

## Bad Moon Rising

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23633284) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23633284>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Dracula (TV 2020)</a> , <a href="#">Dracula - Bram Stoker</a> , <a href="#">Dracula &amp; Related Fandoms</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dracula &amp; Agatha Van Helsing</a> , <a href="#">Dracula/Agatha Van Helsing</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Agatha Van Helsing</a> , <a href="#">Dracula</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Eventual Romance</a> , <a href="#">Sick Agatha</a> , <a href="#">"Doctor" Dracula</a> , <a href="#">Agatha x Dracula</a> , <a href="#">Dragatha</a> , <a href="#">agatha van helsing - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">dracula 2020 - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Dracula - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Count Dracula - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Sex</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Vampire Bites</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-13 Updated: 2021-03-17 Words: 26,000 Chapters: 14/?

# Bad Moon Rising

by [FlutteringPhalanges](#)

## Summary

“Am I in Hell?” Agatha’s voice was hoarse, a hint of fear in her tone. “That depends on your definition,” Dracula answered. “Perhaps.” His fingers felt cool against her burning skin, the fever raging through her body. “If you’re going to kill me, then do it,” she mumbled. The count chuckled, gazing into her eyes. “On the contrary,” he smirked. “I’m going to save you.”

## Notes

So I was inspired by my brain to do a story where Dracula takes care of a gravely sick Agatha. Enemies blossoming to romance, well, you’ll see! I present to you, the first chapter!  
-Jen

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter One

Curiosity was such an interesting concept. The way the mind worked, how it processed. It was part of the reason he'd let her go. Sure, her blood would've easily opened new doors. New worlds. But something deep within him held back. So he let her flee, watching as she disappeared from the remains of St. Mary's Convent in Budapest. Leading poor, sweet, innocent Mina away from the dangerous monster. He chuckled, amused, she certainly was a fascinating one, that Agatha Van Helsing.

So he returned to his castle, making it into the darkness just as dawn broke. Life went on. Morning to night, day to day, week to week, and soon, the headstrong, witty nun slipped from his thoughts. He had more important things to think about-England, the Demeter. It wasn't until he journeyed a small town, rather distant from his home, that it hit him. The familiar, sweet smell. A fragrance he knew. A taste he recognized. But something was off. Like an invasive species choking out its host. Sickness.

Inquisitive, he decided to investigate. It was not long until he found himself in front of a brick building that looked in need of repair. He took a step forward, somewhat hesitant at first. He knocked once. Twice. Finally, the door creaked open, the heavy scent of disease thick in the air. A hospital of sorts. If one dared to even call it that. How peculiar. His gaze finally fell on an older man, exhaustion and confusion evident on his ancient features.

"Good evening, sir," he began slowly. "Might I ask your business this time of night?"

"I should ask you the same," the count smiled. "Count Dracula. What, if I may inquire, is this place?"

"An infirmary," the man replied. "Unfortunately, all of our beds are full. Scarlet Fever has been unforgiving and-"

"If I might be so bold and ask if I can enter," Dracula interrupted. "I believe you are currently caring for a friend of mine."

"I'm afraid it's not wise to do so," the stranger countered. "The illness is very infectious and-"

"Please," the vampire smiled. "My health is no concern. What is important is that I see to my friend and their condition. It's of the utmost importance so I implore you again," his tone firmer. "Allow me to enter this establishment."

The man seemed to hesitate before slowly nodding his head. Confidently, he strode past the man, noting the various bed pans that lay piled up by a nearby wall. When he entered the main room, he was met by quite a pathetic sight. Eight beds. Eight people. Eight various stages of suffering. It wasn't until his eyes landed on the last cot that he finally saw what he came searching for. Or who, for that matter.

Agatha Van Helsing. He could almost feel the heat of her fever radiating off of her body. Her face was red, the distinguished rash spread across her visible form. It was evident she had no

idea that he was standing mere feet from her. Lungs struggling to pull oxygen from the air, the occasional moan escaping from her chapped lips. Weak. Vulnerable. Enticing.

He found himself by her side, fingers gently touching her burning neck. She shifted slightly, but did not shy away. Still delirious. Pulse faint, but there. Blood still rushing through her veins. The corners of his lips twitched into a smile at a new thought. An experiment of sorts. How odd would it be if he took her back to his castle? Kept her for observation there? It'd been awhile since he challenged himself with anything.

"You're right," Dracula finally said, hearing the man approach from behind. "I do see you are rather busy, and low staffed at that. Allow me to take her off your hands. I am capable of caring for her myself."

"Sir," he began. "I really don't think that that's-"

"I wasn't exactly asking," the count said, his tone suddenly darker. "We'll be out of your way momentarily." Carefully, he slid his arms underneath the nun's body, scooping her up with ease. "Thank you for your work. If I wasn't so...concerned about my companion, I might inquire more about your medical abilities," he smirked. "Another day perhaps."

He pushed past the man, making his way out of the clinic. The moon was still high in the sky, the stars bright. Perfect. He'd return home in no time, the sun a far threat. His eyes flickered down to Agatha, the woman shifting slightly in his arms.

"We're going to have a lot of fun," he smiled. "You and I."

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Fire. That's what it felt like. A smokeless inferno blazing within her, the flames relentless. Trapped. Cornered. Fighting for her life. Agatha tried to focus, tried to grasp onto the thin strands of sanity that held her precariously to existence. Everything around her was crumbling down and she could do nothing to stop it.

Mina. What had become of the girl. That was her name right? She struggled to remember. Her traveling companion. After they left the convent, both had wasted no time to leave Budapest. Or they tried. It was one fateful morning she arose from her slumber, choking from a coughing fit. Hot from a fever. The other woman comforted her, but fear was evident in her voice. Mina. She didn't deserve to die. Not after everything she'd gone to. With what strength she had, Agatha was forced to part ways. Alone. Lost. Dying.

The water burned going down her swollen throat, cutting through like a knife. Someone had found her and brought her into town. Took her to the hospital. She was tired. So exhausted that her mind struggled to focus. The disease was ruthless and soon she was forced to give into its demands.

Hallucinations. Lying visions that danced in her mind. Reality was a thing of the past. It was for that reason when, one moment, in her weakened state, she managed to force her eyes open. She blinked blearily, trying to take in her surroundings. A figure stood before her. A tall, looming man. She squinted, blinked, and alarm found her. Fear. Anger. Confusion. His smile was wide, expression one of amusement and pleasure.

"Count Dracula?"

# Chapter Two

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of your reviews/comments/kudos/etc! You guys are the best! Now, as promised, the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Chapter Two

Fevers are a troublesome thing. Fickle hallucinations leading one to doubt their sanity. Even then, would her imagination be so cruel as to conjure up the specter that was Dracula? Unless she was indeed dead. Perhaps in Hell. No. The Damned wouldn't be tortured so. Before her he truly was, in ungodly flesh, the count himself. How she yearned for death to find her.

"Somewhat lucid I see," the vampire replied, looming over the nun. "I dare say you had me worried back there. Ah, Sister Agatha Van Helsing, a true martyr to the cause."

"What exactly do you want with me?" She whispered hoarsely, the physical act causing her great pain. "I'm dying."

"Of course you are," Dracula said with a smile. "It's rather fascinating watching a human body break down. But," he paused. "Your absence wouldn't be much use to me if you were just a husk. I'm a man of science, of reason. Not, I dare say, a mortician."

"So you are going to transform me into a vampire?" Agatha scoffed weakly. "Or drain me of my blood? To learn everything there is to know?"

Dracula clicked his tongue, moving to the other side of her bed. "Agatha, Agatha, Agatha...For someone so educated, as you put it back at the convent, you really do lack the deduction skills. Transforming you, blessing you to become my equal, is not on the current agenda. What is, is a chance for me to study you from a different angle. I," he grinned. "Am going to save you."

"Save me?" She inquired, entering into a fit of coughing. "S...save me? Is that code for something?"

"I assure you it's not," Dracula responded. "Think of it as...a favor. I do something for you, and you owe me later. Quid pro quo." He leaned over, mere inches from her face. "You are an intriguing specimen, Agatha. Something so valuable shouldn't go to waste."

"No," she said, surprising how firm it came out. "I'd rather die than be in your presence."

The vampire seemed to think for a moment before clasping his hands together. "Alright then," he exhaled. "I can't keep you against your will. You're free to leave if you'd like."

She eyed him suspiciously. "You wouldn't try to stop me?"

He shrugged. "No, it would be a loss for sure. But then again, I suppose I could find someone as interesting. I have lived for centuries."

Agatha inhaled, watching the still expression on his face as she tried to force her body off the bed. Her legs betrayed her. Limbs too heavy to move. Just the mere attempt of leaving sent shock waves of pain to every nerve. She was weak, incredibly so. She knew Dracula was smiling. Knew that he was well aware of her condition and hated him even more. Agatha was trapped whether she had the will to escape or not.

"So you'll be staying then?" He inquired, false innocence in his tone. "A good thing too, a storm is coming. It'd be a shame if you were to be caught in it."

"I despise you," she hissed, her head beginning to ache. "You disgust me."

"Bold words," he smirked. "But not the first time I've heard them. Now just rest and leave everything to me. Consider me your physician if you will." He swatted away a fly that flew too close to Agatha. "And please, pardon the insects, they come with the territory."

Agatha tried to open her mouth to counter his words, but she found herself unable to do so. The room spun around her, the flames engulfing her once more. She tried to fight the fever, battle the consciousness that came with it, but it was in vain. Dracula watched intently as she slipped away, pulled by the welcoming emptiness that was sleep.

*Dreaming, a state much like purgatory. Being trapped between two worlds, consciousness and a stage of sleep that is deep and thoughts non-existent. Even though she was gravely ill, Agatha knew she was no longer awake. That this wasn't real. That the woman standing before her, expressionless, arms folded, was a trick in her mind. She was dead after all. Mother Superior.*

*"You've found yourself in quite a difficult situation, Sister Agatha."*

*"It's nothing I cannot handle," the nun said, feeling rather exposed by the blinding white light that surrounded them. "I just have to keep level headed."*

*"Brains before the Lord?" The older woman inquired, tilting her head. "Have you considered reaching out to your true calling?"*

*"If God had sought to help me, would I not be where I am now?" Agatha replied. "Would he have left me in the belly of the beast like I am now? Death at the door, prey to a monster?"*

*"You've always been one of surprises, Sister," Mother Superior answered with a thin smile. "One of my favored pupils despite your lack of faith. And where has it led you?"*

*"To my impending demise? Is that what you are trying to say? That this is a result of being forsaken? Your attempt to patronize me hasn't brought forth any desire to repent my ways,"*

*she frowned.*

*"The Lord works in mysterious ways, Agatha," the woman stated. "Perhaps He is presenting you with a challenge. A test if you will. Facing your greatest foe. The question is, will you accept? If you truly wish to learn about Count Dracula, you have been given the opportunity."*

*As much as Agatha hated to admit it, perhaps the old woman was right. Perhaps this was a chance to learn more about Dracula. Though she would be made to suffer through it, would it be worth the outcome? Had she much of a choice? She swallowed, feeling the heat of the invisible flames licking at her skin.*

*"Observe him while he believes he has the upper hand?" Agatha implied.*

*"Precisely," Mother Superior smiled. "God works in mysterious ways, Sister Agatha. Perhaps you'll begin to see."*

*Agatha.*

*The nun looked to the older woman, noting her lips were no longer moving.*

*Agatha.*

*The voice sounded distant, but soon grew closer. The ground around her began to shake, the image of Mother Superior drifted away. Agatha stumbled, trying to hold her ground as the bright light disappeared from around her.*

*"Agatha, wake up."*

The former nun gasped, her eyes shooting open. Her body trembled, head throbbing as she caught sight of Dracula standing before her. If her eyes didn't deceive her, he almost looked slightly concerned.

"You were talking in your sleep," he commented. "Incoherently."

For the first time, she noticed a rag in his hand. When he approached her side, Agatha attempted to shy away. If she had the strength, she would've swatted it away as he placed it on her forehead. Cool. Wet. It was soothing to her burning flesh. Part of her wanted to sigh, but the other, more reasoning part didn't want to give him the satisfaction. Instead, she remained still, her eyes locked on his.

"Were you having a nightmare?"

He sounded genuinely curious and it made her skin crawl. Agatha said nothing, trying to slide deeper under the covers. She was exhausted. So tired. Dracula standing there eyeballing her like a prize chicken wasn't helping. She remembered her dream. The advice her brain "Mother Superior" had suggested. Learn about him while he thinks he's doing the same.

"Do vampires dream?" She inquired.



"Anything with a mind dreams, Agatha," the vampire exclaimed. "A dog. A monkey. Perhaps even a flea. If one sleeps, one can dream."

"And if I were to tell you I had a nightmare, what would you say?"

"To only hope that I was a part of it," he smirked. "But the feeling would extend if I was in your dream also."

"Then you'd be disappointed," she mumbled, bleary eyed. "Now if you'd be so kind, if at all possible, I'd like to go back to sleep. I'm feeling rather weary of your presence."

"But of course," the vampire smiled. "How rude of me. Rest well, Agatha Van Helsing, I'll keep an ear open if you need me."

"I won't," she muttered.

"All the same," he smirked. "Sleep tight, don't let the bats bite."

Agatha watched as the vampire left the room, leaving the door slightly ajar much to her displeasure. She allowed her eyes to close, trying to focus on the cool cloth on her forehead. She would be the one victorious in the end. Even if it took her last breath. A new fire burned deep within her, spreading along with the fever. Competition.

## Chapter End Notes

A tad short, but I have so much planned for the next chapter. Things get "personal" between our two favorite characters and I cannot wait to show you what I mean. Reviews/Comments/Kudos are loved and greatly appreciated! Until next time! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Three

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of your reviews/comments/kudos/etc! You guys are the best!  
Now, as promised, the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Chapter Three

Suffocation. Oxygen clawing at her swollen throat, trying to push past damaged glands. Lungs working over time, forcing air that rattled out into coughing fits. Agatha heaved, torn from her sleep as her aching chest burned, fire from the built up acid and phlegm. She couldn't breathe. Couldn't focus. Something left a bitter taste in her mouth and she prayed not think of what it could be.

"Deep breaths."

His voice cut through her wheezing serrated knife. Just his presence alone made Agatha's skin crawl. When she felt his hand on her shoulder, the nun desired nothing more than to slap it away. But her body, like it had been, betrayed her. Hacking turned into gagging and Agatha felt her stomach begin to churn. The moment she felt the cool touch of a metal basin against her chin, she vomited what little she had in her stomach. Sour. It coated the inside of her mouth.

"Drink."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the glass Dracula held out towards her.

"No," she panted, shooting him a glare. "Go away and leave me be."

"While I applaud your undying detest towards me, your stubborn attitude can be rather agitating," Dracula sighed, rolling his eyes. "Have some water, Agatha, before you cause further harm to your trachea."

She stared at the glass cautiously before reaching out and taking it. The water was clear, not a suspicious speck out of place. She swallowed, still hesitant of the vampire's true intent. Inhaling, she pressed the rim to her lips and took a small sip. It burned like Hell going down, throat painfully raw, but the cold numbness that followed afterwards was welcoming. She sighed, slowly gulping down the liquid.

"Your fever still hasn't let up," the vampire commented, taking the glass back. "I've been monitoring you."

"How thoughtful," Agatha scoffed hoarsely. "It's reassuring to know that you are present in my bed chambers when I'm least aware of it."

"You are proving to be quite the least thankful guest," Dracula replied, smirking slightly. "Even Johnny provided better companionship than you-and he too was day," he paused. "Well, I had a hand in that, I should say."

"You're a cruel, sadistic brute," the nun coughed, her head beginning to spin. "You should have killed me in Budapest when you had the chance."

"Again," he sighed. "Where would the fun be in that?"

The nun shook her head, realizing her mistake when the room began to spin. Once more, she found her stomach beginning to churn. Leaning back against her pillow, she stared up at the ceiling. Stone. Cobwebs. Flies. Those damn bugs. Her skin began to prickle as if being singed by invisible flames. Despite being awake for only minutes, her energy had already depleted. She was weak. Vulnerable. And she hated it. Not to mention the headache. God was it getting worse. The throbbing. Focus. Focus.

"Agatha."

The pain was intensifying. Like a herd of horses repeatedly kicking her skull. Her vision was beginning to blur. This was new. At least something to this extreme. Dracula was looming over her and though, in any other case, she'd try to look elsewhere, she forced her eyes to stay locked on him. Stay awake. Stay awake.

"Agatha?"

Even if she wanted to reply, she couldn't. Her muscles had given way, nerves having a mind of their own. It felt as if a weight had been pressed onto her chest. It was hot. Scorching. The fever flaring up again without any sort of mercy. This was it. She was going to die. Her deathbed in the home of her enemy. How climatic. As she began to fade into the darkness, she nearly swore there was a glint of concern in the count's eyes.

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Ice. Freezing. Her body jolted to consciousness by the unexpected drop in temperature. Agatha yelped in surprise, startled and confused by her new surroundings. A shock that turned into absolute rage. Mortification. She, Sister Agatha Van Helsing, was naked. Bare, no clothing to call her own, in a bathtub of ice water. And if that wasn't enough to rattle the ill nun, Count Dracula watched on from a nearby wall with a carefree expression.

"What..." she hissed through chattering teeth. "You've...you've..."

"Saved you from dangerously overheating?" The vampire finished, an eyebrow raised. "A thank you will suffice."

"How dare you," she snapped, hugging herself tightly. "What on Earth possessed you into thinking that it would be remotely okay to unclothe me?!"

"Trust me, Agatha, I have seen many a man and woman naked," he smirked. "You're nothing special. Though," he paused, playfully allowing his eyes to scan her. "For a nun, your physique is surprisingly appealing to the eye."

"Get out," she growled, pulling her knees up to her chest. "Now!"

"As you wish," he bowed, his lips curving into a smile. "Oh, I took the liberty of replacing your clothes. They were quite dirty after all. Unfortunately, I must admit I do not own any outfits that would be to your fitting so one of my shirts should suffice."

To her horror, Agatha finally noticed a neatly folded, white top. Long sleeved, buttons, and a distinct collar, nothing compared to her nun habit. He had planned this. All of this. And by God, however it was possible, her anger grew. Seeming to notice her dismay, Dracula watched in amusement.

"Do you seriously think that I will-" she began.

"You could always prance around naked," he suggested with a shrug. "But catching a cold on top of your already ailing state I doubt any doctor would advise."

"You conniving leech," she snarled, feeling more exposed by the second. "Why...why do you even have a tub anyways?"

"Everyone needs to have decent hygiene," Dracula replied. "Despite your impression of me, I do hold standards of cleanliness. Now, get dressed, I don't think it best you be out of bed for this long. I'll be right outside the door if you need me."

"I won't," she grumbled.

"All the same," he answered. "I am really attempting at being a good host."

Once he had slipped out of the room, the nun took a deep, rattling breath. How she envied those nuns who lost their lives in the massacre, as horrible as that sounded. Still rather unstable, her legs wobbling, she hobbled over to the stool and picked up the shirt. Surprisingly, for someone who only consumed blood, there wasn't a single stain to be seen.

Putting one arm through each sleeve, she began the tedious task of buttoning it up. Thankfully, due to his height, the shirt appeared more like a chemise than anything else. Short, falling just above her knees, but held a little bit of reserve. A hint.

"Everything alright in there," the vampire knocked. "Do you require any assistance?"

"The only *assistance* I desire is for you to disappear from the vicinity," Agatha grumbled, reaching for the door handle. "Now turn around, I don't want you looking." Not that it mattered, he'd already seen her nude.

Dracula stood off to the side of the room, his back turned when Agatha reentered the bedroom. She leaned against the wall, already beginning to feel dizzy from the movement alone. When her knees began to waver, the vampire was immediately by her side, grasping

her firm, yet gently by the arm. She would've pulled away if she could, but the risk of falling was a much less desirable outcome.

"The shirt suits you," he said, helping her to the mattress. "Much better than that drab, old outfit of yours. Then again, anything in the realm of religion isn't a favorite of mine."

"So I've observed," the nun muttered, crawling back under the sheets. At least she didn't feel as hot as before. "It isn't just the cross then? Do you find fear in theology in general? Why is that?"

"So many questions, Agatha," Dracula exhaled. "Your hunger for education amuses me. Ah, on that subject of appetite, from my observations, humans can't primarily survive on a liquid diet of water. I've made you something."

Now filled with curiosity, Agatha watched as the count left the room. He was only gone for a few moments before returning with a bowl. She eyed it suspiciously as he held it out to her. Then, with great hesitation, she took it. Soup. At least, it appeared that way. A warm, red substance filled with what appeared to be chopped vegetables. Carrots. Onions. Peas.

"What did you do to it?" She inquired, frowning as he handed her a spoon.

Dracula let out a dramatic sigh. "Must you assume everything I do has an ulterior motive behind it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose that's not entirely false, but I assure you, this soup was made with genuine intentions," he smiled. "Go on, have a taste. I promise I didn't poison it."

Still watching him, Agatha dipped her spoon in and brought the liquid to her lips. Warm. Rich. For someone who didn't eat, the nun wouldn't have guessed based on the quality of her meal. She hadn't realized how truly hungry she was until her utensil clattered against the bottom of the bowl.

"Delectable, right?"

"Tolerable," she mumbled, handing the empty dish back. "Sub par at most."

"I'll take that as a compliment," the vampire smiled. "Hopefully that will hold you off for now. I have a prior engagement tonight so I won't be home unfortunately," there was a glint of malintent in his eye. "I know you'll dreadfully miss me."

"Where are you going?" Agatha asked, ignoring his last statement. "Not that I'm too curious."

"Like you, I need to eat," he replied. The nun's skin began to crawl. "But don't worry, I won't be gone for too long. I'll have long returned by the time you wake up." His eyes flickered over to the sliver of a window, the heavy curtains drawn. "I've had a particular craving for epidemiology lately, and I believe I found the perfect candidate in a nearby town."

Agatha's jaw dropped. "You're considering slaughtering an innocent doctor?!"

"Science has ways of taking its toll on things," Dracula replied, heading towards the door. "But what it takes, it gives back. Try to think of it in a more positive light, Agatha. A life lost is a life saved-that being you, of course. Be thankful, that's the least you can give him."

"No one deserves to die," she frowned, trying to rise from her bed. "Except you."

"I'm already dead, Agatha," he smirked. "Your words mean nothing."

He adjusted his cloak, taking his attention momentarily away from the nun. The woman exhaled, leaning back against her pillows. Helpless. Guilty. Tonight a man would die because a monster had a twisted interest in her survival. She could do nothing. She felt hot again, only this time she knew it wasn't from her fever.

"I hope you get caught in the sun!" It sounded so childish, a pitiful insult. "I won't let you get away with this."

"And yet," Dracula smiled. "You already have."

Before Agatha could reply, the vampire had already disappeared. Dammit. Damn this disease. Damn Dracula. And damn herself. All of this was making her head pound and she was nowhere near closer to learning about the vampire. She needed to gain control. Force her body into submission.

As she stared at the bedroom door, the entrance slightly ajar, a thought came into her mind. Exploration. Maybe, just maybe if she could muster the strength, she could have a look about. A quick peek before the Lord of Darkness himself returned. Desperate times called for desperate measures, and even though she felt horrible, maybe some motivation would push her forward.

After all, how dangerous could the outcome be?

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! Comments/Kudos/Reviews are greatly appreciated! I'd love to hear your thoughts and if there was a certain part you liked! Until next time! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Four

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all of the reviews/comments/kudos, folks! You are the best! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Labyrinth. A complicated maze filled with endless passageways-some even leading to nowhere. Agatha had heard of the tunnels, the darkness that clung to the walls. Jonathan Harker had recounted in his testimony to Mina and her of his attempts to successfully navigate through them. A warning she found herself not heeding.

A shiver ran up Agatha's spine the second her bare feet touched the cold, stone floor. Her head spun, vision cloudy, and for a brief moment the nun began to reconsider her plan. But no. No, it was now or never. When would she have the chance again? Inhaling deeply, using the wall as a means of support, she slowly made her way out of the room and into the corridor.

Vampiric Physiology. It had been her grandfather, Abraham Van Helsing, who pulled Agatha into the legends of Dracula. Raised by the man after the death of her father, she grew fascinated by the tales of the professor and his encounters with the beast. It was on his deathbed that his granddaughter made her promise, swore on her life, that she would carry on his legacy. Finish the act he failed to. Find the vampire and destroy the Devil where he stood. Forever end the miserable existence of Count Dracula.

The further she walked the deeper Agatha found herself in the bowels of the castle. The air was thick, musky, and the heaviness of it all scratched at her already sore throat. She concentrated on her breathing, trying to keep level headed. The secrets these caverns surely held. So caught up on her thoughts, the nun stumbled across a loose stone, nearly tumbling to the ground. Silently cursing, ignoring the pain in her now bruised big toe, she went on.

Minutes passed. Maybe hours. In the back of her mind, Agatha began to fear if the count had already returned. What would his reaction be to her empty bed? Would he storm the castle like a predator stalking its prey? Dwelling on it would do her no good now. She was in too deep. As she turned down another hallway, she heard a weak cry.

"Please. Help me."

The voice was soft, pleading. The nun stopped in her tracks, the hairs on her arms standing up. It sounded so distant, and yet, so close.

"Hello?" She called out, hesitation in her tone. "Who's there?"

"Please," it begged. "Please, help me."

"My name is Sister Agatha Van Helsing," Agatha replied, moving towards the noise. "Keep talking, I'll find you."

"Please." It was a woman's voice, her accent thick. Russian? "I'm so cold. It's so dark. Please, help me."

The corridor opened up into a large room. The aroma of the air changed, mildew, soil, rot. Agatha covered her mouth, attempting not to dry heave. Surrounding her were many boxes. Her brow furrowed and in her fevered state, she thought back to Harker's words. Boxes. Coffins. The nun's eyes grew wide as she realized her terrible mistake. In horror, she watched as one of the lids creaked upon, a decaying arm dragging across the opening.

"Please," the voice hissed, agony laced in his gravelly tone. "I'm so thirsty..."

Agatha began to scan around the room looking for something, anything, that could be used as a weapon. The woman, or what used to be Agatha imagined, had now pulled herself halfway out of the box. She stared at the nun with hollow eyes, mouth open to reveal stained, jagged teeth.

"Stay back," the nun warned. But even as brave as she was, Agatha couldn't hide her fear. "I'm warning you, I'll-"

Just then, something swooped by Agatha. The creature let out a cry, cowering back as a figure rose a sharp stake in the air before plunging it deep into the undead's chest. Count Dracula wheeled around, a look of fury glaring in his eyes that even put the nun on edge.

"I show you the best hospitality and this is how you thank me?" He growled, stroding over so that he now loomed over the nun. "Do you realize what would've happened if I hadn't made it in time?"

"I...I can handle myself..." She mumbled, her cheeks flushing.

"Clearly not," he grumbled, rolling his eyes. "How did you even find your way down here?" The vampire's gaze flickered up and down. "With the state you're in?"

"I'm fine, if that's what you're trying to get at," she frowned. "What exactly is this place? You owe me an explanation."

"Ha, I owe you absolutely nothing," he chuckled coldly. "But you mildly impressed me. So I suppose perhaps I can offer you some insight into my special project."

"Special project?" Agatha questioned, an eyebrow raised, finding herself morbidly fascinated. "You mean, experimenting with the undead? Jonathan Harker mentioned..."

"Oh, it's quite more complicated than that," Dracula said with a dark smile. "And Johnny's memories aren't that reliable. But, I digress. Death is a curious thing, Agatha. As is mortality. The balance between it, that is where the science lies."

"I don't think I quite understand-"



"Of course you don't," he interrupted. "But I think that's enough lecture for one day."

Without warning, he scooped Agatha up as if she were no lighter than a feather. The nun yelped in surprise, caught off guard by the count's motion. He grinned at her, his arms wrapping around her in such a secure fashion that the nun couldn't decide if he did so to protect her or keep her from getting away.

"Put me down," Agatha struggled. "Let me go this instant!"

"You sure do get testy when you're tired, Agatha," Dracula smirked as he carried her bridal style from the room. "I think a good nap would do you some good."

"And I think a good stake in the heart would suit you nicely," she countered. "Or a nice stroll outside during a sunny day."

Dracula scoffed, his hold on the nun not loosening until they were back in her room. With surprising care, he gingerly placed Agatha back into bed. The nun frowned, eyes like daggers as she watched him walk over to the side of the room. For the first time, she noticed a small parcel sitting on the dresser. Picking it up, the vampire reappeared by her side and held it out.

"A gift," Dracula said simply. "A friendly gesture." When the nun continued to eye him warily, he let out an exaggerated sigh. "Come on, Agatha, if it was something disturbing, I wouldn't have taken the time to have it wrapped so nicely. Take it."

Finally caving, Agatha carefully took the package from Dracula. Caustionally tearing the paper back, she was stunned by the contents within. Cream colored, the sleeves just intricant enough that one could still consider it modest, was a dress. She was at a loss for words. It was by all accounts beautiful. Something so nice that she hadn't owned ever since she became a nun.

"To replace that hideous habit of yours," Dracula stated. "I hope you like it. If not-"

"No," she whispered, examining it. "No, it's nice...Thank you..." The words sounded foreign when they left her lips. "May I try it on?"

Dracula snorted. "If you so desire to. The nap, after all, was just a suggestion..." Even the count seemed a little awkward now. "Shall I go or..."

"Until I change," Agatha said, momentarily pausing. "But you may return, since you did purchase it after all..."

It was weird. It felt weird. Was it the fever? Minutes ago she was nearly killed. On the verge of entering a shouting match with her mortal enemy. And now she was trying on a dress that he gave her. A gift. Agatha's mind was surely discombobulated. With just a slight amount of struggle, she managed to slide into the dress and adjust it correctly.

"You can come in now," she called out.

Dracula stepped into the room, his eyes looking Agatha up and down. Though she'd never admit it, the nun felt a little bashful. A small part of her wanted to feign a faint so it could all

be over. But she didn't. She stood there quietly, waiting for a response.

"Well," she said, beginning to feel a little offended. "If it looks bad on me, you might as well-

"No," he interjected. "No. You look...lovely."

Again, Agatha felt the heat rush to her cheeks, only this time she knew it wasn't the fever. It was as if she was a little school girl again. The strange, uncomfortable feeling in her stomach. Butterflies? No. No, no, no. Focus. The nun swallowed, shaking her head.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "Now, I think I should like to take that nap you mentioned. Today was rather eventful, much to your doing."

"You're quite an interesting one, Agatha Van Helsing," Dracula replied, eyeing her with a strange look. "But I'll leave you to your own devices," he paused, a glint of mischievousness in his eye. "For now. Get some rest. You know where to find me."

"Unfortunately," but her voice lacked the usual hatred she held. "Goodbye, Dracula."

As she watched him leave, Agatha sat on the edge of her bed with her head in her hands. She was beginning to feel sick. But this was different than the fever. This was something else. More complex. And she hated it. Was it possible? Was Agatha, Vampire Hunter, Van Helsing starting to feel for the bloodthirsty Count Dracula? If Abraham Van Helsing could see her now. God help her.

## Chapter End Notes

Hm, could feelings start to get in the way of both of their goals? How long can they fight through their emotions? Time will tell! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Let me know your thoughts! Until next time, stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Five

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of your reviews/comments/kudos/etc! You guys are the best!  
Now, as promised, the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"You're dead."*

*Ten year old Agatha Van Helsing yelped in surprise as she was swiftly knocked off her feet, her back hitting the ground hard as her grandfather loomed over her. Abraham's weathered face showed no sympathy as he held a stick right underneath the girl's chin. Out of the corner of her eye, Agatha saw her own weapon lying far from her reach.*

*"Stand up," the old man grumbled. "You let your guard down again. In a matter of seconds, you could've been taken advantage of and drained of your life blood." He motioned towards her stick. "Again."*

*"We've been doing this for hours," the child complained. By now, bruises had already begun to form on the places that had been battered the most. She hated practicing combat, especially when it was with someone as highly skilled as her grandfather. "Can't we take a break?"*

*"There are no breaks when you're being hunted," Abraham replied firmly. "Now quit your protesting and come at me. We are going to keep doing this until you get it right." He ignored the girl's scowl and prepared his stance. "Again."*

Even though she had yet to come across a mirror in Dracula's castle, Agatha felt as if her appearance was already improving by the day. No longer was her skin a deathly pallor and blotched with a red rash, but her fatigue had lessened too. By no means was she cured, far from it, but at least she was one step in the right direction. Focus on the positives. The nun had to constantly remind herself of that.

A loud knock sounded against her bedroom door causing Agatha to jump a little in surprise. Her eyes fell to the door knob, anticipating for it to twist and push open. She didn't put it past Dracula to waltz inside without permission. He'd done it several times before. However, after a few moments had passed without the vampire gracing her with his unwelcome presence, she relaxed.

"Will you be joining me downstairs to eat, or shall I leave it by the door as usual?"

Accompanying him for dinner, as if he actually ate alongside her. She inhaled deeply, flattening out the creases in the dress he'd gifted her. It was rather lovely, but it did agitate her

knowing he probably realized her fondness of it. Regardless, she hadn't much else to wear-thanks to him, so she had to make do.

"You truly make being a good host such a daunting task," the vampire continued when she refrained from responding. "I've opened my home to you, healed you, and yet, you still don't trust that my intentions aren't sinister." He paused, quickly adding. "At least, not to what you expect."

"Exactly where does one find trust with someone who has slaughtered countless innocent lives," Agatha retorted. "I don't expect you to see my reasoning behind my hesitation as you kill without a second thought."

"We do what we must to survive," Dracula stated. "Monster or not, human or creature, it's in our genetics to thrive by whatever means necessary. If I made you a vampire right now, I can assure you you'd give into your cravings within a second. Whether you feel guilty or not afterwards is no concern, but you would consume blood."

"I'd rather die," she frowned deeply.

"As you've made very, very clear," the vampire exhaled. "Anyway, if desired to kill you, you'd already be dead. So rather than acting like a broody hen sitting on a clutch of eggs, perhaps it would do you good to come join me by the fire. Being confined in a room for so long isn't good for one's sanity."

His mere existence was pushing her to the brink of insanity. Chewing on the inside of her cheek, Agatha's eyes fixed on the door. Something told her that he wasn't about to give in and leave her to her own devices. At some point, she'd have to really face him. Exhaling heavily, she stood up. Positive thoughts. Maybe she could use this to her advantage. A learning experience. Information. Clearing her throat, she forced a stoic expression.

"Fine," she exclaimed. "I suppose I'll join you."

"Ouch!"

*A small drop of blood trickled from the nick on Agatha's thumb where she cut herself. She set the knife down, and examined the piece of wood she'd been whittling into a stake. Abraham strode forward and grabbed her hand, his brows knitting as his ever present frown deepened.*

*"You need to be more careful," he instructed. "A vampire would be able to smell this a mile away and you'd be killed before you even knew what hit you."*

*"It was an accident," Agatha insisted.*

*"Doesn't matter," the old man frowned. "You can't afford to make a mistake. Always be vigilant. Vampires are monsters, Agatha. They don't feel. They don't care. All you are is a meal to them. You must remember that!" He snatched her stake, his fingers trailing down the pointed wood. "Keep going," he muttered, handing it back to the girl. "You're lucking if this would go through a human's chest."*

"How did you learn to cook anyway?"

Agatha's eyes followed Dracula as he set a dish in front of her. At first glance, it appeared to be some sort of fowl, perhaps quail, along with root vegetables. She'd be lying if she didn't admit it smelled incredible. It wasn't until the vampire placed a crystal glass filled with a red liquid that the nun visibly stiffened.

"It's just red wine," Dracula chuckled, snorting softly. "Honestly, Agatha, I may be a 'brute' as you'd put it, but I'm not twisted enough to give you blood." There was a glint of mischievousness in his eyes. "Especially when it's a requirement in my diet."

"You didn't answer my question," Agatha said, lifting up the cup to swirl the liquid around. "Where did you learn to cook? And why?"

"I picked up many skill sets throughout the centuries," he admitted. "When you have a lot of time on your hands, why not take the opportunity. Besides," he smirked. "It comes in handy when I have guests over." He gave a nod towards her dish. "Go on, give it a taste."

Eyeing him warily, Agatha lifted up her fork and picked up some of the meat. Hesitantly, she placed it into her mouth. Throughout her decades of life, she hadn't ever tasted anything so delectable. She tried to ignore Dracula's wide grin as he watched her eat. He was a good cook, she'd give him that.

"Well?"

"I'm not dead yet, so I suppose you didn't poison me," she said, setting her utensil down. "Impressive for someone who only consumes blood."

"I do try my best," he smirked. "And if we are offering compliments, might I add that you are looking much more lively now. The fire really brings out the color in your cheeks."

Agatha almost choked on the wine she'd taken a sip of. Heat rose to her face as the vampire eyed her smugly from across the table knowing what he'd done. Pleasant conversations and Dracula didn't go hand in hand. Especially when he was attempting to flirt for her own embarrassment.

"You really lack the ability for romanticism despite your centuries of life," she countered, an argument not helping her cause. She should've just dropped it. Left his snide remark where it was. "You have as much charm as a decaying crow."

"Ah, your insults are enthralling," Dracula mused, clearly entertained by her disdain. "Go on, do continue."

She should've stayed in her room. Ignored him. Pretended he wasn't there. Hell, she should've died back in that rundown clinic. But here she was, sitting before the buffoon of a man-if one would even give him the dignity of calling him that. Anger began to bubble within her chest, her witty demeanor fighting the urge to leap over the table with the strength she clearly didn't have and stake him in the chest with her butter knife.

"You're a pig," Agatha growled. "A barbarian."

"Come on, Agatha, you and I both know you can be far more creative than that," he teased, making his way over to her side. "I've witnessed it before. Give me your best shot. That is," he paused. "If you still have it in you."

What happened next was a blurred memory, as if Agatha had blocked out the event that led up to it. The next thing she realized was that she was standing, her mouth against Dracula's as he pushed her back against the table. The force of it hurt and the nun knew she'd have a bruise later. But that didn't matter now.

Her arms wrapped around his neck as he lifted her up, the dining ware knocked to the floor. Shattered. Teeth grazing her bottom lip. Fingernails digging into his impenetrable skin. She couldn't breathe. She didn't want to. The fabric of her dress tore as he ripped it off like one does the wrapping of a present.

*"Don't trust a vampire."* Abraham's words echoed in her mind as she lay splayed across the table like some elegant feast, Dracula looming over her with dark, lustful eyes. *"Never fall into their trap."*

His words faded as the vampire pressed himself close, his forehead against Agatha's. Her body ached for him. Burned. And she was a victim to its demands. Perhaps later she'd regret this. But later wasn't now. She allowed her eyes to close, bare skin to bare skin, as she drowned in the passion that was desire.

## Chapter End Notes

Shorter chapter than usual, but I wanted to get something out! Also, no, he didn't drink her blood or anything. She's not about to become a vampire...yet. Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Six

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! Thank you so much for all of your reviews/comments/kudos/etc!  
You guys are the best! Now, as promised, the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If it hadn't been for the fact that her muscles were rather sore and a few, ugly purple bruises had blossomed against the pale skin of her thighs, Agatha might've thought that perhaps what occurred last night had only been a dream. She laid in her bed, twisted within the white sheets like an insect trapped in a spider's web. As she gazed up at the ceiling, a part of her wished the very roof would collapse and take her out of this world. It'd be better than facing him. Oh how her very blood was boiling.

She forced herself upright, eyes scanning around the room for something-anything to cover her bare body with. Yet again he had destroyed her clothing, a dress he'd in fact gifted her himself. Off to the far side of the room draped neatly over a chair was one of his white shirts. Of course he would. How very gracious of him. Maybe she'd return the favor when she staked him in the heart. Ignoring the aching feeling between her legs, she stood up and walked over, snatching the garment from the chair. She was going to kill him. Really, truly murder him this time.

*"You certainly out did yourself this time, Agatha Van Helsing."* She muttered to herself as she descended the stairs. *"Sleeping with the enemy. How utterly pathetic and dim-witted of you."*

As she made her way towards the dining room, bare feet lightly smacking against the cold, stone floor, she was met by quite the sight. The once pristine area now glistened with shards of broken china. She glanced at the floor, now becoming more cognizant as to where she stepped. Against one of the walls was a splintered chair as if someone-Dracula, had kicked it full force in order to get it out of the way. Why he hadn't straightened up afterwards was unclear. The most logical reason she could guess was that he wanted her to see what they'd done.

Her nostrils flared as she scanned the destruction, noticing a reasonably sized piece of wood that had fallen off. Walking over to it, she grabbed it and studied it carefully. With enough force, it would surely make quite the stake. Now she really was going to end him.

In the heat of the moment, Agatha hadn't exactly considered what she'd do after killing Dracula. Storming down the dark, stone hallway, she was already chilled due to how little the Count's shirt covered her. She certainly couldn't make it down to any village before dying from hypothermia. Not that she even had a way to get there. No horse. Not even a decent pair

of shoes for walking. His surely wouldn't fit. Damn him to Hell for being so tall in the first place.

Memory served her surprisingly well as she traveled down the chamber and into the dreaded room of boxes. Trying her best to not think about what, or who, still lurked within them, she scanned the area for her target. When her eyes finally fell upon the sleek, wooden coffin, her heart began to pound. Excitement. Anxiety. Fear. Uncertainty. She was going to do this. She was really, truly going to do what her grandfather couldn't. As she stepped forward, one hand gripping the stake, the other reaching for the casket's lid a voice stopped her in her tracks.

"Well, a good day to you too, Agatha Van Helsing." Count Dracula stepped from the shadows, his mouth curved into a mocking sneer. "Though, I must say, it is quite rude of you to attempt to kill your host." He strode forward, plucking the stake from her fist before crushing it into splinters. "Especially after the night we had."

"How..." she stumbled, blinking in utter shock. "How are you...aren't you supposed to be asleep?! It's daylight!"

"Well, I was going to attempt to offer you breakfast in bed, but you changed my plans." His eyes flickered up and down, taking in her appearance. "Always a pleasure to see you in my clothes. Though, I've grown quite fond of you without them."

Agatha frowned deeply, expression one of fury. "You foul swine," she hissed. "You tricked me!"

Dracula let out a loud cackle, clearly overly amused by her words. "Tricked you? My dearest nun-well, I don't suppose that title fits after what we did. But you, from what I remember, instigated it! Who was I to deprive you of sex? It was but an honor to serve you." He took a step closer, Agatha's back bumping into the empty coffin. "And I don't regret a second of it."

That filthy, conniving bastard. Without a moment's thought, Agatha balled up her first and punched Dracula square in his jaw. There was a crack, and a sharp pain shot up from her knuckles to her wrist. She had successfully broken her hand on the vampire's face. Unable to stifle back a howl, she reeled backwards and clutched her injured hand to her chest. Agatha tried to fight back the stingy tears that threatened to fall down her cheeks.

"Let me see your hand."

Instead of the snide remarks and teasing she'd expected, Dracula was looking at her with surprising concern. She turned away from him not wanting to meet his gaze. She felt stupid. Ridiculous. Instead of hurting him, she managed to damage herself. Nothing was going according to plan and she hated it.

"Agatha, let me see your hand."

"No," she muttered. "It's fine."

"It most certainly is not. Now quit acting like a child, and let me look at it."



Even though she didn't want to, something within her caused her to turn around. Dracula met her eyes momentarily before he reached forward and grasped her hand in his. She winced slightly in pain, but was surprised how careful he was. His brow furrowed in concentration as he looked it over, frowning at how it swelled and her fingers bruised dark purple and blue. It was a pretty impressive blow to say the least. Even if it backfired.

"This is going to need to be wrapped," he mumbled. "You did quite a number on yourself."

"I was trying to do quite a number on you," she answered, causing Dracula to chuckle. "It's not funny. Your...stone face broke my hand!"

"It'll heal with time," the vampire stated, giving her a half smile. "You have an impressive strike. If I were a human, perhaps you would've knocked me out."

"I wish I had," Agatha frowned.

"Take a compliment when it's given to you, Agatha," he smirked. "I rarely give them out often...genuine ones, I mean."

Gingerly letting go of her hand, Dracula began to remove his shirt. Agatha immediately stiffened, her eyes growing wide as he tore it off to reveal his pale, toned chest. Heat began to rise to her cheeks as she watched him, unable to tear her gaze away.

"What in God's name are you doing?!"

"Why, making you a sling, of course." The Count smiled, ripping the fabric into a long stripe. "Do I make you nervous?"

"Uncomfortable..." Agatha tried to avert her stare once more, but found herself instead peeking at him out of the corner of her eye. "Where'd you learn to do that?"

"I've been alive for centuries, Agatha. You learn a lot of things, as you've clearly witnessed." His breath tickled her neck as he leaned over, adjusting the makeshift sling around her. She shivered at the sensation and Dracula smiled. "I'm a man of many trades. Many of which I plan to show you. But..." He leaned back, just far enough so that he could make sure his dark eyes locked with hers. "After that hand of yours heals."

"I don't plan to stay for that long." Agatha exhaled, letting out a long breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding. "Whether that means you're dead or not, I don't know. But I am not staying."

"That's what they all say," the vampire smiled. "You'd be surprised. The castle grows on you." He held a finger to Agatha's mouth when she opened it, the nun scowling when he did. "Now I want to take care of that hand properly. Are you going to follow me upstairs or do I have to carry you?"

She considered punching him again, but the last thing she needed was to be completely unarmed. Slouching her shoulders, she gave him a curt nod. Dracula beamed and, with a bow of his head, led the way.

"So last night," Dracula began, breaking the silence as the two made their way out of the cellar. "Comments? Critiques? Oh, I do hope no concerns."

"I don't want to talk about it," Agatha muttered, trying to keep her attention forward and away from him. "I'd like to think of it as a nightmare."

"Pity," the vampire sighed. "I had quite a lot of fun myself. I never realized you were so flexible."

"Shut up," the nun hissed. "Before I find another stake and jam it down your throat."

"An interesting twist on foreplay, but I could get into it."

They reached the foyer before Dracula could make another remark. The vampire motioned towards a chair inviting Agatha to sit down. After their heartfelt conversation in the corridor, running into the fireplace seemed much more welcoming. But she did as he suggested and took a seat, still cradling her broken hand.

When the vampire darted out of the room, she leaned back and closed her eyes. Had she really been the one who started it all? Flung herself onto him like a hungry animal gunning for its prey? The more she really thought about it, the more she began to remember. His mouth on hers. Bare chest pressed to bare chest. His cool hand sliding down her thigh, fingers going into...Oh Christ, it had been her! Agatha groaned, hitting her head against the headrest. It had been her all along. And not only had it been her, but she had **LIKED** it. *Really*, liked it. Oh God. Was the room getting hot? She felt like she was on fire.

"Agatha? Are you alright?"

Once more Dracula's usual teasing tone changed to one of concern. Agatha opened her eyes to find him hovering over her, uncertainty and worry etched across his features. She swallowed hard, brushing a lock of her hair back as she attempted to recollect herself. Now was not the time to think of such things. Especially not around him.

"Never better." She responded, trying to maintain her dignity. "Just resting my eyes."

"I see..." the vampire eyed her inquisitively. "May I have your hand?"

She nodded and Dracula bent over and carefully undid the sling. He was meticulous, focused as he gingerly took her hand and began to wrap strips of cloth around it. In the beginning it stung a little, but soon she was completely bandaged up. Agatha studied his work, marveling at his precision. If he wasn't a blood thirsty brute, he'd have made an excellent doctor. Though his bedside manner would need lots of revision.

"How does it feel?" He inquired, eyes flickering from the cast to her face. "Does it hurt?"

"Not as much as it did before," Agatha admitted. "I suppose I owe you a thank you and..." She chewed on her bottom lip knowing she'd most likely regret it later. "An apology...for punching you in the face."

"Believe me," he smirked. "I've dealt with far worse." He appeared to hesitate for a moment, as if trying to find the right words. "I'm sorry about your dress. I'll replace it. Again. Perhaps I should invest in a few."

"I still don't plan to stay, you know," Agatha said rather bluntly. "But...I wouldn't be opposed to something in lilac. I am rather fond of the flower."

Dracula seemed to consider this before giving her a nod. "I'll look around." His tone was genuine. Friendly. "But I do intend on putting up with you a little longer."

"Not if I rid you of this earth first." Her voice was firm, but the small smile that found its way onto her face took away from her intended threat.

"I suppose we'll see, dear Agatha," the vampire replied with a wide grin. "I suppose we'll see..."

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, this was amazing to write! I had so much fun! Alright, poll time! I am considering changing the rating of this story from "T" to "M". But I wanted to hear from you guys first because it did start as a "T". Please let me know in your feedback your thoughts on that! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Until next time, stay safe and healthy! - Jen

# Chapter Seven

## Chapter Notes

My friends, this story is officially M rated now! If you wish to still read it as T, you can stop after the italicized part and pick up after the next chapter. Thank you so much for you support, it means the world! Hope you enjoy! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"If it hurts too much, we can try again tomorrow."

Dracula's words seemed distant to Agatha as she bit down on her lower lip, her injured hand grasping the wooden stake. Three weeks had passed since the incident and it had been the vampire's suggestion that she work on regaining the strength she once possessed. He'd even gone so far as to give her a stake-a humorous take at inspiration, to squeeze in order to test her muscles. It hurt. Like Hell. Every fiber from the tips of her fingers to her palm burning. But she kept on despite this. Van Helsing's weren't weak and she sure wasn't going to be the first one.

"Good," Dracula coached. "You're getting stronger." His lips curved into a smile as she met his gaze, her forehead speckled with droplets of sweat. "Perhaps I should start becoming a little nervous again."

"Your sarcasm needs as much work as my hand." She snorted, rolling her eyes as she loosened her hold. "I like to visualize thrusting this through your chest."

"Whatever motivates you, Agatha," the vampire smirked. "I would expect nothing less."

She huffed softly, the pale purple of her dress complimenting her fair complexion. It was surprisingly comfortable and not overly elegant-something she had expected when it came to the Count and his taste for the finer things in life. And of the few he had given to her, this one was her favorite. Though, she did her best not to overly flatter him. He was still the enemy. The target. And she kept that in mind. Even if the thought did occasionally slip the forefront of her mind.

"So, what are your plans for today, hm?" Dracula eyed her curiously. In a way, it was almost an inside joke at this point. There wasn't much in the castle to do and though Agatha swore each day would be her last, she had yet to leave. "Any new plots? Motivations?"

"As if I would ever share them with you." She responded curtly, pretending to be mildly interested in her piece of wood. "Did you find the books I requested?"

"Ah, so I've become your servant now, have I?" The vampire mused, leaning back in his chair. "First-no, twice I've healed you now, provided you with clothing and food, and now

you ask for reading materials?" She gave him a look and he smirked. "I would forget about your precious books even though you have an entire library here at your disposal."

"We have different tastes," Agatha merely shrugged. "And since I'm being held captive, I don't think it's too much to ask."

"Perhaps I should've purchased a dictionary so you could've read up on the difference between captivity and free will." The Count snorted, shaking his head. "Honestly, Agatha, sometimes I question you."

"Question me about what?" She asked in genuine curiosity.

"Everything," he replied. "Take that as an insult or a compliment is your choice. But I'd personally think of it as a good thing."

Agatha eyed him for a moment before looking away. Sometimes she found herself questioning him. Had she really stayed in the castle for this long? It was hard to keep track of time some days. Dracula tended to keep things in the dark, torches being the only light to brighten what little space they cast down upon. There was one way to know. A way she very much didn't like or approve of.

"I'll be hunting tonight." Dracula informed her, rising from where he sat. "I shouldn't be too long."

She knew what that meant. He already had someone or several people in mind. The vampire was calculated, meticulous. Dracula knew who he wanted and when he wanted them and she truly despised it. The loss of innocent life. Absentmindedly, her fingers began to tap on the table, dangerously close to the stake. But even she knew that for whatever reason, she had no intentions on using it.

"Don't let them suffer." It was an odd request, before she'd spat at him to refrain from killing to begin with. What was she becoming? "If you must, have mercy."

Now the vampire even looked somewhat taken aback by her words. "I let them dream," the Count replied. "It's as humane as one can get when taking their life. In the end, wouldn't you wish the same?"

"When I take my final breath, I want it to be quick and painless." Agatha said, locking her eyes on his. "I don't think I even wish to know what is happening. Dreams can be a nightmare on their own. I'd rather fade away into the thoughtlessness of the unknown."

"No white light? No ringing bells as you arrive at your believed gates of the Silver City?" He inquired with a small smile. "My, what an interesting nun you were indeed."

"I've been told that quite a lot." Agatha answered with a small, half smile. "Isn't that the reason you spared me?"

"There is not a singular reason for me deciding to save you." Dracula replied simply as he fetched his cape. "You are a rarity of your species, Agatha. Like a fine aged wine. And I quite

like that about you."

"But you don't drink." She replied, cocking an eyebrow.

"Wine," he grinned. "And as much as I love our conversations, the moon is full and night only lasts for so long." The vampire seemed to study her for a moment before speaking once more. "Goodbye, Agatha, I suppose I shall see you shortly."

"Don't get caught up in the Sun," she merely smirked. "Ashes aren't the easiest to sweep up."

And with a quiet snort, the nun watched as he disappeared. Something in her stomach twisted. A rather strange feeling manifesting from within as she rose from her chair. But the cool draft from the castle halls soothed her troubled mind.

*Agatha wrung out water from a cloth she had soaking in a bucket and dabbed at the beads of sweat on her grandfather's brow. Abraham Van Helsing's chest rose and fell with uneven breaths, his lips speckled with blood. Tuberculosis. She knew how dangerous it was. How infectious the disease could be. But she wasn't about to let him die alone. Not after everything.*

*"Agatha."*

*The name came out as a croak and she couldn't tell if he was addressing her or mindlessly saying the word. She gripped his hand, feeling how hot and clammy his skin was. He smelled of death. A sickening stench. But she swallowed the bile in the back of her throat. Down, down to the pit of her stomach.*

*"Yes, Grandfather?" She whispered, hearing her own emotion in her voice. She had to remain strong. Abraham hated weakness. And in the end, she would give him what he desired.*

*"Don't..." He heaved before hacking up another spray of bright red blood. "Don't let him win..."*

*"Who?" She said, leaning in closer as his tone grew faint. "Who shouldn't I let win?"*

*"The vampire," Abraham coughed. "Dracula...no matter what, destroy him. Do what I..." He was panting, struggling as his lungs fought against his own body. "...Finish what I couldn't."*

*"I promise, Grandfather." Agatha murmured, pressing her forehead to his still hand. "I'll take down Count Dracula even if it kills me. You have my word..."*

It was the sound of howling that caused Agatha to sit upright in her chair. She sucked in a breath, nearly knocking a book onto the floor that she had been reading. Had she really fallen asleep? As she rose from her spot, the castle doors flew open and there Dracula stood. Stripped down. Completely, utterly naked. Their eyes locked onto one another and, as if drawn to him by an unknown power, she drew closer. Fainter and fainter became the words of her grandfather. A dream lost as something else surfaced in her mind.

It reminded her of the night back at St. Mary's Convent. The black wolf with the soulless eyes. Agatha stepped forward and hesitantly reached out a hand. Dracula remained still as she

touched his chest, the thick slime of carnage coating her skin like that of a newborn babe. It was surprisingly warm, the scent strong. But not as foul as she had expected. No. Earthy. Wet. And her fingers traced lightly over his flesh, creating shapes that held no given name.

"You're a monster." But there was surprisingly no malice in her tone. "A beast."

"I am," the vampire agreed. "Are you frightened?"

"No," Agatha shook her head, finally meeting his gaze. "No, I'm not."

This time he touched her, hands moving to slide the shoulders of her dress down. Her skin was creamy, but held more blush than his ever would. She was alive after all. Dracula could hear Agatha's heart rate begin to increase, the succulent vein that was her jugular throbbing just enough to where he could visibly watch it thrum against her throat. He paused momentarily, dark eyes holding her blues.

"I could kill you right where we stand now." His voice was low, calm. "Break you in two. Drain you dry of every drop of your blood." The Count's index finger trailed down the curve of her cheek. "You should be terrified of me."

"I've survived with you this long, haven't I?" She countered, inhaling deeply. "And I could've easily killed you as well." He smirked at her words. "So it seems we've spared each other."

"For the time being," he answered.

"For the time being," she agreed.

When his fingers undid the back of her dress with such precision, Agatha didn't protest. Unlike before when she stood naked before him, she didn't cover herself. Dracula's tongue trailed across her skin like a serpent, flicking against the perk bud on her right breast. She trembled, but it wasn't in fear. Far, far from it.

"Agatha..."

His mouth brushed against her stomach, cool air from his whispers bringing forth goosebumps. He was moving slow. So slow. Whether or not he was doing it on purpose, she wasn't sure. It was violent or done in fury like the first time. And when his hands went to part her legs, she let out a breathless gasp.

"Bed..." She managed to choke out as he looked up at her in amusement. "Move to..." Christ, she couldn't even get a sentence out. The bastard had bewitched her. "I'll..."

"I won't let you fall." Dracula finished as if reading her mind. "Let me take control."

Control. Like Hell she'd give him the upper...oh. OH. Agatha couldn't stifle back the moan that escaped deep from within her throat as Dracula drug his tongue against the sensitive, pink slit. The Count supported her with one arm as he nuzzled his face against her. Her toes curled tightly together and she whimpered. Whimpered like a frightened animal that was hunted by a hungry wolf.

"Please..." She swallowed, so close on the edge. "I need..."

"Hm?" Dracula paused, seemingly delighted by the former nun's state. "What do you need Agatha?" He touched her gently. Teasingly soft. Testing her. "You're quite hard to understand."

"You." She finally forced out through her teeth. "I need you!"

Apparently that was all the Count needed to hear. Swept up as if she was as light as a feather, and whisked her away. Dracula laid her spread eagle across the bed. It was only then that Agatha realized how hard the vampire's length had gotten. He loomed over her studying his prize. Before she could utter another plea, he plunged himself deep within her core. She gasped, arching her back as he began to thrust, both of his hands pinning her wrists to the mattress.

It wasn't right. It was so wrong. So wrong that it was right. So very, very right. And Agatha relished in it. Her eyes closed as the sound of her heart racing filled her ears. She grew closer. Ever so closer. Right to the edge. And as his name hung to the very tip of her tongue, Agatha Van Helsing felt the sharp, white hot pain of fangs piercing into her neck.

And her eyes flew wide open.

## Chapter End Notes

Uh oh, all fun and game until someone is bitten! This is my first time writing true smut-I've attempted in the past. So please forgive me if it isn't up to normal smutty par. Because of this, I would really love some feedback on this chapter! It would mean the world since I am so nervous about posting it haha! Anyway, until next update! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen



# Chapter Eight

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your lovely support! It means the world! Didn't think I'd get anything out today-my stomach's bugging me, hence a shorter chapter as usual. But I want to regularly update, so ta da! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Agatha was bitten by a snake once. Searching for eggs in the chicken coop, no older than six. When she slid her hand under her favorite hen, something clamped down. Sharp, needle like teeth burying themselves into her skin. It burned. Ached. And she screamed so loud one might even go as far to claim the entire town heard.*

*But in reality, it had mostly startled her. The bite nonvenomous. A black snake. The young girl watched as the tiny droplets of blood oozed from the bite marks. Such a curious sight to behold. A wound on flesh from mouth. As she watched it slither away, too quick for her father to catch, she couldn't help but wonder if it'd remember her taste. Liked the scent of her blood. Agatha, of course, would never know.*

Agatha's eyes widened in shock as she felt Dracula's fangs dig into the sensitive flesh of her neck. Fueled off an adrenaline rush, she kicked herself back, slamming against the headboard as the vampire eyed her in a mixed expression of confusion and lust. Blood glistened off of his teeth. Coated his lips. Her blood. He'd bitten her. The bastard had actually bitten her!

"Agatha?" The Count began before she rammed her feet against his chest. It did nothing. "You seem upset."

"Upset?!" She panted holding a hand to her throat. "You BIT me!"

Dracula was silent for a minute, watching the fuming nun with keen interest. He then sat back almost as if nothing troubling had occurred. This only seemed to fuel Agatha's rage further. Not only was he acting so passively about this, but his lack of acknowledging the situation entirely was frustrating. Furiously so.

"If you are concerned about turning, Agatha, I can assure you that isn't going to happen." He spoke as if those words meant something. "If I wanted to change you, you'd have been dead long ago."

Her fingers ran down the indents in her neck. The pain had faded away leaving a cool, almost numbing feeling. It was almost...pleasant. Despite this, she frowned. Angry at him. And maybe, maybe just a little bit disappointed she made him stop. But she didn't want him to know this. Why had he done it? What were his intentions? She remembered Jonathan Harker. His former "brides" in their boxes below. Why hadn't he killed her too?

"Are you in pain?" And there was genuine concern in his tone.

"No..." What was that about not letting him know? "No, it...it doesn't hurt. Not anymore." Agatha looked at him, her eyes no longer holding malice. Only interest. Needing. "Why?"

"Because I didn't want it to." Dracula answered simply, reaching for the hand that covered the mark. "My plan isn't to make you suffer, Agatha." There was a quick flicker of a smirk on his face. "Most of the time."

Before she could react further, he leaned forward and licked the spot where his fangs had struck. Smooth, with purpose, a shiver ran down Agatha's spine as he drew back. She began to feel that familiar ache stemming from her core. Heat rising in her like the night fevers she vaguely remembered upon her arrival to the castle those many weeks ago. Ignoring them, she quickly slid out of the bed.

"I should wash up." Agatha told him quietly, knowing that if she didn't, she'd regret it later.

There was a basin of cool water along with a cloth in the bathroom. Agatha didn't bother to warm it over the fire as she began to scrap the gore from her body. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, the icy liquid dripping against her skin. But it was something. Something other than the almost feral emotions she felt back in her bedroom. She couldn't help but wonder if he was still in there. Waiting for her. Or perhaps watching her from the shadows. Was it so wrong to think that she wouldn't much mind if he was?

The former nun gazed down at the murky liquid. With the lack of mirrors in the castle-courtesy of Dracula, it was hard to capture sight of her reflection. Maybe if she asked he'd give her one. It'd be the least he could do. Exhaling heavily, she dropped the soiled rag into the bucket and ran her fingers through her hair.

As she took a few steps outside of the room, she was surprised to find a nightgown nicely folded at her feet. Peering around, Agatha picked it up somewhat unsure. Was the Count being genuinely caring at this moment or did he have an ulterior motive? Slipping it on, she made her way back to the bedroom. Fresh sheets. No sign of the slime or mess from their actions. It was almost irritating how he fluctuated with generosity.

"You sure do think about Abraham Van Helsing don't you?"

Agatha stiffened at the name as she turned to see Dracula standing, now dressed, in the doorway. He was eyeing her in slight amusement as he stepped inside, his gaze not breaking from hers as he moved in close.

"The first time I tasted you, I can't say I really gave your backstory as much thought as I did." He smiled, but the former nun didn't return the favor. "When you cut your finger?" Dangerous territory. "He was rather hard on you."

"Don't bring him up." Her voice was cold.

"I'm truly not trying to start something. But after what we just did. That tiny mouthful of blood. I finally see where it comes from. What makes you you." And he was grinning.

Smiling as if he just learned the best news in the world. "I think I'm finally beginning to figure you out, Agatha Van Helsing."

Confusion. Almost hurt. Anger. After what they did. What he did. What she gave him. Together. Now such an intimate moment was turning into this vampire's delight of a discovery?! Christ, she'd begun to trust him. Like an imbecile. Gave way into her emotions. A fool. An absolute fool.

"So this was all it ever was to you?" She asked in a low voice. "A game?" Hadn't it always? "Nothing more than a chess board where we knock each other's pieces off?"

His laughing began to fade. "I certainly didn't imply any of that." Dracula's voice was cool. "I was merely bringing up the fact that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree." Wrong response. Terrible answer. "I knew Abraham Van Helsing, and though he raised you to do what he couldn't, something in you changed." When he reached towards her, she recoiled instantly. "Agatha Van Helsing, I think you might have feelings for me." And once more the smile reappeared. "In a good way."

"Fuck you."

A strong word. A hateful sentence. After they literally had sex-or nearly until he bit her, things were fine. They were co-existing and she'd begun to accept that. Accept everything. But now suddenly, out of the blue he brought up her grandfather. The man who hounded her for years to be the vampire hunter that he was. A task she'd failed. That she'd pushed aside. And he had the audacity to remind her of it. And play with her emotions. It was true. It had always been true. Count Dracula was nothing more than a monster.

"Burn in Hell." The bite mark began to sting on her neck as she said it. "You should've let the fever kill me when you had the chance."

"Agatha..." But she ignored him. The sound of her name on his tongue bitter. "Agatha, don't be foolish."

She was storming out of the room with purpose, blocking out the sound of his voice. Why was she so upset? Christ, she was acting like a little school girl. Heart broken. Betrayed. Abraham was right. He was always right. The bruises from training. The endless nights of identifying what was needed to ward off vampires. Her childhood taken from her. All of these years and she'd thrown them away by sleeping with a vampire. Not once. Twice. Letting him devour any integrity she had built up as a nun.

"It's raining," Dracula called after her. "I am quite sure you don't wish to be struck by lightning." When she still didn't reply, he huffed. "I apologize for ruining the mood. Again. But how about we discuss things without you being swept away by a flash flood?"

"Oh, I'm not going out of the castle." She snapped back. "I'm going to go sit on the balcony. The sun will be rising soon and seeing as you will burn into a crisp, I can be alone." At least, she certainly hoped it'd stop raining by then and the clouds would dissipate. "And then I'm leaving for good." Before killing him first.

"You keep saying that and it has yet to happen," he countered. There was a pause before he quickly added. "If you need anything, I'll be in my study for a few hours before the morning." She shouldn't have given him the last word. Wasn't that how fights worked? "Agatha?"

But she had already thrust the heavy doors to the balcony open. Almost instantly a heavy spray of water hit her directly in the face. She coughed, the liquid burning her nose and throat from swallowing it wrong. With a grunt, she slammed them behind her and took a seat on the ground. Agatha pulled her knees up to her chest, just barely covered by the outcrop of the roof above.

How in a matter of minutes had passion turned to fury? Agatha inhaled and watched the water run through the crevices of the stone. She'd failed her mission. Time after time again. Failed her grandfather. The late nuns of St. Mary's Convent. Jonathan Harker. And Mina. Dear, sweet Mina who had relied on her all along. Glancing towards the sky, she made a promise to herself. It was time to push it aside. Everything aside. And do what she was bred from a young age to do. Kill Count Dracula.

Thunder rolled overhead and the vampire slayer eyed her healed hand, studying her now functioning knuckles. She thought about the stake she had handled just hours earlier sitting down the steps on the table below. Agatha smiled, her brain and her heart competing on what was the truly right decision. In her head Abraham Van Helsing's dying words repeated in her mind.

*"...Finish what I couldn't..."*

## Chapter End Notes

So Agatha's heart might be going through some stuff. Next chapter is going to be intense. Agatha is pretty serious this time. What will happen? Only time will tell! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Until next time! -Jen

# Chapter Nine

## Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your reviews/kudos/reblogs and such! It means the world!  
Okay, this was a pretty dark chapter to write. You'll notice some flashbacks! I'm curious to know what you think! Here we go! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." -William Congreve, 1697*

The rain had stopped long ago, but the puddle from the aftermath collected at the bottom of her feet and up to her very edge of her dress. She ignored the numbing feeling it brought on by the cold air, her mind still reeling from before. As the sun finally broke through the clouds, offering with it a little warmth, she finally stood up. Agatha ventured towards the edge of the balcony and looked out. It was a beautiful sight to behold if she was to be honest.

For the briefest of brief moments, a part of her wondered what would happen if she merely flung herself off the edge. Down, down, down to the solid ground below. But the bigger and better part of her waved away that feeling. That same urging need to fulfill her grandfather's dying wishes. Her family's pact. So she turned around and strode with purpose back into the dark castle.

*"Emotion is a weakness, Agatha. It kills. Murders. If you allow yourself to feel, you allow yourself to be vulnerable. Look at where it got me. Your father. Be hardened. Don't let yourself become a victim. Love leads only to pain. Save yourself the trouble. There is no happiness at the end of a rainbow."*

*Abraham watched as Agatha cradled the dead rabbit in her arms. It had been a pet she'd kept hidden from the older man. But he had found it and did what he claimed was best for his granddaughter. The girl looked up at him with a tear streaked face, anger fierce in her blue eyes.*

*"I hate you!" She snapped. "I hate you! I hate you! I HATE you!"*

*"You'll understand with time what I did for you was in your best favor." He said quietly, turning his back on the girl. "Now drop it and come inside. It's getting dark and it isn't safe to be out in the opening when it is."*

It was quiet. The air still around her. The only sound that broke the silence being her wet feet as she walked across the stone floor leaving damp footprints in her wake. Agatha's eyes scanned the area around her. No sign of Dracula. Good. Maybe he had turned in for the morning. That would make things easier. Not that the idea of a good, solid fight wasn't overly tempting.

Descending the staircase, she made her way over to the table where the stake still lay untouched. She picked it up, examining it closely. The wood was carefully carved, free of splintered. Agatha couldn't ask for a more perfect weapon. Had the Count really been that reckless as to leave something like this out? Perhaps he no longer worried that she was a threat. The idea of such a thing only made her blood boil even more.

*"Don't you have any family Anyone who cares for you?"*

*Agatha stood outside of the infirmary as they lay a blanket over Abraham Van Helsing's corpse. The only other person in the world she knew was gone. Perhaps she had an extended family, but she knew not where they were or had any means of contact. Her grandfather had made sure of that. Separation was safe. Something he'd taught her.*

*"No." She answered quietly, finally addressing the young woman who spoke to her. A nun of all people. "I don't."*

*"Oh," the nun said softly. "That must be very lonely. Surely you need someone."*

*"I don't mind it." Agatha said with a half smile. "Sometimes it's better that way. You don't get hurt. Or broken. Perhaps being by myself was what life always had in store for me." That and her mission to end Count Dracula. "I'll manage."*

*"But you don't need to." And the woman rested a hand on Agatha's arm. "Come with me to my convent. You'll be welcomed there. You don't have to be alone. God always has room for another."*

*Religion. Christianity. The young Van Helsing gazed down at the nun's hand. To be somewhere. Maybe able to find herself. Maybe able to study more in the process. Had she much of a choice? What money had Abraham left anyway? Barely a cent to his name. Agatha thought long and hard before inhaling deeply.*

*"Okay," she finally decided. "Okay."*

What exactly would happen when she struck him deep within his chest? Would he immediately turn into dust? Burst into a flaming pillar? The possibilities seemed endless as Agatha traveled down the all too familiar path towards Dracula's coffin. She'd be quick. No hesitation. If she should show the slightest amount of pause, he'd be able to take advantage of the situation quickly.

Her still mending hand began to sting from how hard she was gripping her weapon. But she ignored the pain. Ignored how chilled her wet feet were against the stone. She was hellbent. Ambitious. Abraham would be proud. But the further she walked, the closer she got to the cellar, the more she began to wonder if she was really doing his bidding. Doing it in his honor. No. No, it was something else. Something Agatha was forcing herself not to think about.

*"A nun's heart belongs to God and God alone. We embrace those around us, but our true love is to the Lord and his teachings."*

*Agatha sat on the opposite side of Mother Superior's desk, hands folded tightly in her lap. She hadn't been at St. Mary's Convent for very long, but already she was being assimilated in. The head nun wasn't as old as she had anticipated. A round face with a firm voice that still held some friendliness to it.*

*"I hold no intentions of romance," Agatha assured her. "I never have. You needn't worry about that."*

*Mother Superior smiled. "I'm not worried about you, Sister Agatha. There's something different about you. I'm not sure what, but I think you'll do well as a nun." She straightened up in her chair and held out her hand. Agatha took it without hesitation. "Welcome home, Sister. Welcome to your new family."*

Slaughtered. Just like her rabbit. He'd slaughtered them all. *Her* family. Mother Superior. Each and every nun. Why had she allowed herself to forget that? Ignore what he had done. The horrors. The hatred. He hadn't batted an eye. So many lives lost and she forgave it. Or rather, from her actions, acted as such. She swallowed thickly. What was wrong with her? Agatha Van Helsing. Protector. Altruistic. Supposed to guard all those around her. A failure. Laughing stock. A singe on the Van Helsing ancestral lineage. Not anymore.

*Her name was Mina. Frail. Blonde. Tiny little thing that had stumbled upon their convent in desperation. Agatha knew why. Jonathan Harker now in their care. Or what was left of him that was. The girl knew nothing of what vampires were. Sheltered from such tales. And yet, here she stood before the nun of all people. The woman who knew Count Dracula like that back of her hand. At least that is what she had convinced herself.*

*"I...I don't understand." The young woman stammered. "Johnny was attacked by a...vampire? But how could someone be so...cruel?"*

*"Not someone, something. A beast so vile has no heart, Mina. He's poison. Venomous. Count Dracula literally drains you dry. Takes away your life as if it were a mere scrap of spoiled meat." Agatha felt a little guilty for her words. For how timid the girl looked. But she needed to know the truth. "You are Christian, yes? Despite my status, I do not hold the same beliefs as you. But I swear to you, what attacked your Jonathan is the literal Satan."*

*"I cannot lie to you, Agatha." Mina murmured, nervously playing with her hair. "I'm frightened."*

*Her eyes were wide. So round. For a moment, Agatha thought she was gazing into her own reflection as a little girl. But immediately, she snapped back to her senses.*

*"You should fear him. Be terrified. Because the emptiness within him, any prospect of empathy or sympathy has been smothered." She finally answered.*

*"What must I do?" The girl asked, staring at Agatha as if she knew the answer to every question in the world. "What do I do?"*

*In that moment, Agatha really hadn't an answer. But she said what had been spoken to her so many times as a nun. "Pray, Mina. Pray for Jonathan. Pray for us all. And maybe, maybe*

*someone above will listen." She paused before exhaling slowly. "Though, I can't say He's heard me yet."*

Agatha approached the coffin that sat in the center of the room. No longer did boxes occupy it. Just the single casket. Fist still clenched around her weapon, the former nun managed to heave the lid open. There he lay. Still. Pale. Count Dracula in a deep slumber one might mistaken him for being dead. He was technically.

*"End him."*

The words rang in her head as if Abraham was speaking to her from beyond the grave.

*"Do it!"*

She raised the stake, positioning it over his chest. Over his heart. Her hands were trembling. Why was she shaking? Agatha sucked in a breath, trying to collect herself. This was it. Her life's work. Just one fluid motion and everything would be finished.

*"Now!"*

But before she had a chance to bring it down, Dracula's eyes flew open. In a matter of seconds, Agatha found herself thrust backwards. She collided with the stone, the wind knocked out of her by the motion. She panted, now face to face with the Count.

He had her pinned against the wall by the wrist, her hand still gripping the stake. Dracula's fingers tightened around her with such force he could have easily snapped the bones in two. But he didn't. Instead, he stared into her eyes. Expression still. Mouth pressed into a thin line. There was no malice. No resentment. Humor. He just stood there, holding her back.

"Abraham taught you well." The vampire stated. "Well. But not well enough."

"I sure as Hell plan to get farther than he ever did." Agatha spat back causing a small smile to cross the Count's features. "I don't plan on letting you live."

"Oh?" Dracula said, cocking an eyebrow. "Is that so?"

Much to Agatha's confusion and alarm, he brought the fist that held the spike to his chest. Applying pressure, she could almost begin to feel it give way into his skin. Her eyes flickered from her hand, to the spike, and then his gaze. But instead of any reaction she'd expect, he merely gazed back at her emotionless.

"So do it," Dracula challenged. "End me, Agatha Van Helsing. If that's what you truly desire." He smiled and began to push harder. "End me."



So all of Agatha's life, she was told to basically guard her heart and not fall in love (if we want to even call her feelings for that right now at this point). Quite the cliffy. I'll just say that Agatha's decision will play a huge part in what happens next. And what happens to her. Good or bad, we'll see. Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Until next time, stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Ten (Part One)

## Chapter Notes

Thanks for all of the lovely support and comments! They mean the world! Now, for the chapter you've been waiting for! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"End me."*

It was as if everything around her fell still. The world ceasing its ever spinning rotation. Agatha's mouth was dry as she stared into the vampire's dark eyes, his icy fingers wrapped securely around her fist. He didn't blink, made no show of wanting to move as he held the spike over his chest. Just one fluid motion. That's all it would take. Just the slightest bit of pressure.

"Agatha."

Blood pumped through her blood vessels and pounded against her eardrums. The former nun knew well enough he could hear it too. Perhaps even smell it. But his eyes remained locked on hers. Two beasts waiting to see which would strike first. And he knew, just as well as she did, who would be the one to break.

Agatha's fingers loosened around the sharpened wood. The stake clattered to the stone floor, the sound reverberating throughout the castle walls. Her head was spinning, temperature fluctuating between very hot and very cold. She almost wished Dracula didn't let go of her hand as if doing so would cause her to fall.

"I can't..." She said quietly, not understanding her own words.

"You can't." It wasn't a question, more of a statement. "Why?"

"I just..." Agatha fumbled with her words. "I just...can't." The former nun looked up at him, the blues of her eyes gazing into the deep, dark pools of his. "And I want to but I can't."

"Why?" Dracula ventured, moving closer, so close that the coolness of his skin soothed her burning. "Why can't you, Agatha?"

"You know as well as I do." She said inhaling deeply. "Don't you?"

He watched her closely as she waited with bated breath for his answer. After a moment's pause, the corners of his lips twitched into a small smirk. Taking a step back, he eyed the woman who looked back almost pleadingly. Dracula's attention turned to the stake lying on the ground and with one swift motion, he crushed it into splinters. Agatha visibly winced.

"Pine is never a good choice with this sort of thing," he shrugged. "Oak or cedar would've been a better choice. Don't bother with the mess." The Count smiled, lightly kicking at the loose pieces. "I'll take it upon myself to straighten up." Running a hand through his somehow still neat, dark hair, he let out an unnecessary exhale. "I'll be going back to sleep now if you so kindly will let me. I trust you won't be attempting to kill me again?" Her lack of an answer made him grin wider. "Good. I'll see you at dinner then. Or for a game of chess. Whichever comes first."

With that, he turned on his heels and walked away. Leaving as if the altercation between them never occurred. Agatha stood there for a minute. Then two. She stood there and waited. Waited for something that she wasn't even sure she knew about. Finally, finding it within her, the former nun went her own way, exiting the vampire's chamber. Disappearing from the darkness and back into the fire lit room that fed into each hallway of the fortress. The castle's heart.

Dazed. At a loss. She sat there in front of the fireplace, watching as the flames licked at the stones above. Darkening the spots where their tips touched. Agatha wanted to forget it all. All of it. Be swept away by the same fever that plagued her from the very beginning. The decisions she made that led her to this point. That changed everything that she stood for. Clear. To forget. She just needed to sink into the numbness that was her mind.

This was his home. His castle. Not hers. She'd never belonged here to begin with. If she thought really, truly hard, not even the convent was her rightful place. Agatha Van Helsing had no place the moment her grandfather, Abraham, died. And up until now, the former nun finally accepted that.

Glancing over her shoulder, her eyes gazed at the dark entrance that led toward the hallway and to the steps of the cellar. To where his coffin was. Count Dracula. Always one step ahead of her. Always. And something within her twisted at the thought. Tightened like a noose. Running a hand through her tangled hair, Agatha sighed softly. For days she had been putting it off. Weeks. Telling herself each night. Each morning. Today would be the day. No longer could she put it off. Not after what happened.

Unrequited. Or so it felt. Or so she very much believed. And the answer to such a conclusion was simple. A very easy fix to an almost painful realization. If their feelings were unmatched, as she so thought, perhaps she was better off alone. Maybe. Just maybe.

Not that he would care...Would he?

Her attention turned to the main set of doors that led to the outside world. A land she had yet to face for such a long time. Agatha stood up, a chill coming over her that not even the fire could melt away. She looked to her feet. To her body. And swallowed hard. She was in no state of mind for doing what she planned to do. But then again, would a person in such a state come to such a conclusion? It was time for her to go. To leave and never return, so long as she lived.

And so it was decided. As simple as that. Finding a scrap of paper, Agatha scribbled down one final message to the Count before abandoning the letter where he could find it. A fitting goodbye. The farewell he deserved.

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If the circumstances weren't as severe as they were, Agatha might've found it humorous how many strips of fabric it took her to wrap around her feet before they fit into Dracula's boots. She wobbled, bracing herself against one of the columns as his cloak weighed heavily on her shoulders. She surely must've looked ridiculous, but that was the least of her worries. No. When the icy blast of air hit her the moment she yanked open the doors only to see that the rain had turned into curtains of snow, that was when the fear hit.

*One step at a time.* She tried to reassure herself as she slowly forced herself to leave the safe confines of the castle. *Just one step. That's it. One foot after the other.*

Agatha wasn't sure where she was. Or how far the nearest village happened to be. She'd never seen the path that led from Dracula's fortress to the outside world. And the snow that had begun to blanket the ground made it that much harder. But the Van Helsing blood coursed thick through her veins so she pressed on, arms pulling the cloak tighter around her. It smelled like him. She tried not to think about that.

The further she trudged through the snow, the darker the clouds became. Whether it was due to the time of day or the storm, she wasn't sure. Her feet ached and her lips were growing chapped from the cold. Part of her wondered if she should turn back. Return to the castle. Return to him. But the greater part, the stronger part pushed her to press on. Mind of matter. It was cold. So cold. And the cloak was warm. His scent comforting. Agatha hated that.

*Focus.* The wind blew violently, crystals of snow collecting on her eyelashes. The boots were heavy and each step grew increasingly harder. For all Agatha knew, she was a mere few meters away from the castle walls. That when Dracula awoke from his slumber, he'd find her standing outside like some stupid, mindless creature prancing carelessly to her own death. He'd probably laugh. She wouldn't blame him. *Keep going.*

Time passed. Minutes maybe. Hours. And Agatha's mind struggled to keep up with its previous motivation. But she tried. Tried so hard to keep pushing that she missed the tree branch that fell from above. It hit her hard, striking her in the chest. She stumbled, tripping over a slick patch of ice and falling backwards down, down, down from an unseen ledge below. Her head made a sickening crack as it struck the rock, something warm and wet beginning to pool under it.

She didn't feel cold anymore. Didn't feel anything really. As if a spell had been cast, the clouds parted, the snow stopping. Agatha lay there peacefully as her life blood spilled around her like an elegant crown. A small smile graced her features as she stared up at the bright, full moon in the sky one last time. Her eyes closed, the former nun welcoming whatever greeted her next.

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Dracula sensed something was amiss the moment he sat up abruptly from where he lay. Without a second thought, he strode with purpose down the corridor and towards the sitting room. The place he'd always find Agatha when she didn't look herself away in the bedroom. It was empty. He knew it would be. That didn't come as a surprise as he thought it would. No.

It was the little piece of paper he found resting neatly on the table that had him taken aback.  
A message that caused his already still heart to freeze again.

*I love you, I must be sick. -Agatha*

## Chapter End Notes

Short, but that's why this is a two parter. Next chapter we will FINALLY get to see what is going on in Dracula's mind like we have been with Agatha. See his point of view. His feelings. Will he realize his mistake? What his lack of words led up to? Will he find Agatha in time? He might be forced to make a VERY important decision. Tune in for part two! Coming soon to a writing site near you! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Stay healthy and safe! -Jen

# Chapter Ten (Part Two)

## Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for your support as usual! It means the world! Here is part two of Chapter Ten! I made it twice as long (nearly) as the first part to make up for the fact that I gave you a short chapter last time. Anyway, I hope you enjoy! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Psychosomatic heart palpitations. The only diagnoses one can give to someone whose heart has stopped so long ago. Settled deep behind his rib cage, Count Dracula could almost swear he felt the dead organ pound against his ancient bones. Its rapid beating battering against his ear drums. Agatha Van Helsing was gone. Vanished without a trace except for a final message scribbled hastily on a scrap of paper. And it was all his fault.

"Fuck, Agatha!" He cursed, feeling the draft from the air outside. She'd neglected to close the doors properly, though that was beside the point. The cold temperature didn't bother him. No, he was immune. But she wasn't. "Dammit!"

Transformation. On foot. But there was the issue of his missing boots. The vampire's mind reeled a million miles a second. Usually he was so good thinking on his feet. Decisions coming easily to his mind. Yet there he was, standing hopelessly like a fool, trying to devise a plan. A way to find her. Agatha. *His* Agatha. In all of his centuries of life, never had he made such a fatal mistake.

*He stared down at the corpse of the young man whose lifeless brown eyes gazed back at him. His skin was so pale, almost lily white after being completely drained of blood. Dracula let out a grunt, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Sloppy. Careless. His new existence as a vampire had yet to come easy to him. Despite being a learned man, he was well on his way of opening Pandora's box if he wasn't careful.*

*"Oh don't look so stoic." The vampire exhaled, glancing up to the dark sky. "You were far from valuable to begin with. Now what to do with you..."*

*Thunder rumbled overhead and small raindrops began to fall from above. Dracula frowned and glanced towards the direction of his castle. Experimentation. Understanding what he was didn't just fall on his shoulders. No. There was something interesting he witnessed with each new kill. From cradle to grave and from grave to coffin. Dying from one life into the next. A small smirk crossed his features as lightning crackled from above.*

*"Perhaps you will prove more use to me after all." He stated, lifting the body with ease. "So we shall see..."*

By some stroke of sheer luck, Dracula managed to come across a pair of old boots tucked away in an old closet. Dusty, they gave off an unpleasant smell that even he found rather foul. But his own comfort was far from his concern. Slipping them forcefully on, he hurried out through the front doors and into the winter elements. Going bravely forth into the bitter snowstorm that had begun to stir from its sleep again.

His pace was brisk, each long stride with purpose as he walked away from the castle. Much to his misfortune, the fresh snow had completely covered the ground, burying with it any sign of Agatha's tracks. Not even transforming into a wolf would help at this stage. No. He couldn't sense her and that alone terrified him. If she was...no, no he couldn't think like that. So he pressed on, faster now.

*Lovech Province, Bulgaria. At least, that's what he had learned from her blood. A pretty little thing, traveling alone to meet relatives in a nearby village. She'd been an easy target and quite an interesting one at that. Someone he had deemed worthy enough to keep.*

*"Please!" Dracula heard her wail from her box. "Please let me go! I'm so thirsty!"*

*"No." The vampire replied simply, so casually as if he was merely telling her the time of day. "No, I think it's best you stay put for now. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you. I always do with my brides."*

*Brides. He scoffed at his own term. It had been something he had come up with after holding captive several of his victims. Dracula needed to, after all, have some sort of name for them. In a sense, it seemed fitting. They were his after all. Property. Like cattle. Valuable, unusual stock that any bidder would desire and yet not know the horrors they were getting into.*

*"Let me go!" The woman pleaded. "Please, I promise I won't tell anyone! Just free me!"*

*"I shall return later." Dracula sighed as he ignored her screams of protest. "Perhaps with something to eat if I feel willing." He paused before looking over his shoulder. "And do try to keep the wailing to a minimum. I hate how it echoes throughout the halls."*

*Brides. Cattle. He grinned to himself as he exited the cellar. Disposable indeed.*

*"Agatha!"*

He mentally cursed the howling wind that drowned out his voice each time he called out for her. Of all the times for her to disappear, of course it had to be in the middle of a blizzard. On many occasions she had threatened to leave, but the vampire had never thought she'd go through with it. If he had, if he had half the mind to, maybe he could've prevented this. All of this. If he had just been honest. Maybe she'd still be safe. Warm. Tucked away with him in the castle. But she wasn't and he was to blame.

*"AGATHA!"*

*He hadn't quite expected his time with Jonathan Harker to turn the way that it had. It wasn't often that Dracula was left to deal with a slip up-if one would even call it that-but he found*

*himself in a quite peculiar situation. An instance that led him to the steps of St. Mary's Convent in Budapest, Hungary. To her.*

*Agatha Van Helsing was a creature he'd never seen before. Such wit. Such spirit. She did not fear him like the others. She tested him like a fishman precariously dangling bait off the side of a boat where a shark was spotted. And that very moment when those few drops of her blood met his tongue it was a euphoria he couldn't explain. Seeing glimpses of her past. Of her history. Of who she was and of him. Of the infamous Abraham Van Helsing who had proven for a while to be a thorn in his side. Her grandfather. The product of a vampire slayer. And Dracula wanted...no, needed more.*

*The next course of action ended grizzly, not that he was quite surprised. But it wasn't until he came upon Agatha and that innocent, weakling Mina that his desire for the nun became curious. In any given dangerous situation, one must choose fight or flight. To defend yourself against your enemy and possibly die, or to out run them in the hopes of living. Agatha did neither. Instead, she offered herself in place of Mina. Seemingly cared nothing for her own life but only that of the woman's.*

*And so against what he thought at the time was his better judgement, he freed them both. Unknowing that soon enough fate would have them meet again under even stranger circumstances. How delectable and useful just a small amount of blood could be.*

He couldn't smell her. No matter how far he walked, he still had yet to pick up any of her scent. That gave him some hope that maybe she hadn't injured herself. That perhaps she had found someone by some chance who had given her a ride somewhere. Unlikely as it was, it gave him a false sense of peace.

But due to the hindrance of his tracking abilities, a part of the Count began to wonder if Agatha's former Convent's beloved God was punishing him. That perhaps his version of Hell was not having her. Losing her. And who was he to deny that truth? Hell had frozen over and with it the former nun's mysterious disappearance. Dammit, Agatha, where could she have gone?

*Dracula found himself staring at her for hours when he had first brought her to his castle. Watched as her chest rose and fell with each unstable breath. How her creamy skin was blotched by the red of the fever. At any point he could've killed her. Any second. With how ill she was, she wouldn't even see it coming. But she didn't. Instead, he observed. Quiet as his unaware guest rested.*

*When she did wake, truly became aware of her surroundings, it was a fond memory. How furious she was. How spiteful. After everything he'd done, Agatha showed no sign of gratitude and quite frankly, the vampire took no offense to that. She was merely an experiment after all. Someone he desired to learn more about. Except, he never expected it to go as far as it did.*

"Fuck!"

Dracula's arms shielded him out of pure reflex as a tree fell just a yard away, spraying him with the wet snow that had clung to its branches. He wiped the substance away, his skin cool



enough that it didn't immediately melt on impact. The way it clung to his clothes like some form of unwanted camouflage. For the first time in a long, long while, he was starting to despise the stuff.

"Agatha!" He tried again, this time louder. "Agatha, answer me! Where are you?!"

But only the storm returned his calling.

*Emotions. Perhaps that's why he found it confusing at first. These feelings that no cold blooded person should experience. But the first real flicker struck him the moment he saw her wearing the dress he'd gotten her to replace that dreadful habit of hers.*

*Dracula thought of them. The hundreds-thousands of women he'd seen throughout his lifetime. Many whose beauty was beyond compare. But Agatha was different. Something about her, the way she stood there before him. There was so much he wanted to say. And at the same time, he wasn't sure what.*

*"Well," she said testily. "If it looks bad on me, you might as well-"*

*"No," he interjected. "No. You look...lovely."*

*Lovely. Out of everything he could've said, those were the words to spill past his lips. She blushed, but it wasn't the same color as her fever. No, this was different. So it truly began. The start of something he had very much yet to comprehend.*

It was growing darker outside and Dracula knew it wasn't just because of the storm. He began to pick up his pace, fear beginning to rise even further than before. How long had he been asleep? A few hours at most? Could she really have gotten this far?

That's when he smelled it. The very faint, but familiar scent of blood. An aroma he was so familiar with that his stomach dropped at the realization. Agatha. It was Agatha. And the sweetness he associated with it only made him want to gag. His worries had been confirmed. Something had happened to his nun.

*Maybe it was when they lost control over dinner and ended up having sex so rough, the aftermath of their heated lovemaking shouted to the heavens the next day. Or when she got so furious with him once, she broke her hand against his face. But perhaps the moment it really dawned on him that his feelings for Agatha Van Helsing were far from just a whim of passion was that night he truly tasted her.*

*The way she trembled against his touch. How he had to hold her as he ran his tongue across the inner thigh and to her very center. Sweet, like her blood, and he savored her like a fine wine. It hadn't been rough. Fueled by aggression. No, the way she melted into him was something far different. And when he was finally inside of her, that same sense of euphoria that he'd experienced those several, several months ago struck him. And he lost it. Completely gave way and pierced his teeth into Agatha's sensitive flesh. Blessed with her indulgence once more. That was his first mistake.*

The smell of fresh blood was stronger now and Dracula followed it like a bloodhound. Though he knew he had to be drawing closer, how potent it was becoming only left his stomach twisting into knots. This wasn't a mere scratch. Not with how intense the smell was. There was a significant amount and the vampire dreaded what that could mean. What the outcome he was about to face was. How he wished Agatha had just gone ahead and staked him.

*Cruel. That was the proper description for his next actions. Never mind triggering Agatha with old memories of Abraham-a man he knew well enough while, not evil, lacked any sort of endearment towards his granddaughter. He only furthered his stupidity when he abandoned her afterwards, leaving what should've been a good moment with a negative, abrupt ending.*

*In an almost sadistic, poetic way, the stake to his heart had been the final straw that broke the camel's back. The moment where Agatha's walls completely crumbled to the ground. Where she had, in her actions, admitted her true feelings when he had not. Metaphorically piercing her own heart when she should've done his. And he smiled. Grinned and waved away her affections. If only he realized the cost. The consequences. Those few words scrawled upon a strip of parchment.*

Something caused him to stop in his tracks. Not the giant branch that blocked his path, but the feeling that there was something else. And so he hesitantly gazed over the edge, over a set of ragged rocks that dropped down several yards to the bottom. That's when he saw her. A figure lying motionless below wet by something other than snow. Dark. Even from where he stood, his excellent vision could make it out. Blood. Agatha.

"Agatha!"

Dracula leaped with such grace it made the long drop seem like a mere step. He hurried over to her side. Blood. There was so much blood. It stained the rock around her, caked locks of her hair together. And for a brief moment, for a fraction of a second, the vampire thought he was too late. It was only when he heard her pulse, the weak thrumming of her heart, that he knew she was alive. Barely. But still with him. As he exhaled in relief, her eyes opened.

Quickly he knelt beside her, the smell of her blood burning his nostrils. Thirst. Hunger. But he fought it. Battle the feral urge to feast within him. Dracula's hands were warm, sticky and red as he cradled her head ever so gently. She stared back at him unfocused.

The Count wanted to berate her. Scream at her for being so boneheaded. But not because he was furious with her. No, she had terrified him. So many questions. So much to say. Yet he couldn't. There wasn't any time to do so. He was losing her. Right there in his arms, the only person he'd truly ever cared about was withering away. He couldn't let that happen.

"You're dying." And the words held far more emotion than he'd ever had anticipated.

"Agatha..."

"I know," she croaked.

The way she said it. Her tone. She wasn't afraid. Far worse. It was as if she was more than willing to accept this horrid fate. This end where one no longer exists. And he had planted the

seed that made her okay with that.

"I can save you." There was a tremor in his voice. "This doesn't have to be the end. Let me..." He swallowed, damn how he hated to sound vulnerable. "Let me..."

There was a moment of pause as Agatha struggled to catch a breath. It ached deep within him to hear the pain as she did so. She was so strong. Even in death, she fought with bravery. What a soldier she would've made. What a companion in his human lifetime she would've been.

"Tell me..." Blood bubbled up in the corner of her mouth as she struggled to remain conscious. "Tell me..."

"Agatha!" He spoke to her loudly, trying desperately to keep her awake. "Tell you what?" But the Count already knew what she meant. "Tell you what?!"

"Just..." She was fading now. Fading so fast. "Tell me..."

Tell her. He looked deep within her blue eyes as the light began to fade in them. Tried to hold her stare so she knew he really meant it. Weeks. Months. It was so long overdue and this was far from how he wanted to ever admit it. Open up to her like she had him. But now he needed to. So he swallowed, swallowed so thick as if his very life was caught in his throat.

"I love you." A statement so foreign, and yet, felt so right. Something wet brushed against his cheek. A tear. Was he crying? "I love you, Agatha Van Helsing."

A weight lifted off his shoulders. The entire universe relieving him of the pressure he'd felt for so long. He gazed down at her so longingly it was as if everything had stopped around them. Waited for her final words. Praying she'd give into his demands.

Agatha smiled weakly and closed her eyes at his confession. "Okay," his lover murmured. "Okay..."

And Dracula's fangs plunged into her neck.

## Chapter End Notes

Time for human! Agatha to become vampire! Agatha! Now things are about to get very interesting! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen

# Chapter Eleven

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the delay, guy, life has been busy. School has started back up so between work, my grandfather's death on October 1st, and just writer's block in general, I haven't been myself. Due to this absence, I'm not sure if things have been forgotten so a quick recap if you will:

Dracula finds a gravely sick Agatha, kidnaps her and takes her to his castle, he cares for her but there is a lot of fighting, eventually sex ensues and with that comes feelings. Eventually, Agatha admits her feelings to the Count but when he doesn't immediately reciprocate, she decides to kill him. Things don't go as planned and Agatha makes the "wise" decision to leave the castle. This decision causes her to become mortally wounded in an accident. Dracula realizes the error in his ways and goes out searching and finds her near death. Admits his love for her and she, now satisfied, gives him permission to turn her. That's where we left off! Enjoy! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The dead don't dream. At least, that was what she decided to call this current state she was in. A dream. An unconscious state of sorts where reality was all but a hallucination. Agatha found herself standing, not even remembering getting up from where she lay dying on the rocks below. She might as well have materialized into that position. Gone was her blood and with it the snow and ice. All that remained was a foggy wall that surrounded her. Seemed to hold her caged as she tried to find her bearings.

For the briefest of moments, the former nun thought she was alone. Left only to her thoughts and silence. Her mouth opened to call out to someone, anyone, but not a word escaped. Instead, something began to form in her peripheral vision. Dark masses growing into familiar silhouettes. And soon Agatha found herself staring back at the literal ghosts of her past.

Mother Superior and her fellow sisters faced her from afar, their looks still and unreadable. Like her, no longer did they represent their final moments. The signs of their massacre gone. They merely stared, habits dancing by an unseen wind. Though it was not vocalized, she knew their judgement. What they surely thought of her. But as Agatha attempted to address them, the women faded away and a new form began.

He stood there a few meters away from her in the cover of the mist. His ancient face twisted into a look of pure hatred. Disgust. A knowing expression of disappointment that held the very meaning of the betrayal. This phantom image of Abraham her mind had created. A final vision as she cut the ties to her Van Helsing name. To mortality. As the apparition of her late grandfather began to disappear, so too the last thrums of her beating heart.

Agatha remained there in the darkness, in the threat of the void that seemed to want to swallow her whole. But just as the shadows reached out towards her, readying to drag her down, a familiar figure appeared. Their eyes met and shared a knowing glance. No longer was there distrust or ill-intent. No. There was kindness. Tenderness. And as Dracula moved closer, the blackness seemed to fade.

*Agatha.*

It was his voice calling to her, but his lips weren't moving. Agatha watched him perplexed, almost amused. The words echoed around her as if they were in a cave. She couldn't quite explain it, but it was him. Not some mere trick of her imagination.

*Agatha. Wake up.*

He was so close now. So close that if he wanted to, he could touch her. But the noise was growing louder and the former nun felt oddly light. When she tried to open her mouth to reply, no words escaped. The vampire smiled as the world around them began to slowly crumble away, disintegrating the plane between life and death.

*Agatha, it's time to wake up.*

Earth. Some sort of wood, perhaps cherry or magnolia. The more exclusive of materials. It was odd how she could identify that. It was certainly not pine. Her eyes flickered open and though it was dark, she could still clearly see the figure looming over her. The distinct features of his face. He was smiling down at her, but it was far from malicious. Warm, Relief. And she found herself returning the expression, feeling as if she had just woken up from a really long nap.

"Welcome back, Agatha Van Helsing." Dracula greeted, a hand reaching down to touch one of hers. "To the world of the undead."

"So it worked then?" His lover replied. "I'm not dead?"

"The formalities of what one would consider as deceased are rather...skewed, but yes, you are as much as a vampire as I am." The former nun's eyes narrowed, but the somewhat tired smile still etched itself across her pale features. "What?"

"I'm in a coffin aren't I?" She stated, turning her head to either side to inspect her surroundings. "Yours, if I'm not mistaken."

"Ours," he corrected. "With a few modifications, it will suit us better that way."

"I think I prefer my bed upstairs." The former nun smirked as she slowly sat up, gripping onto the Count's hands as she did. Dirty fell from the locks of her hair, and the few clumps of something that clung still she assumed were due to dried blood. But no longer was she in any sort of pain. "I'm rather dirty."

"Physically or mentally?" His joke got him a disapproving look. "Yes, I realize you didn't exactly wake up to being perfectly clean. After we were out there and I...well, you needed

your rest. And I didn't want to risk altering things by dolling you up during the transformation."

She nodded as she gave herself a look over. Tattered clothes from torn branches. Though, all of her wounds had healed. Just the mess of old blood and dirt remained, a reminder of sorts of what occurred. Slowly, she brought her fingers to her neck and touched the telling indents. Dracula's eyes followed her as Agatha gently massaged the spot.

"Does it bother you?" There was genuine concern in his tone. "

"No." She shook her head. "It's just...funny."

He cocked a brow in confusion. "Funny? How so?"

Agatha thought for a moment, a thoughtful smile still playing on her face. "Never mind." She assured him. "If you don't mind, I'd rather like to clean up now." The woman paused, seeming to consider her next words carefully. "You are welcome to join me. I might require some assistance."

The concern left the vampire's face as his clawed fingers interlocked with her own. "It would be a pleasure." He assured her. "Shall we?"

---

The cool water ran a rusty brown as it trailed down her bare skin in rivulets. Despite the barely tepid temperature, she was not bothered by it. A perk of being a vampire she supposed. Though she had no need to, she still closed her eyes and inhaled as Dracula fingers ran through her hair, unknotting her messy locks until they were free once more. She smelled something sweet. Floral. Lavender perhaps? He must've infused the water with something-a gesture she did appreciate.

"You're quiet." She commented as his hands traveled to the small of her back. "That's rather unusual for you."

"It's been a rather unusual day." He replied, working the cloth against her skin. "You almost died. Permanently."

"And you said you loved me." The former nun countered. "Just as permanently, I hope."

His strong arms wrapped around her waist and Agatha's unneeded breath hitched in her throat. "Forgive me." The vampire murmured, words tickling her ear. "I suppose I wasn't as blunt in the beginning as I should've been."

"...I suppose I too should somewhat be apologetic." She smiled softly, turning so that they were face to face. "Maybe my actions were a bit...overdramatic." Agatha's fingers traced against his chest. "No matter. We have all the time in the world to figure things out, don't we?"

"Yes." Her lover agreed. "That we very much do." Reaching over, the vampire retrieved a clean towel from a bronze hook. "Come, let's get you dressed. As much as I love you like

this, there is much to discuss." Dracula pressed a kiss to the corner of her mouth. "We'll return to this later."

---

Her tongue ran against the bottom of her teeth, feeling the smooth, porcelain enamel that had yet to present itself as fangs. Even though she was a newborn, Agatha hadn't felt that overpowering urge to feed. She couldn't help but wonder if that was normal. This delay in blood thirst. And to think she had so many questions about vampiric nature while was still human. It was almost laughable.

"You look positively radiant by the fire light."

Dracula eyed her from the entrance way, a small plastered across his face. In just a few strides, the man stood before her. Tenderly, he tilted her chin up as if to study her features like a jeweler examining a rare gem.

"Seeing as my heart is no longer pumping blood and causing natural circulation, I suppose I need some source to brighten my features." The former nun smirked, eyes locking on his. "Thank you for the compliment."

"I have far, far more where that came from..." Her mate promised, touching his forehead to hers. "How are you feeling?" The warmth in his expression seemed to change to one of concern as he spoke. "Are you...adjusting fine?"

"I suppose as much as one can." She replied with a small smile. "Though, I really don't have much to go on seeing as I've never experienced a transformation first hand myself...Rather, being the one who is changed." Agatha clarified quickly.

"You'll need to eat soon." Dracula commented, gazing into the fire's light. "First hunt's the most important."

"I do not plan to kill the innocent." Her words caused the other vampire to turn and face her. "There must be other ways to exist or extract blood without harming the lives of humans."

"It doesn't work like that, Agatha." Her lover replied with a small frown. "Our species is different. We don't have the choice of eating just meat or vegetables or substitutions of any sort. We require blood. Human blood at that. And as distasteful as it may sound to you now, you haven't really the choice."

"There is *always* a choice." The woman countered, arms folded across her chest. "And if I must muster up the will-power and strength to find it, I shall. But I simply won't conform to your standards and murder because I need to. A cow is different from a human. They aren't as complex. They don't think. Don't have complicated lives, loved ones like people do."

"I almost lost you, must we seriously get into a disagreement now?" The vampire sighed, massaging his temples. "Blood is lives, Agatha. And now, it will become your life just as much as it has become part of mine." He went to rest his hands on her shoulders, but she stepped back. "Give it a chance, Agatha. I promise, you'll adjust far easier than you think."

"If you truly love me, you'll help me come up with a better solution." Agatha replied firmly, still hellbent on her good ways. "There must be another way." She ignored the expression of irritation that sat fixed across his features. "You've proven yourself to me before, Count Dracula. I have faith, though it may be perhaps little now, you can do so again."

"Your stubbornness has followed you into this new life, I see." Dracula grumbled, clearly perturbed that the former nun was still set on her ways. After everything they'd gone through together. "Why must you make things so difficult?"

"There will be no killing on my end." Agatha repeated, standing her ground. Once more she ran her tongue across her smooth teeth, her fangs yet to show despite the small growl that emanated from the pit of her stomach. "Those are my terms."

Dracula was silent for a moment. "You are making things quite difficult. None of my brides were ever this...picky..."

"Do you consider me to be one of your brides then?" Agatha inquired with a cocked brow.

"...No." Came his response after a long pause. "...I consider you to be quite, quite more."

Neither spoke after he uttered those words, a pregnant pause left between them. Then Agatha stepped forward and touched his cool cheek with her equally cool hand. His gaze back into the blues of her eyes with his dark ones. Love was merely a construct, he had convinced himself long ago. And yet, now where he stood, it seemed quite the opposite.

"I can make no promises nor can I say I can do much more than try." He replied quietly. "But for you, I will look into more humane ways. But if I cannot find such things, you must swear to me that you will feed from whomever no matter the costs."

Agatha pursed her lips but said nothing. Dracula nodded his head knowing full well this was going to be a mere impossible task. After centuries of feeding on only humans, how was he to know of any sort of substitutes? But he just got Agatha back. Just confessed his feelings. And for her, if he could, he'd offer her the world and whatever with it.

"I believe in you." Agatha stated, pulling the man from his thoughts. "Find it in yourself to do the same."

A statement, he would not admit allowed, that was easier said than done.

## Chapter End Notes

Just because dear, old Aggs is a vampire now doesn't mean she shares the same blood thirst and lack of guilt Count Dracula does when feeding. Our two love birds are together, but there are still bumps along the dirt road! No worries, more romance to come and love! Time to let Agatha experience life as a vampire-with the aid of her beloved, of course! Feedback is greatly loved and appreciated! -Jen





# Chapter Twelve

## Chapter Notes

Happy New Year's Eve AND happy Dracula 2020's First Year Anniversary Eve! I thought about posting this tomorrow, but I thought I made you guys wait long enough. Plus wanted to end 2020 on a good note since, well, this year has been...yeah...ANYWAY, hope you enjoy it! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Agatha leaned over the bucket again and retched the contents of her stomach out for what seemed like the umpteenth time that day. The thick, tar like liquid had already begun to congeal as most old blood does. This time around it belong to a brown bear the Count had swiftly taken out in the mountains. The third animal the couple had tried to test Agatha's theory that she didn't need to survive off of humans. So far every attempt had ended in failure.

"You're growing weaker." Dracula commented, his voice impatient and edged with worry. "And if you keep up at this rate, you risk going feral." He wasn't sure how true his implications were, but at this rate, the former nun was endangering her well being. "Please, Agatha, be reasonable. It isn't a kill if I do it for you."

"And yet it would still be on my conscience." His lover sighed, wiping the side of her mouth with her sleeve. "If I am to live forever, I simply cannot have that." She swallowed, tasting the bitter bile on her tongue. "We'll keep trying. Surely there is something out there. No creature is designed to survive on one given source from a singular thing. Humans in our case."

The elder vampire groaned in response, clearly tired by his beloved's humanity that had managed to survive during her transformation. Agatha gently rested a hand on his arm, her eyes glancing up to meet his.

"Please." She said in a soft, yet adamant voice. "I want to keep going."

"If something begins to happen. If you start to change or..." His words seemed to fade off. "If it comes down to it, I will do what's in your best interest, Agatha. Even if you hate me for a millennium for doing it." Once more he paused. "I love you."

"I know." She smiled. "Which is why we will find a solution. Together." The corners of her lips twitched into a faint smirk. "And who knows, when we do, perhaps even *you* will convert."

Dracula snorted and rolled his eyes. "I hate to dash your hopes, but I can almost guarantee that will not be happening. I have an acquired taste and standards to boot. If we are successful

at finding an alternative, I'll leave the riches to you." He leaned in close to her ear, his breath tickling and sending a shiver up Agatha's spine. "You truly have no idea what you are missing out on. The knowledge. The stories. Everything a filthy animal's blood lacks. Deep down, I know there is an inkling of curiosity within you."

The former nun took a step back, locking eyes with him. "That's what books are for. Reliable and only harmful from their papercuts. I will not be swayed from my decision, Count Dracula." Exhaling, she glanced around the room. "So we've tried deer, bear, rabbit...perhaps livestock is our next bet. Though, I do dislike the idea of stealing someone's property."

"You can't have it both ways, Agatha." Dracula frowned, clearly irritated by her stubborn, selfless nature. "Ultimately, the end result won't leave you with the happiest outcome, but *stealing* as you so referred to it is less sinful than murder." He scoffed at his words. "Then again, we both know our opinions on religion. Or lack thereof."

"...We could always start a farm?" Agatha spoke after a moment's pause. "After centuries, it wouldn't hurt for you to gain a hobby. One that would benefit me and keep you out of trouble." She chuckled, the laugh laced with exhaustion. "Imagine a flock of chickens. You could sell their eggs at the village market...if one was held at night, of course."

"And I think all of this animal blood has gotten to that pretty little mind of yours." Dracula said, cupping her face between his large hands. "Come, you need your rest. We can at least agree on that."

He was right on that account. She was feeling rather drained. Not to mention nauseated from the bear. The taste still lingered on the back of her tongue. Nodding her head, she took the vampire's hand and followed him down the long stretch of hallway to where their *coffin* was located. It wasn't the nicest looking thing, more so an oversized box filled with dirt. But Dracula was insistent on sleeping together and promised soon he'd have something specially made. Agatha couldn't help but wonder how someone would go about commissioning a luxury couple's casket. An interesting conversation indeed.

"I really hate that we have to sleep in dirt." Agatha grimaced as Dracula lifted the lid. "I don't care how restful it may be, waking up covered in grime isn't at all pleasant."

"You are by far the fussiest vampire I've ever created." Her lover laughed, shaking his head in amusement. "No one has ever voiced as many opinions as you. Or demands for that matter."

"Like you, I have standards...they just are different than yours." The former nun replied, eyeing the large box incredulously. "One day, when I have enough strength to do so, I'm going to look into these *vampiric rites* of yours." She could tell by the look on his face the idea didn't excite him. "Oh please, it isn't like I plan to shove a stake through my heart. Though, I am well aware that was a failed attempt on Jonathan Harker's part."

"To bed with you." The Count ushered, helping her into their place of rest. "Enough of this nonsense. It's time to take a nap while I go out and...*borrow* some farm animals. I hope you realize how much I care for you, I don't haul a full grown cow back to the castle for just anyone."

"Oh so heroic." Agatha snorted, pursing her lips as Dracula leaned in to kiss her. "Blatantly asking for praise rather than quietly accepting the fact that I truly appreciate all you do. If I am fussy, *you* are needy."

A pleasant form of bickering. Usually they had heated discussions-often of which ended in a passionate session of fucking. But tonight was different. Perhaps his worry for Agatha caused the flame to momentarily simmer down. Messed with his ability to be both suave and an ass. She looked beautiful lying there in the coffin she clearly despised, and though part of him wanted nothing more than to take her now, he knew it needed to wait. She was hungry. Needed to feed. And the consequences of not doing that were far from good.

"Name calling is childish, my dear nun." Dracula smirked knowing the irony behind it. "Now, please have enough sense to sleep. I'm losing moonlight by the hour and if I'm to get back here before dawn, I must leave now." He pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Stay."

"I'm not some hound." She called after him from the confines of the casket. "I can come and go as I please..." Agatha gazed up at the coffin lid that now blocked her view of the room. "For now, I just choose to accept that perhaps you are right about resting. Sleep does sound agreeable."

The former nun could've sworn she heard Dracula answer, but her mind had already started to grow foggy. Taking in an unnecessary breath, she closed her eyes and tried not to focus on the strange feeling in her stomach. She was so tired. So worn out. So weary that it didn't take long for her to slip away from reality and into her dreams.

*Even in the darkness, Agatha recognized the place from where she stood. Though far emptier and dusty, it was an unmistakable memory implanted in her mind. The old inn that she had taken refuge in soon after her escape from the ruins of what had been St. Mary's convent and her lost sisters.*

*Taking a step forward, the former nun felt loose stone crumble underneath her feet. Glancing down, she lightly kicked a rock on the ground and watched as it bounced across the room, hitting the wall opposite her. She wasn't exactly sure why she was here. It was a dream, for sure, but it oddly felt real at the same time.*

"Agatha?"

*The voice was soft, meek, and the woman knew instantly who the speaker was. From the shadows, as timid as they day they met, Mina stepped out. She wore the same, blue habit as the day they had departed, blonde hair cascading down her shoulders. A cold draft came in from a neglected open window, blowing her locks gently. The smell was intoxicating.*

"Mina?" Agatha whispered, her voice hoarse. "Why are you...you need to go! Go now!" She covered her nose, throat burning. It was only a dream. Only a dream. And yet, it felt so horribly real. "Go now!"

*But the other woman, oblivious to the fact her friend was now a vampire, had a look of relief plastered across her features. "You disappeared." She said, stepping closer Agatha who, in turn, backed up against the wall. "I thought I'd never see you again. Where did you go?!"*

*"Mina, please!" Agatha pleaded, biting down so hard on her bottom lip she could taste her own blood. "You must go now. You're in danger!"*

*"It's alright now." The young woman insisted, closing the distance between her and the vampire. "Now that we are together again, we can... Good God, Agatha, what's happened to your eyes?!"*

*The once flat edges of her teeth had begun to grow pointed and a low guttural sound rumbled deep from the bottom of Agatha's throat. She stared back hungrily at Mina, the last reminiscence of control she fought to hold disappearing. The vampire stepped forward, a prisoner to her own thirsty as her victim stared back in horror. She was so thirsty. So very, very thirsty...*

*"Agatha?" Mina whispered weakly. "Agatha, please!"*

*But the rational, humane side of the former nun was gone. Mina's pleas of mercy falling on deaf ears. Without so much as a second thought. A second consideration. She lunged towards the woman, knocking her onto the ground. As her sharp nails dug into the woman's flesh, she gazed down and readied to bury her fangs into...*

"AGATHA!"

Agatha's eyes shot wide open, startled awake by the sound of Dracula's voice. She looked up and saw the other vampire staring down at her in utter astonishment, his hands gripping either of her shoulders as if he'd been trying to hold her down.

"It's alright. It's alright. You were having a nightmare." He attempted to assure her as her head whipped around wildly. "I've been trying to wake you up."

"Mina..." Agatha panted, as if needing to breathe. "Mina...I tried to warn her...tried to stop myself..." She shook her head, squeezing her eyes shut. "I couldn't control it." When she opened them again, the former nun looked deeply into her lover's eyes. "I was so thirsty..."

Dracula's lips pressed into a thin line as if he was trying to hold back on saying something. It wasn't until Agatha gathered herself enough that she really took in what the other vampire had yet to admit. Deep, long claw marks scraped the inside of their coffin resembling those of an animal trying to get out. Agatha looked down and noticed chips of wood sprinkled across her.

"Did I..." She swallowed, her stomach twisting. "Was that...me?"

"We're running out of time, Agatha." The other vampire said quietly. "If we don't figure things soon enough, it's only going to get worse. I'm not willing to let that happen." He paused, considering his next words carefully. "That means, I'll have no choice but to teach you how to hunt."

Agatha said nothing, but stared at the deep marks on the coffin. She thought of her dream. Of Mina. Of all of this. Swallowing, she ran a hand through her messy hair and sighed.

"Fine." She relented. *"Teach me."*

## Chapter End Notes

Agatha REALLY needs to feed, gotta keep that thirst meter under control! Even if it means she might have to do something she doesn't want to. Professor Dracula and vampire student Agatha coming right up! Until next chapter! Feedback greatly loved and appreciated! Maybe I'll be inspired to put some smutty goodness in the next chapter \*wink wink\*! Be safe and have a happy New Year! -Jen

# Chapter Thirteen

## Chapter Notes

I'm back! So sorry for the delay! Between work and writer's block, life has been crazy! But hey, I finally got something down! I hope you enjoy! -Jen

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Though the sky was shrouded in near darkness, the full moon peaked through just enough to illuminate the scattered clouds that blanketed the night. It was eerie to say the least and even Agatha, despite what she now was, stuck close to Dracula as they made their way down an off-beaten path towards the small village. If her still heart could, it would be beating with such ferocity that her very chest would've felt the crushing blow of each throb.

"You're awfully quiet." Her mate commented, offering his hand as they stepped over a log. "You have nothing to fear. It is quite a simple process and I assure you that I would not allow any harm to come to you."

"That's not what I'm afraid of you." Agatha said quietly. "I am not worried about my sake."

"Then what?" The Count inquired, stopping them both in their tracks. "This isn't about your moral standards is it, Agatha? We've discussed this on numerous occasions. I only wish what is best for you. I think in time you will see that. How much, I cannot promise, but it will get easier." He smiled gently and tilted her chin to press his lips to hers. "Come," he urged. "Let us not wait. Time seemingly moves much faster than one would presume."

Part of her wanted to say something. Outright deny any participation in this immoral act. But perhaps it was her selfish love for him that even made her consider the possibility. Why was romance so damn desirable? Holding her in a vice grip where eternity with her former enemy was a far more pleasant option than being without? Was this love sickness? Could he feel the same way? That only made it worse. The former nun sighed, trying to clear her head of such thoughts. So much had happened in these past few months. Her skull hurt and she wasn't quite sure if it was due to her fall or just the strain of it all.

"Ah! We're here!" The excitement in Dracula's voice pulled the former nun from her thoughts. She looked to the vampire, his teeth glinting in what little moonlight shone from the clouds. "It's right outside the city of Braşov, secluded enough that we shouldn't be bothered." He reached down and gave her hand a squeeze. "Fear not," he murmured. "I will be right by your side guiding you the entire time." Though his words offered little relief.

The village was nothing special, far from appeasing to the eye. It was small, perhaps used at most for those passing through or people making just enough to get by. Agatha absentmindedly dug her nails into the palm of her hand, feeling their newly found strength

press indents into the skin. Dracula was speaking to her, but his words sounded so distant as she took in her surroundings. As a greater part of her wanted to turn back and return to the castle, an unexpected sight captured her immediate attention.

"No, please! I'm begging you! Leave me be!"

From the entrance of an alleyway, a woman stumbled backwards, her hands outstretched as if in some poor attempt to protect herself. Agatha stepped forward instinctively, but found her mate's arm outstretched in front preventing her from going forward.

"Wait." He said quietly. "Allow this to play out."

Agatha threw him a look of horror about to protest when a stranger strode out from the shadows something glinting in his hand. Without warning, the figure slashed the object at the woman's neck causing a gurgling choke of surprise to escape past her lips. Something sweet filled the air. The scent was more alluring than any blossom the former nun could remember smelling. Blood. Fresh blood. *Human blood.*

Whizzing, the lady collapsed on the ground, too weak to ward off the man as he began to dig through what little scatchal she carried. Finally snapping from her trance, Agatha looked in horror at the sight before her. At the intense feelings that bombarded her mind after witnessing what she had just seen. How both her former and immortal sides were battling against her sanity.

Agatha's eyes remained locked on the man's as he stood unmoved just meters from her. With her new found abilities, even in the nearly moonless night, she could make out the thick, crimson liquid as he dripped down the shimmering blade. It was almost teasing. Watching it fall to the ground below where it became soiled by dirt.

"What are you waiting for?" A voice coaxed softly from behind, its excitement barely masked. "Go, I'll follow."

Yet Agatha's attention was not drawn to Dracula. Instead, her gaze briefly flickered to the figure lying nearly lifeless off to the robber's side. The woman's hands wearily grasped at the deep slash drawn across her throat as her life blood gushed between her fingers. An easier prey, she knew, but not one of good consciousness. If the former nun was to kill, then there had to be a reason.

"Two for the price of one." She heard Dracula say from behind. "The girl is merely a mercy kill."

They had different ideas about compassion, and the younger vampire's attention redirected once more to the man. The soon to be murderer. If it could, her blood would be boiling. A strange emotion began to fill her. Almost primal in nature. Her smooth teeth began to shift as she took a step forward towards the thief.

"Stay-stay back!" The man warned, swinging his knife shakily between Dracula's and Agatha's direction. "I'm warning you!"



But Agatha's ears no longer heard the desperate, empty threats. Nor did she feel the anticipation of her mate by her side. Instead, she lunged forward and knocked the man to the floor. Predator finally becoming prey.

Fangs cut through soft flesh like a spoon through room temperature butter. Instantly a flood of hot, sweet liquid coated her tongue and flowed down her throat in deep, hungry gulps. Agatha wasn't sure what she had been expecting. As a child, she'd once fallen and bitten straight through her bottom lip. Through the pain, the blood had tasted salty. Unpleasant. But now, here where she feasted, it was like honey straight from the comb. This wasn't the putrid taste from animal gore. No. No, this was far, far delectable.

"Agatha."

A hand clamped down on her shoulder but Agatha ignored it, choosing instead to keep suckling away at whatever remained of her victim. The grip, though gentle, tightened slightly causing an unanticipated low grumble to escape from deep within the former nun's throat. Finally, she sat up, blood dripping unceremoniously down her chin. She blinked, slightly confused for a moment as she began to take in her surroundings once more. Dracula smiled fondly at her, an almost proud sort of expression. Agatha blinked again and, looking from the dead man to her lover, quickly wiped away at her chin in slight embarrassment.

"I must admit I am quite impressed." The Count mused, admiring her handy work. "You took to it much better than I had anticipated." He ran a hand through her hair, his dark eyes flickering away from the body. "Now might I interest you in some dessert?"

The blood that bubbled around the entry wound on the woman's neck was already blackening with clots when Agatha arose to her feet. With great care, the younger vampire made her way over, careful not to step on the crumpled body. The lady gazed up at her with grey, uncertain eyes, each breath more raspier than the prior. Perhaps she didn't see the act Agatha had just committed, or was too out of it to even fully absorb what had occurred.

"Scared..." It was about all Agatha could clearly make out. "Please..."

Ignoring what Dracula could possibly be thinking, his Bride gingerly sat on the ground and cradled the woman like one does a babe. Her skin was grey, cold as what little blood left stuck to Agatha like a paste. A waste, she knew, but her own needs were none of her current concerns. She held the woman close, as best as one could for both being around the same height.

"There is nothing to fear." The former nun said softly, her eyes locked onto the woman's. "Soon there will be no pain. No horror. Be at peace with your Savior. Go now with God."

Her pulse stopped and Agatha watched the woman's chest rise and fall one more time before all with still. Gently, she closed both eyelids, covering the irises that reflected the moonlight like glass. She turned her head to see Dracula watching her, his expression hard to read. Chewing on the inside of her cheek, she lowered the woman back down onto the ground and rose to her feet.

"She didn't deserve to die like that." Agatha finally said, not turning to meet the vampire's gaze. "No matter what you say, I made the right call."

The Count exhaled. "I take it you know your way enough to start walking back towards the direction of the castle?" Agatha merely nodded and Dracula cleared his throat. "Well, I suppose then I'll clean up for tonight. We can make that a lesson for another day." He smiled, trying to lighten the tension. "You did well, Agatha. Give yourself some credit. We'll have to celebrate amongst ourselves."

Dracula kissed her cheek and Agatha forced a small smile. She tried not to look at the two bodies as her mate gave her hand a small squeeze. Though she physically hadn't felt this great in a long while, the repercussions of what she had done had struck her hard.

Honestly, she quite yearned for the vampire's company as she followed the trail that led back to their home. Right now, the idea of being alone wasn't all that pleasant. Then again, crushing the chest of a human to prevent it from turning was far less appealing. So she went by memory, trying to push past what she had done until the castle was in sight.

*"Foolish, foolish..."* She thought to herself, the brush and stone crunching under her feet. *"Just let it slip away. If there is some higher power that thinks I have done some good enough to deserve the least bit of mercy, allow me to forget for a few precious moments."*

A humorless chuckle escaped from between her lips. At least Dracula hadn't called her out on her biblical speech. That had taken her by some surprise. But as a nun, the dying always seemed calmed by the idea that God awaited for them with open arms and complete, forgiving nature. She hadn't quite understood that. Then again, she hadn't quite understood much of that the more she considered it.

A pair of arms wound themselves around her waist just as Agatha reached the top of a hill. Dracula pressed his face into the crook of her neck and inhaled. She could smell the heavy scent of blood on him, though it was far from pleasant. Corpse blood never did have the same effect she was beginning to pick up.

"You walk too terribly slow." He murmured against her skin. "If I were a fox and you were a rabbit, you'd be dead."

"Always lovely with your analogies." Agatha snorted, rolling her eyes. "And we both know I'm too wise to be a rabbit." She paused, hesitation in her voice. "Is it done?"

"As I've said before," Dracula turned the former nun so that she now faced him. "You are my true bride. I have no intention to turn others." Her eyes narrowed, pressing him for a better form of confirmation. "Yes. You have nothing to worry about." The Count exclaimed, admiring her in the moonlight. "Have I told you how ravishing you look tonight?"

*Forget. Forget.* Agatha gazed up into his dark eyes, taking in the lust and excitement that they held. She could taste the thief lingering on her tongue. Feel the dried blood from the innocent woman against her skin and on her clothes. *Forget. Forget.* She wanted to block it out. And here stood Dracula. Completely unaware, far too focused on what he thought was

right. Was okay. In that moment, she needed him to help her forget. *Wanted* him to *make* her forget.

"Then show me." She whispered, his eyebrow quirked in surprise as she moved his arms to the straps of her dress. "You tell me I'm exquisite, but words have no meaning over actions." Agatha locked eyes with him. "Take me here. Right now."

Dracula's lips curled into a smile. "I did not realize how much tonight meant to you."

A blur of emotions. A tidal wave of feelings. Agatha bit her lower lip, glancing once at the night sky before back at her lover. They still had time. A few hours before dawn. They'd make it back. She just needed to be distracted. If just for a little while. *Forget*.

Agatha forced her second smile of the night. "Then let me show you."

## Chapter End Notes

Poor Agatha. She's really struggling with the fact she just murdered someone even though they were indeed a killer themselves. As Dracula has said before, Agatha is always trying to save people. So I think killing even as a vampire would be hard. Don't worry, things will get better. I thought about writing some smut here but I think it will be better suited for the next chapter. So expect romance and hurt and comfort and bickering coming up! Reviews/feedback/kudos are greatly loved and appreciated! Thanks so much again! -Jen

## End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this first chapter. I promise the others will be longer!  
Reviews/Comments/Kudos are greatly loved and appreciated! Until next time! Stay safe and healthy! -Jen

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!