

WARNING: This is a WIP and has not yet been proofread. Anything you read is subject to change.

Raindrops echoed like gunfire as the torrential downpour cascaded into the windows of the Castle. Untouched corridors of polished obsidian tiles reflected back the flashlight of Clark's phone. The slender young man hesitantly furthered himself into the bowels of the structure, his eyes scanning the extravagant decorum that had been dormant for centuries; portraits of wealthy noblemen, garish doors of thick and powerful steel studded oak, suits of fine armor, and more.

Having no direction in this maze of windows and halls, Clark hesitantly placed a hand upon a door which stuck out to him. In addition to being as garish as the others, this door had a bronze plaque with fanciful writing placed upon it: '*Batally S. Mamair*'. Gathering his strength, Clark pushed open the door, his pear green eyes giving it a once over.

A bedroom, no doubt - a fine bed with silken sheets, and lonely stuffed animals drew the most attention, but, as well, a book shelf, nightstands, and a grand desk lie within. Stepping forward, Clark gave the room a deeper investigation, finding that much like everything else here, there were no cobwebs, no dust...but there was, however, a foreign feeling of sorrow in the air.

Approaching the bookshelf, Clark's eyes could barely make out any words found on the spines. Words like '*Urca*', or '*Creșteți*' called out to him, but skimming through them just raised even more questions. Odd circles, graphs of occult sigils, and more only made his head spin to the point he had to place them back onto the shelf. At least one thing was for sure, the rumors did have some credit.

Drawing his attention to the desk, a feeling of kenopsia moved over him, a piece of parchment, stained in old and dried ink - it appeared to be written in that unattuned language once again. That was not the only thing ink-soaked, as the lower half of the desk showed long, thin streaks of black moving down it, as if someone was being drug away; attempting to hold onto the furniture with stained fingertips.

While he had thought this would be a good room to spend the night in, Clark quickly decided otherwise, turning around only to find one last surprise. Unable to notice it before when opening it, but on the inwards facing side of the door revealed chains and locks bolted into it. Strangely, all the locks were open, allowing anyone to enter or exit as they pleased.

This was too much - no amount of bullying was worth spending another minute here! He had to leave, now!

Stepping into the hall, Clark's brain fogged over, which way did he come from again? How many turns did he even make on the way? Did he go up or down those stairs?

A shiver ran down his spine, his hands placed on his wavy gray-brown hair in disbelief. He hated to admit it, but he was completely lost...

Clark was no closer to finding his way out than he was tens of minutes ago. It was like the Castle finally had a living soul within it, and now it was never going to let it go. Looking out the windows provided no escape, as the intense downpour during the night kept him from seeing any sort of recognizable landmarks. Hell, he didn't even know which floor he was on.

He couldn't keep this up - he was growing tired, and so, making way down one last flight of stairs, Clark was surprised to find a lone, standout door at the end of the hall. While the former door stuck out due to the plaque, this one was carved from pure stone! Though, while the logical part of his brain told him not to open it, the tired part of him didn't want to double back, and so, he pushed the large chunk open with surprising ease.

The room Clark found himself in was...massive, at least as wide and taller than a house, carved from the stone as the door. Illuminating torches along the walls revealed several pillars which surrounded a lone coffin of polished black and pink.

The boy's mind spattered out ideas, fables, or tales he had heard since he was a child. All the clues were leading to one singular, albeit implausible, conclusion.

"N-No way, there's no such thing as a Vampire, right? This had to be staged!" He reasoned, his voice trill. Well, staged or not, he had to leave! Turning towards the door he entered through, his palms found themselves meeting heavy resistance. "A one way?!" His exclamation echoed into the chamber. A puff of dust released from the coffin, like spores on a rotting piece of bread.

Then the lid of the coffin slowly opened with a creak...

Clark's heart raced, turning around, he placed his back against the door. His breathing was running wild. There was nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide.

A set of slender pale hands grasped the edges of the coffin, a form slowly rising up.

Revealed before him was a woman, appearing around Clark's age, and maybe a bit shorter. Her long strawberry pink hair flowed down behind her like ribbon on a present, with deep candy pink eyes which reflected sophistication as they captured Clark in their sight.

Taking a step out, the woman's attire was garish, and antiqued. A long, frilled dress, decadent evening gloves, and more adorned her pale, slender figure. Once her other leg made contact with the floor, the woman's expression shifted from deadpan, to a mischievous smirk.

"Ei bine, ce avem aici?" She spoke, her voice carrying itself with careful authority, but hints of childlike playfulness.

Clark's body trembled at the sight of her, his mouth feeling dry and cotton-tongued. Still, he forced himself to reply. "I...huh? I-I'm sorry, but I don't speak that language. E-English, can you speak it?"

"English?" The girl tilted her head, a finger placed onto her chin. "Nu pot vorbi...încă. Stai liniștit, băiete." Her boots clacked lightly against the cold floor as she approached, Clark shivering with each shaky step she took.

"W-Wait, please don't hurt me! I-I'll do whatever you want! P-Please, let me live! I-" Falling onto the ground, the boy could only look through his wavy bangs while the woman lowered herself down to him, her fingers delicately lifting up his chin. He could feel her body quivering...was it excitement?

"Sunt slab, băiete. Calmează-te, nu te voi omorî... încă" She whispered, her lips parting, revealing a set of large, pure white incisors. Clark couldn't fight back, her overbearing presence enough to keep him from attempting such a thing. He felt a sting, her fangs seeping into his skin like a fork through jelly.

With the fear, adrenaline, and dread overtaking him, Clark watched as the world around him faded to black.

The room came back into view, Clark's vision spinning and throbbing. Getting up felt like a chore, instead, only able to shift his head to the side, realizing he was prone, splayed

out. His green eyes met with the woman's pink ones, she herself sitting atop her coffin, legs crossed over one another.

"Ah, you're finally awake. For a moment I was worried I took too much!" She giggled, adjusting her posture slightly to look even more regal. "But I must thank you, now I'm about at 100%!"

"H....uh?..." Clark pushed to sit himself up, leaning against the wall and coughing. He had never felt so weak before. Regardless, he managed to keep his head upright, forcing out each word. "I'm alive? How? Why?"

"Cause I wanted you to be, duh." The woman replied, brushing her fingers through her hair. "Why would I want to kill the person that came to set me free? Though, I suppose I could if you want-"

"No, please don't!"

"Hrm, thought not." She chimed, licking her lips giddily. "Let's cut some time here, I'd rather not wait for you to get your bearings and start bombarding me with questions. I am Mistress Batally Scothsin Mamair, but you can simply refer to me as Batally; and as you have probably pieced together, I am a Vampire."

"Right..." Clark added, trying to wrap his pained head around the entire situation. "Wait...so that room I went into, with the chains and stuff...that was yours?"

Overdramatically placing her arm over her forehead, Batally uttered a fake gasp. "Sneaking into a girl's room? Seems the one who freed me is also a massive pervert. But yes, that place was indeed mine. My parents didn't quite take to my hobby, and so, they thought it wise to keep me there, until I was weak enough to seal me here."

"Your parents did this? Aren't they Vampires too?"

Shaking her head, Batally continued. "Vampires aren't real, duh. At least, they shouldn't be. However, magic, alchemy, hellish rituals; well, they can make the impossible *very* real."

Oh, okay, there was the crazy bit. It was no wonder they sealed her away if she was doing things like that. "So you made yourself a Vampire? Then you have to be ancient, right? Nowadays, stories say they have all kinds of weaknesses."

"Well, sure, I may be old, but most of that time I was enjoying beauty sleep, as you can tell." Batally motioned to her body, while a bit on the flat side, she did have an overall feminine shape to her. "As for weaknesses..." A smile crept onto her face, an egomaniacal look in her eye. "I have none! Decapitation, stabbings, dismemberment, even being set ablaze. I won't just break apart and reform, I will actively regenerate constantly. I. Am. Unstoppable.~"

Clark's jaw dropped. "E-Even garlic?"

"Ugh, don't mention that stuff."

"So garlic does work?" He postulated.

"No, I just hate it." She'd reply simply. "Smells terrible, and is used in most recipes. Truly hellish beyond even my comprehension."

"Wait, back up, you turned yourself into a Vampire? Why?"

"Simple. I deserve it." She'd reply with a hint of cold venom in her voice. "I was always smarter than everyone else growing up. Always more gifted. Why shouldn't I get to be even more perfect? In fact, I designed the ritual so that I'd become even more powerful with each person I drained. Though, my Parents took issue with my ambitions. I saw the fear in their eyes, but could do little about it once they locked me away before I could properly siphon anyone. When I was too weak to fight back, they placed me in here, hoping I'd never escape."

"I always knew they'd be wrong. It was only a matter of time until I was to be free. It was then that I promised myself that I'd help whoever released me, and take them as my Thrall."

Well great, now he was dealing with a woman who wasn't just crazy, but had a God complex. He had to give it to her, though, she at least gave off the air of someone who felt just that confident about themselves. "Is that why you can speak English now? Because you studied?"

She shook her head. "Ah, no. I siphoned blood from you - it allows me to also learn your language, and a bit of colloquialisms. Observe. Ehem. *'No cap, I am mindrotten with the Vampiric rizz. On God, I am her. I will always be her. Anyone els-'*

"P-Please just stop, hearing that is more painful than the bite."

Batally frowned slightly, puffing out her cheeks. "Fine. Anyway, back to more important matters; why were you in my Castle?"

"Oh! I-Uh...well...I sort of...was forced in here?" Clark's cheeks turned red, rubbing the back of his head awkwardly.

"Forced?"

"There's this group of bullies at my college. They'd do things like spam my phone during class, or put the air out of my tires. They're rich, so they get away with it. Well, I finally confronted them, and they told me 'If you go stay at the Castle outside of town for one night, and send proof, we'll leave you alone'. So...here I am!"

"And you believed them?" Batally asked, hopping down from her coffin.

"Well, I mean, why wouldn't I?"

"Oh, my sweet, stupid little thrall - the rich never have the intentions of the lesser as their priority. Me and my parents have used and manipulated plenty in the past. Seems the times haven't changed." Stepping towards him, Batally continued. "Though, you are fortunate, as my Thrall, I will be more than willing to help you see revenge."

Batally's hand placed itself against the stone door behind Clark, with a huff, the door slowly began to crackle, opening a narrow gap. "I'm still not strong enough to escape! Hrng! Easy solution! Go, my Thrall! Bring those bullies here! I'll see to it that your enemies will be my enemies, and no one will mock you again!"

"Well, except maybe me!~"

Great! The perfect moment to escape! Still hesitant about the whole thing, Clark shimmied through the narrow opening, Batally giving a playful wink as the door shut behind him. He was finally free, the sound of rain outside now like a melody of birds! Foolish she was to let him go without any sort of promise or acknowledgement! Now all he had to do was leave this place, and he'd never have to worry about it again...never have to worry about the bullies either!

The door closed behind him, a lone thought drifting in his mind while he walked up the staircase. He halted in his tracks.

What if...he did as she said?

Taking a moment to consider the options, Clark returned to the stone door, gently pushing it open.

"I have a better idea."

"God, it's pouring out here." One woman spoke in disgust, shaking off the muddy grime from her shoes onto the polished floor. "Could this really not wait until tomorrow? Or at least when everything is cleared up?"

"Nerd said it was urgent. Apparently he got himself stuck." A rather handsome, well maintained man acknowledged, adjusting his button up shirt and slicked back hair. "It's not my fault you didn't bring an umbrella."

"You're always forgetting stuff, Jessica." Replied another girl, this one dressed in a more fanciful nightgown. "But I do wish we could just hurry this up, I need to be up for Yoga tomorrow. Besides, Edward, I thought you hated him?" Her garish eyes glanced towards the man in curiosity.

"Look, Mary, my Dad said if I end up causing anymore problems for the University, he'll half my monthly salary."

"You mean allowance." Jessica replied, fixing her jacket.

"*Salary*. How would I live off of ten thousand a month? I'd practically only be able to afford ramen cups at that rate." Edward scoffed. "The smaller pranks are one thing, but if he got hurt in here, that's a potential lawsuit waiting to happen."

"Like he could afford the court cases." Mary added with a subdued chuckle.

"Whatever. Dude has to pay for getting my shoes dirty. Though, we gotta find him first."

Edward brought out his fancy phone, a long string of texts appearing on it. "He gave me directions, so it shouldn't be too hard." The man led the way, the two women following him down the maze of walkways, corridors, and extravagant rooms.

"This place is kind of creepy..." Spoke Mary in a hushed whisper.

"No need to worry ladies, Edward's got your back." He'd smile, giving a reliable thumbs up.

"I think I'd rather take my chances with the ghosts than with you." Jessica groaned whilst the trio moved even further into the Castle. In time, and with some banter, the group found the staircase leading down to the long hall - a stone door on the far side.

Edward double checked his phone. "Yep, said he's just beyond there." With the group traveling forward, they could feel goosebumps forming on their skin. Ignoring it, the man placed his hand on the door, delicately pushing it open. "Hey, Nerd, you in here?"

"It's so freaking dark. Here." Jessica turned on her phone's flashlight, the group wandering into the darkness - the door closing behind them. "So what did the little creep say he was stuck in?"

Suddenly, torches lit up around the room, revealing Clark, sitting down atop a coffin in the center. "Hey! Took you guys long enough!" Waving his hand, he motioned for the group to come closer.

"Nerd!" Jessica grimaced, stomping up with the rest of her group. "You don't look stuck! You better have a damn good reason as to why we had to be out here at three in the morning!"

"You don't look stuck." Edward added; a look of disdain on his face.

A shadow moved silently behind the trio, Clark feeling a hint of excitement and nervousness; even a twinge of guilt, but all he had to do was keep them talking. "Well, funny story regarding that - I originally was, but then I decided to-"

The silhouette of the Vampire rose like dark curtains, behind the group. Her wicked smile only grew more so while Clark paused.

"To...what?" Mary crossed her arms, tapping her foot.

"To - uh...to find a way to get unstuck by...uh" Clark's eyes continued to dart to Batally, then returning to the three. "G-Getting some butter and-" Clark's annoyance was rising, as Batally tilted her head to the side. Damn it! She was forcing him to make a fool of himself!

"Butter?? You put butter on yourself? Ew!" Gaspd Mary.

Batally motioned her hand for him to continue; a look of sadistic glee in her eyes as he continued to fumble his words.

"W-Well, yeah, I used butter and-oh screw this, will you just attack them already?!" Clark blurted out, the trio's eyes growing wide and turning around.

"Aww, I wanted to see you struggle a bit more!~" Pouted Batally, her hands gripping Edward's shoulder.

"G-Gah! What the fuck! Let go of me or I'll fucking sue!" Struggled the man, only to be pulled ever closer to her.

"Let go of him!" "You creep, what are you doing to him?!"

"I've never been able to feast fully before. I can't wait to see what it does to me!~"
With her jaw opening, Batally's mouth salivated, her razor sharp fangs reflecting the fear in Edward's eyes right back to him.

"What the-this is some kind of prank, right?!"

Then, a piercing noise rang out, akin to a needle through taught leather.

Blood sprayed from Edwards neck, the crimson fluid drenching the Vampire's mouth like a sprinkler. A stream of red coated her tongue, which danced giddily upon it, like a bathing animal

Her first gulps were immaculate, tasting like syrup, but filling her as if she had consumed a fine plate of meats! Another gulp, then another!

"Mmm!~ Mnnn!~ Ahnnnm!~"

"S-Stop...it!" Edward's struggles became more and more feeble, body turning pale. His eyes rolled up into his skull, mouth agape while Batally continued her delicious feast.

"Bitch, I said let go!" Jessica's fist swung wildly, aimed directly at Batally's face.

The Pinkette's hand reached out, grasping her fist with surprising speed. With satisfied, almost sensual huff, Batally released Edward - drained form collapsing onto the floor.

Letting her long tongue dance over her lips, Batally's glowing pink hues moved towards the assaulting girl. "Mmm, he was so good!~ But I feel...funny!~ Hehehe...heheheh!~"

Everyone's eyes widened, Batally's included, as veins formed along her arm, moving upwards like garden snakes up a tree. A look of excitement crossed the regal woman's face, gleefully chuckling while her form shifted. "Mmmn!~ Oh my, so this is-is what my Parents tried to stop!~" With sensual, devilishly open moans, Batally's hand expanded with the rest of her body, slowly engulfing Jessica's fist.

Tears and snaps echoed throughout the chamber, with the Pinkette's body crawling upwards, to the fear ridden shock of everyone else. Once required to tiptoe just to stand up to Edward's neck, Batally was overjoyed to see herself catching up to Jessica. "O-Ohhh mmm!~ Look at you!~ The modern day royalty - dumbfounded by my evolved self!~" Batally laughed with pure selfish glee as her arms widened, a feeling of strength flooding into them.

The once petite and narrow limbs were now holding more mass onto them, biceps forming the size of softballs. With more tears resounding, the top of the woman's gown tore open, revealing a fine set of orange-sized breasts. "Oh my!~" The growing girl's open hand moved over her small breasts, brazenly groaning as her fingers danced around the nipples. "A tiny start, but better than my old flat self!~ Though, you seem rather buxom!~" A mischievous glint in Batally's eyes, as they looked at Mary.

"As for you." A quick but firm kick launched, a puff of wind as Batally's toned, and now swollen muscular thighs slammed into Jessica's hip, sending her flying across the ground.

Mary, meanwhile, was in shock whilst the entire situation occurred. It wasn't until that strong kick happened, that she managed to snap back to reality. "Jessica!" With her racing heart, Mary stepped back, tripping and falling backwards onto the ground. "P-please! Don't! I-I have money! I'll give you anything! Just let me live! I'm too pretty to die!!"

Taking a moment of pause, ignoring the crying woman, Batally clenched her fist, revelling in the glorious power. "Haha!~ That was so pathetically easy!~ Surely I must be twice as strong as I was before, and I was already quite impressive after altering my form." Looking at herself, Batally stood at 5'10 (1.7m), her heels adding an extra 2 inches, allowing her to be the tallest in the room.

“Hrm? Oh, right, you. Were you saying something, țăran?” With her muscular arm extended, Batally grasped Jessica by the throat, hoisting her up. “No backbone, no ambition. Only gluttony for more money, just like my family. You’re all so shortsighted, never going after the more fun things in life!~ Like *power*.”

Mary couldn’t reply, instead the tension of Batally’s hand caused her to foam out the mouth like an over shaken soda. Attempts at speaking only ended in raspy, inaudible mouthing.

“Oh, I hate your type the most! Always trying to make yourself the victim; the pretty, innocent one!~” The woman’s pink eyes narrowed in disdain, voice still cutesy, but deadpan. “You won’t be fun to play with.” Burying her thumb into her neck, the audible sound of popping could be heard. Her digit wedged into the trachea of the helpless woman, forcing its way in deeper.

“So warm! Don’t mind if I see if you’re just as pretty inside, do you?~” With her other hand grasping the top of Mary’s head, Batally hoisted her even higher, directly above her head; Mary’s limbs flailed on instinct from the intense pain. It didn’t help, as her shoes hit against the Pinkett’s toned stomach, her fists batting against the thick forearms of the Vampire.

It was gloriously macabre to see a flick of the woman’s wrist completely rotate the head of Mary - killing her instantly. Her limp form twitched and motioned like a bug who had just been sprayed with insecticide. With another twist, Mary’s head came off - her neck pouring out blood like a fountain.

Looking at the horrified Clark, Batally raised the body even higher. “Egèszègedre.~” Tilting the body towards her, the woman opened her jaw wide, the gushing blood spraying onto her body. Her breasts were coated, the excess blood trickling down to her stomach like a river, then to her crotch.

She paid no mind to the extra life fluids being wasted, as all that mattered was the mouthfuls she was catching.