The Most Loving Couple

by Jason_Jay_C

Summary

'O Damned Soul, do you ache for the purest love of the blessed?'

The point of view of Count Dracula throughout the book event on the Harkers, the Brides, and Van Helsing.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

They were the most loving couple I had ever met.

I have lived a very long life, longer than most would claim to believe. I have seen many events that could quench the silence of an old soul and tame the wildest of a mankind. Wars, plagues, a truce and wedding bells. I thought I had seen every side of a human. But I was proven wrong. I was proven wrong by a couple who was truly a match made in a better, much better world that I could never imagined.

Dearest, Jonathan and Wilhelmina Harker, blessed with a child; Quincy Harker. Compared to that happy family living in England, I was nothing more of a devil damned to wander the rotten world of living until the Final Judgement. There will be no judgement for me as I was promised an eternal life of sin and damnation in exchange for my youth and immortality as well as power beyond any. Many had thought they had understood my nature. My… weakness as they would say. But they were nothing more than a minor thorn in my side.

They thought the sunlight will turn me to ashes.
They thought a necklace made of garlic will keep me away.

They all thought a stake through my heart will in all certainty, kill me.

Of course, mere vampires, especially fledglings, will definitely be done for with those home remedies. But I was promised immortality. Come whatever the human could do to turn me into ashes! Mark my words, I will rise from a mere speck of the slate dust and reform myself. Weak, I admit but not dead. All I need was the life source; the blood running in their veins. The red wine of satisfaction and pleasure. It was the only thing that had ever made human beings something that I must be aware of. They were food and my most exquisite wine cellar. Their fleshes were just an added enjoyment. Their mind lifted my empty heart. That was one of the reason I had searched for a company.

Three brides by my side, and I was still empty at heart.

After a long history in Transylvania, I had set my eyes on the rising England. I wanted to taste their fear and life. I knew books and journals of the land could not compare with a life experience. I needed a human from the prospering land to tell me, to teach me of the new culture. And I had found Jonathan Harker on my courtyard as my real-estate lawyer. He was, as humans would say; a down-to-earth man of humble upbringing. His mind intrigued me, another mind for which I could ponder with questions that was very simple to me yet complex in the meaning hidden beneath.

I was fond of Jonathan Harker. Then I found the small portrait of Wilhelmina, Mina Murray. A beautiful and the most charming maiden I had ever set my eyes on. I wanted to know her thus, I inquired about her one night. Jonathan then told me of Mina, his beloved fiancée, and their impending marriage. As I listened to him, I felt a strong desire. Yes, they were well-suited for one another. But not in a marriage. They should be with me, by my side. I will have them in my castle, locked them away from the cruelty of time and fate. Mina shall make a wonderful fourth bride. Jonathan shall always be my companion. I will have him and I sitting in the lounge, each in our armchair while listening to the song of the children of the night. I will have them both as mine!

But damned them all! Abraham Van Helsing!

He had poisoned their minds! Mina detested my being after Lucy’s rebirth and Jonathan had ran away from my castle. The brides had tried, I had ordered them to leave none of his body harmed or consumed except for his blood. He escaped and Jonathan and Mina had married just as I decided to make my move. If I had Mina, Jonathan will follow his wife even till the edge of the world. So I did and I fed her my blood and changed her to my kin. Yet, still they and I were kept apart all because of Van Helsing!

They destroyed my sanctuary in England so I returned to my castle. Still, they wanted to witness my destruction. I allowed Jonathan to slash my throat, severing my head and successfully destroyed my passion for him. The stake through my heart had no meaning aside from the catalyst of my degeneration. They wanted my ashes and so I gave it to them. They left with a heart full of joy at my ‘demise’.

But still I lived and returned to the castle in a mist of cloud and grey ashes.

The castle was ruined by Van Helsing and for once, I was concerned for the brides. My concerns perished at the sight of them when I summoned the three to my side. They had burns and weakened. Their terrified cries further feed my fury. I may not recognised love as they had truthfully claimed, but they were mine. They healed by consuming my blood. Their anger and despair tore them apart. Just as I, they too were fond of young Harker. They felt betrayed and the
memories of Jonathan and Mina drove us mad. Mad with this unquenchable lust for them. In anger, in violence, we unleashed our wrath and agony on several villages. It was a bloody feast in my honour.

I returned to my full strength after 3 years had passed without any news regarding of Helsing or England.

The grandfather clock chimed twelve bells, I left my castle.

I gave a short visit to the happy family. They had greeted me with cries and fears. They delighted me so very much. They tried to run from me again. But I had them trapped in their home, the very home that I was once invited into. I indulged myself with their scent floating freely in the nursery. Blood… Fear… Innocence… I wanted all of them. I cut their throats and fed on them. The blood of young Quincy was beyond that I ever imagined, as expected from the child of the couple whom had caught my attention. I tore my pale skin and fed my blood into their cold mouths. With Jonathan in my right arms and Mina slung over my shoulder so I had a grip on Quincy, I held them all in my arms and we left to Transylvania.

I will have the things I wanted.

I wanted this family to be mine, and so they shall.

End Notes

"O Damned Soul, do you ache for the purest love of the blessed?

I ached, I yearned, I lusted; Now I have tasted the Poison and I will not yield, for this Damned Soul will die,"

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!