

A Chance Meeting

By Holo

Jessi liked this new city she was visiting. The downtown area was nothing but high-rises that housed the offices of some of the biggest-name companies around. The daunting glass and steel structures rose high enough to blot out the sun at all hours but high noon, keeping the streets below a constant, and mostly comfortable temperature.

The all-white fox had found a nice cafe with outdoor seating to relax at, and she sipped on a tea as she ogled the suits that passed by on the street. Jessi loved suits. To her, they were hot, and distractingly so. She had an attraction to power, and especially, an attraction to stalking and eating it. She wasn't just here for the eye-candy; she was here for lunch, which in her case meant eating someone. Alive. Or close to it at least.

That's when she saw him. Slightly taller than the rest. Shocks of teal blue in his black, pretty-boy hair. Nose turned up, mouth frowning, eyes smouldering. Dressed head-to-toe in a suit with jacket and tie, all perfectly tailored and completely flawless, not a single loose thread. She recognized that arctic fox. Everyone did.

Angelus Alistair Glace was the CEO of Glacier Technology: the most prolific and successful consumer-grade tech company on the planet. He acted like it. He walked down the sidewalk like he was the only one on it, and everyone else moved out of his way. His face was stuck in a permanent, disgusted but apathetic frown. He was, surprisingly, alone. No bodyguards, no interns, nothing.

Jessi felt her fake heart skip a beat, and a wicked smile pulled across her face, stretching almost too wide. She pushed back from her chair, finished her tea, and left the cafe without taking her eyes off her chosen prize. If she was going to have some stuck-up suit for lunch, she was going to have the best.

She made her way to the crosswalk, trying to keep cool without breaking her line of sight to Angelus. He had stopped outside of a small restaurant, and it was slowly emptying of patrons as he stood at the door, tapping his foot. Jessi couldn't help but be pleased by the scene; it looked like Angelus was buying the place out for lunch. Not only would he be unprotected, there wouldn't be any witnesses either, aside from maybe a waiter. She easily had room for two, and almost hoped she'd have to take the cook out too.

The crowd thinned out, and once it did, Angelus pushed through the doors of the restaurant and disappeared inside. The light for the crosswalk changed, and Jessi hurried across the road and down the sidewalk to the restaurant. As she got close, she tried to peer in through the windows, but all the shutters had been drawn. She took a deep breath to steady her nerves, then sashayed her way up to the restaurant front. She tossed her hair and gave a smile to the host standing outside, guarding the door.

"Hey, table for one?" she said, giving her best, invitingly girly voice in the hopes of getting a free pass.

"Sorry ma'am, we're hosting a private party at the moment. You'll have to come back later," the host said.

Jessi frowned, looking disappointed as she sighed. "Is that so huh? And you can't just let me in?" she asked, her earlier facade already dropped.

The host seemed not to notice the change in her personality. "I guarantee you don't want to interrupt the current party. Please leave."

"Ugh." Jessi rolled her eyes. "Fine fine." She waved a hand and turned around, walking away. She moved a few feet up, to the edge of the building where there was an alleyway between the structures. She slipped into the alley and crept along until she found the side entrance. She smirked to herself and tried the handle, but it was locked. She tightened her grip on the handle, braced a leg against the wall, and pulled. With her incredible strength, the handle popped off, breaking the lock. She panted but smiled, proud of herself as the door creaked open. She slipped inside.

She found herself in the kitchen, which at present was empty. It was brightly lit, and she crept her way around, not knowing exactly where to go to get to the dining area. She peeked through the first couple of doors she saw. An empty breakroom, a supply closet. The third door opened onto the dining room, and she barely pushed it open to peek through a crack with one eye.

Angelus was sitting at a table, alone. A silken tablecloth had been draped over it, and he was sitting with a bottle of champagne in front of him, and a glass of it was pinched in one hand, held to his lips as he took a drink. Jessi couldn't quite tell what he was eating, but it looked like some kind of very fancy pasta dish. She retreated from the dining room for now and went back to the breakroom. There was a closet there, and within, she found a spare server uniform that more or less fit her. She changed quickly and discretely, and hid her casual wear at the back for later.

She cleared her throat, put on her best face, and pushed out the doors and into the dining room, making headway to Angelus' table. "Hello Sir, is there anything else-" Angelus didn't move, but his eyes swiveled in their sockets to glare at her. She stopped mid sentence, freezing under the stare of those vibrant, teal-blue eyes.

"I thought I made myself very clear." He spoke slowly, methodically. His diction was perfect, there was no room for mishearing. "I said that after I was served, you were all to clear out. So why are you. Still. Here?" He still hadn't moved, only kept his gaze on her from the corner of his eyes.

Jessi could feel her fur starting to prickle. He was intimidating, which was saying a lot coming from Jessi who was deathly hard to kill. But more than intimidating, he was a prick. A jerk. He lived up to all the awful things people said about him. She was going to enjoy ending him. She calmed herself to answer. "Well, I just thought-"

Splash.

Angelus moved, finally, and in a single gesture had thrown the contents of his champagne glass in her face. "Listen, *child*. I didn't buy this place out for lunch because I admire how you 'think,'" he said, putting "think" in air quotes. "I bought you out, so I would be left alone. Now walk home wet and don't let me see you ever again."

Jessi's eye twitched. It wasn't his manner. It wasn't the champagne on her borrowed clothes and fur. He had gotten her hair wet, and it was sticking to her neck and forehead. Her eye twitched, and she started huffing through her snout. She felt herself tense up. "You know what? I'm going to enjoy killing you!" Jessi howled, and then leaped at Angelus.

Angelus went wide-eyed as he was tackled out of his chair and to the ground. He landed with a grunt, and the wooden chair splintered under the weight of he and Jessi falling on it. Jessi had Angelus pinned under her and was holding his arms down by the wrists. She opened her jaws wide to swallow his head.

She reeled as she received a knee to her gut, and then another. Using his height to his advantage, Angelus slid his legs between Jessi's and then spread them apart, making her lose her balance. Her hands released his wrists as she fell, flattening against Angelus who grabbed her head in his hands and twisted. Jessi barely rolled away in time to keep her neck from snapping. Not that it would kill her, but she wasn't in the mood to have her head on backwards. She rolled to her feet, glaring. "You know, usually you stuck-up types don't have any fight in you! I'm impressed."

Angelus dusted off his suit and straightened his tie before running a hand through his hair to fix it up. "That makes one of us. You're a lousy assassin." He sniffed and met her eyes with that signature, bored scowl. "So, who sent you?"

"Sent, hah! No, I'm here on my own. I wanted a big fancy prize to take home, and I didn't spot anyone better than you on the street." Jessi pulled a napkin off of Angelus' table and dried herself off with it, dabbing off as much of the champagne as she could.

"Mmh. I'm almost flattered."

"You should be!" Jessi shouted and grabbed the plate of food Angelus had been eating and whipped it at him like a frisbee. Angelus caught the plate in front of him with one hand, but the pasta he had been eating flew from the plate and splattered across his face and chest. He hissed and turned his head away as tomato sauce splattered in his eyes, making him tumble back against a nearby table. Jessi took the opportunity to rush him.

She saw a flash in the corner of her eye, and Angelus whipped the plate back at her. She turned to the side, and it grazed her, cutting through her stolen uniform and cutting just deep enough to draw a trickle of black blood. She stopped her charge and placed a hand over the cut. The plate shouldn't have been anywhere near sharp enough to cut. Something wasn't right.

Angelus blinked his eyes clear and stared down his assailant again. "Your blood."

"What about it?" Jessi hissed.

"Wrong color." Angelus grabbed a steak knife from the table he had backed up against, and ran at Jessi, brandishing it in his hand.

Jessi took her hand off her scratch and caught Angelus by the wrist and squeezed, hard. He gasped, caught off guard by her strength, and the knife fell from his hand. Jessi grinned in victory, but it was too soon, and she caught a fist-full of claws across her cheek. She let go of Angelus and hissed, backing off as she felt blood running down her cheek and neck. "Fuck. You're fun," she teased, smiling as she licked the blood from her cheek.

"And you're... intriguing. What are you?" Angelus asked, keeping his distance now that he was certain that her blood was the wrong color.

"I won't waste my time explaining it to my next meal," she scoffed as she picked the knife up off the floor. She took a deep breath, and the scratches on her shoulder and face healed. "Now be a good boy and die for me already will you?" She said as she stalked towards him with the knife in her hand.

"You're a monster." Angelus stood his ground.

"Something like that." Jessi had no shame over this.

"Then I don't have to hold back."

"Stop BLUFFING!" Jessi swung the knife down, but Angelus caught her arm with his hands. He grunted and bent at the knees, she had a lot of strength for her size. Jessi grinned, fangs flashing as she put more of her weight into her stab. "I'm stronger than you!"

"You know, you should get into a habit of researching your targets!"

Jessi went wide eyed as Angelus' hands went cold. Freezing cold. Burning cold. She screamed in pain, genuine pain, and pulled away, stumbling back. Her wrist, where Angelus had grabbed her, had frozen halfway through. Her fingers were stiff, and she couldn't bend her wrist anymore. It began to crack, and chunks of black ice flaked off of her. "What the hell? What are *you*?"

"I am Angelus Alistair Glace." He huffed, and mist streamed from his nose and drifted to the ground. The room grew cold, and frost formed on the shuttered windows. A sharp icicle formed in his hand, and he raised it for a stab as he approached. "You're just my next science experiment." He swiped at her, and Jessi rolled away and flattened against the ground just in time to avoid Angelus throwing the icicle after he missed.

"I know who you are." Jessi leaped to her feet. "Call me Jessi." She smirked, and Angelus returned it. The fight was becoming more of a game.

"Hello goodbye, Jess." The arctic fox fired a volley of icicles from the palms of his hands. Jessi ran in a wide circle, barely keeping ahead of the spikes as they lodged into the walls of the building. She managed to get behind Angelus, and as he turned to keep firing at her, she lunged and tackled him to the ground, digging her claws into his shoulders.

He growled from the pain as her long claws sliced through his suit jacket and shirt, all the way through his skin. His head hit the floor with a *crack* that dazed him, making his vision spotty with flashing lights. He could feel something warm and wet pooling around his head. His skull was bleeding.

Jessi opened her jaws and drooled on Angelus' face. It was thick and black and it felt alive. Angelus reduced his surface temperature on a reflex, and the black slime froze and flaked off. Jessi yelped as her claws froze and broke off, and she rolled off the fox as she felt her hands and knees begin to chill.

Before she could get away, Angelus grabbed a fist-full of her hair. She yelped, tearing up as she felt his frigid grasp freezing her hair. It shattered, breaking off in chunks, much to Angelus' surprise.

Jessi fumed. "Oh first you throw booze in my face and now you break my hair? That's my best feature!"

"To be fair," Angelus said as he threw a chunk of her own hair at her. "Normal hair doesn't freeze like that."

Jessi swatted it away with a huff. Her frozen wrist was already recovering. "Look, you're fun. Like, really fun, but you just don't have what it takes to beat me! Eventually I'll wear you down. You're already ragged."

Angelus growled. She was right. He was bleeding from his shoulders and head, and he was starting to feel a sharp pain in his side when he breathed; probably a broken rib from one of

Jessi's many tackles that the adrenaline had masked until now. "If I can't wear you down, erf..." He clutched his side, breathing shallow. "Then I'll have to finish you in one."

"You don't have the strength." Jessi scoffed and bared her claws and teeth.

Angelus glared at her, but his gaze was fixed on her shoulder, the one attached to her formerly ice-damaged wrist. Jessi heard a whooshing, like wind, and the fox's teal-blue eyes flashed an icy blue.

Her entire right arm flash froze and exploded off of her at her shoulder, throwing her sideways. She didn't even have time to scream from the pain, it happened so fast. She hit the floor, and her arm broke apart as it landed. Her shoulder joint was frosted over, and a good two inches of her body were still frozen.

"Come at me again, nnggh... And I take your head next." Angelus had one eye squeezed shut. That particular trick took a toll on him, especially with the pounding pain from the wound at the back of his head.

Jessi considered her position. She had lost a lot of mass, and was still iced over as far as her shoulder and hair were concerned. She figured she probably still had the advantage, but not enough of one to keep this going. Angelus having some kind of ice power had changed the game, and she cursed herself for not switching targets and bailing earlier. She had been having too much fun.

"Fine," she said at last. "I give. I can't risk losing too much more of me."

"Good." Angelus took a shuddering breath and got to his feet. "Pick up your pieces then, and follow me."

"What?"

"I won, fair. So now you are coming with me to my building so I can get patched up, and study whatever it is you are." He said as he took off his bloody and torn jacket and tossed it to Jessi. "Put your pieces in there."

"I'm not coming with you!" she protested, catching the jacket with her remaining arm.

"Yes you are, that was the deal."

"What deal?"

"The deal where if you win, you eat me. Did you think I was going to just let you off the hook? Pick yourself up, get your clothes, and then come with me." Angelus insisted. The room got a bit colder.

Jessi shivered. "Fine, sure. Fair." She started picking up the pieces of her body that were still frozen and misty and collecting them in Angelus' jacket, then tied it shut like a bundle. Angelus waited for her to get her clothes from the back, and then led her out the front door, pretending that nothing was wrong as he half-staggered down the street, blood soaked through the shoulders, chest, and back of his button-up shirt. His blue-streaked hair was now stained with red blood. Jessi followed him down several blocks, all the way to the towering structure that was owned exclusively by Glacier Technology.

Angelus stepped through the sliding glass doors and gestured for her to follow. Jessi stood, still armless, outside the building. She had never stepped inside any Glacier building, and now she was about to follow the CEO through the doors. She took a deep breath, stood up tall, and walked through.