at her.

Her long, wavy hair cascaded around her delicate face, her clear eyes carrying a trace of distress.

She was undeniably beautiful-her soft, fair skin covered in the marks he had left behind.

Fraser's gaze darkened. He leaned back slightly, his voice slow and amused.

"And how exactly do you plan to compensate me?"

Summer hesitated. "I... I could buy you dinner?"

Fraser scoffed. "Do I look like I need you to buy me food?"

Right. That was stupid.

Money?

The Graham family was Havenbrook's wealthiest tens of billions in assets. He wouldn't even glance at her pathetic bank account.

Summer looked up hesitantly. "Then... could you give me a hint?"

This was her first time sleeping with someone.

What was she supposed to do afterward?

If it had been anyone else, she would felt down and extremely regretful.

But this was Fraser Graham.

And she had been the one who threw herself at him.

Technically... wasn't she the one who got the better end of the deal?

Fraser suddenly leaned in, tilting her chin up with his fingers.

Their gazes locked.

His lips curved slightly. "Summer, I satisfied you. As compensation—"

He paused, voice dark and teasing.

"Now it's your turn to satisfy me."

Summer's mind went blank.

Under the effects of the drug, she had been bold, reckless—completely unrestrained.

But now?

She was sober.

And she absolutely could not handle this.

But Fraser wasn't giving her time to think.

His arm slid around her waist, effortlessly pulling her onto his lap.

He didn't hesitate-lowering his head, his lips crashing down on hers.

His desire was written in his breath, his touch, his gaze.

Her thin silk robe had already been loose. As it slipped further down her shoulder, exposing delicate, fair skin-

Fraser's lips trailed over her delicate brows, her soft red lips, and her fair cheeks. Finally, he took her petite earlobe between his teeth, licking and teasing it with slow, deliberate pressure.

Fraser's breath was hot against her ear, sending a shiver through her body.

Summer's breath hitched, and an involuntary sound slipped past her lips-soft, sweet, nothing like her usual voice.

She hadn't even been drinking, yet the lingering taste of alcohol on Fraser's lips, mixed with the clean, masculine scent of his shower gel, was intoxicating.

For a moment, she lost herself in it.

Then, a memory surfaced.

Trevor's last birthday.

She had spent weeks preparing.

She had baked him a chocolate cake from scratch.

And that night, she had planned to give him something even more precious-herself.

She had picked out a stunning black slip dress, low-cut and dangerously short.

She had waited.

But as always, Peyton had fallen "ill."

And just as expected, Trevor never showed up.

She had spent the entire night alone, staring at that carefully made cake, tears falling onto the table.

That dress-meant to be worn for him-became nothing more than a cruel joke.

She had thrown it into the back of her closet, never wanting to see it again.

The thought made her chest ache.

For how foolishly, desperately she had loved him.

Suddenly, a sharp sting on her earlobe jolted her back to reality.

Her eyes flew open.

Fraser's lips left her ear as he propped himself up, hovering over her.

His deep gaze locked onto hers.

"Distracted?"

That single word sent a chill down her spine.

She had been thinking about Trevor.

While she was with Fraser.

Any man would be furious if he knew.

Fraser's voice was unreadable.

"Ms. Stewart, it seems I'm not quite captivating enough to keep you focused."

Summer's heart clenched in panic.

She had heard the rumors.

Fraser Graham-Havenbrook's bossman.

Cold, ruthless, and utterly unforgiving.

She had no doubt that if she angered him, he wouldn't let it slide.

Her instinct kicked in.

"I... I didn't mean to."

Fraser's lips curled slightly.

His smirk was almost lazy, but something about it felt dangerous.

"That's alright."

Summer exhaled, relieved.

For now.

Then, flipping her over, he pressed her against him, his voice low and commanding against her ear.

"This time, you take the lead."

Chapter 4 Can't Stop

Summer was so startled, her voice came out in a stammer. "W-what?"

Her face wasn't just red-it was scorching.

A few hours ago, she barely had any experience, and now this? How was she supposed to do this? Could she at least watch something first to make up for her 23 years of limited knowledge?

Fraser watched as the blush on Summer's face spread down her neck, blooming across her entire body like a slow-burning fire.

Her skin was tinted with layers of pink, her dark, bright eyes flickering between embarrassment and frustration, but she didn't dare lash out.

Something about this soft, flustered little woman amused him.

Fraser's narrow eyes lifted slightly. His gaze locked onto her lips-red, plump, slightly swollen. His dark pupils turned even deeper.

"Summer," Fraser's voice was low, magnetic, dripping with desire. "Kiss me."

Summer felt his scorching gaze on her, making her mouth dry and her body burn all over. Her mind kept echoing his words-kiss me.

And in that moment, she suddenly understood.

If Trevor had been willing to abandon her for Peyton, why should she hold herself back?

Why should she stay loyal to Trevor?

And the man in front of her-Fraser Graham-was nothing short of perfect. Handsome, powerful, with a flawlessly sculpted body and strong genes.

Countless wealthy women in Havenbrook would kill to get close to him.

Most importantly, he wasn't any worse than Trevor.

Sleeping with him wasn't a loss-it was an upgrade.

Taking a deep breath, Summer lowered her head and mimicked the way he had kissed her, pressing her lips against his.

His lips were thin, slightly cool, carrying a faint and distinctive scent.

As Summer's warm breath brushed against him, Fraser's breathing grew heavier.

She kissed along his jaw, then down to his Adam's apple, trailing soft licks before slowly moving downward to his collarbone.

Fraser's breath hitched, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat, the sound of his deep breaths cutting through the silent night.

Hearing it sent a shiver through Summer, a tingling heat spreading through her veins. She trembled slightly, realizing that kissing him made her own heartbeat race uncontrollably.

Then, in one swift movement, Fraser flipped them over, pinning her wrists above her head, trapping her beneath him once again.

His rough voice brushed against her lips. "You little tease... you learn fast."

And with that, he kissed her again.

Summer felt like her entire body was on fire.

She wanted to escape, but with her hands pinned and her body caged beneath him, she had nowhere to run. She let out a soft whimper, not knowing if the drug still had lingering effects or if she simply wanted more.

At this moment, she wasn't thinking about anything else.

The heat in the room thickened, melding with the soft glow of the lights.

Shadows intertwined.

The night went on.

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After the wedding, Trevor took Peyton back to Havenbrook Hospital to rest. Peyton's VIP suite was on the top floor, with a full year's medical expenses paid upfront by Trevor.

Her attending physician, Josh, gave her a sedative and stepped out to speak with Trevor. "Peyton has been in a stable mood lately, and her heart condition is holding steady. If this continues, she might even extend her life expectancy."

Trevor gave a slight nod.

Josh hesitated as if wanting to say more but, seeing Trevor's exhaustion, decided against it and left.

Trevor pushed open the hospital room door and walked inside.

Peyton wasn't wearing her usual hospital gown.

Instead, she sat on the bed in a black lace dress, different from her usual innocent look- tonight, there was a hint of seduction.

Her eyes lit up when she saw him.

Trevor had changed out of his wedding suit, but he was still dressed in crisp white.

The dim hospital hallway lights cast a soft glow on his 6'1" frame. His sharp features were slightly blurred by the lighting, giving him an almost gentle air.

If she had never left Havenbrook five years ago-if she had never left Trevor- there wouldn't be a place for Summer in his life now.

Thinking of this, Peyton clenched her jaw.

But it didn't matter. She knew she still held an irreplaceable place in Trevor's

heart. Today's wedding was proof of that.

And tonight, she had no intention of letting Trevor leave.

Ever since she came back, Trevor had spoiled and indulged her.

But he had never crossed the final line.

That distance between them made her uneasy.

Summer was the problem-the one standing in her way.

Peyton stretched out a pale, delicate hand toward the man standing at the door.
"Trevor, will you stay with me tonight?"

Trevor's dark eyes were unreadable as he stepped forward, pulling the blanket over her.
"The doctor said you need rest. I'll stay until you fall asleep."

A flicker of disappointment flashed in Peyton's eyes.

Every time she had a relapse, Trevor would stay with her-but in the end, he would always leave.

She sat on the bed, shifting slightly, the lace dress slipping just enough to reveal the curve of her collarbone and a deep, tempting line.

Her fingers lightly brushed against his belt as she whispered, soft and pleading, "Trevor, you know what I mean."

Trevor's gaze darkened. "Peyton, don't play games."

His tone wasn't harsh, but it was firm-enough to shake her.

She knew his personality. When he said something, he meant it.

In the past, whenever she got upset, she thought he would always coax her. But once, she pushed too far-and he left.

She wouldn't make that mistake again.

Her eyes welled up with tears, her voice trembling. "Trevor, I'm sorry. I was being foolish... I got greedy. I forgot that you already have Summer."

Trevor's expression softened.

Summer loved him deeply, but her love was intense, stubborn, suffocating.

Sometimes, it exhausted him.

Why couldn't she be soft like Peyton?

His fingers brushed a strand of Peyton's hair behind her ear. "Don't overthink. Just rest."

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Leaving the hospital, Trevor glanced at his phone.

Since that so-called "kidnapping" call earlier, there hadn't been a single message or missed call from Summer.

His brows furrowed, irritation creeping into his expression.

He slid into the car and instructed the driver, "Take me to Black Ace."

Black Ace was the largest bar in Havenbrook.

Inside, flashing neon lights flickered through the air, the bass-heavy music pounding against the walls.

Trevor walked straight to the VIP lounge.

"Well, well, look who decided to show up-the groom himself! Shouldn't you be off enjoying your wedding night? You know what they say... every second of it is—"

Before the man could finish, Trevor smacked him on the back of the head.

"Ow, Trevor! What was that for?"

Trevor shrugged off his suit jacket and tossed it aside before sinking into the couch.

"Has Summer contacted any of you?"

Chapter 5 Just For One Night?

Bobby scratched the back of his head. "No way, Summer's still mad? It's been, what, almost three days now? That's gotta be a Guinness World Record! She's never stayed angry for more than a day before! But listen, Trevor-women are like that. Don't let her walk all over you. She just wants you to give in first. You know what they say—give in once, and you'll be doing it a hundred more times. Don't fall for it. No matter how mad she gets, she always comes running back, begging you not to leave her. And besides, with her position in the Stewart family, if she dares leave you, they'll probably disown her."

Hearing this, Trevor's tense expression relaxed slightly. He picked up the glass on the table, taking a sip of the strong liquor.

Maybe it was just because Summer had gone too far this time, even faking a kidnapping, that he felt vaguely uneasy.

Caleb Clark, who had been quietly drinking on the side, finally spoke up. He couldn't stand listening to this any longer. Anyone with a heart could see how deeply Summer loved Trevor.

When Trevor had migraines, she went all the way to Northpoint, pleading with a legendary doctor for a full day and night—just to find a cure for his pain.

When Trevor was picky about food, she studied the world's finest cuisines, determined to cook the dishes he loved.

When Trevor's mother despised her and insulted her time and time again, she endured it all, never once talking back.

It wasn't until Peyton kept inserting herself between them that Summer finally snapped. But every time, she still backed down for love.

"Trevor, don't listen to Bobby. You went too far this time. Sure, the wedding was fake, but the whole city is mocking Summer now. And seriously, doesn't it seem like Peyton's been getting sick a little too often? Your anniversary, your birthday, her birthday, even major holidays—every single time, she just happens to have a relapse. And you're always there with her at the hospital. No woman could tolerate that. Even if Summer loves you, people's hearts grow cold. Don't wait until she's really gone to regret it."

Trevor curled his lips into a cold smirk. "I won't regret anything because of a woman."

Summer leaving him? That would never happen—not in a million years.

After all these years of love and devotion, he had grown used to it.

Still, Caleb had a point. Women were always jealous creatures.

Even though this wedding was just to fulfill Peyton's last wish, it had embarrassed Summer in front of everyone.

Trevor stood, picking up his coat.

"Leaving already? You just got here! The night's barely started!" Bobby called after him.

Stepping out of the bar, Trevor slid into his Maybach and called his assistant, Andrew.

"In the next couple of days, get Linden, Belvare's wedding designer, to come to Havenbrook and custom-make Summer's dress. Also, buy every piece of jewelry from Belvare's auction—get it all."

Summer, this should be enough of a grand gesture, right?

Back at the villa, Trevor tossed his coat aside and stretched his legs out on the couch.

His head throbbed slightly. Ever since Summer started massaging him regularly, his migraines had almost disappeared.

Tonight, though, he had probably been too irritated.

He shut his eyes, his tousled hair falling across his face, his breathing heavy.

Leona walked out of the kitchen, setting a bowl of broth on the table.

Trevor cracked one eye open. "What's this?"

"It's for your hangover. Ms. Stewart told me to make it whenever you've been drinking."

Trevor rubbed his forehead, silent for a moment. "You can go."

Sitting up, he picked up the broth and took a sip then immediately spat it out.

It wasn't the right taste.

He had a picky palate, but with Summer around, she always made sure his food was perfect.

Even something as simple as broth tasted different when she made it.

Forget it.

Trevor sighed. Summer, I'll let you have this one. Since you still care enough to have the servants make me soup, I'll indulge you just this once.

He picked up his phone and dialed her number.

For the first time ever, after a fight, he was the one calling first.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable."

Her phone was off.

Trevor's grip on the phone tightened, his fingers turning white. A wave of frustration surged in his chest.

Summer, good. Real good. You're actually playing hard to get now? You've pushed it too far this time.

His jaw clenched.

He called Andrew again, his voice sharp. "Put the wedding dress plans on hold."
Andrew was speechless.

...

The next morning, waves crashed against the shore outside the villa. The sheer white curtains billowed gently in the ocean breeze.

Fraser stepped out of the bathroom, his upper body bare, a towel draped around his neck. Droplets of water slid down his short, tousled hair.

When Summer woke up, this was the first thing she saw.

She froze, her eyes lingering on the sight for a few seconds before she realized- she was blatantly staring.

His chest was tanned, firm, every muscle perfectly defined. His tall frame stood by the window, radiating both restraint and raw sensuality.

In this moment, he didn't look like the ruthless, domineering businessman she had seen in the media. He looked more like a top-tier male model from the entertainment industry.

Summer's face burned. Her heart skipped for reasons she refused to acknowledge. Flustered, she turned her head away and stammered, "W-why are you showering in the morning?"

Fraser casually wiped his hair, his deep eyes glancing at her, amusement flickering at the corners of his lips. "Who said I couldn't?"

"N-no, I just meant... put some clothes on!"

His voice held a lazy chuckle. "Ms. Stewart, that's quite distant of you. You were all over me last night."

Summer was speechless.

How could he be this shameless? What did he mean she was all over him? Wasn't he also biting her all over last night? Her body was still covered in the evidence!

Just thinking about it made her muscles ache all over again.

She clenched her fingers, forcing herself to stay calm.

She and Fraser may have been physically intimate, but in reality, they were still strangers.

This was just a one-night stand.

Passionate at night, strangers by morning.

That was how it worked, right?

Fraser studied her lowered lashes, the way her dark eyes were hidden beneath them. Her brows furrowed slightly, as if lost in thought.

He raised a brow. "What's wrong? You sleep with me once and now you're acting like we're strangers?"

With that, he tossed his towel into the laundry basket and casually pulled on a plain white T-shirt.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

Fraser opened it.

A servant stood outside, holding a neatly folded dress. "Mr. Graham, Ms. Stewart's clothes have arrived."

Fraser took them and shut the door.

Turning back to the bed, he placed the clothes beside Summer with an easy, natural familiarity.

"Your dress was ruined yesterday. I had this prepared for you."

As he leaned in, the fresh scent of his shower filled the air.

Summer caught a glimpse of the dress-along with a matching set of black lingerie on top.

Her face instantly flushed.

She curled her toes, overwhelmed with the sudden urge to disappear into the floor.

This man's presence was way too overpowering.

Was this what it felt like to sleep with someone and wake up the next morning?

Even when she had been with Trevor, her heart had never raced like this.

Summer swallowed, her throat dry. She forced herself to focus. "W-we're even now."

Fraser leaned down, tilting her chin up with two fingers, his gaze locking onto hers.

"Are we?"