Parental Intuition

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Parental Intuition

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Summary

With a wedding underway and a baby to prepare for, Dracula and Ericka get ready to enter parenthood together at Hotel Transylvania; A sequel to “Reborn”

Chapter 1: The Reveal

Chapter Summary

Dracula and Ericka make two special announcements to everyone

It was a few hours late into the night that the window of the attic was opened, and two figures slithered inside from the rooftop of Hotel Transylvania. The first was Count Dracula, easily recognizable with his black outfit and cape that draped along his back. The second was Ericka, his now bride-to-be, whom he helped in from the windowsill as she gingerly stepped back inside.

She giggled as they walked out of the attic hand-in-hand. “Well, that was certainly a morning to wake up to.”

Drac shook his head. “You’re telling me! I thought I would just be gaining a wife out of this. Now I find out I’m getting a wife *and* a child!” He laughed incredulously. “Just wait until we tell the others!”

Ericka stopped dead in her tracks. "The others? You want to tell them now? So soon?"

Drac shrugged. "Well why not? Why wait?"

“I don’t know... How do you think they’ll take the news?” she asked, wringing her hands nervously.

“Honeybat,” he began, “They will be overjoyed. It's been a long while since we've had any new arrivals of this kind… Not since Denisovich, actually,”

Ericka looked thoughtful for a moment before smiling at him. "Sorry, I guess I was just worried. You know, with me being human and all…"

He rubbed his hands on her shoulders reassuringly. "Sweetheart, I thought we've been over this - human, monster, unicorn - what does it matter? They love you…" he looked down shyly with a blush, " *I* love you."

Ericka smiled softly, tilting his head down toward her so she could plant a light kiss on his lips. She pulled away after a moment, looking deeply into his eyes. "Thank you," she said.

Dracula smiled back in response, and they soon strode into the dining hall where folks were awakening for the day and grabbing food to eat. Everyone they needed was there for the announcement.

"Hey Dad, hey Ericka!" Mavis greeted the pair as she walked up to them. "Do you want to come sit with us? I saved you a seat."

“Yes, of course!”

From the food table, Dracula selected himself a couple of bagels with scream cheese for him and Ericka and then seated himself with the others. Ericka made sure to keep her hand hidden so that no one would be able to see the engagement ring on it. Her eyes scanned the table at the monsters who were there idly chatting with each other - there was Frankenstein, with his wife Eunice; there was Wayne the werewolf with his wife Wanda and their wolf pup children; there was Murray the mummy who was next to the Invisible Man, Griffin; and then there was Mavis, her husband Johnny, and their child Dennis. She exchanged a look with Drac and he took it as his cue. He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze from under the table and stood up, clinking his chalice.

"May I have everyone's attention please?"

The eating stopped, and his friends and family turned to face him, along with some other guests who were in the dining hall.

Drac got nervous for a brief second, but cleared his throat and recomposed himself. “A-as you know,” he began, “We have all recently returned from a wonderful cruise vacation which, yes, did take some turns in ways we did not expect.”

“You can say that again,” Wayne muttered, but Wanda elbowed him on the side.

“But, it also turned out to change my life in a way I never thought to be possible again,” Dracula continued. “I met my zing.”

He glanced fondly down at Ericka and she smiled back up at him shyly. Some monsters cooed at their obvious affection for each other.

“She is a beautiful, amazing woman who has captured me completely. Heart and dark soul. I love her endlessly, and she loves me. Which is why” - he took another breath as if bracing himself - "I have asked Miss Ericka Van Helsing to be, well, my *wife* ."

She smiled and lifted her hand so everyone could see the little spider ring with a red jewel that was on her ring finger. Exclamations of approval were heard and the guests gave cheers.

"Yes, yes," Dracula chuckled, "but that is not *all* friends. I have some more news."

The monsters quieted again and listened. Drac cleared his throat and continued. "Well, eh, after proposing to Ericka, she actually informed me of the fact that she is… is… is…" He faltered at the words, suddenly sounding like a broken record player as his nerves began to take over.

Next to him, Ericka boldly spoke up. "I'm pregnant."

Her announcement silenced the room. Everyone stared at her with wide eyes. After a moment, someone spoke up.

"You're expecting?!" Johnny shouted out. "A new baby in the hotel? *And* Drac's a father again! That is just totally *awesome* !"

"Yeah!" Mavis exclaimed, "a brother or sister for me? An auntie or uncle for Dennis? Nice!"

"Yeah, way to go Drac!" Frank called out with a clap of his enormous blue hands. "Congratulations!"

Their cries of approval acted as a catalyst for the rest of the guests and soon, there were congratulations coming from every direction of the dining hall.

"When did *that* happen?" Griffin mumbled in question to Wayne.

"I had a feeling they got together sometime on those last few days on the cruise ship," the werewolf replied. "I could practically smell the pheromones clinging onto them! And that's saying something when you know my nose hasn't been the best after dealing with all those dirty number-two filled diapers I've had to change for my large litter of kids."

The clapping was interrupted when a little robotic figure scurried through the dining hall, trying to get to the front. Dracula took a closer look and groaned. "Oh boy, look who it is." He pointed so Ericka could see and she furrowed her brows. It was her great-grandfather, Van Helsing, and he looked like he was about to give an earful to the two of them.

"Outta the way! Outta the way!" he yelled, pushing past everyone as he wheeled forward in a hurry. He stopped right in front of his granddaughter and her husband with his bony arms crossed. "Now, what's all this that I hear about you having a bun in the oven, young lady?"

She groaned. "Great-grandfather! Must you do this now?"

"All I asked was a simple question, young lady," he insisted. "Now, is this or is this not true? Or has *he* hypnotized you into telling lies?!" Van Helsing pointed accusingly at Dracula.

Drac laughed and shook his head. Only Van Helsing would think such a thing, really. "I can assure you that nothing of that sort has occurred."

"I didn't ask *you!"* Van Helsing spat. "I asked my great-granddaughter!" He then turned to Ericka. "Well?"

Ericka crossed her arms and sighed. "No, great-grandfather. Your future son-in-law has *not* done whatever evil you think he's done. This baby is real, and we are going to have it."

" *WHAT?"*

Van Helsing looked back and forth between the two people standing before him. Both seemed to be waiting for his approval, or really anything for him to say at all, though it felt as though it were an impossibility. Finally, managed to find his voice and he spoke out again.

"Well, of all the nonsense I could have imagined in all my years" - he scowled and drew closer with his clanking metal body - "I *never* would have imagined… that my little girl would have a child of her own!"

He suddenly did the unexpected and gave her a hug with a big smile on his face. This caught both Ericka and Dracula by surprise.

“Sooo… I’m confused,” Ericka said honestly when he released her from his hold. “You’re *not* upset?”

“Who, me? Upset that you’re having a kid with my sworn enemy? Of course not!”

“Great-grandfather,” Ericka warned him at the sarcastic tone laced into his voice.

“Right, right,” he said, keeping himself in check. “Anywho, I don’t doubt that he will inherit *my* handsome genes. I was quite a looker back in my day, you know.”

Ericka glanced at Drac who quickly shook his head in denial while Van Helsing was too busy striking a pose. Then the old man turned back to his great-granddaughter. “It *is* a boy, right?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know! I’m literally only less than a month along…”

“Ah well…” he sighed. “I do trust you’ll be naming it after me, regardless,”

Dracula coughed into his hand to prevent himself from blurting out his disapproval on the idea. From the look on his wife’s face, he could tell she wasn't on board with the idea either. But to tell Van Helsing at that moment about the names they were thinking of would only fall deaf upon his ears.

“Yeah, sure,” was all Ericka said at the moment. Then Dracula called attention to everyone again.

“Now remember, go tell your friends and have your friends tell their friends that the matrimony of Dracula and Ericka Van Helsing will be held in a month’s time right here at Hotel Transylvania! It will be a grand extravaganza for humans and monsterfolk alike!”

The guests cheered again, and then Johnny arose from his seat with his chalice held high up in his hands. “I think we should call a toast to Drac and Ericka! May you two lovebirds find true happiness together *and* with your baby!”

Everyone joined to the toast, calling out “To Drac and Ericka!” as they raised their drinks. In response, Dracula and Ericka clinked their glasses and looked at each other adoringly.

“To us,” Drac whispered.

“To us,” she replied, and the two closed the distance to share a loving kiss.

Chapter 2: Wedding

Chapter Summary

Dracula and Ericka’s wedding goes underway

Chapter Notes

mature content near end of chapter

The day of Dracula and Ericka’s wedding came quickly.

Monsters from far and wide came, intrigued by the fact that Dracula was going to be married again. Most of them had attended his first wedding with Martha all those years ago, and to be invited to this second one was exciting as well.

Being the manager of the hotel, Dracula would normally be the one greeting guests at the door, but this time Johnny was put to the task. He stood underneath a spider woven sign that read ‘Congratulations Dracula and Ericka’ as he gladly said hello to everyone and directed them on where to go. The count in the meantime was standing at the altar, watching everyone file inside and take their seats, murmuring excitedly.

“How are you holding up there, buddy?”

“Yeah, you’re looking a little pale.”

“Oh come on, he’s always pale, he’s a vampire, remember?”

“Oh, right. *I* knew that.”

Dracula turned and saw his friends - Murray, Wayne, Griffin, and Frank - had approached him, dressed in their best attire for the occasion.

“I’m okay,” he assured them. “How do I look?”

“As tall and sleek and handsome as ever,” a new older voice answered. Drac turned and saw his father, Vlad.

“Dad!” he exclaimed. “When did you get here?”

“Eh, about five minutes or so ago. Schlumpy greeted me at the door.”

Dracula rolled his eyes. “His name is ‘Johnny,’ Dad.”

Vlad laughed. “Yeah, I know.”

As Vlad went to seat himself, Drac’s nerves began to get the best of him. It had been a little while, and most everyone had already been situated, except for a few stragglers who came in and quickly found a place to sit. Even from his spot at the door, Johnny could see Drac’s concerned expression written clearly all over his face. He turned to the side and began to speak discreetly into a headset microphone that was on his head."Is everything okay up there, hon?"

Mavis answered back on her microphone. "Oh yes, everything is okay, Ericka's just a little sick - a mix of pre-wedding jitters and morning sickness - but she's fixing herself up now. Don't worry, she will be down soon."

“Okay, cool! Got worried for a sec there. See you soon!” the redhead answered.

“Okay, bye!” Mavis replied.

She turned her attention back to Ericka, who had just finished heaving yet another round of vomit inside the toilet and sat back on the bathroom floor with a huff.

"Oh man... " she groaned. “I really hope I don’t barf all over Drac. I would seriously hate to ruin the wedding because of something like *that.*”

“Don’t worry,” Mavis said with a laugh. “My dad has dealt with much worse situations before. I don’t think you want to know what’s happened whenever Bigfoot clogs up the toilet after having an upset stomach…”

Ericka cringed at the thought. “I can only imagine!”

The two women shared a laugh and then Mavis asked, “Do you really think you’ll be okay to go through with this now? I’m sure we could figure something else out if you’re not well enough to - “

“No, no! I got this!” Ericka interrupted. “It’s been like this some mornings. A couple of pukes here and there and then I’m back to feeling a-okay!”

Mavis grinned at her optimism, but she was still a little worried. "Just to be a hundred percent sure, take this." She handed her a small cup with a green-colored gelatin mix inside. “It’s Blobby’s Jell-O recipe,” she explained. “It really helped me when I was feeling that same morning sickness with Dennis.”

Ericka accepted it gratefully and downed the dessert in just a couple of minutes. “Thanks,” she said as she wiped the corners of her mouth with a paper towel. “I don’t think you know how much it means to me to receive all of your help with the wedding now and the baby on the way. I know it’s all happening so fast, and I certainly couldn’t have done all of this alone.”

“Think nothing of it,” Mavis gently assured with a pat on the shoulder. “You and my dad have something really special together. He lights up in a way I’ve never seen whenever he’s with you, or even when he just *talks* about you. You make him happy, and I want that for him. And if Dennis has anyone he can look up to besides me, Johnny, or his Papa Drac, it would be you.”

Ericka playfully made a face. “Does that make me a *grandma?*”

Mavis giggled. “Nah. Dennis prefers to refer to you as his ‘nana.’”

“Aw,” Ericka said. “That’s cute.”

Mavis helped add the finishing touches on making Ericka look her best - touching up her makeup, adjusting the lacy veil on her head, and hairspraying her light almost-white blonde curls to perfection. Ericka looked at herself in the full-body mirror with satisfaction. It was as prepared as she was ever going to be.

“Okay,” she breathed, looking up at Mavis with determination. “I’m ready.”

The ceremony commenced with soft music gently ringing out. Winnie, playing the role of flower girl, merrily skipped her way down the aisle, flinging colorful petals on the carpeted floor in a pattern-like fashion. Drac chuckled at the sight, and then his breath caught in his throat as he saw Ericka present herself at the end of the aisle in a rather dramatic fashion. Heads turned to look at her too, decked out in a beautiful white gown that trailed behind her so elegantly. She blushed as she caught her groom’s gaze and held the small bouquet of sunflowers tighter in her gloved hands. Just as the wedding march was about to begin, she could hear the mechanical gears that always preceded the coming of her great-grandfather. Van Helsing wheeled in next to her, a bit of a grim look on his face as he rolled along by her side during the procession.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he muttered. "Just because he's deflowered you and planted his spawn within you doesn't mean you have to go through with this. There are ways to resolve this problem besides marriage!"

Ericka looked down at him, appalled. "Great-grandfather!" she hissed. "Don’t talk about my child that way! He or she will be your great-great-grandchild you know."

Van Helsing scowled. “Yes, but with *him*?” He gestured toward where Dracula was standing at the altar.

Ericka gave him a look. "Yes, I love him. That's kind of *why* I slept with him in the first place. It was my choice, just like it's my choice now to marry him."

Van Helsing, still not convinced, scoffed. "Yes, but was it your choice to have a child with him already? How do you know this isn't some kind of trickery?"

"Well… it did kind of catch me by surprise that I conceived so quickly…" she admitted. "But I trust Drac, and I know he couldn't have done this on purpose. He's just as excited as I am to

have this baby, and I thought you were too."

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But I've thought about it more, and I'm not so sure I would want my descendant to be a half-demon!"

"First of all," Ericka said, "It's a half-*vampire.* Secondly, they may not even *have* vampire powers since they are going to be half-human too. I am their mother after all. But you really can't control that… we'll just have to wait and see."

"Right," was all that Van Helsing mumbled. He didn't say anything else as he brought her forth and gave her up to the Count. He gave Dracula a dismissive look and a stern one to his great-granddaughter before turning heel and seating himself in one of the pews. Ericka rolled her eyes and Drac simply put his focus on his lovely bride rather than the snide behavior of his soon to be father-in-law.

Next, Johnny's traveling backpack was made to present the wedding rings. They were two simple gold bands that were sitting atop of a small satin pillow. Dracula carefully picked one up and slipped it on Ericka's finger in a delicate manner, giving her hand a kiss before releasing it. Ericka did the same motions for Dracula's ring.

Then the time came for the vows. Blobby stood at the altar and began leading the ceremony.

"Blublububbubuh?" he asked Drac.

"I do," Dracula said with certainty.

"Blublububbubuh?" Blobby asked Ericka.

"I do," Ericka said with a blush.

Blobby then finished the pronunciation and Dracula immediately swept Ericka in for a passionate kiss.

Mavis and Johnny cheered.

Dennis and Winnie recoiled and said "Ewww."

Van Helsing turned his gaze away with a roll of his eyes.

And everyone else erupted in a thunderous applause.

The reception that followed the wedding was breathtaking as well. Johnny resumed the role of "DJ Jazzy Johnny" and was helping moderate the music from his laptop's playlists. One of the first songs that played was a tango. Dracula and Ericka, familiar with the dance, easily fell into the rhythm with each other. Another song that was played was the Macarena, which the monsters easily remembered from the cruise. Everyone enthusiastically joined in to follow along with the dance steps, and even Van Helsing was whooping with delight! He hardly had a minute to scowl at Dracula that whole night with all the wheeling around and shimmying that he did. Later, a long conga line formed behind the newlyweds as a lively beat began to pound throughout the speakers. It only broke off after the wolf pups passed by the

buffet table and caught a whiff of the distinguishable scent of bacon, in which from there they leaped off and tore into whatever food they could fill their mouths with. Normally, Drac would be jumping to his feet and trying to stop their clatter, but tonight he only laughed it off with Ericka.

The evening eventually died down, and the last of the tired guests went back to get some much needed rest in their hotel suites.

But not for the wedded couple. For them, the night was only beginning.

The count swept his wife into his arms and bid everyone a goodnight and thanks for coming as he zoomed his way through the hallway, up the stairs, and to the secluded suite that was meant for newlyweds.

Ericka laughed as Dracula practically kicked the door open, briefly disturbing the shrunken head at the knob as he carried her inside the honeymoon suite bridal style. She squealed in delight as he spun her around a few times in a grand flourish before laying her gently down upon the king-sized bed. He then proceeded to pepper her face with smoochy kisses.

"Drac," she giggled, slightly pushing him away, "stop it!"

He shook his head defiantly. "No way, my love. You're my wife now, and I'll treat you like one."

She rolled her eyes, playfully batting his arm. "You are ridiculous, you know that?"

He kissed her nose. "And you adore me for it."

Dracula pulled her up and into another kiss, this time much longer than the last. Ericka looked at him with a heated look in her eyes as they pulled apart.

"Why doesn’t my husband show me just how much I’m loved, hmm?" She wrapped her arms around his neck and brought him down with her atop the bed for further emphasis to her desires. Dracula chuckled awkwardly and pulled away. “I would love to, sweetfangs, but what about the baby?”

Ericka shrugged. “I know, but I’m only about a month along. It shouldn’t cause any harm.”

Dracula still didn’t seem convinced though.

“But Ericka, honeybat, I don’t think you should strain yourself while you’re pregnant. Just as a precaution to your own health.”

"Well, I’m not exactly needing all those precautions *quite* yet. But, if you really *are* concerned, I might have an alternative in mind…"

Dracula peered at her with curiosity. "An alternative? Like what?"

Ericka grinned and ran a sensual hand down his chest. "You'll see…"

It was ten minutes later that the Prince of Darkness found himself laying on his back atop the suite's expansive bed, bared and being pleasured by his wife. He thrust avidly and with fervor, though it wasn't into her core as he would have preferred. No, instead it was into her mouth. She kissed, licked, and sucked at the hardened member, making slow circular motions with her tongue and teasing the sensitive tip. A loud moan slipped from his lips. He had been unsure at first about it when she had told him about what she planned to do, finding it unusual to be kissing him, well, down *there*. But it was a pleasant surprise nonetheless, and he was now writhing helplessly under her touch.

"Erickaaa…" he groaned softly, and in response she took him in further, hollowing her cheeks more and allowing the pink head to tickle the back of her throat. Dracula sucked in a breath and strangled down curses at the immense pleasure. His hands were clenched against the sheets below, sharp nails digging into the soft fabric as a thin layer of sweat broke out across his pale skin. He could feel himself getting close, so very close. He pumped harder and harder, panting heavily through gritted teeth. Words barely became comprehensible as the climax began to clutch at him.

She pulled herself from him and with a few firm strokes of her hand was able to get him to release. The creamy white substance spurt from his cock in streams as he came undone, dribbling onto her hands as his body spasmed with intense pleasure. His breathing slowed, then stilled, eyes rolling back into his skull with his limbs splayed out. Ericka watched for a moment, watching his chest rise and fall as his breathing calmed. He lazily opened an eye after a while and watched as she lay atop his chest with a satisfied smirk.

“Sooo? How was it?”

Dracula pulled her in for a kiss in response. “It was amazing.” She smiled against his lips as he kissed her again, wrapping his arms around her waist and turning her around so that she lay on her back. She looked up at him with a confused glance.

“I thought you said you didn’t want to do this?” she questioned.

“I’m not,” Dracula said with a grin. “I’m simply returning the favor.”

With that his fingers gripped the waistband of her panties and tugged it down the length of her legs. Ericka bit her lip as he positioned his head between her legs and brought her into the same world of bliss that she had just done for him.

Chapter 3: Honeymoon Expectations

Chapter Summary

Ericka begins to get cravings on her and Drac's honeymoon

Ericka awoke first the following morning, grinning at the feel of her husband’s arms around her waist. She stirred him from sleep with a gentle shake, and his drowsy eyes landed upon her.

“Good morning,” he mumbled, giving her a gentle kiss.

“Morning,” she whispered back as he pulled away. “So… any plans for today?”

“Well…” Drac began, “I was hoping to maybe take a bath with my *wife*?” he asked, putting a proud emphasis on the word ‘wife.’ It had the effect he wanted, and she smiled at the new role she played in his life.

“I would love to share the tub with my *husband*,” she replied cheekily. Her heart leapt with desire as he helped her rise from the bed and then made their way to the restroom.

The bathtub itself is a white porcelain, deep and rounded well with enough room to easily fit two lovers. Dracula used his magic to turn the knobs of the faucet and fill it with warm water. He then grabbed a bottle of soap and poured most of the content into it, allowing the water to foam with suds that smelled like a sweet vanilla fragrance.

"So the Lord of Darkness likes bubble baths," Ericka giggled as she watched him. "Who knew!"

Dracula chuckled. “Yes. And it will be an even better experience with *you*, my love.”

Turning to her, he gathered up the hems of her loose nightshirt and lifted the thin garment over her head, tossing it to the side so that she was now as nude as he was.

He sat down in the tub first, water sloshing around him as he allowed himself to sink into the frothy mixture. Ericka climbed in next, adjusting herself so that her back was against Drac’s lean frame, body pressing into him and making herself comfortable. He let out a small groan of approval, wrapping his arms so they held her close to him, the only sounds being that of their breathing. The warm water was soothing to the muscles, and Ericka let out a content sigh.

"I'm going to miss this,” he said.

She turned her head slightly toward him. “Miss what?”

“Oh, moments like this, with just us. Together.” He sighed. “It’s a lot of work to run the hotel, and throwing a baby into the mix is going to be no easy feat. Especially for a *new* mother.”

She interlaced their hands underneath the soapy water and rubbed her thumb over his knuckles “Well, at least I’ve got the benefit of having an experienced father on my side. I’m sure things will work out fine."

Drac nodded slowly. “Yes, of course they will. With my zing by my side, I *know* it will.” He brought his fingers to rest on her stomach, lightly stroking. It tickled her and she let loose a small giggle in response.

“Are you washing me now?” she asked.

He leaned down, resting his chin in the crook of her neck. “Of course, I *love* to touch your body. Plus, we *are* in the bath.”

"Yeah," she breathed. "I guess that's true."

They spent another half hour or so in the comfortable relaxation of each other’s company, Ericka enjoying every moment that he gave her without complaint. Once the last bit of the bubbles had disappeared, she began to sit up from the warm waters and reach to dry herself off. She stood up shakily, and Drac followed suit, standing and holding out a hand to steady her. Ericka took it with a grateful smile and did not waste any time in drying off with one of the white towels. They were going to need to utilize all the time they could get to accomplish everything they wanted to do on their honeymoon agenda. She slid on a simple cream tunic dress, while Drac took up a more casual appearance with a flowery Hawaiian shirt and some white slacks.

Once dressed, Drac offered his arm out to her with a rather coy smile.

“Shall we?”

Ericka nodded and linked arms with him.

“We shall.”

An active day followed for the pair of newlyweds. Dracula had resorted to taking her all over Transylvania, exploring the sights and enjoying all that it had to offer. They visited the Dark forest of Slobozia, which of course wasn’t as dark or spooky as it once had been, where they were stopped by some joggers who wanted to take selfies with Drac. The joggers were disappointed to find that he did not show up in the pictures, but by the time they turned around to ask him for a retake, the pair were gone. Dracula had whisked Ericka away to show her Camp Winnepecaca from a distance, as the count had been given a restraining order from returning to the place after the destruction that happened when Dennis was brought. A short time later, Ericka’s stomach began to growl, and Dracula drove in through the town square to grab some food for the two. It was around the same time of year of the annual Monster Festival, and he was greeted by the sight of many folks dressed down in lots of different

creature costumes. One of them was the Dracula who had helped them get to Johnny at the airport, and he immediately recognized the Count.

“Fellow Dracula! How are you doing today, bleh-bleh-bleh?”

Dracula groaned. “I don’t say ‘bleh-bleh-bleh.’ But, it is going well. Just taking my wife around to see if we can grab something to eat.”

“A Countess?” the man answered with a pleasantly surprised glance at Ericka. “Well, congratulations, bleh-bleh-bleh! I will not disturb you or your bride, but perhaps we shall cross paths another time, bleh-bleh-bleh!”

“Heh heh, yes. See you around,” Drac said as politely as he could, but the whole ‘bleh-bleh-bleh’ bit was getting under his skin.

Instead, Drac focused on his original mission to get them both something to eat. He vouched to grab her some more of the traditional human food that was being offered at stands - hot dogs, a burger, pizza - but she surprised him when she refused, and instead requested something else.

“I’m craving some *monster* foods,” Ericka said. “What have they got?”

“Well,” Dracula thought as he looked around. A few yards away there were some stands that had food similar to what he sold at the hotel. He ended up grabbing an entire pallet of edibles: bagels with scream cheese, scorpions in cockroach paste, pickled rat eyeballs, wormcakes with Blood Beater syrup; It was all delicious choices… for a *monster* that is. But Drac wasn’t so sure that Ericka would take to the food the same way he did. Once again, he was proven wrong.

“I’ve eaten plenty of ecotic food before,” she assured him. “This will be a piece of cake!”

And with that, she started digging in. He watched her for a moment to see if she would complain about the sentient cream cheese that was yelling its head off, or the slimy nature of the worms, or even the tart flavor of the cockroach paste, but he was impressed to see that she paid no mind whatsoever. He watched, enthralled and amused to see her so content that he almost forgot to eat some himself.

That is until she shoved some scorpion into his mouth nearly the same way she had with the guacamole chips on the cruise.

“Mmm,” she said. “And to think you’d believe that I wouldn’t like it!”

“Mmm hhhm hmmm mmm,” Drac agreed, swallowing hard. "I just didn’t know how you’d take to it.”

"It's alright," she replied. "But what I'm really curious about is *that*." She pointed to his cup of Blood Beater on the small table they were at.

"Be my guest," he said, handing it to her. She took a quick sniff of the red substance before her and then took a large sip. He saw her grimace a little, but then her expression relaxed.

"It's not bad either," she said. "A little bitter, kind of strange, but still alright. Kind of like wine in a way, just, you know, *hemoglobin*." She swallowed down some more and then paused, smacking her lips with a face of disgust. "Okay, but about that aftertaste though..."

Dracula laughed. "I knew there would be something you didn't like!" he said as he gulped down the rest of the drink. Ericka swatted him playfully on the arm before wiping her mouth with a napkin. Dumping the empty tray, he helped her rise and together they headed for the exit.

That evening, the two laid atop the bed, Ericka propped up by some pillows and Dracula curled up next to her, his focus on her belly. With slow, careful movements, he took a hand and gently traced the swell, singing a soft tune that he used to sing when Mavis was a baby.

Because you're Daddy's girl… or boy,

Daddy's girl… or boy,

And I'm your Vlad-y Daddy…

Ericka smiled at the sweet little tune and stroked a hand through Drac's silky hair in a petting manner.

"I never imagined in a hundred years that I'd be a father again," Dracula sighed, gently caressing the bump and leaning into Ericka's touch.

Ericka snorted. "You think that's crazy? I never imagined becoming a mother at all… much less to the children of the man I'd been trained to kill my whole life," she added with a laugh. Then her smile fell. "I-I'd be a terrible mom…"

Dracula turned to look at her, a bewildered expression clear on his face. "What?" he said, astonished. "Sweet fangs, what in the world would make you say that?"

Ericka gave him a dry look. "Need I remind you of my upbringing?" she asked. "I hardly learned anything on that ship with great-grandfather Van Helsing. He was always so focused on monster-hunting and killing vampires… I mean, do you really think he cared about showing affection? He *wanted* me to be cold, hard, and uncaring…" She paused, a lump suddenly forming in her throat. "How could you ever want someone like that to raise your kids?"

Her voice broke slightly on the last word, causing Ericka's eyes to fill with tears. Drac could only stare at her, appalled. "What? Ericka, where is this all coming from?"

She sniffed, looking up at him with a quivering lip as fat tears began to roll down her cheeks. He quickly moved over to hold her, gently rubbing circles on her back and pressing soft kisses to her temple.

“Oh, no, no, no, honeybadger, please do not cry…” He gently wiped her tears away with a thumb. These mood swings were getting more and more common as of late, and it always baffled him how quickly she could go from cheerful to sad in such a short span of time. Nevertheless, he offered her comfort, doing his best to gently hush her sobs. She was able to calm down, the crying hushing to some soft sniffles.

“Sorry,” she mumbled after a while.

Dracula handed her a tissue to blow her nose with. "It’s okay," he whispered. "I understand how nervous it can make you to become a parent. My father raised me no different from you, really. He just wanted me to prey on, kill, and steal souls from humans. But I knew I was more than that. And when my little Mavy finally did come, I felt all that worry melt away. I had a new purpose in being her father, and it made me feel good."

He pressed a gentle kiss to the crown of her head and looked down at her. Ericka’s eyes were red and puffy, but there was still no sign of any additional sobbing. “I know you’re going to feel good, too, when you become a mother and hold your baby for the first time.”

“You mean *our* baby,” she corrected with a smile.

“Yes. *Our* baby,” Drac happily agreed.

Talking of the baby seemed to lift her spirits and Ericka sat up straighter to speak a bit more enthusiastically.

"So, do you want it to be a boy or girl?" she asked.

Dracula paused and thought for a second. "Weelll, I'll be happy either way, honeybat. As long as they are healthy and strong.” He paused for a second and then thought it over. "Buuut… I have always wanted to have a little boy. A son that I can teach how to fly and catch mice, and do all sorts of vampire things!"

Ericka chuckled. “But you know, he may not even be a vampire with all the powers and stuff. He’s half-human. Need I remind you of the little incident you had with your Dennis?”

Dracula groaned. Ever since he had admitted what had occurred when he tried to get his grandson’s fangs to pop out, she hadn’t failed to remind him.

“No, you don’t need to remind me sweetfangs. I have promised you that I will not do that sort of thing to our children, my love, do you not believe me?”

She caressed his cheek in reassurance. “Yes, I trust you to your word.”

Dracula breathed a sigh of relief. “Good. Now, what do *you* want the baby to be?”

Ericka’s eyes lit up. "I haven't really given it too much thought, but I really think I would like a girl. It would be so much fun to spoil her in ways that I didn't get when I was young."

"Heh, heh, and I'll be helping you along with *that*,” Drac laughed.

Ericks giggled and the Count sighed fondly. "Ah, but why wait, my love? We can easily get you checked out at the medical bay sometime this week. The doctor at the infirmary has just the right equipment for an 'ultrasound,‘ or whatever they call it that lets you see the baby."

Ericka bit her lip. "Actually, um… I don't want to find out."

Dracula stared at her. "You *don't*?"

"I want it to be a surprise," Ericka explained. "I know we have all the tech nowadays that we need to see whether it will be a little girl or boy, but I just want to see for myself on their birthday." She smiled, looking wistfully at her belly then back at him.

"Well, alright," the count conceded. "How can I say no to such an adorable face like yours?"

Ericka blushed, her smile widening. "Oh, please…" she said playfully, pushing his shoulder gently.

The count chuckled and moved his hand from hers, placing it against her stomach again.

"Ah well, whether you're Bram or Martha, I'll still love you all the same."

Dracula’s face lit up when he felt a sort of growl in response. "The baby answered me!" he said excitedly.

Ericka laughed and shook her head. "No honey, that was me. I'm starting to get a little hungry again. Do you mind grabbing me some anchovies with ice cream, please?"

The vampire chuckled. “What is with that food? Mavis was asking for that same exact combination all the time when she was pregnant.”

“Who knows,” Ericka said with a shrug. “Must be a Dracula thing.”

Drac curiously thought about it as he went down into the kitchen and then came back upstairs with the dessert. Did the Dracula side of the family have a taste for this oddly-flavored ice cream? Before he came back into the room, he took a quick lick of it.

And instantly regretted it.

“Pppwwahh! Pwwafftt pwwah!” he spluttered in disgust, nearly gagging as he thrust the treat into Ericka’s waiting hands. “Take it, it’s all yours!”

He then rushed into the bathroom to rinse out the flavor with a few gargles of Blood Beater mouthwash. Ericka could only watch her husband and giggle at his antics.

Such as life with the Count, she mused, dipping in to the ice cream and humming contently as she ate.

Chapter 4: Photoshoot

Chapter Summary

Ericka’s baby bump begins to show more, and a photoshoot is taken to remember the moment

Chapter Notes

nudity (middle of chapter) and brief mature content (end of chapter)

"All right now, a little to the left Mrs. Van Dracula."

Ericka did as instructed, tilting her head slightly left and offering a wide smile. It had been another several months, and since her belly had gotten even bigger in size, she and Drac had thought that it might be best to do a photoshoot to remember the expecting mother as she was.

The photographer who was taking her photos - a goblin-looking creature - now presently smiled as she gave him the perfect pose, sitting up straight upon the ground with her head high and proud and among a display that looked like a field of sunflowers. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, and took the photos with a great flash of the camera. “Now, move yourself so that you can put a hand on your belly and the other holding a flower up to your nose.”

“Like this?” she asked, recreating the pose exactly.

“Yes, great!” he responded, flashing the camera once again. With a satisfied sigh, he lowered the gadget from his face and began gathering his equipment together. “Alrighty, Mrs. Van Dracula, I do believe that concludes our photoshoot. If you and your husband give me just a few minutes, I’ll have the pictures ready for you to view in no time!”

“Sounds good to me,” Ericka responded. She looked over to Dracula who was sitting nearby the little setup area and he nodded. He came over and helped her rise so she could sit next to him comfortably.

Drac smiled at her. “You look *ravishing.*”

Ericka scoffed. “Oh come on, in this?” She gestured to her wide white tunic dress that she had on. “I’m starting to feel as big as a house in this.”

Dracula chuckled and caressed her cheek. “*You* might feel that way, but I still think you’re beautiful no matter what.”

She blushed a little and accepted his puckered lips against hers for a brief kiss.

“Oh! I apologize if I’m interrupting anything,” the photographer's voice sounded as he returned. They came apart and looked at him as he continued. “Your pictures are ready!”

He brought them around to the little studio booth and they looked at the photographs on the photographer's computer screen. They were all lovely to Drac, showcasing his beautiful wife and the enlarged bump that was soon to be their baby.

“It’s gorgeous,” Ericka said, lacing her fingers with Drac’s. “It’s just too bad that *you* won’t show up in the photos too.”

“I know, honeybat,” Dracula concurred. “But I’m a vampire. Any kind of reflection won’t allow me to show up in a picture.”

They thanked the photographer for his time, paid him, and then took the printed copies back to their suite. Ericka became thoughtful as she looked the pictures over again.

“Drac?” she called to him.

“Yes, honeybat?” he answered, coming back into the room with her and drinking a small chalice of Blood Beater.

“I was wondering,” she began, “you still like to paint, don’t you?”

Dracula nodded. “Oh yes. My study is just in the other room. I mostly use it as an office, but sometimes when the mood hits I’ll make a quick portrait or two…. Why do you ask?” He looked at her skeptically.

"Well… I want you to make a portrait of *me*."

Dracula shrugged. "Sure! Just pick out something nice and comfortable to wear and I'll have you done up in no time."

Ericka chuckled. "Don't you usually prefer nude models?"

Dracula choked on his drink, coughing a few times before he recomposed himself. "Whoa whoa, time out, what are you talking about?" he finally spluttered.

Ericka rolled her eyes and began talking in a very slow, simple manner for him to understand. “I’m talking about *you* making a painting of me *au naturale*.”

Dracula shook his head aggressively. “Oh, no, no, no, no. Sweetheart, I can’t do *that*! You know I display a lot of my art out in the hallways of the hotel.”

"Well then *don't* think of it as a piece you're going to be displaying for everyone to see,” Ericka countered. “How about you think of it as a personal project? One that's meant for *your*

eyes only."

“Sounds more like a commission, if you ask me,” Drac replied a little snarkily.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ll make sure I’ll pay you back,” Ericka replied with a glint in her eye. This instantly changed Drac’s snide mood to something a lot more meek, his cheeks aflame with redness as he knew just what kind of payment she was talking about.

“Do you want me to give you a preview of what exactly that would be?” she purred, snaking her arm around his neck.

This made Drac find his voice. “Oh, no, no, no! The-that’s okay, I can wait until later! H-h-how about now you go set yourself up in the study and I’ll find my paints and easel, okay?” he spoke quickly and shakily made his way from her to go do just that.

Part of him was hoping she’d changed her mind when he reentered the study with his items, but he saw her there waiting for him. Now, she was clad in only a thin cotton robe, and his mind whirled as he knew what lay underneath.

“So, are you ready?” she asked.

Dracula breathed deeply a few times before nodding. "Yes. I'm ready."

Ericka smiled. "Good." She then turned her attention to the robe.

Its rope was untied in two swift motions of her hands, the satin robe easily sliding off her body and pooling by her feet. A shudder rippled down her spine at the feel of the cool air hitting her bare skin. She stared at the discarded garment on the floor for a moment, before daring herself a glance up, and gawking at his reaction.

A heavy blush came upon his cheeks in an instant. He had seen her naked enough times to be used to it, but he always seemed to be taken aback by seeing her completely exposed.

She looked much different than the last time he saw her completely bared. The swells of her breasts were more pronounced with the lactose of her essence. The belly itself had stretch marks around it, and it largely protruded from her body outward, as though two pillows had been stuffed under her ivory skin. Regardless, she was still the beautiful woman he knew and loved.

Dracula cleared his throat and spoke up. "Well… it certainly has been a while since I last saw you.”

"Long enough," she agreed.

A blush crept in Drac’s cheeks and he pretended to adjust the canvas a little better on the easel for a minute.

"So… how exactly did you want me to paint you?” he asked. “What pose? I don't really have any in mind."

"Hmm," she thought. "How about like this?"

She laid down on a sofa in a rather risqué way. Her arms were somewhat behind her head, her knee positioned in a way that hid her lower extremities. Pronounced were the torso and swelled belly for the piece. She looked over at him through hooded eyes.

His manhood springing to life in his pants gave him the answer before he even spoke. "Y-yes, nice. Lovely, very nice."

"Alright then," she said. "I'm ready whenever you are."

Dracula's brain seemed to short-circuit as he tried to remember what he was supposed to be doing. "W-what? Oh! Yes." Quickly busying himself, he adjusted the canvas on the easel and began mixing paints atop his small wooden palette. He did this for a couple of minutes, trying to keep his mind in focus before he dared to look back at his alluring temptress of a wife that was on his couch making the hardness between his legs want to burst out and bury itself in her heat. He finally managed to compose himself enough to begin painting the outline of her body, carefully shaping each muscle and sinew with a delicate hand. Next, he began to detail the limbs, adding shadows and values to the slender curves and sleek contours. The belly followed afterwards, and he painted its fullness in soft tones and light touches. He blushed considerably as he did her chest, detailing its supple breasts and the rounded pink tips that were her nipples. Finally, he turned his attention to her face, using ever careful brush strokes to form her nose, cheeks, and beautiful blue eyes.

As he finished the portrait, he set the paints aside to admire his work, and the beauty of it took his breath away. He had never known such art existed until now. His wife looked so regal laying upon the couch with such grace and ease and the portrait he produced reflected that well. Ericka arose, robed herself and strode over to his side.

"What do you think?" Dracula asked.

Ericka considered the piece for a moment, tilting her head and looking at it from different angles. Then she smiled. "I like it. Though I think you might have made my breasts a little *too* big."

Dracula chuckled awkwardly. "Well, eh, they are bigger now that your body's preparing you for nursing."

Ericka giggled. "I'm just messing with you, honey. The painting is beautiful. You did a *great* job. Now, let me repay you the way I wanted to." She approached him with a sultry look in her eyes as she began to undo the rope of her robe again. This time, he knew her intentions were not for artistical purposes.

"Ah… Ericka…" he began to protest.

But she wouldn't hear it. With deft hands, Ericka pulled him toward her and kissed his lips passionately. She broke apart from him and smiled seductively.

"Now, let's get rid of those clothes," she whispered huskily into his ear. Her hands were already working to undo the buttons of his shirt.

Drac gulped. “Ericka, I know you want to do this, but is it really a good idea? The baby…”

“Drac, there is no rule that says you can't do it while you're pregnant," Ericka retorted. “I’ve made sure to read up on it. Even the ‘What to Expect When You’re Expecting a Vampire’ book says it's fine! And haven’t you read it from cover to cover before?”

"B-b-but… “ the vampire stammered. “What if you get pregnant again?!"

Ericka snorted. He was really grasping for straws, now wasn't he? "Do you even know how pregnancy works? It's not going to happen while I'm carrying babies now. Come on, please? I know you want me. I can hear you in the bathroom in the mornings, you know."

Dracula’s eyes widened. "What?"

Ericka only giggled. "You could be a little quieter, you know."

Dracula blushed. She wasn't wrong. Seeing her impregnated the way she was had only made his desire for her grow, and he would relieve that sensation that overcame him through touching himself and relieving the ejaculation. He had always assumed that she was asleep as he ventured off to the bathroom, and that he kept his groans of pleasure relatively quiet. But as it turned out, he was dead wrong. He had fantasized about ravaging her beautiful body the way they had that day on the cruise ship, the very day their baby had been conceived. And now she was here, nude and more than ready for him, ready to be touched and pleasured by her husband. She wanted him *now*, and if his rapidly growing erection was anything to go by, he knew that he wanted her, too. But how would they even accomplish it? They couldn't take up their regular missionary position with her large belly in the way.

As if answering his question she piped up. "You can spoon, can't you?"

Dracula then understood, and in thinking about it, knew that it would probably work. Not probably - it *would* work. He grinned, feeling hardness already continuing to form in his pants at knowing he would soon feel the tight wet heat of his wife’s walls around him, and knowing that he would be able to bestow pleasure on her once more.

Ericka noticed his arousal and let him back to the sofa eagerly. Dracula, with a smitten smile all the while, quickly stripped down, discarding his cape and black attire to the side in a careless manner, laying on the couch to the side and sweeping his wife’s body against his front. She let out a long, breathy moan of a sigh as she felt him enter her and then once again made her feel the long-awaited thrill of lovemaking.

Chapter 5: Baby Shower

Chapter Summary

> The lady monsters of the hotel put together a baby shower for Ericka with lots of different presents

Days continued along to weeks. Weeks turned into months. It was looming closer and closer to Ericka's projected due date, and Drac made sure to eagerly mark off the rapidly approaching days on a calendar in the same way he had when his daughter was pregnant.

In order to fully prepare for the baby's arrival, the wives and female monsters of the hotel had decided to arrange a special little baby shower for the expecting mother only a month before the projected arrival.

They had all whisked her away that fresh spring morning to the hotel’s grand ballroom for the event. Ericka entered, wearing a new loose-fitting white maternity dress that had some cute sunflower patterns on it. The women gushed as she carefully hobbled her way over to take a seat with them.

“Look at you!” cried Eunice.

“Wow!” cheered Crystal.

“Oh, honey,” Wanda cooed, “you’re looking so big these days!”

Ericka chuckled and took a glance at Wanda’s own pregnant belly. “I could say the same to you, Wanda.”

Mavis then entered the room wearing a bright smile. “It’s present time!” she said cheerily as she approached Ericka and gave her a brief side hug. The ladies all gathered closer to the seat that she was situated in.

Wanda pointed an excited front paw at the large pile of gifts on the nearby table. “Open mine first, sweetie, it’s the one right in the front.”

Ericka nodded and read the card that was attached to the box: “Congratulations, Ericka, on your new little mess-maker. I hope this will help!’”

She unwrapped the packaging and pulled out a plastic bag and a little shovel with a pail.

“Oh! Uh…” she began a little unsurely.

“It’s for the accidents, you know, in case you can’t get to a diaper in time?” Wanda explained.

“Ah, right.”

The next present was wrapped in a beautiful shimmering skull-patterned paper, and she tore it open to reveal a guillotine playset. “It’s my favorite present to give!” Eunice gushed as she sat back in satisfaction. “I gave Dennis one too, remember that Mavis?”

“Oh yes, I do,” Mavis replied, not telling her Aunt that he had never actually used it for fear of cutting off a finger or even a limb.

Next, Ericka opened up a box set of various little baby clothing that had little phrases on it, like ‘Daddy’s little monster’ or ‘Mommy’s little demon.’ She thanked Mavis for the gift, and put it aside. More gifts were opened in the same way, and by the time Ericka was done, she had various teething toys, bottles, a crib, blankets, and dozens upon dozens of diaper packs. The expecting mother was grateful for all her presents and touched by their generosity. She felt even more at ease when they all joined in playing games, such as guessing the diameter of her pronounced belly.

“It's just enormous!” Eunice commented.

“Yeah, I heard that having a bigger belly means you’re going to have a boy,” Crystal said.

“I thought that carrying low meant that you were having a boy,” Wanda said. “That was the case for me in all of my pregnancies, and look how many boy wolf pups I have running around now! I have no doubts on this litter, either,” she said, patting her own belly.

"Hey, how come ya haven't checked it out for sure?” Euince asked Ericka. “I think you're more than enough weeks in for the doctor to be able to tell."

Ericka shrugged. "Oh, I just want to be a surprise, you know? I think it'll be more exciting that way."

"And more mysterious," Eunice muttered, and Wanda gently elbowed her.

"I understand, Ericka," Mavis said. "Johnny and I did the same with Dennis, and it turned out to be a pretty exciting wait. You should have seen how psyched he was when we finally did get the news!"

"Heh heh," Ericka chuckled. "I can’t quite say the same for your dad,” she told Mavis. “He respects my decision, but he *has* tried a couple of times to get me to change my mind. It's not going to happen though."

“Oh, he’ll love the baby whether it’s a daughter or a son,” Wanda said confidently with a nod of her head. “Why, I remember it like it was yesterday when little Mavis came into our lives. Drac was simply gushing about her all the time!”

“Aunt Wandaaa,” Mavis said, turning her head away a little as she was a little embarrassed at the attention.

“Oh yes, it’s true!” Eunice agreed. “You had better keep a good eye out for the Count, there. From what we were told, he would always wake up in the middle of the day to try and play

with Mavis. He tried to do the same with Dennis when he was a baby, but Mavis or Johnny would always catch him before it ended up happening. I tell you, Drac is a real pushover when it comes to the little ones. How do you think Dennis was able to get his puppy?"

Mavis groaned. "Auntie Eunice, *don't* remind me. You don't know how many times I've had to change the carpet in my living room after Tinkles has had one of his infamous accidents."

Eunice scoffed and played it off. “Ah well, regardless, Drac really is great with kids… well, aside from trying to throw them off of towers, I suppose."

This made the women laugh. As Mavis giggled along, she noticed a little recognizable face shyly peeking from around the corner of the doorway.

“Dennis?” she called.

“Hi Momma,” he answered, making his presence known to everyone. He skittered over to her, and she picked him up to give him a hug.

“Hey buddy,” she said, “What brings you here? Does TInkles need to go for a walk again?”

Dennis shook his head. “No. I have a present for Ericka, too!”

"Oh!" Mavis exclaimed and looked to her. "Is that alright?"

"Of course it is!" Ericka answered, scooting over a little and patting the seat next to her side. "Come on over, little guy!"

Dennis obediently came, hopping up to the seat and giving her a hug. "Hi Nana Ericka!" Then he waved to her belly. "And hi, baby!" Ericka felt a kick within in response to his voice.

"I think the baby likes you," Ericka said, and smiled when she saw Dennis's face light up.

"Really? That's great! I hope he or she likes the present I made you. It's for them, too!"

"Aw, well let me see it, honey," Ericka said gently.

He nodded eagerly and handed Ericka a piece of paper he held in his little hands. “I drew it, and my friend Winnie helped me color it,” the boy explained. At the sound of her name, the little werewolf pup popped up from another part of the room and scurried over to Dennis's side. Ericka took a look and grinned at what she saw. It was a crayon drawing piece with stick figures drawn together in a group like a family. She could make out the red curly hair of Johnny and Dennis himself. Next to them was the short black-haired figure of Mavis, complete with little pointed teeth in the mouth for fangs. A big black puppy was alongside them, which she recognized as Tinkles. At the center was her and Dracula, with a little baby in her arms. The baby was smiling out widely, with one tooth and a mop of hair that had been colored both black and white.

"Oh," Ericka gushed. "It’s lovely, thank you." Dennis easily accepted her embrace.

“Winnie was trying to tell me that the baby would have gray hair, but I told her she was wrong,” Dennis said.

“Yeah, and then I tackled you, like this!” the little wolf pup leaped up upon him and play fought, rolling on the ground and lightly slapping at him as he did the same back to her. It was up to Wanda to step in.

“Okay, okay, you two. Winnie, what have I told you about jumping on top of Dennis like that?” the werewolf mother scolded.

Winnie held her arms behind her back. “Sorry!” she said quietly and ran off.

“See you later, Nana Ericka!” Dennis called as he was about to follow suit. When he reached the door, however, a pair of pale hands swooped him up.

“And where does my little devil dog think he’s going off in such a rush after his zing?”

Dennis pouted. “Papa Drac! I’ve told you before, Winnie is not my zing. I’m too young to be zinging!”

“Are not!” Winnie shouted from below.

“Are too!” he shouted back in response.

“Are not!” Winnie insisted.

“Are *too*!”

“Are *not*!”

Instead of answering back again, Dennis jumped out of Dracula’s arms and began to take chase after the werewolf pup, who shrieked in delight at the game. The count gave a laugh at the sight and greeted the women in the room. “Hello ladies, Mavy, and Ericka.” He hugged his daughter and kissed his wife. “How is everything going in here?”

“Well, we’ve got lots of presents here for Ericka,” Mavis said, pointing to the table of unwrapped gifts.

“Oh, wonderful!” he exclaimed. “I, eh, have one for my honeyfangs too.”

“Oh? Do you?” Ericka asked playfully with hooded eyes.

“Yes… but first…” He abruptly misted himself into her seat, pulled her into his lap, and began peppering her face with sweet kisses. The female monsters cooed in admiration, while Mavis shielded her eyes. She didn’t mind them being in love of course, but the whole ‘smoochy time’ in front of her had to stop.

“Drac,” Ericka whined playfully. Dracula finally released her after one final peck on the lips before picking her up bridal style. She gasped, but he held onto her tightly.

“Sorry ladies,” the Count apologized the others, “but I’m borrowing my wife for a few minutes,” he said as he made his way out of the room.

“Make sure you go somewhere soundproof this time!” Eunice called out behind them.

“Aunt Eunice!” Mavis exclaimed with a look of embarrassment.

“What? It’s true. They *can* be loud sometimes.”

Mavis only groaned in response.

“Can I open my eyes yet, Drac?”

“Not quite yet, my love, please be patient.”

Ericka scoffed. “I have been patient!” she whined.

“Okay, okay,” he chuckled. “You can open them *now*.”

She did as she was told and found that they were outside in the garden area behind the hotel. Ericka let out a startled gasp at what she saw. The middle of the garden had been recreated to be a small little play area for toddlers, complete with a seesaw, a miniature obstacle course, and even a slide. She was stunned to the point of not being able to formulate words.

“The guys helped me put it together while you girls were inside. It’s not a hundred percent complete, but it’s getting there.”

“What more could it need?” she asked breathlessly.

Dracula smiled. “Well, our kid playing in it, for one. And second, a gate. If not, those wolf pups will tear the play area to pieces before I even get a chance to open it!”

Ericka rolled her eyes fondly. “Don’t worry about that, Drac,” she grinned. “They’ll behave themselves.”

The count laughed softly as he wrapped his arms around her waist. He leaned down slightly so their foreheads could touch, and she whispered, “Thank you for doing this.”

“My pleasure, love,” he said admiringly.

Ericka giggled lightly and pressed her lips firmly against his. Dracula returned her kiss with equal fervor and ran his hand down from her waist to encompass the large sphere of her belly. He crouched down after they broke apart, and began whispering gently to it.

"I'll be seeing you soon, my little devil chops. Very, very soon indeed."

Chapter 6: The Arrival

Chapter Summary

After months of waiting for their baby, Ericka finally goes into labor

Chapter Notes

mentions of blood loss near end of chapter

One week left.

Dracula could hardly believe it, staring at his wife and her swollen belly. Ericka could hardly believe it, that the bump inside her would soon be a little child in her arms that she would feed and dress and love forever to death. Everything in their chambers had been set up to help welcome the little newcomer, from the rocking chair in the far corner of the room to the changing table in the center and the small mobile that hung above the crib. Small sets of clothing were being organized into drawers that consisted of both girl and boy onesies, as the two were still waiting to see which they would be blessed with. The pair were currently in their suite parlor that night, discussing their strategy for when she would begin to go into labor.

“I don’t know Ericka, is it really necessary to rehearse?” Drac asked.

Ericka nodded. “Your friends have told me that you were a mess when Mavis was born. I’d like you to be in a calmer mindset for when it happens this time."

Dracula waved a dismissive hand. “Don’t worry, sweetfangs, I *will* have it all under control. I can be as calm as a sleeping wolf pup when I need to be.” He gave her a reassuring smile and she raised an eyebrow. Then, an idea came to her mind.

”Drac?”

He glanced at her. “Yes, my love?”

“It’s time.”

Dracula froze. “It’s time?.... It’s time! IT’S TIME!” He jumped about a foot in the air and began to frantically pace around with widened eyes. “Oh my goodness, holy rabies! We have

to get going! I don’t have a moment to lose!” he shouted, nearly tripping over his own feet trying to make his way towards the door.

”Whoa, easy there, big guy,” she said, holding onto his shoulders to keep him from colliding with anything in the room. “Take a breath.”

”No, no, no! We are running out of time!!” His eyes looked manic as they darted around the room like he was searching for something. “We don't have time to lose, my darling! Now come on!" He pulled her along with him, and in wheeling around he miscalculated his distance from the door and instead slammed straight against the wall with a hard bang. Drac yelped and clutched at his nose with both hands as he crumpled to the floor.

"Drac!" she exclaimed, coming up to him. "Are you okay?"

"Ugh... I think I broke it," he said nasally while he rose back up.

Ericka shook her head. "This is exactly what I was talking about. We *do* need to rehearse this a little better so that you know how to behave!"

He blinked at her. “Wait a minute… so you’re not having the baby right now?”

“No!” she said. “I was just testing your reaction. And, as I suspected, you didn’t react as well as I had hoped.” She stared at him pointedly as he gave a sheepish smile.

“So sorry, my love. I will try harder to keep calm. Gee, you really had me worried there for a second - “

“Aaggh!” Ericka suddenly exclaimed, knees buckling some and hands grabbing at her belly.

Dracula however wagged a finger at her. “Oh, no, no, no! I’m not falling for it two times in a row! You might think - “

“Drac!” she cut him off, grabbing his arm desperately. “This is not a joke! It’s really, really time! NOW!” He stared at her wide-eyed as she grimaced, holding a hand to her swollen stomach. He blinked quickly, snapping back to the situation at hand.

“Oh..! OH! Yes. Of course it is! UH…. uh…here..! Let me help you!” he stammered, quickly rushing to her aid. He easily swooped her into his arms bridal style and kicked the door open with a big BANG.

"HEY!" The shrunken head out on the knob called out irate. "Do ya mind? It's hard enough being stuck on a door without everyone knocking about all the time! What are you in such a big hurry for anyway?"

“EXPLAIN TIME NO BABIES IS TO ERICKA THE NOW HAVING!” Dracula garbled incoherently and whooshed from the hallway to the medical bay using his trusty vampire-speed.

Those who saw them zoom by and realized what was happening quickly spread the word, and soon the entire hotel was abuzz with excited guests awaiting the newborns baby's arrival.

Outside of the infirmary delivery room, Johnny and Mavis patiently sat along with Dennis.

Inside of the delivery room, Ericka's clothing had been switched into a more comfortable hospital attire and she was now laid atop one of the beds. Her legs were spread widely apart on either side of her with Dracula behind her head. The doctor stood at the end with a couple of nurses at his side.

"As the first time giving natural birth, I have to warn you that this may feel a little uncomfortable," Dr. Jeckle explained. "However, you *will* be fine, I promise you that, miss Van Dracula."

"She'd better be or you'll have *me* to deal with!" Dracula growled, making sure to bare his fangs.

The doctor swallowed nervously and cleared his throat. "Count, I have helped pregnant women accomplish this procedure many times… including your own daughter."

Dracula took a closer look at the monster and soon recognized him from the day that Mavis had Dennis. There had been no complications then, so he trusted that there wouldn't be any now. He didn't say anything else for the time being, as the attention was brought back to his wife.

"So, what do I do?" Ericka asked shakily. "Should I start pushing?"

"Not quite yet," the doctor said. "Your cervix has only reached a dilation of five centimeters so far. You will need to wait until it reaches ten."

"How long will that be?"

"Roughly twenty to thirty minutes at the pace you're currently going," the doctor replied.

Ericka let out an involuntary whimper, and Dracula felt a wave of sympathy wash over him. He knew she was probably terrified that this was all happening so fast and that she didn't know what to expect. He offered soothing words of comfort during the duration of dilation until the doctor deemed her ready.

"Ten centimeters ma'am. It's time. Now bear down for me and give a nice big push, okay?"

Ericka nodded, taking a deep breath and forcing her muscles to contract. She clutched desperately to Drac's hand and bore down hard, a strangled cry ripping from her throat. The pain was like nothing she had ever experienced before, as though she were being ripped from the inside out. Dracula was devastated at the sight of his love in such a state of agony, but he kept a strong face for her sake.

"Good first try," the doctor said, "now, please get back into the same position and push again."

Ericka obeyed, and the second time felt even more pain-wracking than the first. Tears pricked in her eyes as the contraction came again and then again a third time, her breathing coming

out in ragged gasps and her body growing tired. Finally, after another painful throe, she felt a release of pressure from her body.

A shrill cry pierced the air, and a small baby, writhing and wiggling with life, was held up from Ericka’s womb.

"Congratulations," said the doctor with a brilliant smile. "It’s a girl!"

Ericka smiled and looked up at Dracula who was also beaming. "Martha!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," Dracula agreed, staring at the little black-haired infant who was still crying. "Martha."

"Wonderful. Now get yourself back in position, Mrs. Van Dracula, and prepare to give a push again, okay?"

Ericka stared, confused for a moment at the doctor. “W-w-what?” she exclaimed.

“You have another child, ma’am, coming right *now*!”

Dracula was grinning widely, ecstatic to hear the surprising news, but Ericka didn’t share in the same excitement right away. The strain of labor that she had just experienced had to be repeated *again*? She shook her head and began to feel faint. Drac took immediate notice and became alert.

"Ericka, honeybat it's okay, calm down. I'm right here to help you. We’re almost there, sweetie, It's just one more time, sweetheart, you can do it. I *know* you can."

Ericka would have answered, but another fierce contraction seized hold of her body, making her cry out in pain and nearly pass out from the shock. When finally the pain subsided enough for her to breathe normally once more, her eyes slowly opened.

“Ericka,” Dracula whispered. “My beautiful darling, look at me,” he pleaded. "You've got this."

"Your husband is right, you're almost there," the doctor spoke up. "We are just going to need one more big push to get the shoulders out. Are you ready?"

Ericka nodded weakly and held out her hand to the man beside her. Dracula gently grasped it and gave it a reassuring squeeze. Then, with a deep breath, she pushed as hard as she could, grunting with the effort and gritting her teeth. After what felt like an eternity, they heard the sound of another baby's wail echo throughout the room.

"Congratulations, it's a boy!"

Dracula laughed as he saw the little white-haired boy with straight locks. "Bram," he said with a knowing. The baby was covered in placenta and Ericka’s blood , but otherwise looked completely fine as his sister moments ago had. He was quickly cleaned and wrapped with a blanket by the doctor, who had done the same with Martha. The twins were then placed in the Count's arms and he gently kissed each on their delicate little foreheads.

“Oh… Ericka, our children, they’re… they’re *beautiful*.” He smiled and turned to see her reaction.

But Ericka had fallen silent. She had a faint smile pulling at the corners of her lips, but soon that too withered away as her eyes gained a distant, glossy look. Dracula immediately picked up on the change, and his nose was met with the scent of her blood, stronger and more sharp than before.

“Ericka? Ericka?!” The vampire leaned forward a little, trying to get her attention. "Sweetfangs, what's wrong? Can you hear me?"

But Ericka did not respond. He looked down to see that the bedding beneath her legs had begun to soak through with the crimson liquid, dark and red. Drac's eyes widened at the sight, and the babies were promptly removed from his arms by one nurse, while the other began to push him away from Ericka.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Dracula, sir, but we are going to have to ask you to leave at the moment. We have a lot of bleeding here that needs to be taken care of.”

"B-b-but... but Ericka!" he stuttered in shock.

"We'll help her out and keep you updated, sir, but we need the space right now to treat the problem, okay? Okay."

He was given one last hasty shove out of the room before the door slammed shut behind him. The vampire was silent, his head swimming with questions. What had just happened? Why was there so much blood? What was going to happen to his wife? He hardly registered the presence of the others that he had left in the waiting room.

Mavis had stood up and approached him, seeing the distress on her father’s face. "Dad? What happened? What's going on?"

“It's Ericka she’s… she’s lost a lot of blood. They told me they would take care of it, that they wanted me to wait out here. And I just… now I just don’t know what’s going on.”

He paused, biting back a sob but unable to prevent the silent tears that began to spill over from his eyes.

"Ohh, Dad." Mavis wrapped her arms around him and allowed him to cry freely into her shoulder.

“It’s my fault. Again!" he whimpered. "I should have been more careful, I should have protected myself or at least made sure she was protected before I just jumped in and bedded her!”

Johnny came up to him and rubbed a hand on his shoulder in a calming manner. "I mean, no one can really blame you, man. You haven't had any for over a hundred years," he said. Mavis shot him a look and he corrected himself. "But, uh, I wouldn’t stress out about it man. Ericka’s one tough chick, and she’ll pull through this, easy peasy!"

"Johnny's right," Mavis agreed. "Ericka’s a fighter. She’s strong and resilient. I don't doubt for a minute that she'll get through this hiccup.”

Dracula nodded and pulled apart from Mavis’s hug so he could look her directly in the eyes. “I know, it’s just… I don’t… I don’t…”

“You don’t want to lose her the way you lost mom,” Mavis finished for him with sympathy. “I get it dad. I don't want any of us to suffer her loss. I would hate to see you heartbroken."

Another tear rolled out of Dracula's eye. "I just love her so much. She's my zing, the mother to your little brother... and sister."

Mavis's eyes lit up. "She had twins?"

Dracula nodded with a little smile. "Yes. And I can't wait for you to see them. They're beautiful, Mavy. The boy looks just like her. And the girl, well, she's very similar to *you* when you were a baby."

Mavis grinned and Dracula sighed. "I just hope that Ericka will get a chance to see them and hold them herself," he said.

Mavis gently squeezed his hand and brought him over to sit. “Trust me, Dad. It’s going to be okay. All we have to do is just wait. It’s all we really *can* do.”

Dracula looked up and met his daughter’s eyes. She looked so confident in what she was saying, he couldn’t help but believe in it himself. So he obeyed, and waited.

The next hour passed in a tense silence. Dennis was growing tired, and Mavis and Johnny had to excuse themselves to go back to their suite. Mavis put a reassuring hand on Drac’s shoulder.

“Let me know what happens, okay?”

Dracula nodded sullenly and watched as they went. Ten more minutes of torturous silence passed before he heard the sound of the infirmary door quietly being opened up.

"Mr. Count Dracula?" a nurse called.

Dracula immediately arose from his seat in attentiveness.

“Your wife is ready to see you, sir.”

Chapter 7: Eternal Love

Chapter Summary

Ericka awakens from her recovery and asks something big of Dracula

Dracula entered the delivery room with a sense of foreboding pitted in his stomach. The last time he was there, the horrific sight of Ericka bloodied and falling out of consciousness had been etched into his memory. Now, however, it seemed that the room had been cleaned and sanitized, and the rank stench of blood that had filled it before was now long gone. He quietly made his way over to the bed where Ericka lay among clean sheets and in a new hospital gown. She carefully turned her head to him as he approached.

“Drac,” she breathed.

At the sound of her soft voice, Dracula immediately wasted no time in sweeping over and enveloping her in a hug. “Ericka,” he mumbled. “Oh, you don’t know how scared I was. I thought I would never see you again…”

She hugged him back tightly, burying her face in his shoulder. “I don’t even remember what happened,” she said, her voice muffled by the fabric of his shirt. “One moment I’m having the baby and the next…” she trailed off.

“It’s probably for the best that you don’t remember,” Dracula murmured, squeezing her tighter.

Ericka nodded. “When I awoke, they told me that I had had a hemorrhage. They needed to give me an emergency transfusion to make up for the blood that I had lost…”

Dracula nodded, feeling sick just listening to it, though he was glad it had ended up saving her life. The last thing he wanted was to lose her.

"I was so afraid," the Count admitted with a tremble. "I thought that you were going to die. That I was going to lose my zing!"

He held on to Ericka, tears threatening at the corners of his eyes as the memory came back to him all over again. He was almost certain that if he opened his eyes now, she would be gone in a flash, like a mirage. But her soothing hand gently combed through the back of his head, confirming that she was indeed there. Her touch made that former pain recede a fraction.

"There's no need to worry any more," Ericka whispered. "I'm okay."

She pulled him back enough to look him in the eyes. They were wet with tears of sadness. But then they changed into something else; a look of affection and gratitude for her being

there. He sobbed out in happiness and wrapped her in his embrace again, crying into her petite shoulder.

"Alright, alright," she said after a moment. "Now stop your babbling. I've already got two babies to deal with, and I don't need a third at the moment," she giggled.

Dracula laughed in response and kissed her gently on the lips. "Sorry, love." They stared at each other tenderly for a moment before he spoke up again.

"Sooo… twins," he said.

Ericka shrugged. "I didn't know I had it in me. *Literally*. As far as I know, the Van Helsing family line has never had a history of having any twins or triplets or whatnot. What about the Draculas?"

Dracula shook his head. "Nope. Not that I know of. They were always just one baby at a time."

Ericka shrugged again. "Huh. Strange, but I have no complaints. Now I have two beautiful babies in my life!" She smiled wider and pried Drac."What do they look like? I hardly got a glance at them."

"Oh, they're *wonderful*," Dracula said with a swoon. "The girl is small, black curls and big round cheeks. The boy is a little bigger, with straight hair that's as white as yours. They're amazing, my love. Just simply *amazing*."

"They do sound lovely…" Ericka agreed. "I wish I could see them."

Dracula rose up. "Say no more, my love, I'm on it." Walking over to the little crib they had been placed in, he carefully picked them up in each arm and brought them over, bundled in their little pink and blue blankets. Ericka gasped as he held them in front of her. "Wow," she breathed, getting misty-eyed. They were her children… hers and Dracula's. She reached out to touch the girl's cheek and she opened her eyes - deep blue eyes that resembled her father's. "Hi sweetheart," she cooed softly. "I'm your mommy."

The baby gurgled happily and reached out for Ericka with her little arms. Dracula transferred her to his wife's arms and she rocked her gently. Ericka was beaming, the look of a proud mother taking hold of her features as tears of happiness began to pool in her eyes. "I love you so much," she whispered into the baby's hair, nuzzling her nose against the soft locks.

In Drac's arms, Bram babbled something unintelligible before making grabby hands at Ericka. Dracula chuckled. "Looks like someone *else* wants their mommy's attention," he joked.

"Aww…" Ericka cooed. "Bring him over, there's room."

Dracula did as instructed and positioned the baby in her other arm so that he rested comfortably near her bosom. Ericka pressed soft kisses to the top of his head, making the

baby squirm happily in reply. Dracula stared fondly at them. “He looks like you, you know," he said softly, not wanting to break the moment.

"And Martha's all you," she remarked in reply.

"Yeah, but she definitely has *your* cheekbones," he teased. Ericka laughed and placed a kiss atop her daughter's head. They stayed in her arms for a moment longer when both began to grow drowsy-eyed and sleepy. Ericka handed them off to Dracula to place back in the crib and he returned to sit alongside her on the bed. A pensive quietness came over Ericka, and Drac took notice.

"Honeybat, what are you thinking of?"

Ericka hummed thoughtfully and peered up at him. "Drac... you love me don't you?"

Drac was taken aback by the question, but he didn't hesitate to answer. "More than anything in this world." He looked down to see her nodding her head in approval.

“You’re my everything, Dracula,” she said in response. "And that's why I want to ask you to do something for me.”

“Oh?” he said. “And what’s that, sweetheart?”

Ericka began to fiddle with her fingers as she considered what to say next. “Well, as I sat here for a couple of hours gaining back my senses, I was thinking a lot about the hotel, and everyone here - Mavis, Johnny, Dennis, all our monster friends… you and me and the babies…”

Dracula listened attentively. “Yes?”

“Yes, and…” She sighed. “I mean… haven't you ever thought about what's going to happen decades from now? I'll grow old and even more frail. By body will start to fail me… and trust me when I tell you that I do not want to become a cyborg-thing like my great-grandfather is." She paused and almost laughed at the thought of being some kind of weird robot with metallic limbs and such. It sounded ridiculous. And no matter how much her great-grandfather believed that his change was an improvement, she begged to differ. Then she continued on. "I won't be here forever, Drac. I'll die, and then what? You'll be alone again. I won't be in our children's lives. You *have* to do something about it."

“But what can I possibly do?” he asked with furrowed brows and a worrisome tone.

She took his hands and looked at him intently. “Turn me into a vampire.”

He froze. He expected this conversation to come up at some point... just not exactly now. Ericka intercepted before he could talk again.

“I don’t want you to lose me, and I don’t want to lose you. It’s the best solution, Drac. Trust me when I tell you.”

“But… Ericka…” Drac tried to think of something, anything he could try to say to convince her otherwise from making such a decision so quickly. "Once you turn into a vampire, you can never go back, my love. *Never*!"

Ericka shrugged. “I think the lack of sunlight and becoming garlic-intolerant is a small price to pay to be with the one you love for eternity.”

"I… I… I just don’t want you to regret your decision," he finished.

"Honeyfangs… why would I? I am telling you for certain what I want. I am ready for the change. It’s not just to make you happy, but it's to make *me* happy with myself too."

Ericka looked at him with a pleading look. Drac pictured her with the same face if she were to use the 'pouty bat face' on him. The only way that could happen though was if he changed her and saw it for himself. But it was just more than curiosity at stake here for turning Ericka. She was open to the idea and she trusted him.

"Are you absolutely one hundred percent sure?"

"I'm positive, Drac." She tilted her head to the side to expose her neck. "Make me your bride."

Dracula gulped, but listened to her wishes. He took his time moving in toward her neck, approaching almost in slow motion. Then he paused to speak again. "I have to be honest, I haven’t done this before,” he admitted, “but as far as I know, I just have to draw some of your blood and inject venom into your veins."

"Whatever it takes," Ericka replied. “Just don’t make me dinner.”

He laughed nervously. “Heh heh, right.” He briefly licked his lips to ease his nerves and leaned down toward her, first running his nose along the curve of her neck and inhaling deeply. She smelled sweet, like the fragrance of the floral perfume that she always wore mixed with a more natural scent underlying it. She shivered at his touch but stilled as he proceeded to open his mouth, pulling his lips back and exposing the glinting white fangs to their fullest. He moved in so that the sharp teeth lay just atop the flesh, pressed into it but not yet breaking it. The Count breathed in deeply a couple of times, mentally preparing himself for what he was about to do and praying that nothing went wrong.

Okay, here we go. One… two… Three!

He bit down into her neck, like a doctor giving a shot.

Her skin easily gave way, and she let out a soft cry at the feel of his fangs sinking into her throat. The scent of her blood once again filled Drac's nose, only this time it was accompanied by the taste.

And what a taste it was.

It was like a mix between syrup and honeysuckle, mixed with a metallic tang of iron. It was so unexpectedly pleasant that he drew in more than what he'd intended to on the first swallow

and she slightly whimpered at the strange pull from her body. He didn’t want to stop drinking. His eyes slitted and he felt that primal urge rise back up in him, the urge to want every drop of her life. He had done it before, long ago when he used to feed on humans, and knew that it would be such an easy thing to do. Blood Beaters, after all, could not match the true delicious taste of real human blood. But, he had to keep himself in check. This was his wife, the mother of their children - his *zing*. Reeling his focus back in, he got into a rhythm, injecting his vampire venom and drawing another stream of blood from her veins for a few more times.

Dracula withdrew from her neck after one last withdrawal of the sweet liquid, savoring the flavor in his mouth for a moment longer before allowing it to slide down his throat. He gave a satisfied hum, retracting his fangs slowly and lapping gently at the fresh puncture wounds until they no longer bled out. Ericka fell back upon the bed with a sigh and closed her eyes, a little lightheaded, but otherwise satisfied with what was soon to be the outcome. To become a vampire, just like him, and be by his side forever.

Dracula carefully took a place next to her atop the bed as her body relaxed into an exhausted sleep. He knew she would need it, and he was more than prepared to be by her side and ensure that she slept well as the transformation would begin to change her body throughout the night in slumber. He leaned over and pressed a light kiss to her lips, lingering slightly for a while before pulling away. "Good night, my sweet, and sleep well. I love you." Ericka smiled softly, turning her head toward him and nuzzling to his side.

With a content sigh, she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 8: Epilogue - New Beginning

Chapter Summary

> With Ericka and the babies out of the infirmary, the life of parenthood proceeds for her and Dracula

Despite having been such a long time, Dracula still remembered the formula that he'd made for Mavis when she was an infant. Strategically, he mixed together mashed spider, sheep bile, and a few ounces of Blood Beaters all together, filling two bottles and toting them in his hands. He carried them over to Ericka, who was sitting comfortably on a chair by the fireplace. Carefully approaching her from behind, he looked down proudly at the two babies she held in her lap. The little black-haired girl gurgled happily at the sight of her father, arms outstretched. The small white-haired boy in the meanwhile, cast a sleepy look at him before snuggling up against his mother's chest.

Ericka snickered lightly, the inside of her mouth glinting with the new set of fangs that were inside. "Someone's already tired, hmm?" she cooed.

Dracula smiled softly. "Hopefully not too tired to drink," he said. Ericka shifted so that he could take the girl, while she still cradled the boy in one arm. In unison, they fed their children.

After being bathed and diapered, the babies were almost ready to finally hit the hay. Drac held his daughter over his shoulder and burped her. Ericka mirrored him, gently patting her son and burping him.

"That's it for you little monsters, now into bed we go!" Drac said as he walked down the hall, his wife a few paces away. Soon, the twins were tucked in, their parents looking on fondly.

"Finally," sighed Drac. For the first time that whole day, their wing of the castle was as quiet as a graveyard. He turned to Ericka. "Well, what should we do now, my love?"

She grinned. "I think I have an idea…"

Moments later, the two laid in an exhausted heap inside the coffin, fast asleep in some much needed rest. All was quiet for some time, until a shrill cry pierced the air. Another one quickly followed.

"Ugghhh, Drac…" Ericka groaned.

"It's all right, I got it," he mumbled, sluggishly making his way into the other room with two bottles of the formula in hand.

THE END

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