“Are you going to bite me and drink my blood?” She asked feigning fright, while smiling. He answered her so seriously, her smile faded and she felt a cold chill. “Only if you allow it.”

She was curious. She had heard of many people who actually drank blood but not without permission. Definitely not like in the movies. “Maybe I’d like to try, it must be the wine.” Saroa said feeling a little light headed.

“Saroa, are you alright? Would you like some water; I don’t want you to lose consciousness... yet.” She said she was OK. Then she furrowed her brows. ‘Yet? Had she heard right?’ Maybe he just hoped she’d spend the night. She shrugged it off. He took off his cape and gestured for her to come join him on the sofa. The sofa was unusual and reminded her of something. He clapped twice and some music came on.