

*About Sin.*

Insides:

Aspasia giggled, shivering as the wind from the river whipped across the fast-emptying Belvedere, sending her hair across Sin's neck and face.

"God," Sin gasped, shivering and pulling her closer. "It was seventy ruddy degrees yesterday, and now it is freezing!"

Pacie kissed his cheek as they stopped on one of the platforms and looked out at the river and disappearing crowds, rushing to get to the warmth of their cars, or, better yet, their homes. "Welcome to the Ohio Valley."

"And you like this city?" he said, shaking his head.

She grinned, dancing back and forth from foot to foot to keep warm. A flash of vinyl and pink hair caught her eye and she stifled a shriek. "Bianca!" she cried, turning away from Sin.

The surprisingly shy, slim girl turned around and broke into a grin. "Spasia!"

Aspasia scrambled through the railing, hopping down to a lower level to hug Bianca. Sin stayed where he was, smiling down at them for a moment before looking back out over the river. A disgusting shade of grass and mud brown in the daylight, with the lights reflecting off it at night, it was spectacular. Even if it was so bloody cold.

Aspasia giggled and grabbed his ankle lightly. "Hey you. Want to walk with me for a few minutes?"

He shook his head with a smile. "I will stay here, I think. Go," he said, gently kissing her forehead. "I will come find you. You want to talk to your friends without me looming around you." He shooed her away playfully. "I think I can take care of myself for a while."

She grinned at him, one of her dazzling smiles that he loved seeing. Even if there had been too few of them lately. She then quickly disappeared with Bianca, the two Gothic figures slipping into the quickly evacuating crowd.

He watched them go off across the concrete pathways strewn with paper and wrappers and bottles. Blowing trash swirled into his view, blocking the pair from his sight. He turned away quickly and went back to staring at the river. The very dirty, murky river. Thinking about what he had been meaning to ask Pacie all night. Caught by the river, it was all he could think about. He knew, in his heart, exactly what he needed to do. But heart and head are so vastly different.

He stayed there at the railing, catching the breezes coming from the reopened expressway. *Such a backwards little city*, he kept thinking, trying to find why she loved this place so much. His fingertips brushed the little velvet box in his pocket, a soothing reminder of who and what they are. A promise from a boy to a girl. He smiled softly and stared back out to the river, holding himself tightly and letting his mind wander.

Time, fleeting as it is, passed quickly. He shivered and absently checked his watch. Concerned, he checked his watch again, more closely. Almost half an hour had passed since Pacie had walked away. What had she been doing so long. *Maybe I should go find her*, he thought, shoving his hands deep in his pockets. *And maybe find a sweater, too.*

He stepped off the platform, noting that it was nearly deserted in the time he had used musing. He headed off in the direction he had seen Aspasia and Bianca go. He paused when he heard a muted cry, a small, sad whimper.

He followed the sound around a corner and found a broad, dark form bent over Aspasia, Small and huddled against the concrete wall, shaking. The brute had a hand twined in her hair, keeping it taut between his grip and her scalp, and the other locked in a bruising grip on her side. He was leaning close, growling things near her ear that caused tears to course down her face.

*What in the bloody hell*—“What do you think you are doing?” The dark figure turned towards him, laughed and turned away, disregarding the slight boy with the shocked expression. “I said, what,” he began again, grabbing the evil male’s arm and yanking him away, “in the bloody hell do you think you are doing to *mo cuishle*?”

The Italian raised his eyebrow, a smirk twisting the features. “Is this the little fool whose name you were calling? He is smaller than the boys you normally fuck, little Aspasia. I am sure he loves to see how much of a slut you really are,” he threw over his shoulder to the huddled girl.

“Fuck you,” she spat, struggling to her feet.

Sin disregarded the both of them, fingers tightening dangerously. “Do not touch my *aingeal* again.”

Dorian shook off the touch with a quick shake of the limb. “Possessive, are we? Perhaps you know what delights our dear Aspasia has?”

Everyone was surprised when Sin’s fist flew up, cracking sickeningly against Dorian’s jaw. Inside, he splintered into a thousand pieces, and blacked out.