

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 4 Bloodsucker

As soon as the workday ended, almost everyone had already left the office.

Isabelle stood by the window and looked down at Gary waiting below with flowers in his hand, and she couldn't help thinking how ridiculous it all was.

Gary worked as some low-level government employee in the city, but his dad had pulled strings and paid people off to get him that position. It was basically just a title with no real responsibilities.

His dad owned the biggest car dealership in Aldoria and hated the idea of Isabelle dating his son. He liked Nicole's family background way better.

Nicole's parents both worked in government too, and if the two families joined forces through marriage, government contracts could end up going straight to the Peterson family's shipping business.

So Nicole was determined to make this happen, but since Gary was still technically dating Isabelle, the two of them had to sneak around.

Isabelle stood by the elevator doors with her earbuds in, taking Gary's call.

She scrolled through a comic on her tablet while pulling a disgusted face and putting on a fake sweet voice.

"Okay, babe, you go ahead and I'll meet you there. I'll be on time, don't worry."

She didn't notice that the elevator had already opened, but Brian was holding his hand against the door to keep it from closing.

Her fake sweet expression made Damian—who was inside the elevator—smile ever so slightly.

Brian didn't dare laugh and looked away.

Isabelle added, "Yeah, you know, Mr. Cross is literally a bloodsucker..."

She was about to say something else when she happened to glance up and locked eyes with Damian's dark expression, along with Brian's look

that screamed, "You're so dead."

She panicked and hung up. "Mr. Cross..."

"Mm." Damian nodded.

Somehow she could swear she saw the tiniest hint of a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Get in!" Brian gave her a pointed look.

Isabelle forced a smile and stepped into the elevator, standing off to the side.

An awkward silence settled over all three of them.

Isabelle never thought a single sentence could cause such a big mess.

"Are you heading out on a date?" Damian asked.

"No, I'm gonna go teach a friend a lesson," Isabelle blurted out.

"Need any help?" He didn't seem all that surprised by her answer.

"Not at the moment," she said, forcing another smile.

Brian caught the subtext there.

Gary and Isabelle's situation wasn't a secret among the three of them.

The eighteenth floor, the marketing department level, arrived with a ding, and suddenly, seven or eight people crowded into the elevator.

Brian and Isabelle quickly stepped back.

"Good evening, Mr. Cross!" Everyone greeted him, though nobody seemed too awkward about it.

Damian just nodded slightly.

The marketing people were always so easygoing and loud, cracking jokes all day. Even in the elevator they kept chatting away, their voices filling the small space.

"I don't have any room here. Move over."

Someone said that and the elevator got even more crowded.

Right then, Isabelle felt something warm tighten around her waist, and body heat radiated through her thin blouse. She got pulled over to Damian's side, and her foundation-covered face brushed against his

black suit jacket, leaving a faint streak behind.

But he let go of her hand pretty quickly after that.

Her face instantly felt like it was on fire.

The elevator reached the first floor, and everyone from the PR department swarmed out in a rush, and she could still hear bits of their gossip floating back.

"Did you see those hickeys on Mr. Cross' neck?"

"I heard Mr. Cross had breakfast with someone this morning. Don't know who it was, but judging by those love bites, it's definitely a woman!"

Well, the PR department really lived up to their name.

Isabelle wanted to follow them out, but then she spotted Gary standing right by the entrance waiting for someone, so she quickly shrank back into the corner.

Damian glanced over at her but kept his expression neutral.

"You getting out?" Brian asked with a knowing smile.

Isabelle was absolutely sure he knew something.

If she got out now, she'd run straight into that cheating bastard. But if she stayed in the elevator, she'd have to ride down with Damian and Brian.

She'd come to work in Damian's car this morning, so she couldn't exactly leave in his car too, right?

"I left something upstairs. You guys go ahead. I'll head back up in a sec."

Isabelle threw out the first excuse that came to mind.

The wait felt endless. Even though they were only going down one floor, it dragged on forever, like someone was holding a knife to her throat.

They finally got out at the basement level.

She wanted to leave but couldn't, so she figured she might as well go back to her desk and work on her designs.

Back up on the 28th floor, Isabelle let out a huge breath and walked over to the window to look out at all the city lights spread out below.

She sat back down at her desk, put on some music, and started working on her designs again.

She had no idea how much time had passed when Gary called again. She didn't pick up and just turned off her phone completely, then went to the break room to make herself a cup of coffee before getting back to work.

"Let's see how you like getting stood up, you two-timing asshole," she murmured.

Ten-thirty rolled around.

Isabelle looked over her design and smiled a little. She was actually pretty happy with how it turned out.

She closed her laptop, stretched her arms over her head, grabbed her bag, and headed for the elevator.

"Huh?" Both elevators had their lights turned off.

She pulled out her phone and checked the company group chat. There was a message about elevator maintenance. They wouldn't be running again until eight tomorrow morning.

That meant she'd have to walk down 28 flights of stairs!

She grabbed her phone and snapped a picture of the dark elevators.

"I'm trapped. Will anyone come to my rescue..." She added the caption and posted it to Instagram.

Then she dragged herself over to the creepy emergency stairwell next to the elevators.

She let out a long sigh, tried to psych herself up, and started heading down the stairs.

She'd barely made it down two steps when her phone suddenly rang and startled her so badly that she let out a scream. The phone slipped right out of her hands before she could even see who was calling, and it

went tumbling down to the landing below.

A bell echoed through the stairwell and then stopped, and suddenly, everything went dark. The only sound left was her own ragged breathing.

She fumbled around until she found her phone, but the screen stayed black. It must've broken when she dropped it.

Oh great. Just my luck.

She kept pressing the power button, hoping she could somehow salvage this disaster and get it to turn back on.

The phone stayed dead, but the motion sensor light upstairs flickered on.

Then she heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Dress shoes were hitting the concrete, and someone was breathing quietly.

"Who's there?" She pressed herself back against the wall and felt sweat breaking out on her forehead.

The second she finished speaking, a tall figure appeared on the landing above her.

He stood with the light behind him, so his face was hidden in shadow, and the weak glow from the sensor light made it impossible to see his expression clearly.

"Me. The bloodsucker boss."

She recognized Damian's voice immediately.

"Mr. Cross, what are you doing here?" Isabelle asked, her voice shaking.

"Vampires usually hunt at night, don't they?"

She could practically hear the smirk in Damian's voice when he said that.

Isabelle was speechless. This guy really knew how to hold a grudge.

But her panic started to ease up a little. At least it wasn't some random creep.

Then again, he probably wasn't exactly a saint either.

"Come upstairs," he said.

"I'm going home."

Suddenly, she felt more terrified of Damian than of being stuck in any dark stairwell.

Damian let out a barely audible sigh. "The first floor's locked. You can't get out."

He paused. "Elevator maintenance usually takes one to two hours. If you don't mind, come up and have some coffee."

Could she say she did mind?

But it wasn't like she had any other options.

Damian didn't wait for her answer and just headed back upstairs.

Isabelle stared down into the pitch-black void below her, and she decided following him was the better choice.

The 30th floor even had keycard access on the fire escape door.