

[M4A] Till the Next Moonrise (You offer your blood to your injured vampire master)

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- **DATE STARTED:** 28 June 2024
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- **AUTHOR:** AstraWrites (u/icing_desu)
- **TAGS:** [fantasy] [vampire speaker] [human listener] [injured speaker] [willing listener] [angry to resigned] [pet name] [TW: self-harm] [feeding] [rough to gentle] [apologetic] [cuddling for warmth] [kiss]
- **SYNOPSIS (for listener):** Members of Mikail’s household are worried that the master has not returned for days now. News of a trespassing vampire had reached them a few weeks back, and with no signs of the offender backing off, the master had taken to dealing with the problem on his own. His companions had stayed to guard his manor and his humans. However, as dawn after dawn breaks through the horizon, his continued absence is a cold hand that grips the entire household like an ominous warning. You don’t want to sit idly like everyone else, and so, at dusk of the third day, you secretly set off to the forest to look for him.
- **SPEAKER INFO:** Mikail is the mysterious vampire feared by everyone in the village. He is quite young; only being about 150 years old, and established his territory a few years before humans started to settle around the area. He once was curious and willing to interact with them but not after they had tried to kill him in fear. He had not visited the village again, however they had started to send a human to him as a peace offering every year.
- **CHARACTERS:** Mikail (vampire [speaker]); LT (listener)

Legend:

- *[sfx:]*: sound effects
- *[*text]*: setting/stage direction
- *//*: listener response
- *(*text)*: tone
- **CAPITALISED/italicised**: emphasis

[LT is currently trekking through thick, muddy ground in vain effort to locate him, ignoring whatever danger might come their way. They have enough sense to go slowly however. A single open wound could call to them not only their master, but also the aggressor who had come to challenge him.]

[sfx (continuous): loud, pouring rain and thunder; walking through the brush and on muddy paths.

Trees creaking; branches breaking; ground shaking at intervals; rocks falling like in a landslide (LT realises they are caught inside the two vampires' battlefield)]

*(from far off; as enraged and frustrated as possible) **LEAVE OR DIE!** [angry animalistic growl; fighting continues and closer now]*

YOU DARE TURN YOUR BACK ON ME?! *[more fighting but winding down and ending with a thud to the ground, or a rock, or a tree trunk]*

[growls] **Pick whichever demon or deity you want, and pray that one of them accepts your infernal soul... Begone.** *[ripping flesh]*

[one heavy breath and growls of pain]

[sfx (continuous): eerie silence except for the loud, pouring rain and thunder; interrupted by a twig breaking under LT's feet]

//:

(alert) **Who– (alert and angry) Just what do you think you're doing here?!**

//:

No! DO NOT– *(trying to calm down)* – **do not touch me... and stay there, no closer.**

//:

You do not understand how dangerous it is for you to be here. *[pause]* **I am not talking about that. The threat is gone. ...As you probably saw...**

//:

[coughing, growling; annoyed that he is hurt] **I told you not to come closer. Return to the manor this instant. I do not want you here.**

//:

And did you think I would be *grateful* to see you come and find me? *Did you think putting yourself in danger would bring me relief?!* –For you to be in here while I am– *[wince]* –weak and barely– in control... *[growl]* of my need to feed... *[heavy breathing]* You should not have come.

//:

Of course you “were not thinking”. *[exasperated sigh]* No matter. Yes, I am fine. I will find us shelter from the– *[groan, collapsing to the ground]* On second thought, I... may have underestimated the damage she had done to me. *[pause]* The dawn is approaching in a few hours–

[sfx: cloth rustling]

What are you– you want me to lean on you for support? *[pause, thinking]* Alright. We might find shelter faster this way. Tell me if I start feeling too heavy. Understood?

//:

[groan] There is an abandoned house west from here. We should make our way there before this area is flooded. Hurry...

[sfx: footsteps; rain sounds fades to silence for a few seconds; rain sounds fade in again]

[whispered in pain] We will not make it. *[growl, as the temptation to feed becomes very hard to ignore now]* **Arggh!** You should run. You can make it back. I will follow when I can. *[pause]* Please. This is not the time to argue...

//:

(barely in control, to gradually getting more feral the more he talks) **No, you have to leave me. (VERY non-human voice) Your blood...** *[heavy breathing]* **I need it–** *(trying to rein it in)* **NO! Rrggk–!** If you want to live, **you have to go!** *[pause]*

Do not offer your blood freely. **Stop.** I have not even fed on you before this. You are not ready. *[pause]* **NO YOU ARE NOT!**

It is not a matter of– *[groan]* **This is not like normal feeding– arrrghh... I could end up draining you completely.** *[pause]* *(horrificed)* **No no no no, what– why did you cut yourself?**

[LT makes a deep enough cut on their wrist that blood runs freely to their fingertips and onto the forest floor. Tired and afraid for Mikail’s survival, their hasty solution would be to force-feed the stubborn vampire.]

[sfx and voice: sounds of a struggle as LT wrestles Mikail to the ground; they drip some blood on his lips which he objects to at first]

You– nnngh– hah... hah... *[licks lips; shuddering breath]* **Mmmm–** *(whispered, hurried)* **forgive me... I have to– I need your blood–**

[sfx and voice: sounds of a struggle once more, then Mikail licking the blood dripping down their arm and ultimately drinking from LT's wrist ("sensual" is the only word I could think of to describe the scene)]

[::sounds of drinking blood is peppered throughout](desperate and feral) **You– did not even need– to have that poison in your system... [quiet, maniacal laugh] Your blood is already intoxicating– mmmmm, my belladonna. [low growl] Please bear with it for a while... you can do that, right...? For your master–**

//:

Good... good... [feeding continues for a few more seconds] Mine... all mine. My senses were right. This– [big sip(?)] you... are the perfect human for me. Your blood is simply... magnificent...

//:

...Hm..? (whispered; echoing what LT is saying) ...stop...? Mmmnn... [growl] take a hold of myself...? but you taste divine... hm?... It hurts...- [pause] (back to his senses) It hurts? ...Oh, my dear... your wrist. You are bruised beyond belief– I– [pause; sfx: ripping cloth] Here, let me tie this around it. [mumbled apologies]

//:

No. You have given enough. You should have stopped me earlier– I almost mauled your arm. [kisses LT's wrist] (whispered) Forgive me, I could not control myself. How do you feel?

//:

“Faint”... [pause] “faint but alright”. I have enough strength to take us to shelter. Hold on to me–

[sfx: rustling of heavy cloth; strong breeze (our vampy boi runs fast); running through mud]

//:

[weak laugh] **Yes, this does feel familiar, I have lost count of how many times I have carried you. The others could start to get jealous if you continue being so reckless and end up helpless all the time.**

//:

[sigh] **There was no recklessness in my decision to face our intruder alone. Must I repeat myself again? I am the patriarch of my coven, and I would be banished first before anyone else risks their life. [long pause]**

There– I see it.

[sfx: squeaky door opening then closing; continuous muffled rain sounds]

[puts LT down and groans] (weakly) **It should be safe here. (mumbling to self) ...a fire. You need a fire. I will–**

[sfx: flint and steel and the beginnings of a small campfire]

//:

...You were prepared. *[chuckle]* That is reassuring. I'm afraid this is the best shelter we have within a few miles. At least we have a bed... a fireplace as well... and the roof is intact and there is some tree cover to protect... me when the sun rises.

//:

Ah, that. ...I need quite a lot more blood to heal wounds this severe. It would take longer than usual, but as long as we return to the manor soon, there will be nothing to worry about.

//:

[weak, adoring chuckle] You are... cute when your brows furrow like that. *[pause]* Do not worry. I have been through much worse than this. However, on that note..., I just realised that– I am... umm– I hope it is alright with you that I am... mostly exposed? *[clears throat]* *(a bit shy)* Most of my clothing was destroyed during the fight. I will stay in the other room if you–

//:

Alright, alright, I will stay here with you. *[pause]*

You forget that I do not require warmth, my dear. Keep your coat and take care of yourself, please. The rain may be lightening up, but I still need you to be strong enough for both of us in case anything else happens. *[wince]* If you don't mind, I will just rest on the bed for a while... *[long pause; punctuated with quiet sounds of pain and unease]*

//:

Why do you look at me like that? *[pause]* Oh... If you want to. There is plenty of space. Are sure you are comfortable being in the embrace of a hungry vampire while you rest? *[pause and chuckle]* You shouldn't be so careless with giving consent, you know.

[sfx: lying down on a straw bed]

(shocked) Oh... that was a weak attempt at humor but... yes, you may embrace me. That is, if you do not mind the feeling of touching bloodless wounds on a cold body. *[pause]* *(gentle)* Get some sleep. I will keep watch.

//:

*[LT and Mikail share a few minutes of silence together;
rain gradually fades out]*

(whispered) Apologies, did I wake you? *[pause]* Ah, you could not sleep...

[sfx: owl hooting; generic peaceful forest sounds]

It would seem that the storm has finally cleared. *[pause and slow sigh]* You are... enchanting, bathed in moonlight as you are now.

//:

My mind is “addled”? *[soft laugh]* On the contrary, it has never been clearer. You are a beautiful specimen and I have no reservations about letting you know this.

//:

So am I?! I think it's *your* mind that is addled. *[chuckle]* I am glad that some color has returned to your cheeks. Though... it would seem even your ears are turning red *[teasing laugh]*.

//:

Hm? Yes, ask me anything.

//:

(relaxed, like pillowtalk) No. My wounds will not leave scars. We do not “heal” in the way humans understand. Our bodies... *replace* what is broken, it does not merely repair them. *[pause]* “Do they hurt”? ...What would you feel if I said they do? *[pause]* Then, no, my belladonna, they do not hurt; not even while you are embracing me. *[pause]* It is unlike you to be this agitated. Are you this worried because you have developed a... liking for me? *[chuckle]* I'm only teasing. *[laugh]* It is to show that I am quite alright. If it were so serious, I would not be speaking with you now, much less engage in silly banter.

//:

Do not worry. All will be well come the next moonrise. If you cannot sleep, then at least try to calm your mind and body. Remember, you also have a wounded arm. *[long pause]*

...Um– what I said before... that I didn't want you here... and that you should not have come– ...I still stand by those words– wait, let me finish. *[exhale] (solemn)* That battle was not merely a fight over territory, but a personal feud that has festered for too long; a matter that can only be settled by the death of one of us. Alasdair knows this, and he too knows of the enemy and the power she held. I had no intention of returning alive.

//:

No. Fighting two-to-one would not have been honorable, and it would certainly invite more enemies if word spread that I do not follow that unspoken rule. *[pause]*

Alasdair was to be my successor in the likely chance that I would fall in battle. You would have been well protected even if I was killed, so it was my wish that none leave the manor until the fifth day of my absence. By then it would have been clear that I am truly defeated.

That is why I was furious upon seeing you. I was resigned to my fate and was ready to be claimed by the forest, and yet there you are, a feeble human braving all that danger to come and– find me. Because you were worried about me. You even hurt and gave yourself willingly to try to heal me.

[disbelieving] In all my immortal years, I had forgotten what it felt like to be held in that regard. I don't even know what I should call it. To be cherished? Valued? Loved? It did not matter, because my mind was consumed by the thought that perhaps this is something worth fighting to live, and not die for.

[sigh] I am talking too much again, and have forgotten my original purpose for this. I guess what I wanted to say was: *(slow and deliberate)* although I would prefer that you are back home where it is safe for you, I am grateful that you are here beside me...for saving me, and... quite literally bringing life into this lonely soul.

//:

You are “happy to be in my embrace” too? *[chuckle] (slow and sensual)* My sweet belladonna... you make me feel so... *(whispered; asking for permission)* May I...

[They share their very first kiss.]

[voice: This goes on for as long as you think appropriate; maybe add in cute giggles or something like what new couples do XD then fade into silence.]

FIN