Reborn

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1032.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Hotel Transylvania (2012)
Relationship:	Dracula (Hotel Transylvania)/Ericka Van Helsing
Characters:	Dracula (Hotel Transylvania), Ericka Van Helsing, Martha Lubov Dracula, Mavis Dracula, Abraham Van Helsing, Wayne Werewolf (Hotel Transylvania), Wanda Werewolf (Hotel Transylvania), Frankenstein (Hotel Transylvania), Murray (Hotel Transylvania), Griffin (Hotel Transylvania)
Additional Tags:	Love, Mystery, Reincarnation, Alternate Universe, Eventual Smut, Other Additional Tags To Be Added
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 15,405 Chapters: 8/8

Reborn

by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

Ericka Van Helsing has one goal - kill Count Dracula. But upon boarding the cruise, the hatred she thought she would harbor against the vampire doesn’t truly exist within her. More strange happenings occur - nightmares and visions - that plague her mind all while trying to stay true to her mission. But is there a deeper meaning behind it all? And how does the vampire play into it?

Slight AU of Hotel Transylvania 3 based on a fantheory. Rating for later chapters

Chapter 1: First Meeting

Chapter Summary

Ericka meets Dracula for the first time and is taken aback

"Ahoy there! Welcome aboard! Bienvenido! Hello!"

Ericka went on to greet every newcomer on the ship in the same mechanical fashion. As the captain of the all-monster cruise that *The Legacy* was hosting, she had to build her trust with the beasts by behaving cordially. In truth, none of them deserved to be treated kindly. They were all disgusting beings capable of horrific acts. The brutish hands of Frankenstein could strangle anybody. The huge foot of Bigfoot could crush anyone underneath it. The sharp teeth of the werewolves could tear out anybody's throat…

And then she saw *him* . The monster her great-grandfather wanted her go after specifically. The one for whom this cruise was being conducted for.

Count Dracula.

He was easily recognizable with his sleek black hair and dark outfit. His pale completion stood out amongst all the other colorful monsters on board. She got closer to him, walking toward him with confident strides.

"So," she said, "you must be the one and *only* Count Dracula…"

She smiled falsely at him and then paused when she got a better look at him. The contours of his face were so perfectly carved, annunciating the sharp jaw line that defined his features. There wasn't even an imperfection on his skin - no scratches, no wrinkles - flawless. And those deep blue eyes, like obsidian orbs, staring at her with - could it be? - adoration? Whatever it was, it made her completely forget what she was going to say to him. Instead, it came out as "Woo-bee doo ba dee?"

Dracula's eyes furrowed in confusion. "Dula-day, shoola-koobie day?" he responded.

Attempting to recover from her momentary lapse in composure, she chuckled. "Oh! You're speaking Transylvanian!" she said, knowing full well that it was not a real language. Then she repeated what he said as best as she could. "Doobie-day shula koobie day."

Dracula kept garbling nonsensical gibberish. "Koobieday!"

"Koobieday?"

"Koobieday!"

“Dooladay shu la koobie day,” he breathed, drooling a little.

Ericka continued to repeat. “Dooladay shula koobieday.” She giggled and tucked an imaginary strand of hair behind her ear. “It’s such a romantic language. There’s just something about an accent that makes a man sound so intelligent…” A part of her nearly believed it herself - the way he rolled his syllables in his mouth as he enunciated the words was so captivating. But she shook off the thought and prevented herself from blushing.

Dracula couldn’t hold back his blush, however, as he responded with a “Aliboo-boo!”

Frankenstein stepped in and grabbed the man by his shoulders, drawing him away. “That’s Transylvanian right there. He’s saying, ‘It was nice to meet you.’” The monster dragged the vampire away before he could embarrass himself even more. She was grateful too, since she didn’t wish to risk embarrassing herself either.

“Aliboo-boo to you as well!” she called out politely. As soon as Frank and Drac rounded the corner, she quickly walked away from her spot on the deck, scattering welcomes to passers by and making sure none of them saw her blushing face.

Ericka gathered her thoughts as she snuck into a secret passage in the wall of the cruise ship. She did not understand what had happened. The internal defenses she had up against Dracula had seemed to crash down in an instant. Why had the vampire seemed so… delightful? She would have thought that meeting him would have only sparked her anger against him even more. But this wasn't so. Before she knew it, she had slid down the firepole deeper inside the ship, opened the heavy door of the chamber, and was back in her great-grandfather’s lair.

"Ericka!" he called. "Did you see him?”

She nodded. "Yes, face-to-face! Pale-faced. Fanged. *Adorable* ."

Van Helsing spun around. "What?" he barked.

"I mean, *deplorable* is what I said," Ericka quickly covered up.

“Indeed…” he agreed. “I remember the day, that *fateful* night that I learned that a human could never defeat that foul beast. *But* I would *not* let our family legacy die!”

Ericka rolled her eyes and kept her arms firmly crossed as he spoke. She’d heard this little speech plenty of times before, and was forced to listen again about how he had searched endlessly for an answer to his problem, and came across the image of a powerful instrument of destruction that was lost at sea in Atlantis. Given that he was a half cy-borg now - his living organs needing to be replaced with technology in order to keep him alive for so much longer than would have been his lifespan - it was up to her to assist him in the plan that would destroy all monsters.

“.... and after a hundred and twenty years,” he continued, concluding, “I have finally found Atlantis…”

“Forget about all this!” she exclaimed, interrupting him before he could go any further. “Let me get rid of Dracula *right* now! I was so close, I could have just - “

“NO, NO, NO, NO!” he cried. “We *have* to stick to the plan! Lure the monsters to Atlantis, retrieve the instrument of destruction, and then trap them there to wipe them out.” He looked at her sternly after that. “Now, promise me that you won’t try and kill Dracula.”

She scoffed. “ *Fine* . I promise.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Promise what?”

She scowled further and spoke in a sarcastic tone. “I promise I won’t ‘try and kill Dracula,’ *okay* ?”

But he did not respond. She peered down at him and found that he had fallen fast asleep, the gauge on his mechanical body turned to the NAP TIME reading. She smiled and spoke sweetly to his sleeping figure. “Don’t worry great-grandfather… I won’t *try* and kill Dracula… I *will* kill him.”

Chapter 2: Under the Surface

Chapter Summary

Ericka attempts to get rid of Dracula, but things go unsuccessful

By the time Ericka had trotted back upstairs of the ship's secret chamber and exited out onto the deck, she had reigned in her emotions and came to the conclusion that Dracula had used some sort of hypnotic power to make her feel distracted by him.

She caught sight of the vampire a short distance away, completely oblivious to his surroundings as he strolled along happily throughout the ship's deck with a swoon-like smile on his face. Then, she saw there was an emergency flare on the wall nearby and got an idea.

As she took down the flare and fired, the Blob monster had joined Drac in his strut, and took the shot instead. Because of his Jell-O like composition, the flare exploding inside him did not do anything to harm the monster. He hardly noticed.

Next, Ericka tried to cut loose the ties of a lifeboat so that it could fall atop of Dracula's head. This failed to work as well, however, because Drac danced himself out of the way and it fell on top of Blobby once again.

When this didn't work, Ericka tried operating a crane that was lifting supplies throughout the boat. She swung the crane and its heavy supplies in hopes to hit Drac, but it was the Blob who was careened off of the ship instead. The vampire had distracted himself with the sight of dolphins leaping in the ocean some distance away from the ship.

Ericka grew even more frustrated at the sight of the Blob somehow bouncing back onto the ship and continuing the dance with Drac, as if nothing at all had happened. This was an embarrassment! Three opportunities to eliminate Dracula, or at least hurt him, and none of them had worked!

She observed with a scowl on her face as the Count joined his friends in the pool area and began some form of monster-volleyball game. Then, an idea came to her head, and she grinned a menacing grin.

As the last round of the ball game was happening, she called attention to everyone who was on deck using a microphone.

"Hey there, monsters!"

Immediately everyone perked an ear and listened.

“We’re arriving at our first destination - the underwater volcano! Everyone, grab your scuba gear and get ready to explore the wonders of the sea!”

Then, looking particularly at Drac, she added, “especially *you* - Count Dracula…”

The man’s face lit in surprise, then he seemed to shrink under her flirty gaze.

Deep-sea diving was not really Ericka’s idea of fun, but it sure was for the monsters. For her, it would make the task of eliminating Dracula all the more challenging. She didn’t have as much mobility, due to wanting to remain inside her fish-shaped submarine, and maneuvering her way in the water had to be done more carefully.

The monsters however, didn’t seem to pay any mind, and were busy exploring various sights in the reef, mainly the lava pools and marine life that were around.

She spotted the vampire she was after and pedaled her sub toward him. He was with who looked to be his grandson, a small red-headed little boy, and the two were riding around atop a great white shark like it was a horse. The pair dismounted a short time later, joined by a small werewolf pup, the vampire’s daughter, and his son-in-law. All of them looked to be having fun, mimicking seahorse movements and swimming along together.

From within her submarine, Ericka couldn’t help but feel a little enamored by the sight. It really was adorable to see such a strong bond between them. Suddenly, she felt as though some sort of memory came to mind. She was standing, stock-still within some sort of studio. She could see an unusual man with a sort of hunched back sitting about ten or so feet away, working on what looked to be a painting - or a portrait perhaps, given how he kept glancing up at her and back down. He glanced to the side in one of those instances, as if referencing another figure, and that’s when she became aware of a hand along the small of her back. She peeked sideways and was stunned to see Dracula next to her. He gave a sideways glance to her, lips upturning in a small kind smile. His eyes then peeked down to her arms, and she curiously looked down to see what was there that caught his interest. With surprise, she saw that it was an infant.

Gasping, Ericka was flung out of the memory as her thumb had involuntarily triggered the release of the submarine’s harpoons, shooting themselves directly at Drac. They zipped by, but missed the vampire entirely, hitting the backs of some passing manta rays instead. Hundreds of fish swam by in the next instant, leading the monsters' gaze to travel toward Ericka’s fish-submarine. She tried to steer it away in time, but Dracula grabbed hold of the tail and gestured for his daughter to snap a picture of him with it.

Hoping not to blow her cover, Ericka breathed in a huge gulp of air and escaped quickly back toward the cruise ship from the submarine’s escape hatch.

Ericka was walking by, dry, and back on the deck a little shortly after the whole underwater escapade. She was confused, if anything, by the strange sight that crossed her mind in that one instance underwater and couldn’t make sense of it. It felt like a memory, but again it didn’t. A portrait with Dracula and an infant child was some kind of fever dream that just

randomly felt like something that her mind decided to conjure up just for kicks. It wasn't funny to her, however.

Voices around the corner caught Ericka’s attention.

“So, Drac, are you going to make a move on the captain?”

Someone was talking about her and Dracula. Interested, she stopped to listen, finding that Dracula was involved in this conversation, and that his friends were trying to get him to go on a date with her. She didn’t really want it at first, but then thought of it in a different light. That would be *perfect* . It was a chance to have Dracula all alone without really raising any eyebrows.

She made her presence known to the monsters, and their faces lit up. “Okay, Drac,” the invisible man whispered, “now’s your chance!”

He shoved the vampire in front of her. The Count took a second to start speaking, but when he did, it was rather unusual what he said.

“YOUR-DELICIOUS-NECK-WRAPPINGS-ARE-IN-A-NICE-COFFIN-WOULD-YOU-LIKE-TO-SEE-MY-PARTS?!”

The monsters raised their eyebrows in surprise at the strange gibberish, but it unfazed Ericka, other than the giggle that wanted to come out of her. As much as she hated to admit it, he was goofy in a charming sort of way.

“Yes, I’d love to go out with you.”

Dracula was stunned. He couldn’t believe her response. “What?” he asked.

“Cantina at midnight. Don’t be late,” Ericka said coolly, and then left him before her own excitement could show through.

Chapter 3: The Date

Chapter Summary

Ericka and Dracula go on a date, the former garnering more and more confused feelings towards the latter

The first thing she registers is the smoke.

Smoke, with its acrid scent that stings at her nose and makes her choke. It engulfs part of the room in thick, cloudy plumes. She takes a few steps back in instinct, surprise and confusion gripping at her. Thankfully, she isn't alone. The shape of a man becomes apparent as it reaches her and stands by her side in a protective manner. Her eyes widen when she sees who it is.

It's Dracula!

But, from the look of it, he himself didn't look to be the danger in this situation. He wore an expression of worry as he looked from her to the bundle she was holding.

She looked down at her arms, surprised to find that the bundle was actually a child - the same child she had seen in the dream-like vision that had crossed her mind when trying to eliminate Dracula under the sea. Something within her told her that it was hers, despite the fact that she didn't look much like her at all, and the paternal concern that was in Dracula's eyes told her that it was his too. She shook her head in shock - a child with Dracula? She took a closer look at the baby's features. It was clear that her father had the upper hand when it came to genetics - the dark, jet black hair stood in wispy tufts atop the girl's head, her eyes glimmering with the same blue irises. All in all, the baby was beautiful. Who knew the Lord of Darkness could bear such an adorable descendant.

But her attention on the baby was drawn away when the reason for the fear became apparent. Aside from the smoke, there was a chorus of angry shouting from outside. A mob had converged outside the building, with dozens of men and women with torches and pitchforks. Several managed to break open the glass windows from downstairs and throw the flame-lit torches inside. The fire began to spread more rapidly, with the flames reaching into the room, burning down the beams from the ceiling and alighting the curtains. Fear began to grip at her more fiercely than ever as the shouts of the angry mob on the outside rose up louder and more aggravated. Dracula seemed to know that there were critical matters at hand as well. There was a certain sense of urgency in his eyes. She looked back up at him as he caressed his cool hand on her cheek.

"Go, hide," he whispered, a hint of urgency present in his tone. He gestured outside the window where the angry mob was. "I'll take care of this."

There was worry in his eyes, but he gave her a reassuring squeeze on the hand. She nodded, trusting him to protect her from the danger, and, slowly, their fingertips gently brushed away from each other.

He took off down the fiery staircase whilst she, clutching the baby in her arms, began to back away from the windows and doing her best to avert any flaming furniture. She could faintly hear Dracula down below attempting to calm the rioting crowd, explaining that he was not a threat. She did not hear the rest, however, when a figure suddenly burst into the room, a sharp wooden stake in hand.

He looked fiercely at her, a furious expression on his face. "Vampire!" He hissed, raising the weapon.

Vampire?

Within a second the figure had reached her and an agonizing pain shot through her chest. She cried out in terror, legs collapsing beneath her as she struggled to breathe. She registered the flames licking ever more closely than ever, saw the figure retreat from the room and felt a warm pool of blood seep through her clothes in dark crimson streams. Frantic footsteps raced up the stairs and a new figure leaned over her - the one of Drac.

She barely caught a glimpse of him through her bleary, fading vision as he kneeled beside her, cradling her body to him as violent sobs seized him.

Then all was silent.

Ericka jolted awake, heart racing, and body trembling. For a moment she couldn't seem to get her breath; she stared at the ceiling above, trying to catch her breath as she remembered where she was. The walls of her room. The clock on the nightstand seemed to click in sync with her beating heart. She turned to look at it. It was eleven thirty. She was expected for a date at precisely midnight, as she had suggested, and she couldn’t be late. Swinging herself out of the cot, she stretched her limbs and prepared to do herself up, ignoring the small feeling inside her that hoped he would find her appealing.

Aboard the ship, in the cantina, there was a romantically lit restaurant. The ship’s fish crew members played music in a mariachi band and assisted in serving drinks.

Entering from opposite ends of the restaurant, Ericka and Dracula approached each other. She wore a simple jumpsuit-type outfit that was white and had sunflower patterns on it. Drac had a dark orange-and-black Hawaiian shirt with a simple pair of white slacks. He smiled as she approached.

“You look *ravishing* ,” he complimented.

“Oh!” Ericka said with a blush as she adjusted the sunflower floret that was behind her ear. "Thank you."

In a gentlemanly fashion, Dracula used his magic to pull out a chair for her and then make her comfortable. They sat in a short silence for a moment, Drac's suave smile turning into a more nervous expression as he now came to the realization that he finally had Ericka to himself. How should he break the ice?

Clearing his throat, he began. "So… eh… does Captain Ericka have a last name?"

Ericka suddenly became nervous. *Last name? Of all questions, a last name?* She blurted out the first things she saw as a fish waiter brought over their food. "Guacamole!"

Dracula raised an eyebrow. "Ericka Guacamole?" he said, considering the name aloud. "That's so… international."

"No," she giggled. "It's guacamole for us to share." And now it was time to make her move. Distracting Drac, she called attention to the full moon. He turned around, and for the moment that he sat considering the moon in the sky, she poured an entire bottle of concentrated garlic oil in the guac. It should be able to do the trick, after all, since her great-grandfather had taught her that all vampires are supposed to be intolerable to garlic.

"Mmmm," she hummed as he turned around to face her again. "The food here is to *die* for." Taking a chip from the basket, she dunked it in the guacamole and fed it to him. He hummed in contentment at the flavor, and before he could say anything she shoved two, four, seven more guac-loaded chips straight down his throat. The vampire's mouth was loaded, nearly choking as he chewed it up and swallowed it all down.

"Holy moly… that was a lot of guacamole!" Drac said jokingly.

Ericka stared at him, trying to hide her confusion. Wasn't he supposed to be sick by now? "Are you… feeling alright?"

Dracula nodded. "Totally fine. Why?"

"Oh, no reason," she said, brushing it off.

Just then, a strange feeling *did* begin to grip at Drac. Waves of discomfort swarmed in his stomach in an uncomfortable manner and he clutched at his abdomen in slight pain.

"Ohhh," he groaned. "There, uh, must have been *garlic* in the guacamole…"

Ericka's eyes lit up. "Is that *deadly* for you?"

"No, no, no…" Drac tried to reassure through gritted teeth and struggling with words. "It's just… I'm… garlic… *intolerant* …"

With that, a sort of gas began to concentrate in his stomach, and then he let out a loud toot that was accompanied by a rather atrocious smell. Ericka blinked rapidly as she registered what just happened. A red flush crept into Dracula's cheeks and he smiled awkwardly. "Eh heh… was that *you* ?"

Ericka rolled her eyes, turned away from him, and put her head on her arm with an angry pout. *That* didn't work. How was she supposed to get rid of him now? As she thought through some other ideas, Dracula's accented voice timidly broke through the thick silence that had formed between them.

"Please forgive me," he said. "I'm just very nervous. You see, I haven't had a date since… well, since my wife died." He paused awkwardly and looked down.

Wife? This captured Ericka's attention. Something suddenly came to her mind - the girl from the dream… her dark hair and blue eyes that resemble her father's. Was she the same girl that had accompanied him now on the ship? "Your daughter… she wouldn't happened to have been a baby when that happened… would she?" Ericka asked tentatively.

Dracula turned back to look at her with wide, surprised eyes. "Yes…" he began. "How did you know?"

How *did* she know? "Oh… uh… you made it sound as though it was a long time ago. But then again, I guess a long time ago for humans may not be the same for a long time ago for vampires."

Dracula shrugged. "Yeah, I guess," he agreed. "But yes, I do consider it a long time ago. It was a challenge to be a single dad, but…" he sighed, "I did the best I could for my Mavis."

Ericka felt pity towards the man. For the girl to not have grown up with a mother was a similar situation to what she herself had experienced. "I never knew my mother," she admitted. "Or my father."

"Oh! I'm so sorry to hear that," Drac said concerned. "Who raised you?"

"My great-grandfather. I grew up on this ship." There was some regret laced into her tone, but she swallowed it down. She did not want to get too vulnerable in front of the vampire.

"That's why you're a captain," he responded, processing the story she was telling.

Ericka nodded. "Yeah. It's all that I've ever really known. It was something that was expected… a family thing."

"I understand," Drac said. "Family is everything. We all have to honor the past. But… we make our own *future* ."

His words continued to affect her, as though she were in a therapeutic session rather than on a date. Captaining *The Legacy* , as comforting as it had been, was something she didn't want to be stuck doing her whole life. She wanted to make her future, and he really seemed to understand that in a way that her great-grandfather had deprived her of.

Then a bizarre thought entered her head - could she make a future with Dracula? Could they be… *together* ? She flushed at the thought of his strong arms around her waist, and her arms around his neck, simply holding each other. It would feel so right, so natural. She assumed he

must have been having similar thoughts by the look on his face. His eyes flitted from her lips to her eyes and back to her lips before he closed them and continued to lean in.

Her heart fluttered as she found herself leaning in as well, wanting him to close the gap faster than the pace he was going at.

And then, the thought of her great-grandfather flashed into her mind. The legacy, the purpose of the cruise, her mission…

And she pulled away in an instant with a gasp at her own actions.

Dracula opened his eyes and stared at her with confusion.

She shook her head and began to stand up. “I-I’m sorry… this is a bad idea. I have to go.”

Dracula rose up from his seat taking a couple of paces to her. “Ericka… wait, did I do something wrong? I’m so sorry, if I did, I - “

“No,” Ericka interrupted. “Just… I…” But words failed her, and she quickly turned heel and left, leaving the vampire alone with his perplexed thoughts.

Stars dotted the sky above. A full moon shone brightly overhead as she sat across from Drac, a bowl of food between them. She had assumed it was guacamole, but upon closer inspection, she saw that it was some sort of paste with what looked to be cockroaches mixed in with it. It doesn’t seem to faze her however, and she willingly accepts the treat with a content munch as he feeds her. Taking a swig of some rich, red substance in a chalice next to her, she watches him carefully. His face is slightly illuminated by the light of the candles scattered around the small table they are sitting at. His eyes, wide and dilated, look at her with such enthrallment, as if she's the only woman in the world.

"Is there something you want?" she asks teasingly. He seems to be shaken out of his daze and he looks at her with a blush.

"M-me? Oh! N-nothing..." he stammers. The blush on his cheeks grows darker and she giggles and looks up at him with hooded eyes.

"Well... there's something I want..." she replies coyly, causing him to tense up.

She begins to lean forward, slowly closing in on him until their mouths meet.

He tasted sweet, like honey, and his lips were incredibly soft and pillowy, providing the perfect cushion to press against as she kissed him.

He doesn't react at first, too stunned to even do anything at first, but then he melts into the kiss, his hand cradling the back of her head. They pull apart after what seems like hours and they are both breathing heavily. She smiles shyly at him and he returns it, still dazed and completely flustered.

"That was... um... nice." he mutters quietly and she nods, leaning up close to his face again.

"I agree," she murmurs softly before leaning in once more...

But before the gap was closed, she was abruptly cast out of her daydream by the sound of two rambunctious werewolves skidding their way across the deck around her. They paid her no mind, but even the sight of the couple so happy together saddened Ericka's mood even further. Why couldn't *she* have that with Dracula? Why couldn't she feel those soft lips on her in real life? The answer? Because she was a Van Helsing. A monster-hunter who was supposed to *hate* Dracula.

With a sigh, she continued walking along the deck as she had been for the past few hours, head hung low and shoulders slumped. The date had gone off in ways she hadn't expected. Her feelings were beginning to stir in ways that she had never felt with anyone before. Could it be - dare she think it - *love* ?

"ERICKA!"

Ericka leaps back in surprise as her great-grandfather's head suddenly bursts out of one of the ship's ventilation pipes. He did not look pleased.

"Where have you been, young lady?"

Ericka shrugged and tried not to look nervous. "Oh, just doing work stuff…"

Van Helsing looks skeptical though as he looks at her sunflower-patterned romper. "Wearing *that* ? You were with *him* ! I know it!"

Oh no . "What? With who?"

He doesn't buy into the act. " *Who?* You know who! You have been sneaking around my back and trying to kill Dracula again, haven't you?"

"So *what* if I have!" she explodes. "I am a GROWN woman! I have a right to kill whoever I want."

Van Helsing shook his head. "But it's not just about you. You could have ruined the legacy. What if he discovered who you *really* were?"

Ericka sighed and clutched at her head. This legacy was driving her up the wall, and her confused feelings toward Dracula were of no help either. "I know! I wasn't thinking… there's just something about him that drives me crazy! I just see him, and I want to - "

"Punch him?" her great-grandfather suggested.

"I guess…" she answered tentatively. "I just can't wait to get this over with!" That, however, wasn't the whole truth. But she couldn't tell him the whole truth. Her great-grandfather made certain to hammer in how she shouldn't be interested in having a relationship. He would go mad if she told him that Dracula of all people had potentially caught her eye.

"Don't worry," he said, "it won't be long now. Once you recover the instrument of destruction, no one can stop us… not even Dracula!"

The werewolves then burst around the corner after making another round of the ship. They stopped abruptly when they saw her and Van Helsing, not sure what to make of the situation. But Van Helsing reacted quickly.

“Spies!” he cried, blowing tranquilizing darts at the two. The wolves fell upon the deck, unconscious, as Van Helsing ordered Ericka to bring the pair along with her to hide them. They went below to the secret chamber and stuffed the werewolf couple inside a closet and out of sight. The secret of Ericka’s identity was safe once more.

For now.

Chapter 4: My Zing Part I

Chapter Summary

Ericka learns that Dracula has zinged with her

Chapter Notes

brief mature content near the end of chapter

Atlantis was no longer the abandoned city that was thought to be lost in history. Instead, it was a jostling place that arose from the sea as a rocking casino. The enormous Kraken that inhabited the reef around it had risen out of the water and sang a smooth tune for the visiting monsters. They cheered happily and took to the games and activities that the place had to offer.

Nobody, or at least she *thought* nobody noticed, as Ericka crept behind the curtain that held a construction area. A curious man in black followed behind her, and he was followed by his daughter.

Ericka made her way through the abandoned cavern with ease. She had studied her great-grandfather's mapping, and knew just which ways to go. She crawled through a stone passageway, dove in through a deep pool, and emerged to a set of abandoned stairs where, at the top, stood the large hand of a stone statue that held the instrument of destruction pinched between the fingers. In her eagerness to grab the item, she didn't think twice about stepping onto the platform. An ugly surprise came to her when an ax flung its way out of the side wall toward her, making her realize the mistake too late. She cringed and closed her eyes as she prepared to feel it collide, but the sensation did not come. Ericka opened one eye, and then the other, to find that the weapon had been flung away by Count Dracula.

"You… you saved my *life*," she breathed, still a little shaken.

He shrugged. "Of course. Why wouldn't I?"

"Well, um… I just can't believe that you would do that for a *human*," she admitted.

"Humans, monsters, what's the difference?" he prompted.

Ericka looked down, a little ashamed. "Yeah… right." Then she thought of something else. "Wait… what are you doing here?"

Dracula got nervous. “Oh, well… um… vampires can predict the future! Yes, um, I knew that you would need my help!”

She easily saw the lie, but she allowed the explanation, if only to see how easily flustered he was around her. “Huh. I never heard *that* one before.”

“Oh, yes, yes. It’s a well-known fact.” Then he changed the subject. “What are you doing here.”

Ericka was now the one getting nervous. “Me? Oh, I um, I’m here to get *that* ,” she said, pointing to the stony device atop the statue. “It’s a family heirloom that was lost at sea, and my great-grandfather is - *was* - really hoping to get it back. So… anywho…” she began to walk away from Dracula. “Thanks for saving my life, but I think I’ve got it from here - “

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she had found out that she stepped wrong again, and another ax flew toward her. Dracula stopped this one just as easily. Ericka chuckled in embarrassment. “I have to be a little more careful,” she admitted. “How many times can you save my life?”

Dracula shrugged, and playfully replied. “I don’t know… every time?”

Ericka smirked. “Oh really? How about you prove it!”

She leaped out onto the stairway and began to make her way up, pressing down the fear of being burned alive, axed in the head, speared to death, or crushed to a pulp by boulders. As Drac had said, he came through every time, gracefully helping her dodge the obstacles, pressing her near his body like a security blanket and making every fiber of her being tingle with adrenaline. It was exhilarating, and terrifyingly thrilling at the same time. They soared up the last of stairs together, Ericka landing a ballet-like leap directly in front of the hand statue. She breathed heavily and turned back around to face him. “ *That* was incredible!”

He simply stared back at her with an expression of wonder, mystification, and it touched her to see him look at her like she was an angel or a goddess. She wanted him to see that for him, she *could* be. Ericka prepared herself to stand on her tiptoes and pucker her lips, but his voice speaking at that moment broke the thought away.

“Aren’t you going to go get your family heirloom thingy?”

She blushed at having nearly forgotten all about it. “Oh, right!”

As easily as a lizard, she crawled her way up and plucked the object from its place on the statue. “Got it!”

The instant she assured him, the whole platform began to start shaking violently. Stones from above began to rain down. Ericka could only stare upward at it in a state of frozen panic.

Thankfully, Dracula did not delay. He turned on his superspeed and swept her up, just before she was going to be crushed by the falling debris. As the room collapsed around them, he

swept them both away the way that they had come, across the stairs, back into the pool, and out the other end to the sandy shoreside of the cavern.

It took a moment for either one of them to recompose themselves, but when they did, laughter broke out among Dracula and Ericka. Another crazy escape and certain death evaded. *All thanks to this wonderful man* , Ericka thought silently. Seeing the ax that was still lodged to his head, Ericka offered to remove it. As she tried to tug it, however, a new presence made itself known.

“Dad!”

It was Dracula’s daughter, Mavis. She looked at the arrows that were littered on her father’s body and looked to Ericka with hatred. “What are you doing to my father?!” she demanded, and enveloping her with magic, lifted Ericka into the air.

Dracula quickly rose to her defense. “Mavis, stop! Put her down!”

But Mavis refused. “She’s trying to hurt you, Dad. Why can’t you see that?”

The vampire faltered. “Because… because… I-I… zinged.”

Mavis finally paused at this and lost her magical hold on Ericka. She fell to the ground with a thump. “What?”

Dracula nodded. “I zinged, with Ericka.”

The girl shook her head. “No, that’s not possible. You only zing once.”

“That’s what I thought too,” he responded glumly.

Hearing all of this, and approaching them,, Ericka was confused. “Zing? What’s that?”

Dracula stepped forth and explained. “It’s a thing for monsters… sort of like our love at first sight.”

Ericka’s eyes widened as a mix of emotions went through her. Dracula loved her. *Dracula* loved *her* ! He had loved her since the beginning of the cruise trip. It was an amazing thing to hear. But on the other hand, it was a terrible thing to hear. He couldn’t love her - she was the enemy. “Wh-what? No, no, no…” she tried to contradict. “You don’t even *know* me…”

“Well, not yet,” Dracula agreed, “but we could…”

“No, no please, you don’t understand…” she interrupted with more persistence.

“But Ericka…”

“NO!”

She turned away, averting her gaze and rubbing her hands up and down her arms to try and reel in her nerves. The beginnings of tears were starting to form in her eyes, and the last thing

she wanted to do was break down in front of him and his daughter. Dracula came forth however, and carefully touching her arm brought her back around to face him.

"Ericka," he whispered, and the way he said her name made her want to melt. His hand gently caressed her cheek in a soothing type of manner, his gaze shifting between her eyes and her lips as he leaned in, his purpose all that clear as it was when he leaned into her on their date.

Only this time, she allowed him to follow through with his intentions.

It was a light kiss, a simple brush of lips against lips that was shy. He pulled away for a brief moment, but the clutch of her own fingers against his shirt brought him in for another. This one was far more tender, if possible, and he kissed back with a gentleness that almost made her want to cry.

When they eventually parted, she felt breathless, her eyes still stinging from the tears of frustration that had formed in her eyes moments ago. Frustration at the simple fact that she was not supposed to love the man in front of her right now, and frustration at herself for being unable to determine why she did. As she attempted to gather her thoughts, he had leaned in and captured her lips again. She allowed the sweet pressure and the euphoric sensation that came along with it to overtake her for a moment more before she gently began to push him away.

"N-no," she muffled against his mouth, and as she broke their kiss he opened his eyes. Her cheeks were flushed and she could feel those persistent tears continue to well in her eyes and threatening to spill over at any moment. Taking a shaky breath, she willed her composure back under control and tried desperately to ignore the pleading look in his eyes. "I can't do this," she whispered. Removing herself from him completely, ignoring his broken-hearted look and the dumbfounded one that his daughter wore, she grabbed the pack she'd brought along with her from the sand and quickly made her way out of the cavern.

It was back in the safety of the secret chamber that she finally did allow herself to cry.

A gentle hand glided across her cheek, smoothing back a stray wisp of hair that had shielded part of her eye. She peered directly into his soft blue eyes, his face so close to hers that she could feel the soft puffs of breath against her mouth. She can sense some hesitancy from him, but she does not want him to stop.

"Kiss me," she implores, softly, gently pressing her body up and onto her tiptoes to make it easier for him to lean in.

He stills for a moment before leaning down and closing the gap with a gentle, almost featherlight brush. But the light contact isn't enough. With a rush of desire, she gasps out and presses harder against his lips, desperate to feel more. Thankfully, he obliged to her wishes and, parting his lips slightly, deepened the kiss . She moans into his mouth and tries not to let out a whimper of pleasure when his tongue slips into her mouth, exploring and tasting. His hands in the meantime reach behind her and begin to unzip the flowery-patterned dress she

had on. It slides off easily and onto the sandy ground without so much as a sound. He pulls away for a second, his eyes roaming her exposed, bare figure with a sort of lust.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispers.

She smiles and lays herself down on the sand, legs spread open in a teasing fashion as he makes quick work of discarding his articles of clothing. His body is like that of a Greek statue, with lean muscles and flawless skin. She runs a hand through his soft black hair, kissing him once as he positions himself between her thighs.

A pressure overtakes her core as he pushes himself inside her, filling every inch of her with his member. Delightful moans escape her as he thrusts himself, hard and slow, taking her completely as she clings to him and thrusts her hips back up to meet his. A string of encouraging murmurs falls from her lips as he continues to bestow the pleasure on her body.

"Drac… yes, oh yes… p-please, harder… OH!"

The man responds eagerly to her, driving in and out, pounding deep into her as his own orgasm took over. He spills his release with a passionate roar, but the name he cried out into the thick night air was not hers.

"MARTHA!"

Ericka jolts awake in the next moment, frightened and confused. The dream had felt all too real, like the ones she had been having during the cruise so far. And more and more did her desire grow for the vampire. With a glance to the dresser, she took note of the time. It was only a half hour until the Atlantis party. A half hour until she and her great-grandfather would decimate all of monster-kind that was on board *The Legacy* . A half hour until the immortal Count Dracula was finally killed. A part of her was grateful that she had kissed him when she did, because shortly, there would be no other opportunity to.

It’s an awful thought, but she suppresses the feelings. Her great-grandfather would certainly be up from his nap shortly, and he would want her to prepare for the main event. Forcing herself out of the cot, she swung her legs over and strolled toward the vanity. Some of the makeup had been distorted due to the crying, but she easily fixed it with a few simple adjustments. She looked much better now that she saw herself in the vanity mirror. Her great-grandfather would certainly want her to look her best when she revealed herself to everyone as a Van Helsing. Glancing at the poster of Dracula on the wall, she strolled up to it with a pit of sadness and very quickly planted a chaste kiss on the paper, whispering one last apology before she went off.

“I’m so sorry…”

Chapter 5: My Zing Part II

Chapter Summary

Ericka makes a decision as the Kraken attacks the monsters aboard The Legacy

Ericka feels as though her feet are made of stone as she drags herself to trail along behind her great-grandfather up the staircase of the DJ clamshell to kick the DJ out and take his place. Her great-grandfather doesn't seem to mind, however. He is as excited as she has ever really seen him in her entire life. The man is humming, toting the instrument of destruction as though it were a trophy or prized possession. The party in the background is loud and distracting, though she doesn't dare peek out to see it as they climb up the stairs.

Finally, her great-grandfather cuts the music and announces himself to everyone in the grandiose manner that he had always said he would.

"I know you recognize *me*, your greatest rival!" he called down to Dracula.

When the count still didn't recognize him, he made it known. "It is I, Abraham Van Helsing!"

"Van Helsing?" Drac questioned as the elderly monster-hunter nodded vigorously.

"This here will shut *you* up… and all monsters!" He held up the instrument of destruction for the monsters to see.

Dracula was still confused. "That's just Ericka's family heirloom thingy," he claimed.

But Van Helsing chuckled and looked toward her, and she knew it was the time to take her place by his side. It was shameful to see the look of hurt, shock, and betrayal on Drac's face as she explained her connection to the monster hunter, and even more shameful when her great-grandfather began playing the evil musical tone that was wrapped up in an old paper from inside the instrument of destruction. Like clockwork, the hypnotized Kraken arose from the depths of the Atlantian sea, imposing and rather scary, and began releasing mayhem among the monsters. It confined them to the dance arena they were in, by using his great tentacles to cut off the bridge as a means of escape. It next swiped at the creatures, sending them screaming, fleeing from the chaos that had transpired. Ericka could only watch in shock at how little remorse her great-grandfather showed. His expression was one of delight, and did nothing to hide the fact that he was thoroughly enjoying what was happening.

As the Count witnessed the destruction around him, he flew toward the Kraken with determination. But Van Helsing saw this, and commandeered the tentacled beast to capture the vampire in its grip. He laughed as he saw Drac struggle.

“And now, it’s time for the immortal Count Dracula to *die*!”

Die?

Ericka knew it was part of the plan. She knew her whole life that in some way or another it would come down to this - that Count Dracula would be helpless under the Van Helsings and finally be rid of once and for all. But now, she could only watch in horror as the Kraken’s tentacles wrapped themselves further and further around him, hiding him from her view, squeezing the life out of him. Never to see him again, to hear his voice, to tell him what she wanted him to hear before he met his doom. Unable to take it anymore, Ericka took action.

“NO!” she cried, and, leaping out of the DJ clamshell ran forth to try and stop this madness.

Her great-grandfather stared after her in surprise. “Ericka!”

She did not listen. She pressed forth, launching herself toward the Kraken and giving it a good kick to the eye. The monster flinched in agony and dropped the unconscious vampire from its grip, and he fell downward. Ericka quickly caught up and grabbed him by the arm before he fell into the ocean below, barely clinging onto a broken portion of the dance arena.

“You *can’t* do this! You’re wrong about monsters!”

Van Helsing couldn’t believe his ears. “What?!”

Ericka’s eyes welled with tears as she addressed Drac, if he could even hear her. “I’m so sorry. I *was* trying to kill you, but then I realized how wrong this is. How wrong *all* of this is…” She paused, swallowing hard as she admitted the next thing.

“And then… I zinged.”

Dracula’s eyes immediately flew open.

“Zing?” Van Helsing asked confused. “What’s a zing?”

“It’s a monster thing,” Ericka responded. “You wouldn’t understand.”

“It’s like true love…” Dracula added with a dreamy sigh.

Van Helsing retaliated strongly against this. Using the Kraken he sent it flying in their direction, though Dracula was able to sweep Ericka into his arms and levitate back upwards.

“It’s time to start a new legacy,” she announced.

“A monster-*human* legacy,” Drac breathed as he leaned against her.

It was an incredible night to remember when all was said and done. Ericka found the story nearly impossible herself when she thought it over. Dracula and his son-in-law, Johnny, had teamed together in an attempt to defeat the Kraken’s hypnotic music with some of his own positive music. The songs used continued to keep getting defeated, but finally they had

landed on a jam that not even the Kraken could resist - The Macarena. Ericka remembered the song from her youth, and happily danced along to it with all of the other monsters. Her great-grandfather had nearly fallen to his death after falling off of the DJ clamshell, but Dracula - *her* Dracula - swooped down and saved him.

He seemed to be very regretful, and looked to be very sorry for what he'd done. She could recall the conversation perfectly after that.

"Why would you, after everything, save me?"

"Because," Drac replied, "basically we are all the same. Claws or hands, two eyes or three eyes - "

"Green skin!" a witch added.

"No skin!" said a skeleton.

A fish man shouted, "Gills!"

Another said, "Prickly."

Van Helsing seemed to shrink on the spot. "I'm sorry…" he said meekly. "I feel kind of silly that for decades I've hunted your kind and persecuted you. The best I can do is…" He paused for a moment thinking. "Give you all a thirty percent refund."

Van Helsing thought this was the right thing at first, but the monsters disagreed.

"All right, full refunds for everyone!" he declared.

*The monsters cheered, and Ericka turned to Drac with a smitten smile. "**You** are amazing."*

Dracula smiled back and then shyly asked, "Do you mind if we, eh, try that kiss again?"

Ericka blushed and nodded, closing her eyes and leaning in to gently press her lips against his.

Ericka sighed as she remembered that kiss. It was right and perfect, her arms wrapping around his neck and his around her waist. It was the power of the zing in full effect, and she was eager to see what the remainder of the trip back had in store for her and Drac.

Chapter 6: It's Like True Love

Chapter Summary

With their love now declared, Dracula and Ericka consummate their relationship

Chapter Notes

mature content second half of chapter

The next day was like the clouds lifting after a storm. Everyone seemed to be in a much better mood. The monsters really didn't hold much resentment for Ericka after she had openly defended them and saved the Dark Prince himself. With a deep breath, she strode onto the deck like she had on that first day, greeting everyone, though this time she meant her politeness.

She bumped into someone ahead of her, and the figure turned around.

"Oh! Excuse me," she said when she saw that it was Mavis. It felt strange to speak to her again after what had occurred down in the cavern just the other day.

"It's alright," Mavis replied, her tone not showing hostility. "I should be the one apologizing. I get really defensive when it comes to my dad. He's been alone for so many years, and I just wasn't sure about you."

Ericka chuckled. "You were right - " she began, but Mavis lifted a hand to interrupt her.

"It was really incredible what you did back there with the Kraken. If you hadn't, I might have lost him forever."

"Well, I guess the zing makes you do crazy things," Ericka said.

"Yeah," Mavis laughed. "That's exactly what my husband Johnny says too." Then she looked at Ericka with an apologetic expression. "I can see you love him, though. And I really want to see where things go with you two."

"I'm hopeful to see as well," Ericka said with a blush.

Mavis glanced at her and extended a hand. "So, no hard feelings?"

Ericka peered down at the hand and completely ignored it for a hug instead, sweeping the girl into her arms. Mavis gasped a little at first but then returned it.

“Of course no hard feelings. I should be the one apologizing to you. I’ve got a lot to make up for with your dad.” Ericka then released Mavis and looked at her. “Where *is* he, by the way?”

“I think he was out looking for you,” Mavis informed. “You might want to check the pool deck.”

“Great, I will,” Ericka replied. “See you around!”

“Same!” Mavis waved cheerfully as she walked in the other direction.

As she had said, Ericka found Dracula strolling around the pool deck where other monsters were lounging about, reading or floating lazily inside the pool itself. Drac spun around with a tap on the shoulder and blushed heavily at the sight of Ericka. “Ericka!” he exclaimed.

She giggled. “Yes, it’s me.”

“Right.” Drac was getting very nervous again. “S-sooo, what brings you here?”

Ericka snorted and interlaced their fingers. “What do you *think* ? Who says a girl can’t spend some time with the one she loves?”

Dracula’s face turned beet red at this, and she giggled. “Still getting used to that, huh?”

Drac nodded. “Most definitely.”

“Well, we’ll do it together, okay?” She gave his hand a reassuring squeeze, and he nodded back at her with a wide grin.

“Okay.”

One hour turned to two. Then three. Then four. It was the most time during the trip that she had spent with just Drac so far. She learned all about his life at the hotel - his daughter Mavis, the arrival of his human son-in-law Johnny, his dhampir grandson Dennis, his various monster friends, his father Count Vlad - and all the wonderful experiences he had with them. Ericka in turn told him all about her life growing up with Van Helsing, and how much their legacy kept pushing her to train every day for new ways to kill Dracula. They laughed about all the failed plans of the past, and explored all the areas of the ship, including the secret chamber.

“Is this where you’ve gone off to hide and make plans?” Drac asked teasingly.

“Yep,” Ericka replied, pushing open the revolving door. It spun around and brought them inside a dark space, with a hallway that was illuminated with red light. Dracula almost shuddered at the sight.

“Don’t tell me you’re scared,” Ericka pressed.

The vampire shook his head. “Of course not!” But then, an odd scratching sound followed by a lowing noise startled him.

“What was *that* ?” he yelped.

The scratching sounded again, followed by some more of the deep lows. It sounded like howling. Then it came to Ericka’s mind.

“Oh my gosh, I totally forgot about them,” she mumbled.

“Forgot? About *who* ?” Drac asked.

She took him by the hand and led them further inside the chamber. “My great-grandfather and I, we may have uh… tranquilized your friends and stuffed them in a closet for some time.”

“What?”

Ericka grinned sheepishly and came to the door where the sounds were coming from.

“Hello? Is anyone out there? Hello?” the familiar voice of a male wolf called out.

“If anyone’s there, please help!” came the other familiar voice of a female wolf.

Ericka quickly helped Drac thrust the metal door open to its fullest. Dracula peeked inside.

“Wayne? Wanda?” he asked tentatively.

Then, out of the shadows of the dark closet appeared a pair of wolves.

“Drac?” Wayne asked. “Is that you?”

“Yes,” the vampire responded. “Are you alright?”

“That depends…” Wayne said. “Is it safe to come out?”

“Of course,” Ericka piped up, making her presence known.

Wanda’s ears perked up. “Captain Ericka?” she questioned.

“Yep,” Ericka answered. “I guess there should be some explaining to do…”

Dracula intertwined his fingers in Ericka’s and gave her a reassuring look. The wolves caught on to the tender atmosphere between them and their eyes widened.

“Wait…” Wayne ventured. “Are you guys… *together* now?” he asked incredulously.

Dracula tightened his hold on Ericka’s hand and gave a nod with a small smile. “Yes. You could say that.”

Wayne and Wanda peered between the two a few times and then gave each other a surprised look. “Wow,” the werewolf said. “You’ll really have to tell us the full story sometime. But right now, I think we want to get out and stretch the legs some,” Wayne said, taking Wanda’s paw in his. He began to walk out, but then paused in his tracks, unsure of where to go from there. He turned back to them with a sheepish grin.

“Er… um… do either of you happen to know the way out?”

Ericka chuckled and answered the confused wolf. “Take the stairs on the right, and go up two flights. If you push the wall once you get up to the top, it should revolve around and you should be able to get out.”

“Right,” Wayne nodded. “Thanks.”

Then the two werewolves were out of sight.

Ericka looked to Dracula and chuckled. “Yeah, uh… sorry about that. Like I said, great-grandfather just wanted me to stow them away someplace quickly. You know, avoiding witnesses and all.”

Dracula smirked as she led them further along the corridor. “Yes, well… I hardly noticed they were gone, to be honest. I was distracted.”

“Oh?” she said teasingly. “And why is that?”

He laughed awkwardly. “Well, because… *you* were here.”

She giggled girlishly and gave him a playful smack on the arm. "Aren't you the most romantic," she simpered.

“Oh, that’s just me getting warmed up,” he said in mock seriousness. “I can get even *more* charming.”

“I’m sure you can,” she drawled suggestively.

They continued along the passage until they came to another pair of doors that were bolted shut from the outside.

He looked to her. “Your room?” he guessed.

She shook her head. “My great-grandfather’s.”

Dracula made a face. “He’s not *in* there right now, is he?”

Ericka huffed a little laugh. "No. As far as I know, he said he was going to try and make up with me by meeting every monster on board and offering his apology.”

“Oh,” Dracula said in surprise. “That’s nice.”

Ericka snorted. “Yeah, it is, but let’s just hope actions speak louder than words.”

The door was opened and the two stepped into the room. It was the exact way that it was left, with the wall of sea maps and newspaper clippings of Atlantis. Dracula stared at it and turned to her. “Van Helsing really took the time to plan this out… I always figured he just jumped into things without so much as a second thought.”

“Usually, most of the people in our family did. That’s why defeating you never worked,” Ericka explained. Then she glanced at him shyly. “I’m glad they didn’t… or else I’d never be standing next to my zing.” She gave a small smile as he drew her face toward his and kissed her sweetly. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed back eagerly.

When they pulled apart, Dracula murmured against her cheek. “Don't sell yourself short. I've been caught by the one Van Helsing who finally succeeded in getting me." Ericka feels his lips upturn in a grin as he speaks. "What do you want to do with me now?"

“Hmmm…” she thought with a hum. “I think I might have an idea…”

Pulling apart from him and taking his hand, she walked them toward the door of her own room, opening it and stepping inside. He takes in the surroundings, sees weapons and even more plans on the wall and then his eyes land on the poster of himself. It has knife marks, bullet holes, and something else of interest that catches his eye.

He gives her a questioning look and she peers over to see what it is, flushing in embarrassment at the sight of her own lipstick mark over his face in the poster.

“It’s… uh… much better in real life,” she assured.

This earns a laugh out of him and he pulls her in for a side hug. The contact however makes him gasp out and he clutches his side.

Ericka’s eyes widen in alarm. “What’s wrong?”

“Oh, I’m still healing… from the attack,” he said. She is startled by this. Weren’t vampires supposed to heal much faster than humans? He must see the look in her eyes and offers an explanation. “It’s not too bad. Just a small ache, it’s nothing too bad that - “

“I want to see it.”

Dracula hesitates, but sees the unwavering look in her eyes. "Now?" he asks.

“Yes,” she said with conviction.

He nods in submission, sitting upon the edge of the bed and slowly popping open the eyeholes of each button of his Hawaiian shirt. Ericka seats herself next to him, curiosity shining in her eyes as she watches his every movement. Finally, he eased the shirt off his shoulders, allowing it to drop behind him on the mattress.

His body was even more stunning up close, a pale complexion stretched over a well-toned torso and broad chest, all topped with lean arms that seemed to be carved from marble. She has the strong urge to touch him, to feel the soft skin for herself.

She peered at him with a questioning look. "May I…?"

He nodded. Taking a breath, she carefully drew her fingers toward his chest, running the hand softly over it. The muscles were hard, and well-formed, as though she were feeling a statue rather than the cool skin of his body. She reveled in the dreamy expression that took hold of his face as she explored every pec with tender ease. Her hands then made their way to the purplish marks that had begun to bruise around his ribs where the Kraken's powerful tentacles had wrapped around in a stronghold. He flinched a little under her touch, and she pulled her hand away, scowling. "It's all my fault… " she said angrily. "I'm so, so sorry Drac."

Tears began to pool in her eyes and he leaned toward her, pulling their foreheads together. "No," he said, shaking his head. "Please don't blame yourself, my sweet."

"How can I *not* ?" she cried. " *I* helped orchestrate the plan. *I* was the one who tried to poison you. *I* was the one who wanted to see you *dead* !"

She broke off with an anguished sob, embarrassed and ashamed for her actions. How could she have done this to him? She had almost lost her first and only love just because she wanted to please her great-grandfather. She had been selfish and stupid, and now he had suffered because of her. It seemed that her entire life had been spent trying to prove herself a capable woman, yet here she was, crying as though she were a small child again. But Dracula, the gallant man that he was, reeled her into his embrace and held onto her tightly, letting her cry freely against his chest. He rubbed her back softly and spoke into her ear. "That may be so, sweetfangs," he said, "but you were able to push past those instincts. You did what you knew was best for monsterkind and humankind. You saved me from certain death, and in doing so, you saved your own heart. "

She lifted her face up to his and wiped at her tears, still upset but determined to show some dignity. He cupped her cheek and kissed her softly. "I love you, Ericka," he whispered.

She smiled and kissed him back. "And I love you, Count Dracula."

The Count took it as his cue to press his lips against her once more, but this time the kiss turned heated with longing. Ericka wrapped her arms around him, holding herself as close to him as possible, bosom pressed against his bare chest and her fingers running through the silky black hair. He breaks from her, taking her bottom lip in between his teeth in a gentle nibble before drawing back and looking down at her with adoration. She looked up at him through half closed eyes, feeling completely content and safe.

"Stay with me, Drac," she breathed. "Show me just how much you love me, my zing."

Worry came across his face and uncertainty crept back into his tone. "Are you sure?"

Ericka nodded. "I want this," she assured him almost as a beg. "Please." She kissed him more passionately, and he gave in. Dracula returned her affection with fervor, his hands running up the side of her body and landing on the small golden buttons of her captain's uniform. He carefully popped each one open and pulled the collared area down some, exposing her neck. The vampire licked his lips and then kissed her there, a light peck, before moving along the

slender curve, nipping all the while. He bit down gently with his fangs a few times, careful to not break skin or draw blood, but it was enough to make her shiver in pleasure. She gasped loudly as he moved down to her collarbone, drawing away the uniform top away from her torso and down her arms until it was abandoned on the floor. A lacy bra lay beneath the garment, the firm cups enhancing the outline of her breasts. Drac's eyes drank in everything about the soft pink flesh... and then he caught sight of something else that stood out against her creamy skin.

Ericka followed his gaze and looked down, seeing the angry red birthmark that had always been there right over her heart. It was an unusual pattern, a raised sort of blemish that looked more akin to a scar. He peered up into her eyes with question.

“Have you been hurt?”

She shook her head. “No. It’s a birthmark. I’ve always had it there.”

Dracula tilted his head back slightly and brought a hand forth to trace the outline. His touch was gentle, but the sensation sent shivers down her spine. They stood in a silence while he traced the lines until he seemed satisfied with what he found. “You are beautiful, Ericka,” he mumbled. Then his hands reached around her back, finding the clasp that held her bra in place. She let out a soft sigh as he slid it open, exposing herself completely to him. Ericka averted her gaze from him, too shy to gauge his reaction to her body and whether or not he was satisfied with what he saw. But her worries are quelled when Dracula lifts her chin up to look at him once more. She is struck by the emotion in his eyes.

"Ericka... you are gorgeous. There's nothing to hide with such a lovely body."

His words send butterflies dancing in her stomach, and she falls back onto the bed with anticipation of his next actions. He climbs atop her, burying his face between the valley of her breasts and inhaling her intoxicating scent. A small smile pulls at Ericka’s lips as he nuzzles further into her chest kissing the swells and making her moan softly.

He gently suckled on her nipple next, rolling the small pink bud on his expert tongue and lightly tugging at it with his teeth. She moans at the contact, eyes squeezed tightly shut as Drac continues to fondle and suckle on her breasts, leaving a trail of light marks along the flesh. The gentle tickling caused by his long nails on bare skin elicits more moans and pleasured groans from her, and she fought to keep her writhing body as still as she possibly could. He was just so damn good at this, far better than she could have possibly imagined.

“You taste nice,” Drac breathed, moving in to kiss her on the lips again. Ericka responds hungrily, kissing back as his tongue swiped against hers, causing them both to moan into each other's mouths. He eventually pulls away, bringing his attention next to the buckle of her slacks. With a few swift motions he manages it undone and pulls it away. His eyes remain locked to hers with an intensity as he takes the opportunity to slip out of his own pants and boxers. Dracula's naked before her now, the obvious arousal already evident in his erection. Ericka's eyes widened at the sight of him disrobed and she bit her lip nervously, unsure of how well she would be able to handle him being inside of her with how big he was. His eyes softened and he smiled sweetly.

“Relax, my blood orange,” he said reassuringly, running a hand up her thigh. “I won't hurt you. I promise,” He placed a soft kiss on her lips and she nodded slowly, trusting in his word and spreading her legs open some more. Drac kissed down towards her stomach, placing delicate smooches on her navel until he finally reached her panties. The material is drawn away easily, revealing slick, wet folds underneath. Curiously watching her reaction, he dips a finger into her throbbing sex. He smiles when Ericka lets out a small noise of pleasure and slightly arches her back. The teasing continues with light strokes for a few minutes, and then he replaces his fingers with his member.

The tip teases her vaginal lips for a moment before Dracula eased his way inside her tunnel. The penetration was painful and immediate. It took all her strength to hold off on crying out, and Ericka dug her nails into his shoulders as the feeling of him slowly pushing inside her spread throughout her body.

He stops after a moment, allowing her to adjust herself to the size of him. The initial pain ebbs away with each passing second, and reading her more relaxed expression, Drac allowed a gentle thrust against her. She shuddered at the contact, the sensation both pleasurable and excruciating for those first few pushes. And then the pleasure overrides any other discomfort in her body.

"Drac," she whispered, his name a breathy moan that rolled from her lips like silk as she clutched onto his shoulders harder. The vampire grunts in response, the sound reverberating through her body as the gentle pounding picks up pace. Her hips buck up toward him, encouraging him to venture deeper inside her still. She's close. Just a little bit further, and she can feel it. His hand finds hers and laces their fingers together. Ericka squeezes, her grip strong and desperate. This was what she had been waiting for, to be one with him. To give herself over completely to him and forget that anything else existed. The feeling builds in intensity within her until it reaches an unbearable peak. Her walls convulsed around his shaft as his name left her lips in a hoarse outcry. Drac thrusts into her once more, driving deep before letting out an explosive roar of ecstasy. She shudders beneath him as she feels his warm release pour into her core, filling every inch of her entirely with blissfully hot liquid pleasure. The feeling lingers even after he pulls out of her and collapses beside her on the bed, arms wrapping around her sweat-slicken figure and holding her close. Ericka hears him whisper a soft "I love you" before she passes out, utterly spent with exhaustion.

Chapter 7: You Only Zing Once

Chapter Summary

A recounting of Ericka's nightmare leaves Dracula to make a bizarre discovery about his zing

Chapter Notes

Brief mature content in beginning

A steady rhythm sounds in her ears, like a sort of music. Through her blissful haze, she is able to make each element out.

There is the rapping of the headboard against the wall; there is the creaking of the bed beneath her bare body as it gets pushed into the mattress; there is the soft clapping of skin against skin; there are the quiet grunts that emit from the body above her; there is the steady thrumming of her heart in her chest; there are the light gasps of pleasure that escape her being; there are the smoochy noises of lips on lips meeting together in passionate kisses. It's all a chorus of erotic song, a carnal symphony of pleasure and lust between her and her love - Dracula. She closes her eyes as his fangs drag across her neck, causing an involuntary shudder to ripple through her entire body and leaving goosebumps in its wake.

When she opens her eyes again, however, the entire scenery has changed. It's the same room, but it's night, and the only light is coming from the outside. The light of an entire mob of torches. Her blood runs cold as she feels the bundle of a baby back in her arms and very clearly hears the angry shouts from the folks on the street.

No, no, no. Not again.

She wants to scream, she wants to run away, but it's as though she is trapped into the role. And there is nothing she can do to change what comes next.

Drac gives her the words of reassurance and leaves. The figure comes for her again with the stake. The dreadful all-too-real feeling of the weapon as it pierces her chest in an agonizing manner, puncturing through her skin, ripping through her heart and coming out the other end. The numbness of the intense pain washes over her once more as the Count returns for her, his wails of grief reverberating throughout the space of the burning room.

And then silence.

Ericka gasps, awakening from slumber with a start.

She takes deep breaths to calm her racing heart and blinks a few times to become aware of her surroundings. It's dark, but she can still make out the familiar shapes that made up her room. She shifted and became aware of the weight of an arm draped around her waist behind her and a cool body pressed up against her back. And then the passionate memory of the night before with Dracula returns to mind, but only for a brief moment. The more recent memory of the nightmare was too fresh in her mind to recount any of the intimate details with her zing at the moment. Instead she clutches tightly to the bedsheets and muffles a sob into them.

Dracula was immediately stirred from sleep by the sound. "Ericka?" he whispered, his arms tightening their hold around her and shaking gently. "Sweetheart, are you okay?"

"W-what?" she asked, turning herself to face him and still in a sort of haze from the nightmare. She was surprised to find that there were fresh tears down her cheeks, and the sight startled Dracula.

"Ericka!" he gasped, sitting up straight in the bed. "Honeyfangs, what's wrong? Please, tell me," he pleaded as he wiped the droplets away with a thumb.

"I-It's nothing," she said after a moment. "Just a bad dream…" But the memory of the stake driving so painfully through her chest kept coming back to her in vivid detail, and she let out another sob.

"Ericka, no," he whispered, tugging her in close and wrapping both arms around her small frame. "It's okay, my love, no harm will ever come to you when you're with me," he promised, pecking her forehead lightly a few times.

"I know," she nodded. "It's just… I've been having this dream a couple of times during the cruise trip…"

"Oh?" Dracula looked at her. "Do you want to tell me what it is? If you're comfortable."

Ericka nodded again, and peered up at him through her teary lashes. "It was night…" she began, "and I was inside the second floor of a room. You were there too. And we…" She looked down, blushing.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Well, uh, we had a child together," she admitted with a small smile.

"Oh," Drac answered with a little bit of a surprise.

Then she continued. "It wasn't long before a strange crowd of people surrounded our home, they had torches and pitchforks… they were yelling at us…"

Ericka shivered a little and he held her tighter.

“They lit the home on fire. It was burning down all around us. I was so scared… but you said you would go and take care of everything. But then, as soon as you left, someone broke in. They came right up to me and… and…” a few loose tears streamed down her cheeks again and he tenderly wiped them away again.

“It’s okay,” he soothed. “Continue.”

Ericka leaned into his touch and continued telling. “He *staked* me, Drac! He *killed* me in front of our own daughter… in front of you!”

A hysterical hiccup escaped her throat and she buried her face in the crook of his neck. She trembled violently and her voice cracked as she spoke. “I could hear you crying over me. I tried to move... I tried to speak b-but... I couldn't!" The last word caught in her throat, tears falling faster than before, and Dracula held her tighter, rubbing a circle on her back with one hand while the other carded gently through her hair. She was shuddering in his arms but he could tell that even the smallest touch brought her comfort. He sighed quietly and kissed her temple softly.

But while the arms still continued to rub up and down her back soothingly, he himself had gone completely silent.

“Drac?” she asked. She peered up to him, finding a distant look on his face. She ran her fingers lightly down his chest in an attempt to bring him back to reality. “Honey? What’s wrong?”

As his eyes finally met hers there was something unreadable in them for several seconds until it morphed into a mix of sadness and guilt.

"I'm sorry," he said, smoothing down a strand of hair atop her head. "There's nothing wrong." But Drac was a terrible liar, and she could see right through that. Ericka leaned closer against him, pressing herself further into him.

"There is something wrong... tell me," she urged, eager for her chance to provide comfort to her love.

He didn't speak for a few more moments. Finally he sighed, leaned forward to kiss the top of her forehead and then pulled away to sit on the edge of the bed with his back facing her. His body language was stiff, as though he had been holding all of this inside of him, and he kept his gaze firmly averted. She watched him with concern written plainly across her face as he took several deep breaths before speaking.

“I’ve never told you about the night I lost my wife…” he began.

“No,” she said softly in response, unsure of where he was going with this.

“And yet… “ he continued, “you recounted it perfectly.”

Now it was Ericka’s turn to be confused. “What?”

“It’s like you were there,” he murmured. “Or as if you were - “

He cuts himself off as confusion overtakes his features again, like he’s trying to make sense of a tough math equation. He gathers his thoughts enough to speak again.

"Johnny once told me on his travels to India that he learned about some kind of belief where we don't actually die, but come back as someone new to live a new life."

"I've heard of that too," Ericka said.

"I didn't really believe him before," Drac continued, "but now… with everything happening here at the cruise, and zinging again…" His head snaps up as he came to realize something. "Maybe I… *didn't* zing again. Maybe…"

He lets out an exasperated sigh and gets up from the bed.

“It’s not possible… how can it be possible?”

Drac paces back and forth running hand through his black locks and making them unkempt. Ericka looks at him all the while from her spot on the bed, the sheets tucked around her to cover her form.

“What is it?” she asks. Dracula turns around at her voice. He gazed at her intently, his eyes practically boring into her soul. Then he spoke the name that had been on the tip of his tongue. One that she had figured he would bring up.

"Martha?"

Ericka freezes. The name in her mind does ring a bell, brings her back to memories of a time far before her existence. A distant recollection of a past that is somehow rooted in her subconscious, a past that is not her own. The memories of the dreams she had flashed in her mind once more, only this time, they converge in a somewhat comprehensible timeline. She sees the date with the cockroach delectables and rich red beverage where they kissed. She sees the beach where he took her in the sand. She sees the portrait studio where she stood alongside him with a baby in her arms. And then she sees the most treacherous one, the time when the mob came and ended her life inside that burning house. The memories never felt like her own, it felt like someone had accidentally downloaded them into her consciousness. But now, he was suggesting something she would have never thought of, something that confirmed her suspicions all too well. That they were not her memories. They were *Martha's* . And the only logical reason she would have them would be if…

She huffed in surprise, and looked down at herself, reexamining her hands, touching her face, feeling the red birthmark atop her breast. The birthmark that was in the exact same spot where she had been stabbed in the dreams. A shiver ran through her spine.

Dracula in the meantime had moved so that he was facing her again. He put his hand on her shoulder to get her attention. She slowly met his gaze. There was an intense look in his eyes, almost as if he was trying to read the thoughts going through her head. He seemed concerned about something. When he finally opened his mouth and spoke, the question was clear in his voice.

"Martha? Could that really be you?"

Ericka almost feels those tears pool back in her eyes at how hopeful he sounds and looks, especially after what he had to suffer through and witness. It wasn't fair to him, and she wanted to reassure him, confirm that she was his lost love from ages ago.

But the truth was, she couldn't.

She put a hand over his and shook her head. "No," she whispered, "it's not... not really."

Dracula's expression, as much as he tried to conceal it, still falters at hearing this. She could see the pain in his eyes as he looked away for a moment and tried to recompose himself.

“I tried,” he said. “I wanted to save her. I wanted to have her by my side for eternity. She was the light of my life. My love. My first zing. But I - “ he breaks off shakily and rubs his temples.

“Honey… I’m so sorry,” she tried consoling.

Ericka finds the silence that follows deafening. Dracula finally let out a deep breath, closing his eyes briefly. "It doesn't matter anyway," he says quietly.

Doesn't matter? "But why?" Ericka couldn’t help but ask.

Her words seemed to startle him enough for him to glance at her again. His eyes seem to linger a bit longer than necessary on hers, which gives her chills.

"It doesn’t matter," he started, cupping her cheek, "because I still want to be with you. I fell in love with *Ericka*. I kissed *Ericka*. I made love to *Ericka*."

She blushed at his last statement, and turned her head slightly to kiss the palm of his hand.

He smiled at the contact. “And, while I still do love my darling Martha, and while you may for whatever reason somehow be connected to her - through dreams or memories or whatnot - I still love you for *you* , my zing. I am sorry that I ever made you doubt yourself. You are a whole different person. And I want to make my own future with that person. You… forever.”

It was just what Ericka needed to hear. She giggled softly before reaching out to caress his face with one slender finger. “You promise?” she asked somewhat tearily.

“I stake my heart and hope to die.”

Ericka laughed. “Let’s hope *not* .”

Dracula joined in her laughter and kissed her tenderly. She returned it, and it led to another. And another. Soon they were both enveloped in the passion of the previous night before.

He tugs the sheets away from their hold around her body, leaving her bare beneath him again. He kisses her again with passion, and she gasps as his fingers gently begin to tease the small nub at her swollen core. She is still aching from her first time, but his expression of desire

that crosses his face as he looks down at her through half-lidded eyes makes the wetness in her loins return.

"Do you think you'll be up for a second round?"

Her response is a fierce kiss, bringing him down atop her. Soreness be damned. If he wanted her, she would not deny him.

Chapter 8: Epilogue - One Week Later

Chapter Summary

Dracula is ready to take the next step with Ericka

One Week Later

Ericka groggily walks to the door as a gentle rapping on the wood awakens her. She opens the door, and smiles at finding Dracula there, dressed down in his classic black getup and cape.

“Good morning,” she greeted, and then paused to consider something. “Or is it good*night*?”

Dracula chuckled. “Good morning will do.” He leaned in to press a couple of sweet kisses to her lips which she gladly returned before he pulled away.

“Are you feeling okay, today?” He asked, putting a hand to her forehead to see if there was any sign of a fever. She had been in Hotel Transylvania’s infirmary for the past several days since returning to the hotel from the cruise. She was experiencing some odd symptoms, those which included frequent nausea and vomiting every morning. After receiving some medication, however, she was released back to her suite and, while still feeling a little nauseous, she felt much better than she had before.

She pried his hand off her head and kissed it gently. “I’m fine,” she assured.

Dracula breathed a sigh of relief. “Wonderful. Come with me,” he offered, holding out his arm.

“Where are we heading to?” she asked, taking it between her arms and walking with him out into the hallway.

“It’s a surprise,” he whispered.

Ericka followed him quietly as they averted everyone else and made a beeline for the attic. He pulled her further along still, opening the window and carefully leading her out onto the shingles.

“Okay, okay,” she giggled, “what’s going on here, Mr. Sneaky Pants?”

Dracula shrugged nonchalantly. “Oh, nothing. I just wanted to make sure that nobody would be here to bother us.”

“Oh? And what do you want to do, now that we’re all alone?” she asked suggestively.

His eyes widened and he gulped. “W-well,” he stammered. “I-I have to tell you something…”

Ericka smirked. “What a coincidence. I’ve been having to tell you something as well…” She paused and chuckled a little. “But you first.”

Dracula licked his lips nervously. “Uh...right. Well... Ericka Van Helsing...." he started. His voice wavered a bit and he cleared it. She wanted to laugh, but held herself. It was amusing to see the great Count Dracula, ferocious vampire, be as shy as a schoolboy talking to his crush for the first time. He continued with more confidence.

“I was wondering if you would… *marry* me.”

As he spoke the words, he held out a little box with a spider inside of it. The little creature was shaped as a ring, with a brilliant red jewel on its abdomen. Ericka gasped when she saw it.

“Well, what do you say?” Drac asked. “Will you marry me?”

Ericka is rendered speechless for a moment. Dracula was asking her to marry him. Her heart soared at the thought of being his wife, to spend her days by his side, to spend their nights making love to each other. But, despite his endowed body, her desire to be with him went beyond a physical need. He was so good to her, and respected her. He understood her emotions and was able to console her. And most importantly he had learned to see her for who she was - not a Van Helsing, not Martha - but Ericka.

She grinned widely and gave him a confident reply.

“YES!”

He smiled in gratitude and the little spider ring leaped out of its box and situated itself around her ring finger. She leaned into his embrace afterward.

“So, what is it you wanted to tell me?” he asked when they came apart.

“Oh!” she said, suddenly remembering, and trying to come up with a way to word it. “Drac,” she began, “promise you won’t freak out *too* much, okay?”

Dracula raised an eyebrow but nodded. “Okay.”

Ericka continued. "Do you remember the time we ah, um…" she blushed, unable to finish the sentence.

Thankfully, he caught on and flushed as well. "O-oh! Yes… how could I forget? You were so good…"

"Right," she huffed with a little embarrassment as she prepared herself to pose the next question. "You didn't, uh, wear any protection… did you?"

He looked at her. "No…" Then his expression changed, his eyes widening as he glanced between her belly and her eyes. "E-Ericka?"

She took a deep breath, fumbling with the next words as she spoke them.

"I… I-I'm pregnant."

The air hung in silence for several seconds before it broke as she heard his gasp of disbelief. He stared at her, not moving nor blinking in shock. She watched him carefully, taking notice of any shift of emotion in his expression and attempting to read it.

He was silent still. “Drac?” she asked.

All of a sudden he zipped up into the air as a bat, flapping around in jubilant excitement and yelling out in delight. “I’M A DAD AGAIN! I’M A DAD!” Then he zoomed back down, turning back into his vampire form and hugging her fiercely, peppering rapid kisses to her face, lips, and even down to her belly. She giggled at his actions and hugged him.

"And I can't believe I'm going to be a mom," she said. A wave of emotion hits her and she feels tears beginning to pool in her eyes.

“Aw, don’t cry sweetheart,” he cooed, wiping the tears away. “Those mood swings already hitting you this early?”

She laughed again and leaned against him. "Don't get me wrong, Drac. This is incredible... but I'm just so worried about all this too. I've never actually been a mother before."

Dracula took her hand and kissed it gently. "Don't be worried. I promise that the two of us will get through this, and we'll be a family."

She smiled gratefully at him. "I have no doubt I landed the best father for my children," she said.

"And I have no doubt that you are going to be an amazing mother," he agreed.

Things are silent for a moment, and then he spoke up again. “Have you, eh, thought of any names?”

“Already?” she asked.

“Of course,” he responded. “It will be the name you’ll be saying for the rest of their life.”

She thought about this, tapping a finger on her chin. “Well… I know my great-grandfather wanted to name me after him if I wasn’t a girl… but I don’t think I’ll be keeping that trend if we have a little guy.”

“No, no thank you,” he concurred.

Ericka giggled and sat up straighter. “How about Dracula Jr., for a boy?” she suggested.

Drac chuckled. “Sweetheart, as much as I appreciate you naming the baby after me, I would want him to feel original.” He kissed her forehead and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. “How about Bram? I’ve always liked that name.”

“Bram,” she repeats, thinking it over. It had an older feel to it, but she found that she really liked the way it sounded when she spoke it. “I like it.”

Dracula smiled, and moved his hand down to stroke her belly. “Any ideas for a girl name?”

Ericka bit her lip. “I *might* have one in mind…”

Dracula quirked his head in curiosity to hear her answer.

“Martha,” she said finally.

His eyes widen. “Martha?”

“Why not?” she asks. “I like the name. It’s beautiful. And, it would be a great way to honor her… here.” She had taken his hand and placed it over her heart. He could feel it beating beneath his fingertips as she continued speaking. “I know you loved her, Drac. And I want to honor that memory.”

Dracula felt his chest constrict painfully when he heard those words. Then he took a deep breath and released it slowly.

“Okay. Thank you.”

She smiled softly at him. "You don't have to thank me... thank the zing."

He kissed her and pulled her into his lap, cradling her close like rocking a child. "I *will* thank you, *and* the zing. You are mine, and I am yours." He pecked her once again and caressed her cheek. "Forever."

Content with his kind words, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment between her, her love, and the small bundle of life that was inside of her.

Forever.

THE END

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!