Vampire

"*A description, if you please.*"
"*Of course. Roughly as tall as a man, if it was standing upright. But it wasn't. It crawled across the ceiling like a spider. On all fours. Gave me the creeps the second I saw it.*"
"*Focus please.*"
"*Right. Well, I had the good sense to run, but William must have figured he could fight it. Poor bastard. When I got to the entrance I turned back and saw it clutched around him, teeth sunk deep into William's neck. Blood everywhere. I nearly passed out. I've never been good with blood you know.*"
"*Mister Marr.*"
"*Sorry, sorry. It was pale, hairless, thin like an old corpse. Teeth like knives. Red eyes. A monster right out of the legends.*"
"*And what do you call this legend Mister Marr?*"
"*Oh no, you don't call it nothing Inquisitor. If you call it, it comes.*"

Vampires have always held sway in the legends of humanity. Depraved humans with a lust for fresh blood, craven monsters desperate to avoid sunlight, shape shifting nobles in high castles. Originally, it was widely believed that Vampires were a kind of Demon, but in actuality they are corrupted humans. What causes this corruption is not fully known.

One story says that a person can become so filled with hate, their soul flees its mortal shell leaving a husk to wander the earth. The husk searches for something to fill the void the soul left and tries to drink the soul from other living mortals but can never be satisfied.

Another story claims that a man long ago made a deal with death to walk the world and collect souls in exchange for eternal life. But this job grew tedious and the person eventually ignored their duties choosing instead to fall into hedonism. Death cursed the man and his bloodline so that he would remain forever beautiful, but in the way a preserved corpse is beautiful, and he could sustain himself only on the blood of his fellow human so that he could never again truly enjoy what eternal life has to offer.

Whatever the truth, Vampires are a rare but real threat, and those who live on the outskirts of civilization remain wary of any stranger unwilling to enter their home without an invitation.

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