

She stands on the sidewalk in the middle of this old cobble stone bridge. Though she has travelled it thousands of times during the day, or at least by car, during the night just standing here waiting for her date's contact makes her feel so uncomfortable. She adjusts her short shorts and her midriff top. Despite the warm day, the night seems to have taken on an unexpected chill. She looks over to her man for the night and he looks back to her. His smile seems to quell her uneasiness. Doesn't hurt that he seems to be made of money, too. She prefers her companions without fur or a tail but he's paid for the entire night so far. She'll let it slide.

Lights flicker in the distance but she thinks nothing of it, and instead watches him make a call before absent mindedly pulling out her own phone to see what time it is. It's shortly past midnight and she has a message from a friend. With a sly grin she quickly taps out a response before placing it back in her purse.

"So how long before we meet this 'friend' of yours?" She sighs out in boredom.

"He's nearby," He replies, "Just up the street now."

She huffs and turns her head. Seeing closer lights now flickering out, she adjusts her top again to try to stretch the fabric to cover more skin. The chill of the night does not seem to relent. More lights have failed along the bridge, and the darkness is creeping ever closer to her from that side of the bridge. She looks to him for some answer, and he looks back to her with those calming brown eyes.

"Don't worry, I'm sure it's just a short in the bridges electrical," He assures her, "It is over a hundred years old, and it's bound to happen."

"Okay, if you say so, but if you try to pull something, so help me," she glares at him, her sweet complexion curling into a snarl before returning to being the beautiful date she made herself up to be. Lights just above them and nearby are beginning to dim. Something is approaching and she feels very uneasy about it. More lights darken rapidly, and she pulls her phone out to have some sort of illumination against the encroaching night. She can hear the faint echoes of someone walking towards them and she jumps up, leaning down a bit to hide behind her date.

"There he is," He exclaims. He adjusts himself a bit and seems to stand taller. The bridge lights are all gone; leaving them in total darkness, save for her phone and she just noticed the screen has begun to flicker. She struggles with the device, mashing buttons as it shows flashes of scrambled images before that too has gone dark. Now they stand in total pitch. The steps are very loud, and very far apart. Either this person is shuffling or...

That thought is cut off quickly as she hears something click, then a bright light glows in her date's hand. The light exposes a figure towering over both of them. She screams for a moment as it growls at the light.

"Must you?" It asks. The voice is deep and though the words were spoken softly, she seems to feel it pass through her, giving her goose bumps.

“Well my guest was feeling uneasy,” the foxen turns to her, “Are you alright?” She simply nods to his question feeling the concern in his voice. “Good. This is a friend of mine, he just happens to be this way,” With a bit of grin he waves his free hand over to the nine foot tall man.

Looking him over, she sees that he too, is very well dressed. A long coat to accentuate his slenderness and seems to make him appear even taller. Beneath that a nicely pressed vested suit can be barely seen. The whole outfit has several variances of black so that all pieces seem to stand out a bit from the rest. Her fear subsides a bit from how well he is dressed. Looking further up her eyes are locked to his. They have an amber glow which only brings the uneasiness back to her.

The tall man extends a hand gently to her, as well as leaning over as to not be so tall over her. His hair drapes over his shoulders as a single silken, curtain from his gesture.

“You may call me D,” His deep voice reverberates through her body even though she is still behind her date.

“It’s short for Darren, but he likes to make himself more ‘mysterious’,” the foxen motions with air quotes to add to his sarcasm, as if the eye roll wasn’t enough. Darren growls a bit at his comment before returning his gaze to the lady in hiding. She reaches out and meets Darren’s hand. Her hazel skin is in stark contrast to his pale palm. He closes his fingers around her hand, making the comparatively tiny thing disappear. She thinks of how cold it is to the touch but assumes it’s because he has been walking in this cold night. They shake, and she retracts her hand before her date turns to her and hands her the portable light.

“You hold on to this while... D, and I discuss business. Don’t worry, it’ll only be a moment and then we’ll be off to Cauldron,” Her eyes light up at that mentioning, the Cauldron being an extremely exclusive night club where entry would need to be reserved months in advance. She snatches the light and steps away from the two, before resting on the curb, pressing her knees together to keep anything from slipping out. She can’t make out what they are saying as they begin using some other language, something that sounds much like a combination of growls, grunts and clicks. She sighs, but at the same time keeps stealing glances to see any clues of what they are talking about. An envelope is exchanged as well as something in a brown paper bag that she did not see before. They both shake hands after a moment, each clasping the shake with their free hands, and nod. The tall man turns away and fades off into the darkness, or appears that way to her anyways. She stands back up, wiping her backside of any dust from the curb and straightens her outfit.

“So,” She starts, “How do we get there? I’m pretty sure we were dropped off by a taxi here there is no way that I am walking there in these heels.”

“Relax little one our ride,” he pauses for dramatics, and as if by cue the lights return on the bridge simultaneously, “Is here!” Before them a long car, much like a limousine, sits across the road with a door being held open by the driver as though it had been there the entire time. She looks to him and narrows her eyes for a moment before running across the street and lets herself in. He has yet to get his light back, and he is sure that she just pocketed it. He follows her across the bridge and thanks the driver

before climbing as well. With the door closed, the driver in the front seat and the vehicle in motion they head off to The Cauldron.

He's talking about how it used to be a dive or something, but she is trying to figure out how her phone failed, and came back, but didn't let her know she missed three messages in the mean time. She heard that it had been a long time but she still finds it less interesting than what he and that tall man was talking about.

"Anyways, when we get there, what did you have in mind my dear?" She has been caught with a question, yet manages to reply as if she has been listening the entire time.

"Let's get some drinks," She adds a wink to the statement, which seals the suggestion most of the time, unless they're blind, in that case she touches the shoulder instead.

The vehicle stopped quickly, but smoothly enough not to toss the passengers. A moment later the door facing the club opened letting in the neon from the entrance. First she stepped out, then her man shortly later at the front of a very long line. The building itself is four stories tall, and has a giant cauldron with a bubbling green fluid spilling over, all in neon, obscuring the second and part of the third floor façade. It, much like this part of town, is a hybrid of old and new building materials with old bricks and glass walls accenting the shape of the structure.

The foxen man walks up to his escort and offers an arm to her, which she takes, before they walk directly to the entrance. There are complaints murmuring from the crowd. Someone recognizes him and soon the murmurs change. The door man allows them to enter without hesitation.

Inside the music thumps heavily while lights and smoke fill the air. The entranceway has an otherworldly feel from the colors and laser lights in an unexpectedly narrow hall which widens out to expose a dance floor below them and stairs to both sides leading to the balconies above and the dance floor below. She follows him to the left, up the stairs to the balconies above. She is led past lounge chairs, couches, tables, and possibly very expensive bottles of champagne. At the back she finds herself at an empty spot facing a brick wall before the foxen reaches up and knocks on the brick. The wall shifts, opens and slides to the side with two more door men waiting to make sure someone didn't accidentally open the entrance. They look the two over before allowing them through, which is another narrow hall, but pure white and devoid of any of the smoke that permeates the rest of the club. The wall closes behind them with a loud crunch startling her. She whips around and is surprised to find the guards gone. A short walk later and they are at the entrance of an elevator opening which breaks the sterile design of the hall. The elevator interior is crimson and black leather padding, reminiscent of the original elevator interior design. She is a bit confused about how much longer she needs to travel when he pulls out a key with a round shape to its design instead of more traditional narrow keys. No buttons to press, just a key to lock in and the elevator close, then rides up to the fourth floor.

With the exception of the ceiling, the entire floor is walled in glass, the music is more subdued, and the interior décor is a combination of glass and steel. The central bar has large colored tanks in a circular shape at the center of the lounge, all of which have spouts at the base for easy pouring. She watches a

bartender go to several taps, layering the colors within the glass to the attendee's orders. Everyone in this room has more power, influence, and most importantly, money than many businesses within the city.

"Alright hun," he starts as she still seems to be in a bit of awe, "Unfortunately I have some networking to do, but before I get caught up, how about that drink?" He walks her over to the bar and calls a bartender over, "I would like a Bad Apple and for you?" he looks down to her petite self, but she still seems confused, "Don't worry. A Bad Apple and Sweet Misery," He pays the bartender first before the plain looking man turns around and begins siphoning different colors for the drink requests. The Bad Apple is ready first. While completely green, there is a small splotch of black at the center of the short glass.

"I'll be back in a little bit, but in the mean time, relax! Enjoy yourself!" With that said he takes his drink and walks over to a crowd of stuffy looking men and women. Her drink arrives a moment later and is striped in three layers. The top is rose red, the second is electric blue, and the bottom is green much like his Bad Apple, but in a tall narrow glass and with a straw. She takes her drink and turns herself around before setting down on the barstool, crossing her legs and leaning back. The first taste is incredibly sweet. It isn't long before a suitor manages to come across her, and she flashes him a shy and mischievous smile. A conversation is soon had between the two.

The night continues on and she is shocked to find a powerfully sour middle layer that burns her tongue and throat on its way down. The sharply dressed man laughs at her sudden misery and asks who she originally came with. Their conversation continues on and concludes with phone numbers being exchanged and his interest piqued in what her job is.

Her date finally returns with an empty glass, and hands it to the bartender, "Ah! I have some friends who would like to meet you!" He takes her hand and guides her from the bar out to the same group she saw him vanish into originally. They are all fancifully dressed, with silken ties, sashes, sequin dresses, scarves around the men's necks and feathers in the women's hair. She feels more self-conscious about her attire. When she first met him it was a fast food restaurant, so when he asked her out, she did not plan on this. She did have something nicer to wear at home but she reassures herself that the stares she receives are that of lust and jealousy. She eyes one particular man from the group that she recognizes, and she can see he recognizes her. They are introduced to each other and go on as if they never have met.

She replies at times when her date tries to pull back into the conversation, but the majority of the time she spends silently watching and taking mental notes of the corporate stratagems being exchanged here, they come in handy later this week. It is with a yawn that she is starting to feel just how late the hour is and looks to him. He nods and maneuvers to her.

"Are you alright?" He looks to her with those caring eyes, which seems to be breaking through defenses slowly. She doesn't like the idea of being dominated and manages to force a yawn to break contact and recomposes herself.

"This place is beautiful," She honestly says, "But I am feeling a bit worn out, y'know, long day at work and all," He nods and seems a bit upset, most likely because he spent most of their evening working.

"Well..." He starts for a moment then thinks it over, "It is getting late, and I have yet more work in the morning." He says with some disappointment, "I'll take you home."

Downstairs, the limo is waiting for them as they exit the building. The final sting of that third layer still lingers on her tongue yet leaves her wanting a second. Inside the vehicle, he thanks her and compliments her outfit, as well as other attempts of flirtation as they ride to her apartment building. She seems distant as they continue along the road, leaving to him wonder what she is occupied with. He decides not to pursue it and simply enjoys her company as she pulls out her phone for the dozenth time to text her friend.

"So, who is that?" He asks her casually, "I understand if it's a concerned friend, making sure some rich weirdo didn't lock you up in a dungeon or anything," she doesn't reply to his question for a moment before looking back up to him. He looks back to her with those eyes, somehow making her feel sheepish. It's frustrating her and she shakes it off before it becomes something else.

"No," she replies shortly, "I'm just keeping in contact with my roomie, she left her key at home and she has no way in right now. I'm just keeping her calm."

"That is very sweet. I wish I had a roommate more like yours, or you the first time I moved out on my own," She thinks about that. Someone with this much money needing a roommate when he first moved out? Maybe his parents put him on some cruel isolation for a while to teach him humility or some other crap the rich don't need. She catches bits and pieces describing how hard it was, and how separated he was from those who could help. She's keeping her distance as tonight is all business; he just doesn't need to know that so she sits nods and listens to an extent.

The longer than expected ride has come to an end, as they pull up to the entrance of her apartment building in the northern part of the city. The buildings may not be as tall or glamorous as those found at the heart of this sprawling city, but they still provide quite the comfort. Once more she exits first, followed by her date after the driver has opened the door to the sidewalk for their exit. The night air is not as chilly here as it was on the bridge and the half moon shines down on them brightly. She looks up to find the foxen wrapping her in his warm embrace and allows herself to be held by him this time. His body seems to contour to her body and cover her with the same comfort that could be found with a warm blanket on a cold night.

"I had a fun time," she says softly, and with true earnestness, "I hope next time we can be more alone," she runs a slender finger along his shoulder and he smiles warmly to her.

"It's a promise," he presses his forehead to hers, which causes her heart to flutter for a brief moment. There is something about this critter that just seems to get to her. One side of her mind is growing frustrated at the way he finds himself in her heart, the other side is giggling too much to think straight.

They break their embrace and with a final wave farewell he leaves for his limo, leaving her to fight with her own feelings.

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It has been a few nights since her date with the anthro business man and she finds herself exiting her bedroom in her panties only. She looks back to the unconscious suitor from that night as he has long drifted to sleep. In his half drunk haze he's babbled some important news for that could help the right buyer.

In the kitchen she stands beneath the moonlight and flips her phone open. Bathed in its unnatural glow she transmits the information she has gathered to her database for future reference. She pauses for a moment and thinks back to that embrace and involuntarily running her left hand along her right shoulder. She catches herself after, but not before letting out a slow sigh. Even if she focuses on business her client is still patiently waiting on the full report on how that foxen makes his money.

"Just one more date," she whispers to herself, "To give him time to open up."

It isn't him that she's waiting to open up but herself. She sets her phone onto the brunch table by the window and looks out to the night. She thinks of what to wear and where he may take her to next.

It is unfortunate that her suitor has dreamt his last thought. Blood soaks through the pillow as his life is pulled away from his cooling body. The phone sits open on her table and begins to flicker, the light being stifled once more.

The looming shadow behind her reminds himself to thank the foxen for not just one but two delicious souls when they meet again.