

7 DAYS

In the span of a single week, the landscape of a friendship can transform drastically, unveiling stories of love, loss, and the unexpected. In just seven days, fortunes can take a dramatic turn, weaving tales of despair and triumph. For me, it was a tumultuous blend of both as I traversed the highs and lows of existence, experiencing a lifetime's worth in just seven days. If my words seem too incredible to accept, perhaps you'd be willing to join me on a journey through the annals of our shared memories.

MONDAY

The sun cast a radiant glow on that particular Monday, and I had initially planned to spend it indoors, enjoying the tranquility of my own company. However, fate had other plans in store when my sister called, urgently requesting that I pick up her children from school, as her work commitments were causing a delay in her schedule. Sometimes, I ponder whether my life would have followed the same course had I declined her request.

At 2 in the afternoon, I roused myself from my leisurely pursuits and set out to retrieve my niece and nephew from school. The drive to the school was pleasant and surprisingly brief. As we made our way back, we indulged in a midday snack, and in that moment, I reveled in being the "fun aunt" who always had a surprise or treat up her sleeve.

By 3:50 pm, we were back in the car, our spirits lifted by the sugary delights we had devoured. Those were the moments I cherished – teasing my niece about her crush, sharing laughter that filled the car with joy. I vividly recall asking my nephew to cease his restless kicking of the back seat, swearing that I had only looked away for a fleeting second.

Then, a sudden and blood-curdling scream pierced the air, and it was my niece's voice that had erupted in terror. Panic gripped the car, and my immediate thought was, "Noises! Can't someone make it stop?" It was as if an eerie silence descended upon us, as if some unseen force were waiting for me to make that one plea.

TUESDAY

A multitude of blinding lights assailed my senses, rendering me momentarily blind. It was a curious irony, how something meant to illuminate my surroundings had the opposite effect. As my eyes gradually adjusted to the intrusive brightness, a wave of disorientation washed over

me. I couldn't discern my surroundings, and my mind echoed with the baffling thought, "Where on earth am I?" The words may have escaped my lips because I heard a faint chuckle from somewhere behind me.

In that disorienting moment, I did what any reasonable person would— I let out a startled, resounding yell. After all, I had awoken in a strange place, greeted by an even stranger presence. Stranger danger, my instincts screamed. As my gaze settled on the person responsible for my unexpected awakening, time seemed to halt, and the world faded into insignificance.

Love at first sight had always sounded like a fanciful notion, a plot point in romantic novels. But on that fateful day, it became an undeniable reality. It wasn't his looks; he didn't possess the chiseled features of a Greek god or towering height. No, there was something deeper, something in the warmth of his eyes and the genuine smile that tugged at his lips. Maybe it was the softness of his hands as he helped me to my feet. I couldn't pinpoint it precisely, but standing beside him in that moment felt like a completeness I had never known.

I mustered the courage to inquire about his name, and his simple response, "Ken," resonated with a strange magnetism. I found myself admitting that I liked him, to which he responded with a gentle smile. He suggested that I rest for a while, an offer that left me perplexed. Nevertheless, I complied, and he led me to a bed that had gone unnoticed until now. As I lay down, preparing to surrender to the mysteries of this unexpected encounter, I wondered whether it was my imagination or reality. Just before slipping into sleep's embrace, I thought I heard him softly humming my favorite song, a comforting lullaby in this surreal moment.

WEDNESDAY

My day began abruptly, roused from slumber with a jolt. I gasped for air, my heart racing in my chest. And then, as if summoned by some invisible force, he materialized at my side. He held me tenderly, whispering soothing words until my frantic breaths calmed. In his arms, the world outside ceased to exist, replaced by an exhilarating sense of being alive like never before. Enveloped in his embrace, I felt cocooned in security and self-worth, the need to panic dissipating like morning mist. I wished for that moment to stretch into eternity.

But he had different intentions. With a swift motion, he lifted me and deposited me onto the bed with a theatrical shriek. Laughter bubbled between us as he launched a tickling assault, his smile a beacon of serenity in the midst of our playful chaos. Oh, that smile – a tranquilizing force. It had the power to halt my world's tumult, shifting my perception of him from unremarkable to extraordinary. When he smiled, my entire universe revolved around him. On this day, I knew with unwavering certainty that I was already in love. The thought of a life without him seemed inconceivable. It was as though I had known him for eternity, though I couldn't be

certain of the where, when, or how of our connection. What did it matter where I was? As long as he was with me, the location was inconsequential.

My attention shifted to my attire – the same clothes from that memorable Monday. "Where's the bathroom?" I inquired. He met my gaze and replied with a smile, "There's no need for that; you're as beautiful as ever." A blush crept onto my cheeks, accompanied by his gentle chuckle. "Hungry?" he asked, diverting my attention from my embarrassment. "Certainly," I replied, sinking into the bed as I listened to him move about in a kitchen just out of sight. Gradually, the world around me faded, and I drifted into slumber once more, the sensation of being watched over by him lulling me into sweet, peaceful oblivion.

THURSDAY

His presence announced itself with a fragrance that danced on the air before he came into view. The scent was a harmonious blend of spicy wood and delicate florals, making me wonder about the aftershave he wore. I silently resolved to inquire about it later. With a gentle admonishment, he roused me from my prolonged rest, suggesting it was time to stir from the confines of my bed. I couldn't resist asking where we were headed, to which he responded with a teasing "Surprise."

Perhaps it was the thrill of the unknown or simply my preoccupation with his company, but the details of our journey are a blur in my memory. Abruptly, I found myself in a tranquil park, its solitude untroubled by the absence of others. Yet, I relished this isolation, content as long as Ken was by my side. Gazing upward, I marveled at the sight of clouds, an enchanting rarity in recent days. Ken guided me to a swing, his hand gently urging it into motion. We remained there for what felt like hours, engaging in conversations both profound and trivial, his humor a constant source of laughter.

Eventually, I suggested we stroll through the park, or perhaps I could take my turn pushing the swing. He readily agreed to the former, and together we embarked on an endless walk. The road stretched infinitely before us, veiled in darkness, with the stars mirrored in the watery surface beneath our feet. It was a magical experience, and our arms brushed against each other until, inevitably, he took my hand in his. The sensation it ignited within me was akin to a cacophony of butterflies, each one fluttering madly within my stomach. My cheeks burned from the intensity of my smile, a sensation I hadn't encountered even while indulging in my favorite ice cream. Speaking of which...

As if reading my mind, Ken appeared by my side, offering an ice cream cone. He seemed perfect in that moment, and I accepted the treat, savoring the sweet taste with joy. It was peculiar; I couldn't quite discern the exact flavor of the ice cream, yet it didn't matter. Then, with a touch of grace, he leaned in, his intentions clear. Time seemed to stand still as his fingers brushed against my skin, igniting a rush of sensations that coursed through my veins like an

intoxicating drug, a potent cocktail of endorphins that surged with euphoria. Our eyes locked, his fingers lingering on my skin, my heart racing, my desire mounting.

In that moment, I knew exactly what I wanted. "Home," I murmured, and in an instant, we were transported back to a place that felt like the truest definition of home—wrapped in each other's arms, our connection electric and undeniable.

FRIDAY

I awoke in the cozy entanglement of Ken's embrace. His left arm cradled me from below, his right arm rested gently on my waist just below my navel, and his left leg lay draped over mine. It may sound constricting, but I reveled in every moment of that closeness, reluctant to even shift a fraction. I lay there for a while, lulled by the rhythm of his heartbeat and the sight of him beside me.

"You know, it's rude to stare," he playfully chided, peeking at me from beneath his eyelashes.

I chuckled and teased, "I wasn't staring, just pondering what it must feel like to be so incredibly good-looking."

Ken's response was swift – he launched a tickling attack, and my laughter filled the room like music. It sounded peculiar, but it felt wonderfully nice, a symphony of happiness.

In the midst of our laughter and playfulness, I mustered the courage to utter those three precious words, "I love you, Ken." Time seemed to stand still as his hand paused in mid-air, his expression a blend of surprise and uncertainty. I braced myself for rejection, but instead, he quietly left the room. The silence was almost unbearable, a different kind of pain.

Tears streamed down my face, and I cried until I couldn't cry anymore. Exhausted and heartbroken, I drifted into slumber amidst my tears.

My awakening was different. I felt gentle, tentative hands tracing my skin, exploring my hands, then moving down to my stomach and thighs. Warmth pooled in my belly, and I was acutely aware of a growing heat between my legs. The same fingers ventured back to my stomach and gently caressed my breasts, cupping them with care and massaging them. My panties grew increasingly damp, and I feared staining the sheets. I thought it must be a dream until he took my nipples into his mouth, and a gasp involuntarily escaped my lips. My breaths grew shallow and erratic as desire coursed through me, and it was, without a doubt, the most exquisite foreplay I had ever experienced.

Suddenly, it ceased, but what followed was etched into my memory as one of my most cherished moments. Ken whispered those three enchanting words, "I love you," and I pulled him to my lips, our passions ignited in a storm of love and desire. The details need not be shared.

Afterward, we lay in bed, naked, spent, and deeply in love. In that moment, I had never felt more alive.

SATURDAY

The boundaries between consciousness and slumber blurred as Ken and I surrendered ourselves to the throes of passion, each moment more intoxicating than the last. I realize it may be hard to believe, but this was my reality, not yours. As the night unfolded, it became impossible to distinguish when we slept and when we didn't, for we were lost in the relentless embrace of desire.

Eventually, Ken gently rose from the bed, leaving me to rest. I was blissfully unaware of his activities, content to listen to the background noises he created as I basked in the afterglow. My slumber was graced by a dream—or perhaps it was more like a vivid recollection of everything that had transpired in the preceding hours. It felt wondrous, yet curiously distant, shrouded in a hazy aura.

Upon waking, I sensed a profound weakness enveloping me, a sensation akin to my head throbbing with impending doom. But the most heart-wrenching moment was yet to come. Ken's tear-stained face met my gaze, and his anguished mutterings sent shivers down my spine. "Time to go," he whispered. Confusion and fear gnawed at my heart. Where was he going? Was he leaving me here?

"Ken, where are you going?" My voice emerged choked, a desperate plea for answers.

"Not me, you," he replied softly.

My mind reeled. "What do you mean? I'm not going anywhere." But then, I felt myself slipping away from consciousness.

Ken's words echoed in the distance. "You have to go now."

"I can't leave you, please don't make me," I sobbed, clinging to him with all my strength, yet feeling him slip from my grasp. It was as if I was reliving the first time.

The world exploded into a cacophony of lights, sounds, and emotions. I was bombarded by shouts of joy, laughter, and tears. Panic surged within me. Where was Ken? I couldn't feel him in my grasp anymore.

Slowly, my eyes fluttered open to a different reality. My sister, her husband, my parents, and a few friends stood around me, their faces bearing varying degrees of emotion. Tears welled in some eyes, while others openly wept. But Ken was conspicuously absent.

"Where is Ken?" I croaked, and suddenly, everyone's gaze turned toward me, their expressions a blend of melancholy and understanding.

A voice behind me, unknown yet oddly comforting, chimed in. "This is normal, considering the fact that she hit her head pretty bad."

"Hit my head?" I mumbled in confusion. Who was this doctor, and what was he talking about? My thoughts raced, seeking answers that remained elusive.

It was as if the doctor sensed my bewilderment. "Hi, Amber, I'm Doctor Lewis. You had an accident a few days ago, and you've been in a coma. Everyone has been deeply worried about you. I'll leave you and your family alone for a moment, but I'll be back shortly."

And then, he departed, leaving me grappling with the surreal and jarring reality of my situation. Coma? But I had just been with Ken moments ago.

My mother was the first to stir, followed by the others, who enveloped me in embraces, kisses, and tears. But I sat on the bed, numb and detached, as if I were an outsider peering into a world I could no longer fully comprehend.

SUNDAY

Life can be brutally capricious, gifting you moments of bliss only to snatch them away, carrying your very soul with it and leaving behind an empty shell. In its relentless cycle, it offers nothing permanent, save for pain, suffering, and death. It delights in creating voids within your heart, eternally reminding you of the sense of loss that defines existence.

Most people would argue that I should be grateful to be alive. Apparently, the accident was severe, and for a time, everyone believed I had succumbed. Yet, I can't help but wonder if death might have been a preferable alternative to this hollow, Pyrrhic sensation gnawing at my insides. Happiness, like everything else, eludes me in my current state of turmoil, and I'm adrift in a sea of uncertainty.

Today marks my departure from the hospital, and that, at least, is a morsel of news I can tolerate. The nurses are already busy checking my vitals, marveling at the astonishing speed of my recovery. It's bewildering how these medical professionals can shift from elation at your

progress to surprise the next moment. Do they want me to heal or not? It's a perplexing dance between hope and confusion.

After enduring the obligatory needle pokes and examinations, I'm finally given the green light to leave. My sister, bubbling with enthusiasm and eager to recount everything I've missed in my brief absence, wheels me to the car. I muster a half-hearted response to feign interest, but the truth is, I'm utterly indifferent to her words. I've reached a point of avolition, where even the most stimulating information fails to register.

As we near the exit of the building, something inexplicable captures my attention. It's the hair, the lanky figure, the slender fingers – all reminiscent of someone I once knew. The longer this mysterious figure keeps his head down, the more faces flood my mind, each one a possibility. No sooner does he raise his head to its normal position than my lips instinctively utter a name...

"Ken?"