

# **Dracula's Curse**

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*This is a story about a boy who was cursed by Dracula, so that every year he becomes more like a werewolf and when he's fifteen it will be a complete, and permanent transformation! to see if he can escape the dreadful curse, or become a werewolfslave*

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**Chapter 1 - Dracula's Curse**

**2**

# 1 - Dracula's Curse

“Your family will be cursed so that you will bear a son, and every 3 years this son will become more like a werewolf. Then when he turns 15 he will be one forever. The only way to break the curse would be to kill my son.” These were the last words spoken by Dracula before my father killed him. I am the son of the cursed family here to tell you my story of agony, woe, triumph, and jubilation. My name is Valderick Lisher and this is my story.

I was only three when it started to happen; I grew a tail out of the back of me, and my ears all of the sudden switched to the upper part of my head. This made my life horrible. Every three years it would become more werewolf like, and kids mocked me calling me names like, wolfboy, outcast, and said I was a vicious animal at times. By the age of fourteen couldn't take it any more. I forgot what I was doing, and out of furious rage I attacked all of the sneering kids. Realizing what I had just done, I knew I could stay in my home town of Coltage no longer, so I left a note in my cottage and left leaving everything behind me. The last thing I heard before leaving was, “Good get out of here you wild animal!” I didn't have to look back and see who it was, for I knew it was just one of the many ignorant kids.

As I adventured on towards Transylvania, I came upon a vast and dense forest. This forest was called the Forbidden Forest of Hujion. I marched ahead even though I knew the most malodorous and profane beasts came out once the sun set. As I wended through the labyrinth of immense, alpine shrubs I came upon three doors that led into Transylvania. Two of those doors however would lead you back into the most treacherous parts of the forest and would make you lost forever. I was apprehensive that I wouldn't pick the right door, and then remember something my grandpa had told me about this, “Just ask the doors which one of them will lead you out of the forest and the right door will open.” he used to say. Remembering how wise he was, I ask the question, and sure enough the door in the center opened, and I was in the barren landscape of Transylvania.

As I looked into the distance I could see the rigid out line of Dracula's castle in the gloomy moonlit night. Realizing that it was now the eve of my fifteenth birthday, I sprinted the rest of the distance to the castle. Once there I saw just how incredibly mammoth it was. It sent a chill down my spine when I observed my surroundings more closely. I saw that almost every window was shattered and demolished, and that the texture of the castle was choppy, uneven, and knobby. The landscape wasn't friendly or welcoming, it was filled with dead trees, and plants, a full moon loomed above me, and the whole area seemed ghastly, dismaying, and was filled with bizarre and sinister noises. Not to mention that at the time there was a torrential cloudburst and lightning illuminated the sky often. Just as I was about to surge into the castle I froze in my tracks, because I smelt the one thing that made me know Dracula the Second was alive and vigorous, because I smelt blood. Knowing this it made me more determined to kill him and reclaim my human body. Continuing through the enormous eerie black gates and into what looked like the grand hall I saw a man standing on the top of the staircase. His skin was an extremely pale white, and his slick hair was jet black just like his snakelike eyes. He had a crooked hawk nose and his mouth was almost lipless blending in with his face. The only reason you could tell where his mouth was, were the two razor sharp fangs he had, the tips of them being a deep scarlet red. He was wearing an outfit much like his father's and was looking expectantly at me. While I was observing him, I didn't notice that he had lunged towards me and was aiming for my neck. Luckily I expelled him off of me and bombarded him into the jagged walls.

“You’re going to pay for everything you have done to me!” I roared with fury, and then bolted towards him as agilely as possible and walloped my head into him. He looked stupefied, and stunned. For several moments he didn’t move until suddenly he collapsed onto the floor. I thought he was breathless, extinct, gone from this world, however this moment of jubilation ended shortly when Dracula II suddenly struck me across the face with his bony and skeleton like fingers. My face began to smart with pain and I was really outraged now. Seeing the chandelier right above him, I cut the chain holding it up and it collided with him, or so I thought. For he had dodge the falling chandelier and was throwing tiny pieces of glass in my direction, I had no time to evade them and they all had grazed my skin except for one which lodged itself in my stomach. This made me double over from all of the searing pain before falling to the ground. At this moment I thought it was all over. It was almost midnight and I felt like I was going to die, until I started to remember all the memories of my past life. How the kids and villagers were so malicious and barbarous to me all my life, and how I had come so close to ending all off that. I couldn’t have just given up I had to summon the strength I had left to try and overpower this evil adversary of mine, and I did. I rose up, and took one last final charge at him. Beckoning all of my power into my one arm I gave him a blow so hard that even I was filled with awe. This blow was so powerful, that he gave one last blood-curdling scream before he disintegrated in a huge flash of blinding light. Immediately my body began to morph, and I no longer had a body of fur with a tail, but a natural human body. Right after this had happened the clock had stricken twelve and I was fifteen. I had just made the cut, and was going to live a normal life now.

“I did it,” I hardly whispered, “I did it.” I was filled with so much elation that I forgot how weak I had become and passed out. When I had awoken, I was lying in my bed, and was surrounded by what seemed cheerful family members, and villagers. My family gathered around me and welcomed me home. I no longer felt any pain, or hatred, but instead I felt joyful, and loving. As my story ends, the villagers learned to respect me and I became one of the most popular kids ever! Most of my childhood I’ve put behind me, but I will never forget my quest that rid me of, Dracula’s curse.

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