

Dominik Mikaelson, the Second Name of Danger

"Ariel, you look absolutely stunning today," Jenna remarked as she skillfully applied makeup and later styled Ariel's hair.

"Of course, it's your wedding day, and you're going to be the most beautiful person in the world." Leo chimed in, gesturing towards her neck, where a noticeable love bite had appeared. "But, Jenna, you might want to help Ariel conceal this love bite," he said with a playful chuckle.

Jenna and Leo were Ariel's lifelong friends, growing up together with her in the orphanage.

Ariel's surprise was evident as she inquired, "What? Love bite?" She was well aware of what had happened last night, but she didn't realize the man who she had a one-night stand with would leave a hickey on her neck.

"Hey, you don't have to pretend it," Jenna said with an eye roll. "We know how much you love your soon-to-be husband, who gave you this love bite."

Ariel faked a smile. They thought it was from her boyfriend. But her friends didn't know she had a one-night stand with a male escort.

Ariel had been waiting for this day for three years, but what did she get in the end?

Betrayal!

Ariel got cheated on by the man whom she loved with all her heart and soul. Her boyfriend had been sleeping with many other women.

Jenna and Leo had warned her many times about her boyfriend's weird glances at other women, but she was blinded by her love for Adrian. That trust ended last evening when she saw Adrian getting intimate with another woman.

"Everything is done," Jenna said after xing a love bite mark on Ariel's neck. She looked in the mirror and suddenly recalled the words of the man who called her stunning last night.

Both Jenna and Leo helped Ariel stand up. Jenna handed her the wedding bouquet and left for the grand wedding hall.

As Ariel walked down the aisle, everyone was captivated by her beauty. Her gown owed gracefully around her, like a silk waterfall. The bodice gently hugged her, adorned with delicate lace, and her visible neckline framed her face. She looked absolutely gorgeous in that wedding dress.

However, people didn't know the tears she had been controlling; and the heartache she suffered.

Ariel had no option of escaping from this marriage because it was already a pre-planned marriage. The promises between her grandfather and Adrian's grandfather were what led to this marriage today. Also, another reason existed which forced Ariel to come to this wedding. Adrian's father was a dangerous man. If she called off the wedding, he'd ruin the orphanage she had grown up in.

She glanced at the altar where Adrian was present. His back was toward her. Anger welled up inside her. She wanted to tear off her veil and owers to confront him in front of everyone.

Ariel kept her eyes on the man on the wedding altar, but something felt off. Adrian wasn't as tall as the person present at the altar. The suit he was wearing wasn't the one they had picked for the wedding.

How could someone change so much in a day? As Ariel approached closer, she attempted to look at Adrian's face. However, her attention was suddenly grabbed by the commotion in the wedding hall.

"What? The groom isn't here!" Someone exclaimed. "How can Adrian run away from his own wedding?"

"It is the truth. The groom is missing. It's a big embarrassment for the Marimo family," another person chimed in. Soon, many voices lled the air of the wedding hall, which Ariel could hear clearly.

'Adrian... he really ran away?' Ariel thought with excitement. 'Am I truly free from that jerk?' she wondered.

If Adrian had indeed run away from the wedding, then no one would blame her for not wanting to go through with the marriage. Was this an unexpected stroke of luck for her?

"I'm genuinely sad for the bride. She's already an orphan and has been in a relationship with Adrian for a long time," Ariel heard another voice, but she didn't care about it.

Ariel couldn't help but roll her eyes upon hearing their sympathy. 'Please congratulate me; I'm happy,' she thought.

Ariel was ready to run away from that hall like a free bird, but she couldn't show the people, especially the Marimo family, that side of hers. She remained calm, ready to turn to get down the aisle when the same man in front of her nally spoke.

"Please calm down, everyone. The groom hasn't run away. Please remain seated on your seats ready to witness the wedding of the century." The person pivoted on his heels and pointed towards the entrance, thus making everyone fall silent.

At that moment, everyone anticipated the groom's entrance.

Ariel felt her happiness was of mere seconds and she hung her head low in sadness. Why did Adrian have to return?

The only sound that could be heard was the rhythmic, deliberate tap of the groom's shoes hitting the oor. Each step resonated in the hushed atmosphere of the hall.

Everyone was stunned to see that the man walking down the aisle was not Adrian Marimo, but Dominik Mikaelson, who was the second name of terror and danger.

As Dominik advanced toward the altar, his shoes created a sense of curiosity and suspense with each echoing step.

No one understood why a Mikaelson, especially Dominik, was there. He had a deep-rooted dislike for the Marimo family. The big question was why he had been introduced as the groom.

Dominik appeared in a white tuxedo suit, exuding handsomeness. Many would fall in front of him when it came to looks. He nally took a pause and held Ariel's free hand, thus drawing her close to the wedding altar. All this time, Ariel had her gaze low. She was on the verge of crying.

Marcel, Dominik's best friend, who had announced Dominik as the groom, looked at the silent hall and chuckled.

"Why is everyone so quiet? Let's give a big round to the groom and bride," he said with a smile, followed by a loud cheer from the people.

One Night Stand

1062 Words

One day before the marriage:

Ariel grabbed the bottle of alcohol and chugged its contents down her throat. Her cheeks were covered in warm tears and her eyes were red because of intense crying for a long time.

Tomorrow was Ariel Woods' Wedding Day but she never thought her boyfriend, whom she dated for three years, had been cheating on her. In the evening when she went to see her boyfriend, everything turned upside down. Her entire world crashed within seconds of seeing him with another woman on the bed, which she selected for their bridal room.

Ariel belonged to a family that had a lot of favors of the Marimo Family on them. Her marriage was decided by the youngest son of the Marimo family when she was a teenager. She never experienced what most women her age had already, and neither did she have fun in the same way the others had. Ariel trusted her boyfriend blindly and always did what he told her to.

Stomping the alcohol bottle on the polished and shining mahogany table, Ariel wiped her lips from the back of her palm and laughed slightly. She shook the bottle only to nd it was empty.

Standing up, Ariel headed toward the bar counter to buy another one for herself. With staggering steps, blurred vision, and swollen eyes, she gradually walked when she bumped into someone.

A loud sound of glass cranking reverberated in her head and she almost fell, but a pair of strong arms securely steadied her.

Ariel lifted her eyes to look at the person and was stunned to see the man. He was exceptionally handsome.

No!

The 'Handsome' word would be less to describe this man. He was the denition of perfection. His raven tresses separated at the left, giving the perfect view of his broad forehead. Was the man an actor? Because everything about him was breathtaking!

"Are you alright?" the husky, deep voice fell into Ariel's ears as he helped her stand up. That voice would make any woman go weak on her legs. Those icy blue eyes would bore holes through anyone's soul if once locked with the person.

"Spend a night with me," Ariel offered, again faltering in her steps. She had her hand in her pocket and she took it out. Placing it on this mysterious man, she whispered, "I have only this much. I want to experience....," she paused for a brief moment as her eyes darted to his lips, "...to experience it."

The man looked at the note she had placed in her hand. "Twenty dollars?" The man chuckled and then looked at the expensive wine bottle on the oor, which cost around a million dollars.

"Never mind!" Ariel said and walked past him with her faltered steps when the man grabbed her arm. The next second, he carried her up in a bridal style.

Ariel did not realize it when they reached the grand suite because of the intoxication. "What is your name?" she asked him as he placed her gently on the soft mattress of the bed. Before he would withdraw, she pulled him down by grabbing his shirt.

"Women must be crazy for you," Ariel said. Her ngers grazed his thick, sharp eyebrows and she traced his well-sculpted face. "I have never done this before. It is my rst time," she murmured. Lowering her hands to the buttons of his shirt, she began unhooking them. The gold ambience of the suite perfectly cast the picture of romanticism.

"I am Ariel Woods," she whispered after unbuttoning the top three buttons of his shirt. Ariel initiated the kiss with him. Her gentle nibbles on his lips made the man smirk and he gently pushed her.

"If I start, then you will be mine," said the man in his husky voice again.

"I-I am yours t—" Her words died out inside her mouth as the man pulled her into a passionate kiss.

Ariel's world was sent into a whirlwind by the intensity of that kiss, a sensation that had waded her even in the arms of her boyfriend. The way this man gently nibbled on her lips coaxed a delightful tangle of anticipation to bloom in the pit of her stomach. Her alluring beamed an enchanted in his silky locks as she met his kisses with equal fervor. An angling moan of desire escaped her lips the moment his tongue made contact with her own.

Ariel willingly parted her lips, granting him entry to explore the depths of her mouth. He wasted no seconds and savored her mouth. His hands sensually moved over her body. His heart was beating wildly against his chest. Her eliciting moans and cries would give him the courage to let out his desires.

They were out of breath and, nally, the man pulled away from her lips. Ariel panted for air when he left open-mouthed kisses down her jawline to her neck. The pain that her boyfriend gave her had vanished already. It was replaced by the pleasure she experienced for the very rst time with this man.

With a gasp, she exclaimed as the man's teeth grazed the delicate skin along her collarbone, imprinting a passionate bite mark in their wake. Every ber of her entire being was intoxicated, and with a deft touch, he skillfully removed her top. Despite his shy nature, she instinctively crossed her arms, but he gently pinned them down onto the mattress.

"You are absolutely stunning," the man praised. Ariel, at that moment, nally embraced her own beauty, something her boyfriend had rarely acknowledged. He once again claimed her lips, asserting his dominance over her senses. His nimble ngers danced in intricate patterns across her abdomen, tracing the graceful contours of her body, eliciting soft moans that escaped into his fervent kiss.

The man pulled Ariel up and now she was in his lap. His face was buried in the crook of her neck while his free hand slowly moved to her back. The touch of his cold ngers on her warm skin sent shivers throughout her body. He deftly removed the last piece of clothing from her upper body. Hunger and lust in his eyes were evident for Ariel.

Ariel was lost in the heating intensity and enjoyed every bit of this moment.