

Chapter One: Akira

The First Chapter: Akira

I groaned in annoyance, threw my head back, and tossed my controller. "I'm going to fucking end it," I muttered, rubbing my face. An elbow made contact with my side. "Ow—fuck!!" I exclaimed, my hand immediately going to the pain. Adrian glared, his controller clutched tightly, a blatant frown on his face. "The hell was that for, you grumpy wanker—" "You promised." His voice dropped quieter than the loading screen. "What?" My pierced brow shot up. He scoffed. Then it hit me. "Ohhhhhhhh riiiiight." I chuckled softly and unguilty. "Yeah, ohhhhhh rightttt." Adrian scorned and looked away. The living room smelled of stale weed and a mix of cologne. Expensive cologne. His cologne...fuck, he smells good. A few weeks ago, he'd made me swear I'd stop threatening to end it when I got annoyed—after I'd actually followed through once... or maybe twice. "It's not my fault! It's a habit," I huffed, voice edging into a whine. "Find a new habit." He snapped back; it was harsh, final. I flinched, went quiet, and stared at my favourite baggy black cargos. "Look, Aki." His tone softened, but the edge stayed. "It wouldn't matter if you didn't have real problems with that stuff. I don't want to find you like... that... again." "I get it." The words came out more defensively than I meant them to. Silence stretched—just the console's hum and the quiet game music. "... You didn't have to elbow me," I muttered, rubbing the spot. "You'll live." Adrian's chuckle thawed the glare. "How do you know? I might drop dead in the next few minutes." A smirk crept back onto my lips. "You're like a damn roach. You can't die." I froze. A roach. His eyes flicked over my face as my smirk curled into disgust. "Are you serious?!" My voice cracked higher, but it didn't matter to me right now—that twink called me a roach! "Dead serious. Now that I really look at you... wait... You kind of look like one, too." I scoffed—again—and raked a hand through my hair. "I-tch! You toe-eyed cabbage roll! I do not look like a goddamn roach." I turned away, still grumbling. When I glanced back, his smug twink ass hadn't budged an inch. "You know I'm right. That's why you're so pissy," he hummed, smirk widening. I stared a beat—then snatched the forgotten controller from his hands. "Wait, hey—" He sat up fast, legs uncrossing. "You're not getting it back for a while." I hid it somewhere. Adrian groaned, smirk faltering. "Give it back. It's expensive." He held out his hand, expectant. I paused., I tapped my chin thoughtfully, humming before tilting my head, a playful grin spreading across my lips. "Nahhhh, I don't think so, buddy." Adrian clicked his tongue. "It's literally mine, asshole!" "If you think calling me an asshole is getting your precious controller back, you're mistaken." His eyes narrowed. "Give. It." He snarled out, and I sat up properly, giving him a challenging look. "Make. Me." He gave me a blank look. In almost a split second, he was standing inches away from me, trying to dig through the couch to get the controller. I laughed at his determination. Little did he know... it was between my thighs. I didn't stop him—just laughed at his annoyed face. After a bit of him rooting around for the controller, looking pissed, he sighed heavily, sitting back down, exasperated. He was a lot closer, though. I looked at him smugly. Adrian gave me a dirty look. "Where the hell is the thing?" I shrugged, feigning innocence. "I dunno. Where do you think it is?" He groaned, perplexed. "It better not be under you." "Close. Try again." He rolled his eyes. "Down your pants?" "Nnnnope! Good idea for next time, though." Adrian muttered curses under his breath. "There is no 'next time,' asshole." I shrugged. "You never know." I shifted a bit, taking the

controller out from between my mid-thigh, and held it out to him. He immediately snatched it up. "You fucking suck." "That I do." "You're a filthy animal." I shrugged at that.

Chapter Two: Adrian

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I wiped my controller down for invisible germs; it was still warm, not sure if it was from his thighs or from it still being on. He chuckled. I looked over, "I'm not contagious." My brows furrow. "Says who?" he scrunched his nose briefly. "Fine then. What's my disease?" he leaned back with a lazy look. His thighs spread out, he crossed his arms, his hoodie sleeves slid down, giving away the sight of his grimy bandages. "Uh- Chlamydiosis," i blurt, im trying to bs that i know what im talking about (i don't) You could see his brain buffer, processing what I said, "Chlamydiosis...?" I nodded firmly, "Chlamydiosis....?" he repeats back to me, "What is that...?" "itsss where...uh-" I have no smartass responses. "Do you even know?" he tilts his head, eyes narrowed. "Of course! It's a...weird...plague. only dickwads get it- and it happens from- like- being a whore, I suppose..." "so... you're calling me a whore-? And it's an STD?" I snort quietly. He looks so confused. "No. Anyone could get an STD, with Chlamydiosis-" i pause once i feel the soft vibration of my phone, i pull it out of my pocket tapping the notification. Akria hums in curiosity leaning in a bit to see, i tilt the phone over for him. Its a message from an unknown number.. I press the message without a thought

Unknown: hey its chyanne. its been a while i think we should talk?

I could feel a weight sink into my chest, it felt like it was suffocating me. The words hit way harder than they should've. The weight was so heavy it practically knocked the air out of me. It wasn't dramatic, it was slow, sinking like something cold sliding down between my ribs and settling there. It felt like my heartbeat was pounding through my whole body at once, i felt the sudden need to puke. "**adrian**" i quickly looked up from my phone. it sounded like the second time he said it. "What?" i uttered. My face was blank, his dark green eyes flickering over my face, analyzing me "what?" i repeat i felt vulnerable under his gaze, especially with *all* his focus on me. He stayed silent for a little before he spoke his voice low, cautious "You dont have to" i furrow my brows, confused "have to what?" "talk to her." i go quiet again looking away "i know"