

Who's Seducing Who?

Evelynn licked her lips at the sight of the man.

He fairly sparkled as he walked, an expression of utter contentment on his face. He smiled and winked at passersby, somehow managing to be graceful while he strolled lazily down the lane. How confident! How sure of himself! How delicious his pain would be!

She flitted noiselessly after him, hiding her allure in the shadows. When the time was right, she would feast. Oooh, to spend a night getting under his skin... The thought gave her goosebumps.

He walked for some time, the shadows growing long, until he abruptly sat on a bench. The street was empty - save for him - but the locale was bit more public than Evelynnn would have liked. She hated the thought of having to rush things... Oh well – perhaps they would get an audience.

She smoothed her curves with her hands and stepped out from the shadows. As the man's eyes came to rest on her, she beckoned to him with an alluring finger.

She smiled in anticipation as he looked her up and down, but to her surprise, instead of rising to follow, he smiled and winked at her before looking away.

She froze for a moment, taken aback. This did not happen.

She moaned and writhed seductively, drawing his eyes again and backing slowly into the shadows, beckoning.

He laughed quietly, unfazed. To her annoyance, he blew her a kiss before looking away again.

Evelynn looked down at herself. Everything was in place; he should be tripping over himself to reach her. She looked up at the man. His long hair blew softly in the breeze and she would swear she actually saw a twinkle of light on his teeth when he smiled. She had to admit... he was outrageously beautiful.

She scowled and marched toward him. As she left the shadows, her scowl became a smile and her march became a glide. He would desire her, and then... he would scream.

As she neared the man, he looked at her again. His expression could only be described as... amused resignation.

"What's a girl gotta do-" She began, her voice dripping with desire.

"Alright, alright." Taric interrupted. "Just one." He stood and strolled toward her with a smile.

Finally, Evelynnn thought. She stopped advancing and waited for him, an evil smile on her lips. As he walked, she couldn't help but stare. His chest was so firm it looked to have been chiseled from the gems he wore. She shook her head to clear it. This was perhaps the most beautiful man she had ever seen. His confidence and contentment were as solid as his physique. His pain would be the most delicious thing she had tasted since the rune wars! She shivered as she attempted to contain her anticipation.

Finally he reached her, and before she could react, he draped his arm companionably around her and raised a large gem in front of them. There was a blinding flash of light, and Taric handed her the gem. Evelynn looked down and saw that on the gem's largest surface was a clear image of the two of them, with Taric's arm around her.

"Bye now!" Taric said cheerfully. "Don't mention it, it was my pleasure." He flipped his hair with a smile and began walking away.

"Now wait just a minute!" Evelynn hissed at his back. "No one rejects me! I am *desire*!" She began stomping toward him again.

Taric turned, a confused frown on his face. "Sorry what? Who are you? Did you not want the picture?"

Evelynn threw the gem at him, which he caught with infuriating ease.

"I am Evelynn! I am the embodiment of desire!" She threw herself at Taric, pressing her body against his and planting a wet kiss on his surprised mouth. None could resist—

Taric recoiled.

"Oh good grief, contain yourself woman!" He sputtered, holding her by the shoulders. "I swear, does this really need to happen every time I go out? I know I am attractive, but this is a bit much!"

Evelynn's eyes went wide with rage and she screamed back at him. "You are attractive!? I am Evelynn! There is not a man who—"

"Never heard of you!" Taric roared back. "Get back to me when all of Targon knows your name, and your face!" He ran a hand through his hair before stomping away, cursing under his breath. Evelynn noted through the haze of her rage that he was wiping his mouth in disgust with a handkerchief.

She stood, frozen with rage until he was out of sight.

Rejection. It flayed the satisfaction from her soul like she did the skin of her victims. What had he said? 'Get back to me when all of Targon knows your name and face.' She spun and slunk into the shadows. There was apparently imperfection in her form. She would find it, and purge it. All of Targon would know her – and she would find that man again. He would concede to her beauty and she would bathe in his pain.

As she firmed her resolve, she realized to her chagrin that she was actually picturing his face. She could still feel his body against hers. She screamed into the night, a terrifying wail of demonic rage.

She had never felt so violated.