**Ten Minutes**

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1033.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Hetero (F/M) |
| Fandom: | Hotel Transylvania (2012) |
| Relationship: | Dracula (Hotel Transylvania)/Ericka Van Helsing |
| Characters: | Dracula (Hotel Transylvania), Ericka Van Helsing, Mavis Dracula |
| Additional Tags: | Rough Sex, Quickies, Semi-Public Sex, Passion, Love, Smut, Kissing, Making Out, Making Love |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 2,047 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Ten Minutes

by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

A few kisses escalated into something more than what the Count bargained for.

Notes

alternate version of Transformania scene

“You are just all sorts of wonderful, aren’t you?”

The teasing tone in Ericka's voice makes it very difficult for Dracula to continue sulking over his woes on Jonathan. He exhales a small chuckle as he responds to her in an equally playful tone. “Well, it’s not for nothing that they call me ‘Count *Wonderful.'”*

Ericka grins mischievously as she adds her own quip. “Oh? Do they?”

This makes the Count smile softly as she draws closer to him with a rather knowing look. He knows how to play this game - knows exactly what it is that she wants from him and is more than prepared to indulge in the preamble to affection that was flirting. His pale hands rest on her slender waist as their faces inch closer together. “And also Dark Prince of Loviness…”

“Mmm-hmm…"

Ericka wraps her arms around his broad neck as he leans in, so close now that she can feel his breath on her lips as he continues to speak. His voice is low, and smooth. "Lord of Smoochy Time…”

The word choice is comical, perhaps even less than sensual, but it does nothing to deter the heated atmosphere that had sparked between them. Ericka’s eyes drift close as the distance between them is closed at last. Her heart starts thumping rapidly against her chest, desire taking over. The hand on her waist slowly moves southward, skimming over the curve of her hip and coming to rest on her backside. She gasps quietly as the touch tightens slightly, and he takes advantage of her reaction to press several kisses along the side of her neck. The feel of soft lips tickling her skin was almost enough to make her melt. She giggled and drew Drac’s face toward hers again, capturing his lips in a loving kiss.

It was all affection that was gladly welcomed, and helped distract from the worried thoughts that had clouded her husband’s mind as of late. Dracula had put so much work into ensuring that the transfer to the hotel to his daughter would be perfect for the past several weeks, while also dealing with the energetic nature of his son-in-law. It took a toll on the vampire’s nerves - and on the attention he gave her for that matter. To finally be able to share a moment felt blissful, and Ericka couldn’t be more thankful. He *needs* this.

She begins to find herself lost in the way his pillowy lips envelope hers, and the feeling invites other ideas to form in her head.

*Intimate* ones.

Ericka meets his gaze with a sort of longing when they part for air, a sparkle of mischief present in her eyes.

"I hope you didn't think a kiss was going to be enough to satisfy me," she says in a husky voice.

It takes Dracula a minute to register what she means, but once he does his eyes widen at her implication, and he stares down at his wife in surprise. "B-b-but, the speech!" He stammers.

Ericka waved a dismissive hand. "Don’t be so worried about it. There’s still time. See?" She pulled out her phone and showed him. The time read as 11:45pm. There were about fifteen minutes, and that *was* enough time for a quick personal moment together… if he really wanted to push for it. She grabs the front of his shirt and presses their lips together again, and this time, there is something slightly more heated in the kiss. Drac let out a soft moan against her mouth and slid a hand into her hair, holding tight to the light curls as he tilts his head and further deepens their kiss. It felt good and right, but only lasted for a few seconds before Ericka broke free and grinned at him. She took in her husband’s flushed appearance and ran a finger gently along his jawline.

“Well?”

The look of hesitancy returns to Drac’s face, and he seemed unsure whether he would take things further. He glanced up, back toward the entrance of the ballroom where he’d just come from, where the guests were still idly chatting and awaiting his eventual return. Then, he glanced back down at Ericka, his wife, who stood before him, beautiful and desirable.

And the decision was made.

The vampire took a minute to check around for any stragglers along the outdoor patio deck they're on. Then, he muttered something under his breath before gently pulling her away with him. Ericka bit her lip in anticipation, smiling at her small victory and following the Count. The situation almost reminded her of the time when they’d snuck off for what turned out to be his marriage proposal. Only this time, they were both aware of what was about to occur.

Dracula pulled her along swiftly - verifying once again that no one was around to witness their deed - and rounded a corner to reach a relatively secluded area. Once there, hidden by the dark shadows, he immediately captured her in a fierce kiss, one full of lust and need. It wasn’t tender like before; it was raw, and needy, with tongues sliding against each other. She moaned at his touch and pulled him close, running her hands through his soft, black hair and pressing her body against his, eager to seek out more of his warmth. She hears him groan her name softly in his throat, and she nearly comes right at that moment. Thankfully, he doesn’t keep her waiting for him.

Quickly, he undos the buckle of his pants, pulling them down just enough to expose his erection. He is hardened, the kisses they had shared only moments earlier having been enough to arouse him. He repeats the action on her own slacks, with the process made even faster through the aid of his magic.

Ericka spread her legs as best she could, back pressed against the gravely stone wall behind her, and the next second he shoves roughly inside her without warning. The sudden pressure makes her gasp out loud with delight. He does not give her time to recover from this, and she finds that she does not care. She is soon lost in his hard, rhythmic thrusting against her, back arching and loud cries escaping her as the pleasure continues to build with each oncoming push. Their bodies move together like one entity, and the feel of him deep inside her, filling her to the brim with an indescribable sensation was nothing short of ecstacy.

Dracula’s sharp fingers gripped at her hips painfully tight, making sure that no part of him would get separated from her writhing figure. His mouth remained locked on hers, kissing,

savoring the sweet taste of his wife. Ericka clings tightly to his shoulders and she inhales a sharp breath as he begins bucking faster. The pace became frenzied and frantic, with the feeling of pelvis against pelvis sending shivers down both of their spines. Moans filled the chill night air as the pair found themselves reaching their peak. She clutched him tightly, and felt her resolve dwindle away as she surrendered herself to the bliss. A final cry escaped from her lips, with his name rolling off her tongue as the orgasm seized her body. The sight of her coming undone before him was too much for the Count to bear. With a final few thrusts Drac followed after, squeezing his eyes shut tightly as the wave of pleasure flooded through him as well. He releases his warm seed into her damp, welcoming heat, suppressing a vampiric roar that wants to come out of him.

And then, just as quickly as it happened, it was over.

For a moment, calm settled over the two lovers. Ericka rests her head on his shoulder, breathing heavily as the energy from her system is replaced by afterglow. Drac plants a kiss to the top of her forehead, inhaling her sweet smell and moving slightly so that he could see her face. Exhaustion was evident in her eyes, but she manages a small smile. He brushed his thumb over her cheek lovingly, his heart fluttering at the love she has for him.

“You were right,” he breathed, voice rough. “This *was* a good idea.”

She laughed and pressed her forehead against his. “You *think? ”*

He chuckled in response, and carefully began pulling out of her. She let out a soft whine at the feel of him leaving her body, and was surprised when she felt her legs quiver and begin to give way beneath her.

“Careful honeybat,” he cooed, catching her around the thighs and setting her back in balance. “It seems you’re not quite recovered yet.”

Ericka looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Look who’s talking.” She gestured vaguely down to his own trembling knees, and he blushed.

“Yes, well,” he mumbled, “how could I not be when my lovely wife has done such a *wonderful* job taking care of me?”

It was now her turn to blush, and she bashfully avoided Drac’s gaze. “I guess when you’re married to ‘Count Wonderful,’ you could pick up a thing or two,” she said with a teasing smirk.

Dracula sighed, and continued caressing her cheek tenderly. “Yes, yes. And I will always be your Dark Prince of Loviness from now until the end of time, my sweet blood orange,” he hums softly, nuzzling his larger nose against her smaller one.

“Oh, Drac, stop it,” Ericka giggled. She gently pushed him away from their embrace and took the opportunity to readjust her underwear and pants, pulling them up and smoothing down the clothing to look more presentable. When she turned to face him again, he had also readjusted himself, with no evidence of the secret tryst save for the blush on his cheeks and overly-satisfied smile.

“Now then,” she sighed happily, reaching for his hand and intertwining their fingers. “Shall we return?”

She is surprised when he groans in reluctance. “Do we have to?”

Ericka shook her head in amusement. Was it not only several moments ago that he had been so insistent on returning to the ballroom to prepare for his speech? A stern look was cast his way.

“Yes, we do. Now c’mon. You’re cutting it close,” she warned. Pulling out her phone, she showed him the time. It was only *five* minutes until midnight. His eyes widened and he quickly grabbed his own phone to re-confirm it. Any more lingering, and Drac would be late to his own event.

“OHHH my!” he exclaimed, the voice raising in surprise. “Oh no, no, no, I am terribly sorry to keep us, my love, let’s go!”

With that, he took her hand and started heading back to the ballroom at a brisk pace. She laughed at his behavior as she ran alongside him, feeling very accomplished with herself for being able to steer him into doing what she wanted - and for that matter - what he ended up needing.

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Ericka arrived in time to find most of the guests already seated at the tables. Her legs trembled slightly, but she did not let it show in her walk. She seated herself down at their table, one that was positioned for a perfect view of the stage. Mavis seemed to pale a little more than usual when she saw Ericka. The girl awkwardly smiled in greeting before pretending to be occupied by something else, all the while keeping a hand scrubbing fiercely at her right ear. But, if there *was* anything off about Mavis's behavior, Ericka didn’t take any particular notice. Her thoughts wandered back to their little romp. The way his cool skin felt against hers, how good his lips tasted…

She blushed and tried to shake the heated thoughts away. Perhaps they could have a second round later that evening. But, regardless of that matter, there would be plenty of time to have him all to herself… once he was retired. It was a thought that kept replaying into her mind, one that made her smile to herself, as she knew that the time was nearing for him to make the special announcement. Ericka could barely contain her excitement as the hour approached.

Sipping quietly from her chalice, she kept a sharp eye out for her dark prince's arrival.

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