

## A Scent That Lingers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24394111) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24394111>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Castlevania (Cartoon)</a> , <a href="#">悪魔城ドラキュラ</a>   <a href="#">Castlevania Series</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dracula/Lisa (Castlevania)</a> , <a href="#">Dracula Vlad Tepes</a>   <a href="#">Mathias Cronqvist &amp; Lisa</a> , <a href="#">Dracula Vlad Tepes</a>   <a href="#">Mathias Cronqvist/Lisa</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dracula Vlad Tepes</a>   <a href="#">Mathias Cronqvist</a> , <a href="#">Dracula (Castlevania)</a> , <a href="#">Lisa (Castlevania)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Pregnancy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Breeding Kink</a> , <a href="#">primal play</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">primal urges</a> , <a href="#">Scent Kink</a> , <a href="#">Breeding</a> , <a href="#">Vampire Bites</a> , <a href="#">Biting</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Fantasy</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Size Difference</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Frustration</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Wet Dream</a> , <a href="#">Porn with Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Chasing</a> , <a href="#">Feral Behavior</a> , <a href="#">Mating Cycles/In Heat</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Behavior</a> , <a href="#">Resistance Play</a> , <a href="#">Wall Sex</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Impregnation</a> , <a href="#">Kink Negotiation</a> , <a href="#">Creampie</a> , <a href="#">Edging</a> , <a href="#">Loss of Virginity</a> , <a href="#">Crying</a> , <a href="#">Cunnilingus</a> , <a href="#">Enthusiastic Consent</a> , <a href="#">Power Play</a> , <a href="#">Light Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Dom Dracula</a> , <a href="#">Sub Lisa</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-26 Completed: 2020-06-06 Words: 5,459 Chapters: 4/4

# A Scent That Lingers

by [Deathofwords](#)

## Summary

Ever since Lisa has been living inside his castle, Dracula has been haunted by her sweet scent and has been experiencing some 'urges' and 'intense feelings' towards her... the only question is, will Lisa reciprocate his wants?

---

Or, Dracula is suffering from an unexpected wolf-like heat and Lisa decides to agree and 'help' by fulfilling one of his many sexual fantasies and desires.

Only for readers who are 18+

If you are not 18+, DO NOT READ THIS

## Notes

This is really raunchy yall sorry lol

# Fantasy

Most of those who have had the unfortunate (or fortunate) opportunity to meet a vampire, are aware of their strong sense of smell.

And Dracula, being the lord of vampires himself, was the rising pinnacle of this trait—and was not heedless to this.

Throughout his immortal days, he smelled up to a thousand different things within his castle—from raw chemicals to cooked food—he could scent it all, and not allow it to overwhelm him.

But one scent in particular, has.

“Vlad, can you hand me that magnifying glass?”

Torn away suddenly from his thoughts, Dracula blinked and glanced to Lisa of Lupu; a woman who just a mere couple of months ago banged upon his door and demanded he teach her all that he knew about science and medicine—a woman that has been occupying his mind...*a lot*, lately.

He paused to clear his throat, eyes scanning the many tables in the laboratory before he clasped his hand around a golden framed magnifying glass, his massive hand handing it to Lisa.

“Here.”

Lisa glanced up from her work and smiled at him, taking the tool from his hand.

“Thank you.”

Turning her back to him to hover the magnifying glass over a plant she was examining, Dracula stood and just stared at her...the vampire taking in a deep breath of her sweetened aroma.

He closed his eyes, taking it in.

*This* was the scent. The one that has been causing him so many intense sexual dreams and constant states of arousal.

And it was all *his fault*.

Sure, he knew women of the human species all have varying changing scents—but what he didn't know was that accepting Lisa into his castle would be a heaven and hell in which he would be able to smell every little hormonal change within her...When she was bleeding, when her body was preparing itself for a possible child...*and when she was the most fertile*.

And Lisa, at the moment, was in that very state.

And it was driving Dracula insane.

For months in this state, Dracula's head has been filled with fantasies of slipping his hard, thick cock inside of Lisa's warm, wet body and pumping her full of his hot seed until her belly swelled up with his baby—*his cub*—

It was the wolf in him, the animal—naturally hungering for this want—this *need* to reproduce —

But of course, Dracula would never place a hand on Lisa unless she fully consented to engaging in sex with him and carrying his child.



He loved her and respected her, and would never try to do anything that would hurt her.

But his lust for the woman from Lupu was only growing the more he couldn't have her moaning and writhing against him in ecstasy—and now, he was finding himself daydreaming of fucking her senseless while he was supposed to be teaching or working with her.

Which was what he was doing just now as he watched her grab a piece of graphite on the table she was leaning against as her elegant fingers scratched the graphite against a stray piece of parchment paper—his red eyes rolling up and down her body.

He could take her right here.

Right now even, if he wished too.

He could pin her to the table she was leaning over with very little of his strength and force her to her lay on her belly as he ripped her dress down the middle—revealing her naked body to him.

Chest pushing against that pretty little dip in her back, he then would release his already dripping cock from the confines of his clothes and part her legs open where he could push deep inside of her—his fangs biting into the nape of her neck as he mounted her like a beast; Lisa already soaked and crying aloud like a bitch in heat as he pounded his cock into her—his body tensing and warming as he climbed higher and higher to his orgasm—closer and closer to spilling his cum into her empty womb and filling her to the very fucking brim where his cub would grow strong and healthy inside of her—

Realizing how close he had subconsciously moved towards her, Dracula became dead still and silent as he fought back against the feral urge to jump upon Lisa and breed her right then and there, his body trembling and hot with arousal as he suddenly gasped and forcibly swung himself away from Lisa—one of his arms knocking over everything on a table—glasses filled with chemicals and experiments smashing to the stone floor loudly.

Lisa whipped her head around at the crash and scattering of glass, her braid swishing behind her.

She stared at the mess before her, the training doctor rushing towards her teacher.

“Are you alright? What happened—?”

Too ashamed to face her or answer for his actions, Dracula turned away from her with a bowed head and gritted teeth as he slashed his cape through the air and faded into mist— Lisa now standing confused and all alone inside the laboratory.

## Dream

After Dracula had evaded Lisa, he teleported to his study almost immediately so he could put his frustrations down on paper—the vampire sitting down at his desk and pulling out a pen and a leather bound journal that kept and hid all of his lustful fantasies and thoughts; most of the pages filled with heated, pornographic nonsense that not even *he* could understand.

Turning the filled, ink pages rather carelessly—Dracula began to write down one of his many fantasies about Lisa that has been burning at the back of his head, his mind reeling with the details.

For a while he just sat at his desk and wrote down his explicit thoughts as he tried to ignore the painful throbbing of his cock, Dracula eventually giving in and releasing himself from beneath his loose clothing— one of his hands tightening around his cock as he began to stroke himself steadily, his other hand continuing to write.

Stroking faster, Dracula felt that burning sensation in his groin rise as his handwriting became more messy and crooked, his breathing faltering as he began to pant, his hand gripping tighter and tighter around his member.

Heat reaching it's peak, Dracula felt the warmth within him overflow and spread throughout his limbs and spine as he came with a loud yelp, Dracula thrusting into his hand helplessly as he dropped his pen to the floor, his head smacking against his desk.

For a moment, he just breathed and tried to recollect the pieces of his scattered, post orgasmic brain—only one thought crossing his hazy mind.

*What the hell is wrong with me?*

Slowly sitting up, Dracula placed himself back within the confines of his clothing; thankful that he only ejaculated enough to coat the base of his cock as he stood, unsatisfied and still very much aroused.

Sighing, he turned away from his desk and the journal that was left wide-open atop of it to teleport to the baths so he could clean himself—Dracula removing his clothing quickly.

Stepping into an ice cold bath, the vampire then sunk deep into it's freezing depths as it cooled his unusually warm skin, his mind wandering as he carefully bathed himself from his sins.

Ever since Lisa had moved into the castle, Dracula has had to take cold baths instead of warm ones to settle his sex drive and need to constantly impregnate her, the cold water doing little to soothe him.

At first, when he was plagued with these urges, he masturbated daily to his fantasies before he began to record them in ink and paper—something he hasn't done in centuries—but, the short-timed pleasure and release did nothing and only seemed to make his want to breed Lisa even worse.

And now, he was worried he was going to hurt her if he didn't figure out how to control himself.

If not, he would be forced to send Lisa away where he could never see her again...and Dracula knew his heart wouldn't be able to take it if that happened.

Head swirled with thoughts and decisions to make, Dracula stood and removed himself from the bath to dress himself in a set of black robes—the vampire knowing the minions of the castle would come to pick up and clean his clothes.

Teleporting once more, Dracula shifted from the baths to his chambers where he could hopefully sleep without any wet dreams, the vampire finding Lisa sitting atop his coffin with her legs crossed as he entered his room; her hands holding his leather bound journal open from his study.

Gaping in horror at this sight, Dracula went still and just stared at her from his doorway as she met his widened gaze—her expression unreadable.

“You have a very interesting imagination, Vlad...” Lisa said as she turned a page, “*Care to explain?*”

Not responding at first, Dracula dropped his gaze to the floor out of shame and embarrassment as he muttered out a response, his voice low as he breathed in her delicious scent to comfort himself.

“Where did you find that...?”

Lisa closed the journal shut at this and slipped off of his coffin until her feet touched the floor, her hands clutching the journal behind her as she strode towards him casually; her head and shoulders held high.

“Your study...”

She paused, form swaying.

“There is no need to be ashamed, Vlad. It’s just that...Iv’e been noticing how different you act around me and it’s...*concerning*. Please,” Lisa said as she reached a hand out to touch his arm, eyes burning into his.

“Tell me what is bothering you.”

Flinching at her touch, Dracula took a step back so he couldn’t lunge out and entertain his fierce desires—the vampire sighing deeply.

He knew he couldn’t escape her this time—or refuse her.

“*Fine*. Come and sit, but do not be disgusted by me when I tell you what ill me...”

Gesturing towards a set of armchairs within his chambers, Lisa followed and sat down with the journal in her lap next to the depraved beast and listened rather intently as he spent onto her his attraction to her natural musk, his constant sexual fantasies of her and his growing sexual need to put a baby inside of her; Lisa's face growing redder and redder the more he explained in great detail how *desperately* he wanted to fuck and breed her.

When he was done, Lisa awkwardly cleared her throat and shifted where she sat; her fingers curling into leather of the journal.

“And...how long have you been experiencing this for?”

Dracula hesitated, her scent suddenly becoming...*sweeter*...

“Ever since I have met you, I believe...”

Humming aloud, Lisa placed a finger to her pink lips and thought, her brows furrowing in their usual way when she was thinking hard about something.

“Well, from what you have told me...it sounds like you are experiencing something similar to what male wolves go through around fertile females...They can smell when one of them is in heat. But to me, it seems that *you* are the one in heat...and that my presence may have triggered it.”

Dracula pondered at this explanation, dipping his head in agreement.

“Then if that is the case, how do I end it?”

Looking down to the journal in her lap, Lisa opened it once more and began to flip through it, the woman from Lupu stopping in the very middle of it to a page she seemed to like—her

face flushed as she stood from the armchair and showed Dracula the book, a content smile on her face.

“To ‘*cure*’ you of this heat, I say we act out this particular fantasy and others from your journal until I have conceived.”

Widening his eyes, Dracula blinked in shock at her as he ignored the journal and took in another deep breath of her now sickeningly sweet aroma—his mouth parting open to scent it better as he was hit with the subtle smell of slick developing between her legs—his eyes dialating as Lisa continued, approaching him.

“I do not mind bearing you a child Vlad. In fact, it has always been one of my secret desires to be filled with the seed of a man I adore...And I am sorry—but— I can longer bear to watch you suffer in silence...”

Leaning over close to his face, Lisa then pressed a gentle kiss to his jaw, her voice soft and kind as she pulled away; looking at him intently.

“I love you, Vlad—and I would be very happy to carry, birth, and raise a child to adulthood with you.”

Digging his claws into his armrest at the simple kiss and Lisa’s words, Dracula began to pant as he tried his best to control himself, his entire body tensing as his imagination ran wild; the vampire restraining himself as he tried to speak clearly—his voice rough and gravely with want.

“Are you...Are you sure, that this is what you want, Lisa? To be *bred*? *By me*?”

Lisa nodded, taking a step back away from him as she closed the journal, clutching it against her chest.

“Yes. Tonight, I will prepare myself and explain everything I wish for you to do and obey in writing. When I am ready, I will slip what I have written down into your chambers...”

Turning to leave, Lisa made her way past his doorway and into the hallway before glancing over her shoulder to him before she left, a smirk on her face.

“Oh, and when you begin to pleasure yourself after I leave, be sure not to ejaculate. It will make this entire ordeal much more enjoyable for the both of us...”

Disappearing down the hallway, Dracula immediately did just that as he shut and closed the door and removed his clothing once more, the awakened beast within him growling and prowling about his chambers as he stroked at his cock—not fully sure of whether this was a dream or a nightmare.



# Hunt

Eventually fainting from emotional exhaustion and constant masturbation, Dracula awoke somewhere on the floor in his chambers with a half-hard cock in a rather rotten mood, the vampire sitting up with a growl.

He had listened to what Lisa had told him and did not ejaculate once in his strokes—which had only made his body much more frustrated and tense with want.

Feeling like a coiled up spring, Dracula slowly stood up and stretched with a grunt, the vampire catching a whiff of Lisa's scent.

Following the inticing aroma, Dracula found himself lead towards his dresser where a ripped page from his own explicit journal and a letter written in Lisa's own hand—the predator wondering when she had snuck into his chambers to place this here.

Picking up the letter first, Dracula scanned his eyes down the beautiful, cursive words—Lisa's voice echoing them back to him in her own narrative.

*'Dear Vlad,*

*Next to this letter is the fantasy I wish to recreate for you. You are allowed to be as animalistic as you want with me. Once you catch me; I am yours. But, I shall let you know that this is not a childish game of hide and seek. This is a pursuit, a chase—a hunt—and I am your prize. But I will not be easy for you to claim. By the time you awaken and read this, I will already be hiding somewhere within the castle. Come and find me before some other beast does—you wouldn't want me filled and swollen with someone else's cub, would you?*

*Love,*

*Lisa.'*

Reading this over and over, Vlad's eyes clung to the very last line that Lisa had wrote— a violent surge of possessiveness overwhelming him.

Of course, he knew that no one else was in the castle other than himself and his own minions—who wouldn't dare place a claw, paw, or hand on Lisa.

But, the more primitive, feral part of his brain went wild with rage and jealousy at the idea of someone else mounting and claiming Lisa as the mother to their offspring—*their mate*—

Infuriated by this slim possibility, Dracula growled like the inhuman creature he was and slammed his fist onto his dresser— his punch penetrating through the varnished wood easily.

Realizing his intense strength, Dracula pulled his fist out of the hole he had created and shook what little pain he felt out of his hand— the vampire making a mental note to be wary with his strength.

Sighing, he placed the letter back down on the now broken dresser in exchange for the page ripped from his journal, the vampire re-reading one of his favorite sexual fantasies in which he hunted Lisa down in a deep forest by smell before wrestling her down to the musky earth and forcing his way inside of her beneath the moonlight; Lisa clawing and kicking at him like a wild animal as he viciously pounded into her until he came deep inside her—Dracula taming her with a claim to her womb as she became quiet and made little purrs of happiness, knowing very well that she and the unborn cub now growing inside her belonged to him.

Rumbling happily at this visual, Dracula placed the page from his journal back in its place on his dresser before opening his drawers and slipping on a button up, white shirt and pair of black trousers—the vampire leaving his chambers barefooted and alert as he began his hunt for Lisa, the vampire tracking her faint yet still sweet aroma.

For a while, Dracula prowled the halls of his castle; mindlessly following the scent of a fertile female as he listened intently for footsteps or breathing, the vampire pausing at the entrance to his study.

Hearing the crackling of a fire, he cautiously pushed open the door to reveal the back of his large elegant armchair, his fireplace roaring with flames as he slowly stalked around the chair towards the fireplace; the vampire discovering a sleeping Lisa curled up into a ball at the seat of his armchair in nothing but a white, loose shift—her long blonde hair free of its usual braid and draping over her shoulders beautifully.

Staring at her for a long time, Dracula leered over and watched as her chest rose and fall in a peaceful rhythm—the beast within him trying to decide whether he should bring his sleeping prey back to a bed to be taken, or to awaken her now and arrange for her to be fucked right here in his own armchair.

His heat reaching it's peak, Dracula began to twitch and breath heavily as his hormone ravaged brain conjured up the image of Lisa bouncing on his cock as he struggled to make a decision; Lisa fidgeting in her sleep as her eyes fluttered open— the woman from Lupu awakened.

Eyes widening up at her hunter, Lisa gasped aloud and scrambled to get out of the chair— Dracula reacting to her defiance like a snarling wolf as he lunged at her, Lisa wriggling out of the armchair to the floor.

Struggling to her feet, Lisa then sprinted out of the room as Dracula knocked the chair over in a heat-induced rage before running after her— the predator losing her as he re-entered the hallway.

Whipping around to look for her, Dracula growled and cursed to himself before prowling down the hall once more—her scent torturing him.

Turning a corner, Dracula followed after the trail Lisa had left for him as he focused on the quickening heartbeat he heard within the walls, the vampire attempting to coax her out from hiding as he took slow steps down the hall, the white in his eyes turning black.

“I know you are down here, you little minx...” Dracula cooed out in sickeningly possessive tone, “I can smell you...hear you...and soon, I will *find* you, *fuck* you, and put my cub inside of you...”

Tasting a change in her aroma, Dracula paused in his steps and took in a deep breath, grinning maliciously before continuing to stalk.

“That excites you, doesn’t it? Me, finding you and fucking you...*claiming* you...filling your belly with my festering seed—“

But before he could finish, Lisa had ran out from the shadows of the hallway in a sudden rush of yellow and white as Dracula grabbed her by the ends of her golden hair and tugged—Lisa gasping out in pain as he yanked her behind him and fell to the floor, Dracula chuckling darkly.

Towering over her sprawled form, the vampire waited for Lisa to come to her senses as she looked up at him with widened, fearful eyes before crawling away from her hunter—Dracula backing her into a corner of the hallway with a devilish smile; Lisa hugging her knees against her chest as she sat against the wall, trapped.

Closing in on his captured prey, Dracula knelt down like a beast about to pounce and grabbed at both of her ankles and pulled her towards him; the vampire loosening his grip as he felt her body tremble violently beneath his touch—Lisa looking up at him with a flushed yet nervous expression as she bit at her bottom lip, the smell of her arousal thick in the air.

Releasing her ankles, Dracula brushed his long fingers along her legs as Lisa twitched and gasped a bit at his cold touch—the vampire then slipping his hands up past her shift as he lifted her up into his lap, Lisa shivering against him as he ran his claws down the center of her back; his voice a mere whisper.

“You’re trembling...Tell me, little minx, have you ever been bred before?”

Lisa shuttered in delight as she felt the hand on her back linger further down and grip her ass, his other squeezing her inner thigh and thumbing at her wet cunt as she gave out a choked reply, squirming.

“*Ah*...N-No...I-Im...a virgin...”

Humming aloud at this, Dracula then suddenly slammed Lisa down onto the floor and crawled atop of her while lifting her shift up to reveal to him her naked body—the shift bunching together at her collarbone as Lisa shivered, the vampire purring at what she displayed as he licked a playful stripe across her stomach which would soon be swollen with his baby— his voice deep and rough with lust.

“Then I will savor you, and take you as gently as I can...”

Shuddering aloud at the heat of his tongue, Lisa wriggled beneath him in pleasure as Dracula stilled above her for a moment before leaning down to kiss her— words escaping him against her pink lips.

“I love you, Lisa.”

Taken aback by this gesture, Lisa hesitated as tears of joy brimmed at the corners of her eyes, her fingers curled into the bunched up shift at her collarbone as she smiled up at him, blushing.

“I-I...I love y-you too...”

Tears spilling down her cheeks, Dracula gave his beloved one last soft smile before kissing each of her tears away and nuzzling her; his smile morphing back into that cruel, evil grin as the last of his humanity faded away—the hungry, feral wolf that he kept deep inside of him finally coming out to play with its prey.

# Prize

## Chapter Summary

God this took me forever sorry

## Chapter Notes

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

Finally giving into his instincts, Dracula pulled away from Lisa with a wolf-like grumble as he ran his hands along her beautiful body to examine her for any injuries from other males that attempted to mount her; her warm skin silky and smooth beneath his palms as he sniffed idly for blood or the scent of another male.

Determining she was not injured in anyway, Dracula sat Lisa up and leaned her against his chest as he pulled the shift over her head and off of her shoulders; Lisa shivering as he tossed her shift to the side—goosebumps forming on her skin.

Clinging to his shirt, Dracula lifted Lisa up onto his lap before parting her thighs and slowly nudging a knuckle inside of her still-wet cunt—Lisa gasping aloud at the intrusion.

“*Ah...!* Vlad—!”

Considering the size of Lisa and his cock, Dracula slipped his knuckle in and out of her as he tried to determine whether she was wet enough to take his size, Lisa whimpering loudly as she rutted against him with tears in her eyes; wanting his fingers deeper inside of her despite the pain it may bring.

Dracula growled at this—the vampire removing his knuckle to pin her back down to the stone floor by her wrists, Lisa crying out at this he snarled into her ear; his voice rough and commanding.

“Not now, you wild minx—Be patient, I will fill you soon—“

As punishment, Dracula nipped down at her body as a bitch would her misbehaving pup, Lisa squirming and whining in pleasure at the feeling of teeth against her skin as he stopped to unbutton his shirt; the vampire slowly revealing his bare, grey chest to her.

Muscles rippling beneath his skin, Dracula slipped himself out of his button up shirt and then used the clothing to tie Lisa's wrists together above her head; Lisa staring up in awe at him as she raked her eyes down his torso, drooling a bit.

Now restrained from touching him or herself, Dracula grabbed hold of Lisa's thighs and parted them once more so that he could explore her with his tongue and teeth; Lisa letting out a sweet little yelp as he licked at her clit, moaning.

“Oh *fuck*—! Vlad!”

Grinning smugly at the filthy noises she made, Dracula moved further down and began to mouth at the inner of her thighs—the vampire continuing to rub at her clit with his thumb as he then began to litter her thighs with gentle, sucking bites—Lisa's moans becoming higher in pitch.

She was getting close already.

Sensing her orgasm rising, Dracula raised his head and quickened the circular motion of his thumb against her clit, the vampire staring down at her with a burning red and black gaze as he commanded her with a rumble, his body vibrating with excitement.

“Cum for me, Lisa.”

Obedying him almost instantly, Lisa writhed and threw back her head in a hiccuping, almost gasping groan as she came, her cunt pulsing as she rutted upwards against Dracula's hand; her voice hitching a bit as the vampire licked at the sweat developing on her navel, a grin on his face.

He grumbled happily, her pheromones making his already hardened cock twitch in his trousers.

“Good girl.”

Waiting for her to come down from her orgasm, Dracula watched as Lisa’s entire body stilled in exhaustion as her chest rose with each breath—her blue eyes half-lidded.

She peered at him from where she lay, her blonde hair sticking to her sweaty face.

“V-Vla...Vlad...”

Leaning forward to untie her from her restraint, Dracula removed his shirt from around her wrists and once again sat a shaking Lisa up against the wall, the vampire nuzzling and licking at her face lovingly as he shushed her with a wolf-like purr—her pounding heart slowing at the comforting noise.

Giggling now at the ticklish licks and nuzzles, Dracula pulled away and then slipped his knuckle gently back inside of her—Lisa twitching a bit in discomfort as slick dripped down her thighs, her cunt soaked and sensitive from her orgasm.

Knowing now that she was wet enough, Dracula then removed his knuckle from inside of her and lifted her up by her waist so that her hips connected with his—the vampire pressing his weight against her as he adjusted her legs to hook over his arms, Lisa silently tracing the outline of his abs and pecs with her fingers as he did this.

Utterly fascinated by his cool, marble skin—Lisa continued to touch him unaware as Dracula unbuttoned his trousers and released his already-dripping cock from the confines of his clothing—the vampire letting out a long sigh of relief.



*Finally*, he could fuck her—!

Feeling the head of his hardened cock poking her stomach, Lisa paused in her gentle touches and glanced down at Dracula's member with excitement and fear—the woman from Lupu wondering how something so big was going to fit inside of her.

But before Lisa could ask him any questions, Dracula impatiently lined himself up with Lisa's entrance and then—a bit too eagerly— thrustured himself fully inside of her with a grunt; Lisa squealing aloud at the cold, hard thing now inside her before letting out a pained cry, tears welling in her eyes.

“*Ach—!* Vlad—!”

Legs shaking, Lisa looked down to where the two were fully connected as a thin ring of blood circled the base of Dracula's cock from her now torn hymen—the vampire digging his nails fiercely into the wall as he rested his chin over Lisa's head, a curse escaping his lips.

“Oh *fuck—*“

Enraptured by the tight, wet, and velvety warmth wrapped around his cock—Dracula growled in-between his heavy pants as he tried not to cum right then and there inside of her—Lisa looking up at him rather meekly as the vampire slowly pulled out and then gently pushed back in—Lisa gasping again.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, Lisa clung to him as Dracula began to fuck her up against the wall at a slow, gentle pace—Lisa purring contently with each thrust as she made a cute little humming noise against his ear, Dracula causing her to moan when he hit just the right spot inside of her.

Pleased by her noises, Dracula growled against her neck and began to quicken his pace as he continued to hit against that specific spot within her—his voice low and raspy with arousal and possessiveness.

“Such a good girl...all soaked and tight for me...and such *pretty* sounds you make...”

Thrusting faster at this, Lisa only moaned louder as the two soon began to sweat profusely, their scents mingling together into one as Dracula continued, high on her pheromones.

“Tell me little minx, do you feel empty without my hot seed festering inside of you? Without my cub, curled inside your womb?”

Lisa dug her nails into his skin, her voice filled with need as she answered dizzily inbetween her mewls of delight—her heart pounding in her ears.

“*Ah...A-Ah...!* Yes...e-empty...so very empty! Please, Vlad...fill me...fill me with your seed, and let me bear your cub...Please, I beg of you—!”

Hearing this, Dracula gritted his teeth and twisted his hips as he pounded into her —Lisa hitting the back of her head against the wall as she cried out in pain and pleasure; Dracula snarling into her ear.

“*Then beg.*”

Obedying the vampire’s wishes, Lisa babbled out a string of pleas and begs for Dracula to spill his seed inside of her as he viciously fucked her while she chanted his name, tears staining her cheeks as he finally reached his much awaited climax—a in-human roar escaping him.

“***FUCK!***”

Raking his claws down the stone wall, Dracula came deep inside of Lisa as he pumped her fertile body full of his hot cum—his cock aching with each pulse as Lisa came as well—her cunt squeezing around him as her body milked him of his seed.

Panting and sweating heavily, Dracula continued to thrust into Lisa until his intense orgasm faded away—the vampire trembling and whimpering as his cock eventually stopped pulsing; Lisa looking up at him worriedly.

“V-Vlad...?”

Not answering her, Dracula slipped himself out of Lisa and then shakily unhooked her legs over his arms before placing her carefully back down to the ground as he bowed his head, bloody tears dripping down his cheeks.

“L-Lisa...I...I...I’m sorry...I’m *so* sorry...for all of those perverse, horrid things I said to you...for how I treated you so roughly...I—“

Lisa shushed him with a smile as she raised her hands to his face, her fingers wiping away the blood.

“It’s okay, love. I enjoyed it, *thoroughly*.”

Standing upon her tip-toes, Lisa then pressed a soft kiss to his jaw and hugged him as Dracula held her against him—the vampire still sniffing as the soon-to-be mother of his cub comforted him; the animal inside of him finally satisfied.

## Chapter End Notes

Ahhh the ending sucks but I tried. Please be nice this is the first nsfw i have ever made :(

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