# Recreational

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# Recreational

by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

After finding a certain gadget in her room, Countess Ericka decides to have a little fun with Dracula

Notes

Transformania oneshot as part of my “Reborn AU” series, based on an idea suggested by AO3 user furryknightking. Thanks again

A knocking on the door interrupted a game that the Count was playing with his children.

Ericka, having been thoroughly entertained by the scene as she prepared her babies' formulas, chuckled as Drac quickly concluded the bout.

"Oh, no, Mr. Big Scary Vampire, don't let you and your sister attack me! I'm only a poor little human!" Drac playfully cried out, holding Bram out with his arms as he levitated Marty with his magic. At the same time, he brought them forth to "tackle" him, the vampire falling back on the ground as he allowed his two children to crawl over him.

"Oh no, you got me!" he cried, laughing along with the twins as they gently attacked him with little slaps and coos of laughter.

Ericka smiled and turned her attention back to the bottles as she packed them away in a bag and then opened the door. Standing outside of it was the robotic figure of her great-grandfather, an eager expression taking hold of his elderly features.

"Ah, good evening Ericka," he greeted, hands clasped and attempting to look around her. "Are the children ready?"

"Hi great-grandfather," she replied, nodding. "Yes, they're right here. Drac?"

At the sound of his name being called, the vampire stood, scooping his children up into his arms and bringing them to the awaiting arms of their great-great-great grandfather. The twins smiled happily at the old man, and he grinned right back.

"Ah, there's my little monster-hunters!... Oh, I mean… my great-great-great grandchildren!" The old man chuckled awkwardly after a glare from Ericka had corrected his nicknaming. "Who's ready to spend time with great-grandpapa Van Hesling, huh?"

The babies babbled in joy and he held onto them affectionately. "All right, I'll bring them back first thing in the morning!" Van Helsing said to Ericka and Drac.

Ericka handed him the bag with the bottles as well as some extra toys and clothes. "And please stay away from the lab, great-grandfather," she reminded him firmly.

"Ah yes, of course, of course, not to worry. I've got a full schedule of entertainment for the children by none other than yours truly!" He gestured to himself with a giddy giggle and then spun around on his wheels. "See you later, then!"

Ericka waved at him and her kids as he went off down the hall. As soon as the door was shut, she turned to her husband with a sigh.

"So I guess it's just you and me for the rest of the evening," she said with a little smirk.

"Oh," Drac responded, eyes hooded. "And what does my wife want to do? Hmm?"

"Well..." she began, stepping towards him slowly. “We could stay here and take it slow, maybe cuddle and watch something…”

Dracula chuckled. “Yeah, I think what I would *really* like to watch is that performance you said Van Helsing put on for our children.” He shook his head and laughed. “Honeybat, are you *sure* that’s what he was doing?”

Ericka nodded. “Yes. I’m telling you, dancing around and moving to the beat like nobody’s business.” The woman giggled in spite of herself. “He also left a little something behind. I forgot to tell you about that day.”

Drac crossed his arms. “Oh, yeah? Don’t tell me it was a bulb of garlic.”

Ericka slapped him on the arm. “Drac! Do you think that low of him?”

“I wouldn’t put it past him!” the man exclaimed, extending his arms out.

“Well, it wasn’t *that*,” Ericka assured, “but I won’t say that what I did end up finding *wasn’t* rather questionable.”

Dracula raised an eyebrow, about to ask what she meant when she strolled over to the wall and pressed her hand against the stony surface. It opened up before them, one of their two secret closets in the room, and she entered, sifting through some of the objects on the floor before finding the one she needed. With an “ah-ha!” she pulled it out. It was a ray of some sort, with a dial that read “Human” and one that read “Monster.” At the end of it was a gem, a clear crystalline stone that sat there in silence. Dracula didn’t know what to make of the gadget. He furrowed his brows, tilting his head to get a look at it from all angles.

“What is it?” he finally asked.

Ericka shrugged. “Never seen it before. But judging from the dial, it’s some kind of device that’s supposed to change a human into a monster… or vice versa.”

Dracula shook his head. “Now why would Van Helsing bring something like *that* into the room with our childr - “ Then he paused himself mid sentence, coming to the realization. “Ah.” He looked at her, his displeased expression mirroring hers perfectly.

“Yeah, I know,” she said grimly. “I think he might have been trying to *adjust* their monster half… at least before he got distracted in entertaining them. Believe me, I’m going to have a talk with him. Regardless, I don’t think he’s going to try and pull something like that off again. I don’t even think he knows it’s here!”

“Really?” Drac asked. He came up to the ray and ran his fingers over it skeptically. “Do you know how it works?”

“I’ve experimented a little on my own,” she said, lifting it up. “Watch this.”

She aimed the ray at a flower pot sitting atop one of their desks that contained a few blossoming sunflowers within. A beam of red light flashed from the gem, enveloping the

flowers, and they morphed from the delicate florets to an ugly mass of spikes and tendrils, wild and thorny.

Dracula was baffled. “What the - ?”

“Weird, right?” she agreed.

“Weird? More like nutsy cuckoo!” He shook his head. “Where the heck does Van Helsing find these sorts of things?”

“Well,” Ericka began. “I know he went off on a few expeditions before I was born and he raised me on *The Legacy.* He mentioned some of them in passing when I was young. One he really liked to talk about was some 3-year-long trip he made searching the jungles of South America for something.” She shrugged. “Maybe it was this.”

Dracula quirked an eyebrow and continued looking at the gadget. “What are you going to do with it? You’re not keeping it, are you?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. It could be used recreationally.” Ericka eyed the ray, fiddling with the dial with a pensive look.

"Hmmm… I wonder…" Ericka mused, a glint shining in her eye as she lifted it up slightly again and this time turned it to face Drac. She raised an eyebrow at him, and his eyes widened.

"Oh no, no, no…" he began, lifting his hands up in protest. "Ericka, please tell me you’re not thinking - "

"Drac," she cut him off, "it would only be for a short amount of time. Enough time" - she paused for effect, eyes darkening and a sultry smile on her lips - "for me to pleasure you."

The Count’s eyes widened. *That’s* what she had in mind? "Woah, Ericka… sweetheart… that 'monsterfication' ray or 'humanifying' ray or whatever you want to call it isn't meant to be used in… well… the bedroom!"

"Who said?" she challenged.

"Well... because! That's the kind of thing you use to experiment with guinea pigs!"

"Don't think of it that way then," she encouraged. "Make it a game. You're good at that, aren’t you? At least from what I could see with the kids. Why don't we continue the one you were playing with them? Only this time, *I* can be the predator and you can be the prey."

He blushed at her suggestive tone, knowing that the innocent slaps imposed by Bram or the light strikes by Marty was not what would lay in store for him. He thought about how indeed it would be rather hot to have Ericka 'play' with him in the manner that she intended. For her to take him, that animalistic side of their vampire nature taking control and making him writhe and gasp beneath her touch. To be straddled and pinned, to be utterly dominated and ravished by the sensual vampiress that was his wife... It was an experience that he knew he would enjoy immensely, as would she.

He sighed with resignation now, and stood up straighter in front of her, splaying his arms out in a display of himself and prepared to feel the ray's power on him.

"Okay, you win… but I'm going to regret this," he groaned.

Ericka giggled. "No you won't. Trust me."

Firing up the ray, she aimed it at Drac. The vampire closed his eyes and gasped as the green lighting enveloped his body, the energy sweeping over him like electricity and coursing through his system. In a moment it was over, and Drac felt drained. He slouched over, rubbing his eyes and then blinking them open. He paused at catching his reflection upon one of the windows in the room, eyes wide.

"AGH!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes again and looking back at the figure reflected back at him in the glass. Then he exclaimed again. "AGH! I… what… I.. I look *terrible!"*

Ericka was about to open her mouth to contradict, but Dracula beat her to it.

"My hair is… is *missing!*" He felt the thin, wearing strands that sat tousled about on his head rather slick and smooth. "And my claws!" He examined his hands, the fingers thick and ending in dull flat nails that were certainly nothing like the long, sharp talons from before. "And what is *this?"* He peered down to his pot-belly, picking it up and shaking the fat in dismay. He moaned. "You've got to be kidding me!"

His wife in the meantime considered his new look without as much distaste as he did for himself.

"What are you talking about? You're cute!"

He gaped up at her. "Cute?!" He shook his head. "Ericka, honeybat, vampire vision is supposed to make you see *better*, not worse!"

"I can assure you there's nothing wrong with what I'm seeing, honey," she cooed gently. "So what if you have some dark circles under your eyes or maybe even a little bit of a gut…"

Ericka poked at the pudge playfully and he groaned. She giggled again, caressing his cheeks.

"Oh sweetie, it's nothing to be ashamed about. Don't you know that's part of what makes humans so special?"

"A *gut?*"

"No," she snickered. "They're perfectly imperfect in so many different ways. And you, *hotstuff*, are no exception."

Dracula blushed at this. Somehow in someway, his alluring wife still thought he was attractive. "You really think so?"

"Of course." She sashayed to him, the sway of her hips hypnotizing to the vampire-turned-human. "Now let's see what things look like *under* the hood…"

His eyes widened as she reached for him, carefully untucking the ascot from his shirt and unbuttoning the top. He had an urge to groan again, the lack of sturdy muscles absent from his chest, but it was bitten back as he was overtaken with the feeling of her roving hands, his body shivering at the touch of her cool palms over his chest. The nerves returned to him as the hands went lower, reaching for the rim of his pants.

“Hey, wait a minute,” he said. “Isn’t this supposed to be a *game* like you said?” Without waiting for her to respond, he sped off and away from her.

Ericka growled and gave a determined smile. She could play at this. “Okay then.” Shapeshifting into a brilliant white bat, she took to the air and began to give chase.

Despite his significantly slower speed as a human, Drac somehow managed to evade her grasp, ducking and weaving with surprising agility…

... at least until his foot collided with the base of the twins' crib. He gave a yelp and tumbled over, the brief moment allowing Ericka to catch up. He quickly picked himself back up and headed for the bedroom, the woman shapeshifting back into her humanoid form and reaching him. He dodged her around the bed a couple of times before she resorted to using her magic to seize him and bring him down atop the mattress with a rough bounce.

"Hey, no fair!" he gasped with laughter.

"This is supposed to be a hunt, remember? It's not supposed to be fair," she countered, crawling onto the bed with him. With a triumphant grin she pinned him beneath her, her claws gripping his shoulders tightly and forcing his face inches above hers. "Gotcha."

Drac closed the distance between them, their lips meeting in a hungry, heated kiss. She sighed against his lips, deepening it further and pushing her tongue through his teeth. His arm wound around her waist, his hand creeping upward. Before they could continue on however, she broke away, breathing heavily.

“So now what?” Drac asked, an eager twinkle in his eye.

Ericka smiled coyly. "Well," she purred, "I want to have a little fun with my catch first, starting where we left off..."

Her fingers trailed across his bare chest again, heading south.

Dracula gave a nervous sort of laugh. "Didn't your great-grandfather ever tell you not to play with your food?"

"Maybe," she shrugged, her hand tracing circles at his groin and making Drac squirm with pleasure, "But in case you haven't noticed, I'm a bit of a rebel."

She kissed him again, and Drac couldn't help but melt against her. Ericka parted, gripping the rim of his pants and tugging them down along with his boxers. He looked away, too embarrassed to watch while she undressed him and hoping that his humanity had not affected his endowment.

"Hmm," Ericka hummed, a contemplative tone in her voice. "Not bad. Not bad at all. Maybe a little smaller and more gray, but that's okay."

"*What?!"* Drac exclaimed, propping himself up on his elbows to take a look for himself. A blush stained his cheeks however when he was met with the sight of his own erection, as tall and thick as it had always been.

Ericka laughed. "I was just kidding, honey. It’s nice to see you excited already, but that’s going to have to wait a little bit.”

But Dracula wouldn't have it. "I don't think so!" he huffed, playfully impatient, grabbing her hips and starting to bring the hem of her own pants down. But her magic seized him again. Ericka glared at him, but still had that lighthearted shine in her eyes that told him she was far from offended.

“You're a feisty little human, aren't you?" she commented. "But I think I know how to fix that." With a snap of her fingers, she summoned ghostly chains into the room, using them to bind Drac's arms to the headboard and his legs to the footboard.

Successfully immobilized, Dracula watched, stunned and helpless, as his wife straddled his hips and lowered herself onto his throbbing member. Her hands occupied themselves in grabbing the base of his shaft, moving them up and down along the slick length and eliciting moans from the vulnerable man beneath her.

He tried desperately not to resist, knowing full well that she was in control this time, and could very well use her vampiric powers to set him in place as she had already demonstrated. His bondage was making it easier to remain still, however, but the feelings of arousal were building within him with every move she made upon his shaft, adding fuel to the fire.

His breath came out ragged as Ericka moved her lips toward the tip, the perfect pinkness of her mouth wrapping around him and suckling gently.

"Oh...ahhh, Erickaaa...," Drac whispered, dragging her name out as his cock pulsed. Ericka grinned wickedly, her eyes locking to his and taking him further in. She sucked harder, pulling him in and out, the head bumping the back of her throat and almost making her gag. The taste of Drac was rich on her tongue, the blood coursing through the veins of his member driving her mad with need. Time and time again as she worked her husband she had to resist the urge to penetrate with her fangs, ripping the delicate skin and having a firsthand taste at the crimson red liquid wonder that was just underneath. But the temptation was suppressed, and the desire to feed was kept at bay. She instead focused on Drac's reactions, the sounds he made as she teased him and the way he begged her to take him.

With a gentle tug she released his manhood from her mouth, an audible pop resounding as a creamy fountain spurted from his slit, coating her hands with its milkish residue.

Drac grinned sheepishly at the mess he left behind in the wake of his blissful high, his face flushing a rosy red as a meek apology slipped from him. "Eh heh heh... sorry."

But Ericka wasn't paying mind to the dripping substance on her fingers. The red blush in his cheeks had captured her attention, the flush that so indicated the scarlet liquid coursing through his veins. As much as she had desired Drac when he was a vampire and she was a human, it was nothing like the way that she wanted him now when the tables were turned.

Dracula seemed to notice the change in her demeanor as well, her blue eyes slit and slightly tinged in a wild red, the sight making him shiver down his spine.

"E-Ericka?" he squeaked uncertainly.

In a flash she shot out, her slender fingers pinching into his shoulders, her mouth finding his, kissing and nipping at the flesh of his lip, teeth scraping along the delicate skin. Drac let out a gasp at her lustful attack and fell into the act, his head tossing back while she kissed along his jawline and trailed to the crook of his neck, biting down on him in a way that he always had with her back when she was human. Her fangs pushed against the soft skin of his neck, leaving markings and teasing bites behind that never once broke through his skin. It was a tease for Drac, and Ericka was delighted to find that the marks actually stayed behind this time. Many a time had she tried to impose her markings on him when he was a vampire but, as vampires healed from any sort of damage quickly, they never lingered on his skin. Tonight was different in an exhilarating way, but it was not a time to linger on such things. She had to finish off her prey, make it known to Dracula who the vampire between them was tonight, and to relieve the pent-up tension of erotic desire pooling at her core.

Ericka pulled herself back reluctantly, taking the moment of separation to remove her clothing in a few simple swipes of her magic, revealing all that she was to him. Dracula gaped, drinking in the sight of her on full display, straddling his lap and arching her back to amplify the fullness of her breasts, the woman reaching up and squeezing at the spheres, rolling them around for effect. Drac's eyes darkened at her naked form, his body yearning for her to bite at him with those delectable fangs and scratch at him with those clawed nails. He could hardly offer anything back in return at that moment, obediently taking on his role of being the helpless prey before the vengeful predator. The beast that would soon devour him, not with her sharp claws or her teeth or even her fangs, but with her love.

And he would gladly submit to it, the worries of not being his dashing-vampire self for the act vanishing the instant she lowered herself onto his hardened member, sinking its hardness within her hot, wet depths. His mouth fell open, eyes slipping shut, head tossing back against the pillow and toes curling into the sheets. For a moment she sat there, savoring the feel of his erection pressed within her and thoroughly enjoying the awestruck, submissive man underneath her. Then she moved, rolling her hips and driving up against him, hard and fast, not sparing a single moment. Her fingers raked and combed, a combination of tender and rough that sent a wave of pleasure surging through Drac. His hips thrust up to meet hers, both bodies tensing in their mutual need to give and receive pleasure. The Count-turned-human became even more thrilled when Ericka chose to remove his wrist cuffs with her magic, the freedom of his hands quickly being put to use in caressing her body as they made love. It was a body he had loved when she was a human, and a body that he continued to treasure as a vampire.

And then it happened - the building climax of erotic delight came to be in an earth-shattering release. He came first, a second orgasm seizing hold of his insides and forcing its way out, his seed gushing out and into Ericka and draining the little energy he had left into a loud outcry. *"EErricKKaAAaa….!"*

His wife came next. Her hips rolled wildly, the woman's head tossed back, her nails digging into his arms almost painfully and her breasts bouncing with each frantic movement. Eyes that were screwed shut flew open, jaws that were clamped down by a biting lip opened wide to let out a roar that would put any lion or dragon to shame, Drac's body trembling with fearful delight at the sight of such primal power pouring from his wife.

And it was because of *him*.

Him and his meeker human self, with his pot-belly and crow's feet, laying there feeling twice as exhausted in the afterglow than he'd ever felt as a vampire while his wife reveled in the sensations that only he could provide. Ericka cuddled him close, pressing gentle kisses against his forehead and cheeks and stroking the thin, tousled hair affectionately.

"That was perfect honeybat," she cooed. "You make an excellent human."

"And you are an amazing vampire," he complimented right back to her, snuggling against her bosom in gratitude for what she had given him - her touch, her company, her body in a show of raw passion and wanton abandon.

Ericka sighed and nuzzled into him, breathing him in deeply and lazily kissing his lips again. "Hey... honey?"

Drac perked up. "Yes, love?"

She caressed his flushed cheek and licked her lips. "Can I just ask... how did you manage to resist yourself all those times we... uh... you know, did what we did just now?"

The man chuckled. "You mean resist *biting* you?"

Ericka nodded with a laugh of her own.

He reached out and stroked her platinum hair, intertwining his finger in a curl. "Let's just say, lots and *lots* of practice."

Her mouth formed an "oh" of understanding. Then a smile played upon Ericka's face. "I wouldn't mind having my own practice with you," she breathed.

With all the fuss Drac had initially put up about being human, she didn't think he would really want to go for another round as a human at another time. But, she was pleasantly surprised when her husband's eyes lit up with interest and he gave a small nod.

"Why yes... I'd love to."

Ericka giggled happily, delighted to know that she could have her fun again sometime and that he enjoyed himself as well. They held each other in a loose embrace, Ericka undoing the

remaining binds so that they could intertwine their bare limbs with one another and cuddle. It didn't *quite* work out though, with Dracula's pudgy belly getting in the way of a proper skin to skin contact. Dracula groaned in renewed embarrassment but Ericka only laughed it off.

"Okay okay, honey, I think it might be time to switch back anyway. We're going to need you back to normal for when the babies return."

"Yes, *please*," he agreed.

Kissing him once more for good measure, she used her magic to summon the ray over, hovering it above their heads and aiming it at Drac without bothering to rise up from the bed. Switching the dial to the right setting, the red light engulfed her husband and returned him back to his vampire form - strong muscles, clawed hands, sharp fangs and all. As the light faded, Ericka smiled fondly at the Count, loving him whichever way he was, no matter if it was human or monster. The fatigue from the human end of the transformation however had worn him out completely when compared to her vampire stamina, and she was able to see that he was fast asleep, a tired but happy smile tugging the corners of his lips. Ericka leaned down and kissed him lightly on the crown of his head, then stood up herself to stow the transformation ray into the closet again. Utilizing it had been a great idea, and she was already fantasizing about having more uses for it in the future. But for now she had a dozing husband awaiting the warmth of her body in bed with him.

So, with a content smile of her own, she climbed back beneath the covers to join him.

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