

“You look good, babe.” Dorian beamed as his eyes looked over his girlfriend while she walked towards the car door that he held open for her.

She did look good, clad in a pale pink bandage dress that clung to her skinny body, enunciating her tiny waist and giving off an illusion of wide hips.

“Thanks.” She replied carelessly, eyes trained on her phone, gloss coated lips in a concentrating pout. Whatever was on her phone must have been very important.

Dorian sighed sadly, his shoulders dropping. He shut the door behind her and jogged over to the driver’s side. Starting up the engine, he looked in the rearview mirror, giving himself a small assurance that he looked good too, whether or not his girlfriend mentioned it.

As he pulled out from his garage, he heard his girlfriend giggle at her phone, struggling to muffle it. A manicured finger reached into her straightened hair and twirled a piece around her finger, cheeks turning red. He pressed his lips firmly against each other, nostrils flaring as he struggled to convince himself that it was nothing. The rest of the drive to where they were to have dinner was silent, save for the moments where Chloe would abruptly giggle nonstop at her phone, while Dorian seethed silently in his seat.

She refused to acknowledge him at the restaurant as well, ignoring the seat he pulled out for her, communicating directly with waiter and ordering the most expensive things off the menu.

By the time dinner was over, Dorian knew exactly what he had to do.

“Can we talk, Chloe?” he asked not-so-nicely, cornering her when they were only a few steps from the car.

“Maybe later.” She dismissed him, walking ahead of him and towards the car.

“No, now.” He demanded, blocking her path and pulling at her arm gently so that she listened to him.

“Okay, what the fuck?” she asked as she tugged her hand away from his grip, clearly annoyed.

“We should break up. This shit isn’t working anymore, because all I do is attempt to buy your love by getting things for you, while you just ignore me.” He sighed holding himself from raising his voice.

“Today was the last straw. Do you even know why I took you out today?”

Chloe was quiet. Brown eyes staring blankly at Dorian. He chuckled sardonically, shaking his head.

“It’s our second-year anniversary, Chloe. We’re supposed to be two years today, but I don’t expect you to remember, when all you care about is that fucking phone, and whoever it is that makes you laugh behind it.”

The drive back home was quiet, Dorian driving numbly while Chloe had the decency to pretend that she was sad as well, covering her mouth when she eventually decided that it was alright to giggle.

Once they got to his apartment, Chloe stalked into their shared bedroom, noisily ripping things off and throwing them around as she packed her bags.

Dorian settled in the living room, opening up his laptop so that he could attend to leftover work. He didn’t want to allow himself think about the fact that he had just broken up with his girlfriend on the anniversary of their relationship.

“I think we should talk as well, Dorian.” Chloe expressed after she had stomped back into the living room where he was, folding her hands over her chest as she spoke to him. He refused to acknowledge her, scrolling mindlessly through his laptop. This did not sit well with Chloe.

“Dorian, you need to listen to me! Why aren’t you listening? I am your fucking girlfriend and you have no right to treat me the way you did today!” Her high-pitched squeals pierced through the otherwise quiet night, bouncing off the walls and right at Dorian.

“Oh my God.” He mumbled in frustration, rubbing both his hands over his face. His phone pinged beside him with email notifications and his girlfriend stood behind him, raining hell. It seemed to be one hell of an evening. So much for wanting a nice day out.

“Chloe please, I don’t want to talk about this right now. Just get your stuff and go. I’ll call you an uber if you need.” Dorian pleaded, willing to salvage the situation. He turned around to face his enraged supposed ex-girlfriend, but she seemed to be having none of it. Her wild eyes wanted a war, and they wanted it now.

“An uber? Do you think I’m some cheap whore?! No, I will not leave, you son of a bitch. You embarrassed me tonight in front of the entire restaurant and now you think you’re the one who gets to call the shots?” she shook her head, short blonde hair swooshing around her face.

Dorian found himself wishing for a split second, that her hair was longer, so that it would cover up her face, wrap around her neck and strangle her until she was completely silent. He shook the dark thoughts from his head. It was not the time.

“I don’t think so.” She continued, wagging a manicured finger in front of his face. She continued to rain insults on him, further aggravating the tiny ball of fury that she had already ignited. Dorian rolled his eyes. He was not one for a fight, preferring to apologize and let things go, but Chloe’s shit had gone on for far too long. It needed to end.

“I advise that you lower your voice, Chloe.” Dorian snapped, his jaw clenching with annoyance as he stood up, towering over her small frame. His stormy eyes glared into her clear blue ones, all of his annoyance mirroring itself in hers.

“Now, here’s what will happen. You will go in there, get your already packed bags and get the hell out of my house. It’s over between us. Got that?” Dorian instructed calmly, bending down slightly so that his face was only a few inches away from hers.

Her face relaxed and her eyes glazed over as she said nothing else, only responding with a silent nod and turning on her heel into their shared room.

Dorian’s eyes gaped, jaw slacking in surprise as she walked away.

“It was that easy? I should have done this a long time ago.” He chuckled bitterly to himself, his eyes following Chloe’s back until it disappeared from his sight. He had foreseen the breakup a long time before it actually happened, but it didn’t stop the guilt from filling up his chest. Of course, there was relief somewhere in there, but he felt bad for the most of it.

He watched her carry her bags from the room and across the living room, dropping them only to open and shut the door behind her when she needed to. It took her 10 trips to get all her bags out, but she eventually finished, picking up her car keys and stalking off in the same robot-like manner.

She shut the door behind her and Dorian let out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding. He didn’t know whether to celebrate or cry about Chloe’s absence, so he chose to go to bed instead. He could deal with the work emails later.

“She did what?” Dorian’s best friend, Carlos Baker, exclaimed. His bright brown eyes were wide as saucers and his thin eyebrows sat barely a half inch from his hairline, making look in a constant state of surprise.

“She walked out, just like that.” Dorian repeated, bringing up his plastic cup of vodka laced coffee to his lips and taking a huge sip. It was always a bad idea to listen to Carlos, he thought as he grimaced, swallowing it down.

“Seriously?” His other friend, Aida Declan questioned, shaking her head before shoving a spoonful of chocolate cake into her mouth.

“I always knew that woman was unhinged, but this seems a little too crazy, even for her.” She commented with her mouth full. Dorian glared at her and she shrugged unapologetically, stuffing her face with even more cake. He rolled his eyes.

“Unhinged women are the hottest though, you have to give them that. That toxic sex hits all the spots.” Carlos shrugged, stealing a forkful of Aida’s chocolate cake and earning a glare from her.

“I would like to believe so, but there was absolutely no sex happening. She did promise a blowjob if I was good, like a month ago, but I ended things before any of that could happen.”

“Oh, come on, Dorian. You of all people shouldn’t be worrying about that hag. You’re the hottest guy around, and I bet women would empty their pockets just to have you blow a kiss at them.” Carlos praised angrily, slamming a hand on the table, as if to get his point across.

“Carlos is right, dude. A little too excited, hence his choice of words, but you get the point, right?” Aida put a hand over her friend’s shoulder, shaking him slightly. “She was bad news anyway, forget about her.”

Dorian sighed. Even though he knew that his friends were right, it still hurt slightly. Not in an I-think-I’m-going-to-die type of way, but his chest throbbed slightly whenever he thought about her.

“You know what? We are going out tonight!” Carlos exclaimed out of the blue, slamming his hand down on the table again.

“Okay Carl, enough with the table slamming. Your voice is loud enough already, and I’m sure the entire office now knows that you have a kink for mentally unhinged women.” Aida scolded, putting the lid back on the rest of her cake and putting it out of the way.

“Dorian’s office is soundproof, smart ass.” Carlos childishly argued, sticking his tongue out at Aida.

Dorian chuckled, shaking his head. Barely 30 minutes with them already had him belly laughing at their silly antics. He would definitely sleep better that night, knowing that he had these people.

“It’s a Thursday, Carlos. We can’t possibly go anywhere, when we have work tomorrow. Early, might I add.” Dorian said after Carlos mentioned for the second time that they were going to go out.

Carlos turned to face Dorian, his infamous mischievous smirk on his lips. Dorian shook his head, letting him know that nothing of the sort was going to happen.

“Oh, come on Dorian. When has getting drunk on a weekday ever stopped us?” Aida supported Carlos, facing Dorian with a mirroring smile on her own face.

“Really Aida? You’re supporting Carlos now?” he gave Aida a look of betrayal, and she rolled her eyes.

“Shut up, Dorian. You know you need this. Besides, we aren’t making any new plans. There’s a new pub downtown that Carlos and I planned on checking out tonight. We can just fit you into our plans, no problem at all.”

“I don’t want to be fit into your plans.” Dorian explained, putting away the shitty tasting coffee and opening up this laptop. “I’m not even halfway through all the tasks I have for today, and you want me to add a hangover to the mix?” he shook his head.

“No thanks.”

Aida got up from her seat and shook off the cake crumbs off her body. “We weren’t asking you, Dorian. Tonight, Carlos and I will pick you up and we will go to the pub and have a good time, understand?”

Aida was a small woman. She stood at barely 5’5 inches and hated to wear high heels unless they were absolutely necessary, but when she glared at Dorian, he felt the smallest sliver of terror run down his spine. He nodded his head in agreement with what she said, and she smiled, standing up straight.

“I have to go be professional now, so I will see you both tonight.” She waved to her friends, closing the door behind her.

“She scares me sometimes.” Dorian commented, staring at the closed door. He expected some sort of banter from Carlos, but when he got nothing, he turned to find his friend smiling sheepishly at the door.

“Unhinged women are the hottest man, I tell you.” He just sighed, leaning back into the seat with that same goofy smile. Dorian shook his head, realizing for the nth time that he was friends with a complete idiot.

There were a lot of reasons why Dorian hated to go out, but the one excuse he used was that he enjoyed his own company.

“Why did I agree to this?” he muttered to himself as he stood before his closet, a white towel around his waist and water dripping down from his freshly washed hair. All he had besides the sweatpants and lounge t-shirts that he wore around the house, were the black suits he wore to work, his white shirts and a few jeans he was sure that he had never even touched.

“It’s a pub, I guess we have to go casual.” He breathed, pulling out a pair of black jeans. From the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a black leather jacket wrapped in transparent film.

“Aida got me this last Christmas.” He smiled, pulling it out of the film and throwing it on his bed. He was unsure of if it would still fit, but he hoped it would, or Aida would have this throat.

It took him less than 10 minutes to put on his clothes, settling for a pair of new Vans shoes that he didn’t recall ever buying, but was glad he had. Running a comb through his hair, he stood before his mirror and went over his all black ensemble. He was a really good-looking man, he had to admit. Being with Chloe for so long had caused him to lose sense of who he really was, but he would never allow that to happen again. Spritzing some perfume to both sides of his neck, and down his torso, he decided that he was ready, at the same time that he heard obnoxiously loud honking coming from outside his apartment.

“They could just have fucking called, those bastards.” He murmured, unable to stop the small smile that creeped up on him.

“Really, all black? You look like a fucking vampire, dude.” Carlos mocked, cursing under his breath when Aida hit him upside the head for being rude.

“You look fine. Is that the jacket I got you last year?” she smiled, buckling herself in and pulling a small flask of alcohol from her even smaller purse, leaving Dorian wondering how she fit anything in it in the first place.

“Yeah. I’m surprised it still fit.” He agreed, thanking her with a smile as he took the flask from her and took a good, long swig. The vodka raced down his throat with a delicious burn. Fuck, he missed this.

“Hey, don’t I get the flask?” Carlos pouted from the driver’s seat, turning his head back to look at his friends drinking.

“You get it after you get us there alive!” Aida screeched when Carlos managed to swerve out of the way when a truck almost collided with them.

It was a 20-minute drive from Dorian’s house to the pub, where they settled for a few drinks. While Dorian swallowed down the contents of his second shot glass, Aida and Carlos bickered on about something stupid, as usual.

“Was this your idea of helping me get over my heartbreak? Because there’s only us and like, 7 other people.” Dorian informed his friends, nursing a glass of vodka sprite as he spoke. It was his third drink and he still felt pretty normal. It annoyed him how many drinks it usually took to get him tipsy. He couldn’t even boast of knowing the feeling of being drunk, and while Carlos would tell him how he didn’t know how lucky he was, he just wanted to experience it at least once.

“Oh, this isn’t our final stop. We are just here to while away time before it’s time to head to the nightclub.” Aida waved him off, continuing her intense discussion with Carlos.

“A nightclub, you guys, really?” Dorian raised a disappointed brow at his friends, wondering why they felt the need to lie to him.

“Don’t be dramatic, Dorian. If we had admitted to taking you to a nightclub with us, you wouldn’t have paid us any mind, and you know it.” Carlos shot back, defending his and Aida’s behavior.

“Besides, if we had told you the truth, you would have kicked us out of your office and onto the curb.”

“Maybe not that dramatic, Carlos.” Aida giggled, patting Carlos on the back. She then turned to face Dorian, taking his free hand into hers.

“But Carlos is right, Dorian. If we had been honest, you wouldn’t have followed us out despite it being exactly what you need, and you know it.”

Dorian opened his mouth to argue, but shut it quickly after. Aida was right. He definitely would have refused following then if they did mention their nightclub plans.

“I still don’t appreciate you two lying to me, but I can’t help but wonder why we have to stay here and watch this boring soccer highlight. It’s almost 9pm, and you know we still have work tomorr-“

“Forget about work, Dorian. You aren’t getting home earlier than 3am, so pipe down and enjoy the ride.” Carlos said, throwing his head back in laughter when Dorian’s eyes widened at the mention of not getting home before 3am. Dorian moved to tackle his already tipsy friend, but Aida broke them apart, announcing that it was already time to leave the pub.

Carlos had gotten a little too much to drink already, so Aida took over the wheel, while Dorian strapped himself to the passenger’s seat.

“Sip on that.” He said to Carlos, handing him a bottle of water. “You’ll sober up before the club.”

“Crimson.” Dorian read aloud the name of the nightclub, written boldly across the front in bright red LED lights, while Aida struggled to parallel park. There was something different about this place, and he had a gut feeling to prove it.

“Okay fuckers, let’s go get fucked!” Carlos cheered, throwing the empty water bottle into a nearby trashcan and pumping a fist in the air when the bottle landed square in the basket.

“Amateur.” Aida simply commented, stepping out from the driver’s seat and fixing her wind tossed hair. Standing next to Carlos’s 5’11 frame, she looked much taller, supported by a pair of platform boots. However, they both paled in comparison to Dorian, who towered above them both at 6’3, despite hunching his shoulders down to seem shorter.

They were let into the club with no hassles from security, stepping into the fully packed building. Colored strobe lights bounced off every corner, distracting everyone from everything all at once.



“I’m going to grab a drink, guys!” Carlos shouted over the deafening music, disappearing into the crowd almost immediately.

“I’ll go make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid. Call if you need me.” Aida informed, smiling tightly before disappearing just like Carlos.

Dorian felt dizzy. The last time he had been in a nightclub, he was 19, with a fake ID and his two best friends on either side of him. It was also the day he decided that clubs weren’t for him. His friends, however, decided the opposite.

Standing still, Dorian shut his eyes for a second and let himself inhale deeply. The room smelled of people, sweat and a combination of a million different kinds of perfume. The music had no lyrics, but despite that, it had people jumping up and down to it in the makeshift mosh pit that they had created, bodies melting into one another’s. The tempo of the music changed to a more upbeat one, and he found himself swaying in the spot where he stood. This one had lyrics but he couldn’t hear anything over the rowdiness. He didn’t care, because he felt like moving his body along to it, and that’s what he did. He didn’t dance, or know how to for that matter, but here in this club, his body swayed on its own, gradually mixing in with those of the other faceless people.

There was a sort of pull that he couldn’t explain, dragging away from where he was, and farther into the crowd. It wasn’t forceful at all, but it beckoned on his feet as well as the nerves in his body, to just be trusting and follow. For this first time in his life, the part of his brain that thought through things too critically left him, leaving a new and different part of him that he wasn’t sure where it came from, but he liked.

## CHAPTER TWO

A woman’s body backed up against his, and he found himself wrapping his arms around her waist, his hips level with her ass. She pushed herself against him, soft ass pressing against his crotch and sending him into a temporary euphoria. Her arms threw themselves in the air and descended down slowly, digging themselves into his hair and against his scalp, just barely.

Dorian huffed. What was in the music that made his body feel so good? Or perhaps it was the alcohol? It couldn’t be, he knew what he had to drink before he felt the slightest bit tipsy, and he hadn’t even begun to scratch the surface.

When the strange woman’s hands wrapped around his neck, he decided to forgo thinking and just enjoy the feeling of her cold, smooth skin against his. It was a humid

night outside, but her palms sent chills down his neck, leaving goosebumps in their wake until it left his skin. She then put them over his arms that just lightly held on to the sides of her waist, holding her while they swayed together.

After what seemed like an eternity, but was only a minute, the song ended, and a different one started.

“Want to go get a drink?” she uttered lowly, breath fanning against Dorian’s face as they just stood still. He nodded, and she slid a hand through his, pulling him out from the crowd and through a dark hallway. He felt confused for a split second, until they stepped into a room with dim fluorescent lighting, few extravagantly dressed people littering the place, but paying them no mind.

“What would you like?” the woman’s low voice asked, the same time she turned back to look at him. He sucked in a breath. He had seen that face before.

“Water would be fine, thank you.” He smiled tightly when the bartender handed the bottle over to him.

“Lilith O’Kelly?” he raised an eyebrow up as they settled into the velvet sofa on the side, his hands busy with opening the bottle of water he was holding.

“In the flesh.” She bowed her head, laughing breathily, dark hair flopping forward with her. She raised her head back up and her green pupils pierced Dorian’s dark grey ones, sending an uneasy shiver down his spine.

“Are you sure you want just water?” she asked him after he had taken the first large gulp, corking the bottle back and dropping it beside him.

“Yeah. I’m the designated driver tonight, so no more drinks for me.” He politely declined, forcing himself not to look away from her piercing gaze.

She wore a silver rhinestone covered dress, her breasts nearly spilling out from the exaggerated v neckline. Her mid-length wavy black hair framed her face delicately, but did nothing to take away the sharpness of her cheekbones, and he could tell that they were definitely not an illusion. She was effortlessly sexy, and his little Dorian thought so too, begging to be let out from beneath his pants.

“You’re here with someone?” she looked over her shoulder and at the door, as if they would burst in anytime.

“A girlfriend maybe?” her eyes twinkled mischievously when she turned back to face him, silent laughter brewing in them. Dorian laughed as well, shaking his head.

“No, my friends. They’re getting shitfaced somewhere.” He chuckled, shaking his head at the mental image of a completely wasted Carlos and an annoyed but equally drunk Aida dragging him along.

“Ah, I see.” She said, moving a little closer to him.

The air in the room seemed to be slowly let out, as Dorian began having a hard time breathing properly.

“Are you sure you won’t drink anything?” Lilith whispered, completely covering the space between her and Dorian, her lips now against his neck.

Instead of responding with words, Dorian craned his neck slightly to the left and capturing Lilith’s lips with his. She sighed into the kiss, as if she had been waiting for it, hands immediately burying themselves in his hair and tugging softly. He moaned under his breath pulled Lilith against him so that she straddled his hips, hands firmly cupping her ass.

“You didn’t answer my question.” Lilith panted as Dorian’s lips left hers, latching onto her neck and licking at the flesh there. His teeth lightly grazed the skin and she shuddered, clutching his arms and moaning.

“You can -ah- have whatever you want.” She pulled his neck from her face and kissed him hard again, teeth scraping against his bottom lip.

“I own this place, you know.”

“Well I know now. But I’m really just okay with water, thank you.”

Dorian could swear that the green of her eyes changed their intensity for a second, but he blinked and it was like nothing ever happened. He convinced himself that it was just the lighting, leaning in for another kiss, when Lilith suddenly jumped off him, an excited gleam in her eyes.

“That’s my favorite song. Let’s go dance again.” She beamed, tugging on his hand and leading him out of the little private bar.

Dorian felt pleasantly perplexed and couldn’t believe his luck. First of all, he had caught the fancy of Lilith O’Kelly herself. A mega successful movie star with a chain of other businesses. Half of the country wanted her, and the rest wanted to be her. Secondly, she was kissing him. He didn’t have to initiate it or anything, she just wanted him.

For the first time in a while, he decided that maybe Carlos didn't make all bad decisions. Maybe he and Aida taking him to a nightclub against his will and then abandoning him, wasn't so bad.

Lilith led Dorian back down the stairs and to the dance floor, their bodies mingling with the rest of the crowd. He looked around and they seemed to be in the middle of everything. Or what seemed like the middle to him.

This song had a slower rhythm, and Lilith seemed to like it even more. She danced wildly, her hair slapping against the air, covering her face and sticking to her sweaty. He just stood by, watching her with a dazed smile in the corner of his lips. Her eyes met his and she threw her head back in laughter, pushing herself up against him and letting both of her arms connect behind his neck. On its own, his body moved in time with hers, his own hands finding themselves around her waist.

She sang the lyrics of the song playing against his lips, her warm breath mixing with his. He kissed her and she smiled against it, returning the kiss. One of her hands latched its fingers to the base of his hair, pulling at it lightly. In just a few moments of knowing her, she had figured something that took Chloe nearly an entire year to figure out, even with all the hinting that he did.

Pulling away for air, Lilith removed her hands from around his neck and pushed them under his black t-shirt, pleased when she discovered that he didn't have an undershirt on. Her hands ran over his chest as she laid a kiss to his neck.

By now, they had gained the attention of a few onlookers, fellow partiers in the club excited at the sight of the sexually charged couple. Among that crowd, was an over-excited Carlos, and a less excited Aida, dancing together.

"Dude, isn't that Dorian?" Carlos asked after he had turned to find out the reason why so many people had started to cheer and finding out it wasn't over his own moves.

"What? Speak up." Aida leaned in closer to Carlos. He rolled his eyes but went ahead to repeat himself.

"You should really stop drinking now, Carlos." Aida scoffed, shaking her head. "Dorian would not be caught dead making out with a stranger in the middle of the fucking club."

"Aida, I'm serious. Come on." Carlos argued, taking her hand and staggering while he pulled her to the top of the stairs where they could have an overview of nearly the entire club.

“Holy fuck, it is him!” Aida exclaimed, her hands over her mouth and her eyes wide. She couldn’t believe it.

“I see why he would though. She looks like she could be unhinged.” Carlos commented snidely, dodging out of the way when Aida tried to hit him. She rolled her eyes at her annoying friend, leaning against a few steps so that she could take in the view.

Dorian huffed against Lilith’s mouth as the song came to an end, their foreheads pressed together. He could not believe how addictive kissing this woman was, and he only wanted more. However, he had noticed that they had quickly become the center of attention in the club.

“Come home with me.” Lilith murmured breathlessly, pressing small kisses to the side of his face. She felt his crotch pressing against her stomach, and she, more than anything, wanted to know what was under his clothes.

He started to shake his head, but she grabbed him and pressed her lips against his again.

“Don’t say no, please.” She begged him, wishing there was a way to be closer against him. In the pit of her stomach, a flame of lust burned, just begging for him to quell the fire, but it seemed like he wanted different things.

“I-I can’t. I’m sorry.” He apologized. Despite the fact that his feet hurt from dancing so much, and from breaking into his new shoes as well, he would give anything to stay all night with Lilith, doing the things that his brain so desperately wanted to. He was attracted to this woman, but not in the way he was used to being attracted to women. Every fiber of his being wanted to touch hers in ways that were ungodly, beyond sex if it were possible. He was desperate for it, but his brain had begun thinking again, and it decided that this was a bad idea.

“I really can’t, Lilith. I have engagements that I already agreed to, please understand.”

The onlookers in the club had now forgotten about them already, going back to doing their own thing, the music having significantly sped up.

Lilith opened her mouth to beg him one more time, but she decided against it. She was Lilith O’Kelly, and she got whatever it was that she wanted without begging. She would get him as well.

“At least let me have something to remember you by?” she pulled up her dress, exposing an expanse of smooth thigh and a little halter to where her phone was attached to.

Dorian's heart skipped at the sight of her smooth thigh, taking everything in him not to reach forward and feel the smooth, perfect skin with his palm.

Lilith knew the effect she had on men, and despite his resistance to her, Dorian was nothing but a man.

"Thank you." She kissed the side of his mouth lightly, taking her phone from his hands and sauntering away, her hips swaying like a slowed down pendulum.

"What is it about her?" he muttered to himself, watching until she completely disappeared from his line of sight.

### CHAPTER THREE

"Good morning boys!" An unusually cheery Aida stepped into his office, three cups of coffee in a cupholder in one hand, and a box of donuts in the other.

"Don't be so loud." Carlos groaned from where he sat, head rested against Dorian's table.

"Sorry, sorry." She whispered after, settling down with all the things in her hands. "I knew you two would be silly and leave your houses dehydrated and unfed, so I am here to rescue you." She said, handing the coffee cups to the men individually, sitting down and taking a long sip from hers.

The three friends sighed collectively, relishing the taste of their coffees with small, tired smiles on their faces.

"You are a life saver, Aida." Carlos thanked, biting into his pastry and moaning. "Really, if you were unhinged, I would definitely marry you."

"Is that supposed to be a good thing?" Aida asked, a frown on her face as she took her bite from her own donut.

Dorian rolled his eyes at his friend's squabbling, sipping his coffee as he went over emails. Suddenly, his heart contracted, causing him to lurch forward with a gasp.

"What's the matter, Dorian?" Aida asked immediately, her perfectly made up eyebrow arching.

"Yeah, I'm fine. My chest just did this weird thing." He replied, rubbing a hand over his chest. It didn't hurt, but it took him by surprise. Almost as if someone had put their hand around his heart and squeezed.

“A heartburn? Don’t worry too much, it’s symptom of too much alcohol. I have them when I drink too much too.” Aida offered, smiling empathetically, “Do you want me to get you anything?”

Dorian smiled at her, shaking his head.

His friends spent a few more minutes in his office, before leaving to their own work stations as the other employees started filling in.

The squeezing sensation happened again, and this time, Dorian was convinced that he was not hungover. Scratch that, he always knew that he wasn’t hungover, but he didn’t want to explain further to his friends.

For nearly an hour, he sat, staring at the same email, eyes glossing over until his screen disappeared from his line of sight. He picked up a pen, deciding to do something else, but ended up drumming it against the table while he stared into space, his bland eggshell colored wall morphing into the velvet material of the sofa where he first made out with Lilith.

“Lilith.” He said her name, feeling how it sat heavy on his tongue. She was unlike any woman he had ever met, her hair so dark that it had no shadows, highlights or undertones. Just a deep, dark black. Even her name was unusual, her kisses sucking him into a rabbit hole of dizzyingly good pleasure. A place that it pained him to leave, but he had to.

Shutting his eyes, Dorian leaned back against his swivel chair and let his brain transport him back to the nightclub, reminiscing how the colored lights did nothing to dim the green in her eyes. All the colors worked so well against her skin in a way that was almost eerie. He especially loved her dress, the way the rhinestones reflected against everything, and how it sat at the top of her thigh, short enough to be seductive and draw his eyes into the milky porcelain skin.

In his minds eye, Lilith’s lips were just about to brush against his again, when his phone begun ringing, violently jerking him out of his reverie.

It was a strange number, but Dorian was no stranger to being called by unknown numbers. Being a lawyer had exposed him to the concept of being called by anyone, at any time, even in the middle of the night.

“Dorian Bancroft from Ryder’s legal services, how may I be of service to you?” he asked in his best professional voice, monotone yet welcoming.

“You know, I never got your name last night.” A silvery smooth voice floated through the phone and into his ears. Dorian’s eyes widened, his mouthing forming an O.

“Lilith?” he spelled the name out, despite being sure that she was the one. No other woman’s voice grated against his ears in such a conflicting manner.

“Ding ding, we’ve got a winner.” She laughed softly. Dorian’s heart contracted again, but very slightly at the sound of it. Her laugh was a bit softer than he expected it to be, but he wanted to hear more of it.

“I didn’t think you would call so soon.” He expressed truthfully, shutting his laptop and getting up from the seat. The walls of his office were thick enough to keep a conversation in unless you were screaming at the top of your lungs, but Dorian felt like it wasn’t enough, and this was the sort of call that he would normally take in the bathroom, or out on the balcony. So, he had to decide where he would take it before it would be his turn to speak again.

Stumbling out from behind his desk, Dorian opened the door to his office and scurried from across the room in a 4 quick strides, carrying a few useless papers from his office into the printer room so that it would look like he actually went in there to do something, and then shutting the door tightly behind him. It was the only room in the entire building that had some decent form of privacy.

“Well, why would you think that?” Lilith demanded, her tone shifting slightly.

“I mean, isn’t there like a 3-day rule before you call someone you’re interested in? I don’t know how these things work.” He chuckled, pulling up a chair and sitting in it. He had first heard about it from Carlos a few years before and immediately thought it was silly, but apparently it was just how people worked. He still thought it was silly.

“I can’t stop thinking about you, Dorian.” Lilith Deadpanned.

Dorian was unsure of whether to be excited or scared. Why did she say something that was supposed to be a good thing, in such a manner?

“Isn’t that supposed to be a good thing?” Dorian asked, leaning into his open palm.

“What did you do to make me feel this way, Dorian? This isn’t normal.”

He could sense the hostility in her tone, leaving him uncertain as to whether to be glad that she was feeling this way, or not.

“Isn’t that a good thing?” he raised an eyebrow, still confused.



“I am not joking with you, Dorian Bancroft. What did you fucking do to me?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about, Lilith, seriously.” Dorian denied, now on his feet. How was it a bad thing if she thought about him? The night they shared was electric, he couldn’t blame her. After all, he felt the same way, and hadn’t been able to do any work the entire day. Maybe she was in a state of disbelief, herself. But why did she need to blame him?

“Are you being honest?” she asked him, her tone still serious, but a little less uptight.

“Of course, I am. What do you think I did, Voodoo?” he laughed, expecting her to laugh along with him. When she didn’t, he turned his laughter into a cough, scratching the back of his neck as it slowly died down.

“I didn’t do any voodoo, for the record.” He attempted to joke again, eliciting a snicker from her this time. He felt somewhat better now that he had heard her laugh.

“Oh, trust me, I know.” She commented after her laughter died down.

A short silence filled the space between them, their breathing patterns beginning to mirror each other’s. Dorian pondered on whether it would be the right time to ask her out, or if he would seem to forward or desperate.

Was it too soon after his breakup? He didn’t want to come off as a person who used women as he pleased, but wasting too much time before he asked her out could come off as him being unattracted to her. That would give off the wrong notion and he also didn’t want that.

Did she want him too, the same way? After all, she was Lilith O’Kelly, and she could have any man she pleased. He was a regular person, so what made him so special?

“Oh, my goodness.” Dorian breathed through his nose, running a palm over his face. The last time he was close to being conflicted over a woman was in middle school, after just hitting puberty.

“Are you busy right now?” Lilith inquired, her breathing sounding labored.

Dorian caught himself about to vomit out a *no*, only to be reminded by the familiar sound of a notification from his closed laptop that he was in fact, busy. He cleared his throat and answered affirmatively instead.

“Yeah, I’ve got a ton of work to handle today.”

“Leave it.” Lilith blurted, taking Dorian aback.

“Excuse me?” he asked, chuckling awkwardly. What on earth did she mean by that.

“Leave whatever you have to do and come by my penthouse. You can do it some other day.” She repeated, her voice lowering to breathy murmur.

“I would love to, Lilith, but I can’t. not right now. But I get off work by 6, so maybe we can arrange something for then?” he pat himself on the back for his perfect execution of seizing the opportunity, taking the chance to insert the possibility of a date happening.

“Of course, you can.” She argued, completely disregarding the rest of his statement after he turned her down, shuffling sounds being heard from her side of the line. “Just call in sick or something, I don’t know.”

Dorian laughed lowly, shaking his head. He couldn’t believe this woman.

“Of course, you don’t know, Lilith. You work with your own hours because you have more money than you know what to do with. But some of us actually work for everything we have, and we can’t just get off whenever we would like.”

Lilith attempted to speak, but Dorian decided that he’d had enough.

“I have people to attend to now, Lilith. So, if you would excuse me, I have to go.” Without waiting for another word from her, Dorian hung up the call in a huff.

“What is wrong with rich people?” he muttered in disapproval, kicking the chair he formerly sat on, out of the way. He decided then that he would force himself to focus on his work. Lilith O’Kelly was a stereotypical rich person, and he strongly disliked those sorts of people. Unfortunately, they were the kinds of people that the establishment he worked for, represented.

What Dorian expected, after hanging up the call, completely irritated with the beautiful woman, was focus like he had never seen before. Some sort of motivation that would make him completely devoid of any emotion other than the intense need to succeed.

What he didn’t expect, was the complete opposite. Images of Lilith’s broad smile decorated the crevices of his mind, her scent filling his office despite her being far away from him. It greatly upset him, causing him to tug on his hair from the root, not stopping until it throbbed underneath his skull. Whatever this was, it was driving him completely crazy, and he would just rather not.

His hands fidgeted as he stared into the screen of his open laptop, struggling to focus his eyes on the words and expel Lilith from his mind.

His phone started to ring providing a welcome distraction from these thoughts and feelings that he could not quite put a finger on.

“Hey, Rick. What’s up?” he spoke lowly into the phone, clearing his throat after.

“I’ve got news man.” The person over the phone chimed, his excitement obvious in his tone. “Really good news.”

“Tell me what it is man, why are you hogging all of it?” he chuckled, scribbling on a notebook as he spoke.

“An A list celebrity just bought our entire firm.”

Dorian’s eyes turned into saucers, and he threw down his pen. “Shut up! For how much?”

“Fifty million dollars man. 50 million.” Rick exclaimed, his excitement wearing onto Dorian. “And you would never guess who got it.”

“Michael Jackson?”

“Lilith O’Kelly.”

Dorian facepalmed himself. Was Lilith that desperate that she would buy an entire firm just to have him go to her. He shook his head, disbelieving of the fact that she would do something like that. She was far too... Lilith.

“That’s insane, man.” He simply expressed, his own excitement having visibly declined.

“Anyway, I just hit send on the email to let everyone know that they have the rest of the day off. I’m going home to my wife. She’s going to be super excited about this.” Rick said, before hanging up the call.

True to his word, he received an Email with the header being Lilith O’Kelly. What was his entanglement with this woman, and why was she so, everywhere?

“Do you still have a lot of work to do?” Lilith bragged, sounding proud of her achievement.

“Maybe.” He shrugged, packing his things up and heading to his car.

“Oh, come on, Dorian. Don’t make me beg.” She whined in a way that made whining sound like she invented it.

“Aren’t you already?” Dorian retorted, stepping into the elevator, a smirk in the corner of his mouth.

“Touché, Mr. Bancroft. Touché.”

“Send me the address, Lilith. I’ll be there as soon as I’m finished with work.” He declared, to which she responded with a sultry “I’ll be waiting.”

#### CHAPTER 4

Dorian had seen a ton of Penthouses in his lifetime, after all, he basically defended rich people for work. But a penthouse like Lilith’s? It resembled something straight from an architect’s hidden plans.

“Holy fuck.” He muttered, standing in a fur-lined elevator, a real mirror installed in one corner of it. He, of course stayed far from it, scared that he would destroy it or something.

After what seemed like forever, the elevator dinged open to reveal the face of the woman that had been tormenting him for so long, that wide, red-lipped smile.

“I haven’t gotten into your house yet, but I’m convinced that it’s fur lined as well.” Dorian implied, grinning when she caught his joke.

“House? This is just my office, sweetie.” She winked, leading him down a hallway, walls also lined with fur.

“I’m rich.” Was her excuse, and honestly, Dorian understood.

The first thing that crossed Dorian’s mind as he stood at the door of her office, was that it resembled a throne room.

A tall, gold frame lined seat covered nearly a quarter of the wall, an equally long and sleek looking table sitting before it. The entire ground was covered a cream-colored fur carpet that he was honestly too scared of walking across.

“It gets washed every day, Dorian. Don’t worry about it.” She laughed almost mockingly, as if thinking *poor, poor people*.

Finally mustering the courage, he stepped into the office and was met with what he felt to be the most eye-catching detail yet, surpassing all the fur. Dorian never thought that so much fur could be in one place.

The entire front of the office had wall of what looked like reflective glass on the outside, but was pretty transparent inside, showing of the entire city, skyline to ground level.

"It's a reflective UV glass, specifically tailored to block out the sun for me. It's my favorite thing too." She walked up, standing beside him as he stared out through it, the awe obvious on his face.

"I like to stand here and pretend that I'm the queen of the world, looking over all my subjects. I know it's going to happen someday, but for now, a girl can dream." She sighed, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"The sun must really bother you." Dorian awkwardly commented, now painfully aware of the fact that her head rested against his arm.

"Yeah." She stammered, lifting her head from where it rested on his shoulder and began sauntering off, grey silk dress floating around her. He turned around to scrutinize every bit of her, noting just then that her skin subtly resembled paper. She looked a lot more tan in the magazines and movies, and he wondered whether she was sick. She didn't seem sick, though.

"Are you uncomfortable with me asking if the sun bothers you? You don't have to worry much, I can fight it off for you." He bantered, but she didn't seem to get it, eyebrows furrowing together worryingly.

"No, its not that." She dismissed, wiggling out from his hold and towards the glass wall.

"I have something to tell you, Dorian."

*"Oh no."* Dorian thought, raising a concerned eyebrow.

"Should I be worried?"

"I don't know. You'll decide that for yourself." She remarked, hesitating before she spoke again.

"I'm a vampire." She stated simply, chartreuse eyes moving to meet dark grey ones.

Dorian stared at Lilith, and she looked back at him a silent contest for who would speak first.

With every millisecond that passed, a quarter inch of Dorian's lips lifted, almost as if it was in slow motion, until he was doubled over in silent laughter, clutching his stomach.

"What's so funny?" Lilith questioned, an uncertain smile on her own lips.

"S-so, you're like twilight and the other guys, right?" Dorian gasped for breath while he laughed, unable to stop himself. Her confusion seemed to alleviate the laughter even more, causing her to bite her bottom lip, nodding in slight embarrassment.

"I'll show you." She muttered under her breath, shutting her eyes.

His laughter began to die down as she shut her eyes, all the blood draining from her face, leaving her even paler, but somehow not even ashen. Her red lipstick appeared brighter against her now paper white skin and her eyes shot open, glowing beneath the green orbs.

"Do you see it now?" she asked, cocking her head to the side. Her canines had extended till they were a full inch long, peeking out from the sides of her lips.

It was her turn to find the shaken look on his face, hilarious.

"What, Bat got your tongue now?" she asked, staring to walk towards him.

"Hold it right there, Lilith. What sort of prank did you arrange to play on me? It's really funny, but you should stop it now." His voice quivered in fear, and it was obvious how much she was enjoying it. But playtime needed to come to an end.

"It's not a prank, Dorian." She rolled her eyes, morphing back into the form he originally knew her as. "I'm a real-life vampire, and I think you are one too."

"Woah, woah. Slow down, Miss Lilith Dracula. There's a limit to these things, and I think I've reached mine." Dorian exclaimed, shaking his head at her. He was obviously still scared, standing right beside the door, as if he was getting ready to escape if something weird was to happen.

"It's O'Kelly, and I am not kidding. The kind of pull that I've been feeling towards you, Dorian, it's not normal. You've been feeling it too, you know what I'm talking about."

It all started to make sense to Dorian. The coldness of her skin the club, sending chills down his own body, her unnatural, almost transparent paleness that he just attributed to his lack of glasses, and the way she seemed to be fixed in his own head. But there was no way in hell that he could be a vampire. For Christ's sake, it was summer, and he had a tan whenever he stepped in the sun. He didn't need a fucking sunglass window to walk around town. He sure as hell didn't sparkle.

His hesitation showed on his face and Lilith took a careful step towards him.

“I know what you think, but the media’s representation of us is pretty poor. We don’t sparkle in the sun, and I quite like garlic bread. Raw garlic however, burns my throat.”

“What does all of this have to do with me, Lilith?” Dorian interjected, folding his arms over his chest.

“I think you’re just like me, but I’m going to need a blood sample, and-“

“Hold it right there, Lilith.” Dorian yelled, racing away from her as she made her way towards him.

“Dorian, don’t be scared. It’s just getting your blood taken at the hospital. Nothing too harsh, come on.” She beckoned, but Dorian was having none of it.

“Stop right there!” Dorian held up his hand in front of him, his pupils dilated in fear.

“Dorian, what did you do?” Lilith questioned slowly, standing in place with one leg in front of the other.

“W-what do you mean?” he panted, pushing his hair back with one hand, while the other held a barrier between he and Lilith.

“I’m frozen in place, Dorian Bancroft. I can’t fucking move.” She laughed joyously, instead of being upset like she normally would.

“T-that’s a lie. Why are you so happy about it then?”

“Because now you are equally curious about what’s happening, and you’ll be easier to convince to follow me to get a blood work done.” She grinned sinisterly.

Glimpses of Chloe’s sudden robot-like movement suddenly moved through his mind, and he decided that Lilith was right. It wouldn’t kill to do as she suggested, because he was now curious, just like she said.

“That wasn’t too bad, now was it?” Lilith mocked, smirking at a pouty Dorian who walked beside her with a cotton wool pad held against his forearm.

“It hurt like a bitch.” He complained, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, come on now, don’t be such a baby. I’ve arranged a little consolation while we wait to hear back from the lab. I hope you have fun.” She waved at him when he stepped into the elevator.

As a *consolation*, Lilith arranged for an all paid late lunch at Jamie's, the most expensive restaurant in the city, reserved for strictly for celebrities and people of high societal standing.

After he had eaten to his fill, he was then taken to a spa.

"Never heard of this one before." He muttered to himself as he stepped through the thick curtains, watching sparsely dressed women walk around like it was a normal, everyday thing. As he approached the front desk, he noticed that they women all had skin like Lilith's, a little more ashen but similar, eyes glowing eerily and fangs peeking out from the corners of their lips.

"Welcome to Crimson deluxe spa, we have been briefed on your arrival." The woman at the front desk bowed her head slightly, a fixed smile on her face. So, the place belonged to Lilith? Just how many establishments did she have?

"We will make sure you have the best time here." She promised, introducing herself as Asher.

Asher did not lie when she promised Dorian the best time.

He lay naked and facedown against the soft, yet firm bed, his face cradled with warm towels. His masseuse was a young woman with welcoming yellow irises and pout that made her look like she had something to hide. No words were shared as Dorian settled in, waiting for her to begin the massage.

First, she poured warm oil over his back, hands spreading it around his body. He let out a small involuntary moan and apologized right after, causing his masseuse to giggle. She molded her fingers against his skin, undoing the knots in his back and down his spine, cracking a particularly haughty spot that cause him to let out a long string of profanities, eyes rolling back.

"Sorry." She attempted to muffle her laughter, but it proved impossible as it still managed to slip out.



"It's okay. I haven't had something like this in so long, I just can't hold it in." he explained, feeling no shame.

"You have a lot of tension knotted in your body. Always so stressed, aren't you?" Her voice was soft and compassionate and her hands slid down to his ass, cupping the cheeks and squeezing them.

"Does that feel good?" she asked lowly.

"Mhm." He moaned as she touched his ass, her hands lowering to the back of his thighs where she kneaded.

Dorian knew that he shouldn't be turned on while he underwent what was supposed to be a relaxing massage, but he couldn't help the erection that had begun to press against the mattress he lay on. He attempted to adjust himself discreetly a few times, but all hell broke loose when she asked him to turn around and lay on his back.

"I know you are hard. It's okay. Just turn around." She coaxed.

Dorian's smooth body lay naked, and the masseuse sighed. She had massaged a lot of men, but this particularly looked like he was sculpted by the gods, skin tanned perfectly, not so much that it looked obnoxious or fake, but natural. It probably was natural, judging by the way his ass matched every part of his body.

She wore a cropped and a thong, ass sitting nicely on his thighs. Her hands worked his arms, taking time on his smooth pecs and hard abs, not too defined, just like the rest of his body.

"Would you like a happy ending?" she questioned after she had finished, his entire body glistening with oil.

He was confused, but his hard cock definitely wasn't.

"Hey, Dorian, how are you feeling?" Lilith teased over this phone, giggling madly when he replied with a long sigh.

"I take that as very good, an I correct?"

"You very much are." He sighed again, turning on his bed. He was the most relaxed he had been, his entire life, and all it took was a few hours and a rich vampire's money.

"That's good. I will need you back at the office, as your test results are out."

The smile disappeared from Dorian's face, and he pushed out a labored breath, his eyebrows furrowing together.

“I don’t know what the results are, but whatever it ends up being, will be good news.” She assured him, and he nodded, hanging up the call and getting up from where his masseuse fed him grapes.

“Talia, thank you for today. I will always ask of you if I ever come back here.” He praised, kissing the back of her palm in gratitude. She buried her face in her shoulder, giggling in response.

After she had cleared out the room, Dorian stayed back to put on his clothes, giving himself a pep talk. There was no way he could be a vampire. He was different from these people. They walked around with glowing eyes and paper white skin, while his own eyes were a boring shade of slate grey, only changing its appearance when light was introduced directly to it.

The cab that drove him to the spa waited on him outside of it, ushering him in and back to Lilith's penthouse office.

“Dorian, welcome.” She smiled at him in front of the open door.

“Just tell me if I am, or am not.” He sighed worriedly, shutting the door behind him.

“Are you sure you don’t want to read it yourself?”

Dorian shook his head. He was sure.

“Okay then.” She folded her slender fingers over the desk. “Do you know Dracula, or Van Helsing?”

“Yeah, who doesn’t know those guys? I consumed a lot of literature in high school and college. I definitely came across them.”

“Okay. You are a descendent of both of them, Dorian.”,

“So I'm a vampire?”

“More than that, Dorian. You are a pure breed, descending from the blood lines of two very powerful Vampires.” She was face to face with Dorian now.

“You are one of the strongest vampires in the world, Dorian.”

