

*"I'm so sorry! The villa that was meant for you is suddenly occupied."* Olivia looks at me apologetically, reaching out as if to hold my hand. *"I made Enzo promise that Roman won't disturb you..."*

She's trying. Really trying. Trying to convince me that sharing a villa with Roman won't be the worst thing that could happen this week.

I purse my lips, and inside my head I'm already murdering Roman in several creative ways and imagining all the things I could do to make his entire week miserable.

Normally, I would refuse immediately. I'd flip Olivia off and tell her absolutely not. But this week isn't about me. It's her wedding. And I'm not heartless enough to make her feel bad about something she clearly has no control over.

*"It's fine, Liv,"* I say softly, trying to ease the guilt written all over her face. *"It's not your fault."*

Because apparently, thanks to the resort being completely booked for both Olivia and Enzo's families and guests arriving for the wedding this Saturday, I have no choice but to share a villa with my personal arch-nemesis.

*Roman Virelli.*

I can already picture the smug look on his face when he sees me.

*"You're exhausted from your photoshoot and the long flight,"* Olivia says, studying my face closely. Behind her, her mother is waiting impatiently, clearly needing her attention. Around us, staff move back and forth across the terrace, arranging flowers and setting up the centerpieces for tonight's dinner.

The mandatory dinner. For the entire wedding party. Including me.

*"I'll walk you to your villa..."* I cut her off before she could finish her sentence.

*"That won't be necessary, I can find my way."* I said, watching her mother who's getting impatient the longer that we talk. *"See you tonight for dinner,"* I said and gave her a quick hug and kiss on her cheeks.

She sighs, apologetically and nodded her head slowly before she let her mother drag her away from me. A bustboy walked towards me and offered to carry my bag for me. I just nodded my head slightly and let him do it.

On our way to the villa, I found myself appreciating the beauty of Lake Como. The lake stretches endlessly in front of me, its surface calm and glassy under the late afternoon sun. The water reflects the soft gold of the sky and the dark green mountains that rise around it like a quiet wall protecting the place from the rest of the world.

The resort itself looks like something out of a movie.

Elegant stone villas are scattered along the hillside, each surrounded by tall cypress trees and perfectly trimmed gardens. Winding paths of pale cobblestone lead from one villa to another, lanterns already hanging along the sides even though the sun hasn't fully set yet.

Closer to the water, a long wooden dock reaches into the lake where several sleek boats are tied, their polished surfaces glinting under the fading sunlight.

The air smells faintly of fresh water, citrus, and whatever flowers they planted around the property. Somewhere nearby, soft music drifts from the terrace where the dinner is being prepared.

It's the kind of place that screams luxury without trying too hard. Quiet, expensive, and breathtaking in a way that makes everything feel a little unreal.

The kind of place people choose when they want their wedding to look like a scene straight out of a romance film.

Too bad the week also comes with Roman Virelli.

As I step inside the villa, Roman is already sitting on the couch like he owns the entire place, casually scrolling through his phone.

Of course he is.

He's wearing a white long-sleeve shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows like he's trying way too hard to look effortless. Dark slacks, slightly messy hair, and that annoyingly perfect posture that makes it seem like he was born knowing he's better than everyone else in the room.

His forearm tattoos peek out from beneath the fabric, black ink against tan skin. He doesn't look up immediately, which somehow irritates me even more.

The living room itself is exactly what you'd expect from a luxury villa in Lake Como. Floor-to-ceiling windows stretch along the entire wall, overlooking the lake like a painting that someone spent millions to frame. Soft neutral furniture fills the space, elegant but understated, with a marble coffee table sitting between the couch and two armchairs.

To the right, a small kitchenette gleams under warm lighting, all polished stone counters and expensive appliances that probably cost more than my first apartment.

Everything about the place is quiet, expensive, and annoyingly perfect.

And somehow, Roman Voss Virelli still manages to look like the most expensive thing in the room.

“Great, it’s you...” he looks up at me, His eyes are green. Not the soft kind either. The sharp kind that looks like they’re constantly judging you, like he’s already decided you’re an inconvenience before you even open your mouth.

Unfortunately, the man is *unfairly* attractive.

Dark brown hair that looks like he just ran a hand through it instead of actually styling it. Strong jaw, a little bit of stubble, and that annoying mouth that always seems to sit halfway between a smirk and an insult.

His white shirt is rolled up to his elbows, showing the tattoos running along his forearm, the black ink sharp against his skin. The top buttons of his shirt are open just enough to show the edge of another tattoo on his chest.

It’s the kind of look that probably makes women melt.

*I’m not women.*

His eyes slowly move over me, taking his time like he’s inspecting something he didn’t order but somehow still ended up with.

“Well,” he says dryly, leaning back into the couch like he’s settling in for entertainment. “*I was hoping they’d pair me with someone less... exhausting.*”

My jaw tightens.

“*And yet here I am,*” I reply sweetly, dropping my bag beside the door. “*Living proof that karma exists.*”

Roman lets out a quiet huff of amusement, the corner of his mouth lifting.

“*Seven days,*” he says, holding up his phone briefly like he’s checking a timer. “*Think you’ll survive that long without starting a war?*”

I give him a thin smile. “*That depends,*” I said. “*Are you planning to talk the entire time?*”

His smirk widens just slightly. Yeah.

*It’s going to be a very long week.*