Late Night With a Vampire

by

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PUBLISHED BY:

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Late Night with a Vampire

"Welcome to Midnight with Susan. I'm your host Susan McDonald."

We used to watch this show regularly until Vanessa was born. I have to confess that I had a little bit of a crush on her. Even though I'm working I'm still excited to finally get to see her live.

She continues "Our guests tonight need very little introduction."

She gestures to the three guests sitting on the couch. Two men and one woman are slouched back in their seats smiling and waving at the audience.

"Please put you hands together for Frederich, Samuel and Svetlana."

The crowd erupts into applause around me. I join in so that I won't stand out.

Susan takes her seat and smooths out her skirt. "So, you are the last Vampires?"

One of them, Frederich, leans forward to answer her. When he does I hear women moan quietly around me. To my right one woman, sitting beside a younger version of herself, actually licks her lips.

His voice rumbles when he talks. "It's true Susan, we are the last of our kind."

"We're there more of you at one time?"

"Oh yes, once we were masters of the night?"

"And what happened?"

Frederich runs a hand through his hair before smiling at her again. "We are different from humans and your kind has always feared what they didn't understand."

Susan smooths out her skirt again and smiles back at him. "Tell us, how did you survive?"

"We were locked away by men in a grave in New Orleans for close to 200 years. Luckily, for us, that Hurricane Katrina swept open our grave and set us free."

The audience actually claps again at this. I force myself to clap along even though my hands are dripping sweat.

"What does it mean to be a Vampire" Susan asks.

The tall one, Samuel, answers this time. "It means never having to worry about growing old for one thing. You can face eternity with strength instead of frailty."

"So, you are effectively immortal" Susan asked her guests. As she spoke she smoothed her skirt. I've been keeping count. That's the third time that she's performed that maneuver. But nobody is really here to watch Susan. All eyes are on the trio on the couch across from here.

"Oh yes" Frederich replies. He runs his hands through his swept back hair again and smiles at her her. Susan tucks a lock of hair behind one ear and smiles back.

I'm shocked to say the least. I've watched Susan interview everyone from comedians to warlords. I've never seen her flirt like this though.

"How old are you?"

The group looks around at each other and laugh. It's the female, Svetlana, that answers.

"Well, of course I can't tell my age, but Frederich is close to 1,000." The audience which had been chuckling at her joke gasps in turn.

"Samuel is quite a bit younger at 600."

"That's, that's, impressive to say the least" Susan replies.

Frederich, ole tall dark and handsome, waves his hand in front of his face before flashing another smile. Susan looks down at the stage. Even Karen sitting on my left gives an involuntary gasp. I squeeze her hand and she blushes when she glances my way.

"How did you become a vampire?"

Samuel leans forward. Sitting down you forget how impossibly tall he is. "Frederich found me wandering, lost, after Joan was burnt at the stake."

"Wait, do you mean Joan of Arc?"

"Oh yes, I rode under her banner. Until the end."

Susan touches her hand to her forehead. "I just can't imagine the things that you three have seen. I hear that you have spent time with historians detailing your experiences."

Frederich nods his head. "Yes, we have stayed quite busy between the professors, the doctors and the scientists."

Susan sits up and recrosses her ankles. "Doctors?"

"As you know our blood has curative powers."

Susan nods her head at him.

"Well, we've been participating with clinical trials that show great promise in curing diseases such as cancer, diabetes, STDs and a host of other things."

The audience applauds again even louder than before. I can feel my heart rate kick into high gear. Now it's Karen's turn to squeeze my hand.

"What are your plans for the future?"

They look around at each other and smile. Frederich is the one to reply again. "This world is so much more accepting than the one we were imprisoned in. We simply hope to assimilate into your culture."

"But what about......?"

"The blood?"

Susan gives a little gasp and nods.

"With the advent of blood banks we will have no need to feed on people to survive. And the doctors that we are helping are actively working to develop alternative means for us to gain nutrients."

"Can we see them" Susan asks.

Frederich smiles again before opening his mouth. It opens impossibly wide reminding me of a snake. Fangs unfold from the roof of his mouth. I see Susan's face grow flushed. My palms are really sweating now and I feel the adrenaline hit me like a sledgehammer. I want to run screaming out of the building. I clench to edge of my seat to hold myself in place.

"Well, I think that is all we have time for tonight. Let's wish our guests all the best. Make sure to stay tuned for our musical guests up next."

I had no interest in the latest pop band that was plugging their one hit wonder that night. Taking Karen's hand I led her towards the dressing rooms in the back. A beefy man with no neck blocked me in the hallway. I flashed my press badge at him and he waved me past. Karen gave him a coy smile as we slid past. I knocked on the door marked with the vampires names. The only response was laughter.

I looked at Karen. "Did that sound like Susan's voice?"

Her eyes were wide as she nodded in reply. Before either of us could say anything else we heard a low moan. That was also Susan's voice.

"I don't think we'll be getting an interview tonight."

Karen shook her head.

More laughter and moaning, from four different voices, followed us down the hall. The beefy man looked red faced as we passed by him again. I wondered how often this had happened on his watch.

The two of us exited out of a side entrance. As soon as the door swung closed Karen dropped my hand. She stood up straighter as she pulled out her cell phone.

"Control, this is White Bishop. We're going to have problems. I'll be in to report within the hour."

She pocketed the phone and looked back at me. "Thanks for your help Mike. Go home to your wife and kid."

"Are we in danger" I asked.

She winked at me. "Don't worry. I'm on the job."

She spun around and stalked off into the darkness. I wish that I could be that brave. The shadows suddenly didn't seem very empty.