Dracula and Jonathan drabbles because I have no self-control
by SaveTheFish

Summary

So I struggled my way through Bram Stoker's Dracula and felt like it needed more gay... So I made it more gay. VERY inspired by 'A Stranger in a Strange Land' by Evandar. So go read that if you want this but better.

Anyways: "He sucked in a sharp breath, seeing his host's face so close to his own should not have this affect on him but what do you know? Jonathan apparently had absolutely no control over himself."

Notes

Hey, this is for all you other assholes that just want a soft, requited love between a sadistic count and a confused Englishman. Don't know where you are... but I know you're out there. So enjoy this haphazardly written thing, might add more, might not. Isn't this fun?

Also, again, 'A Stranger in a Strange Land', go read it, it's great.

- Inspired by A Stranger in a Strange Land by Evandar

Jonathan stopped outside the castle, glancing up, up, up… it seemed never-ending. Maybe he should just go home, he could call the gypsies back. But once he turned around he found the
caravan already gone, leaving him alone in the dark night with only the faint howls of wolves to accompany him.

Swallowing uneasily he knocked on the door, flinching back as it opened mere seconds after. On the other side stood a man of a strong build, thick black hair reaching his shoulders and a black pipe moustache accompanied by a beard. He smiled brightly, his teeth seeming unsettlingly sharp.

"Evening, you must be Jonathan Harker." He greeted him cheerily, stepping back to allow Jonathan inside.

Jon paused for merely a second, briefly entertaining the idea of running in the opposite direction, before reluctantly stepping inside the castle. As much as the count unsettled him he’d much rather be in the safety of a castle than left to the mercy of wolves. And so he put on on his most convincing business smile and stepped inside.

"Yes, It’s a pleasure to meet you, Count Dracula."

"Oh, the pleasure is all mine, I don’t get too many visitors up here.” He reached for Jonathans bags, the other hesitantly handing them over.

Their fingers momentarily brushed, the pure iciness of the counts hands making Jonathan flinch back in surprise. Dracula gave him a quizzical look before the pieces clicked. "I do apologise for my hands, the heating isn’t exactly in top shape, what with winter coming on."

"No, it’s…. It’s quite alright, just surprised me is all.”

Over the next few weeks he spent there Jonathan grew more comfortable, having realised the counts odd mannerisms were simply a product of having spent so much time in isolation and that once he gave him a chance he was actually quite a pleasant person. They often found themselves talking late into the night, topics ranging from their business to childhood memories, Jonathans memories of home to Draculas many years of travel. It was… nice. Though Jonathan found himself rather tired in the mornings, a result of staying up until sunrise no doubt.

He still found some things odd, for example how the count never tired despite staying up just as long as Jonathan, also the count always seeming to have eaten before Jonathan, never actually eating anything other than a glass of wine. The lack mirrors around the house was also rather odd, and Jonathan was rather thankful of Minas advise to bring his own pocket mirror.

The next situation of interest happened in the early morning, when Jonathan took out said mirror to check his appearance. His reflection seemed odd, him having gone so long without seeing it that having such a good look of himself was rather disconcerting. Nonetheless he studied himself, quickly refamiliarising himself with the sight of his own face and coming to the conclusion that he desperately needed a shave.

He saw his cheeks darken as he thought of how he must look to his host, so recklessly leaving his appearance to the whims of nature. And that was another thing he found himself rather aware off, his fondness of his host. As much as he would like to call it normal, feeling grateful for the person taking care of you, he knew it was more than that. Knew it was old feelings he’d forced away making themselves known.

Sighing he brought out his straight-razor, deciding to ignore that topic for now. Who knows, maybe it’d solve itself out. Instead he focused on the sharp blade in his hand, wetting his cheeks before carefully dragging the razor over his skin. He had always found shaving annoying, the
repetitiveness of it all making him loose focus, often leaving him with shallow cuts on his cheeks.

The door behind him creaked open, causing Jonathan to flinch, cutting himself in his haste to get the razor away from his face. He spun around, coming face to face with his host. Draculas eyes stuck to his cut, lips parting slightly in surprise. Jons fingers flicked up to it, coming away with a faint coating of blood.

"Oh, don’t worry, it’s just a shallow cut.” He hastily explained, turning away to dab at the cut with the damp towel.

"Let me help.” Dracula said from behind him, his hand on Jonathans shoulder making him look up.

He sucked in a sharp breath, seeing his hosts face so close to his own should not have this affect on him but what do you know? Jonathan apparently had absolutely no control over himself.

Dracula gently threaded his hand through the younger mans hair, carefully running the razor over Jonathans cheeks. It was a pleasant interaction, the two landing in a comfortable silence as Jonathan tried his best not to completely lose his mind.

"You should be more careful, dear Jonathan, I wouldn’t want anything to happen to you.” Dracula said softly, his thumb absentmindedly massaging Jonathans scalp as he put the razor down to wipe his skin with the towel

"I— I’ll try…” Jonathan replied, voice cracking as he closed his eyes in pleasure.

The hands left far too soon, The Count rising and brushing imaginary dust off his jacket. ”There, good as new.”

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"How dare you touch him?! Any of you?!” The count yelled, holding Jonathan firmly to his side, the women seething by the shadows. ”You are not allowed to lay your filthy eyes upon him! He is mine!”

The blonde who first approached the human stepped forward. ”You cannot love! Your heart is dead and frozen over! Why should you get the boy?!”

"You’re wrong,” Vlad started, glancing to the human with a soft expression that made Jonathans heart flutter. ”I, too, can love.”

His eyes hardened, fingers tightening on Jons shoulder as he turned back to the women. ”Now leave! Get back to the darkness where you dwell!”

They backed up to the wall, snarling and hissing as they slowly dispersed into whips of smoke. Jonathan sagged into the man beside him, being quickly pulled into a firm hug. His heartbeat slowly calmed, breathing easing as the man held him tight. He knew the count was the same being as those monsters… but somehow that didn’t scare him.

They parted far too soon for Jonathans liking, the counts touch lingering on his shoulders. ”Let me guide you back to your room, it appears we have much to discuss.”

Jonathan nodded slowly, searching for his voice as his fear subsided. ”Yes, I think that would be best.”

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Jonathan played with the cut edge of his waistcoat, relived to be in the safety of his own rooms. It
was odd. When he first arrived the castle had seemed so odd, so cold. Now it seemed… Like a home. A smile touched his lips. Yes, a home befitting the illustrious Count Dracula.

The door to his room creaked open, footsteps softly approaching him until a hand landed on his shoulder. ”What are you thinking of?”

Jonathan snorted, what an awfully casual question for the situation they had landed themselves in. ”You.” He replied softly, his confidence building now that he knew the count felt the same for him.

He heard Dracula chuckle softly, the inhumanly man coming to take a seat beside him, stretching his hands out towards the fire. They sat in silence, a silence that held questions Jonathan didn’t know how to ask, and answers Vlad didn’t know how to give. It was… comfortable. Like the calm before the storm.

But, of course, all good things must eventually come to an end.

”Jonathan…” Vlad started, unsure of how to continue. ”I’m sure you have questions.”

The human nodded slowly, reaching out to grab a fire poker to busy himself with. ”Yes… Those women… Who were they?”

Dracula sighed, running a hand over his face. He didn’t want Jonathan to know about them, didn’t want to admit the awful truths he hid in the darkest rooms of his castle. ”They were my brides. Long ago I met them, each from their own times, and I fell in love.” Jonathans fingers tightened around the fire poker, a particularly harsh stab sending embers scattering onto the stone floor. He knew it was childish, but jealousy seemed to favour him.

The count, too wrapped up in painful memories, failed to notice his guests sudden foul turn of mood. ”They asked me to turn them and so I did. We promised each other eternity, but eternity is far too long for a love to last. Eventually I would meet another, and my brides hearts, already crumpled by the darkness I put there, would shrivel to a black void from which only hate could come.”

Jonathan nodded slowly, taking in the new information he was so willingly being given. ”And why did they go after me?”

”Because you are my newest love.” Dracula stated easily, smiling as he saw his companions cheeks darken. ”Come now, Jonathan, it’s not like you hadn’t already guessed.”

The human ducked his head to hide his cheeks, a smile spreading across his lips. ”Well… It’s another thing to hear you say it.”

Dracula sighed, plucking the fire poker from Jonathans fingers to hold his hands. Their eyes met, the embers of the fire casting a soft glow over their features. Really, it was like something out of a victorian romance novel.

”Well I was going to wait until later to say this, but it appears I can’t help myself around you.” Vlad started, seeing the hope and surprise in his companions eyes. ”Jonathan, I love you.”

Jon smiled, tears welling in his eyes as he watched the man before him. ”I love you, too.”

The count placed his hand on Jonathans chin, gently guiding his forward to connect their lips in a soft kiss. He always loved this moment. When feelings were uncovered, and confessions were shared.
Jonathan paused outside the bedroom, watching as a man heaved a heavy looking chest onto his back. He winced for the damage that would surely cause, stepping forward to look out through the hallway. Gypsies were loading coffins and cases onto a carriage, the haze of sleep fading from Jons mind, making it all click. Right, they were going back to England. They were going back to England!

He rushed through the hall, weaving through gypsies and carts to finally reach the port. A grin crossed his lips, excitement rushing through him at the prospect of going home. He loved seeing Vlad's homeland, loved the caste, well, apart from the parts of it constantly trying to kill him, but he also missed his home.

"Ah, Jonathan." Vlad’s voice rang through the corridor, the human turning to shoot him an excited grin. The count chuckled. "Good morning, dear, it is wonderful to see you so excited."

Jonathan walked up to his lover, pressing a kiss to his cheeks a way of greeting. "How could I not be? I’ve missed England."

"And I’ve been aching to see the land you’re so fond of."

My dearest, Mina.

Where last I wrote to you in a state of exited ecstasy I am now in deep distress. You see my host, Count Dracula, is a rather odd man. He’s strong, frightfully so, never eats, is awfully pale, and seems to never pause for breath. You may tell me I’m being paranoid but I must ask you to hear me out.

I have never seen him eat, ever. Whenever we dine he only drinks wine, not even a bite of anything else. Despite this apparent malnutrition he is able to carry my trunk filled with all my writing supplies with no issue, and I do believe I’ve seen him lift an entire stone slab, though it was dark and I may have been imagining things.

Tell me, dearest Mina, in your next letter, do you find this as strange as I do? I do not know when this will reach you, my host lives in an awfully secluded mansion far away from regular postal services, but once it does please write to me at your earliest convince. Not only will it calm me to hear what you think of my ramblings, it will also be a dream to see your writing, to hear your words through the paper.

This was all I wished to say, as I shall be returning home in a few weeks and shall recount details of my travels in person with you. So know that I love you, and that I’ll be eagerly awaiting your reply.

Yours always,
Jonathan Harker.