

An Undercover Investigation at a Vampire Night Club [Part 2: A price paid in blood]

By: SleepyDreamyLullay

... = listener is speaking or general pause

[words] = sound effects and sounds

(words) = tone/mood/voice direction

{words} = replace with desired pronouns, subject, alternative etc. or do away with it as you please

****Speaker has now adopted a full-on obnoxious playboy persona. Taking nothing seriously and flirting with Listener or complimenting himself every chance he gets, he carries himself with the air of a spoiled prince. Still, there's an edge of sadism to him. Interesting, given those glimpses of vulnerability.***

Part 2

[Speaker weaves through the crowd of night-clubbers, the music just as thumping as before]

[Speaker and Listener arrive at their destination; Speaker opens the door]

(cordially) After you.

[Listener steps in]

[Speaker closes the door, the night club ambiance significantly dimmed in this near sound-proof room]

...

[Speaker clucks their tongue suggestively]

(conversationally) Quite the arm candy you got there. I didn't know you were into the *librarian* type, but whatever. To each their own.

Harrow: Can I get you a drink?

...

Really? You looked awfully *thirsty*--- I was afraid four-eyes downstairs was in for a complete draining. You're lucky I stepped in when I did.

Not that I don't think he wouldn't have *enjoyed* it.

[Teasing snicker]

...

(while pouring themselves a drink)

oOo. A "sunglasses indoors" joke? That's funny.

(leaning in closer) You're *funny*.

Just say you miss looking at my pretty pretty eyes and be done with it, Sweetheart.

...

They're protection from the lights--- UV, neon, LED. It doesn't matter the time of day, any light is *way* too bright.

What can I say, I've got sensitive eyes.

(pouting; batting their lashes annoyingly) I'm a sensitive guy.

...

[Speaker takes a long gulp of their drink, then "ahhhhs" obnoxiously]

Are you sure you don't want any? It's fresh--- harvested today. I'm sure you're *dying* for a taste.

Oh! *[Snaps]*

I looked up that word--- that thing you called me.

Vampire--- It's got a nice ring to it, don't you think? There are a *lot* of different depictions of said ~creatures of the night~. When you accused me of being one, I *really* hope you meant I was a vampire in the modern tortured-and-irresistibly-gorgeous way and not, you know, the creepy-gross-dilapidated-corpse sorta way.

Well. I don't *really* care if you think of me as a corpse. So long as I'm an irresistibly *gorgeous* corpse.

It's weird that there are so many different versions of vampire lore, though. I *wish* I could shapeshift--- but then again I'd have to share a name with that one comic hero.

(snapping to jog their memory) what's his face---

Bat—uh. Hm.

Bat... Bat-Lad!

Or is it Bat--- Bat. Guy?

...

(noticing; goading) You're drooling, Sweetheart. And not over *me*, surprisingly.

[Speaker swirls the glass of drink]

Are you sure you don't want a taste?

One teeeeeeny-tiiiiny sip?

...

Oof. Harsh. But I respect it. You lasted a *lot* longer than I thought you would, you know. I saw you scouting out this place, like, a week ago--- was expecting you to come raging in, frenzied off the hunger.

But no--- you waltz right in, 7 entire *days* later, and with a *date*, no less.

Is he a snack? A peace offering perhaps?

...

No he's not a snack, no he's not a peace offering?

(leaning in close; teasing) Or no he's not your date?

...

... *[Listener stews in angry silence; Speaker chuckles at their annoyance]*

...

I couldn't care less about the nerd, to be completely honest. Drinking *actual* blood is more of a hobby than a necessity. I've got my familiars to handle the whole messy business of keeping me alive and whatnot, so I don't have to drink blood unless I want to.

The same certainly can't be said for you, though.

...

[Listener drops a file filled with papers on a table in front of Speaker]

Aw, for me? You shouldn't have.

[Speaker begins sifting through papers]

Looks like you've been doing your homework.

...

[Click and shutter of a camera]

[Speaker hisses]

The *flash*, Sweetheart.

... *[A considering pause]*

Let me see the picture

...

(using their hypnotic voice) *Let me see the picture.*

...

(extremely pleased) Heyyyy--- that's nice. I don't understand where the whole "no reflection" and "can't be photographed" thing comes from. I mean, c'mon.

It would be *such* a shame for all *this* to go unadmired, don't you think?

Ooo--- but there *is* kind of a weird haze around me in this.

Look at me, just *glowing* with good looks, eh?

...

(shrugging; nonchalant) So post it then. Or print it. Or whatever it is that journalists do nowadays to stay relevant. Why should I care what the public thinks?

...

Sweetheart, those reports are about as condemning as the class tattler weaving tall tales about their bullies to teacher. At best, you've got folklore, vague accusations, and circumstantial evidence against my guys. Need I remind you I've been stuck in a *hole* in the ground for a significant chunk of this millennia?

I mean, yes, they're *my* familiars--- but there's no record of me giving the order for them to do any of this stuff. I've got plausible deniability--- RE: *hold in the ground*.

And anyway some of the things in your file there weren't even my guys' fault.

...

No--- what I'm *saying* is that the crimes and style of the crimes are similar, but my guys didn't do it.

(leaning closer) I'm saying there's either a copycat killer... or another Vampire clan on the loose.

...

(scoffing) Ridiculous. I've got my familiars on a tight leash. You know firsthand how impossible it is to resist my command.

...

Would you like to put that theory to the test?

You're looking awfully weak, Sweetheart. You sure you have the strength to even attempt disobeying?

Why don't you come here and taste the blood on my lips?

...

[Listener shuffles forward in a trance]

...

(so close Speaker has to whisper) *Ha*. Gotcha.

[Listener recoils back to a less intimate distance]

(Speaker continuing on; blasé; as if nothing just happened)

Though, that did seem a rather convenient excuse for you to get your hands all over me. Makes me wonder if you got all close and personal just now because you simply *wanted* to.

Should we try again?

...

Hm. Whatever you say.

But I know what I saw.

Anyway, that should be proof enough that my guys would never step out of line. They *can't*. Which means there's someone else out there just like me--- or close enough--- who's causing all this trouble.

...

No, I get that. It sounds too good to be true. I mean, 2 of *me*? The world can only dream.

But if one person centuries ago could be born with these powers, who's to say that someone later on can't be? Make no mistake, there are probably some differences between me and this new counterfeit--- I *am* one of a kind--- but if it happened once, it can happen again.

...

Well, I can't speak for our mystery Villain but *I*, for one, don't turn into a bloodthirsty violent beast when I feed.

That's only for *special* occasions.

And if this person is turning people, same as me, it'd be practically impossible to discern what *their* process is like without having someone on the inside. I mean, me? I can't have a clan of more than 10 or it starts to get *really* loud in my brain. Which would be bad considering my past with the whole--- say it with me--- *hole in the ground*. And my familiars are watered down versions of me, depending on what path they choose. They'll get the strength and immortality and healing factor from drinking human blood stuff plus a telepathic link--- but unless they've already got latent powers, that's all they get from me. No hypnotic eyes and voice, no ability to make other familiars, no *dashing good looks*. And even all *that* is dependent on whether they embrace a full-on change or if choose the alternative of--- (catching themselves)

--- Hey, wait.

[*Laugh*]

[*tsk tsk tsk*]

(delighted) Sneaky, sneaky you lil' sneak, you! You did that thing! That uh---

[*Snap snap*]

The thing from the Incredibles? You've got me monologuing!

That's great. No really, that's fun. Trying to get your 'scoop'.

It's a good thing I realized before I gave you the information you *actually* wanted.

...

[*Mocking gasp*]

Fledgling's first mutiny awwwww. That's cute. We should commemorate this--- where's your camera?

See here, Sweetheart, you're actually *not* going to go to HAVEN with all this information. Let me tell you why:

(circling listener; growing closer and quieter with each accusation)

First--- If I *really* wanted to, I could have you parading around as a brainless, mind-controlled puppet. You *literally* wouldn't be able to go blab to HAVEN. You're lucky I like you strong-willed and snappy.

Second--- If I refused to give you the information you want, no--- *need*, to stay semi-human, and you go to HAVEN to have me taken away, that leaves you with absolutely no leverage. It's a fundamental flaw in your plan: If I don't give you what you want, I pay the price--- but if I pay the price, you *never* get what you want. Don't underestimate how petty I can be.

And third--- no matter how much you tout "The public's right to know" and "Truth, Trust, Voice, and Vigilance" the fact remains: You just *love* a good story. And how can you write your series of the century if your most interesting source is locked away?

...

I have my reasons for wanting HAVEN off my back. I still hold a grudge against them, but they're frankly the least of my worries. I have my eyes on a more long-term solution.

What *you* proposed, Sweetheart, was extortionary. Seedy.

Just plain *mean*.

What *I* propose is a deal. Something *mutually* beneficial.

...

What I *want* is to...

(with derision; like the word leaves a bad taste in their mouth)

Help.

I want to track down these new Vampires. Take them off HAVEN's hands. Make them pay.

I know when I've bitten off more than I can chew, and HAVEN is too much of a beast to take on. I think that's why they dug me up in the first place--- as a consultant, of sorts. To help track down this new threat. But they had no intention of letting me roam free

once they were done with me. If I do this, it'll show them that I'm not here to step on their toes. That we can coexist, that I could maybe even help in handling the more *unsavory* villainy of this world.

The other benefit would be that I could clear the air. This copy-cat clan is sullyng my name. But worst of all? They *dared* to cross into *my* territory. *My* dominion. And we just can't have that now, can we?

And lastly... HAVEN will have information on how they found me. Maybe even who locked me up. And I---

I need to know *why*.

...

Is it so hard to believe that I want *peace*, Sweetheart? I've seen the world through others' eyes for *centuries*, only being granted *ghosts* of experiences, never having anything of my own.

I just want... I just want to *live*.

...

... *[Brief moment of silent reflection]*

..

[Laughing as a coping mechanism to break the serious mood]

(playing their vulnerability off; resorting to goading and teasing when things get too real)

Isn't that *tragic*? Aren't *I* tragic? Don't you want to, I don't know, fall in love with me now or something?

...

[A more genuine laugh; Listener pulling them from their gloomy mood]

You say that now, but there's still time within our long, long partnership to do so 😊

...

Oh, I don't just *think* you'll accept--- I *know* you'll accept.

...

Because if you act as the bridge, the go-between for me and HAVEN, if you help me in this--- *you* will get all the glory and credit for not only *covering* but being *involved* in this investigation.

Saving Summit City is, you know, *fine* and all--- but with me you'll gain notoriety. You'll get that addictive *rush* from a good story. That's what you really want, isn't it?

I mean, you're not as *noble* as Cupid Shuffle downstairs, are you now?

...

[*Laugh*]

Yep. Saw the whole thing. Gotta say, I like your way of dancing *much* better. Maybe you can show me sometime.

... And the last thing you'll get?

Relieve.

You don't want to turn into a full-fledged vampire. That much is clear. Unfortunately for you, the only way to sate your craving, to keep the madness at bay---

Is to drink *my* blood.

...

Think of it as an allowance. Once a month, *every month*--- and not a day later--- I'll allow you a glass of Sanguine sant-*me*-ni. We'll continue this arrangement until the new Vampire clan is gone and HAVEN stops actively hunting me. Once that mess clears up I'll give you a cure and we can cut ties forever.

How does that sound?

...

[*Laughing at Listener's skepticism*]

I have only one thing to say then, Sweetheart. It's up to you. If you choose to accept or if you want to spit in my face and refuse, my response is the same:

(leaning forward) *Bite me*

[*Snaps teeth twice playfully*]

...

Well? What'll it be?

...

I knew you'd come around.

Come here then.

...

Oh c'mon. Are you seriously getting shy now?

Fine. I'll make it easy for you.

...

[Speaker casually saunters up to Listener, deliberate and goading]

[Speaker leans in close to give Listener access to their neck, their mouth pressed dangerously close to Listener's ear]

(whispered) Try not to enjoy this too much.

Bite to get the blood flowing, then release to---

...

[Speaker Inhales sharply as Listener sinks their teeth into their neck]

...

[Listener feeds in silence. As they continue to drink, Speaker's breathing becomes louder--- ragged and shaky. Just when it reaches a tipping point, when it seems as though Speaker might say something--- or make a different sound all together--- they break away]

That's enough.

That—

[Speaker pants, taking a few steady inhales and exhales]

(shakily; breathless) That's enough.

...

[Speaker swallows once]

(regaining their bearings by resorting to their lackadaisical joking) Would you look at that. You're a natural. You sure you're not up for completely turning and becoming a full-fledged cold-blooded killer?

...

Only time will tell.

(ominously; laden with promise) Welcome to the clan.

(overly friendly and blasé) Well. That was quite the productive meeting, don't you think?

And just on time--- I think your friend downstairs called in some backup. My familiars are reporting the arrival of one angel-themed golden boy. I take it he's here for you?

...

Go. Be on guard for a summons from me, continue your research and investigation into these new Vampires, and don't let HAVEN catch onto what we're doing. They're not going to be happy until everything's all squared away.

Alas, parting is such sweet sorrow.

See you, Sweetheart.

****Part 2 End. Harrow will return...****