Little Vampire Tales

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by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

Short stories about a Count, his formerly-human Countess, and their twin dhampir children. No particular order, just oneshots

Notes

Not 100% necessary to read my preceding fics, but just some things to know:
- Dracula has turned Ericka into a vampire
- They have twin children who are dhampirs (as Ericka's pregnancy happened when she was still human)
- Transformania doesn't happen… yet

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: A Change of Heart

Chapter Summary

Van Helsing has a plan, but it just might be diverted upon actually initiating it

If there was one thing most folks could agree on, it was that babies were life-changing. They bring joy, happiness, and love, for humans and monsters alike.

But not for Abraham Van Helsing.

He had never been one akin to children. Raising Ericka had been a nightmare of its own until she finally reached of age to care for herself. He'd heard the news loud and clear about her pregnancy, and made sure to stay out of the way during the months she spent carrying her kids. He hadn't bothered to see them yet. Perhaps he would have, had the situation been different - had she chosen a *different* man - but the fact of the matter was that the father of those children had been his greatest rival for over a century.

Dracula.

He had been right when he'd said that the last night on the Monster Cruise would be a night to remember, though not for what had *actually* ended up happening. He was taken aback when Ericka had declared that she'd fallen in love with the vampire, and had willingly gone out of her way to decimate the plan they had worked so hard to enact. It was all a downward spiral from there - the engagement; the wedding; the half-vampire *kids*. The mere thought of being related to monsters made him feel disgusted.

It was wrong and it was dangerous. Why, they'd probably grow up and prey on him! It was difficult for Van Helsing to believe that Dracula only drank a so-called blood substitute instead of the real thing. And now, that devil of a man had turned *her* into a vampire as well!

It was a fix for the former monster-hunter, and so, Van Helsing had taken it upon himself to resolve the problem in the way he knew how - a well-developed plan.

At first, he wasn't quite sure how to resolve the problem, until he began sifting through his old equipment that was now stored in the hotel's basement. There were many little gadgets and gizmos that he had made use of in his monster-hunting youth - bazookas, grenade launchers, crossbows, and various swords of the like were all stashed there. But he grew happy when he found the one item that he had completely forgotten that he was even in possession of anymore. It was the monsterfication ray, a gadget that was a long staff with a brilliant red gem attached to its end that he had excavated during an Amazonian expedition years ago. As he had discovered years ago when zapping it on a couple of guinea pigs, the powerful ray had the power to transform any creature from a monster to a human and back

again. As he stood gazing at the tool, a grin spread over his face. Why, what would be the problem with trying to use it on Ericka and his great-great grandchildren? The monsterfication ray could no doubt easily change them from being monster to being fully human. He had never experimented the ray on *actual* monsters before, but he would have to try. For the sake of saving his family legacy, after all.

Gripping the ray in his elderly hands, Van Helsing wheeled out of the basement and took the tool with him upstairs. Being that it was daytime, there weren't that many monsters awake, so there was no one to pay him any mind as he made continued to make his way toward Dracula and Ericka's chambers up on the 13th floor. As he rolled through the hallways, a note underneath the door of the Count's eldest daughter caught his eye. Van Helsing bent down to slip it out so that he could read it.

Mavy,

Mr. Bigfoot's suite has another clogged toilet. The pipes have burst, so I had to make an emergency pickup. If I am not back by nightfall, please let Ericka know where I have gone and that I will be back soon. Thanks, sweetfangs!

Dracula.

If Van Helsing could have cheered aloud, he would have. Dracula was gone for now! He would have the room all to himself with his descendants only and no interruptions from the vampire. It was great! He went down the hallway at a quicker pace, reaching the Dracula chambers at last. Oiling the wheels of his mechanical body once more, he was able to slip into the nursery without a sound, quietly closing the door behind him. His sights landed on Ericka, who sat on a comfy chair in the middle of the room. Both babies snoozed contently upon her lap, as was she. He grinned. This was almost *too* perfect.

Van Helsing's thumb flicked the switch of the monsterfication ray, the gadget firing up easily. It whizzed for a bit, and with a startlement he quickly looked up to see if the noise had awakened any one of the sleeping family members. Thankfully, it did not.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Van Helsing approached the three and stared down at the children he had avoided meeting. In Ericka's right arm was a girl, dressed down in a little pink and black nightdress, her hair as curled as Ericka's but as jet black as Dracula's. In Ericka's left arm was a boy with blue and black pajamas and hair that was as brilliantly white as his mother's. They dozed contently, a little dribble of drool dripping out of the girl's mouth while a bubble of snot formulated in the boy's nostril. Flashbacks of all the times Van Helsing was forced to change Ericka's diapers as a baby soon flooded his mind, and with a wrinkled nose he raised the monsterfication ray up to them, switching the setting from 'monster' to 'human.'

At that instant, the baby girl opened one drowsy eye and then the other. She blinked a couple of times, attempting to get an understanding of her surroundings for a moment, looking up

her her mother, then to her brother, until finally landing her gaze upon him. The girl's eyes widened as she took in the sight of the strange half-human half-robot old man before her. The little brow furrowed for a second as though she were trying to understand just what he was, and why he was here. And then, she did the unexpected. She smiled.

Van Helsing was so taken aback by the innocent little grin that he wheeled back a little in surprise and nearly dropped the monsterfication ray. He caught it just before it could clatter to the ground, his chaotic movements making the little baby laugh - a light, musical sound. Van Helsing brought a bony finger up to his lips.

"*Shhh!*" he hissed. "Silence, child! We mustn't let anyone know you're awake!" He looked about anxiously again to the boy and to Ericka, who were still asleep. He breathed another sigh of relief when nothing had awoken them. Yet.

Straightening himself up, he lifted the monsterfication ray back up. "Now, allow me to do my work in peace. It may tickle a little when it strikes you, but it shouldn't be anything too bad... I hope."

The baby giggled again and clapped her hands in excitement at the ray. Van Helsing couldn't help but smirk. He knew she didn't know about what the monsterfication ray was or the great miracle that was about to happen when he turned her into a human. But there was just something about the innocence of her smile, the trust in her big blue eyes, and the way she looked up at him with complete adoration that made his heart feel lighter than it had ever been before.

Suddenly, another memory filled his mind. Flashbacks of Ericka as a baby once more, but this time not as terrifying as changing horrendous-smelling diapers. No, instead he recalled the times when he'd held her as a little girl, singing old songs to lull her to sleep, rocking her gently and stroking her soft curled hair. He was surprised to find how much he actually missed those moments. And now she was here, with children of her own. He paused and looked down at the ray. Then he looked out the window. It was still light, and the other two would probably be asleep for at least another ten minutes or so. He still had time.

Against his better judgement, he set the ray down and reached forward to pick the girl up. She stared wide-eyed at him, but then she relaxed against him, babbling incoherently.

"I suppose you're not so bad, yourself," he whispered to her, grinning.

The child just continued to babble happily.

He stood there, cradling her in one arm and stroking the soft black curls with the other hand, feeling every bit like an idiot. He wasn't used to this type of interaction with kids. It had been years and years since raising Ericka. It felt weird, but oddly familiar. In fact, it felt almost... *right*.

The thought gave him pause for a moment, but before he could think any more about what it could mean, he heard the sound of another baby's coo. Whipping around, he saw that the boy in Ericka's arms had awoken. When, he had no idea, but no doubt the boy had seen him with his sister. And now, he too was looking at the newcomer curiously. A grin graced his little

face, not as wide as his sister's, but still all the heartwarming. Van Helsing peered down at the little girl and shrugged. Well, if he was holding one, he may as well tote the other along for a moment too.

“Hello there,” he said, approaching Ericka and easily grabbing the baby boy from her sleeping figure. The boy gave a quick greeting to his sister - a simple coo and smile - before reaching up to place his tiny hand on Van Helsing's metallic chest. He looked down with confusion at the old man's robotic body and then curiously hit his hand a couple of times on it, making a CLANG CLANG noise. Van Helsing yelped when the reverberating sound made Ericka stir a little. He quickly wheeled them away from her in haste. But, being as young as they were, the babies were not accustomed to being at such a distance from their mother. The boy began to whimper first, and it didn't take long for his sister to follow suit. Van Helsing felt himself grow frantic as the whimpering turned into crying. Panic started to fill Van Helsing's head. “No! No no no please don't cry. Don't you cry! You'll wake your mama up. You're fine, just stay calm…” He was talking more to reassure himself than the crying babies. He tried to think of what he could do to silence them both. But what? He tried to bounce them up and down in his arms, but it only succeeded in setting off more crying. He tried to sing softly, but his voice had not been what it was almost 35 years ago, and it came out gravelly and off-key rather than melodic. The babies cried louder.

Van Helsing was starting to get desperate, his mind whirling faster than ever before. There had to be something; anything! His eyes scanned the room, and then his sights landed on an old record-player that was against the far wall. An idea came to mind. He knew exactly how to stop the crying. Setting the two children down on the floor, he quickly wheeled over to the player and carefully placed the needle on the record. A bouncy tune began to play, and though both babies continued to wail, their cries soon faded into a distant hum, and smiles began to form on their faces. Not quite at the music so much as the sight of their great-great-grandfather jigging about in a comical display of dancing. He twisted and twirled on his wheels, shaking his arms and bouncing his head to the beat. They were laughing now; giggling and clapping their hands together. He beamed back at them, pleased at how it was working and at how happy he was making them. All the while, the monsterfication ray lay tossed aside on the floor, completely forgotten about.

Ericka stirred awake to the sound of laughter echoing throughout the room.

She groaned, opening a drowsy eye and slowly becoming aware of her surroundings. What she found was not at all what she expected.

For one, the babies that had been in her arms when falling asleep were no longer there. Dracula was not there either. But her great-grandfather *was.*

She had to sit up and rub her eyes just to make sure she wasn’t imagining it. But no doubt there he was. And he was… *dancing?* Sure enough, he was spinning about to music that was playing from the record player, and right on the floor in front of him were her children, thoroughly entertained.

"Great-grandfather?" she asked, confused, "What are you doing?"

Van Helsing jolted out of his dancing frenzy and turned to look at her, his expression a little sheepish.

"Oh! Ericka!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry if I woke you." He gestured down to the babies. "I stopped by to drop something off and saw that the little ones were awake. They seemed a little bored, so I decided to give them a little show! And let me tell you, they know a good performance when they see one!"

As if on cue, the twins clapped and Van Helsing did a little bow. Ericka raised her eyebrows.

"Um... okay... do you know where Drac is?"

"Oh, uh, I think he went out to fix some piping or something, but he should be back soon! But now, if you don't mind, I need to do my encore!" He switched the needle on the record and a new song began to play, the dancing picking up where it had left off.

Ericka could only sit there and watch in amusement at the bizarre scene. How this change of heart had occurred in regards to her half-vampire children, she wasn't sure, but it had, and she was touched to see how enthusiastic her great-grandfather was taking his new role with his great-great-grandchildren.

Chapter 2: First Meeting

Chapter Summary

Drac introduces his children to someone special

Chapter Notes

based on an idea from AO3 user coconutty1122. Thanks

Post nosferatu transformatio, or more commonly nicknamed "the vampire flu" was starting to become more common as of late.

With an increase in humans who took on vampire partners, it was only natural that after some time they would be given the transformative bite that turned them into vampires, too. The side effects of such a change took the form of a nasty cold for the newborn vampires. Treatable, yes. It was bound to go away within a week after getting it and usually didn't fare itself so badly when getting.

But, in all the cases so far that he had treated, Dr. Jekyll had never seen it so badly as he had on Ericka.

Being that Ericka was transformed by Dracula, one of the most powerful vampires in Transylvania, he could understand why the sickness had taken her over in the manner that it did. The woman was practically bedridden from the migraine in her head, her breath short and mostly occupied by hacking coughs. Her body constantly shifted from being wracked with chills or being too overheated. A constant sniffle pestered her sinuses, and in addition to her coughs, sneezes would attack her lungs. The woman groaned as Dr. Jekyll applied yet another cooling pack onto her forehead and took her vitals. He nodded as he removed the thermometer from her mouth. 25 degrees Celsius. It was much closer to the average vampire body temperature than she had been for the past two weeks.

"How is it, doc?" she asked, her voice hoarse.

"Better," Dr. Jekyll replied. "We're still getting there, but it is better. From what I can project, you should be good as new in about a few days time."

Ericka smiled. "Oh, good!" she exclaimed, and then hacked a cough.

Dr. Jekyll stifled a laugh. "Yes, but let's remember you *are* still sick. The symptoms will wear off finally, but I would suggest to keep away from any other vampires. As long as you have it, the sickness is still transmittable."

Ericka nodded as Dr. Jekyll exited the infirmary room, and addressed Dracula and Mavis who were just outside.

"So, what is going on?" the Count asked.

“Progress is being made, it’s not as bad as before,” the doctor replied. “But, as this is still a sickness, I would advise not being so much in the same vicinity as her.”

Dracula crossed his arms. “Well, I can’t just *leave* her here!” he countered. “She’s my wife, and she needs company!”

“I understand that, sir,” Dr. Jekyll said. “But if I may point out, don’t you two have infants? We would not want you to get exposed and then infect *them* would you?”

Drac opened his mouth to argue, but realized that the doctor was right. It was only a couple of weeks into their lives, and he didn’t want his little Bram or Marty to be sick already. Thankfully for him, Mavis offered a solution.

“Dad, why don’t you go and take care of the twins?” she suggested. “They need at least *one* of their parents right now while they’re still so young. I can take care of Ericka and keep her company.”

“But sweetfangs, won’t *you* be at risk of getting sick?” Drac asked her, concerned.

Mavis snapped her fingers, using her magic to conjure up a facemask and gloves. “I’ll take the proper precautions, Dad,” she assured, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Ensuring that his wife was in good hands, Drac reluctantly made his way out of the medical bay and back up to his chambers.

He knocked on the door, and Vlad answered it from the inside. He had some dark circles around his eyes, and his hair was slightly frayed. The Count smirked at the sight of his father so unusually tired-looking.

“Not as easy as you thought it’d be, huh?” Drac prompted.

“Hey, look,” Vlad began, putting a finger up. “In my defense, I haven’t had to deal with any babies for well over 400 years! Hopefully, neither one of them will end up becoming coffin-wetters like *you*.”

Dracula flushed with embarrassment, and it was Vlad’s turn to smirk. “Okay, Dad, THANK YOU,” the Count groaned, escorting him out the door. Drac was surprised to find that everything was in order, and the babies were tucked away in their cribs. Bram noticed him first, and he cooed with delight at the sight of his father. Martha - fondly nicknamed Marty - quit chewing on the squeaky bat toy that she was occupied with and babbled happily when she saw Drac, too.

“Ah, there’s my sweet little honeybats,” he gushed, picking each of them up and kissing their foreheads. “Were you good for Vampa Vlad?”

Both of their faces took on a look of confusion, and Drac sighed. “Come on, little blood oranges, you know a ‘Vampa’! A vampire-grandpa!”

His only response was a sneeze from Marty and a loud fart from Bram. Then, both babies began to cry.

“Ah! No, no, no, baby, don’t cry! You Papa is here, now, I know you missed him.” He gently rocked them back and forth, trying to bounce them along and sing “Micheal Row Your Corpse Ashore,” but it wasn’t working. He set them down in the cribs, snapping his fingers. “Ah, I know! You’re hungry!” With a quick flick of his magic, he brought over two prepared bottles of vampire formula for them. The babies paused their crying to look at the bottles being offered, but only resumed the wailing. Dracula thought again, and cringed.

“Oh, I know… some little monsters need their diapers changed!” He held his breath, getting the coffin-shaped diaper pail ready next to him on the floor, and checked his children’s diapers. Neither was soiled. Dracula’s confusion came to him again. He shook a couple of toys to try and placate their sobbing, but they weren’t interested in that either. The Count thought and thought, his eyes looking around for something that could help. And then, as his eyes landed on an object on his desk, he realized just what it was that was setting off their sobs. To test his theory he picked up the object and brought it over to them. The babies paused their crying again, and looked up at the little frame Dracula was holding in his hands. In it was the little drawing that Dennis had made as a gift for when Ericka was pregnant. Each baby reached out, their hands going right to the spot where Drac already had a feeling they would go - the stick figure of their mother. The crying continued, and Drac felt guilty.

“I know, my little babies,” he whispered as gently as he could, caressing Marty’s cheek before doing the same with Bram. “I miss your mommy, too. But she needs to get better first before we can all be together again.” Dracula then hummed with thought. Maybe he could occupy the time by taking them to see someone *else.*

He picked them up from the cribs again, continuing with the gentle rocking as he carried them over to the far end of the room. His hand felt around on the stone wall for a moment before he found the spot he was seeking. One of the stones pushed in, and the wall opened up before them. The babies immediately fell silent, mystified by the new space that had opened up before them. Drac hadn’t taken them to this part of his chambers, and it was clear that they were curious to see more.

Dracula granted this wish, and went inside, the stone wall behind them closing. Bram began to whimper at being in the dark space, but Dracula gently shushed him. “It’s okay,” he assured, using his magic to light up a few candles along the wall. He continued forward, stopping as he reached the open space of the room. It was a sort of storage for him aside from the attic or basement, items that he didn’t quite want to bestow to either place for sentimental reasons. One of these such items hung on the wall, as large and elegant as it had always hung when it was up by the coffin in his room.

The portrait of him and Martha.

Drac was silent at first. He hadn't laid eyes on the portrait since before the cruise almost a full year prior. It still made him feel melancholic, reminding the Count of the days when it was him, her and Mavis before…

He pushed the thoughts away. He didn't want to remember that horrible night. Instead, he cleared his throat and stepped closer.

"It's nice to see you again, sweetfangs," he whispered. "I know it's been a little while…. I've been so busy helping Ericka and… well…. I have someone I'd like you to meet - " he paused glancing down at the two babies - "or rather, some*ones."*

He presented the babies out to the portrait and the children stared up at it with wide eyes. "This handsome little man is Bram," he said, gesturing out the arm that was holding onto the little white-haired boy. "And this little one is Martha," he said, gesturing out with the arm holding the little black-haired girl. Drac chuckled. "Yes, I know. She was named after *you, my love*. Ericka couldn't resist."

His little Marty looked up at the still acrylic figure of the woman in the portrait. She smiled, babbling happily and pointing with a little finger. Dracula smiled at his daughter. "Yes, she's lovely, isn't she?" he mused. "She was my Zing before mommy. Your sister *Mavis's* mommy…"

"Z-z-aa?" Bram spurted in his other arm, almost in question.

"Oh, what?" Drac laughed. "What's a 'zing'? Well, it's a wonderful thing…" Drac sighed dreamily. "It's when two monsters - or two people - fall in love, usually at first sight. They love each other, and then get married, and have little cute babies like *you,*" he reached a finger out to tickle Bram's belly, and the infant giggled.

"And someday," Dracula added, looking at both of his children, "it will happen to *you.*"

He smiled as he thought of the future. Bram growing up to be a strapping young man and Marty growing up to be a beautiful young woman, each of them with their own monster - or human - of their own to love. Dracula would feel as sad as he did when giving Mavis away to Johnny, but, thankfully, he wouldn't have to feel that pain of letting go until far into the future. Little dhampirs, just like vampires, took a while to grow up, and he would have plenty of time to make good memories with his and Ericka's children.

Dracula's attention was brought back when Marty pointed up to the portrait again. "M-mm-ma!" she said.

"Yes!" Dracula agreed. "'Martha.' Just like you!"

Marty clapped her little hands at the praise.

"And you're 'Bram,'" Dracula said, turning to his boy. The baby pursed his lips together, trying to formulate the word, but all he got out was a raspberry. Dracula laughed, and nuzzled his little head. "It's okay, love droppings. Mavy had a hard time pronouncing her name for the first time, too."

He sat down, putting the babies before him and fondly recollecting memories of his elder daughter. He talked and played with the twins, played and talked, until finally they became drowsy and began to doze off. Picking them both up, he made his way out of the space and back into his main chambers. Drac started to make his way toward the cribs, but instead changed his course of direction, going over to the coffin-bed and laying down atop it, one twin on each side of him. The sun was starting to rise outside, and it was just about time for him to get some shuteye as well. After all, he had about six more days to look after his children solo, and he needed to have his wits about him if he wanted to be sharp enough to recall more ‘Mavy Wavy’ stories.

With a snap of his fingers, he switched himself and the babies out of their day clothing into pajamas, and then snuggled them close as he closed his eyes and let sleep claim him.

End Notes

Curious to see what the babies look like? View here - https://mega.nz/file/8aMFURqJ#cOmah9l8HEYbRsgH6cteZjAUC4I_ui4WMeiZ6dpjUZ8

Used a baby picrew (https://picrew.me/image_maker/152577) for their design.

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