

Pretending to Hate You

A SpokeIsHere × JumperWho AU

Childhood Friends → Enemies → Fake Dating → Lovers

Chapter 1: The Promise Beneath the Tree

Before the wars.

Before the rivalries.

Before everyone knew their names as enemies.

There were just two kids and a treehouse.

Spoke and Jumper.

Everyone on the server knew them as a pair.

Where Spoke went, Jumper followed.

Where Jumper had an idea, Spoke was usually the first person crazy enough to help her make it happen.

She was the planner.

He was the one who jumped into danger without thinking.

She was the one who reminded him to bring supplies.

He was the one who made her laugh whenever things became too serious.

Together, they were unstoppable.

Or at least, that's what everyone believed.

Their favorite place was an old oak tree overlooking a river.

It wasn't impressive.

The walls were uneven.

The roof leaked whenever it rained.

The ladder was missing two steps because Spoke accidentally broke them during construction and never fixed them.

"It's perfect," Spoke said proudly.

Jumper looked at the crooked building.

"It's terrible."

“It’s our terrible.”

She tried not to smile.

Failed.

“Fine.”

She climbed onto the roof beside him.

“Our terrible.”

Years passed.

The treehouse became their place.

When they found diamonds, they celebrated there.

When they lost fights, they hid there.

When the world felt too complicated, they sat together and watched the stars.

One night, when they were younger, Spoke looked at Jumper and said:

“Promise me something.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

“If we ever fight...”

“Which is probably going to happen because you’re annoying.”

“Hey.”

She laughed.

“But continue.”

“Promise we won’t leave forever.”

Jumper looked at him.

For once, Spoke wasn’t joking.

So she smiled and held out her hand.

“Promise.”

They shook hands beneath the stars.

Neither of them knew how much that promise would matter.

Because eventually...

They broke it.

The first sign something was wrong was the missing artifact.

A powerful item had disappeared from the server vault.

An artifact that represented trust between the different factions.

And somehow...

Evidence pointed toward Jumper.

Spoke stared at the reports in disbelief.

“No.”

The room went quiet.

Someone looked at him.

“Spoke—”

“No.”

He looked at the evidence again.

“It can’t be her.”

But the evidence kept appearing.

A witness.

A trail.

A stolen item found near her base.

Everything seemed impossible.

Except it was there.

Jumper arrived moments later.

She immediately noticed the silence.

“What happened?”

Nobody answered.

Then she saw the reports.

Her expression changed.

“You think I did this?”

Spoke looked at her.

And that was the moment everything broke.

Because she wasn't angry.

She was hurt.

“Do you believe them?”

Spoke wanted to say no.

He wanted to say that he knew her better than anyone.

That she was his best friend.

That she would never betray him.

But doubt won.

“I don’t know.”

Those words destroyed everything.

Jumper stared at him.

After everything.

After all their years together.

He didn’t trust her.

“Okay.”

Her voice was quiet.

“Then maybe you never knew me at all.”

She left before sunrise.

She didn’t return to the treehouse.

She didn’t say goodbye.

She didn’t give him another chance.

And Spoke didn't stop her.

That was the mistake he would regret forever.

Years later, everyone knew them differently.

Spoke was one of the strongest fighters on the server.

Jumper had built a reputation of her own.

Smart.

Dangerous.

Impossible to defeat.

The childhood friends everyone once knew became rivals everyone feared.

Whenever Lifesteal and Unstable crossed paths...

So did they.

"You still fight like you're angry at the world," Spoke said during one battle.

Jumper blocked his attack.

“And you still talk too much.”

“You missed me.”

She scoffed.

“In your dreams.”

But neither of them admitted the truth.

The anger was easier than admitting they missed each other.

Then came the alliance.

The wars between Lifesteal and Unstable had gone too far.

Both sides needed proof that peace was possible.

And someone came up with an idea.

A terrible idea.

A ridiculous idea.

An idea that would make everyone question reality.

“What if Spoke and Jumper fake date?”

Silence.

Then:

“No.”

“No way.”

“Absolutely not.”

Spoke crossed his arms.

“I would rather fight an entire army alone.”

Jumper nodded.

“I agree with him.”

Everyone stared.

“That is the first thing you’ve agreed on in years.”

Neither looked happy about it.

But they both knew the truth.

If pretending to be together could stop another war...

They would do it.

The rules were simple.

Smile together.

Attend events together.

Act like they were in love.

Convince everyone the alliance was real.

It should have been easy.

After all...

They hated each other.

Didn't they?

Except pretending meant remembering.

Remembering how Jumper always knew when Spoke was upset.

Remembering how Spoke always protected her without thinking.

Remembering the friendship they lost.

Their arguments slowly became jokes.

Their insults became teasing.

Their fake smiles became real ones.

And the more they pretended...

The harder it became to remember where the act ended.

Because the truth was...

They hadn't become strangers.

They had just spent years pretending they were.

And maybe the promise they made as children wasn't broken after all.

Maybe they were just finding their way back.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 2: The Worst Idea in History

The meeting room had never been this uncomfortable.

Representatives from Lifesteal SMP and Unstable SMP sat across from each other, surrounded by maps, battle reports, and enough tension to make even the strongest players hesitate.

The war had gone on too long.

Everyone was tired.

Everyone had lost something.

And nobody wanted another fight.

“We need something that proves this alliance is real,” one of the leaders said.

“Something nobody can fake.”

The room fell silent.

A treaty could be broken.

A shared base could be destroyed.

A promise could be ignored.

Then someone leaned back in their chair.

“What if we make the two biggest rivals on both servers prove it?”

Everyone looked confused.

“Who?”

The person smiled.

“Spoke and Jumper.”

The silence afterward was immediate.

Then chaos.

“No.”

Spoke didn’t even let them finish.

“No.”

Across the table, Jumper folded her arms.

“Absolutely not.”

The coordinator sighed.

“You haven’t even heard the plan.”

“I don’t need to.”

Spoke pointed at Jumper.

“Her and me?”

Jumper raised an eyebrow.

“You say that like you’re not the problem too.”

“You literally tried to trap me in a cave last week.”

“You deserved it.”

“You dropped gravel on my head.”

“You walked into my base.”

“Because you left the door open.”

“Exactly.”

Everyone stared.

One person whispered:

“They’re arguing like they never stopped being friends.”

Both of them turned.

“We are not.”

The room became silent.

Because they answered at the exact same time.

The plan was simple.

Too simple.

For three months, Spoke and Jumper would pretend to be together.

They would attend alliance events.

They would appear at public gatherings.

They would complete missions as a pair.

They would convince both servers that if they could put aside their differences, everyone else could too.

Spoke stared.

“You want us to hold hands?”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

Jumper crossed her arms.

“I agree with him.”

Everyone looked surprised.

“That might be the first time you’ve agreed in years.”

“Don’t make it weird,” Spoke muttered.

“I’m not.”

“You are.”

“I am not.”

“You are.”

The coordinator sighed.

“Are you two done?”

“No,” they said together.

A pause.

Then they both looked annoyed.

They eventually agreed.

Not because they wanted to.

Because people were getting hurt.

And despite everything...

Neither of them had changed that much.

They still cared.

They just hated admitting it.

The first public appearance was a disaster.

Mostly because everyone knew them too well.

The plaza was filled with players from both servers.

Parrot watched from the crowd with his arms crossed.

Rekrap2 stood beside him, already entertained.

“This is either going to work perfectly...”

“Or?”

“They’re going to start a war before the actual war starts.”

Nearby, Mapicc shook his head.

“I give them five minutes.”

ClownPierce smiled.

“I give them three.”

Spoke and Jumper stepped into the plaza.

Immediately, everyone started whispering.

“Is it real?”

“No way.”

“They hate each other.”

“They used to be friends.”

“That’s worse.”

Spoke leaned closer.

“They’re staring.”

Jumper kept smiling.

“I know.”

“I hate this.”

“Same.”

“You’re supposed to say something romantic.”

She looked at him.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know.”

“You’re the one who hates this.”

“Good point.”

The coordinator behind them cleared their throat.

“Remember. Convincing.”

Spoke sighed.

Jumper did the same.

Then she reached for his hand.

He froze.

Not because it was part of the act.

Because it felt familiar.

Like the days before everything went wrong.

“You okay?” she whispered.

Spoke looked at her.

For a second, he forgot they were pretending.

“Yeah.”

She noticed.

The hesitation.

The surprise.

The way he looked at her like he was seeing his old best friend again.

Then she quickly looked away.

“Good.”

The crowd reacted immediately.

Cheers.

Whispers.

Shock.

A few people looked genuinely confused.

“They actually look convincing.”

“That’s the scary part.”

The day continued.

They walked through the market.

They answered questions.

They posed for pictures.

They acted like a couple.

Except...

They didn't have to act as much as they expected.

Jumper still remembered Spoke's favorite food.

Spoke still noticed when Jumper was tired.

She still tapped her fingers when she was thinking.

He still made stupid jokes when things got tense.

The little things hadn't disappeared.

They had just been buried.

That evening, they returned to their guest room.

And immediately stopped.

There was one bed.

One.

Spoke stared.

“No.”

Jumper looked inside.

“No.”

They both turned around.

“Absolutely not.”

The coordinator standing behind them smiled.

“The room arrangements were already made.”

“I’ll sleep outside.”

“It’s raining.”

“I’ll sleep in the hallway.”

“The floor is stone.”

“I’ll take the floor.”

Jumper sighed.

“You are unbelievably dramatic.”

“You know that.”

She almost smiled.

Almost.

Eventually, they agreed to share the bed.

With a mountain of pillows between them.

“This is ridiculous,” Spoke said.

“Yes.”

“We’re adults.”

“Yes.”

“We’re fighting over a pillow wall.”

“Yes.”

“Why are you agreeing with me?”

“Because you’re right.”

He looked at her.

“...That was unexpected.”

“Don’t get used to it.”

For a while, neither spoke.

Then:

“Do you remember the treehouse?”

Spoke went still.

He hadn’t expected that.

“Yeah.”

“I wondered if you ever went back.”

The question was quiet.

Honest.

Spoke looked at the ceiling.

“No.”

A pause.

“Why?”

“Because it didn’t feel right without you.”

Jumper’s expression changed.

For a moment, she forgot she was supposed to be angry.

“I thought you hated me.”

Spoke looked over.

“I thought you hated me.”

Neither had an answer.

Because both of them had been wrong.

Outside the room, footsteps passed.

Neither noticed.

Inside, two former best friends lay awake, separated by pillows but closer than they had been in years.

And neither of them realized the most dangerous part of the fake relationship wasn't convincing everyone else.

It was convincing themselves.

End of Chapter 2

Next Chapter: "The Girl He Used to Know" — As Spoke and Jumper continue their fake relationship, old habits return, jealousy appears, and both of them begin questioning whether their hatred was ever real.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 3: The Girl He Used to Know

Spoke had expected many things when he agreed to fake date Jumper.

Awkward conversations.

Forced smiles.

Endless teasing from everyone on both servers.

Maybe even a few arguments.

What he did not expect...

Was how easy it was.

The next morning, Spoke woke up before his alarm.

For a few seconds, he forgot where he was.

Then he felt something resting on his shoulder.

He froze.

Slowly, he looked down.

Jumper.

At some point during the night, the pillow wall between them had collapsed.

She was asleep, leaning against him, her hand loosely holding onto the sleeve of his shirt.

The sight was familiar.

Too familiar.

Because years ago, before everything went wrong, this happened all the time.

After long mining trips.

After late-night adventures.

After they spent hours talking in their treehouse until exhaustion finally won.

Spoke stared.

She looked peaceful.

Not like the rival who challenged him every chance she got.

Not like the person everyone on the server feared.

Just Jumper.

His best friend.

The person he thought he lost forever.

"Are you planning on staring forever?"

Spoke immediately looked away.

Jumper was awake.

"You were awake?"

"For the last minute."

"And you didn't say anything?"

"I wanted to see how long it would take you to realize."

Spoke frowned.

"That's evil."

She smiled slightly.

"Some things never change."

For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Then they both realized how close they were.

Jumper quickly sat up.

Spoke looked away.

"Right."

"Right."

The silence was awkward.

Not because they hated each other.

Because they didn't know what they were anymore.

Breakfast was worse.

Because everyone noticed.

Especially their friends.

Parrot looked between them.

"You two are acting weird."

Spoke immediately became defensive.

"We're always weird."

"Not like this."

Jumper took a sip of her drink.

"Explain."

"You haven't argued once this morning."

Spoke and Jumper looked at each other.

Then back at Parrot.

"We argued about the pillow wall."

"That doesn't count."

"It absolutely counts."

Rekrap2 laughed.

"No, he's right. You two used to argue like enemies."

"We are enemies."

The response came automatically.

But neither of them sounded like they believed it anymore.

The first mission as a fake couple came that afternoon.

A supply route between Lifesteal and Unstable had been attacked, and they were sent to investigate.

"Of course they send us together," Spoke muttered.

Jumper adjusted her armor.

"Because apparently we're convincing."

"Are we?"

She glanced at him.

"...I don't know."

That answer surprised both of them.

The forest was quiet.

Too quiet.

Spoke immediately noticed.

"Something's wrong."

Jumper looked around.

"You feel it too?"

He nodded.

Old habits.

That was the dangerous part.

They still understood each other.

After years apart.

After everything.

They still moved like a team.

A branch snapped.

Jumper instantly stepped behind Spoke, sword ready.

Three players appeared from the trees.

An ambush.

Spoke smirked.

"Really?"

One attacker laughed.

"You two are supposed to be enemies."

Jumper raised her weapon.

"Disappointed?"

The fight began.

They worked together perfectly.

Spoke attacked aggressively.

Jumper controlled the battlefield.

He created openings.

She used them.

She protected his blind spots.

He covered her retreats.

It was like no time had passed.

When the final opponent fell, they both stood there breathing heavily.

Then they realized.

They were smiling.

Actually smiling.

"You know," Jumper said, "we're annoyingly good at this."

Spoke laughed.

"Don't sound so surprised."

"I am surprised."

"Rude."

"Accurate."

On the way back, they stopped near a river.

The same kind of river that ran beside their old treehouse.

Jumper sat on the grass.

Spoke joined her.

For once, neither rushed to leave.

"I missed this."

Spoke looked over.

"This?"

She gestured around.

"The quiet."

A pause.

"The part where we weren't fighting."

Spoke looked down.

"Yeah."

Jumper picked up a small stone and tossed it into the water.

"I hated you."

The honesty caught him off guard.

"I know."

"No, I mean..."

She sighed.

"I really did."

Spoke stayed silent.

"But I think I hated you because it was easier than missing you."

That hurt.

Because he understood.

"I thought you betrayed me."

Jumper looked at him.

"I know."

"I was angry."

"I know."

"But I never stopped wondering if you were okay."

Her expression softened.

"Neither did I."

For a moment, the years between them disappeared.

No war.

No betrayal.

No fake relationship.

Just two friends sitting by a river.

Except they weren't children anymore.

And they couldn't pretend they didn't feel the difference.

When they returned to the server, something happened.

Something small.

Something neither of them expected.

A player from Lifesteal approached Jumper.

"Hey, Jumper."

She turned.

The player smiled.

"Want to come help me with a build later?"

Before Jumper could answer—

Spoke stepped slightly closer.

Not enough for anyone else to notice.

But enough.

The player looked between them.

Then smiled.

"Oh."

Spoke frowned.

"Oh what?"

"Nothing."

The player walked away.

Jumper looked at him.

"Was that jealousy?"

"No."

"Spoke."

"I was being protective."

"Protective?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

He opened his mouth.

Nothing came out.

Because he didn't know.

And that scared him.

That night, Jumper sat beside him on the balcony.

"You know everyone thinks we're real."

Spoke looked at the village below.

"Yeah."

"They're not wrong anymore."

The words surprised him.

He turned.

Jumper immediately looked away.

"I mean..."

She paused.

"We're not really pretending."

Silence.

Spoke's heart beat faster.

Because she was right.

They weren't.

Not anymore.

Then a message appeared on their communicators.

EMERGENCY MEETING. ALL MEMBERS REQUIRED.

Both of them looked down.

The moment disappeared.

But the feeling remained.

Something was changing.

Something neither of them could stop.

And somewhere deep down...

They both knew the fake relationship was becoming the real thing.

End of Chapter 3

Next Chapter: "The Festival Date" — Spoke and Jumper are forced to attend a public festival together, where jealousy, old memories, and unexpected feelings make pretending harder than ever.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 4: The Festival Date

Spoke hated festivals.

That was what he told himself.

They were loud.

Crowded.

Full of people asking questions he didn't want to answer.

And worst of all...

They involved pretending.

At least, that was what he told himself.

The Harvest Festival was the biggest event since the alliance between Lifesteal and Unstable began.

The entire capital had been decorated.

Lanterns hung from rooftops.

Music echoed through the streets.

Players from both servers filled the marketplace, laughing together instead of fighting.

It was everything the alliance was supposed to represent.

And unfortunately...

Spoke and Jumper were supposed to represent it too.

“You look miserable.”

Spoke glanced at Jumper.

“I am miserable.”

She looked at his outfit.

“You look like you’re going to a funeral.”

“I don’t own anything festive.”

“You own three identical black jackets.”

“They’re different.”

“They are literally the same.”

“They have different levels of durability.”

Jumper stared.

“That might be the most Spoke answer possible.”

He tried not to smile.

Failed.

Their arrival immediately caused attention.

Not because they were famous.

Not because they were powerful.

Because everyone was still shocked that they were standing together.

Parrot watched them enter the festival with a suspicious look.

“I still don’t believe this.”

Rekrap2 looked over.

“You’ve been saying that for weeks.”

“Because it keeps getting more confusing.”

Mapicc crossed his arms.

“They went from trying to destroy each other to holding hands.”

ClownPierce smiled.

“That’s usually how stories work.”

“No one asked you.”

“I know.”

Spoke and Jumper walked through the market.

At first, everything was normal.

Almost.

They stopped at food stalls.

They played games.

They talked.

And slowly...

They forgot people were watching.

“You’re terrible at this.”

Spoke stared at the ring toss game in front of them.

“I am not.”

“You missed five times.”

“The rings are badly designed.”

“The rings are circles.”

“Exactly.”

Jumper laughed.

A real laugh.

Spoke froze for a moment.

He hadn’t heard that sound in years.

Not the sarcastic laugh she used during arguments.

Not the small laugh she gave when pretending not to care.

This was the old one.

The one from the treehouse.

“What?”

He realized he was staring.

“Nothing.”

Jumper tilted her head.

“You do that a lot.”

“Do what?”

“Look at me like you’re remembering something.”

Spoke looked away.

“Maybe I am.”

The answer was quieter than he expected.

And she heard it.

Later, they reached the dance area.

Spoke immediately stopped walking.

“No.”

Jumper looked confused.

“What?”

“No.”

She followed his gaze.

The dance floor.

“Oh.”

“No.”

“You already said that.”

“I’m saying it again.”

The coordinator appeared behind them.

“Perfect! You’re here.”

Spoke slowly turned.

“Why do I hear danger?”

“Because there is.”

Jumper covered a smile.

“You knew about this?”

“I suspected.”

“You didn’t warn me?”

“I wanted to see your reaction.”

“You’re evil.”

“I learned from you.”

The music started.

And somehow...

They ended up dancing.

Spoke was terrible.

Jumper was not.

“This is unfair.”

“What?”

“You know what you’re doing.”

“Yes.”

“And I don’t.”

“Yes.”

“You’re enjoying this.”

“A little.”

He stepped wrong.

She caught him before he fell.

For a second, they were too close.

The crowd disappeared.

The music faded.

It was just them.

Again.

Just like the treehouse.

Just like the river.

Just like every moment they thought they had lost.

Then someone cheered.

The moment broke.

They stepped apart.

After the dance, they walked away from the crowd.

Neither spoke for a while.

Finally, Spoke said:

“You were always better at this.”

Jumper looked at him.

“At dancing?”

“No.”

A pause.

“At making things feel normal.”

Her expression softened.

“Spoke...”

“I mean it.”

He looked at the festival lights.

“When everything went wrong, I didn’t know what to do.”

Jumper stayed quiet.

“You left.”

“I was know.”

“And I let you.”

The honesty surprised her.

“I should’ve stopped you.”

“You were hurt.”

“I was stubborn.”

She smiled slightly.

“That hasn’t changed.”

“Neither has yours.”

A voice interrupted them.

“Jumper?”

They turned.

A player from Lifesteal approached.

Someone she knew well.

Someone who immediately smiled when he saw her.

“Didn’t expect to see you here.”

Jumper smiled politely.

“Yeah, it’s been a while.”

They started talking.

Spoke stayed quiet.

At first, he didn’t understand why.

Then he did.

He didn’t like how comfortable they looked.

He didn’t like how easily they laughed.

He didn’t like that someone else knew parts of Jumper’s life he had missed.

And he definitely didn’t like the feeling in his chest.

“You know you’re staring again.”

Spoke looked at Jumper.

She had returned.

“I was not.”

“You were.”

“Wasn’t.”

She smiled.

“You’re jealous.”

“No.”

“Spoke.”

“I am not jealous.”

“You look like you want to challenge him to a duel.”

“I do not.”

“You absolutely do.”

He sighed.

“...Maybe a little.”

Jumper laughed.

“You’re unbelievable.”

“You’re enjoying this.”

“Maybe.”

That night, after the festival ended, they sat on the roof of the guest house.

The lanterns from the celebration still glowed in the distance.

“You know,” Jumper said, “everyone thinks we’re together.”

Spoke nodded.

“Yeah.”

“They think the fake relationship became real.”

Silence.

Then:

“What if they’re right?”

Spoke looked at her.

Jumper immediately looked away.

“I mean...”

She struggled for words.

“We spend all our time together.”

“We trust each other.”

“We protect each other.”

A pause.

“So maybe...”

Spoke’s voice was quiet.

“Maybe what?”

She looked at him.

Neither of them spoke.

Because saying it out loud would make it real.

And somehow...

That was terrifying.

Before either could answer, another message appeared.

UNKNOWN PLAYER DETECTED NEAR THE OLD TREEHOUSE.

Both froze.

The treehouse.

Their treehouse.

The place where everything began.

Spoke stood immediately.

“That can’t be a coincidence.”

Jumper grabbed her weapon.

“No.”

Her expression hardened.

“Someone wants us to go back.”

Together, they headed toward the forest.

Neither of them knew what waited there.

But they both knew one thing.

Whatever happened next...

They would face it together.

End of Chapter 4

Next Chapter: “The Secret Beneath the Treehouse” — Spoke and Jumper return to the place where their friendship began and uncover the first clue that the betrayal that separated them was never what it seemed.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 6: The Truth Comes Out

The walk back to the server felt different.

Not because the forest had changed.

Not because the path was unfamiliar.

Because Spoke and Jumper weren't walking as enemies anymore.

They weren't walking as two people forced into an alliance.

They were walking as partners.

And somehow...

That felt more dangerous.

The moment they entered the meeting hall, everyone knew something was wrong.

Spoke and Jumper were usually loud when they arrived.

Usually arguing.

Usually blaming each other for something ridiculous.

This time?

They were silent.

Parrot noticed first.

“Okay.”

Everyone turned.

“What happened?”

Spoke looked at him.

“We found something.”

The room immediately changed.

The joking stopped.

The tension returned.

“What kind of something?” Rekrap2 asked.

Jumper placed the old book on the table.

“The kind that changes everything.”

Everyone gathered around.

Players from both Lifesteal and Unstable looked through the pages.

At first, there was confusion.

Then disbelief.

Then anger.

“This...”

Mapicc pointed at the notes.

“This was planned?”

Spoke nodded.

“Someone wanted us divided.”

ClownPierce frowned.

“Not just divided.”

He looked at the pages.

“Destroyed.”

The room went quiet.

Because everyone understood the meaning.

The wars.

The betrayals.

The fights between servers.

They weren't random.

Someone had been controlling events from the beginning.

And the biggest target had been Spoke and Jumper.

Parrot looked at Jumper.

"So the artifact..."

"Was never stolen by me."

She said it calmly.

But everyone could hear the hurt underneath.

“The evidence was planted.”

Spoke looked down.

He hated remembering that moment.

The moment he chose doubt over trust.

“I believed it.”

The room went silent.

Jumper looked at him.

Spoke continued.

“I thought she betrayed me.”

Nobody spoke.

Because everyone knew how much that must have hurt.

Not just because of the betrayal.

Because of who it came from.

“I was wrong.”

Spoke’s voice was quiet.

“I should’ve trusted her.”

Jumper looked away.

Not because she was angry.

Because she wasn’t used to hearing him admit it.

Especially not in front of everyone.

After years of believing he hated her...

It mattered.

Rekrap2 crossed his arms.

“So what now?”

Jumper looked at the map.

“We find whoever did this.”

“That’s obvious.”

“No.”

Everyone looked at her.

“We find out why.”

Spoke nodded.

“They spent years trying to separate us.”

He looked around the room.

“But they didn’t just want us apart.”

He pointed at the map.

“They wanted both servers fighting.”

The realization hit everyone.

The enemy wasn’t trying to win a war.

They were trying to create one.

A war where everyone lost.

“We need to prepare,” Mapicc said.

“Agreed,” ClownPierce replied.

“But carefully.”

Everyone looked at him.

“If someone has been planning this for years, they already know how we think.”

Jumper nodded.

“Which means we can’t act predictably.”

A small smile appeared on Spoke’s face.

“Good.”

Everyone looked at him.

“What?”

He shrugged.

“She’s always been better at plans.”

Jumper looked surprised.

Then amused.

“Did you just compliment me?”

“Don’t make it weird.”

“You complimented me publicly.”

“I can take it back.”

“No.”

She smiled.

“I’ll remember this forever.”

The meeting continued for hours.

Strategies.

Defenses.

Investigation teams.

But one thing was obvious.

Something had changed.

Everyone noticed.

Especially their friends.

Later that night, Parrot found Spoke outside.

“You really meant it?”

Spoke looked over.

“Meant what?”

“That you trust her again.”

Spoke didn’t answer immediately.

Because the answer was complicated.

He had trusted Jumper before.

Then lost that trust.

Then spent years convincing himself he didn't care.

But now...

"I never stopped."

Parrot raised an eyebrow.

"Then why did you fight so hard?"

Spoke looked toward the old forest.

"Because it hurt."

A pause.

"She was the one person I thought would never leave."

"And when it looked like she did..."

He looked down.

"I didn't know what to do."

Meanwhile, Jumper sat with some of the Unstable members.

“You okay?”

She looked up.

“I should be asking you that.”

The player smiled.

“You two have a lot of history.”

Jumper looked at the stars.

“Yeah.”

“Do you hate him?”

The question caught her off guard.

Years ago, she would’ve answered immediately.

Now?

She couldn’t.

“No.”

A pause.

“I hated what happened.”

She looked at her hands.

“I hated that I lost him.”

Neither of them realized the other was thinking the exact same thing.

The next morning, a new message appeared.

Every communicator.

Every screen.

Every server announcement.

A single sentence:

You found the truth. Congratulations.

But you still haven't learned the lesson.

Trust is your weakness.

Then another message appeared.

A location.

The enemy wanted them to come.

Alone.

The meeting hall erupted.

“It’s a trap.”

“Obviously.”

“We can’t go.”

“We have to.”

Everyone turned to Spoke and Jumper.

Because they both knew.

This was personal.

The enemy wasn't calling for a battle.

They were calling for them.

Spoke looked at Jumper.

"What do you think?"

Years ago, he would've decided alone.

Years ago, she would've walked away.

Now?

They waited.

Together.

Jumper studied the message.

Then nodded.

"We go."

Everyone protested.

“No.”

“It’s too dangerous.”

“You’re walking into exactly what they want.”

Spoke looked at them.

“Maybe.”

Then he looked at Jumper.

“But we’re not the same people we were before.”

Jumper nodded.

“They wanted us separated.”

She reached for his hand.

Not for the cameras.

Not for the alliance.

Just because she wanted to.

“They won’t get that again.”

Everyone noticed.

The gesture.

The trust.

The fact that neither of them hesitated.

Parrot smiled slightly.

“Okay.”

Everyone looked at him.

“What?”

He shrugged.

“I think the fake dating thing is getting less fake.”

Spoke immediately let go.

“It’s not the time.”

Jumper laughed.

And somehow...

That made everyone less afraid.

The next day, Spoke and Jumper left for the meeting point.

The same two people who once lost each other.

Now walking into danger together.

Because the enemy had one thing wrong.

Trust wasn't their weakness.

It was the reason they survived.

End of Chapter 6

Next Chapter: "The Enemy Behind the Curtain" — Spoke and Jumper finally face the person who destroyed their friendship, but the truth they uncover about the past may hurt more than any battle.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 7: The Enemy Behind the Curtain

The meeting point was somewhere neither Spoke nor Jumper had ever been.

A ruined fortress hidden deep beyond the borders of both servers.

The kind of place people avoided.

The kind of place legends were made from.

Or warnings.

Spoke walked beside Jumper in silence.

Not because they had nothing to say.

Because there was too much.

Finally, Jumper spoke.

“You know, if someone told me years ago that we’d end up here...”

Spoke glanced at her.

“Walking into a suspicious fortress?”

She smiled slightly.

“No.”

A pause.

“Trusting each other again.”

The words hit harder than he expected.

Spoke looked ahead.

“Yeah.”

Another silence.

Then:

“I missed this.”

Jumper looked at him.

“What?”

“This.”

He gestured between them.

“Talking without wanting to fight.”

Her expression softened.

“Me too.”

The fortress doors opened before they touched them.

That was never a good sign.

Spoke immediately pulled out his weapon.

Jumper did the same.

“Still dramatic,” she whispered.

“Still alive because I’m dramatic.”

“Debatable.”

But she was smiling.

And Spoke noticed.

Inside the fortress, everything was prepared.

Not like a battlefield.

Like a museum.

There were old maps.

Old reports.

Pictures.

Records of battles that had happened years ago.

And in the center of the room...

A familiar object.

The artifact.

The one that started everything.

Spoke stopped.

“That’s impossible.”

Jumper stepped closer.

“The artifact was never stolen.”

“No.”

She looked at it carefully.

“It was moved.”

A voice echoed through the room.

“Finally.”

Both of them turned.

A figure stepped from the shadows.

Someone they had never met.

But someone who knew them.

Someone who knew everything.

“The famous duo.”

Spoke narrowed his eyes.

“Who are you?”

The figure smiled.

“Someone who got tired of watching you two control everything.”

Jumper’s expression hardened.

“You destroyed our friendship.”

“Yes.”

The answer was immediate.

No denial.

No excuses.

Just a confession.

Spoke stepped forward.

“Why?”

The figure walked around the room.

“Because you were too powerful together.”

Jumper frowned.

“That’s your reason?”

“You don’t understand.”

The figure pointed toward the old records.

“Everyone saw you as two people.”

A pause.

“But I saw what you really were.”

They looked at Spoke.

“The fighter.”

Then Jumper.

“The strategist.”

Together.

“An unstoppable combination.”

Spoke laughed bitterly.

“So your solution was to ruin our lives?”

“My solution was balance.”

Jumper shook her head.

“No.”

Her voice was cold.

“Your solution was control.”

The figure smiled.

“You always were the smart one.”

The room changed.

Images appeared on the walls.

Memories.

The night everything happened.

The night Spoke thought Jumper betrayed him.

They watched silently.

The evidence.

The accusations.

The moment Spoke said he didn't know if he could trust her.

Then...

Something they never saw.

After Jumper left.

A hidden message.

A manipulated report.

A false witness.

Everything had been planned.

Spoke stared.

“I...”

His voice disappeared.

Because seeing it was worse than imagining it.

Jumper watched him.

She knew what he was feeling.

Guilt.

Regret.

Anger.

“Spoke.”

He looked at her.

“I believed it.”

“I know.”

“I looked at you and thought...”

He stopped.

The words hurt.

“I thought you were the person who hurt me.”

Jumper looked down.

“But I was the person who got hurt too.”

The silence that followed was heavier than any battle.

The enemy watched.

“This is why I was right.”

Both looked up.

“What?”

“You were always too emotional.”

Spoke’s expression changed.

“Excuse me?”

“You care too much.”

The figure pointed at Jumper.

“She made you weak.”

Jumper immediately stepped forward.

“No.”

The figure looked surprised.

“No?”

She shook her head.

“You don’t understand.”

She looked at Spoke.

“He didn’t become weaker because he cared.”

A pause.

“He became someone worth fighting beside.”

Spoke looked at her.

For years, he thought he needed to prove he was strong.

But Jumper had always seen something else.

The enemy attacked.

Fast.

The fortress shook.

But this time, they were ready.

Spoke and Jumper moved together.

No hesitation.

No doubt.

No fear.

Every attack.

Every movement.

Every decision.

Perfectly coordinated.

The enemy's expression changed.

Because they finally understood.

They hadn't broken them.

They had accidentally rebuilt them.

"You still don't get it!" the enemy shouted.

"You were supposed to hate each other!"

Spoke blocked an attack.

"Yeah."

Jumper struck from the side.

"We did."

The enemy froze.

“But we were wrong.”

The battle continued.

Until finally...

The enemy was forced back.

But before they escaped, they left one final message.

A small device activated.

A recording began.

A voice they recognized.

Not the enemy's.

Someone else.

Someone from their past.

Someone they thought was gone.

Spoke and Jumper stared.

Because the voice said:

“If you’re hearing this, then you found the truth.”

“But there’s something you still don’t know.”

“The betrayal wasn’t the beginning.”

A pause.

“It was the end of something much bigger.”

The recording stopped.

Neither spoke.

Because they both understood.

The enemy they found...

Was only one piece of the story.

On the walk home, neither said much.

Finally, Spoke broke the silence.

“Jumper?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m sorry.”

She looked at him.

“For what?”

“For not trusting you.”

She was quiet.

Then:

“I’m sorry too.”

“For what?”

“For leaving.”

Spoke looked surprised.

“You were hurt.”

“I know.”

She smiled sadly.

“But I still left.”

They reached the edge of the forest.

The server lights were visible in the distance.

Then place they had spent years fighting over.

The place they were now protecting.

Jumper looked at him.

“Do you think we can fix everything?”

Spoke thought for a moment.

“No.”

She looked surprised.

Then he smiled.

“But I think we can build something better.”

For the first time in years...

They walked home together.

Not because they had to.

Not because of the fake relationship.

Not because anyone was watching.

Because they wanted to.

And somewhere far away...

Someone watched the recording play again.

The voice returned.

“They’re together again.”

A pause.

“Then phase two begins.”

End of Chapter 7

Next Chapter: “When Pretending Starts Feeling Real” — As Spoke and Jumper become closer than ever, the line between fake dating and real feelings disappears, but a new threat begins moving in the shadows.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 8: When Pretending Starts Feeling Real

For the first time in years...

Spoke didn't know what to call what he and Jumper were.

They weren't enemies anymore.

That much was obvious.

They weren't just childhood friends either.

Too much had happened.

Too much had changed.

And they definitely weren't just fake partners.

Not anymore.

The strange thing was...

Nothing dramatic happened.

There wasn't one big moment where everything changed.

No confession.

No grand gesture.

No perfect scene.

It was the small things.

The things neither of them noticed at first.

Like how Jumper still knew when Spoke was about to make a terrible decision.

"Don't."

Spoke paused.

"What?"

She pointed at the chest in front of him.

“You’re about to open that without checking it.”

“It’s probably fine.”

“It’s probably a trap.”

“It’s probably fine.”

“Spoke.”

He sighed.

“You’re no fun.”

“I’ve saved your life twelve times.”

“Thirteen.”

“Exactly.”

He looked at her.

“You counted?”

Jumper froze.

“...No.”

Spoke smiled.

“You counted.”

“Shut up.”

Or how Spoke still noticed every little thing about her.

Like how she got quieter when she was stressed.

How she tapped her fingers when she was thinking.

How she pretended she wasn't tired after long missions.

“You should sleep.”

Jumper looked up from the plans on the table.

“I'm fine.”

“You said that yesterday.”

“And I was fine yesterday.”

“You fell asleep while reading.”

“I was resting my eyes.”

“You were holding the book upside down.”

She looked away.

“...That doesn't prove anything.”

Spoke laughed.

And Jumper hated that she loved hearing that sound again.

Everyone noticed.

Everyone.

The biggest problem was that Spoke and Jumper didn't notice themselves.

But their friends did.

Especially when they walked into the meeting room holding hands.

Neither of them realized at first.

They were too busy discussing strategy.

Then they looked down.

Stopped.

And immediately let go.

The entire room stared.

Parrot slowly raised an eyebrow.

“Interesting.”

Spoke looked defensive.

“What?”

“You were holding hands.”

“We were not.”

“You literally just were.”

“It was an accident.”

Rekrap2 smiled.

“An accident that lasted five minutes?”

Spoke went quiet.

Jumper looked away.

“...Maybe we forgot.”

That answer caused everyone to laugh.

Later, Spoke found Jumper outside.

“You realize they know.”

She looked over.

“Know what?”

He gestured vaguely.

“That we’re...”

He stopped.

Because he didn't know what word to use.

Together?

Dating?

Something else?

Jumper noticed.

"You don't know either."

"No."

A small smile appeared on her face.

"That's kind of funny."

"What is?"

"We spent years being completely sure we hated each other."

"And now?"

She looked at him.

“Now we can’t even describe what we are.”

The silence wasn’t uncomfortable.

It was peaceful.

Then Spoke said:

“I think I know one thing.”

Jumper waited.

“What?”

“I don’t want to go back.”

Her expression softened.

“Back to what?”

“Before.”

A pause.

“Before we fixed this.”

Jumper looked down.

“Me neither.”

But peace never lasted forever.

Not on their servers.

Not with their history.

A few days later, another message appeared.

Not a threat.

Not a warning.

A challenge.

A group of players had discovered the truth about the artifact.

And they weren't happy.

They claimed the alliance was built on lies.

They claimed Spoke and Jumper's relationship was fake.

They claimed everything they built was a trick.

The meeting hall became tense.

“We can’t ignore this.”

“We need to respond.”

“They’re trying to break the alliance.”

Spoke looked at Jumper.

She was studying the map.

Thinking.

He smiled slightly.

“What?”

She looked at him.

“What?”

“You still do that.”

“Do what?”

“The thinking face.”

She immediately looked annoyed.

“I do not have a thinking face.”

“You absolutely do.”

“Focus.”

“I am focused.”

“You’re teasing me.”

“Also true.”

For a moment, the tension disappeared.

Because everyone remembered.

That was them.

Even after everything.

They were still them.

Jumper pointed at the map.

“They want us to react emotionally.”

Spoke nodded.

“Because that’s what caused the original problem.”

Everyone went quiet.

They understood.

The enemy years ago had used anger.

Fear.

Doubt.

And now someone else was trying the same thing.

“We don’t prove we’re together by fighting harder,” Jumper said.

“We prove it by trusting each other.”

Spoke looked at her.

And without thinking, he smiled.

Because that was the answer he needed.

Not a strategy.

Not a battle plan.

Her.

That night, they returned to the treehouse.

The place where everything started.

The place where they made a promise.

Jumper sat beside him.

“Do you ever wonder what would have happened if we never became enemies?”

Spoke looked at the stars.

“Sometimes.”

“What do you think?”

He thought carefully.

“I think we would’ve gotten here eventually.”

She looked at him.

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

He smiled.

“Because even when we hated each other...”

A pause.

“We still chose each other.”

Jumper was quiet.

Then she leaned her head against his shoulder.

A small gesture.

Simple.

But it meant everything.

Spoke didn't move.

He didn't want to ruin the moment.

For once...

Neither of them was pretending.

But they weren't alone.

Far away, someone watched the server.

Watched the two people who had survived every attempt to break them apart.

A new message appeared.

They have rebuilt their trust.

A pause.

Then destroy what they rebuilt.

Spoke and Jumper had finally found their way back to each other.

But the world that tore them apart once...

Was preparing to try again.

End of Chapter 8

Next Chapter: “The Confession That Wasn’t Supposed to Happen” — A mission gone wrong forces Spoke and Jumper to confront their feelings, but admitting the truth may be the most dangerous battle they’ve ever faced.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 9: The Confession That Wasn’t Supposed to Happen

Spoke had fought monsters.

He had fought armies.

He had fought people who wanted to destroy everything he cared about.

But somehow...

Standing beside Jumper in silence was the hardest thing he had ever done.

Because battles had rules.

Feelings didn't.

The mission was supposed to be simple.

Investigate an abandoned outpost.

Recover stolen supplies.

Return before sunset.

Simple.

Which, in their experience, meant something would definitely go wrong.

"You said that last time."

Spoke looked at Jumper.

"What?"

"You were thinking it."

“Thinking what?”

“That something bad was going to happen.”

He frowned.

“How do you know?”

She smirked.

“Because you always get that look.”

“What look?”

“The ‘this is too easy, we’re all going to die’ look.”

“I do not have that look.”

“You do.”

“You’re annoying.”

“You missed me being annoying.”

Spoke went quiet.

Because she was right.

The outpost was empty.

Too empty.

Jumper walked through the broken doorway.

“Nobody’s been here recently.”

Spoke looked around.

“Then why send us?”

Before she could answer—

The doors slammed shut.

Both immediately turned.

“Of course.”

Jumper sighed.

“Every time.”

The walls lit up.

A message appeared.

Not from the enemy.

From someone who knew them.

You have rebuilt what I destroyed.

Spoke's expression hardened.

“Show yourself.”

Another message appeared.

But I wonder how strong it really is.

The floor shook.

The room began collapsing.

They moved instantly.

No hesitation.

No argument.

Just trust.

Spoke grabbed Jumper's hand as the floor broke beneath her.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him away from falling debris.

They moved together like they always had.

Like the years apart never happened.

Eventually, they escaped the trap.

But the damage was done.

The outpost was destroyed.

And they were trapped outside the safe route.

Night fell quickly.

They had no choice but to camp.

A small fire burned between them.

Neither spoke for a while.

Then Jumper laughed quietly.

Spoke looked over.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“That sounded like something.”

She looked at the fire.

“I was just thinking.”

“About?”

“How weird this is.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Being trapped in the wilderness?”

“No.”

She looked at him.

“Us.”

Spoke didn’t answer.

Because he knew exactly what she meant.

“We spent years trying to prove we hated each other.”

Jumper smiled sadly.

“And now everyone thinks we’re together.”

“Because we are always together.”

“Yeah.”

A pause.

“But that’s not why.”

The fire cracked.

The night became quiet.

“Jumper...”

She looked at him.

“What?”

Spoke struggled.

The words were right there.

He just couldn't say them.

Not because he didn't know.

Because he did.

And admitting it would change everything.

“I...”

He stopped.

Jumper watched him carefully.

“You don't have to say it.”

That surprised him.

“Why?”

“Because I already know.”

His heart stopped.

“You do?”

She nodded.

“I think we both do.”

She looked away.

“We just don’t know what happens after.”

For years, they had wanted answers.

Who betrayed them?

Why did it happen?

How could they fix it?

But this question was different.

Because there was no enemy to blame.

No plan to uncover.

No fight to win.

Just them.

“I was angry because I cared.”

Jumper’s voice was quiet.

Spoke looked at her.

“I hated that you were the one person who could hurt me.”

A pause.

“And I hated that I missed you.”

Spoke looked down.

“I missed you too.”

The words were simple.

But they carried years.

Years of regret.

Years of wishing.

Years of pretending.

Jumper smiled faintly.

“Do you remember our promise?”

“The treehouse?”

She nodded.

“Yeah.”

“We were kids.”

“Still counts.”

Spoke smiled.

“You always said promises mattered.”

“They do.”

She looked at him.

“Especially the ones you almost break.”

The fire slowly burned down.

And neither of them moved away.

For once, there was no need.

When they returned to the server the next day, everyone noticed something.

Not a dramatic change.

Not something obvious.

Just...

Peace.

The way they stood closer.

The way they looked at each other.

The way Spoke immediately handed Jumper her favorite drink without asking.

The way Jumper fixed his damaged armor before he noticed it was broken.

Parrot watched them from across the room.

Rekrap2 walked beside him.

“So?”

Parrot smiled.

“They figured it out.”

“Finally.”

“Took them long enough.”

That evening, Spoke and Jumper returned to the treehouse.

The same place where they once promised never to leave each other.

Jumper looked at the old wooden walls.

“It’s funny.”

“What?”

“This place saw us become friends.”

She looked at him.

“Then enemies.”

A pause.

“And now?”

Spoke smiled.

“Now it gets to see us stop pretending.”

For once, there was no audience.

No alliance.

No mission.

No reason to act.

Spoke reached for her hand.

Jumper took it.

And this time...

Neither of them let go.

But somewhere far away...

A screen displayed the scene.

Two names.

Two people.

One bond that refused to break.

The figure watching clenched their fist.

They chose each other again.

A pause.

Then we'll take away the one thing they can't replace.

The next attack would not target their friendship.

It would target their trust.

End of Chapter 9

Next Chapter: “The War They Didn’t See Coming” — Spoke and Jumper finally stop pretending, but a new enemy reveals a plan designed to make them doubt each other one last time.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 10: The War They Didn’t See Coming

For the first time in years...

Spoke wasn’t afraid of losing Jumper.

Not because he thought nothing could happen.

Not because he believed they were unbeatable.

But because he finally understood something.

Losing someone wasn’t the same as losing them forever.

They had already lost each other once.

And somehow...

They found their way back.

The server was peaceful.

Too peaceful.

Spoke had learned that peace was usually when trouble was preparing.

“You have that look again.”

Spoke looked over at Jumper.

“What look?”

“The one where you’re expecting disaster.”

“I am expecting disaster.”

“Why?”

“Because we’re happy.”

Jumper stared.

“That might be the most depressing logic I’ve ever heard.”

“It’s accurate.”

“It’s not.”

“It usually is.”

She sighed.

“You need better hobbies.”

“I have hobbies.”

“Fighting doesn’t count.”

“It absolutely counts.”

The treehouse had become theirs again.

Not the old one.

Not the broken one from their childhood.

A rebuilt version.

Stronger.

Safer.

A reminder that some things could be repaired.

Jumper sat on the edge of the roof, looking over the server.

“You ever think about how different things are now?”

Spoke sat beside her.

“Every day.”

“If someone told us years ago we’d be here...”

“I would’ve laughed.”

“I would’ve called them insane.”

A pause.

“Maybe we were insane.”

Spoke smiled.

“Definitely.”

Their peaceful moment didn’t last.

It never did.

The first attack happened at the border.

A small outpost.

No warning.

No demands.

Just destruction.

By the time the message reached them, three more locations had been attacked.

Spoke read the report.

His expression changed.

Jumper immediately noticed.

“What?”

He handed her the message.

Her face hardened.

“They’re not attacking randomly.”

“No.”

She looked at the map.

“They’re following a pattern.”

The emergency meeting was called within the hour.

Lifesteal and Unstable members gathered.

Parrot looked at the damage reports.

“This is different.”

Everyone looked at him.

“How?”

“Before, they wanted division.”

He pointed at the map.

“Now they’re trying to scare everyone.”

Rekrap2 frowned.

“Why?”

Jumper answered.

“Because fear makes people turn against each other.”

The room went silent.

Everyone remembered.

That was how it started last time.

A new message appeared.

Everyone’s communicators lit up.

You rebuilt the friendship I destroyed.

You think that makes you stronger.

It makes you predictable.

Another line appeared.

Let's see how much you trust each other when everything falls apart.

Spoke clenched his fist.

"They want us to doubt each other."

Jumper nodded.

"Exactly."

Then came the worst part.

The enemy released information.

Real information.

Private information.

Secrets from years ago.

Conversations.

Arguments.

Moments only Spoke and Jumper should have known.

The server erupted.

Everyone started questioning everyone.

“What else are they hiding?”

“You okay? How do we know what’s real?”

“Who can we trust?”

Spoke found Jumper alone in the strategy room.

She was staring at the messages.

“You okay?”

She didn’t answer immediately.

“No.”

The honesty surprised him.

Jumper looked at him.

“I’m scared.”

Spoke stepped closer.

“Of what?”

She looked down.

“That this works.”

“What?”

“That they actually break us.”

Spoke was quiet.

Because he understood.

Not because he doubted her.

Because he remembered what it felt like.

The first time.

The pain.

The confusion.

The moment when he looked at her and wondered if everything they had was a lie.

“Jumper.”

She looked at him.

“Look at me.”

She did.

“We already survived this.”

A pause.

“They already tried to make us hate each other.”

His voice softened.

“And they failed.”

She looked away.

“What if this time is different?”

Spoke smiled slightly.

“You know what our problem was before?”

“What?”

“We believed what everyone else told us.”

Jumper went quiet.

“But now?”

“Now we ask each other.”

For a moment, she just stared at him.

Then she smiled.

Small.

But real.

“You’re learning.”

“Don’t sound so surprised.”

“I am surprised.”

“Rude.”

“Accurate.”

The next battle came sooner than expected.

The enemy attacked the central city.

The place where both servers had finally united.

The place they were supposed to protect.

The battlefield filled quickly.

Everyone fought.

Everyone defended.

But the enemy wasn’t trying to win.

They were searching for one thing.

A reaction.

A mistake.

A moment of doubt.

During the fight, Spoke disappeared.

Only for a minute.

But a minute was enough.

A false message appeared on Jumper's communicator.

Spoke left the battlefield.

He never trusted you.

He was only pretending.

Jumper froze.

For a moment...

Just a moment...

The old fear returned.

The same fear from years ago.

The same feeling of being abandoned.

Then—

“Jumper!”

She turned.

Spoke stood there.

Alive.

Confused.

“What happened?”

She looked at the message.

Then at him.

And instead of believing the fear...

She believed him.

“No.”

Spoke looked surprised.

“What?”

She deleted the message.

“No more.”

The enemy watched from the shadows.

Confused.

Because this was supposed to be the breaking point.

But it wasn't.

Jumper looked at Spoke.

“I trust you.”

Four words.

Simple.

But powerful.

Because years ago, those were the words they lost.

Now...

They had them again.

The enemy finally appeared.

“You really think trust can save you?”

Spoke stepped forward.

“No.”

Jumper stood beside him.

“It already did.”

The final battle began.

Not between enemies.

Not between servers.

Between the people who wanted to divide them...

And the people who refused to be divided.

As the fight continued, one thing became clear.

The enemy had spent years studying Spoke and Jumper.

Their weaknesses.

Their fears.

Their mistakes.

But they never understood their greatest strength.

They weren't strong because they never broke.

They were strong because they rebuilt.

When the enemy finally retreated, everyone knew this wasn't over.

But something had changed.

The fear was gone.

The doubt was gone.

Spoke and Jumper stood together.

Not because they had to.

Not because of the fake relationship.

Because they chose each other.

Again.

That night, they returned to the treehouse.

Jumper looked at the stars.

“Do you think we’ll ever get a normal day?”

Spoke thought.

“No.”

She laughed.

“At least you’re honest.”

“But...”

He looked at her.

“I think I’d rather have this.”

“Why?”

“Because even when everything goes wrong...”

He smiled.

“I know who I’ll be standing beside.”

Far away, the enemy watched the battlefield.

The plan had failed.

Again.

But one final message appeared.

Phase Three begins.

Because the enemy had one last secret.

One truth about the past that even Spoke and Jumper didn't know.

And when they discovered it...

Everything would change.

End of Chapter 10

Next Chapter: "The Truth That Was Buried" — Spoke and Jumper uncover the final secret behind their childhood betrayal, but the truth forces them to question everything they thought they knew.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 11: The Truth That Was Buried

The war had stopped.

But nobody celebrated.

Not yet.

Because everyone knew the same thing.

The enemy had retreated.

They hadn't lost.

They were waiting.

Spoke sat in the strategy room, looking through the evidence they had collected.

Reports.

Messages.

Old records.

Everything connected to the betrayal.

Everything that had destroyed his friendship with Jumper.

Except one thing.

A missing piece.

Something they still couldn't explain.

"The timeline doesn't make sense."

Jumper looked up from her notes.

“What doesn’t?”

Spoke pointed to the documents.

“The first attack happened before the artifact disappeared.”

She frowned.

“That’s impossible.”

“Exactly.”

They both went quiet.

Because if the attack came first...

Then the artifact wasn’t the reason everything started.

It was just part of something bigger.

The next morning, they returned to the treehouse.

Not because they expected answers.

Because somehow...

Whenever they needed to think, they ended up there.

Jumper sat against the wooden wall.

“Do you ever feel like this place knows more than we do?”

Spoke smiled.

“That’s because this place has seen all our bad decisions.”

“Mostly yours.”

“Excuse me?”

“You built the first version.”

“It was a masterpiece.”

“It collapsed.”

“Eventually.”

She laughed.

And for a moment, everything felt normal.

Then Spoke noticed something.

A small mark carved into the wall.

One he had never seen before.

“Jumper.”

She looked over.

“What?”

“Did you make this?”

She walked closer.

The carving was hidden behind one of the old boards.

A symbol.

The same symbol.

The enemy’s symbol.

The two exchanged a look.

“No.”

Jumper moved the board carefully.

Behind it was another hidden compartment.

This time, there wasn't a chest.

There was a letter.

Old.

Folded.

Waiting.

Spoke picked it up.

The handwriting was familiar.

Both of them froze.

Because they knew who wrote it.

It was theirs.

Not the enemy's.

Not a stranger's.

Theirs.

A letter they had written together as children.

But never remembered.

Jumper opened it.

Inside were only a few lines.

If something ever happens and we forget why we trusted each other...

Come back here.

Remember who we were before everyone else told us who to become.

Neither spoke.

Because suddenly, the past felt different.

“How did we forget this?”

Spoke whispered.

Jumper stared at the letter.

“I don’t know.”

Then she noticed something else.

A second page.

Hidden behind the first.

Her expression changed.

“Spoke...”

He looked over.

“What?”

She handed it to him.

It wasn’t their handwriting.

It was a message from someone else.

Someone who had found the letter before they did.

They were never supposed to find this.

This was proof they could never truly be separated.

Spoke's eyes narrowed.

"Someone knew."

Jumper nodded.

"Someone knew about the promise."

The pieces started connecting.

The enemy hadn't just studied them.

They had studied their entire history.

Their friendship.

Their habits.

Their weaknesses.

Their promise.

“They didn’t just break our trust,” Spoke said.

Jumper looked at him.

“They used it.”

A sudden noise came from outside.

Both immediately grabbed their weapons.

This time, they weren’t scared.

They were ready.

The door opened.

But instead of an enemy...

A familiar figure stood there.

Someone from their past.

Someone who had disappeared years ago.

Spoke froze.

“You’re supposed to be gone.”

The person looked at them sadly.

“I know.”

Jumper stepped forward.

“You know what happened.”

The figure nodded.

“I know everything.”

They entered the treehouse.

The place where everything began.

And finally...

The truth came out.

Years ago, before the artifact was stolen, there had been another plan.

Not to destroy Spoke and Jumper.

To protect them.

Someone had discovered the enemy's plan early.

They knew someone was trying to separate them.

So they hid information.

They created backups.

They tried to keep the two safe.

But then something went wrong.

The enemy discovered the plan.

And turned it against them.

"The evidence against Jumper..."

Spoke looked at her.

"It wasn't just fake."

Everyone went quiet.

Jumper frowned.

“What do you mean?”

The figure looked down.

“It was created from real information.”

A pause.

“Information that was stolen from your own private conversations.”

Spoke’s expression changed.

The enemy hadn’t just lied.

They had taken pieces of truth and twisted them.

They used real doubts.

Real fears.

Real mistakes.

And turned them into a weapon.

“I spent years thinking you betrayed me.”

Jumper looked at him.

“And I spent years thinking you never cared.”

Neither looked away.

Because that was the hardest part.

The enemy didn't create their pain.

They just knew exactly where to push.

“I'm sorry.”

Spoke said it before he could stop himself.

Jumper looked surprised.

“I know you've apologized before.”

He nodded.

“But I don’t think I ever really said it.”

His voice became quieter.

“I should have trusted you.”

Jumper looked down.

“And I should’ve come back.”

A pause.

“I should’ve fought for us.”

The figure watched them.

“You know what’s different now?”

They looked up.

“What?”

“You both had every reason to leave.”

A pause.

“But you stayed.”

That night, Spoke and Jumper sat on the treehouse roof.

The stars looked exactly the same.

Like nothing had changed.

But everything had.

“We were really stupid kids.”

Jumper smiled.

“Very.”

“We made a promise.”

“We broke it.”

Spoke shook his head.

“No.”

She looked at him.

“We kept it.”

Before, they thought their promise meant never fighting.

Never hurting each other.

Never making mistakes.

Now they understood.

A promise wasn't about being perfect.

It was about choosing each other again.

Even after everything.

The next morning, they returned to the server.

And this time...

They weren't bringing a warning.

They were bringing the truth.

The full truth.

But when they arrived, a final message was waiting.

Not from the enemy.

From the system itself.

A countdown.

24 HOURS REMAINING.

Underneath:

The final phase begins tomorrow.

Spoke looked at Jumper.

She looked back.

Neither of them smiled.

Because they knew.

The final battle was coming.

But this time...

They weren't fighting to fix the past.

They were fighting for the future they had finally chosen.

End of Chapter 11

Next Chapter: "The Final Choice" — Spoke and Jumper face the enemy one last time, where victory depends not on strength, but on whether they can trust each other completely.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 12: The Final Choice

The countdown appeared everywhere.

On every communicator.

Every server screen.

Every message board.

Nobody could ignore it.

24 HOURS REMAINING.

The final phase had begun.

The meeting hall was quieter than it had ever been.

No jokes.

No arguments.

No distractions.

Everyone knew what was coming.

The enemy had spent years planning this.

They had destroyed friendships.

Started conflicts.

Manipulated entire servers.

And now...

They wanted one final victory.

“We need a plan.”

Mapicc looked at the map.

“We attack first.”

“No.”

Everyone turned to Jumper.

She stood beside Spoke, studying the information.

“That’s what they want.”

ClownPierce narrowed his eyes.

“Explain.”

“They know how we fight.”

She pointed to the battlefield.

“They know we’ll rush in. They know we’ll try to end this quickly.”

Spoke nodded.

“They’ve spent years learning our habits.”

A pause.

“So we stop fighting the way they expect.”

Parrot looked between them.

“You two have changed.”

Spoke raised an eyebrow.

“How?”

“You used to argue over every plan.”

Jumper shrugged.

“We still do.”

“Not anymore.”

Everyone looked confused.

Parrot smiled.

“You argue because you understand each other now.”

Spoke and Jumper exchanged a look.

And for once...

Nobody had to explain.

They knew what the other was thinking.

The plan was simple.

Dangerously simple.

They would let the enemy believe they had won.

They would allow themselves to appear divided.

They would make the enemy think the old Spoke and Jumper were back.

The two people who couldn't trust each other.

The two people who could be manipulated.

"You want us to pretend to hate each other again?"

Spoke asked.

Jumper nodded.

“One last time.”

He frowned.

“I hate that this is a good plan.”

She smiled.

“You hate that a lot.”

“Because you keep being right.”

“You’re welcome.”

The next day, the final battle began.

The enemy arrived at the center of the server.

Exactly where they wanted them.

The battlefield was surrounded by players from both Lifesteal and Unstable.

Everyone watched.

Waiting.

The enemy appeared.

“Look at this.”

They looked around.

“Everyone united.”

A pause.

“How disappointing.”

Spoke stepped forward.

“You talk a lot.”

The enemy smiled.

“Still pretending to be strong?”

Jumper walked forward.

Then stopped.

Her expression changed.

The old coldness returned.

The one she wore when she was his enemy.

“You were right.”

Everyone froze.

Spoke looked at her.

Even though it was part of the plan...

It still hurt.

The enemy smiled.

“There it is.”

“You were never meant to trust each other.”

Jumper looked at Spoke.

“Maybe we never should have.”

The words felt real.

Too real.

Because they were built from old wounds.

Old memories.

Old pain.

Spoke looked away.

“Maybe.”

The enemy laughed.

“After everything, you finally understand.”

But they were wrong.

Because they were watching for anger.

They were watching for hatred.

They were watching for the moment they broke.

They never noticed the small things.

The things only Spoke and Jumper knew.

The way Jumper tapped her fingers.

The signal.

The way Spoke looked at the ground.

The answer.

The way they moved into position.

Together.

The enemy realized too late.

“No.”

Spoke looked up.

“We learned something.”

Jumper stood beside him.

“Trust isn’t something you can steal.”

The enemy stepped back.

“You think this changes anything?”

Spoke smiled.

“It changes everything.”

The battle began.

But this time, the enemy had no advantage.

No secrets.

No weaknesses.

No doubts to exploit.

Every trick failed.

Every lie was exposed.

Because Spoke and Jumper knew each other better than anyone else ever could.

The enemy tried one final attack.

A memory.

A projection.

The night everything ended.

The moment they lost each other.

The moment Spoke believed the worst.

The moment Jumper walked away.

“Look at what happened because of your trust.”

The enemy’s voice echoed.

“You’ll never escape it.”

For a moment...

They saw their younger selves.

Two kids who had no idea what was coming.

Two friends who thought one mistake could ruin everything.

Spoke looked at Jumper.

She looked back.

And neither looked away.

“We did lose it.”

Spoke said.

The enemy smiled.

“Exactly.”

“But we found it again.”

Jumper continued.

“And this time, we chose it.”

Together, they destroyed the illusion.

The battlefield returned.

The enemy stood defeated.

The countdown reached:

00:00:01

Then:

00:00:00

Nothing happened.

No explosion.

No destruction.

No final trick.

The enemy stared.

“How?”

Jumper stepped forward.

“Because your entire plan depended on one thing.”

The enemy looked at her.

“What?”

She smiled.

“You thought people never change.”

The enemy was finally defeated.

Not because they were weaker.

Not because they were less prepared.

Because they misunderstood the one thing that mattered.

Spoke and Jumper weren't the same people they were years ago.

They weren't two broken friends trying to fix the past.

They were two people who had survived it.

Together.

The silence afterward felt unreal.

Then someone cheered.

Then another.

Then everyone.

The war was over.

Later that night, the servers celebrated.

Lifesteal and Unstable stood together.

Not as temporary allies.

As friends.

Spoke and Jumper sat on the roof of the rebuilt treehouse.

The same place.

A different time.

“We actually did it.”

Jumper smiled.

“Yeah.”

A pause.

“No more enemies.”

“No more pretending.”

The words hung between them.

Because they both knew.

There was one last thing they hadn't said.

Spoke looked at her.

“Jumper.”

She looked back.

“Yeah?”

“I know we started this as a fake relationship.”

She smiled.

“Very fake.”

“Terrible fake.”

“Honestly, we were bad at pretending.”

He laughed.

“Yeah.”

A pause.

“But I don’t want it to be fake anymore.”

For once...

Jumper didn’t have a sarcastic response.

Didn’t make a joke.

Didn’t avoid the moment.

She just smiled.

“I don’t either.”

The stars above them looked the same as they did when they were kids.

When they made impossible promises.

When they believed nothing could separate them.

They were wrong.

Something did separate them.

But they were also right.

Because nothing kept them apart forever.

Spoke reached for her hand.

Jumper took it.

And this time...

There was no audience.

No mission.

No reason.

Just them.

End of Chapter 12

Next Chapter: “The World Finds Out” — The war is over, but Spoke and Jumper still have one secret left: their fake relationship became real. When their friends from Lifesteal and Unstable discover the truth, chaos follows.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 13: The World Finds Out

For three days after the final battle, nobody knew what to do.

The war was over.

The enemy was defeated.

The servers were finally at peace.

And somehow...

That was the strangest part.

Spoke had spent years preparing for conflict.

Preparing for betrayal.

Preparing for the next disaster.

He had never prepared for a normal morning.

Especially not one where Jumper was sitting across from him, stealing food from his plate like she had been doing it her entire life.

“You’re doing that again.”

Jumper looked up.

“What?”

“Taking my food.”

She looked at the piece of bread in her hand.

“You weren’t eating it.”

“That doesn’t mean it’s yours.”

“You left it unattended.”

“That is not how ownership works.”

She smiled.

“That’s exactly how it works.”

Spoke sighed.

And somehow...

He didn’t actually mind.

Unfortunately, they forgot one important thing.

They were terrible at hiding things.

The first person to notice was Parrot.

Of course it was.

He walked into the dining hall, looked at them, and immediately stopped.

Spoke and Jumper were sitting together.

Not because of a meeting.

Not because of an alliance event.

Not because anyone asked them to.

Just because they wanted to.

Parrot narrowed his eyes.

“No.”

Spoke looked over.

“No what?”

“This is suspicious.”

Jumper raised an eyebrow.

“You think us sitting together is suspicious?”

“Yes.”

“We’ve been sitting together for months.”

“Exactly.”

Rekrap2 walked in behind him.

“What are you looking at?”

Parrot pointed.

Rekrap2 stared.

Then at slowly smiled.

“Oh.”

Spoke immediately became defensive.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Why did you say it like that?”

“Like what?”

“Like you know something.”

Rekrap2 looked at Parrot.

Then at Jumper.

Then at Spoke.

“We know something.”

Jumper froze.

Spoke sighed.

“Here we go.”

Within an hour...

Everyone knew something was going on.

The Lifesteal members gathered.

The Unstable members gathered.

And Spoke and Jumper stood in the middle of the room like they were facing a boss fight.

Which, honestly, felt easier.

“So,” Parrot said.

Spoke crossed his arms.

“So?”

Parrot smiled.

“When exactly were you two going to tell us?”

“Tell you what?”

The room went silent.

Everyone stared.

Spoke immediately realized his mistake.

Jumper covered her face.

“That was terrible.”

“I panicked.”

“You panicked badly.”

ClownPierce leaned forward.

“Are you two actually together?”

Silence.

Spoke looked at Jumper.

Jumper looked at Spoke.

For years, they would've avoided the question.

Changed the subject.

Pretended not to care.

But this time?

They didn't.

"Yes."

Spoke answered first.

The room exploded.

"What?"

"No way."

"Actually?"

“I knew it!”

“You absolutely did not know it.”

“I suspected.”

“You said they would never admit it.”

“That was before.”

Spoke looked around.

“Everyone calm down.”

Nobody calmed down.

Especially not Parrot.

“You two went from childhood friends, to enemies, to fake dating, to actually dating?”

Spoke paused.

“When you say it like that...”

“It sounds ridiculous.”

“It is ridiculous.”

Jumper smiled.

“But it worked.”

The room became quieter.

Because everyone knew the story.

They knew how badly things had ended.

They knew how much pain existed between them.

And seeing them now...

Happy.

Together.

It meant something.

“You really forgave each other.”

The voice was quieter this time.

Spoke looked over.

A friend from Unstable stood there.

Jumper nodded.

“Yeah.”

“After everything?”

Spoke glanced at her.

“Especially after everything.”

That answer stayed with everyone.

Because their relationship wasn’t special because they never fought.

It was special because they did.

And they chose to come back.

Of course...

Their friends were not going to let them have a peaceful reveal.

“So,” Rekrap2 said.

Spoke immediately looked suspicious.

“So?”

“Who confessed first?”

Both froze.

“No.”

“Absolutely not.”

Parrot grinned.

“Oh, this is important.”

“It is not.”

“It absolutely is.”

Jumper looked away.

Spoke looked away.

Everyone noticed.

“You both did.”

The room went quiet.

Spoke and Jumper looked at Parrot.

“What?”

Parrot shrugged.

“You both look guilty.”

“We are not guilty.”

“You are literally avoiding eye contact.”

Jumper sighed.

“Fine.”

Everyone leaned closer.

“The confession wasn’t exactly planned.”

Spoke nodded.

“We were stuck during a mission.”

“And you confessed while trapped somewhere?”

Rekrap2 laughed.

“That’s the most you two thing possible.”

Jumper smiled.

“We weren’t even sure what we were saying.”

Spoke looked at her.

“We knew.”

She looked back.

“Yeah.”

For a moment, the room disappeared.

Not completely.

Just enough.

Because everyone could see it.

The way they looked at each other.

The way they didn't need to explain.

Later that evening, after everyone stopped teasing them...

Spoke and Jumper returned to the treehouse.

Their friends had left messages everywhere.

Some supportive.

Some embarrassing.

One from Parrot simply said:

Finally. Took you long enough.

Jumper laughed.

"He's never going to let this go."

“No.”

“Do you regret telling them?”

Spoke thought about it.

“No.”

“Really?”

He looked at her.

“I spent years hiding how much I cared.”

A pause.

“I’m done hiding.”

Jumper smiled.

“Good.”

“Good?”

“Yeah.”

She leaned against the wooden railing.

“Because I don’t want to pretend anymore either.”

The next day, something strange happened.

Spoke and Jumper walked through the server together.

No fake smiles.

No forced affection.

No pretending.

And everyone saw.

The couple everyone thought was an act...

Was real.

The people who once watched them fight...

Now watched them laugh.

The people who once thought they were enemies...

Now called them one of the strongest teams on either server.

Not because they never broke.

Because they rebuilt.

That night, their friends from Lifesteal and Unstable gathered around the treehouse.

Food.

Stories.

Arguments.

Laughter.

The same things Spoke and Jumper had once shared as children.

Only now...

They had more people to share them with.

Parrot looked up at the treehouse.

“You know, this is where it all started.”

Spoke nodded.

“Yeah.”

Jumper smiled.

“And where it came back.”

The stars above them shined.

The same stars from their childhood promises.

The same stars from their worst moments.

The same stars that watched them find each other again.

And this time...

They knew one thing for certain.

They weren't pretending anymore.

End of Chapter 13

Next Chapter: “A New Beginning” — Spoke and Jumper settle into their new life together, but their friends decide to celebrate their relationship in the most chaotic way possible.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 14: A New Beginning

For the first time in a long time...

There was no enemy.

No secret messages.

No countdown.

No threat waiting around the corner.

Just peace.

And somehow, that was the hardest thing for Spoke and Jumper to get used to.

“You know what’s weird?”

Spoke looked up from the table in the rebuilt treehouse.

“What?”

Jumper looked outside at the peaceful server below.

“We don’t have anything to fight.”

Spoke thought about it.

“That’s true.”

“So what do we do?”

He shrugged.

“Sleep?”

She stared.

“That’s your answer?”

“It sounds great.”

“You are impossible.”

“And you’re still here.”

That made her pause.

Because he was right.

The treehouse had become more than just a place.

It was their place.

The first one had been built by two kids who believed nothing could separate them.

The second one was built by two people who knew exactly what it felt like to lose each other.

And chose not to again.

Of course, their friends had opinions.

Too many opinions.

“Absolutely not.”

Spoke stared at the decorations.

The entire treehouse was covered.

Lights.

Flowers.

Signs.

Even a banner.

Jumper stood beside him, trying not to laugh.

“You have to admit...”

“No.”

“You haven’t even heard what I was going to say.”

“I know it involves this.”

He pointed at the banner.

It read:

CONGRATULATIONS ON FINALLY ADMITTING YOU LIKE EACH OTHER

Spoke looked offended.

“Who made this?”

Everyone slowly looked at Parrot.

Parrot smiled.

“What?”

“You made this.”

“I did not.”

“You are holding the leftover letters.”

He looked down.

“...Coincidence.”

The celebration was supposed to be small.

It wasn't.

Because nothing involving their friends was ever small.

Players from both Lifesteal and Unstable showed up.

Some came to celebrate.

Some came because they wanted to see Spoke's reaction.

Most came for both reasons.

“You realize everyone is still shocked, right?”

Jumper asked.

Spoke looked around.

“Why?”

“Because a year ago, we couldn’t stand being in the same room.”

“That’s not true.”

She looked at him.

“You tried to hit me with a sword.”

“You deserved it.”

“You apologized afterward.”

“...Eventually.”

She smiled.

“Exactly.”

The day was filled with old stories.

Stories about their childhood.

Stories about their rivalry.

Stories about all the ridiculous ways they tried to annoy each other.

“Remember when Spoke refused to admit Jumper was right?”

Rekrap2 asked.

Everyone laughed.

“That happened every day.”

Spoke crossed his arms.

“I was usually right.”

Jumper immediately responded.

“You once argued with me for twenty minutes about whether water was wet.”

“It was a complicated discussion.”

“It was water.”

“It had layers.”

The entire group burst into laughter.

Spoke watched them.

His friends.

Her friends.

Their friends.

People from two servers that once stood against each other.

Now sitting together.

And he realized something.

The enemy had spent years trying to destroy what he and Jumper had.

But they had accidentally created something bigger.

A family.

Later that evening, after everyone left, the treehouse became quiet again.

Spoke and Jumper sat on the roof.

Like they had so many times before.

Only now...

Everything was different.

“Do you ever miss the old days?”

Spoke asked.

Jumper thought.

“The ones before everything went wrong?”

“Yeah.”

She smiled.

“Sometimes.”

A pause.

“But I don’t think I would trade this.”

Spoke looked at her.

“Why?”

“Because back then, we didn’t know how lucky we were.”

She looked at the lights of the server.

“We thought being friends was easy.”

Spoke nodded.

“And now?”

“I think weNow we know it isn’t.”

The wind moved through the trees.

“But we know it’s worth fighting for.”

He smiled.

“You know...”

“What?”

“I think we were always going to end up here.”

Jumper raised an eyebrow.

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Even after everything?”

“Especially after everything.”

She leaned against his shoulder.

The same way she had during the night they realized their fake relationship wasn't fake anymore.

Except now there was no fear.

No uncertainty.

No pretending.

A few minutes passed.

Then:

“Spoke?”

“Yeah?”

“Promise me something.”

He looked at her.

“What?”

“No matter what happens...”

She smiled softly.

“We don’t run away from each other again.”

For a moment, he remembered the past.

The anger.

The misunderstanding.

The years they lost.

Then he looked at the person beside him.

The person he had found again.

And he answered:

“Never again.”

Far below, their friends watched from the ground.

Parrot smiled.

“They really did it.”

Rekrap2 nodded.

“Yeah.”

“They went from enemies...”

“To best friends.”

“To something more.”

The story everyone expected to end with a war...

Ended with two people sitting under the stars.

The same stars that watched them meet.

The same stars that watched them fall apart.

The same stars that watched them find their way back.

Spoke and Jumper were never perfect.

They would still argue.

They would still annoy each other.

They would still compete over everything.

But now they knew something they didn't before.

Love wasn't about never hurting.

It was about choosing to stay.

And this time...

They chose each other.

End of Chapter 14

Next Chapter: “The Promise Under the Stars” — A final chapter/epilogue where Spoke and Jumper look back on their journey, celebrate with their Lifesteal and Unstable friends, and make a new promise for the future.

Pretending to Hate You

Chapter 15: The Promise Under the Stars

Epilogue

Years ago, two kids sat under the stars and made a promise.

They promised they would always be there for each other.

They promised they would never let anything come between them.

They promised they would be friends forever.

And for a while...

They were.

Then they weren't.

They became strangers.

Then enemies.

Then two people who pretended they didn't care.

Then two people who pretended to be in love.

And somehow...

The pretending became the most honest thing they had ever done.

The treehouse had changed over the years.

It was bigger now.

Stronger.

Instead of being a secret place for two kids, it had become a place everyone visited.

A place where Lifesteal and Unstable members gathered.

A place where arguments happened.

A place where laughter happened.

A place that proved something broken could become something better.

“You’re late.”

Spoke looked up as Jumper climbed onto the roof.

“I am not.”

“You are.”

“By how much?”

“Seven minutes.”

He stared.

“You counted?”

She smiled.

“Maybe.”

“You still count everything.”

“And you still deny being wrong.”

“Because I’m usually not.”

She sat beside him.

“Some things never change.”

Below them, their friends were gathered.

Parrot was arguing with Rekrap2 about something completely unnecessary.

Mapicc was trying to convince everyone his idea was the best.

ClownPierce was watching the chaos with an amused expression.

Players from both servers were laughing together.

The rivalry that once divided them had become a friendship nobody expected.

“You ever think about what would’ve happened if we stayed enemies?”

Jumper asked.

Spoke looked at the group below.

“Sometimes.”

“And?”

He thought.

“I think we would’ve missed out.”

“On what?”

He smiled.

“Everything.”

The truth was...

They had lost years.

They couldn’t change that.

They couldn’t erase the pain.

They couldn’t undo the things they said.

But they had learned something important.

The past wasn’t something they had to run from.

It was proof they survived.

“Do you remember our first promise?”

Spoke asked.

Jumper looked surprised.

“The one from when we were kids?”

“Yeah.”

She smiled.

“The one where we said nothing could separate us?”

“Yeah.”

A pause.

“We were wrong.”

Jumper looked at him.

“Are you saying our childhood promise was wrong?”

Spoke shook his head.

“No.”

He looked at the stars.

“We just misunderstood it.”

She waited.

He continued.

“We thought it meant we would never fight.”

A pause.

“We thought it meant nothing bad would ever happen.”

He looked back at her.

“But maybe it meant that even when things did happen...”

“We’d find our way back.”

Jumper smiled.

“I like that version better.”

The night continued.

Their friends eventually climbed up to join them.

Which ruined the quiet moment immediately.

“Are you two having another emotional moment?”

Spoke looked annoyed.

“No.”

Parrot looked at Jumper.

“Are they?”

Jumper smiled.

“Yes.”

“I knew it.”

“Can we not?”

“No.”

Everyone laughed.

And Spoke realized something.

This was what he had wanted all along.

Not a perfect life.

Not a life without problems.

Just this.

People he cared about.

A place he belonged.

And the person who had always mattered most beside him.

Later, when everyone had gone home, Spoke and Jumper stayed.

Just like before.

Just like when they were kids.

“Do you regret it?”

Jumper asked.

“Regret what?”

“Everything.”

The years apart.

The fights.

The pain.

The fake relationship.

The chaos.

Spoke looked at her.

“No.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Nothing?”

“Nothing.”

“Even the part where we hated each other?”

He smiled.

“Okay.”

A pause.

“Maybe that part.”

She laughed.

“But no.”

He became serious.

“Because if we hadn’t gone through all of that…”

He reached for her hand.

“We wouldn’t be here.”

Jumper squeezed his hand.

“Together.”

“Together.”

The stars above them were the same ones from their childhood.

The same ones they looked at when they thought the world was simple.

The same ones they looked at when everything fell apart.

The same ones they looked at when they finally found each other again.

And this time, when they made a promise...

They knew exactly what it meant.

“I promise,” Jumper said quietly.

Spoke looked at her.

“What?”

She smiled.

“That no matter what happens...”

A pause.

“We choose each other.”

Spoke smiled.

“Again?”

She laughed.

“Again.”

Because some stories aren’t about never losing someone.

Some stories are about finding them again.

Some stories aren’t about perfect love.

They’re about choosing someone even after seeing every imperfect part of them.

And some stories begin with two people who swear they hate each other...

Only to discover they were never truly enemies.

They were just two best friends who got lost.

The End.

♡ SpokeIsHere & JumperWho — Childhood Friends → Enemies → Fake Dating → Lovers ♡