

## The Vampire's New Servant

By Rea

Summary: The listener has grown bored with their current servant, so they dispose of her and find someone new.

Tags: Pred POV, oral v\*re, female prey, hypnosis, the violence inherent in the system

Character notes: [Servant] is cheery and bouncy, as well as utterly devoted and worshipful toward the listener. [Peasant] is generally angry at her busy workday being interrupted, but terrified of Listener.

Scene: *Listener is sitting in their living room, in front of a crackling fire.*

[Servant and Peasant teleport into existence in front of Listener.]

Peasant: (confused, disoriented) AAAHH! What...what just happened?

Servant: (eager) Your Grace! I found one! I found the perfect candidate for my replacement!

Peasant: Wha...whuh? Where am I?

Servant: She's a hard worker, she's dutiful, she's strong! And she's beautiful!

Listener: [...]

Servant: Well, yes, I know she doesn't look like much \*now\*, but that's because I snatched her right out of the fields! But once she's not all covered in mud, I guarantee you're going to love how she looks, Your Grace!

Peasant: (finally getting her bearings) My...looks? What are you talking about? Who are you people? Take me back to my farm right now!

Servant: Hello! Hi! (bright and cheery)

Peasant: (angry, exasperated) Yes, hi. What are you, a witch? I don't want any part of your magic, okay? I'm really busy right now. Can you just do that teleport thing again and send me back to my farm, please?

Servant: Um, yes, well...about that. No, I can't send you back. And as for your farm, um, you're actually being reassigned.

Peasant: I'm *what*?

Servant: Congratulations! You've been selected as the newest servant for our wise and beautiful Contessa!

Peasant: You can't *reassign* me. It's my farm, I own it! I have family to support!

[Listener stands and steps forward. Peasant finally notices Listener]

Peasant: Did you just say, Contessa... (fearful and awed) That's the vampire, isn't it? The one that lives in the castle up the road? The one that...all those rumors...

Servant: Yep! Welcome to the castle! It's your home now. And your work. I've been the Contessa's head maidservant for the last six years! But now they've grown bored with me, so it's time for me to take the next step in my career. We've selected you to be my replacement!

Peasant: Replacement? As a...maidservant?

Servant: Yep! I think you'll look just *\*scrumptious\** in a maid uniform, don't you? (*\*giggle\**) Once we scrub all that mud off you first, of course.

Peasant: I – what? (confused and angry) Look, I'm a farmer, okay? I don't know anything about being a maid.

Servant: Oh, that's okay! You don't have to! You just do what the voices in your head tell you to do, and everything works out okay!

Peasant: The WHAT?

Servant: The voices! You know, the ones that are always whispering in your ear about how to be a Good Girl? 'A good girl brings meals for her owner.' 'A good girl massages her owner's belly.' 'A good girl sleeps curled up at her owner's feet.' Just do whatever they say and you'll be the most perfectest maid ever, just like I was!

Peasant: (horrified) What...what are you...no, no, no, this isn't right. None of this is right. I should leave. Why can't I move my legs?

Servant: Oh! That's just a teensy little spell to keep you from running away. You wouldn't want to miss my promotion, now would you?

Peasant: Promotion?

**[V\*re Happens]**

[Listener grabs Servant and swallows her whole]

Listener: **BURP!**

Peasant: (horrified) OH MY GOD!

Servant: (muffled, from inside belly) (ecstatic) Ohhh. Thank you, Your Grace. Thank you for finally letting me become part of you.

Peasant: Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, the rumors were true... (squeaks in fear)

Servant: (muffled) For six years, I've watched person after person slide down your throat. For six years I've listened to them melt and digest inside you. Today I finally get to feel that ecstasy for myself. Ohhhh, this is the happiest day of my life, Your Grace! Melt me! Boil me down and turn me into nutrients for your perfect form!

[Digestion commences. Listener relaxes with their full belly, Servant moans with pleasure, Peasant mumbles to herself in terror.]

[Eventually, Listener raises their hand.]

Peasant: (terrified) Whoa, whoa, wait. Why is your hand glowing? What are you doing? Don't-

[Listener snaps their fingers, redirecting the mind-control spell.]

Servant: (muffled scream of terror and pain) AHHH! What's going on! Where am I? It burns! What's happening! Help! Somebody help me!

Peasant: Oh. What? I feel like I was angry, and scared about something, but- Oh! Your Grace! Your belly! I'm so, so sorry, Your Grace, I'll be right there. Let me just...what am I even wearing? Why am I covered in mud? Ugh! (struggles out of her clothing) Get these ugly, muddy, peasant rags OFF of me! Ugh!

[Peasant disrobes, then kneels before Listener]

Peasant: Such a beautiful, squirming belly. Was it a good meal, Your Grace? May I have the honor of massaging you while you digest it? (worshipful)

[Peasant begins kissing and massaging Listener's belly]

Servant: (muffled) Help! Help! Is someone out there? I'm trapped in here, and it's gooey, and tight, and it burns! You have to get me out of here!

Peasant: (calm, soothing) Aww, poor thing. Why would I get you out of there, sweetie? You're my owner's food! You're right where you belong, You should be honored that your flesh is going to become padding on the Contessa's ass.

Servant: (muffled) Stop! Stop squeezing me! You're making it worse!

[Digestion intensifies. Peasant hums happily to herself.]

Servant: (muffled, weakening) Stop...stop...I don't want to die...

Listener: **URRP!**

Peasant: (cheerful) Oop! All gone. She didn't last long, did she? Once a person, now nothing but mush. What now, Your Grace? Should I go track down another meal for you? Or should I attend to my other duties?

Peasant: (worshipful) I know I'm still new, but I'm going to be the best servant you ever had. I swear it. I'm your Good Girl, Your Grace. I'll do anything for you. (whispers) *Anything*.