Your Best Friend Turned Vampire Hunter Forces you to Feed on {Him/Her}

[Phone alarm starts ringing]

…God… damn it… that stupid alarm…

Snooze…

…I said snooze! Can't you hear me? Stupid machine…

…huh?

Unknown number…

(Tired) Hello? Who's there? It's seven in the morning…

Oh, it's you.

Hey hey hey stop! What are you doing? Are you stupid or something? Not on the phone. Whatever (Obviously quoting) "Vampire" you've come across, you can just tell the authorities.

I'll get you a ride to the hospital, just… stay where you are. I'll get dressed real quick.

(Blankets moving sounds) Mhm… mhm… okay… yeah yeah, that's not too far away. Be there in twenty minutes.

Yeah, yeah… I'll be right there. Bye…

[Speaker hangs up]

Holy mother of- What have they gotten into now? Was that… wait. Was that sizzling? What the hell are they thinking of?

Only they would think to do… whatever it is they did. At this point, my arm's never gonna heal.

[Fade out as they get dressed]

[Fade in into a car being parked and speaker getting out]

(Shocked) What the…

Why is there so much blood in here?

(Worried) Hey! Are you there!? I'm here now!

…Nothing.

(**Sigh)** Alright, I'm coming in. I've faced worse.

[Speaker walks into the warehouse. Footsteps]

Okay, it's brighter inside, good to know.

…

That… that smell. Why does it smell like grilled meat?

[Sizzling sound effect getting louder each time. Speaker walks to the source of the sizzzling]

So many bodies… The hell happened here?

(Concluding) Huh… probably a vampire attack… It's gotta be like, forty to sixty corpses here.

Who would even… **(Gasp)**

(Betrayed) You! What the hell is- What did you do?

I… You have sooooo much to explain after this.

Get over here. Now.

[Speaker takes off their jacket, and covers listener, sizzling stops]

Your arms… who the hell **did this**?

I'm not playing around. I… I…

(Frustrated) Who am I even supposed to call!? The cops? An ambulance?

Please shut up. Don’t waste your strength.

[Frustrated groan]

Aaaaarghhhhhh… Fine! You’re coming with me! And I don’t wanna hear any complaints!

Bat form. Now.

I’m not asking. I’m telling you what to do if you wanna live.

Will you listen to me for once in your life!? Just turn into a bat and let me carry you

[Listener turns into their bat form, and speaker carries listener]

Finally…

Don’t you ***dare*** move a muscle.

I’m taking you home. We’re gonna have a long talk, and I swear to every god existent, if you lie to me, I’ll drive a stake through your heart before you can even turn back.

[Speaker gets in the car, and turns it on, driving noises]

Do you realize what **this** looks like?

How many corpses were there? Thirty? Forty? And who do I find in the middle? The Crimson Crescent themselves, being grilled alive, both arms ripped off their body and fuck knows where they are now. Probably disintegrated under the sun or something.

[Listener squeaks once]

Don’t! I don’t wanna hear a single squeak. Save up your energy for when we’re home.

[Fade out]

[Fade in as listener opens the door, walks to their bed, and places listener in there]

(Assertive) Alright. Vampire form. I won't say it twice.

[Listener turns back into their vampire form]

What did I say about talking? Not a single word from you.

…

First of all, I know it wasn't you who killed them. If it was, you wouldn't be like… like you are right now. If humans could rip your arms off so easily, we hunters wouldn't exist.

If I ever find out who did this to them, and ESPECIALLY, to you… I **promise**, I'll make sure your current state look like a fucking stubbed toe in comparison.

[A few angry breaths to calm down]

Second of all. Are you stupid or something? You have a five course meal of **dead people** and you'd rather let your meal coagulate?

They **WERE** people. Making their deaths useful was the very least you could do.

…

What am I supposed to do now? Can't take you to a hospital, can't even heal you because of your damn vampire biology. **(Realizing)** I can't even-

…

Feed on me.

…

Did I stutter? I think I made it pretty clear. You're a vampire, I'm a human. Would you rather starve to death?

…

Are you kidding-... No. You **are** feeding, and you're feeding now. Didn't you say you fed from consenting humans?

Dude. Look at yourself. Half your face is charred. It's a miracle your eye isn't falling off as we speak.

…

My arm? **(Almost laughing)** You're worried about **MY arm?** Those are some bold words for someone who, right now, doesn't have any.

(Threatening) Listen. I don't give a **shit** if you can regenerate. I can't afford to see you like this. It reminds me of…
(Sorrowful, almost breaking down) That… night. The night you stopped being human. **(Threatening)** So if I have to pull your fangs into my neck, I will.

…

(Challenging laughter) You think I'm not strong enough, huh? Try me. And I mean it in every sense of the word.

Didn't you say you had self control? That vampires can drink without turning into bloodlusted beast? Now you have your chance. Prove it or kill me, whichever you prefer.

[Speaker pulls listener closer to their neck]

(Lower voice) Listen, I'm sick and tired of your "holier than thou" attitude. It might hurt me to say it, but… you should have fed on those humans. You have nothing to be proud of, bloodsucker. You're just a vampire who thinks they're a human with a new coat of paint. Those fifty innocents died suffering due to **YOUR** negligence. You could have provided them with a quick, painless death, but nooooo, you decided to let them be brutally tortured by another of your kind.

Those people couldn't be saved. You still can. You still can avenge their deaths. And you still have the guts to refuse to feed on me?

Whoever you are, you're not my childhood friend anymore. You stopped being it the moment you got-

[Listener actually bites into Speaker's neck]

Nnghhhhh- That's it… God… finally, you grew a pair. Took you a while

I'm not letting… nnggggghhhh… Why does it feel so weird? I've been trained to resist most forms of poison, including vampiric numbing agents.

[Speaker pushes listener away]

(Panting) Okay, okay. Small break.

[A few seconds of panting]

Is that what… what it feels like to be bitten? That was… the weirdest thing I've felt in my entire life.

How can someone a head and a half shorter than me pack such a punch?

…

No, no. It's fine. I asked you to do it. I said… what I said cause I wanted you to feed on me.

(Regretful)…Don't make me say it again… please. I…

I'm ready. Keep going. Slowly now.

[Listener bites into speaker again]

Okay… okay, much better. You really have self control. I… didn't mean what I said before. I just… I couldn't let you… Nevermind. Forget everything I said. I don't even know what I'm saying anymore.

Just… keep drinking. I can keep going for a while longer… I think.

(To themselves) God I hate vampires…

Don't stop. I'm just… talking to distract myself.

I've been training for so long. Sometimes, I thought I couldn't keep up. Most elite vampire hunters start training as kids.

Strength, stamina, flexibility, combat. I hated combat training. I made sure to make my captains know. And you know what they said?

"Tough luck, combat's the only training that matters". I was fuming. But I knew what they meant. What's the point in training strength, speed, or resistance? You could punch a hole in my chest with no effort.

Well, **you** couldn't right now, for obvious reasons.

(Gritting teeth) It's just so unfair. Us humans have to break our bodies to stand a chance against your kind. And even then, one hit… and it's all over.

(Getting dizzy) And worst of all. Your biology… ngh… your goddamn biology… We can't even wait it out until you die of old age… We need to… to get rid of you or… or you will farm us like… fucking cattle… You have to drink human blood. Only… human blood. You bunch of… immortal parasites.

Okay… I'm getting dizzy. That's enough…

[Listener stops feeding on speaker]

Haha… I can't believe I've gotten bit by a vampire… I'm so lucky bite marks regenerate, or… or I'd be sentenced to death. Or… worse.

[Worse? Listener asks]

Yeah… worse. Vampires don't have any rights. Not human, nor animal. You're not a living being in the eyes of the law, so what does the Counter Vampire Force do if some of us act up?

(A single chuckle) Vampirism sentence. We got a buncha vampires locked up just for that.

(Slowly realizing) We send them there to get turned and… now they have no rights. We can do whatever we… whatever we want with them.

…

Yeah… I… guess you're right, they're cruel… but what else are we supposed to do? Just get our own guns and fight the vampires ourselves?

I… might not agree with some things they do, but they do more good than bad…

…

Ugh… do me a favour and shut up for now, kay? We can talk about this later.

[Plopping onto their own bed]

(Groaning) You might have taken a bit too much from me… Get me some bread from the kitchen, will you? And maybe… a bit of water…

…Please?

[Listener starts walking away]

Thank you…

[Waiting for a few seconds]

(To themselves) Why did they have to show up? It was fine when all vampires were irrational beasts… until that goddamn bloodmoon coven.

…They drank from me, and didn't-…

Six hundred and forty times they could have killed me, and… two times I could have killed them. But I'm stupid enough to let an armless vampire regenerate with my blood. Just because I knew them while they were alive… Hah… Past me would be strangling present me for that…

…Guess I'm a vampire sympathizer now. Letting a vampire in my house, and kindly asking them to grab me some snacks…

Wait… how are they gonna pick it up?

Dammit, I'm an idiot. I should go and…

[Listener enters the room]

…Oh, you're… carrying it in your mouth…

…Gross but… I guess there's no other choice. Could have pointed out the arm issue.

[Speaker grabs the bread and water]

…hah… would you look at that. Your arms. They're already growing back a little bit. Could use that for my broken one.

…

…What does it feel like?

Regenerating a whole limb, I mean. It must be the strangest thing ever.

…

It's just small talk, don't think too much about it.

…

Uh huh… so it's like **(Opening a bottle of water)**... When your leg's numb and you get… pins and needles? Like, when you recover blood flow?

Eh, that's close enough.

[Speaker takes a few sips of water] Ahhhhh…

…

What am I doing? I'm a hunter. I can't let your kind roam around. It's my job. And what do I do? I carry the Crimson Crescent into my home.

Don't try to deny it. Vampires, with very few exceptions, are beasts. And now, turns out my whole philosophy's turned upside down.

…

Do you ever stop to think about it? About how many we've killed? You and I. About how many lives we've ended?

At this point, I lost count.

(Single chuckle) If hell is real, I'll see you in the deepest layer.

(Groan of pain)

Fucking human arm… You probably don't even remember what it's like. To break your arm and take months for it to heal. Lucky you…

Remember that time when we were like… eleven or twelve? With that death trap adults liked to call a "metal slide"? It sure was metal, still a little bit iffy on the "slide" part.

(Nostalgic laugh, followed by an "ow" of pain) We thought it'd be fun to slide down as fast as possible. So I pushed you with all my strength. And all of a sudden, you weren't sitting anymore. Your shoes caught to the side, and stumbling forwards you went.

…

Yeah, I felt very guilty back then. I couldn't stop apologizing, and even wrote you an apology on your cast.

You were the talk of the school that week. We came up with a fake story to make you sound cooler, and our classmates ate, it, up.

What did we make up, anyway? It's been quite a long time.

…

Right. **(Genuine laughter)** How did they believe that? You fell out of your window trying to climb to the neighbor's apartment. From the second story. And you somehow only broke your arm? Kids, I swear.

And now… look at you. You could fall from a fourth, fifth, sixth floor and be all fine and dandy.

…

(Kind of nostalgic) …What in the world have we become?

…

Hey. I'm going to ask something weird, but… Perhaps you can… help me with my arm? It's never gonna heal if I keep working it out.

See my neck? Your bite marks are already gone. It's… something the Counter-vampire force has been investigating for a while.

It's… something about vampire saliva. It helps speed up healing around the bite mark. Turns out, all bitten humans turn into vampires. At least partially. Fortunately, the immune system can fend off partial vampirism. To sum it up, for an hour or two after being bitten, that body part is a vampire's.

…We've been using that in our agents. Vampires being forced to bite a broken body part several times a day. It's a miracle of medicine…

…I want you to bite my arm.

…

…Yes, now. Or, I guess later. I'm a little bit out of blood to spare.

…

I'm being serious. At this rate, my arm won't be healed for the raid. And if I fight with a broken arm… well, my chances of dying are pretty much guaranteed.

…

Perceptive, aren't you?

You're right. They told me to rest instead of healing me. That's corporate for 'You're overworking yourself and will be a liability if you keep it up'.

But I'm not leaving my colleagues on their own. They need me as much as I need them.

…

This is stupid. 'Hey, can you heal my arm so I can kill your fellow vampires?' I don't even know what I'm saying anymore.

Just… Nevermind.

…

Wait, what? Why would you even accept- Huh?

I don't get it. I don't get it at all. But…

…Thank you.

…

You should probably go to bed. My bed. It's not like I need it during the day. I'll wake you up when the sun's out.

…Obviously. My home is your home. You can stay… for a few days. Until your arms are back.

Here. [Blanket sounds] It's going to be hard for you to tuck yourself in this situation.

…

[Speaker tucks listener in]

Okay, there you go. See you-

[Listener turns into a bat]

(Speaker chuckles) Okay, I didn't expect that one from you. But who am I to judge if a bloods- if a vampire, sorry, wants to sleep as a bat?

I'll leave you alone now, but I'm taking the bread with me.

Good night, er- day, I guess. Good day… Crimson Crescent.

(To themselves) I can't believe I'm doing this…