

Do vampires really exist?

Ariana's POV.

I still did not get over the fact that Vincent confessed he liked me. I meant a hot and handsome Greek God wanted me? I must be asleep and dreaming. Yes! Yes! It must be a dream. A very pleasant one. I pinched myself to check I was awake. Utterly awake. This meant? This meant he actually confessed. Oh my God! How could I be so lucky? Not only did he like me, but he wanted me to be with him, so he offered me this job.

I walked to my cubicle. My brain was still stunned and amazed in euphoria.

"Ari, what happened to the boss's office? You seemed... umm.. off? Tell me that he doesn't intimidate you. Why did he call you to meet in his office?" Olivia bombarded strings of questions as soon as I took my seat.

"No— he just gave me some precise instructions about work, and that's all," I muttered half-consciously.

"But you are not looking good, babe. Look at your face, it has turned pale, and you are sweating extremely. Are you sure this is not serious? Because I have heard that he is very harsh to his employees and a very serious man when it comes to business," Lena remarked.

"Ummm... No, he was — good and polite," I said hesitantly.

"That's good for you and because you are lucky, Ari. Otherwise, you will come out crying because of a single small mistake," Lena proclaimed further as if remembering something. Maybe she had experienced Vincent's anger.

"Oh My God! Guys, look at this. What is this news about? This states that Vampires murder some men," Serena squeaked.

"What? Are you crazy? Vampires are not real," Olivia said, scowling, "By the way, I am waiting for a hot Vampire to come and bite me, make me his," She completed, blushing. God, this girl was out of this world.

A hot Vampire? Bite her? Seriously?

"But from those pictures on the news and the postmortem of the dead body said that all the blood of this body was sucked, and only two dots were found on the body. The only cause was a heart attack. People in the town say that Vampires are wandering among us. They live in disguise, and you never know when you will be the next victim as some blood-sucking creatures lurk in the dark nights," she said with a terrified expression.

Lena groaned at Serena's description.

"There must be some other reason behind the death. These media people loved to make a story and spread horror among the people. That's how they sell their stories and make breaking news," I said, shaking my head.

Well, I didn't believe the news claiming vampires were wandering around us. How could it be possible that vampires killed those people? It was absurd to think that some fictional creatures had come to live among us. It was very hard to believe they really existed.

"You people don't have anything to work with, or I will give you a termination letter," the supervisor came and threatened.

All of us rushed back to our desks before he could scold us more.

The dinner was more awkward as the tension was high. I felt some kind of electric charge between us. As soon as Vincent came to the same room, the air shifted. He looked at me but didn't say anything. I thought he must push me to rush to make a decision. But no. He took his seat peacefully, and we ate silently. Actually, he had dinner, and I was just swallowing the food down my throat. It was too hard to focus on anything else when he sat in front of me.

I could literally hear the loud pounding in my chest. I didn't understand what kind of feeling it was. But it happened more often whenever I saw him.

It had been a week since he asked me the question. Everything was going on normally. He never forced me or asked me again about my decision and was very patient. But it was very difficult for me to decide because the more I thought, the more confused I became. I never had any good experience in my life, let alone in a relationship, and getting proposed to by a man like him seemed to be a dream. What if it was really a dream and I would wake up as soon as I said yes? It seemed too good to be real. This frantic thought didn't let me sleep for days.

It was equally tough to make myself unaffected whenever he was in front of me, whether in the office or at his home. Whenever he came closer, I forgot to breathe, the blood began pumping faster in my veins, and my heartbeat became louder. I didn't know what it was.

I had to decide. I had to give an answer. I could not make him wait for me forever. What if I took a chance? What if I believed in destiny again? I thought I should trust my fate this time. If I had survived so long, I would be okay with whatever happened in the future.

Okay, Ariana! Go and tell him that you are ready to be in a relationship. My inner self suggested.

I took a breath before knocking on his study door.

"Come in!" A deep voice came, making me reconsider my following action.

Once I told him my decision, there would be no turning back, I knew. With a loud thumping heart, I opened the door and padded inside.

His back was towards me. He turned as soon as he sensed I was standing there.

"Ariana? Do you need something?" He asked as the furrow between his dark, neatly shaped eyebrows deepened.

"I have decided," I mumbled,idgeting with my fingers and looking at the floor.

"And?" He sounded amused, and my eyes shot up to him.

I forgot to blink, staring into those enchanting blue orbs.

He cleared his throat, and then I realized I was shamelessly ogling him while standing in front of him. I suddenly turned red due to embarrassment.

"I am— I am ready," I whispered as I lowered my eyes.

The frown on his face disappeared and was replaced by a sexy smile.

"Thank you for giving me a chance, Ariana, and I assure you that I will make you happy. You will forget about the world, and in fact, you will forget about yourself. You made the right decision," he stated, and his voice was promising.

I smiled shyly at his praising me.

"It was late at night. Now you should sleep," he said and turned to resume what he was doing before I came.

I was confused. That was it?

Vincent's POV.

She stood there, making me wonder what she wanted. I didn't know.

Okay? She said she was ready to have a relationship with me. So we were now officially in a relationship. Oh no, I had to act like a good lover and kiss her good night. That was the most difficult part of this drama.

I sighed inside and turned again towards her. I was very much aware of the consequences of getting near her. Last time I almost lost control. The mighty Vampire King became weak in front of an ordinary girl. Who would believe it? But that was actually true.

I slowly, cautiously walked towards her. I could clearly hear her heart racing fast. The blood pumped loudly in her veins. I could smell her arousal. She was turned on just being in the same room. The soft, steady rhythm of her pulse was more distracting.

I showed the most natural smile I could manage. But inside, I was more than affected by her proximity. I was scared and excited at the same time, like a teenage boy going to have his first kiss.

I placed my hand on her cheek and leaned down toward her. She sucked a breath so sensually before she closed her eyes and parted her lips. Sh.it. I was in big trouble right at that moment. Those bow-shaped lips could be the death of me. No, I couldn't afford to kiss those devil's traps.

I gently kissed her soft cheeks, and she moaned. This enchantress knew how to get me on my knees. My brain stopped working as the need took over.

I dragged my lips towards her neck—the perfect spot for a bite. I could clearly see her pulse jumping in there. The desire to taste her awakened in me. Just a bite. A little bit. It wouldn't harm, right? My teeth elongated as I groaned in anticipation.

"Your highness!" A voice startled me and pulled me back to realization. I looked at the door, and Oliver was poking his head through the slightly opened panel, looking at me in disbelief.

Fu.ck. What was I going to do? It would have spoiled everything. I took a step back and cleared my throat, trying to control my heavy breathing.

"I think you should go to your room," I was shocked to hear myself how breathless I sounded, almost panting. "Good night, Ariana!"

"Good night, Vincent!" She said, smiling as a pink color spread on her cheeks.

My name sounded so fucking sweet in her mouth. Sh.it. One day passed, but how would I survive until her birthday?