

It's like a scene from a movie

She flings the doors open just as some badass song starts playing through the stereo. He stands behind the bar, polishing wine glasses and preparing for the night. He looks up and stares at her. She walks across the room towards the bar, hips swaying to the beat of the music. It looks like as if she's moving in slow motion. She wears a red leather jacket over a loose black top, the neckline showing a little cleavage, not to reviling. A thin link clings around her neck and from the front of the collar stretches an equally thin link down into her top. It looks classy. The black leather pants make a little chafing sound every time she takes a step and the high heels on her boots make the sway of her hips look natural. Her hair is black as the night, her eyes a shade of green reminiscent to jade. Her lips is colored dark red by a lipstick. The sun just set so he is completely sure that she can't be a vampire, but she sure looks like one. Her whole demeanor screams it. He has never been this scared of a non-vampire before, at least that he knows of.

“Pheew, the sun has just set and I already hate these shoes. Stupid vampire fashion” Huh, not what he expected to come from her when she opened her mouth. She sighs heavily and sits down in one of the barstools. He stares some more at her, not sure if it is safe to move just yet. She throws her head back and leans onto the back of the stool. “Yeesh, I fucking hate heels, I'll always go for some flats from now on” Her voice is soft and light. It does not carry particularly well in the large room.

She lifts her left foot and begins to take one of the boots off. Soon, both of the godforsaken boots lie on the floor. He has yet to move a muscle. She looks at him and smiles: it is a friendly smile and he feels himself relax a bit. The music in the background has changed into something softer as well.

“I'm sorry to come barging in like this. I know you have yet to open” she reaches into one of the small pockets on her jacket. It reaches her just above the hip in orderly unhealthy women's fashion. The pockets on jackets like that are always way too small. From the pocket she pulls out a simple card and hands it over to him.

He unfreezes and takes it from her. “What can I do for you?” He asks as he looks down on the card. It has a simple design: only three rows of information with no additional curlicues. (OMG, krusiduller. Men alltså, curlicues. OMG lol)

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She throws her head back and laughs. “A whiskey on ice would be nice but I suppose you're not that kind of bar” her eyes twinkle in the dim light. He shakes his head. “No, sorry. I could offer you some blood if you want it though” He already know her answer. He sees it in her eyes.

“Nah, I'm fine. Human blood has no effect on me. It's only mother's which do” Huh, another surprise.

“Mother?” he can't help himself but ask. He had already figured out that she was a ghoul, but mother? He looks down at the card once more. She did have the same last name as the other name on the card. The one with obviously more soft power to her name.

“Yeah. Mother. She took me in as a baby, raised me and when the time came, turned me into a ghou. I owe her my life” She looks down at the card in his hands. “She is a kind woman” it’s an almost serendipitous smile on her lips. “What about you?” he starts. He had not expected that question from her.

“I just work here, ma’am. Master lets me take care of everything in the bar and then I just... serve, I suppose” her smile turned sad as he spoke. She looks almost pained, as if his existence somehow was sad.

“You can call me Alex, friend. Look, this might seem weird to you but I was wondering if you could do me a favor” he looks down at the card once more. Turns it over in his hands. On the back he notices a symbol. It rings a vague bell as he studies it. A chill runs down his spine as he realizes what it is. Is this not the symbol of the Camarilla itself? Why would she have a card with such a symbol on it? And her name to top all things. She is just a ghou, right?

“Who are you?” he throws the card back at her. “What even is that card? And why do you have it?” she studies him as he turns around to start look for something to defend himself with. Suddenly, the tension in the air is very palpable.

“Look, I promise, I really don’t want any harm to you. Mother is an Archon of the Camarilla. We are looking for a person and I was just coming here to see if you knew anything about them. I promise, this is not some kind of con or anything” he turned back towards her. She had not moved an inch since he turned around. She did not look threatening per say, but if she worked for an archon he didn’t doubt that she could hurt him at a moment’s notice. Her hands sat on the counter, unmoving. It was a peace offering, a promise that she had no ulterior motives. Carefully, he moved back towards her.

“Will you just go if I tell you what you want to know?” she smiled at him. “Sure, I promise” She looked at him for a moment before looking towards one of her pockets. “Do you mind if I get you something?” he shakes his head but still grabs a wine glass. He could always throw it at her. She carefully lifts her hand from the counter and once more takes a piece of paper from her pocket. He realizes it’s an old photo. She places it on the countertop and slides it towards him. The picture shows three people, smiling into the camera. They stand in a room looking like something from a roadhouse, all three of them in typical seventies attire. The girl in the middle has long blonde hair and a pair of sunglasses shaped into hearts. In her hair is lots of braids entwined with feathers. She looks happy. The two men on either side of her does, however, not look to happy. The one to the left of the girl is a large, burly man, arms crossed over a muscular chest. You could barely see his face for all the black hair that was covering his face. The beard was unruly, and so was his hair. The man to the right looked different. He had light brown hair in a ponytail, otherwise completely clean shaven. To his relief, the bartender did not recognize either of the three.

“I hate to rain on your parade but I don’t know these people” he slides the photo back over the counter. She shakes her head and stands.

“You keep it. Just, if you ever see either of these three, contact me on the number at the number on the back of the photo. These people are more dangerous than me so please, call me if they show up” He had not realized that she had put her shoes back on as she turned around and walked towards the door once more.

“Oh, and” she turned to look at him once more “don’t tell anyone that I was here. Okay?” He no longer could, even if he would have tried.

Disclaimer:

1. Woop! Teaser på andra roliga karaktärer jag kommer skriva om!
2. Bilden kan ju visa någon annan om man skulle vilja inkorporera detta på någe vis. Typ hmm, en annan archon eller nåt annat roligt!
3. Baren skulle kunna vara haven och bartendern Pablo! Eller vad han hette...
4. Öh, "mother" är en Alastor. De är tydligen superhemliga men öh, for the sake of exposition, så namedroppades archons lite. Eller så är hon inte det föresten. Öh, it remains to be seen...
5. Haha, semi-äkta disiplin sak där i slutet!

BONUS MEME (fast inte meme men pewdiepie referenser yao! (jag är trött, okej?))

My name is Alexandra Armstrong but my friends calls me Alex. Not that I have that many people in my life I can call friends. My mother is a vampire and I am her ghoul. Her name is Ainsley Armstrong and she is a fierce, Scottish, medicine woman from the 16th century. Her life was an unkind one. Her husband and child died in a fire and she was framed as a witch and set to burn at dawn. But her punishment became so much worse than death. Before the morning of her death came, she was turned undead, forever cursed to walk the night without her family. The kind woman that she was, she swore to use the curse to help others. Keeping up the practices of a medicine woman, she moved through history, saving peoples lives along the way.

In 1944 she helped on the front lines of the worst war of mankind. A nurse, helping the wounded soldiers of the allies, helping only at night. She was one of the first to help when the allied took one of the concentrations camps. There, she met the tiniest human she had ever seen. In the arms of a dead mother, lay a small, malnourished child, the tattoo on its arm stark black around the red skin around it. The baby did not even cry as she took it in her arms, just staring back at her with big, jade, eyes. (For those who hasn't realized this yet, yes, this little baby was, in fact, me) She took the baby in, adopting it and raising it as her own.

The child was raised by a servant most of the time, but her favorite part of the day was always at night, when her mother woke and read her a bedtime story. They sat in the child's bed, reading about the world. When she came of age, her mother turned the child into a ghoul, refusing to turn her child into a vampire and the curse that it is. Somewhere along the way, Ainsley got promoted, now a pawn in the large game that is the Camarilla. The daughter swore her loyalty to the mother, now helping her with the cause of the Camarilla.