

BEFORE YOU READ THIS BOOK...

READ THIS FIRST!

As with all game books, you read a certain number of pages and then you have to make a decision in the book. For CHOOSE YOUR OWN FREAKSHOW, I decided that the main character is, after all, you. Therefore why not give you the option of having your name take the place of this such character? I've included many different blank spaces, "_____ " for you to fill in your name. For instance; "_____ took the deteriorating decapitated head from the revolting corpse." If you'd like, to increase your ego to the highest degree, add your name in this space that is if you actually bought this book. If this book is not yours, than don't.

Enjoy reader, and with confidence you'll survive this Warped Nightmare of mine...

NOW GO

CHOOSE YOUR OWN FREAKSHOW!

MICHAEL BYAN

VAMPIRE SPRING BREAK

CHOOSE YOUR OWN FREAKSHOW

WARPED NIGHTMARES

This is just a sample, tell me what you think of it after you're done reading! Be descriptive in your critique!

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“INVISIBLE PLASTIC SURGEON MEETS SO CALLED VAMPIRE OF CAPERVILLE’S RIVERWALK” read the Saturday newspaper in your suitcase. You turn your head left and right trying to figure out who put the newspaper there in the first place. You’re in a crowded airport sitting near the terminal waiting for your friends to get back from their breakfast. Many different people pass by you wearing tropical tourists shirts, cameras around their necks, skimpy shorts, and those small white cotton bucket hats. The same kind that Gilligan wears from “*Gilligan’s Island*”. Still you wonder who put that newspaper in your suit case. All you were trying to do was check if you packed your sun tan lotion and you ran across that strange paper instead.

“Yo yo yo Brah! Check out what we got for breakfast!” Your goofy friend Dill shouts to you while coming closer into view. He’s holding a sausage muffin with a melted egg oozing from its sides. Dill is slightly overweight, wears his purple baseball cap backwards over his dark brown hair and always seems to be wearing some type of long hoody with torn at the knee blue jeans.

“Dill that’s great, although I told you already I’m not hungry.” You say to him as you turn away from the strange newspaper and to back to him.

“Ahh I see you found that stupid newspaper the guys brought back from home.” Dill says as he points at the newspaper.

“Yeah who put it there?” You ask Dill as he reaches over and grabs it out of your suit case.

“They did man, the rival frat, they wanted to play a little prank on you.” He says as he smiles with that goofy expression on his face.

Since the day you met him, he always had that goofy smile on his face and he always included you into all of his conversations about anything, including “Game of Thrones.” That’s the thing you liked about him, not to mention you met your recent girlfriend with him. Sadly it was not meant to be and you broke up with her before leaving for Spring Break.

“Don’t tell me you actually believe this crap?”

“No that’s why I took this vacation in the first place, to get out of Caperville for a while... It seems like so many people had to make up these sort of stories to keep that town interesting.”

“Damn right brah! Not to mention those hot Caperville Central girls...dang. They are so bang-“

“What are you doing here _____?” somebody interrupts Dill.

As you glance upwards you notice your friend Amber Holstein, who went to Indiana State University, wearing a black hoodie and short hot pants that reveal some of her tattoos on her legs. Amber has long golden yellow hair and has it shaved on one side of her head.

“Whoa hi!” You say to her as you hug her. “I’m here with Dill and some of the frat brothers from Caperville Central and we’re about to go on our Senior Year Spring Break Vacation to Daytona Beach!”

“Sounds great...I’m off to a modeling shoot at some resort not too far from there.”

“Amber Suicide?” Dill asks as he lowers the stupid newspaper away from his prying eyes.

“No I’m not a Suicide girl, as much as I like those models-“

“11:30 AM FLIGHT TO FLORIDA NOW BOARDING” the polite woman on the intercom system mentions as she interrupts Amber.

“Well that’s us, I got to get back with my girlfriends because I’m sitting with them. Later.” Amber says as she starts walking backwards towards her girlfriends.

People are all lining up near the terminal in an unorderly fashion like a swarm of angry hornets.

“Where the hell are all of the other frat brothers?” You ask Dill as you start getting all of your belongings together.

“Don’t worry about them, let’s just get on the air plane. They’ll get on.” Dill replies to you as he nudges your shoulder towards the back of the line.

“Fine...let’s go then.”

As you get in line with Dill and on the air plane, the rest of the trip is a blur.

“This is your captain speaking, we will be approaching Florida in 15 minutes.”

You open your eyes to see the sun trickling in from the closed plane window shutter. Opening the window you peer out to see the beautiful Florida coast line. Sand, water, people, and girls... at least from what you could make out of since they all look like ants from this height.

The plane starts to descend lower and lower until you land. As everybody starts leaving the cramped in plane, you notice Dill talking to some strange man about vampires that’s standing right in front of him waiting for the long line of people to move. He has on a black leather jacket and has his hair squeezed in between a reddish orange bandana. You overhear part of the conversation;

“Vampires in Florida on Daytona Beach? What mental asylum did you escape from?” Dill asks.

“Young man, I’m warning you right now that you and your friends are in grave danger, there has been talk of a cult of vampires seeking refuge in one of the Daytona Beach Hotels.” The strange man replies back ignoring Dill.

“Yeah vampires aren’t real, only Vampire Bats exist. So I suggest you shut the hell up or I’m getting the air marshal over here.”

The strange man decides to turn around and keep walking forward while following Dill’s orders.

As you catch up to Dill you go to ask him about the strange man.

“What was that all about?”

“I guess that guy is some sort of wacko who believes that there’s vampires around Daytona Beach. Forget him man, let’s get out of here and get a cab to that beautiful resort!”

“Sounds like a plan to me...” you excitedly respond.

As you exit the plane and wait in the terminal for the others, you keep your eyes on the man in the leather coat. He is now at the airport’s barely crowded newsstand checking out the different articles.

“Forget about him man!” Dill yells as he notices you peering at the leather jacket stranger. “I’m telling you, he’s off his rocker.”

“What about Rockers? I feel I’m hardcore enough!” A voice shouts from behind you.

As you turn around you notice Brenton, your other frat brother, who’s trying to be a Rockstar of sorts. He’s wearing grungy shoes with his matching grungy dark shorts, a black leather vest on top of a white t-shirt. He also has on a metal cross around his neck and tattoos of black flames on both of his wrists ending at his bicep muscles. Brenton usually wears his long dark hair down covering up all of his facial piercings, this time he has his hair in a ponytail like some professional business promoter.

“What’s going on Brenton? What did you think of the flight?”

“Hell man...there were no babes or anything. You’d think for once there’d be some hot girls in bikinis on a flight like this...maybe sporting a tattoo or something.”

“You and your tats man.” Dill responds back.

“Yeaaaa! So what’s going on with _____? Brenton asks you while grabbing at his bag on the ground.

“Not much Brenton, I guess we just ran into some guy who was talking about...”

“...why you morons won’t get laid get if you just stand there.” The frat leader responds finishing your sentence.

Corban is the demeaning preppy leader of the frat. He has his blonde hair neatly combed to the side. He's wearing an unbuttoned stripped polo shirt that has the insignia of the frat patched on the left side of it. To top it all off, he's wearing short cargo pants without any extra pockets and sandals showing off his manicured feet.

"Who let Corban on the flight?" you ask.

"I'm the frat leader of this fraternity smart ass." Corban replies in a harsh tone. "Which reminds me...where are the rest of the brothers?"

Brenton and Dill turn their heads around trying to find the rest of the frat brothers.

"I don't know Corban I didn't see Jimbo or Barry anywhere." Brenton responds.

"Do you know if they even came on the flight?" Dill asks.

"I could've sworn he told us he would be meeting us at the hotel in Daytona."

"Indeed he did..." Corban responds, acting like he already knew of the meeting at the hotel.

"Let's get our bags and a cab already, and set course."

"Aye aye Captain" Dill says mocking Corban while standing upright like a sailor and saluting.

Corban just ignores Dill's mocking actions and starts walking away toward the baggage claim with Dill and Brenton following close behind him. You then start walking behind Dill and Brenton.

As soon as you get outside after getting your bags, a stampede of cars is all you see. Various limos and cabs are everywhere with tourists briskly entering the vehicles and taking off to their various destinations.

"Right this way gentleman." A voice shouts as you and the rest of the frat brothers stand there awaiting a cab. As you glance over to your right you see a long black stretch limo with the driver standing near the back door holding it open for you. He's skinny and has on a driving hat with pilot shades hiding his eyes. You notice that he's slightly balding since his side burns don't lead to any spot of hair on his head.

"You are the Double Delta Sigma's aren't you?" the limo driver asks while smiling showcasing a silver tooth.

"Yes we are." Corban responds without haste. He then hands his suitcase to the limo driver and enters the vehicle.

Dill and Brenton soon follow while setting their suit cases down on the ground next to the trunk.

"Do you need any help with the suitcases?" You ask the limo driver.

“I got it sir...no worries.” The limo driver responds back smiling with that silver tooth glimmering in the sunlight.

As you enter the limo the sounds of clinking glass are heard. Dill and Brenton are enjoying a bottle of sparkling champagne. All the while Corban sits in the back of the limo, near the driver's separator window, glued to his expensive smart phone. There's a small flat screen television near the wine rack on the left side of the limo, near where Dill and Brenton are sitting. It's turned on to some Spring Break Fever show with many different beautiful girls flaunting they're bikini clad bodies to everybody on the beach.

“Yo _____ check this seat man, I think some girl left her love juice on it!”

“You wish it was Dill!” Brenton says as he raises his glass of Champagne.

“This limo smells like some rich celebrity sat in here.” You observe.

“What if it was Justin Bieber?” Dill asks.

“Nahh there's no weed in here man...and he didn't piss anywhere!” Brenton responds.

“He did piss in a Bucket brah...”

“You know that he did that last year right?” Brenton says as he motions his thumbs to the left side of him.

“It sounds like you guys are Bieber fans.” You state, trying to throw them off guard.

“It's all about that show TMZ brah. They cover it all!”

“I'm not a Biber fan man, I'm a hardcore rocker.” Brenton states.

“Finally we're leaving, I don't get why he took so long.” Corban snaps as he glances out the window of the limo.

“It's because you had to pack all of those damn tampons you little bitch.” Brenton yells at Corban.

“At least I could afford to buy...” Corban stalls for a moment before finishing the sentence. “Forget it.”

As you leave the airport you start nearing the sea side beaches of Florida. It's crowded with many different tourists and locals. Girls in bikinis playing Volley Ball on the beach and getting their white T-Shirts soaked in a huge wet T-Shirt contest are all visible. As are many different television crews and “Girl's gone wild” wannabes all trying to bathe in the sultry of Daytona Beach Florida's Spring Break.

“Where the hell’s the Hotel?” Corban barks out.

The window that separates the passengers from the driver lowers down slowly with the driver eagerly about to answer the question that Corban asked.

“We’re almost here gentleman. Tiki Fanagolo Hotel is within range.”

“Thank you driver.” Corban answers back while taking out his smart phone and fiddling with it.

“Give that thing a rest Corban...” Brenton hollers.

“If you were the leader of a very exclusive Frat like ours you’d understand. The fact that all of your families got into our Frat while they went to Caperville Central College, is beyond me. I thought thru age, each new generation gets smarter. Nevertheless you all will be going through many different trials at this hotel.”

“The only trial I want to go through is to get away from Corban.” Dill whispers in your ear while Brenton takes another sip of his Champagne.

“Here we are gentleman, the Tiki Fanagolo Hotel!”

The Tiki Fanagolo hotel is a bright white building with several green octagon roofs. Many of the roofs have blood red flags on top of them waving in the Florida breeze. The building has balconies that are on every floor all connected by white columns. Nearby the entrance fresh green grass and many different types of flowers surround the building, giving it a very rich appearance.

“Wow...this is fantastic. Who exactly paid for our stay here?” Brenton asks.

Corban ignores the question as he starts moving towards the door.

“Well who paid?” Brenton asks again.

Corban ignores the question a second time while he opens the door. As he gets out of the limo, he yells at everybody; “Come on you followers.”

“What a complete douchebag.” Brenton whispers in the limo while putting down his champagne glass.

As you and the rest of the frat follower’s step out of the limo, you’re taken by the ginormous hotel.

“Are you guys going to get your bags or what?” Corban asks.

“Come on brah, it must be even more luxurious inside anyways.” Dill adds while handing over your luggage.

“Yeah it must be.” You say after grabbing your luggage from Dill.

After unloading the trunk of the car, the silver toothed limo driver closes it and quickly glances up at you and your frat brothers. “Well gentleman, have a pleasant stay!”

After the limo driver gets in the car, Brenton then starts to gossip about him.

“Well he was kind of strange. I wonder why he was so quick to leave like that.”

“Something must have got him spooked...” Dill suggests.

“The hotel is this way guys...” Croban yells.

Dill and Brenton then grab their bags and start heading into the hotel’s lobby.

As you walk in behind them, you notice a real luxurious lobby. It’s the kind of hotel lobby for only the classiest of bodies. It has marble tiled floors, marble counters, and a real nice flat screen television accompanied with a big green couch. The wall paper is an aqua color, with the ceiling being neon lit on its edges in every corner. Every window has wooden blinds barely covering the beautiful sandy beach outside.

A fancy lobby clerk wearing a suit and tie with combed over to the side dark black hair, notices you and your frat brothers coming towards the front desk.

“Can I help you gentleman?” The lobby clerk asks.

“Yeah we would like our room, we have it reserved under the name Cappa Cappa.”

“Let me check...ahh yes Cappa Cappa. Your rooms are all on the 8th floor. These are the presidential suites. We are much honored to have you all here.”

“Do you know if the other brothers are here from our frat?” Corban asks.

“Yes they checked in a few moments ago. I believe I saw them heading toward the outdoor pool.” The lobby clerk answers.

“Good well just show us to our rooms and we’ll be off.” Corban responds.

“Biderman to the front desk!” The lobby clerk shouts in the hotel’s phone intercom system.

You hear the sounds of hurried footsteps coming towards your back side. As you turn around you notice the hotel’s skinny bellhop. He’s pale and has on your standard Cruor red bellhop uniform. He’s got a clean shaven face with no sideburns at all, giving him the appearance that he might be bald under his bellhop hat. What really sticks out like a sore thumb about his face is his long black eye lashes. So thick he could be the son of the actor Peter Gallagher.

“I’m Biderman, your bell-“

“Just pick up their bags and show them to their room Biderman. These gentleman don’t have any time for your stupid introduction.” The lobby clerk interrupts.

“Yes sir boss man.” Biderman chimes in with a witty tone.

As you start to follow Biderman, you can sense the lobby clerk glaring at the bellhop. As you turn around to check if he is, he’s nowhere to be found.

“Our room is this way brah!” Dill shouts at you.

“Yeah I’m coming, I thought I saw something...strange.” You reply back.

After exiting the lobby you get into a clear glass elevator. Upon entering it, a breathtaking view of the hotel’s pool is an alluring sight. Its clear blue water just sparkles in the sunlight. Bikini clad girls are everywhere as are the rest of your frat bothers.

The elevator bell dings and the doors open to your hotel floor.

“Well here’s our floor gentleman, I’ll meet you down by the pool.” Corban says as he starts walking down the hallway with the bellhop beside him.

After checking into your room, you finally change and make your way down to the pool. Opening the pool’s white gate is like opening a heavenly paradise filled with beautiful women, the smell of coconut sunscreen, and having hell make an appearance also with many different alcoholic drinks.

A group of frat brothers with beautiful dark haired girls, finish their conversation and turn around spotting you. One of them with wet blonde hair and wearing an unbuttoned Hawaiian T-shirt showing his slim stomach, comes towards you bringing one of the girls with him.

“Whoa _____, you made it! The frat brother says as he greets you by giving you a rum and cola. So where’s that son of a bitch Corban?”

“I don’t know, I don’t know if we met before?” you ask the frat brother.

“_____, it’s me Barry!”

“Oh I didn’t even recognize you because of that girl hanging off of you.” You say snickering and nudging your head toward the girl.

“Yeah this is Symphony!” Barry says to you as he playfully nudges her.

“Symphony Alkoff”. She says while smiling and extending her hand out, inviting you in for a handshake. Her hypnotizing blue eyes catch your attention, as do her sparkling belly button ring.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” You respond back to her as you shake her hand.

“The pleasure is all mine.” She says with no hesitation.

“You got to love these classy girls man! They’re all on a first name last name basis at this hotel!” Barry says playfully nudging Symphony with his shoulder”

“I think you need another drink Barry.” She says as she grabs his hand towards the bar.

His eyes immediately lock on to hers and he follows her.

“Whatever you say candy girl!” Barry says as he begins walking away with her toward the bar.

You notice Symphony turn her head around and smile at you for a few seconds while she walks away with Barry.

“Who was that brah?” Dill asks as he approaches you from your right side.

“Just some girl that Barry decided to hook up with.”

“Barry? The same Barry we know?”

“Bullshit man, she probably some hotel prostitute or something.” Brenton chimes in on your left side.

“Gentleman, did you NOT hear my instructions?!?” Corban yells while walking into the pool area. “I said to meet NEAR the pool’s club house.”

“Corban I was listening carefully you said to-”

“I don’t want to hear any excuses Brenton, just get your asses over there by the other brothers. That means you too Barry!” Corban yells interrupting Brenton.

Half of the hotel’s pool is reserved for your frat meeting. Apparently Corban is joined by his three assistants, just as equally demanding as he is. Corban starts to pace back and forth in front of the three frat assistants who are all standing in a straight line with their bodies facing the other brothers. He then begins to clear his throat and make his speech.

“We are all gathered here to...”

An hour later the speech is over. All it consisted of was Corban talking about the fraternity trials that all the brothers were to undertake as Spring Break went on.

The sun is now setting and everybody is leaving the pool area. As you start walking towards the pool’s white gate, you notice Symphony standing near it checking you out.

“So your frat leader is really boring and dull so unlike the rest of you guys.”

“Yeah he is, so where’s Barry?”

“Let’s just say I’m saving Barry for desert tonight. I think you and your other frat brothers should join us for a night time swim.”

“You and who else?” you ask Symphony.

“Me and my girlfriends. We would just love for you to join us...”

Symphony comes in close and whispers in your ear.

“...clothing optional.”

Symphony then walks away from the pool area.

“Yo _____ come on brah, we’re going to the hotel’s buffet man!” Dill yells while walking behind Brenton.

Dill then rushes over to you away from the other guys, having just seen you talk to Symphony.

“Who was that dime you were talking to?” He asks you as he checks out Symphony in the distance.

“That was Symphony, It’s some girl I met with Barry. She invited us to swim with her and her girlfriends tonight.”

“Whoa, what did you say?”

“I didn’t say anything, she didn’t give me any time to.”

“I know that type of girl, she was just teasing us, and she wants it bad. Well it’s settled then we go swimming with them tonight after the buffet!” Dill says excitedly.

“Yeah...well let’s hit the buffet then!” you say hesitatingly to Dill as you start thinking about Symphony and her girlfriends.

After eating a huge dinner and avoiding Corban and the rest of the frat, you join Dill and Brenton who are waiting for you in the deserted hotel lobby, already wearing their trunks watching television on the big flat screen.

“It’s about time man, I wanted to ditch you and go meet those girls. If it wasn’t for this television and this Hawaiian wannabe, then I would’ve.” Brenton yells.

Dill just laughs and the two get up and start walking towards the outdoor pool. It is now night time and the pool is illuminated with bright underwater lights. Symphony and her four girlfriends are waiting by the pool soaking up their feet in the clear blue chlorine water.

Symphony's girlfriends are as beautiful as her; all with hourglass bodies and different sized breasts, not one of them being flat chested. They are all sitting on the side of the pool with Symphony sitting in the middle of them just gossiping and laughing. Symphony is alerted by you and your frat brother's presence by one of her girlfriends. She then stands up in her revealing black and white bikini. Black on top with sparkles of white fading downward on the bottom.

"We didn't think you gentleman would show up." Symphony says in a mocking tone. "Did you think you would get in trouble?"

"Well we..." you say.

"Of course not beautiful." Brenton interrupts you.

"That's good, I always had a thing for dangerous guys...too bad I have to share."

Symphony's girlfriends all stand up, and walk towards her teasingly strutting and showing off their beautiful bodies.

"This is Melody, Gemini, Brie, and Whitney."

Melody has green eyes and dark hair like Symphony, although with streaks of blonde highlights leading all the way down towards her medium sized breasts. Gemini has clear blue eyes and shoulder length blonde hair. Brie has dark hair, very similar to Symphony's, and she has aqua green eyes. Whitney has blonde hair with dark highlights and green eyes. All of these girls are wearing a different bright neon colored bikini that matches their eye color.

"Hi guys!" The girls all say in sync after Symphony introduces them.

"Hi girls!" Dill says to them while waving his right hand nervously left and right.

"They get it man!" Brenton says to Dill.

"Well shall we ladies?" You say to them while taking off your shirt.

"We shall..." Symphony replies back while grabbing your right hand escorting you towards the pool's stairs.

"Wait I need to get my pants off, I got trunks on you know!" You say to her.

"You mean you actually wore trunks?"

As you glance over you notice Dill and Brenton talking to Symphony's sorority sisters. They're also taking off their clothes and the brothers are starting remove their trunks also.

“Well not any longer.” You say to her as you walk into the water backwards facing her holding the round metal rail.

The water starts to bubble as you remove your trunks. You then take them and throw them to the side of the pool.

“Wow...I guess you are daring after all.” Symphony says as she follows you into the water.

Symphony takes off her bikini top then the bottom and throws them to the side of the pool.

“Do you like what you see?” She says to you as she starts coming closer to you.

You then lock lips with her and start making out. You could hear Dill and Brenton leaping into the water with the other girls. They start laughing and splashing each other then they grow silent. The sounds of kissing and moaning are heard from the other side of the pool.

As Symphony starts rubbing her hands all over your naked body, the moaning starts getting louder and louder until it starts sounding violent. You glance over to see if the guys are all right.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH! She bit me!” Brenton cries out as blood trickles down his neck.

“What the hell is going on?” Dill asks. “Oh fuck he’s RIGHT!” He cries out when he notices the blood in the water.

Whitney and Brie pounce on Dill and both bite his neck, drowning him in the process. A pool of red blood just floats to the surface.

“What the hell are you girls?” you say as you turn towards Symphony.

“Isn’t it obvious? We’re vampires!”

“Vampires? Is this some sort of sick prank?”

“Join us and you’ll find out...I know you’ll enjoy it.”

So what will it be mortal?

Turn to the next page if you want to become a vampire and let Symphony change you...

If you rather run away and get help, turn to page 16...

MICHAEL BYAN IS THE OWNER/CREATOR