

Drunk and Kidnapped

Julian stormed out of the building, the sound of their laughter fading behind him.

The feeling of betrayal was sharp, the worst of all the emotions coursing through him. How could she do this? He had trusted her, believed she was different—someone who could see beyond his scars.

But now, as he replayed her cold, indifferent expression, he wondered if any of it had ever been real. Had she always been this heartless, or had he simply been blind to the truth?

He wished it were all just a dream, that he could wake up and find everything back to normal. But it wasn't.

Julian's thoughts wandered back to the haunting emptiness he'd carried since he was a boy. From the moment he lost his family at seven, that void had never left him.

For years, the only family he'd known was the butler who had taken him in. But even that was taken away, and after the butler's death, Julian was left alone, sinking deeper into darkness.

Then he met Claire, and for a brief time, she had changed everything. But now, he realized it was all a lie. She had admitted herself that she never truly cared for him—she had only been with him for his looks.

When the Uber arrived, Julian slid into the back seat, ignoring the driver's greeting. As the car pulled away, the world outside blurred with the tears he refused to shed.

Finally, they reached his apartment building. He paid the driver, then walked to his cramped one-bedroom apartment, the only place he could afford.

The air inside the house felt stale, empty, and somehow colder than the night outside.

He let out a disappointed sigh as he looked around the house, reminding himself that he had nothing. But it wasn't from the lack of trying, he had done everything he could to change his life, tried different jobs but it never seemed to work out.

Julian closed the door behind him and leaned against it, his forehead resting on the wood. The weight of everything that had happened settled over him. He stood there in the darkness, absorbing the night's events, his mind racing.

Then, without warning, there was a loud, aggressive knock at his door. Julian's frown deepened. Who the hell could that be at this hour? His first instinct was to ignore it, not feeling in the mood, but a thought crossed his mind: Claire? Maybe she had come to apologize, to fix things?

Although he would never want to get back with her after what she had done, he still opened the door in hopes of seeing her.

But when he opened the door, it wasn't Claire standing there. Instead, it was his landlord, Mr. Anderson, a stern expression on his face. Behind him stood three men, their presence too intimidating to ignore.

"Julian," Mr. Anderson's voice was cold, devoid of any sympathy. "We need to talk."

Julian's heart sank as he realized the purpose of the landlord's visit. He had been behind on rent for a few months, and so his landlord probably came to demand the money, and seeing as he had come with muscle, it was clear that he planned to leave with his money no matter what.

"Look." He started, his voice hoarse from the events of the night. "Mr. Anderson, I know I'm behind on rent, I just need a little more time. I'll have it soon."

Anderson shook his head, his expression showing no sign of sympathy. Without a word, he tossed a white document at Julian's face.

Julian caught the document, his eyes dropping to the paper.

It was an eviction notice. Julian raised his gaze back to Mr. Anderson. He opened his mouth to ask for some time, but before he could utter a word Mr Anderson said: "I need you out of my house immediately!"

"Wait! You can't just throw me out like this! I—" Julian tried to protest, but stopped himself knowing it was of no use, plus he didn't like the sound of himself begging.

Without another word, Mr. Anderson motioned to the two men standing behind him. They moved forward and stood in front of Julian, ready to forcefully remove him from the apartment if he should refuse.

"Get your things, Julian," Mr. Anderson ordered, his voice cold. "You have five minutes."

Julian stood frozen. He glanced around the cramped apartment. Where would he go? He seemed to be losing everything today. First Claire and then he got humiliated, and now was getting kicked out of his apartment. It seemed like it was inevitable, he was going to be living in the streets.

Julian had no choice but to leave.

A few minutes later after grabbing everything that he owned, a few clothes, his cellphone and a backpack he stepped outside.

The cool night air hit him like a slap, but it did nothing to numb the reality of what had just happened. He stood on the sidewalk, watching as Mr Anderson's men closed the door to his apartment, leaving him alone in the cold night.

Julian's mind raced as he tried to figure out his next move. With no friends or family to turn to, he was lost. At that moment a thought struck him: 'Maybe it's time I...' He quickly shut it down, not willing to entertain where that thought might lead.

For a brief, reckless moment, Julian considered inheriting the multi-billion dollar empire he'd spent his life avoiding. But he quickly dismissed the thought. He couldn't claim something he wanted no part of, a legacy that had only brought him pain. As his butler had always said, no matter how bad life got now, it would be nothing compared to the hell he'd face if he returned to that world.

The only reason he was thinking of that now, was because he was desperate. Plus knowing Claire dumped him because he was poor, he was tempted by the idea of teaching everyone, including her a lesson.

With a sigh, Julian started walking. He decided to spend the night at his part time job, and then maybe tomorrow he would try to find somewhere to stay.

Eventually, Julian found himself standing in front of the high-end bar where he worked part-time. The neon signs glowed softly over the entrance, inviting him inside. He considered going in for a drink, hoping to numb the chaos of his life. Normally, someone like him wouldn't be welcome, but as an employee, he knew he could slip in without question.

Inside, he approached the bartender, a beautiful woman with long brunette hair and brown eyes. She looked up at him, clearly surprised.

"Hey, Julian, what are you doing here? Your shift doesn't start until tomorrow night."

"Hey Jasmine. Can I get a beer?" Julian asked, ignoring her question

She studied him for a moment, sensing something was off with him today, he didn't look like his usual self. But ultimately deciding it wasn't her business, she nodded and poured him a beer.

"Rough night?" Jasmine asked, wiping down a glass.

Julian forced a faint smile, taking a long drink before muttering, "Something like that," He kept his answer short, not wanting to get into the details.

Jasmine hesitated, looking as though she wanted to enquire more about what was going on in his life, but eventually she decided to give him his space. Julian took another sip, letting the cold bitterness of the beer dull his thoughts.

Hours later, Julian had lost track of how many bottles he'd gone through. Each one did little to numb the ache in his chest, but it dulled his senses just enough to keep him from spiraling. Jasmine glanced at him occasionally, her concern evident. She didn't know him well—different shifts kept them apart—but she could tell this wasn't healthy. Every time she urged him to stop, he waved her off, too lost in his own pain to care.

"Fine," she muttered, rolling her eyes before turning her attention to the other customers.

Completely ignoring Jasmine, Julian continued to drink, his mind trapped in the events of the night, determined to drown them out.

His life had been shaped by misery for as long as he could remember. He couldn't help but think of his family, his mom, dad, two older brothers, older sister, and extended family, who were murdered when he was just a boy. The world seemed to take everything from him, leaving him with nothing.

As he drained another bottle, the room began to spin, his vision blurring. Thoughts jumbled together, and focusing on any one thing became impossible. Before long, he slumped over, passed out and oblivious to everything around him.

Jasmine glanced at him again, exhaling sharply. "Figures," she muttered, rolling her eyes. She gave him a quick look, knowing he'd eventually wake up. Shrugging, she returned to her work with a quiet, resigned indifference.

Moments later, a few figures entered the bar, their presence commanding attention. Three men in dark suits walked in with an air of authority, exuding a sense of mystery and danger. They were accompanied by a woman in an elegant outfit that seemed out of place in the dim lighting of the bar.

The woman appeared to be in her twenties, with a striking figure and an alluring air. She wore a fitted, deep red dress that hugged her curves and fell just above her knees, exuding both elegance and mystery. Over it, she wore a dark jacket that paired with a blouse revealing just a hint of cleavage. Her long, raven-black hair cascaded over her shoulders, complementing her pale skin, while her dark red lipstick added an extra layer of intrigue.

Her eyes scanned the room, her gaze searching for someone. When her eyes landed on Julian, passed out at the bar, she nodded subtly. Without a word, the men flanking her moved toward him, effortlessly lifting him from his seat. Julian remained oblivious, unconscious, as they began to carry him out of the bar.

Jasmine's eyes widened in shock. They were kidnapping him right before her eyes, and he couldn't even defend himself. "Hey, what are you doing? You can't just take him!" she protested, stepping forward to stop them. Though she had no idea what Julian had done to provoke this, she couldn't stand by and let it happen.

The woman turned to Jasmine, her expression icy as she assessed the bartender. Without saying a word, she reached into her coat, pulling out a sleek handgun and aiming it at Jasmine, silencing her with a chilling stare. "Stay out of it, sweetheart," she said, her voice carrying a tone that was both playful and deadly. "If you know what's good for you."

Jasmine froze, her face draining of color as fear gripped her. She instinctively took a step back, her heart racing as she watched the strangers carry Julian's unconscious form toward the door. She heard helplessness, unable to stop them.