

[A4A] Did You Think That Would Really Work? [Vampire Speaker] [Captured Listener]

The listener wakes up restrained.

“Hello, my dear hunter.”

The listener struggles in vain

“Oh, please don’t get all worked up like that. It’s not good for your heart... or your blood. And trust me (*They lean in*) I’d know.”

The listener struggles in protest

“I will say, you are one lousy hunter. Wooden stakes? Sure, that’d kill anything, with or without a pulse. Not that you could ever hope to sneak up to me, let alone overpower me.”

...

“(*Brandishing the listener’s gun*) A gun with silver bullets? I’ll have you know, silver has no particular effect on us. In fact (*They shoot themselves with the gun*) you can see it’s not particularly effective, much like most weapons. I barely felt that, and the wound’s already closing up.”

...

“What’s this flask filled with? Let me guess, holy water? I guess I could use a small refreshment. (*They open the flask and smell it*) Hmm, probably that off-brand holy water blessed by some second-rate pastor instead of an actual priest. (*They drink from it*) It has a bit of a kick to it. Reminds me of this Scotch I had once. Rather strong and very well-aged. He and I shared a bottle of whisky before that.”

...

“And this was your last line of defense, I take it? A few heads of garlic?”

They laugh.

“You fool! Garlic doesn’t work on vampires. Sure the smell is a bit pungent, but that’s just it. Not deadly in the least, just an inconvenience. Just - like - you.”

...

“(*They smell the listener*) I can smell it you know? Your fear... And I can see it in your eyes. You’re realizing how everything that was taught to you is a collection of lies based on stupid, ancient superstitions?”

...

“Oh, and there’s more. Though, I don’t know if you’ll consider this good news or not.”

...

“For starters, we don’t just combust in sunlight. We do get a bad sunburn, though. We’re a bit like albinos in that regard. And then there’s the reflection thing. How do you think we keep our looks throughout the ages? We use mirrors! Of course, I *could* just get a thrall to do it for me, but I honestly fear it would be too perfect. To the point of it being uncanny and pushing people away.”

...

“Of course, I forgot the important one. We vampires don’t really kill. Not unless we need to. We quite literally don’t have the stomach to drink someone dry.”

...

“I suppose I should apologize for how I injured you before I brought you here. You know, when you tried to kill me?”

...

“By all means, you should have died. And yet, I chose to save you.”

...

“I don’t know. Maybe it was out of pity? Maybe I felt bad that someone like you would just bleed to death in a dark alley.”

...

“Why yes. ‘Someone like you.’ I took one good look at you and thought such beauty shouldn’t go to waste. You might be a fool, but I think you’re valuable. Enough to keep you alive, at least.”

...

“(They chuckle) Oh, dear, that’s not how this works. I can’t just let you go. But that doesn’t mean your life here will be painful. You will be well-fed and cared for, for the rest of your life. All you have to do is accept it, and become mine.”

...

“No matter. You’ll come around. All the others have, and they’re happy here. But you... I feel inclined to give you a bit of... ‘special treatment.’ You’re not like the rest, you’re... unique. Like there’s something about you that draws me to you. Makes me

want to keep you as more than a mere thrall. Something in the taste of your blood that's just... divine, like a sweet wine."

...

"Still you refuse? Very well..."

They begin walking away.

"My thralls will take care of you until I return. I certainly hope you've made up your mind by then. And... do enjoy a taste of the life I'm offering you while I'm gone.

The room's door opens.

"Goodbye for now, my dear..."

The door closes.

(To a thrall) The person in that room is my respected guest. I want them to receive the finest of care while I'm gone. Make sure to let the others know... *(They chuckle)* Good pet, my thrall."