

The Vampire Hunter's Bounty

A Gamebook by
SnepKayz

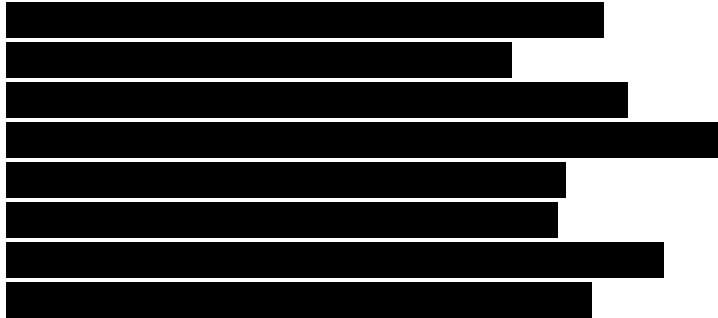


Cover by KittyDee

Overview

Choices are presented in **bold** text with a number beside them. Use CTRL+F to jump to the appropriate number to continue the story. Start at 1, obviously.

Spoilers for paths to different endings and total word counts for each. (Drag mouse over)



Credits

This story was written by [SnepKayz](#)
The cover art was drawn by the talented [KittyDee](#)

01

There was always a risk to taking bounties. Whether that was going after a group of bandits or trapping an animal that had been pestering one of the locals, there was always something to lose. The unchanging rule seemed to be that the size of the reward was a good indicator of how dangerous the quest would be. Trapping a fox that terrorized a local farmer's chicken coop? A handful of silver and a sincere, heartfelt "Thank you." Dragging in the corpses of a tribe of raiders? Well, that tended to fetch a much heavier reward.

But the price on this bounty seemed disproportionately high for the face painted onto the parchment. This bounty was for an effeminate snow leopard, the name "Kayz" inscribed in the paper. His eyes were a dark blue, with your rosettes dyed to match them. Small fangs poked out of his mouth, betraying his undead nature. Despite all that, the target looked as dainty and feminine as a noblewoman. You reached up and swiped the parchment from the board, examining the small writing below the picture.

"Dead: 10,500g. Alive: 15,000g."

"Resides in ruins of Woodskeep Castle. Extremely dangerous."

You committed the location to memory and folded up the bounty. you stuffed it into your pack and pulled out your map in return. The castle was a few hours' walk from Stonegarde. If you left in the morning, you could arrive by midday. Alternatively, making most of the walk tonight and setting up camp would mean you were better rested for the battle.

A stop at the general store and you were ready to make your decision. You had stocked up on bolts, a new string for your trusty crossbow, and a few rations to keep you fed for the next couple days. You hadn't been quite able to afford a touchup on your clothing and armor, but once you had this bounty, such small expenses wouldn't be a bother. There was only one question left: did you want to **leave tonight and camp out [02]** or **leave early tomorrow morning [03]**?

02

There was no time like the present. Every moment that you didn't spend going after your target was another minute that someone else could be getting the job done and stealing your bounty. you gathered up your equipment, mentally jotted down the path you'd be taking, and set off.

The sun was setting behind you as you traveled down the road. The path was empty at this time of day, as the route had a reputation of being plagued by a certain vampire. Guards rarely patrolled at night, and foot traffic dropped to nearly nothing when the sun went down.

Two quiet hours passed without a single soul crossing your path. Your feet hurt a little, and the beginnings of fatigue nipped at you. The cloudy sky hid the moon's light, and the only illumination came from your torch. The flickering orange glow created unnerving shapes in the treeline, and you kept your head on a swivel.

It took you a second to realize that the hooded figure walking toward you from up the road wasn't a trick of the light. A humanoid in a hooded robe was walking the opposite direction, his face obscured by the low light. **This is suspicious. [08]**
Nothing wrong with that. [05]

03

Well...shelling out a few more coins for a luxurious room at the local inn was worth having to wake up early tomorrow. With your new supplies tucked neatly into your pack, you headed off to the local inn. You made your way up to the front desk, fished the last few coins you had from your bag, then set them down on the front desk.

You were shown to your room by the local innkeeper, who seemed more irritated that she had to get up from her desk than happy to have paying customers.

Your quarters were simple enough. Bed, very small bathroom, and a small table in the opposite corner. A single window cast the sun's dying light into the room, though it was rapidly fading. You stripped down, discarding your gear onto the table before laying yourself down on top of the bed. Your eyes drifted shut, and you were soon unconscious.

You awoke the next morning to find the sun shining through the window, and the realization instantly brightened your mood. A beautiful day like today would definitely help in your battle against an undead monster that intensely feared the light.

After a hearty breakfast and one last equipment check, you were on your way. Despite the warnings posted about the vampire harassing travelers, the road was relatively busy one during the day. Merchants, travelers, and all manner of wanderers walked the wide stone road while the sun was out, though most of them seemed too busy with their own adventures to interact with you. A few looked over, realizing that you were some kind of warrior, and continued on their way. No need to ask for trouble if it wasn't necessary.

The path to the castle forked off from the main road. At one point it had been as wide and well maintained as the rest of the road, but decades of disuse had allowed weeds to squirm through the cracks in the cleanly carved stone, and larger flora had followed years later. Now it was nothing but a small footpath, a narrow passage stamped down that led to the castle.

It's time to collect that bounty. [04]

04

The castle would have been a lot more ominous if you had gone at night, though that wasn't to say the decrepit fortress wasn't intimidating on its own. A large metal door signaled the entrance to the building, already cracked open enough for you to squeeze in. You checked your crossbow and dagger before pushing into the building.

The interior was exactly as you'd expected. Vines clung to the stone bricks, busy reclaiming the structure for nature. Metal bars hung on the walls, the tapestries and artwork they once displayed having long since faded into dust.

Your eyes explored the room, deciding where you'd go first. There were a large hallway that presumably led up to the heart of the castle where the vampire had set up shop. But maybe the obvious path was trapped or otherwise set up to put any attackers at a disadvantage? The fact that only a small amount of the torches attached to the walls were burning indicated that the villain didn't use every passage and chamber in the ancient structure. Other than the main hall, only one other path was illuminated, and that were a narrow series of stairs leading down into the basement. You looked to the **main hall [07]** first, then glanced over at the stairs leading to the **dungeon. [11]**

05

Well...maybe some people just hadn't gotten the message that there was a dangerous vampire out and about.

"Aye, traveler." You called out to him, giving the figure a nod. He didn't respond, but maybe he was just tired.

"There's vampires about, so you'd best be careful walking this road at night!" You added, trying to let the figure know the danger that he could be in.

"I'll keep it in mind." The traveler finally responded, now shuffling past you. Well, that was good. You had done your good deed for the day. Well...for the night, anyway.

He continued walking, though you would continue on for less than a minute before a hand grabbed your shoulder. You were forcibly spun around, coming face to face with a pair of ominous, glowing blue eyes staring back at you from underneath the hood. They glared at you with a focused intensity, and before you could go for your weapons, they flashed brightly. You recalled your training; that a vampire's most common tactic was to enslave their victims. Sometimes they'd use poisons, or hypnotic words, or even just a mind-melting touch. This one, however, seemed to prefer using his enthralling gaze.

You shut your eyes tight, trying to block out the blue, tranquil sea that some hidden part of your mind wanted to gaze into.

"Ooh, somebody's done this before." Kayz teased, his voice little more than a whisper.

While your crossbow was holstered safely on your back, you still had a backup at your hip. The silver dagger wasn't as effective as a sword, but if you were ever in a situation where you needed to use it, you were probably fucked already. Your hand shifted slowly, trying not to alert your attacker. You curled your fingers around the handle, quietly removing it from the leather holster at your side.

You winced as a sharp pain stung your wrist, and you dropped the dagger to the floor harmlessly.

"Cute knife, but a little too late." The vampire laughed, kicking it away.

"Let go of me, vampire, and I'll make your death quick!" You hissed, eyes shut tight the whole time.

"Oh?" Kayz chuckled. "You won't even look at me! And I don't think you're sneaky enough to go for any other weapons without me knowing."

He didn't stop there. "You know you want to look. Just open your eyes for me, and let me wash all your problems away..." Kayz purred, shifting closer. You could feel the vampire's cool breath on your neck, and you found yourself shivering from both the cold night air and fear of what the undead creature would do to you.

You made a mental note of what was happening. The vampire had an unnatural way with words, and you while you were trying your best to block them out, it was beginning to get to you. "This is your last warning, leech! Your last moments will be the most painful-"

"You can plug your ears if you think it'll save you." Kayz interrupted, not at all concerned with the empty threats. "Come on, do it. You look cute trying to resist."

You hated that you had to follow your prey's instructions, but you were out of ideas. Your fingers pressed into your ears, muting the outside world. Two of your senses had been removed this far, and while he would have loved to take his time and isolate the remaining ones, the vampire had other things to do.

"Good boy." Kayz murmured, more to himself than the blind and deaf "hunter." It was time to finish up, however.

The feminine vampire leaned forward and wrapped his arms around you, prompting a nervous gasp from his victim. He leaned forward, planting his soft lips against yours. The shock of such an action pulled your eyelids open, suddenly wide with surprise. Unfortunately, you only met the glowing, endless ocean of dark blue in Kayz' eyes.

"You're a pathetic hunter, you know." Kayz chuckled after pulling away, watching as your hands slowly lowered. He kept you locked in the embrace, not finished reeling you in quite yet. The blue glow drew closer as Kayz went in for another kiss. Your eyes lost focus as you began to drift in the vampire's eyes. No, you had to resist! There were still a chance to win this battle! you just...had...to break free...

You hadn't even noticed that the vampire was working your way down your collar, bestowing a series of kisses and nibbles down the side of your neck.

"Tell me how you're such a pathetic excuse for a vampire hunter." Kayz demanded, his voice soft, but still bearing a commanding tone.

"...Pathetic...hunter..." You found yourself mumbling back, still fixed on those beautiful azure eyes.

"I don't know how you've survived this long." his adds, stepping closer to you. He stood only inches away now, and you could feel every cool breath running across your face. The vampire reached one hand down, slipping it underneath your waist and feeling around for your cock. You couldn't stop yourself from letting out a gasp as those cold, dainty fingers curled around your member.

"Stiffen."

your words were undeniable laws in your head, and your body obeyed.

"There it is..." The vampire purred, starting to stroke back and forth. Waves of pleasure rippled through You, making you shudder as you were led closer to climax.

"You're too dull to be my thrall, unfortunately. I think I'll keep you as a blood cow, so at least you'll be able to serve me for a little while." you mused, your rhythm never once faltering throughout.

"I'll...be...cow..." A voice that You recognized as your own responded. While it were already nearly impossible to form sentences, the fact that you were being jerked off the whole time just added another obstacle to the challenge.

"Now we're going to flush out all that useless free will from your head before I bring you home." The vampire explained, your eyes beginning to glow once again. The bright blue light from your eyes filled your vision, your mind forced to focus on it. The pumping grew a little quicker, and the familiar sensation of an impending orgasm grew at the base of your cock.

"Empty your mind." The command were silent and deafeningly loud at the same time. your lips didn't move, words projected directly into your head.

“Feel your thoughts, your desires, everything you are spill out the back of your skull.” He mentally commanded, stroking your cock quicker and quicker. you were so close!

“You have no personality, no will. You are a source of blood, and you will be discarded when you are spent. Cum, and submit to me!” your mouth was hanging open, empty eyes rolled back. How could you resist your master? No, your *god!*

An explosion of cum erupted from your needy cock, soaking the insides of your pants. The vampire kept going, intent on forcing every drop out of you. You could feel your mind decaying with every throb. your prick twitched, spurting out a thick rope of seed along with your desire to harm the vampire. Another burst added to the stain, this one containing your memories and connections to the outside world.

The vampire didn't let up. “One more for me, cow. Submit. Cum!” He yelled into your skull, which was all but empty. You moaned out loudly as your cock released one last rope of cum, expelling every memory of who you were.

You stood there helplessly, blank eyes staring ahead. There was a thick, creamy mess drooling down your leg and forming a large dark spot on your pants. The smell of cum was heavy in the air.

“Good cow...” Master whispered, pulling your hand free and pressing a cumstained finger into cow's mouth. you licked it up, cleaning off your master's hand without even thinking about resisting.

“Now...let's get you back home, I can't wait to feed...” [20]

06

Days had passed, or maybe weeks, or possibly even months. It didn't really matter, as You had all the time in the world to serve your master in the beautiful castle they resided in. your master had been generous enough to allow you to keep your mind, though You had no clue that your desire to stay and serve the vampire were entirely manipulated and artificial. Kayz had worked you over so well at this point, you'd never know the difference anyway.

You were interrupted from your thoughts by a familiar pair of arms wrapping around you from behind. Your master.

"Have you put up the new bounties yet?" Kayz asked gently, grinding his hips against his servant's bubbly rear. "It's been a while since we've had guests, and I'd hate to have to drink from you." you added, accentuating the comment with a teasing nibble to the side of your neck.

"I just finished -Ah!- d-drawing them up." You reported dutifully as Kayz casually explored your body. Moments later, you'd feel the chill of the cool air as your bottoms were tugged down.

"Good. You may go once I'm done with you." The vampire purred, one hand reaching down to line his member up with your ring. You gasped as your butt were unceremoniously stuffed full of vampire cock. It was never an issue, however. You were always relaxed enough to let your master push right in without too much resistance, and you were always rewarded for the pleasure you gave. Kayz' other hand reached around, beginning to stroke your own growing erection. He humped at you slowly at first, both the motions of his hand and his hips beginning to pick up speed.

Kayz grunted, burying your shaft to the hilt inside you and pumping your ass full of cum. Hearing and feeling your master's satisfaction filled you with joy, and every spurt of warmth inside you dragged you a little closer to your own climax.

A few more strokes, and you found yourself crying out in ecstasy as you spilled your load onto the floor in front of you.

"Ahh- Th-thank you!" you stammered out, eyes rolling back for a moment as pleasure swept through you. Kayz planted a kiss on your cheek before pulling out.

"Clean this up and then get those posters up in town." The vampire whispered, reaching down to pull your clothes back up like nothing had happened.

"Yes, master!"

Game Over: Thrall End

07

After a few moments of deciding, You opted to head down the main hall. Every second you spent unnecessarily exploring was time your opponent could use to escape or get the jump on you. You raised your crossbow, and advanced down the hall slowly.

When you reached the large, open throne room, you immediately found it odd that no light seemed to filter in through the damaged ceiling. A glance upward would reveal large swaths had been patched up relatively recently, however. It seemed the vampire had done some home improvement. Several sconces held lit torches that cast their flickering orange glow across the decaying throne room. Your eyes traveled across the chamber, fixing on the silhouette reclining on the throne.

"I'm here to collect the bounty on your head, leech. I can take you in alive, or I can drag you back dead." You stated flatly.

The vampire stood up casually, fixing your piercing blue eyes on you that had so rudely intruded upon your lair. "Just so you know, this "leech" likes to go by Kayz. And take me in? No, I don't think you'll be leaving with me at all." He grinned, shedding the cloak that he had been wearing this far. Underneath, he was wearing a set of black, silken robes that were far too skillfully crafted to be of local origin. Kayz' top were quite low cut, a good portion of his flat chest exposed to the cool air. His pants were tucked into a set of equally high quality leather boots that went up to his knees, the black leather inscribed with an ornate pattern. Looking a little closer at the feline's clothing revealed that most of it were a very dark blue, instead.

"You're cuter than most of the hunters that come after me, though." He called, stepping down from his throne and slowly approaching you. "You know... I think we could make a team, you and I."

"A team?" You called back, aiming the crossbow at the leopard. It was uncanny how little fear the vampire were showing, even with a deadly weapon pointed at you.

"Mhm. You can't say you've never wanted to live forever, right? Explore every corner of the realm as you desire? Watch empires rise and fall while you don't age a day?" Kayz purred, drawing ever closer. The feline stood only five meters or so away from you now, dangerously close to the crossbow's minimum range.

There were hesitation on your voice. "Don't get any closer, leech!" you hissed, fingering the trigger. Just a little harder, and you'd launch the bolt. The undead snow leopard didn't seem too concerned, and even held out his hand to you.

"Join me, hunter, and I'll give you more riches than every bounty in the world." Kayz called, watching you intently.

You thought about it, trying to decide if you were going to **take Kayz' hand [12]** or **pull the trigger [17]**.

08

Wait a second...who the hell was wandering about this late at night? Not only that, but so close to the castle the vampire had made his lair!

"Identify yourself!" You hissed, drawing your crossbow. The figure abruptly stopped, and despite the fact that his face were hidden, it was obvious that he was glaring back angrily.

"What's your business out here?" You demanded next.

"Kayz, and..." He thought about how to word the second half of his answer, "...I was going into town for a meal." The hooded figure replied, pulling down his hood and revealing himself. It was the vampire from the bounty! "But apparently I've ordered delivery!" **Reflect on that comment? [18]** Otherwise, it was a fight!

You pulled the trigger and sent a silver bolt racing through the air. It caught the vampire in the side, and he growled in pain. The pain didn't keep him down for long, however. Kayz rushed forward, limping slightly. Knowing you didn't have time to reload, you dropped the bow and drew a silver dagger. Despite being wounded, the undead feline was able to close the gap quickly. He slashed at you, sharp claws digging through your clothing and carving four red lines along your chest. Pain exploded through you, and you reflexively slashed with your knife as you stumbled back. It was purely luck that the holy weapon connected, and the vampire's howl drowned out your own. Kayz staggered back, clutching the wound on his shoulder. The undead feline hissed a curse at you and turned to run.

Kayz was quickly disappearing into the night, likely back to the safety of his castle. You also required medical attention, though you had to decide immediately if you were going to **chase the vampire [15]** or **retreat to safety. [13]**

09

A few days had passed. You had gotten used to your new form by now. It had come as a surprise to the both of you that the magical construct that granted Kayz his power could also bring out your own latent magical abilities. You hadn't even known about the bestial, wolf-like form before this encounter! You had grown taller as a result, now towering over the vampire. Your body had been more on the feminine side beforehand, but now that femininity was mixed with the slightest hint of muscle and a rougher and longer coat of fur. Your tail had grown thicker and lengthier, and the same could also be said for your endowments. Kayz had made it abundantly clear that he approved of all the changes wholeheartedly.

You were pulled from your thoughts by the sound of the leopard calling your name in a seductive tone that was now quite familiar. You turned, finding the leopard standing naked behind you.

"I don't want you to get too pent up, you know. And it's been nearly six hours since we last got you off!" He purred, wiggling his hips seductively. Your libido had also been among the list of things that had changed when you transformed, perhaps the most extreme transition of them all. Your heavy balls worked constantly, producing enough cum to overwhelm even the most experienced concubine, and while there were no proof that not blowing a load every few hours was bad, Kayz seemed just fine with avoiding the risk altogether.

You didn't need any further cues. Kayz was roughly slammed against and pinned up to the wall only seconds later, a grin on your face all the while.

"If I was mortal, you'd probably have killed me by now." Kayz laughed, leaning forward the next moment to press his lips to yours.

You found yourself in heaven as you pushed your prick into the vampire's tight ring. The transformation had rendered you much more sensitive to stimulation between your legs, and it was as if the smaller feline's ass was purposely trying to milk you dry every time you went at it.

"Fuck..." You growled, bucking your hips and forcing Kayz to take you. The vampire gasped as he was speared on your impressively sized shaft. It wasn't long before you had settled into a rhythm, the chamber beginning to echo with the lust-fueled sounds of sex. The vampire's moans mixed with your grunts and the steady *[i]whap whap whap[/i]* of your balls hitting Kayz' rear. His hands clawed at your back, carving small red lines into your body. You had gotten used to that, luckily, and the wounds always healed up insanely quick.

You didn't even bother telling Kayz that you were about to cum. Instead you just thrust forward, burying your cock inside Kayz to the hilt. you let out a primal roar, throwing back your head as you pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into the lucky vampire. Your furry chest heaved as you caught your breath, and you looked down moments later to find a few, comparatively small ropes of cum painting your stomach from Kayz' own climax.

"I really need to get you a breeder." Kayz panted, arms wrapped around your neck. "But there probably aren't enough women in Regrejan to keep you satisfied." He added with a grin.

The blue-spotted leopard thought for a moment before continuing. "How about next time I'm out, I enslave someone for you? I'll find a nice, busty cat for you, one that has no business doing anything other than being pumped full of kittens for you?"

You had recovered enough to voice your agreement with Kayz' idea. "Yeah...I'd like that."

Game Over: Monstrous Ending

10

A cornered animal was truly the most dangerous, and you both knew that the fanatics who would take the vampire off your hands weren't going to generously help rehabilitate him into being a peaceful, functioning member of society. Unfortunately, you had assumed that Kayz wasn't willing to fight through his pain, even though his life depended on it.

"Come on, keep moving!" You growled, reaching out to shove the hooded leopard forward.

Kayz responded by stumbling forward onto his knees, making you roll your eyes and bend down to pick him back up.

It happened fast. Kayz lashed his good arm back, striking you in the face. You stumbled back, stunned as pain erupted through your cheek. Before you could recover, Kayz lunged towards you again.

The vampire managed to gain the upper hand, drawing from a pool of strength even he didn't know he had. The next strike disarmed you, sending the crossbow clattering across the ground. Without a bolt in it, the weapon was useless anyway. You attempted to parry the barrage of slashing attacks, though your efforts were rewarded with a series of red lines that stained into your forearms.

A pair of hands wrapped around your wrists, claws digging into your skin. Your hands, held up in front of your face for protection, were wrenched away. You were forced eye to eye with the vampire.

"You. Will. Submit!" Kayz hissed, a storm swirling in his eyes. You tried too late to avert your eyes, and were pulled into the stormy oceans of blue. Visions filled your head almost immediately, vivid scenes of yourself being overrun by a flood of mind-shattering magic. It washed over you, pulling you down into the depths. There was a sudden pressure pushing in on your skull, and then it all caved in on you a moment later.

Your eyes immediately lost focus, staring through Kayz blankly as your mind was torn apart under the vampire's desperate attempt to save himself. No longer receiving commands from your empty brain, your legs gave out and you collapsed to the floor.

Kayz' chest heaved as he collected himself, realizing the latest hunter had fallen only because of his own carelessness amid his assumed victory. The creature beneath him was completely empty, any conscious thought snuffed out of him. All that remained was the unconscious ability to keep his heart pumping blood through his body. The undead feline had seen it once before when he was but a child. The feline had attacked his first victim too intensely, and had crushed the spark of intelligence from the poor soul. This encounter had ended much the same way. Even if the you were brain-dead, you'd still be warm until starvation finally took you.

Kayz knelt down, determined not to let the meal go to waste. The mindless shell of a man that you had once been continued to stare ahead as Kayz sunk his fangs into your neck.

In a few days time, two things would happen back in Stonegarde. The bounty would go back up on the message board in the middle of the town, the price just a little higher. You hadn't been the first hunter to underestimate Kayz, and you wouldn't be the last. Second, a local healer would go missing in the dead of night, never to be heard from again.

A few days after that, it would be business as usual once again for the vampire and those unlucky enough to be on the road at night.

Game Over: Worst End

11

You opted to explore the dungeon first. It made sense, in a way. Maybe you'd find another, sneakier path to the vampire. Or even a way to end the fight before it began!

The dungeon had the same lighting as the entrance; only the parts that the current inhabitant used were actively illuminated by torches, with the rest remaining dark. It was much more intimidating down here, and you couldn't help but wonder what could lurk in the nearly pitch black cells and side passages.

You'd be rewarded for staying on the path after a few more minutes, however, as you soon found yourself in a strange, circular room. Approximately 8 meters in diameter, the only furnishing in the room was a stone pedestal in the middle and the glowing blue orb that hovered above it. Your eyes focused on the strange sphere, trying to figure out what exactly it was. The orb appeared to be a swirling mass of air, held in its spherical shape by an invisible force you couldn't detect. It was hard to say what purpose it served, and you were left with a choice: **touch the orb [14]** or **go down the main hallway and face the vampire. [07]**

12

You held the crossbow up for a few more seconds, weighing the life changing decision that was being presented to you.

"When you say you're going to make me immortal, it isn't a trick? I'm not going to spend an eternity as your mindless slave?" You asked, scanning Kayz' face for any hint of deception.

"You'll be ageless, like me. I'll give you my powers, and you'll be in your right mind the whole time." The vampire promised. He didn't seem teasing or malicious this time. Instead, you detected the faintest hint of...excitement? Eagerness? Even relief?

"Fine." You lowered your bow and dropped it on the floor, holding up your hands. "You convinced me." The hesitation was still thick in your voice, though that was okay. The first step would be the scariest, right?

Kayz exhaled, not realizing he had been holding his breath. The feline took a few cautious steps forward, his hand held out to you.

You reached out and took it, prompting a wide grin from Kayz.

"Follow me, we have work to do."

The trip down to the castle's dungeon had been uneventful, with neither of you attempting to sneak in a surprise attack on the other. That said, you would be lying if you claimed you hadn't considered it. The dungeon was as large as you might have expected from a castle this size, though the flickering torches only illuminated a single path. Kayz only used a small portion of the lair, it seemed. Another minute of walking and you had reached your destination; a circular chamber eight meters or so in diameter.

The vampire's cold hand pulled away from you, and you advanced to the pedestal built in the middle of the subterranean room. The stand held a strange blue orb that hovered inches above the stone. The dark blue sphere seemed to swirl with magical energy, and after looking at it for a few seconds, it became clear that there were no solid core to it. The whole object were simply a spinning ball of colored smoke, all neatly contained in an invisible sphere.

Kayz grabbed your wrist, gently guiding your hand closer to the orb. As your hand drew closer, your fur stood on end. There was a strange strength emanating from the ball, and it was silently drawing you in. You plunged your hand forward, breaking the surface of the orb.

The effect was instant. Your hand was forced free, pushing you back in the process. The next thing you knew, you were laying on your back with the vampire standing over you. Kayz seemed surprised, as he thoroughly examined you. A few more seconds passed before the undead feline grinned wide. **"Seems I'm not the only one who's got powers!" [09]**

13

You glanced down at the bloody claw marks. They had cut right through your armor, and you were fortunate they hadn't gone deeper. A cornered animal was the most dangerous, and you knew that you weren't in the best condition to finish the job. You picked up your crossbow and reloaded it before holstering it on your back and beginning to walk home.

You would stagger into town a few hours later, your injuries beginning to get to you. you pounded on the healer's door until you got a response from the bleary-eyed doctor. Healing your injuries were pricy, more than you could afford after stocking up for your failed quest. You would be stuck doing odd jobs for a while, but at least you had escaped the encounter with your life.

Game Over: Neutral End

14

You reached out, pressing your hand against the glowing orb. You pushed right through, breaking the surface with no resistance. You shuddered as the invisible shield holding the swirling mist in place collapsed, sending swirls of the strange fog coursing up your arm. It disappeared midway up your shoulder, absorbing into your body. It was over in a matter of seconds, leaving you standing in the circular room with an empty pedestal in front of you. Unnatural power flowed through your veins, and while you had no idea how to control or use it, something inside demanded you try. With the strange magic flowing through your veins, you turned to leave and confront the vampire.

As soon as you turned around, you came face to face with the leech you had been sent to kill. It was odd just how scared he suddenly looked, especially for a creature that was used to preying on people.

Before you could demand the monster's surrender, control of your body was torn from you. Time seemed to slow as you raised your arm in front of yourself, palm open and facing the feline. The vampire cried out in terror, clawing at his chest as if he was trying to hold onto something. Electricity surged through your body, growing stronger with every second you spent keeping the vampire in...whatever this hold could possibly be called. Although you couldn't be certain, it felt like you were sucking an invisible energy out of the vampire.

Kayz' fur grew darker, shifting from the pale and almost sickly gray to a more appealing hue, almost as if he was getting healthier. The fog clouding your mind faded, and You lowered your arm. Released from his magical restraint, the vampire dropped to his hands and knees, gasping for air.

You looked down at the feline with contempt, drawing your dagger to finish off the abomination once and for all. However, as your hand wrapped around the hilt, an intense, agonizing burning sensation erupted up your forearm. you reflexively dropped the silver dagger, letting it clatter onto the floor harmlessly. Both of you connected the dots at the same time. Kayz had been rendered mortal, and you had stolen his vampiric abilities for yourself!

Before they could exchange any words, Kayz dove for the dagger. You stomped down on his arm with supernatural speed, pinning his hand down on the cold, stone floor. Kayz yelped in pain, hand struggling to just cover the last few inches and grab the knife. He soon realized it was an impossible goal and gave up.

"Return my powers to me, and I'll grant you whatever you want. I'll share it with you, pay double whatever the bounty is, whatever you want!" The leopard offered, his "negotiating" sounding much closer to pitiful begging. Now that this unholy power was flowing through you, you found it rather intoxicating. You had the once proud vampire on the ground, begging for mercy. You had heard how much the locals feared this creature, how they were willing to empty their pockets just for someone to get rid of it. You could work with that if you tried, and probably end up much richer than you would have been by just taking the bounty.

"Take me to my throne, meat." You commanded, "**This is my castle, now.**" [16]

15

You had the vampire on the ropes! There was no way you were letting the leech escape this! If he got away, he'd simply heal up and be ready for the next encounter! If the moon's glow wasn't being blocked by the thick canopies of the trees, you might have a clear shot. But that wasn't the case, and the vampire was quickly retreating into the darkness. You left the crossbow on the ground, and sprinted after Kayz in a fog of adrenaline that numbed your wounds.

That same fog had narrowed your field of vision, however. You locked onto the first bit of movement you could discern in the darkness, though the vague shape in the black didn't belong to the vampire. You sprinted down the dark path, not even noticing the silhouette hiding behind a tree at the edge of the road. It lunged forward with supernatural reflexes, grabbing onto you mid-sprint. The weight of another body latching onto yours spun you around and threw you off your feet. You crashed to the ground, landing heavily on your back. When you opened your eyes, you found the vampire standing over you, boot planted firmly on your chest. Under the leopard's outline, you noticed a pair of blue orbs beginning to glow. The vampire's eyes stood out among the darkness, and soon you found you were unable to look away.

"And who are you?" Kayz asked, "A new slave to serve me?"

You wanted to tell the vampire to fuck off; that you were anything but a slave and you'd sooner die than become one. In reality, that translated to a few seconds of silence before you let out a quiet "...Yes..." in response.

"Good answer." Kayz purred, his voice suddenly much softer and gentler. He wasn't talking to an opponent or an assassin any longer. No, the cute thing beneath him was his servant and nothing more. "Now keep looking at my eyes. I bet you feel like you could get lost in them." He murmured, kneeling down to sit on your chest.

Another few seconds of silence passed as you tried to resist. You couldn't even form a sentence in your mind anymore, just the vague intention that you wanted to say something negative. Outside of your head, the response you gave wasn't as delayed as the previous one.

"So...lost..." You whispered blankly, prompting a smile from the vampire.

"That's okay, because I'm going to guide you. Just listen to my voice. You must feel so sleepy by now. It's okay to relax..." The snow leopard's voice was almost inaudible, just a faint whisper that barely tickled your ears.

While you were drifting in the dark blue expanse inside your mind, Kayz took the opportunity to undo his pants and let his prick free. He scooted forward a little more, butt planted right at the top of your chest. The feline's balls rested on your neck, and his shaft rubbed against his chin and lower lip.

"Open your mouth and take your master's cock..." Kayz gently commanded. It took no further coercion to get you to open your mouth. Kayz pushed forward a little more, pressing his length into the your maw.

Kayz couldn't suppress a moan as you got to work. Even if your conscious mind was blank, all your experience and unconscious skills still made the act feel amazing. The mindless ones always gave the best sex. Without the ability to second guess themselves or become

concerned at their performance, they always focused every fiber of their beings to pleasure. And it was exactly what you ended up doing. You weakly bobbed your head back and forth, tongue swirling along Kayz' member. Not a single inch was neglected or ignored, and Kayz' satisfaction was made abundantly clear by the series of groans and gasps spilling from his mouth.

The leopard couldn't last forever, though. Especially not under your tongue. You didn't even have to think about gulping down every drop of delicious, salty cum. Kayz moaned out loudly as his length throbbed and twitched in your mouth. Several ropes of creamy seed were bestowed upon your tongue, swallowed down immediately. By now, Kayz was hunched over your face, hands planted on the ground in front of you to steady himself. He gasped for breath once it was all over, slowly pulling his glistening cock free. He sat back on your chest, letting his member slowly deflate.

"You will be my thrall." The leopard whispered to you. "I will protect you and take care of you, so long as you serve me."

"Yes, master..." You murmured, the taste of cum still heavy on your tongue. Just like your master had promised, he had guided you through the haze of your mind, and now a new calling had emerged with startling clarity: you **lived to serve your vampiric master.** [06]

16

You were led to the large, open chamber that Kayz had once ruled from. Torches dimly illuminated sections of the room, and you looked up to notice that the holes in the ceiling had been patched over to prevent any pesky sunlight from getting in. At the front of the room, a raised platform held an ornate throne.

"You're going to let me go, right?" The quivering mortal asked. You ran your hand over the beautiful golden chair as you debated that answer.

"I'm not going to kill you, but your services will be useful to me." You decided after several agonizingly slow seconds. Kayz opened his mouth to respond, but was promptly cut off.

"Get on your knees. I'm going to have your full loyalty." You demanded, not caring to hear whatever he has to say.

Kayz dropped to his knees, blue eyes never once leaving you. His ears flicked nervously, as if his fear wasn't already plain as day. His eyes widened as you dropped your pants.

"What are you going to do?" He asked, watching you stroke yourself in preparation. Your eyes began to glow, and Kayz quickly shut his tight. He knew what that glow would do. Instead of prying his eyes open, you just set out to take what you had intended; lining up your stiff prick with the snow leopard's furry ear. you clutched Kayz' hair to keep him steady, and forced yourself into the warm canal. Kayz gasped, eyes shooting open as he was penetrated in such a bizarre location. You paid him no mind, fixing your attention on bucking your hips back and forth. The smaller feline's head was pushed side to side as he was fucked, mouth hanging open and eyes losing focus.

"That's right..." You grunted, enjoying the way Kayz was falling apart. From your position beside Kayz and the dick embedded in his head, it would be hard to make him look into your eyes for now, but that was okay.

You thrust into the poor leopard with increasing vigor, your climax rapidly approaching. It only took another minute before you found yourself clawing against Kayz and releasing.

An almost excessive amount of cum was pumped into the unlucky leopard's brain, all remaining intelligence sapped away with every throb and spurt of spunk that was shot into him. It had been a long while since you had cum so hard that you emptied your balls completely on the first go, though the little romp had rendered you completely spent. You tugged yourself free, and a small stream of off-white goo began to leak down the leopard's temple.

"And don't think I haven't forgotten..." You purred, kneeling down beside Kayz. There was still someone inside those unfocused eyes and drooling mouth; someone that wasn't completely loyal quite yet. Your eyes began to glow with a malevolent, dark energy, and soon the dark blue of Kayz' eyes would mirror the purple glow of yours.

"Good boy..." You murmured. "...Now just follow along and watch how a *real* vampire gets things done."

Game Over: Grandmaster End

17

You knew that every word the vampire uttered would worm deeper into your mind. Let him talk enough, and there'd be no way you could resist. You forced yourself to put a stop to it right away and pulled the trigger, the bow shuddering in your hand as the bolt were sent hurtling towards Kayz.

The undead snow leopard cried out in pain, stumbling back with a wooden rod buried in his shoulder. He fell to a knee, still clutching the area where the bolt had pierced him.

"You...fool..." Kayz growled, trying to stand up but kneeling back down once he saw you reload the crossbow and aim back down at him.

"You're turning down...immortality...for a handful of coin?"

"A handful of coin and a safer world." You shot back, quietly pondering just how cheesy that line was. "Now get up."

The vampire slowly staggered to his feet, heading for the door at your command. You pulled his hood up with your good arm, knowing he'd need to protect yourself from the sun. As you walked towards the entrance, You noticed Kayz was just barely walking slower than you, which had resulted in the distance between you slowly being closed. What was he going to do, though? Kayz had an arrow in one of his shoulders, he couldn't fight half as effectively as he had been before. **Step back, play it safe, and live to collect that bounty [19] or don't worry about it. [10]**

18

“Hold on!” You yelled. “What the hell did that mean?”

“What did what mean?” The vampire asked, visibly thrown off by his attacker’s confusion. “I’m a vampire. I was going to go hunt someone down for their blood, because that’s what I do so I can survive.” He explained, trying to break it all down for you as if you were an idiot child. “You’re a vampire hunter...you do understand how the things you make a career out of hunting work, right?”

“Yeah, I get that, but...you said you ordered delivery. Hell is that?”

You pointing out the flaw in his one-liner made the vampire stop. Both of you lived in a very vague and undefined fantasy realm, and the concept of a business delivering hot, ready to eat food to a customer’s home was very much unheard of. Furthermore, the vampire was beginning to realize that the vision in the back of his mind of a peasant teenager commanding a bizarre, metal chariot to deliver such an item made no sense whatsoever.

For a brief second, the two of you were plagued by a profound realization that your entire existences were but a fantasy world in the mind of a higher being, and every action they took or word they spoke was written by someone else. Even this existential nightmare was orchestrated by the puppetmaster’s sick, twisted sense of humor. The gut wrenching terror was multiplied tenfold for you, who couldn’t shake the feeling that you were being manipulated by the wrong puppetmaster, this entity simply trying to emulate what he believed “you” were supposed to be.

When you snapped back to reality, the both of you immediately shared the desire to eat one of the crossbow’s bolts and disembark from this ride. For a moment, it seemed you were going to fight over who could put an arrow through their own brain first.

“Wait...” You said shakily. “Delivery...isn’t real. But what if...”

Kayz finished the thought, “...we make it real?” The undead leopard looked up at you. “There was a specific meal that I saw. It was a flat circle of bread...adorned with a tomato paste, along with cheese and various meats.” He said, no longer concerned with slaughtering you.

“Uh...maybe we could have a truce for this?” You suggested, slowly lowering your crossbow.

“Yeah, yeah. We could be rich.” Kayz mused. “But we’d have to go to another city where I’m not wanted.” The vampire added.

“I hear Seaborne is great this time of year.” You replied, knowing that your knowledge of the city was only there because of the puppetmaster, and a few paragraphs ago it simply hadn’t existed.

Four months later, You and Kayz were making more money than you could possibly spend. The coastal city of Seaborne brought in travelers from all over the world to try the strange, seemingly alien food you had created. Anyone outside for more than a few minutes was liable to spot a peasant boy carrying a box containing the Regrajanian delicacy. Your fame surged across the realm, and the influx of merchants, travelers, and explorers flocking to

Seaborne made it one of the wealthiest cities in Regrejan. You could purchase anything you wanted, and Kayz had enough money to buy all the slaves and outcasts he needed to never grow thirsty again.

Game Over: 4th Wall End

19

Weeks had passed. You basked in the warmth of the hearth, daintily reaching out for another bundle of grapes from the silver platter beside you. The fruits had been imported from halfway around the world and cost a small fortune to get ahold of. But with 15,000 gold weighing you down, nothing was really out of reach. Not the beautiful mansion you had purchased, and certainly not the women (and men) who reclined on the pillow-laden floor around you.

You might wonder what could have been had you joined forces with the vampire, how your life could have changed if you took his hand. Speaking of, you had no clue what had happened to him, though you could only assume that he had been led off somewhere and staked by a clan of holy fanatics. It was a grisly way to go, but so was being sucked dry by a vampire.

Regardless, Kayz might not have given you immortality, but he had made the remnant of your mortal life much, much comfier. And that was a trade that you were satisfied with.

Game Over: True End

20

You lived out the rest of your short days in a dark, gloomy castle. Incapable of resisting, you happily allowed your master to drink from you whenever desired. Unfortunately, the vampiric snow leopard had quite an appetite. After the first week, you found yourself constantly dizzy and lightheaded. Your body couldn't replenish itself quickly enough, no matter how hard you willed it to. It was okay, however. Cows like you were disposable, and you gladly surrendered your life to sustain your master. You lasted a total of two weeks under the vampire's care before a particularly large feeding session drained you completely. You passed into unconsciousness with your master suckling at your neck, never to wake again.

Game Over: Bloodbag End