

Ducat Can Lour

Always the chaser, never the chaste

The Embrace

The night scene was always full of life. Hordes of people flocked every night to bars and clubs across the city, drinking, dancing, and revelling the darkness away to a pounding beat.

A man strode purposefully across the floor, a sea of bodies parting before his confident stride. Faces and eyes glanced his way as he passed, suggestive smiles and straying gazes; the way this man walked, anyone would think that he owned not only the club, but everyone in it and the entire night, too.

Leaning against the bar, he is served promptly by the tender, a tall clear glass with a single olive. More than the drink's worth was passed to the tender, and the man turned to survey his prey.

So many young faces. So many hearts beating to the music. Glistening bodies writhed like a mass of indistinguishable figures. He sneered. Was there none among them worth-

There she was. A pale face caught his eye from the shadows in the far corner. Deep, colourful eyes shone, her intense red hair seeming to glow in the dance lights.

Smiling, the man finished his drink and strode out to the floor, but in that mere moment he was turned she had slipped back into the darkness.

Unperturbed from losing sight of her, he walked smoothly toward the corner, the dancing figures once more parting at his mere presence.

He stepped into the dark corner, the occasional flash of light the only illumination. She wasn't there. Turning, he once again cast his gaze over the room. Playfully, her eyes met his again, this time at a booth against a wall. Coily, she slipped out of sight into the booth.

Seeming to enjoy this game of cat and mouse, the man crossed over to the booth, smoothly

rounding the corner, placing both hands upon the table, a winning smile across his face.

"Such beautiful eyes-" he stops. She isn't there. Where could she had gone? He had watched the booth the entire time he was crossing the room. A hand firmly stroked across his back, a soft feminine voice whispering in his ear.

"You were saying something about my eyes?"

He smiled, smoothly turning to take one of her hands. Now this was a game with two players.

"Demand attention." He finished, lightly kissing her hand. Her perfume wafted up to him, a fine brand, an exquisite scent. Taking the chance to look at her, her shoes, clothes, hair, and makeup were all top class.

Leading her into the booth, he seated her before taking an opposite seat.

"Ducat Can Lour" she said, savouring every syllable. "I had a feeling I would find you here tonight."

Ducat smiled back at her. "You have me at a disadvantage, my lady. Mrs..."

"Miss." She smiled back. "Miss Angela King."

Never heard of her... Ducat thought, the smile never faltering for a moment. "Well then, Ms. King. The pleasure is mine. Perhaps a drink."

The evening passed by as if in a blur. They drank, speaking for a while before taking to the floor. She moved with an ethereal grace, fluid like water, intense as the sun or a full moon.

Taking her back to his luxurious city apartment, they had little time for words. Passion and intensity burned through them, surging like an unstoppable avalanche.

As the pressure built to a peak, she gazed down at him intensely. "Prepare for a pleasure like you have never experienced."

The pain lasted only a moment, washed away in the euphoria of the darkness that enveloped them.

Life of the Night

Like being born again for the first time, Ducat finally knew the reality of the world.

Spending every night and every day with his sire, he learned the true nature of life and humanity.

Already considered to be an eccentric rich-boy, Ducat's complete change of lifestyle went by unnoticed. Already endowed with wealth and affluence, Ducat found himself in a whole new social circle to enter.

Angela taught entered him into the society of the night, meeting with others like themselves, smiles and handshakes, drinks and high-mannered conversation.

But Angela very quickly tired of them, almost seeming like this was all a necessary burden to be done with. The fire reignited in her eyes whenever they left, whenever they could once again be among the people.

As the weeks went by, she explained how she had little time for all the social pleasantries and niceties. She really didn't care for all that pandering and sitting around. No. The time when she feels is alive is around humans, in the night clubs, in the thrall of the music and the heat.

Slowly, she taught Ducat her secrets, her tricks and powers. Some seemed natural for those of her class, but others seemed harder, more wilful.

She revealed how she could mingle among the humans, how she could appear as any mortal would, how to sway those who would listen, and how to move those that would not.

Life was not so straightforward for Ducat. While he burned for the passion he shared with his sire, so too was he courted by the others who would have him work with them.

Ducat's stature, wealth, and obvious sophistication made him an obvious candidate for all manner of role within the dark society, if he would only embrace it and part with Angela's ways.

The temptation was strong, especially from Dalia, a brunette almost as intense and passionate as Angela.

Whether she was simply a pawn being used to seduce Ducat to their side, or truly someone who saw potential in him, she played a larger and larger part in his upbringing.

Other skills, other knowledge, was imparted upon Ducat by her. Things that lay more in line with her clan's way of working. More often than not, things that Angela had skewed or hidden from him.

Inevitably, Angela and Dalia would clash over him. Each eager to steer him toward their own path. Ducat could do nothing but let them wage their personal war over him.

Everything finally came to a head as the pair declared an ultimatum. Neither could convince the other, nor were they prepared to let him go. Ducat had to choose; the passion of the night, or the order of darkness. Angela, or Dalia.

He craved the society he had been introduced to. There was so much on offer to him should he side with Dalia. But then, his roots lay in that dark place, that carnal darkness with Angela.

Siding with Angela, Dalia merely narrowed her eyes as they left together.