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Damon's POV

Her waist fit perfectly in my hands like it was made for me. I couldn't stop staring at her lips, full and parted, glistening in the dim light of the hallway. I hadn't even seen her face, but I didn't need to. The way she moved, the way she smelled, vanilla and something darker, muskier, like danger wrapped in silk, it was enough to drive me mad.

She pulled me into the storage room. The air was thick with heat and adrenaline. I didn't wait. I couldn't. I kissed her, hard, tasting her lips like they were the only thing that could quench the fire in my chest. She kissed me back with a hunger that matched mine, her hands already tugging at my belt, fumbling with my zipper.

In one swift motion, she freed my cock, her eyes flicking down with a wicked grin.

"Damn," she whispered, her voice a sultry tease. "You're already this hard?"

I smirked, breathless. "That's your fault."

She chuckled, low and wicked. "You need to be patient."

"Not my strong suit," I murmured, pressing her against the wall, my hands roaming, memorizing every curve.

Then she pulled back, just enough to look up at me. "You want me to suck you?"

"Yes," I said, my voice hoarse. "Damn, please."

Suddenly, she reached into her purse and pulled out a silk tie, deep crimson, smooth and gleaming under the flickering light.

"What's that for?" I asked.

She smiled, slow and knowing. "For a little thrill."

I raised an eyebrow. "Kinky," I teased.

"Let's remove your mask," she whispered.

Without thinking twice, I reached up and tore it off, tossing it carelessly. The air felt colder against my skin, but her gaze made me burn all over again.

“Can I see your face too?” I asked.

She smiled. “Later,” she said softly, teasing me with that promise. Then she lifted the tie, holding it between her fingers. “For now, put this on.”

I didn’t resist. I let her slip the silk over my eyes, her fingers brushing my skin as she tied it behind my head. Darkness swallowed me whole. My other senses sharpened. I could hear her breathing, feel the heat of her body near mine, smell that intoxicating mix of vanilla and something wild.

“Once I tell you to take it off,” she whispered, “then you take it off. Not before.”

“Can we meet again after this?” I asked, my voice softer now, vulnerable in a way I didn’t expect.

“Sure,” she purred. “If you’re good.”

I grinned. “I’m always good.”

“Stay there,” she said. “I’m just taking off my heels so I can kneel properly.”

“Okay, baby. Take your time.”

I waited, heart thudding in my chest. My hands twitched at my sides, aching to touch her again. I could almost feel her breath on me, the ghost of her lips still tingling on mine.

But then... silence.

No breath. No movement. Just the hum of the overhead light and the distant thump of music from the party outside.

“Baby?” I called out.

Nothing.

I frowned. “You okay?”

Still nothing.

A chill crept up my spine. I reached up, fingers fumbling with the knot, and yanked the blindfold off.

And froze.

The door was wide open. Light spilled in, harsh and unforgiving. A group of people stood just outside, some laughing, some with their phones raised, recording. My heart stopped. My stomach dropped.

I looked down.

My pants were still unzipped, and I was fully exposed.

My erection out in the open, unmistakable. I stood there, caught off guard, vulnerable. A spectacle for every pair of eyes staring through that open door.

The woman... was gone. No trace of her. No name. No face. Just the scent of vanilla lingering in the air, mocking me.

I backed away from the door, yanking my zipper up, my face burning. My ears rang with the sound of laughter, of whispers, of camera shutters clicking.

I'd been played.

Set up.

Humiliated.

And the worst part? I didn't even know who she was. Just a pair of lips, a scent, a voice that promised pleasure and left me with shame.

I yanked the zipper up, my face burning hotter than any fire I'd felt before. The laughter, the gasps, the clicking of phones all slammed into me like a wave I couldn't fight.

I stormed out of that damn storage room, shoving anyone in my path without a care. Their surprised yelps and curses barely registered. All I could feel was the heat of humiliation still burning through me. Every step I took was fueled by rage, my fists clenching and unclenching as I forced my way toward the exit.

Behind me, my friends followed trying to match my pace. I reached the parking lot.

"Goddammit!" I hissed, grinding my teeth. I could still hear the faint murmurs and giggles from inside, but I didn't care. I didn't want to hear them. Not now.

"What the hell is going on?!" Nate finally blurted, eyes wide, voice sharp.

I gritted my teeth, fists clenching at my sides. "That... that bitch played me! She set this whole thing up!"

Maxwell shook his head slowly, disbelief written across his face. "Damon... that girl. The one in the black dress? She led us there. Told us there was something in the storage room,

and... we didn't even know it was you with your..." he broke off, grimacing, gesturing vaguely.

I spun toward him, rage burning hotter with every word. "Yeah, thanks for pointing it out, genius! You think I don't know what I just went through? You think this isn't humiliating enough?"

Nate swallowed, looking at me like he'd just seen me crack in half. "Man... that was insane. She... she set the entire thing. We... we didn't even—"

"I don't care what you didn't know!" I snapped, voice low and dangerous. "That bitch made me look like a damn fool, and she laughed while doing it!"

My chest heaved, every muscle tight with anger. I could feel the adrenaline coursing through me, hot and raw, making my hands shake slightly. "She knows exactly what she's doing. She planned every second to humiliate me!"

Adrian's voice cut through the haze. "Do you know her?"

I turned to him, jaw clenched, eyes burning. "I didn't see her face."

"It's gotta be one of your exes," Marcus muttered, arms crossed. "You've pissed off enough of them."

"Bitter," Adrian added. "Like, revenge-level bitter."

I scoffed, running a hand through my hair, still trying to process what had just happened. "None of them would go this far," I said, though even I wasn't sure if I believed it.

Adrian stepped closer, lowering his voice. "You sure you didn't recognize anything? Her voice?"

I shook my head. "No."

"She played you," Marcus said bluntly. "And she made sure there was an audience."

I swallowed hard, the humiliation settling deep in my gut. "I need to find her. I need to know who she is. Why she did this."

The next morning my head still thrummed with the aftertaste of last night. Not booze or adrenaline this time, but the bitter tang of humiliation.

By nine, my house smelled like coffee and the sort of cold planning that had seen me through worse. My friends hovered near the kitchen island like they'd been drafted into a war-room. I drained a glass of water and didn't bother with small talk.

The investigators arrived with polite smiles and binders. They got to work fast. One of them set up a portable monitor on my dining table, and soon grainy footage from the club's CCTV began to flicker across the screen.

We watched in silence.

Time crawled.

Until one of the investigators turned toward me, holding a printed frame from the footage and a clipboard.

"We ran the plate number from the car she left in," he said. "It's registered to a Leilanna Velmor. Does that name mean anything to you?"

I froze.

The name hit me like a punch to the gut. My grip tightened around the glass in my hand, and for a second, I thought I might crush it. The air felt thinner. My pulse roared in my ears.

That bitch.

My friends reacted instantly.

"Holy shit," Marcus breathed, eyes wide. "Leilanna? That was her?"

"Where the hell has she been hiding that body?" Nate muttered.

I shot him a glare. He caught it instantly, his hands flying up in surrender.

"Hey, hey," he said quickly, backing up a step. "I didn't mean it like that. I'm just saying... damn, her body's insane. I didn't expect it, alright? She always wears those oversized sweaters, baggy jeans... like she was trying to disappear."

Marcus snorted. "Yeah, well, she sure as hell didn't disappear last night."

Nate nodded, still defensive. "I mean, come on. She looked like a damn goddess. I didn't even recognize her. She's been hiding all that under layers like she was prepping for a snowstorm."

I didn't respond. My jaw was still tight, my mind still spinning. Leilanna knew exactly what she was doing, every curve, every glance, every whisper. She used her body like bait, and I walked right into the trap.

Adrian leaned against the counter, arms crossed. "She knew you'd follow her. She knew you'd want her."

“She made sure I did,” I said, voice low. “She made sure I wouldn’t see her face. Just enough to make me want more. Just enough to make me blind.”

Maxwell exhaled slowly. “And now she’s got you on every phone screen in the city. She hasn’t learned her lesson, huh?”

“Maybe this is payback,” Nate added, voice low. “For the stunt we pulled back then. The kidnapping.”

Maxwell raised an eyebrow. “She hasn’t stopped plotting, has she?”

I stared at the monitor where her blurred figure disappeared into the shadows. I clenched my fists, the memory of her lips still burning on mine.

Marcus raised an eyebrow. “So what now?”

I didn’t answer. My eyes stayed locked on the monitor, watching the last flicker of her silhouette vanish into the shadows like smoke.

I turned to the lead investigator. “Give me her address.”

He nodded. “We traced the registration. Just give us a minute.”

The room buzzed with quiet urgency. My friends watched me, silent now.

Minutes later, the investigator handed me a slip of paper. I didn’t even look at it. I just grabbed my keys off the counter, the metal biting into my palm like a promise.

“Where are you going?” Adrian asked.

I didn’t stop walking. “To return the favor.”