

Wicked plans

Vincent's pov.

My soldiers informed me that when interrogating the arrested Vampire Maa, one of them accepted that the girl, Ariana's boyfriend, was also involved in human tracking. He had been working for them for years, and he was the one who sold that girl, Ariana, to the Maa. I became enraged by the information. I wanted to f*****g kill that bastard. How dare he do this to an innocent girl? He was actually playing with her emotions and using her for his own benet. I had seen the trust in Ariana's eyes when she held that guy's hand. She believed him, but he didn't deserve her. He had to pay for this. This was a crime in both worlds, either humans' or the paranormal's. Because Ariana was involved, it had now become more of my interest. I got some more information about her boyfriend. That guy was involved in many crimes. He was very dangerous to a girl like her.

I quickly teleported myself to meet that bastard, and when I appeared at his workplace, I saw he and another man were assaulting Ariana. My blood began to boil seeing this. All the anger surged into my head, making me burn this place. They dared to touch my Ariana!

I didn't think for a second time before killing the bastard who was trying to rāpe her. I dashed at my full Vampire speed, and the rapist was yanked away from Ariana in a blink of an eye. I took him with me to another corner of the stinky place and, without giving him a chance to know what was going to happen to him, I sank my teeth into his neck and killed him. Ariana's boyfriend was watching me with his horror-lled eyes. I glared at him with my red eyes. Next was his number. I darted towards him, and the next moment his neck was under my teeth. It was not the only reason I had to keep her safe for sacrice, but I would have done that if it was any other girl. Because a rāpist deserved only to die without a second thought, no other option should be given for punishment. I would never forgive a man or a paranormal male for forcing himself on a female. I didn't care whether it was the human world or the supernatural's.

But this time, my worry was Ariana. She had seen me murdering her boyfriend and the man who wanted to rāpe her. She knew I was a Vampire. I saw the fear in her eyes, and I knew she would run away the rst chance she got.

So, I had to erase her memories of that particular time when she experienced all these mishaps. I didn't want her to be scared of me. I needed her to be with me and trust me. She looked into my eyes, and I began working on erasing her memories. She didn't have any idea what was going on with her. She passed out, maybe due to shock or the magic I used on her.

I confronted Oliver because I gave him the duty of Ariana's safety. He failed to perform it. She was about to get killed, and he was nowhere near her to protect her.

Though he got her a new job with a good payroll at my command, he must always keep an eye on her. He said he was taking care of Ariana's new job and didn't think something dangerous like this would happen to her. Was he for real? Didn't he know how important that girl was to me? I left him with a warning to be more careful next time. Otherwise, he would have to bear the consequences.

I took Ariana to my mansion. She had been unconscious for hours. She was sleeping peacefully in my bed. I watched her for a long time. I kept looking at her peacefully sleeping face without blinking. In fact, I couldn't tear my eyes from her.

She looked exactly like Ariana. My Ariana. I could not nd a single difference between the two, except that Ariana had amber eyes and my Ariana had green eyes. It felt like my eyes were glued to her face, though I did not want to look at her as inside, I knew that she was not my Ariana and it was wrong to stare at her like a pervert. But my eyes couldn't get enough of her sight. I sat beside her on the bed, ghting the urge to touch her.

She stirred into her sleep, moaning, and slowly blinked her eyes before she rubbed the back of her palm on her eyes and looked up at me. Her expression changed instantly.

"Y.. you.. you are ..." she only stuttered with her eyes widened to their extreme limit, and she couldn't complete her sentence. I was scared for a moment that she remembered everything. But my magic never failed. I cleared my throat and stood beside the bed.

"How are you feeling now?" I asked as I kept my voice cold and void of any emotions swirling in me on seeing her in front of me at that time.

"Where am I?!" She asked without replying to my question, taking in her surroundings. Her curious eyes scanned every corner of the room.

I cleared my throat to draw her attention back to me, "you are at my place."

She looked at me, and now her eyes showed a mix of shock, fear, and confusion.

"You were lying on the road. Unconscious. And when I saw you, I recognized you. So I took you to my place," I gestured with my hand, stretching them to my sides.

She bit her lips and seemed to be in deep thought.

"But why can't I remember anything? I didn't know how I fell unconscious. I only remember that I was going to meet Jack, and what happened after that? I didn't remember a single thing," she mumbled as if she was talking to herself.

"I don't know. I found you lying on the road. I had to ensure that you were safe and get medical help if needed. So after getting you to my place, I called the doctor. The doctor examined you and said that there was nothing to worry about. It seemed you fainted due to exhaustion," I told her a story to make her believe there was nothing to miss.

She nodded, bowing her head. I hoped she believed me.

"Thank you so much, sir. I am very grateful for your help," she said softly.

Awkwardly, she was not looking at me but dding with her ngers.

My heart uttered at her sweet voice.

"Call me Vincent," I commanded.

"Huh!" Her eyebrows shot up as she gasped. Her eyes met mine. Why was she shocked by everything related to me?

"Let me introduce myself," I offered, "I am Vincent Arnault. You can call me Vincent."

"B... but, sir, how can I call you by your name? You seem to be very rich, and I am very poor and nobody. Plus, you helped me twice. I am obliged," she bowed her head, still dgetting with her ngers.

I rolled my eyes. How could someone be so naive?

If there was another girl in her place, she would have taken my offer and would try to get close to me, seeing I was interested in her.

"That's not a big deal. It's just a name," I shrugged, suggesting.

"But sir..." she again tried to oppose. So she was stubborn too.

"It's Vincent to you, Ariana," I insisted, staring at her.

She nodded and began to get up.

"Where are you going? If you need anything, just tell me," I frowned and panicked.

I didn't want her to go. It would be better if she stayed at my place. In that way, she was safe and in front of my eyes.

"I am going home as I feel better now. Thank you so much for your help," she said as she smiled sweetly.

Without waiting for me, she turned on her heels and exited through the door. I closely followed her behind.

She couldn't go like this. I was anxious and needed a reason to stop her. A reason because of why she would agree to stay.

"Can you.. umm... please show me the way out?" She asked as she looked around.

My mansion was huge, and it was not easy to nd anything here without knowing the place.

"Sure. Please follow me," I instructed and led the way. I watched her helplessly strolling out of my mansion.

I offered her my car to go home. At rst, she protested, but then she agreed when I insisted on it a little more.

I stood there dumbfounded, watching her leave my place. I had to immediately think about something so that I could work on my plan. I wanted her back in my mansion.