

Please Take Care of Me

By ShadzGirl

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Alt Title: The Lord and the Vampire

A Fairy Tale of a Vampire, a Lord and how they met. Might do more like these some day. Contains Sarcasm, fluff, old fashion-y writing style and comical amounts of abuse.

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Chapter 1 - The Lord and the Vampire

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1 - The Lord and the Vampire

The Lord and The Vampire[br]

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Some stories,begin at the beginning of real troubles. Some before. Some,some time in the middle. And God forbid it start near the *end* (that would be silly,there would be no story to tell). This one,starts before,in the middle and the beginning of troubles. You may question how that works,and better yet,why tell a story that seems to have a title that invokes thoughts of dark tunnels and black and grey morals when it's all been done before. I will tell why: Because it is a fairy tale with a happy ending. Because even vampires and oppressors of nations are not always what they seem. I digress,though,it is time to really tell the story. The story,of a Lord who befriends a very,very silly vampire. I think we'll begin,as all fairy tales do.[br]

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Once upon a time(though,not quite so long ago that it would not be modern history),there was a Lord. Not just a normal Lord,though,an Overlord of at least a little renown. Some knew him as the Demonlad,a prankster residence of the frozen north had kept caged for many years before the Minions came to his aid,some as the Overlad,heir to the thrown of Zanward,Overlord in a time just decades ago before disappearing entirely. To others,he was the Demon Lord of Northern Twilight,a monster beyond description. And very last(but not least...to some,anyway),there was the select few that knew his real name was Arthas and that he was a lonely boy of eighteen,despite his intimidating mass and habits that would speak of a greater age and evil. Arthas lived in the Netherworld,below the surface of the world(but quite above the turtle holding it,mind you). He fought on to conquer the world he inhabited,a man and many Minions against both the Hand of Man and the Hand of Mygck Creatures. He was doing well as expected....which is to say,he was slowly pushing his way uphill,surrounded on all sides. Not that this at all stopped him,which one really must admire him for.[br]

Else where,in a world a little distance in the time and space continuum,was our second subject (or deuterprotagonist,as these characters are known),the little vampire. The strange thing about this vampire was not the gold eyes,the mismatched fangs,the small rounded ears with the little pointed tip(strange,even for vampires,though this may be) nor even her lack of stature and weight. No,it was that she did not belong to this world where Mygck did not exist. You see,the little mite had been rather rudely dropped there (by accident or intention,I do not know),and was struggling proverbially as Arthas was literally in his world. No one believed in Mygck here and most certainly,no one believed this tiny girl was a vampire,instead chalking her mostly sanguine(I say mostly because she was a living variety of vampire,and therefore,a lot more human then some) to some mental disorder,as was her claims that Mygck existed. At the time,she was not aware of what this meant,but it seemed to be something like "you're a liar",which she was most certainly not. Alas,it was no good to fight and she was placed in a foster family that had no love for her,by a most questionable doctor(whom she still trusted in spite of this),considering her no more then a good luck charm as their lives improved after she came,never once bothering to think it was the Mygck in the child trying to find form in a world where it was frowned on. [br] By now,you may be wondering what one has to do with the other,how they have any relationship at all. I do not blame you,for I would too. Now,though,I will tell you why the one matters to the other,why bad

apples come together and make a pleasant scent. Except in real life. Do not try that. I digress, though, I think the story of the two as a "team" begins before they were so, on a day like any other for Arthas...which involved forcing a stronghold of the Empire with an elven army on his back. [br] He had been working his way through the throngs of elves and humans, Minions alongside but dwindling in numbers, to capture the fortress, but his progress was slow, painful (in more than one way), and was coming to a halt as it came closer and closer to it being just him in all his ragged, rather scruffy "glory". This, for once, not from him being the target, but being caught between the two armies targeting each other. Which was not at all a good place to be, as the enmity between elf and human was immense; more than against him, even. So, the good news was, he was less likely to be overwhelmed by sudden attack. The bad news was he was becoming closer and closer to alone, which even for an Overlord, was not a good place to be, no matter how strong they are. Of which, Gnarl was rasping anxiously through their Mygck connection about ceaselessly. Growing quite desperate as bad become almost worse, Arthas took his advisor's advice, most reluctantly, mind you, to create a Gateway home. [br] "Not fleeing, Sire, tactical retreat!" the elder Minion was almost squeaking in excitement. Arthas let out a snort in answer, not caring what it was, as long as he lived to wreck havoc another day after all this mess. [br]

It was just as he mounted the small rise to the Gate that a human Wizard and Elf Mage saw him trying to escape. In that moment, one looked to the other and for the first time in millenia, forged a silent pact, however temporary, to stop the Overlord at all cost, thus, eliminating one rather annoying party from the war. As the pact was thus sealed, the two turned their separate but now same powers on the Overlord, creating a blast that would probably kill upon meeting its target. "Probably" meaning they were incredibly poor shots who hit the Gate, but entirely missed the Lord altogether. In disappointment and annoyance, they turned back on each other, no one ever knowing what happened. [br]

What failed to greet their attention, however, was the malfunctioning Gate turning colours it should not thanks to them; the affect throwing Arthas way off course and bumbling about through the time and space continuum. Bloody top shot, team. [br]

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His landing will take a bit, so let us make our way to the scene where he shall be to greet those who will soon be greeting *him*. Or rather, she who will be greeting him, our dear Vampire, left alone in a toy-room with the only plaything she is allowed to by her rather stingy foster siblings, old friend, and rather scruffy doll, Luciferius. She had been locked here, due to the family not wanting her to interact with the guests staying for the night. [br]

"It doesn't matter," she remarked, perhaps to Luciferius. "They smell funny, anyway." [br]

Whatever it was that was funny about their smell, she was alone and unguarded, ready for not more than a late supper (again). It was at the time she arose to attempt to pick the lock, and thus gain freedom to roam the yard (after pinching some food, of course), that the other end of the Gate materialized, making a mess of the collection of dolls and dropping the Lord atop a toy truck, causing him to stumble.

Now, Oriana was a vampire of few fears and of those, usually silly ones. This large mass of glowing and smoking, however, brought her to turn around...and let out a very quiet squeak, the likes of which normally only a mouse could make. [br]

"...That's it! No screaming, no running, no 'it's the Demon Lord!'" Arthas huffed. [br]

The tiny vampire stared on as the debris cleared, revealing the boy, helmet cock-sided as to reveal the rather child-like face covered in white marks that glowed slightly, armour dented and dirty and all together, he was a very messy figure, despite his size. To her, though, the pulse of Mygck and the boyish face was like a prince in one of her favourite fairy tales; latching onto the Overlord's leg gleefully. [br]

"Have you come to take me away from this bad, bad place?" she asked, voice utterly reverent. [br]

It is safe to say that the face the young Lord made was one of utter confusion. He was beginning to

become of the opinion that whatever this place was, people were stupid and reckless. At least, this... whatever it is was, other than a girl-child, of quite an air-headed persuasion. [br]

"Exactly what is this place?" Arthas tried to shake the vampire off, but finding her to have a rather horridly strong grip upon him, picked her up by the back of her odd shirt. He could not help, but snicker inwardly as he thought of her as a small kitten, blinking at him with wide eyes as glowing green eyes met large gold ones. [br]

"The real world," she answered him, putting a good deal of disdainful emphasis on "real". [br]

"Since when is other worlds not real, Kid?" [br]

She crinkled her nose in disgust at the title. "Oriana. And I asked the same thing to lots of people, but they just laugh it off." [br]

Arthas had to smile. The cat-like creature was not dumb, just untrained. Perhaps it would be of use, for the Gate had closed behind him; leaving him with but a single Minion, Giblet the Forgemaster, and a whole new world to conquer. He returned his attention to the girl kicking at the air pitifully. She exuded Mygck as much, if not more than anyone he had known... but this place did not. [br]

"Where's the house wizard, Kitten?" [br]

"Oriana," she corrected once more. "There are no wizards here. Only stupidhead, blind people." [br]

Arthas grinned openly. This could be fun, he thought. A world for his taking. Oh, but if he only knew what challenges this world would bring, how much harder the hill would be to climb. Or maybe he just did not care. That seems to be his normal state of being, after all, carefree. [br]

"Show me around, Kitten," he spoke once more. [br]

"I can't, the doors locked." was the reply, complete with that crinkling of her nose once more. [br]

Arthas merely grinned at this before trotting over to the door and proceeding to knock it from its hinges... and down most of the stairs. [br]

"It ain't locked anymore," he stated dryly. [br]

The vampire stared in awe, coming closer and closer to seeing this man as an angel from heaven. [br]

"Mygck," she said with simple glee. Arthas snorted in reply, promptly dropping the girl down the stairs. [br]

Now, the smashing of the door had caused quite a stir below already. The falling of the small vampire into the midst of the adults, however, just made things that much worse; swooping down upon her and blaming her for the incident and placing all sorts of bans on her, going so far as to threaten her with throwing her out on the street. She took it all quietly, trying to explain the truth of things. All would have been well if her beloved doll, dear Luciferius had not been wrenched away, threatened with burning. In that moment, the vampire broke down, crying out for mercy upon her and the doll, to no avail. [br]

Now, one might wonder where on earth Arthas got to. The truth is, he was watching from above the stairs, watching it all unfold with amusement... until the doll was snatched. He saw the horror spread on the little vampire's face, heard her cry out in emotional agony. A cry that brought him back to the day he and Kelda, his mistress and only friend, had been separated from each other for eleven years. A sort of realization came to him that the child he was so sure was no more than a useful tool to him... now became just like him in his eyes. With that realization, came action, blasting the offending adult with a bolt of lightning. [br]

"You should not pick on little kittens who haven't developed the ability to fight back yet," Arthas said, quite beside himself that he had. Where had that come from? He would puzzle over it later; action was key at this point. [br]

Climbing down the rest of the stairs, he soon had the others under foot, the doll held in his grasp. "You are gunna die now, alright~" He raised his hand, ready to strike the squishy little group down, but found his arm grasped in small arms (as far as they would go, anyway). [br]

"Please don't hurt them," little Oriana pleaded. "They do not deserve death." [br]

Arthas wanted to jerk free,wanted to ignore the plea,but instead gold eyes met emerald-coloured ones again,the former alight with empathy and kindness. The glances lead to him lowering his arm.[br] "Very well," the Lord sighed,trying his best to seem irritated."However,I am taking this place from them."[br]

There was a sputtering of shock that he silenced with an angry glare and a raising of his hand.[br] "You will leave here. Now."[br]

There was no argument this time,except for the mumblings of "I shall call the police."[br]

"What's a police?" Arthas asked as he scooped up a pair of sunglasses(aviators,for those who prefer precision) left behind,studying them curiously (Arthas was a man of fashion,after all,and liked things that were glitzy and seemingly chic). [br]

"Police is plural,policeman is a authority figure fing,"was the answer,not sardonic as one might expect,but informative.[br]

There was a pause as Arthas slipped on the glasses;the flames of power fading behind them and leaving his eyes dulled to a more earthly green,if only marginally. This further froze the vampire of oh so much love of sparkly things long enough for the Lord to slap her down.[br]

"Don't speak to me like that ever again."he stated flatly,watching her simply lay on her back,as pathetic as a creature gets. Eventually,he rolled his eyes offering her the doll still in his hand. "If you want to live free despite all that is happened,join me. Otherwise,I will have to make you a mindless slave. After all,can't have ya running around,telling everybody what happened~. Won't do well fer my big debut ~."[br]

They stared one at the other,peaceably as possible for such an odd pair,before the girl,took the doll in one hand,and wrapped her little hand around the Lord's thumb,trusting him with every bit of her little being.[br]

"Please take care of me,Aniki."[br]

It was Arthas turn to grimace and push her once more as he said: "Don't call me that,I don't even know what that means. It's Arthas."[br]

"...Arthas,"the vampire girl repeated testingly. "Okay~."[br]

"Great. Now,get me some clothes like people here and show me around...Kitten~."[br]

With a crinkle of her nose,she lead the Lord off by his hand. He followed,indeed planning on "taking care of" this strange Kitten with the funny eyes. After all,she seemed to count on her "Aniki". And whatever that was,master,father or brother,he would be that. Because this Lord had found the second completion in his life...that he would however,make sure had been hit enough as need be~. [br]

"After all,Kittens were finicky things that needed disciplinary guidance,right~"[br]

"Who are you talking to,Arthas"[br]

"Keep leading,Kitten."[br]

"Stop pushing me,meanyhead!"[br]

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And that,dear friends,is the end of this chapter. There are other tales to tell of Arthas and Oriana,Dark Lord and ditzzy Vampire,but that's for another day,indeed,for a sunny day a few of the more saddening or horrific ones. Now,go to sleep,my children. And remember,evil always finds a way...even to love.[br]

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Last times won't die....[br]

End[br]

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