

[ASMR] BITE [M4A][VAMPIRE][DARK]

*You've lived in your castle in peace for quite some time alone. While your home is a perfect spider's web for weary travelers and foolish explorers, you find yourself bored with the offerings that become trapped and consumed. Something about the listener, a new meal for you to savor, strikes you as odd. They don't shiver or quake when you appear... who are they?*

(The listener walks into the castle, looking around aimlessly. You are hidden within the shadows.) You would be wise to turn around and leave this place. I assure you: only one warning will be given to you, little one... (Listen: W-Who's there?) Who's there? You seek to know more instead of heeding a warning? One that may save your life? (Sigh) Must all who come here reject their caution and need for survival for the sake of curiosity? You need not know me to understand your position here. Remember my words. (Listen: I'm not leaving!) You're not leaving? Foolish as the rest, I see...

*You slowly approach them from the darkness. They watch you walk at a calm pace towards them, stopping ten feet from their spot.*

You wish to test your survival against what you do not know? Then I shall make this quick. (Listen: Whoever you are, I'm not afraid of you...) ... hmmm.. you seem to speak true... You do not know me and I know that most would fear meeting a stranger like this. A mysterious castle that appeared in the mist as your only shelter of safety, hosting a man you cannot name who warns you to leave for your own good. More rational people would flee at my presence alone, recognizing the chill down their spine as one screaming to seek self-preservation... Yet there you stand, as if some courage demands your stubborn defiance to logic. I've seen many shiver in fright where you stand now before they bolted back out into the mist. Tell me: what drives this strange courage of yours? (Listen: Only if you tell me who you are.) Only if I reveal who I am to you? What use is my life to you? Or my name for that matter? (Listen: I would not know you as a stranger.) You would not know me as a stranger...

*Approach them further. Five feet away. You are intimidating enough without trying, so why do they not flee?*

And if I wish for you to see me as a stranger? A being who threatens your very life with warnings that will indeed come true if not heeded. If I did not care to give my name, what would you do? Stand there as my warning bears fruit when it is not being listened to? (Listen: What will happen if I don't listen to your warning?) You wish to know of your fate for your defiance? Not even the most war-hardened soldier would wish such an end. (Listen: What do you mean?) What I mean is that you will not be standing there in defiance much longer should you not leave. You will not live to see another sun, another moon, or another star in the sky. Your nose will fill the scent of your own blood and ichor and you will feel only misery as your regret washes over your mortal body until you breathe your last breath.

*They do not flinch. They merely stand there, stunned at your description. They don't seem to believe it to be true.*

You do not believe me, then. I can see it in your eyes that my words ring hollow in your ears, despite the truth. It is a waste to make you believe me with only words, so I shall apologize on behalf of your stubbornness for what is to come your way. (The main door slams shut behind the listener.) There is no longer a way for you to escape the web you've caught yourself in. This castle obeys me and I will have what it has ensnared in its clutches for me. (The listener immediately draws a simple dagger.) Hmm? A dagger? Do you think it will save you from what is to come? It's barely sharp... a wood-carving implement at best. You're either a great liar of your skill or the second biggest fool to step into these halls. (Listen: Second?) ...it does not matter what I meant by such. That meager weapon will not save you.

*You give a wave of your hand, causing the dagger to fly out of the listener's hand. They attempt to grab at it, but suddenly become face to face with you as with your supernatural speed, you've cut the distance between you entirely.*

I have warned you. I have even granted you time to reconsider my words. Your stubbornness is your downfall, little human. May your next life not bring you here... (You grab the listener by their collar and lift them effortlessly into the air.) And may your blood fill me long enough to await the next mortal's foolish wanderings of my mist... (Listen: You made the mist?) Yes... the mist that blankets over the forest is mine. Did your village not pass down warning of it? The forest becomes flooded by my mist as I draw in souls to drink my fill from. All surrounding cities know of its dangers... do they no longer give caution to those who seek to venture through it? (The listener shakes their head.) ...I see... it seems my influence no longer frightens the land around me, or the mortals of this place no longer wish to care for each other's well being... I almost pity you.

*You lower the listener down and release them. Standing over them, they still carry some sort of defiant flame in their eyes.*

I will grant you one more chance to leave, for you have given me information worth investigating. If the lands do not care to heed my presence, then perhaps it is time for me to make this forest my own in permanence. (Listen: Why haven't you before?) When I... acquired this castle... I became bound to its rules; one of which is to never root down into the earth until it is clear it can be done safely. Since then, this place only appears when I am in need to take from the land to survive. My mist is my bait. My castle is my trap. And you were one of hundreds who have fallen for each step. (The listener takes a breath. Listen: So you are a vampire?) Yes... I am indeed as you say: a vampire. Unable to drink in the light of the sun for as long as I continue to remain undead. As such, I have given you more information than you arrived with and more than others were allowed to have. What will you do now?

*The listener stands their ground. They seem hesitant to leave, but they sway in the place, too uncomfortable to remain still.*

...You would continue to stay?... Interesting... Who are you? (The listener reveals their name. A stranger still.) I see. How did you find yourself in my mists? The forest is no place for a person who only carries a dagger with them. (Listen: I was... running.) You were running away from something? What could have possibly driven you to such actions when you clearly have the courage to face me without shaking? (The listener doesn't answer.) ...If you do not wish to tell me, then I will respect your silence. However, whatever you ran from I promise will not match up to the situation you now find yourself in. (Listen: You still intend to kill me?) How else am I to eat if I allow you to live? I do not make blood slaves of the humans I capture. The only things that live within these stone walls are me, my servants, and the beasts who guard the halls. Nothing else may survive here.

*The listener steps towards you. "What do you mean by that??"*

What do I mean by that? This place is not made of simple stone, little one. I mentioned it carries magic as well; dark magic. I cannot leave these walls of my own accord, so I cannot claim a homeland of my own at the risk of being discovered and hunted down, trapped within my own home at the mercy of hunters. (Listen: So this place is cursed?) Is this place cursed? No, little one... merely obeying its last master's dying wish. This place was once able to grant someone anything they desired, but it took what humanity they had left in exchange... (Listen: Did you do that?) Did I surrender my humanity for something?... of course I did. I was a fool to do so, but I was as desperate as someone could be.

The last master of this castle was no vampire, but he wielded dark magic as effortlessly as a child to their favorite toy. He was a mage, cast out of every town he had tried to enter for his bonds with dark magic. When I had learned of him, I was barely able to stand on my own. I carried a rare blood disease that would eventually take my life before I had the chance to find love, settle down, have a family. There was no chance for me, so my family had practically abandoned me to my fate, unable to swallow the pain of birthing and raising a child with such a death sentence around his neck. With nothing left to lose, I sought the mage on my own with the little energy I had left within me. When I came, seeking salvation for an illness I carried since birth, he promised me a life where I could not die from it... I became the biggest fool to ever step foot in this place since agreeing to his offer.

*The listener steps up to you with a hand on your shoulder. It's almost... pitiful.*

This sorcerer was the creator of the castle, using it as his catalyst for power. He used some form of dark magic to... change me.... bind my blood and change it to something monstrous. He took my disease... and the castle took my humanity in exchange... I found myself craving blood, hungry beyond reason, but when I tried to leave... I was forced back by a barrier that still keeps me inside to this day... Enraged, I... consumed the mage as my last resort, unwilling to listen to his plans for me while blinded by my massive thirst and anger... The castle, as if it knew what I had done, named me its master and I found myself the controller of multiple servants and beasts that the mage had constructed or bred for his own needs. They taught me all I needed to

know to control this place... my prison... (Listen: I'm so sorry...) Do not feel pity for me. I've taken enough lives to warrant human disdain, all because I did not wish for my life to be taken by some damn human-borne mutagen I did not choose to be born with. No... I am a monster. And I shall forever be such until a human strong enough to kill me does so.

*You approach the listener and lift their chin. They still seem unafraid of you, yet they are not strong enough to kill you.*

So... Now that you know what I am and how I came to be such, do you still wish to stay? I will have little choice but to kill you, for there is no good life here in this place. There is no way a human can live and survive here. There is barely fresh food here, for we do not have the means to grow crops or animals. The servants and beasts are self-sustained, thanks to the mage and his forethought. The only one who must feed is me and I take my meals from the mist. The humans who become trapped in my web fulfill my needs for a long while, enough to hide the castle in the void for a while until I am in need again for new blood. Do you see the danger now?

*The listener shakes their head. "Then why not just feed a little from me? I don't mind helping you and you'll get more blood if I live."*

You cannot be a blood bank for my needs. It is a fate worse than death to be such. You would starve while I would need to bleed you just enough to allow you to live without proper meals. It would be a mercy to simply kill you if you refuse to run. The door would not bar you from leaving like it does me and there is no life for you here. (Listen: Then make me like you--) I will not make you like me. Look at me. I am a monster, bound to drink the blood of those foolish enough to walk through a mist to this forsaken castle until the end of days. No sane person wishes for a life like this, so do not ask me to give you such. I do not know what led you here, but such a fate cannot be worth the trade of safety from it. I will not turn you into... *this*.

*The listener glares and stands their ground. "I am not leaving and I don't want to die. Let me help you."*

...You still wish to help me... have humans become too sentimental or are you simply... special? If you choose to surrender yourself to me as my blood slave, you will need to find a way to feed yourself. I know you will return even if the castle lets you leave, so if your choice is such, find the means to keep yourself healthy and fed. You may even use your freedom to find others you wish for me to consume to save yourself from my bite... until then, know that freedom is always an option. (Listen: Can I... feel your bite?) ...you wish for me to bite you now? Is this to see if you can handle my fangs or is this your vow of surrender? (The listener doesn't answer) ...I see..

*You step up to the listener and move to expose their neck. They smell strangely delicious...*

Then allow me to feed a little to stave off my hunger temporarily... Rest assured, you will have the strength to remain standing, but I will not feed further until you decide your fate... will you let

me be your final death, will you run at last to save yourself, or will you feed me until the end of days... let my bite sway you one way or another...

*You bite the listener's neck. Their blood is by far the sweetest you have ever tasted. You suck and savor its taste, almost forgetting your vow to keep your bite small. You have to practically force yourself off of them, licking your lips and panting at the loss of control you had.*

You... your blood... Why does it taste like that? (Listen: What do you mean?) It... it is like ambrosia... I almost drowned in it and... (Take a breath) I must look into this... the mage had a library. Perhaps I may find my answers there... have you made your choice? (Listen: I want to help.) You wish to help... very well. I must leave to look into this anomaly... but if the castle does not allow you to leave... consider my words of your survival...