

# CODEBREAKERS' FATE

A Cyberpunk Academy Saga



Shadows of Sweetheart

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Luiza stood in the center of the cramped college dorm room, her heart sinking as she saw the familiar, messy curls of the boy leaning against the window. Arkadi looked at her with a lazy, predatory grin, his brown eyes gleaming with a mischief she had hoped to leave behind in high school. Welcome home, Princess, he drawled, his voice a low vibration that made the hair on her arms stand up.



As Luiza meticulously arranged her textbooks on the shelf, Arkadi watched her every move from his bed, his long legs dangling off the edge. He mocked her precision, calling her Little Scholar with a sweetness that felt like a sharp blade against her skin. She kept her back to him, her fingers tightening around a heavy encyclopedia as she fought the urge to scream.



The moonlight filtered through the blinds, casting long shadows across the room while Luiza tried to focus on her laptop screen. Arkadi broke the silence, whispering Goodnight, Love, in a tone so deceptively tender it made her breath hitch in her throat. She knew it was just another game to him, a way to keep her off balance in their shared sanctuary.



In the crowded college cafeteria, Arkadi stepped into Luiza's path, blocking her way with a casual, intimidating grace. He leaned down, his lips brushing against her ear as he murmured that she was looking especially clever today, loud enough for everyone to hear. Luiza felt the familiar sting of humiliation, her brown eyes flashing with a mix of fury and a strange, unwanted spark of electricity.



One evening, the pressure of her studies finally broke Luiza, and she sat at her desk with tears silently blurring her vision through her glasses. Arkadi stopped his pacing, his usual smirk faltering for a fleeting second as he looked at her trembling shoulders. He did not offer a tissue, but he stopped his teasing, the silence in the room suddenly heavy with things left unsaid.



Forced to collaborate on a history project, Luiza slammed her notebook down, finally snapping at Arkadi for his refusal to take anything seriously. She told him to stop calling her those names and just do the work, her voice trembling with years of suppressed resentment. Arkadi stood up, his height looming over her, his expression turning from lazy indifference to a dark, focused intensity.



A thunderstorm raged outside, trapping them within the four walls of their room as the lights flickered and died. In the darkness, Arkadi's voice was a rough velvet caress as he asked her why she never fought back when they were younger. He confessed he wanted her to notice him, using a sweetheart nickname in a way that hung in the air like a dangerous secret.



Luiza stood her ground, her heart hammering against her ribs as she told him exactly how much his words had poisoned her confidence. She called him out for his cruelty, her voice growing stronger even as he stepped into her personal space. Arkadi did not apologize, but the way he looked at her was no longer that of a bully, but of someone desperately obsessed.



The air between them became thick and electric, the boundary between hatred and attraction vanishing in the dim light of the room. Arkadi reached out, his fingers hovering just inches from her curly brown hair, his eyes searching hers for a sign of surrender. He whispered a question about her hatred for him, his voice laced with a possessive heat that Luiza could no longer ignore.



Luiza looked up at him, realizing that the boy who had spent years making her life miserable was now the only person who truly saw her. The room felt smaller than ever, charged with a dark romance that threatened to consume them both. As Arkadi leaned in closer, Luiza knew that their story was far from over; it was only just beginning to get complicated.