

A movie poster for 'Vampire Witch Zombie' featuring Marty Wagner. The top half shows a close-up of a woman with a wide, screaming mouth, showing her teeth. The bottom half shows a close-up of a vampire-like creature with glowing yellow eyes and a wide, toothy grin. The title 'VAMPIRE WITCH ZOMBIE' is written in a stylized, pink and purple font with a white outline. The name 'MARTY WAGNER' is written in a white, serif font in the upper right quadrant.

MARTY WAGNER

VAMPIRE
WITCH
ZOMBIE

Vampire Witch Zombie

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Prologue

In 1975, vampires were added to the list of species protected by the Endangered Species Act of 1973 which provided for the conservation of the ecosystems upon which the threatened population depended. This change was mandated because of the decline of the vampire population to near extinction due to over hunting.

In the mid 70's vampires made up less than .02 of the general population and were forced into hiding to survive. To keep the species viable, legislation passed allowing vampires free hunting of up to two humans per year with a permit. The permit stipulated the humans had to be over the age of eighteen, and not be of social, political or economic importance.

Once legislation passed, there was a backlash from the general population concerned the vampires were allowed too much free reign over who they killed. Until a system could be put in place to protect those who were deemed important, people lived in fear and vampires continued to be hunted by poachers.

In 1980, the "Vampire Protection Agency" was created with their own law enforcement and justice system. Game wardens were charged with keeping records on the Vampire population and enforcing the laws protecting the species.

Seventeen years later, a new system was created that ranked the human population in order of importance and marked them with chips that could be scanned. Vampires were given an electronic scanner that could decode the chips and tell them who they could and could not take. The vampires were also charged with administering an anti-vampire serum within thirty minutes of a bite. This serum was designed to keep the victim from turning into a vampire and keeping the vampire population at a maintenance level.

The vampires were then required by law to call the Vampire Protection Agency immediately after a kill and have the body tagged and picked up for disposal. Failure to report a kill was punishable by incarceration up to twenty years.

Chapter 1

The beginning 2002

In the dark of the evening, Alice drove down the street and kept an eye on the house at the end of the block. It was a well-known drug house located on the wrong side of the tracks hidden by an overgrown lawn and brush. The house was hidden in shadow with only a single light on the porch letting anyone know there was someone home. It was well known that people came here to buy drugs and that the lowest of lowlifes could be found there.

Halfway down the block, Alice pulled to the curb, turned off the lights and shifted the car into park. She kept the engine running in case she decided to leave. Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, she sat back in her seat and watched the house to see if anyone was coming or going. It was late evening and she was sure that there would be customers tonight, like every night. Then she saw a car pull up and park next to the house. A woman and a man got out of the car and walked up to the house and knocked on the door. The door opened and the two were let inside by a person Alice couldn't see. But now she knew there were people there.

With her heart racing, she shut off the engine, got out of the car and walked over to the sidewalk. This wasn't something she did often and it made her nervous every time. She slowly walked down the sidewalk towards the drug house and stopped at the walkway to the porch. Swallowing hard and clenching her hands into fists, she got up the courage to walk up onto the porch and knock on the door.

The door opened and a large overweight man with a full beard greeted her. He didn't say anything, just looked at her.

"Aren't you going to say hello?" Alice asked. She was shaking.

"Who sent you?" the man asked.

"A friend from work."

"Give me a name or get the fuck off my porch," the man replied.

Alice had no name to give, she was lying to this man to get in the house so she lied again, "He's some guy I met at work, and he didn't give me his name."

"What does he look like?"

Not knowing what to say, Alice decided to describe her ex-husband. "He's in his forties, grey hair, has a belly."

"Yeah, I don't believe you, what do you want?"

"He told me I could get hooked up here."

"Are you a cop?" the man asked.

"No," Alice replied.

“Did the cops send you here?”

“No, I don’t know any cops,” Alice replied.

“I don’t do business with anyone I don’t know or been referred by someone I know.”

Scared to death, Alice shrugged her shoulders as if she didn’t care. “That’s fine, I can go somewhere else.”

“Yeah, you better,” the man said as he pushed the door shut.

“Wait a second,” Alice said as she put her hand on the door. She reached into her purse and pulled out what looked like a camera. She held it up to the man and pressed a button.

“You better not be taking a picture of me,” the man said.

The gadget in her hand lit up with a green light only she could see. If this guy had a chip coded as a “No kill” it would have lit up red. The scanner was good for about five feet so the people inside the house couldn’t register. “It’s not a camera,” Alice said.

“What is it? Are you recording me?”

“I told you, I don’t work for the police...”

“Bullshit,” the man said. “If you’re a snitch, you’re a pretty fucking shitty one.”

Now scared to death, Alice turned to walk away when she felt the man grab her from behind. She spun around to face him again. “What are you doing?” she asked.

“Give me that thing,” he said with his hand out.

Alice stepped back and the man stepped forward almost in unison. “I came here to get hooked up, not robbed,” Alice replied.

The man grabbed Alice by her shirt and tried to grab the machine out of her hand. She pulled her hand back away from his grasp and walked back towards the steps. She turned and tried to get away when the man grabbed her by her collar and yanked her back. He grabbed her hand, forced the object out and shoved her to the ground. He looked at the box and couldn’t make sense of what it was. It was about the size of a pack of cigarettes, black with a single button on the side. He pressed the button and a green light lit up. “What’s this?” he yelled.

Alice stood up and now saw there was five people on the porch watching what was going on as well as the man who had just attacked her. “It’s a scanner you fuck!” she barked back.

“A scanner? Like a police scanner?”

“No, a chip scanner you dumb ass,” Alice snapped back.

The man stood dumbfounded, he had no idea what a chip scanner was. Then a woman standing on the porch spoke up. “She’s a vampire!”

The man turned around and looked at the woman who had spoken. "What are you talking about?"

"Those scanners are given to vampires, they read our chips," the woman replied.

The man looked back at Alice. "Is she right? Are you a vampire?"

Alice put her hand out but didn't expect the man to give back her scanner. "I don't know what you're talking about," she replied.

The woman stepped down off the porch and stood by the drug dealer. "Who else would have a scanner? They made all of us get chips so these fuckers could scan us and kill us."

"Yeah, I remember now," the man said. They put mine in my scalp.

The woman stepped in close to Alice and pointed her finger at her. "They can only kill us worthless fucks. That's why they have the scanner. So they don't kill a doctor or a lawyer or some other high class asshole."

The man pressed the button again and again the light lit up green. "So green means go?" the man asked.

Alice shook her head and played dumb. "I found that in my kid's room, it's a toy."

"Bullshit, why would you point your kids toy at me?" the man asked.

Knowing she was fucked, Alice decided to change tactics and do what she came for in the first place. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pistol and pointed it at the woman who had accused her of being a vampire.

Shocked, the woman stepped back and put up her hands. "Hey, no need to pull that out," she said.

The drug dealer reached behind and pulled out a pistol from his belt and pointed it at Alice. "You think you're going to come to my house and I wouldn't defend myself?"

"No, I figured you would," Alice replied. "But I had to take a chance. It's getting harder and harder to find worthless assholes like you to feed on."

"See, she admitted it," the woman said. "She's a fucking vampire."

"That's right, and bullets won't kill me, but they will kill you," Alice said.

"Shoot her," the woman said.

The drug dealer raised his gun and pointed it at Alice's face, but before he could pull off a shot, Alice pulled her trigger and hit the woman in the right shin. She buckled and fell to the ground. The drug dealer took a shot, missed and ran back into the house along with the others who were standing on the porch.

Alice knew she only had a few minutes so she lunged at the woman and fought off her scratches and punches while she wrapped her fangs around the woman's neck puncturing deep inside. As the woman fought for her life, Alice sucked blood from her

neck draining blood from her brain rendering her unconscious. The whole attack took less than five minutes and now the woman lie on the sidewalk already in the throes of turning into a vampire.

Knowing she had little time, Alice ran back to her car and fished out a box from her glove compartment. She opened the box, pulled out a prefilled syringe and noticed the box seal had been broken. She ran back to the woman who was lying on the ground in mid change and prepared to give her a shot. Then Alice noticed that the fluid in the syringe was no longer clear. It had a purple tint to it and knew something was wrong.

With no time to spare, Alice plunged the needle into the woman's chest and pressed all the liquid into her body. She expected the change to vampire to stop but it didn't. Instead she began to groan and turn grey in color. It was almost as if she was dying but not. The more she turned grey, the more she writhed in pain and squirmed on the ground.

Now Alice began to panic, she knew something was wrong and that she'd have to call the game warden soon to pick up the body. But it wasn't a body, it was a living being. Not a vampire, but not human either. By now, two men had come back onto the porch and watched the woman change into something they had never seen before.

"Call the game warden!" Alice yelled at the men. "Tell them to come quickly!"

One of the men ran back into the house and the other stepped closer to see what was happening to the woman on the ground. "What's going on?" he asked.

"I don't know," Alice replied. "She was supposed to die."

"What did you stab her with?"

"It's an injection the state gives us to use to stop us from making more vampires," Alice replied.

"Is she supposed to look like that?" he asked.

"No, she's supposed to be dead, I don't know what the fuck is going on," Alice said. She was freaked out and wanted to run, but knew she had to wait for the game warden. If she didn't, she'd lose her license and could be put in jail.

"Shoot her," the man said pointing at the gun in Alice's hand.

For a second, that sounded like a good idea, but it wasn't what her license said she could do. All she was allowed to do was to give the injection and call the game warden. "I can't, it's against the law," Alice replied.

The woman on the ground stopped squirming for a moment and seemed to be calming down. She was ashen grey and looked like she in a stupor. For a moment, she seemed to be trying to stand up, but lost her balance and fell back to the ground. Again she tried and fell a second time.

"What's she doing?" the man asked.

"I don't know," Alice replied.

Then the woman regained her balance and stood up wobbling back and forth as if she was drunk. She blinked her eyes rapidly and began to drool.

The man, feeling sorry for the woman asked, "Are you ok?"

The half vampire, half grey zombie spun around and looked at the man as if he was a ghost.

"Do you know her?" Alice asked.

"She lives here, but I don't know her. I was just here to buy some pot," the man replied.

In the distance, the sound of sirens cut into the night. It was the game warden on the way to collect the body but the zombie vampire had a mind of its own. Hearing the siren, the grey being walked into the street and crossed over to the lawn on the next block. It then took off into the shadows between two houses and was gone leaving a pile of hair behind.

"Now what are you going to do?" the man asked. "Your vampire took off."

Now in a panic, Alice took off and ran to her car leaving the man and the drug house behind. She got inside and took off before the game warden could get there. It didn't take long before she was back on the right side of the tracks and at her house. She parked her car in the garage and closed the door so nobody could see it. She then ran into her house and sat down at the kitchen table shaking.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Cane, her son asked.

"Mommy had some problems tonight, nothing for you to worry about," Alice replied.

"I don't like to see you this way," Cane replied.

"Where's your brother?"

"He's in the living room playing video games."

"You guys need to get your baths done, do you have any homework?"

"No, I did it at study hall," Can replied.

"How about Sam?"

"I don't know."

Then Alice remembered the syringe and the odd color. "Did you guys get into the fridge and mess with any of my stuff?"

Cane was silent.

"I asked you a question, did you or Sam mess with any of my stuff?"

"Yes momma, I'm sorry," Cane said. He was tearing up.

"What did you do?"

"We took out the needle from that box and used it."

“Used it for what?” Alice asked scared. “You didn’t use it on yourselves did you?”

“No mommy, we used it to shoot grape juice at each other.”

“What?”

“Sam squirted the needle into the sink and we used it to shoot juice at each other,” Cain said.

“The needle didn’t have grape juice in it, it looked like some sports drink.”

“Sam got scared you’d find out and put water in the needle, there must have been some grape juice inside and it mixed together.”

Alice shook her head realizing she had injected a turning vampire with diluted grape juice and now she had created some vampire zombie hybrid. Soon the game warden would be knocking on her door and she’d be spending the rest of her life in prison.

Chapter 2

12 years later

Jaycee sat down at the break room table and pulled out her phone. She checked for messages and found none. She had three more hours to go at the Glory Hole and her jaw was already sore. She knew she had six more appointments before her shift ended at eleven and didn't want to finish. Then another girl, Cassandra walked in and grabbed her soda from the fridge. She sat down and looked over at Jaycee who was busy checking Facebook.

"How's your night so far?" Cassandra asked.

Jaycee looked up and replied, "I had three black guys,"

"So?"

"I don't like black guys," Jaycee replied.

"Why not? Dicks to big?" Cassandra asked with a laugh.

"No, just don't like them, never did."

"Are you from the deep south or what?"

"No."

"I never met a girl that was so racist before, do you say that stuff in public?"

"No, doesn't come up in conversation much," Jaycee replied.

"So what do you do when a black dick comes out the hole?"

"It's a job, I do what I have to do," Jaycee replied.

"Yeah, you're a real trooper."

"Do you like every cock that comes at you?"

"Hell no, I get those limp, wrinkled up things all the time. Makes me gag sometimes," Cassandra replied.

"How long have you worked here?" Jaycee asked.

"Three years in May," Cassandra replied.

"Ever get burned out?"

"You think I like this job? Sucking old men's cocks for eight hours a day, getting their blow all over me?"

"Why don't you quit?"

"One word honey, tips. I can make three hundred a night in tips. That pays my rent for a month."

“Where do you live that you can pay three hundred a month? Must be a closet,”

“I have a roommate, I only have to come up with half.”

“What does she do?” Jaycee asked.

“It’s a he, and he’s a cop.”

“That’s an odd pairing,” Jaycee said.

“He’s also a male dancer on the side,” Cassandra said with a smile.

“You ever...”

“No, after a day of sucking cock, I have no interest in going home and doing it again,” Cassandra said. She took a drink of her soda and looked at her watch. “When is your next appointment?”

“Eight thirty,” Jaycee replied.

“Do you know who it is?”

“Yeah, it’s Roger.”

“Oh, Roger, I think he likes you,” Cassandra said with a smile.

“Shut the fuck up,” Jaycee replied. “He tips well, that’s it. He has a huge fucking dick and takes forever to finish.”

“What kind of tips?”

“He once gave me five hundred, but usually it’s around fifty bucks.”

“Not bad, most of these fuckers don’t tip at all.”

“I know, \$39.99 for a blow job is pretty cheap if you ask me. I’d almost be better off cutting hair.”

“Why don’t you?” Cassandra asked.

“I’d have to get a cosmetology license and I really don’t want to go back to school.”

“If you did you’d be higher up the list and you wouldn’t have to worry about vampires.”

“I don’t give a shit about vampires, I give a shit about those fucking zombie vampires that they can’t get rid of.”

“I thought they had most of them rounded up in some warehouse?” Cassandra said.

“No, I heard there was a whole family of them living down by the dam, and another that lives underground at the old downtown. Those fuckers don’t carry scanners, they kill whoever they want. I can handle myself with a normal vampire. Those zombie’s I watch out for.”

“Yeah, I suppose you’re right. The chances of running into a regular vampire is pretty low, but you never know when those zombie vampires will show up.”

Jaycee pushed a newspaper across the table to Cassandra and turned to the back page. "See that? There's a story about a kid that was killed two days ago by zombie vampires. He was down buying drugs near the tracks and they got him. Found him the next day laying on a gravel road."

Cassandra picked up the paper and took a look at the story. She read it and put the paper back down. "Back in the old days, these kids would get killed by other druggies, now they get killed by zombie vampires. Man things have changed."

"You ever hear what happened to the bitch vampire who started the whole zombie vampire thing? I heard she's in some sort of witness protection due to death threats," Jaycee said.

"Well hell yeah, I bet. Lots of people are pissed at her."

"It wasn't her fault though, it was her kids that caused the problem."

"Yeah, but if she would have let her turn into a vampire instead of using the messed up drug, there would have been one more regular vampire, not a pride of zombie vampires."

"How was she supposed to know? Nobody had ever messed with the shot before."

"I don't believe that story, she just blamed her kids to take the blame off her," Cassandra said.

"Well, that was a long time ago, now we have to live with it. Why don't you get your cop roommate to go out and kill a few instead of dancing around showing off his dick?"

"It's not his job, that's the agency's job. I know, he applied there once."

"He didn't get the job?" Jaycee asked.

"No, they wanted someone with a four year degree," Cassandra replied.

"Takes a four year degree to kill zombie vampires?"

"Back then it did, they didn't want anyone that wasn't on the safe list. They didn't want to hire someone and then have them killed by some regular vampire with a hunting permit."

"Why doesn't he apply again?"

"He couldn't strip and work for the agency, they have a rule against moonlighting," Cassandra replied.

Jaycee looked at the clock on the wall. "I got to go," she said and stood up. "I really don't want to blow Roger tonight, my jaw already hurts and he takes an hour."

"It's part of the job," Cassandra said.

Jaycee left the break room and stepped into her booth. She flipped the indicator switch telling Roger she was ready and a huge penis pushed through the hole in the wall. Jaycee looked into the camera that Roger could monitor on his view screen and she

faked a smile. She then grabbed him by the base of his cock and began to give him the best blowjob should could with the pain she had.

An hour later, Roger blew his wad in Jaycee's mouth, she turned to the camera and opened her mouth so Roger could see. She swallowed the blow and flicked another switch turning off the camera. She then sat back and rested her back on the wall rubbing her jaw. A few minutes later a voice came over the intercom telling her Roger left a hundred dollar tip. She was happy and sore all at the same time.

It would be another half hour before her next appointment came so she left the booth and walked to the front counter where a very pretty blonde girl was sitting behind a desk making appointments.

"Is there any way I could go home early?" Jaycee asked.

"Are you sick?" the woman asked. Her name was Melony.

"My jaw hurts," Jaycee replied.

"I don't have enough girls to cover your appointments," Melanie said.

"If I strain my jaw, I won't be able to work tomorrow at all. Can't you do a few?"

"I work the desk, I don't do what you do," Melony said. She was acting like a snotty bitch. "If you can't do your appointments, you need to call these guys and reschedule."

"You call them, the phones are your job," Jaycee snapped back.

"I make appointments, once you break them, it's up to you to reschedule."

"Fine, I'll stay, but if I get hurt, you'll have to reschedule all my appointments for tomorrow," Jaycee said and stormed off back to the break room. She had twenty minutes to kill and there was no use sitting in the booth for all that time.

Then she heard Melony stomp into the break room and yell at her. "You need to get back in the booth, you can't sit in the break room all night!"

"What am I going to do in the booth for twenty minutes? Give me a fucking break," Jaycee said. Their voices could be heard all over the building.

"You can get a mop and clean up the blow off the floor. And while you're at it, clean off the walls as well."

"We have housekeeping for that!" Jaycee snapped.

"Not at night, they only work day hours, you know that. Now clean up the mess before your next appointment gets here. I don't want cum all over the walls. And while you're at it, you might want to look in the mirror, you got some on your shirt."

Jaycee pulled her collar out and saw the wet spot on her collar. "Fuck," she said under her breath. She looked up, saw Melony leave the room and noticed the television. On the screen was a news report with pictures of a fire in what looked like an industrial part of town. Jaycee turned up the volume and listened as the reporter talked about a group of zombie vampires that were burned out of an old warehouse.

According to the news report, some locals decided to take matters into their own hands and kill as many zombie vampires as they could. In the process they managed to set fire to an old abandon warehouse and burn it to the ground. It was estimated that a half dozen zombie vampires were killed in the incident and three firefighters were injured fighting the blaze.

The news made Jaycee feel good knowing another group of zombie vampires were gone. She knew that a lot of people were unhappy with the agency and felt they weren't doing enough to stop the problem of zombie vampires increasing their population. Unchecked, they were able to add to their ranks by the same method regular vampires do. But they didn't carry a license and answered to no one. They had no mind, they didn't think like others, they were unthinking killing machines bent only on feeding. They didn't realize that each kill would turn someone into another zombie vampire. They didn't care either.

Jaycee left the break room and found a mop and bucket in the broom closet. She hated doing shit work but knew she better do what Melony said. So she filled the bucket with water, added some soap and pushed the bucket out to her booth. Once in the hallway, she saw Melony talking to a man at the reception desk. He looked like a businessman dressed in a suit with short hair and glasses. Was this guy her next appointment?

Wrestling the bucket into place, Jaycee opened the door to her booth and wringed out the mop. She cleaned the mess from the floor and put the mop back in the bucket. It would take a few minutes for the floor to dry, but at least she had a clean place to kneel down and do her business. Then she heard Melony over the intercom. "Your next appointment is here," she said.

The man was fifteen minutes early and the floor to her booth was wet so Jaycee pressed the intercom button and replied, "It'll be fifteen minutes,"

Before she knew it, Melony was at the booth storming mad. "You're not going to make him wait!" she barked under her breath.

"You told me to mop my booth and I did, so he has to wait," Jaycee replied.

"Use another booth, this guy is a first time customer. I don't want him to think we run a shitty business."

"They're all being used," Jaycee said.

"Get a towel and dry off the floor, you have two minutes," Melony snapped.

Jaycee pushed the mop and bucket back to the closet, she found a roll of paper towels and pulled off a handful. She then went back to her booth and wiped the floor dry. Then she heard some commotion coming from the reception area and tried to peek out until her door slammed shut sealing her inside. For the next few minutes she heard screaming and the sound of banging and smashing. She didn't dare try to leave and huddled down at the bottom of the booth waiting for the sounds to stop. Then it was all quiet.

Pushing the door open, she slowly peered outside and looked around the corner to the reception area. What she saw looked like a hurricane had blew through leaving blood all over the walls and floor. Neither Melony nor the new customer were in her view, but she had a feeling they didn't survive whatever happened.

Chapter 3

The Poachers

A knock on the door startled the man at the breakfast table. He was dressed in boxers and a t-shirt reading the paper drinking his morning coffee. He never had visitors, especially this early in the morning. He got up and answered the door to two men dressed in work jumpsuits with their names ironed on them. One said Jack, the other read Mike.

“What’s going on?” the man asked the men at the door. His name was Randall.

“Hi, sorry to bother you, but we’re from the gas company and we got a report of a gas leak in the area. We’re checking all the houses on the block.”

“No, you’re poachers, and I will defend myself,” Randall replied. He was pissed.

“Poachers?” Jack asked. He didn’t lie very well.

“Yeah, you don’t even have a work truck,” Randall said as he looked out to the curb.

The men turned around and looked at the car parked at the curb. It didn’t have a logo on the side and didn’t look like a company car. “Truck was broke down, I had to use my personal vehicle.”

“Show me something that proves you work for the gas company,” Randall said.

“Like what?”

“A work order, any kind of paperwork with the company logo on it.”

“I left it at the shop,” Jack replied.

Randall scratched his forehead and shook his head. “I’ve had poachers before, and I think you two are about the two stupidest ones I’ve ever ran into. If you think I’m letting you into my house, your fucking nuts, now leave.”

The two men shook their heads and the lead man replied, “Fine, I’ll have my boss call the fire department, or the police. There is a real threat here and you’re obstructing us from doing our jobs.”

“Where’s your gas detector?” Randall asked.

“What are you talking about?”

“Even I know the gas company uses a hand held gizmo to check for gas leaks. You don’t have one. Now get the fuck off my property!”

Pissed, Jack pushed forward and tried to shove Randall back into his house. Randall pushed back but when the second man joined in Randall was forced back into the hallway. Once inside, Mike shut the door. Now trapped, Randall turned and sped back into his living room followed by the two poachers. He then ran over to his television

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