The Last Dragon Hunter.

Introduce the setting:

Long ago, dragon hunters roamed the Earth, nearly driving dragon kind to extinction. For humans, there was no longer much fear of having their crops burnt by fire, or their entire population of sheep eaten by an insatiable dragon.

However, such peace of mind could not last. It was destined to fail, as the cycle repeats itself without fail. The elders attempted to warn the younger generations, but alas, to no avail. Disregarding the elders’ warnings, dragon hunting was a profession that progressively grew out of style. It could not pay the bills anymore. The last remaining dragon hunters were being made fun of, as there was barely any work left for them to do. “What are you training for? Slaying the ghost of a dragon?”

And so, as they seemingly became useless, dragon hunters became extinct, almost like the very dragons they were meant to exterminate. Without the purview of dragon hunters, the few remaining dragons who had been in hiding became emboldened. More and more sheep were being eaten, fields burnt, houses destroyed. The age of dragons was back.

Soon, the dragons successfully repopulated, until their population reached a critical mass that was synonymous to the impending destruction of the world as humans knew it.

The peace was gone. Even the King would not be able to sleep well at night, fearing a draconic invasion storming the castle.

With no dragon hunters left, all hope seemed lost.

Until now.

You open your eyes with a headache.

You look around. You are laying down in the core of a dead tree, shielded by predators. You look at your clothes, which seem incredibly worn out. Scars in your right forearm look like they were left by teeth. You don’t remember those ever being there.

How did you get here?

Suddenly, a flashback takes control of your mind.

Right before your coma, you remember fighting Drakula, the King of all dragons. He was known to be the only vampire dragon in existence, which made him immortal.

Bravely, you defended a town from Drakula’s wrath. You sliced one of Drakula’s wings off, which led him to retreat, but not before a last-ditch effort to bite you in the arm and send you flying into the forest with a powerful tail whip.

At over 200 kilometers per hour, your body was projected into the tree where you currently lie, and you lost consciousness.

Here you are now.

You are a dragon hunter.

You are, unbeknownst to you, the Final Dragon Hunter.

Choices