

Whispers Beneath Atlanta: The Tale of Everett Colton

They say he came in quiet — no showboating, no entourage, no demands for Domain. Just another Nosferatu stepping out of the shadows. Except this one didn't crawl up from the sewers. He walked in from the edge of town, with a duffel bag, a thousand-yard stare, and a name that echoed off the walls of Elysium: Captain Everett James Colton.

Not many Kindred carry a title like that into undeath and wear it like a second skin. But Colton? He still moves like a soldier. Talks like one, too — when he talks at all. You could call him Nosferatu, but the homeless call him Grinn, and among the whispers of the city's underside, he's just "the Man Who Walked Out." From where, exactly, nobody can agree. Some say war. Some say hell. A few say both.

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He was presented properly, of course. The Nosferatu are too old-school to let their own slip past protocol. But even then, he didn't linger. No boon calls, no thirsty alliances. Just a nod to the Prince, a mention of "watching the tunnels," and then he was gone. Since then, he's made himself a ghost in the belly of Atlanta — the old MARTA stations, sealed platforms, and utility shafts now serve as his haven. They say he's got them rigged with cameras and traps, more a bunker than a home.

Colton doesn't feed off the herd. He feeds off the forgotten — the battered, the broken, the war-torn. Veterans, mostly. The ones who still wear their uniforms even when no one salutes them anymore. Those are his people. He watches over them like a shepherd in the dark. Word is, he's even got a few of them doing work for him. Some don't even know he's dead. Others don't care. He's the only one who sees them.

A few Kindred are starting to notice. He moves like he knows something's coming. Says little, listens a lot. Those with eyes to see note how the rats don't run when he walks by, how the shadows twist just a little too easily around him. And those with ears to the crypt? They whisper that his blood runs colder than most, that he's tasted the soul of another Kindred — and walked away clean.

"Forgiven," some say. A word not spoken lightly. The kind of sin that earns you silence at Elysium and a second glance from the Sheriff. Yet no mark shows on his record. No chains on his mind. Just that thousand-yard stare and the weight of a sin repaid — or buried.

Whatever the truth, nobody asks twice.