

Chapter 2: Viper

The bass was enough to make his stomach churn. He might have been used to it by then, if it ever got any easier. Instead, he let it carry him, like some sick heartbeat that tried to break free. Viper kicked himself into the air, entangling his body with the pole, to wind back down until he felt his skin upon the hard, cold concrete floor. When he tilted his head back and arched his back, to open his eyes and look upon them, he saw him there, the one he wanted; more than anything, but just for that night.

So he threw around his legs, his arms and his waist until he felt their eyes all over him. In his head, he sang along to the music, pretending to be anywhere but there, just long enough to forget what he was doing. He spun around again, moving to the floor after another flourish, this time feeling a hand under his chin. Now slipping back into reality, he looked into the man's eyes and grinned in the only way he knew, his eyes calling the CEO to the door backstage.

He would finish his routine until his shift was over. He knew that, in but a few moments, the cameras would go dark for just about long enough, so he paced over to the edge of the stage and sat down there, putting his foot to the man's chest when he tried to get up from his seat. Viper made eye contact, looking for that hunger he knew, only to trail his gaze down, to the man's hand in his pocket. Green in his hand, Viper risked a touch, but only for long enough to have him wanting for more.

Before he knew it, he was peeling a hand from his waist, taking it with his own, and guiding the one attached. There,

the pounding of the bass faded out until it was just his beating heart, in tandem with the only other in the room. These booths were soundproof; he knew he had the time.

Dorian tried to get high on the man's touch, but he convinced himself, long ago, that it was impossible like this. Instead, he tried to drown in the man's eyes, like he did in glass after glass. It worked for a moment, when the businessman explored every uncovered corner of his body, only to start uncovering more.

Dorian humoured him for a while, allowing him to cross that line for but a few minutes. Carefully, he stepped over that ledge, falling into the darkness that lingered within. Moments later, he found himself on his back; far enough.

He stopped the man in his tracks, placing his hand on the other's chest. Carefully he whispered a lie so sweet that it made the carnivore withdraw, just long enough for Dorian to nudge him back against the couch. Dorian then placed himself on the man's lap, his hands still on his chest. He applied the tiniest amount of pressure, when he started to raise his grasp to the base of the man's neck, kissing him the only way he knew.

Just as the resistance faded and the man started to melt away, Dorian tightened his grip on the other's neck and squeezed but lightly, listening as a moan escaped the predator's lips. Dorian tilted the man's head to the side to bare his flesh. He applied just that little bit more pressure, until the vein just barely popped from below the skin, then he held the man down without any force, plunging his lips upon the skin. For a moment, all he did was indulge the other, until he bit down but lightly.

The man barely even struggled when two razor sharp needles were plunged into his neck, ditching the most vicious of neurotoxins into his blood. Dorian backed away just slightly, watching as the man raised his hand to grasp someone, anyone, only to back away again. Dorian watched as the wolf's strength faded and the lights in his eyes seeped into the darkness.

"Go to sleep," Dorian whispered to him, before the man closed his eyes forever. The grin on Dorian's face faded with the man's life. He got up from the dead man's lap and lingered by the door for a moment, before leaving it all behind.

Just moments later, Dorian found himself outside in the softest of rains, where a figure stood, waiting in the alleyway behind Club Blacklight. Dorian hummed a greeting to him, to which the silhouette raised a hand in a gentle wave.

Dorian: "He should be dead by now. Seer, sir."

Seer: "Efficiently handled, as always. You may go; we shall clean up now."

Seer hummed a quiet order to his Peacekeepers, their previously darkened armour now lighting up with a sinister red. Dorian watched as they all went in through the backdoor, one by one. He swore he could hear the music stop from out there.

Dorian: "My payment?"

Seer: "Awaiting you at your apartment. I look forward to working with you again."

This man named Seer stood still as a statue's shadow, before suddenly taking a step into the light. Dorian could not help

but wince at the appearance of the Seer's unnerving helmet, which possessed almost no armour at all, consisting almost entirely of a screen that showed a red eye, moving around presumably with the man's own gaze underneath.

Dorian: "Sir, I- I want to stop doing this."

Seer: "Done with the bloodied palms?"

Dorian: "More like done with all this cloak and dagger. This was my last assignment, I think."

"Oh but Dorian," the Seer's deep voice rumbled from behind the mask as he stepped forward again and rested a hand on Dorian's shoulder. It took everything Dorian had not to flinch.

Seer: "Why don't we discuss that over a drink sometime?"

Dorian: "O-okay sir."

Seer: "That's a good pup. Again, stay safe."

With that, Seer headed into the building as well, leaving Dorian alone out there; alone with the rain and the arrival of a news reporter. Dorian was quick to leave the scene, after that, making it home unscathed soon after.

Once he had made it back into his apartment, he ignored the credit card on his doormat for the time being, instead opting to head into his bedroom right away. He lingered by the window for just a moment, glancing out at the rainy streets, before moving along to his wardrobe. There, he changed his t-shirt and shorts for sweatpants and a hoodie, before burying himself under the sheets of his bed.

He would have sworn that he could see that glaring, red eye in his dreams.