

# In 1887

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*This is a story I did a while back. I made this story in a little booklet of mine. And I made it to the entire thing (71 pages). I finished it when it was the end of the school year. Comments would be grateful please.^w^*

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# 1 - Last of the Frankenstein

On November 6th, 1887, there was no doubt in any of the villagers' minds that it was a night for murder. The sky had clouded over so that the moon was only visible at odd moments when there was a clearing that passed over it. There was promise of a storm in the lightening that flashed every so often, and the thunder that accompanied it. They were sick and tired of their little village being terrorized by the strange events that had occurred in the castle that overlooked it, Castle Frankenstein, so now they were out for revenge, the taste of blood on everyone's lips.

They certainly were a fearsome sight. Several score strong, most of them were grown men and boys, however, there were a few women scattered amongst them. Many were carrying torches, and in the middle of the crowd, a battering ram made of a fallen tree trunk was pushed. They were led, yelling and screaming obscenities up the hill by a tall, thin man with filthy white hair, a scraggly beard and discolored teeth, dressed all in black.

A fearsome bolt of lightning flashed.

From inside Castle Frankenstein, a heart-wrenching moan issued from the monstrous form lying strapped to the table. The young man standing next to it pranced ecstatically.

"It's alive. It's alive! IT'S ALIIIIIIIVVE!"

Dr. Victor Frankenstein, in his vast laboratory, had discovered an alternate way to create life.

But noises from outside tore him away from his creation. He ran to the large window to view the scene below, one that chilled the blood in his veins.

The local peasants had finally cracked. They were at the door, trying to break it down with their battering ram. One of the men looked up as it began to rain, and saw Frankenstein's terrified form silhouetted in the window above them.

"There he is!" he yelled. Turning back to his comrades he yelled, "Hit it again!"

Back in the castle, Frankenstein was slowly backing away from the window. He knew that soon, they would be inside, and if they caught him, they would certainly kill him, and his creation.

He had to get out of there, and fast, but as he turned around to begin to make his escape, he nearly ran into the tall, black-cloaked figure standing behind him.

"Success!" it bellowed, and Frankenstein stumbled off to the side to catch his breath.

"Count," he gasped. "It's just you."

Count Dracula, Frankenstein's employer, walked to the window. "I was beginning to lose faith, Victor." His deep blue eyes took in the view below. "A pity your moment of triumph is being spoiled over a little thing like grave robbery."

How the Count could refer to those murderers as grave robbers confused, even shocked Frankenstein a little, but he didn't have time to argue. He needed to protect himself, his daughter, and his creation.

"Yes," he agreed absent-mindedly, running from the window to the trunk where he kept his things. "I must escape this place!"

But the Count's voice boomed out at him, seeming to come from everywhere.

"Where are you going to run, Victor? Your...peculiar experiments have made you unwelcome in most of the civilized world."

"I will take them away!" said Frankenstein, hurriedly stuffing things into his trunk, a few books, a shirt.

"Far away! Where no one will ever find them!"

"Oh no, Victor. The time has come for me to take command of them."

The Count was pacing along the mantelpiece of the massive fireplace. The doctor stopped packing and

turned around to look at his master. What was he talking about?

“What are you saying?” he implored uncertainly. With Dracula, you had to choose your words wisely. His temper was very hard to predict. Sometimes you would be lucky, and he would be in a good mood. Other times, the wrong move would be your last.

Tonight, Frankenstein was not so lucky. The Count vanished from his perch on the mantelpiece and slammed the lid of the trunk behind him, scaring the doctor out of his wits.

“Why do you think I brought you and your daughter here? Gave you both this castle? Equipped your laboratory?”

His voice was enough to frighten anyone to death, and his eyes were livid with rage. Frankenstein stumbled over his words, trying not to make him any angrier than he was already.

“You...you said...you said you believed in my work...” He stopped. What did he say now?

The other man smiled, his rage gone as suddenly as it had come.

“And I do. But,” he said as he turned away and ran his eyes over the complicated machinery before him, the machine that Frankenstein had used to give life to his creature, who was still lying strapped to his table, moaning softly every now and then. “Now that it is, as you yourself have said...a triumph of science over God!” Sparks flew from the machine as he roared the last word. He turned back to the doctor. “It must now serve my purpose.”

Frankenstein rose, a mixture of hatred and uncertainty on his face. His eyes glared at Dracula as he growled, “What purpose?”

Above the frightened doctor and his menacing employer, Frankenstein’s 10-year-old daughter, Natasha Amelia Frankenstein, used her ghost powers to fade through from her upstairs bedroom, down to her father’s laboratory, used her ghost powers once again to turn herself invisible, and hid under the table where her father’s creation was, could not help but listening in to their conversation.

“Good God!” gasped Frankenstein upon hearing Dracula’s plans for his creation and his daughter. “I would kill myself before helping in such a task!”

He backed into his creation, who growled at being jostled.

“Feel free, I don’t actually need you anymore, Victor,” said the Count, walking around to the other side of the creature. “I just need them. They are the Key.”

Tenderly, like a father to his son, Frankenstein put his hand on the creature’s forehead. “I could never allow them to be used for such evil.”

The Count smiled. “I could.” He walked around the creature’s head and towards Frankenstein. “In fact, my brides are insisting upon it.”

The doctor backed away from his employer, but the Count did not stop moving. He continued advancing upon the frightened man, and then the young doctor realized what was happening. His heart pounded in sheer horror, and his eye caught a movement in the shadows. For a moment, there was a small ray of hope.

“Igor!” he cried to the shadow. “Help me!”

“You have been so kind to me, Doctor,” the decrepit hunchback said in a voice like an old wooden board when pressure is put on it. “Caring, thoughtful, but he pays me.”

With no help from any outside source, Frankenstein panicked, and began to back up faster, even though he knew it was hopeless. Eventually, he would run into a wall, and then nothing could save him.

Except...

When he finally did run into a wall, he was relieved to find that he’d backed into the side of the mantelpiece, where a sword was kept on display. Though he had no idea how to use it, he pulled it from its niche in the wall and held it out in front of him, its point right against the Count’s heart.

“Stay back!” he yelled, trying to make his voice sound as fierce as possible, though he knew his eyes betrayed him.

Dracula, however, was not fazed in the slightest.

"You can't kill me, Victor," he warned, and then impaled himself, burying the sword to its hilt.

"I'm already dead."

Frankenstein stared in horror at the hilt of the sword, cold, black blood pouring over his hands. He would have screamed, but his throat was too tight to make a sound.

In short, he was terrified.

He knew he was dead even before the Count grabbed him by the front of his lab coat and pulled him away from the wall. His jaws opened inhumanely wide, and his teeth, which normally looked like the set one would find on a normal human being, grew long and vicious, and horribly, terrifyingly, sharp.

Though Frankenstein had known what the Count was, he'd never had the displeasure of actually having to see exactly how much of a monster he was, until now.

He screamed.

He had always been a quiet, introverted sort of man, and didn't like exposing himself in any way, either in anger or fear, or even love, but none of that mattered now. There were no barriers in his mind to protect him now, and he filled his lungs with air, and let out a scream that should have only been uttered by the souls of the damned in Hell.

The Count paused for a moment, as if relishing the sound of that scream, and then plunged his fangs into the helpless doctor's neck. Frankenstein's scream died to a gurgle, and he pulled the sword from his adversary's chest. He held it over his head, as though he planned to chop Dracula's head off, but he was beginning to weaken, and the sword slipped from his sweaty fingers. Gradually, his whole body went limp as his life drained away. Finally, Dracula threw his victim's corpse from him into a heap on the floor. With that out of the way, he advanced to the bed where the creature lay, frowning.

There was nothing there. The thick leather belts that had strapped him down were broken and the bed was empty. The vampire's eyes flicked quickly back and forth across the laboratory, looking for where the creature might have gone, but he didn't see much, because one of the machines was hefted into the air and thrown at him, knocking him backwards into the fire. While he was enveloped in flames, the creature that had thrown the machine bent down and lifted Dr. Frankenstein's lifeless body in its arms, following the retreating shadow of the Count's servant, Igor.

Just as soon as Natasha spotted the sword that laid on the floor, she ran toward it. However, as soon as she was about an inch away, Dracula emerged from the massive fireplace that he had been knocked into, badly burned but alive, causing Natasha to stop from fear what she was doing. With a flap of his coat, he put out the flames that were engulfing his body. Flesh began to repair itself, and his hair grew back exactly the way it had been before he had been set on fire. But his eyes burned with the same intensity as flames that had been ravaging him moments before. He was not going to let the prize get away, not now that they had come so close.

He transformed to his Hell-beast form, then back to his human form as he sensed Natasha's presence, causing an amused grin to form. When there were no options left, Natasha quickly grabbed the sword and stormed it at Dracula.

As soon as he turned around, he saw her, holding the sword in her hands and saw her serious look on her face as tears trickled down her cheeks. She wailed while the tears still flowed down her cheeks, "You lied to me, Count." He laughed, "Natasha, I--" His sentence was cut short when she interrupted as she lowered the sword at her side, "You lied to my mother, you lied to my father, and you lied to me. Sometimes, I don't know who or what to trust anymore because of you, Count."

"You are still too young to understand."

"Therefore, you keep it as a secret from me. What else are you hiding from me, Count?"

He walked to her, knelt down to her level, grabbed her wrist where she wielded the sword, and smiled, "You don't know everything about your past, do you, Natasha?"

“What are you implying, Count?”

“The only past you remember was when you were born. The rest of your memories are nothing but bitter ashes.”

She looked at him with a surprised, puzzled look on her face and implored, “How do you know me?”

“I’ve known you for a long time.” He replied.

“What are you?” she whispered in awe.

He chuckled inwardly, came behind her still holding her wrist, and whispered in her ear while a smile formed on his face, “Vampire.” That word sent chills up her spine and her blood running cold. She became so paralyzed, yet she started to tremble in fear. Then, minutes later, the sword was soon sliding slightly in her hand as her grip loosened. Soon, the sword fell out of her hand and Dracula chuckled inwardly once more as he saw Natasha’s dumbfounded face. He, soon, came from behind her, and said as he was, soon, in front of her, “Your father already knew what I was.”

“Then why didn’t he tell me?” she implored him curiously and furiously, recovering from her shock.

He chuckled and smiled, “Like I said before, you are still too young to understand.”

She, then, struggled violently and said as she was trying to break free from his grip, “Let go of me! Let g--”

Her sentence was cut short when Dracula grasped her neck, causing her to choke. “I waited 400 years just to kill you, you little, smart-mouthed brat!” he said, pulling her up as he was still grasping her neck and then kicked the sword away from them as a smile formed on his face.

She formed dragon claws from her free hand and slashed his face, causing him to let go of Natasha, transformed back into “The Demon”, and flew out of the castle.

Later, she soon discovered that the windmill was burnt down along with her father and his creation. As soon as she discovered this, she put her hand over her mouth, had her back against the wall, slid down to the floor, and then wailed as tears streamed down her face, “No.” With this, she punched the wall behind her. After she had calmed down, she went to her room, climbed into her bed, and then quickly fell asleep until the next day.

## 2 - Accepting a Loss

After the sun had risen up, Natasha went downstairs to her father's laboratory, saw a great deal of his blood on the floor, walked toward it, kneeled down, took out a bottle of blood from her and her assigned families, put two drops of her blood in the bottle, and three drops of his blood in the bottle. After Natasha got upstairs and got changed, she, soon, heard a knock on her door. *Who could that be*, she wondered. As she opened her door to see who it was, she saw no one other than Dracula, whom said, "Come, I want to show you something." Despite her anger for him from last night, she node her head yes and followed him.

Later outside, there was silence between them, but the silence was broken when Natasha said, "I wanted to die for years, Count." He looked down at her, and she continued, "However, killing me, will be a very difficult task to succeed." Dracula chuckled inwardly as he looked ahead, smiled, then replied without looking at her, "Don't wish for death so quickly, I intend for you to be quite useful."

"I would rather **die** than to help you, Count!" She retorted, not knowing the consequences that would come her way.

The Count's smile grew wider, showing his teeth, apparently amused by the girl's anger, laughed mirthlessly, and replied once again this time looking down at her once more, "Oh, don't be boring, everyone who says that dies." As soon as they reached to the burnt down windmill, Dracula walked in front of her, turned around and continued, "Besides, tonight, after the twelfth stroke of midnight and your nightmares begin, you will have no choice but to obey me." As soon as she was about to ask him about how he knew about the nightmares that she has been having every night at midnight, a fleshless corps that had been thrown by the dwergi came between both Dracula and Natasha. He looked at the corps, then at her, who had her complete gaze on the corps, and then he implored her before he gazed upon the corps once again, "Look familiar?" As Natasha examined the fleshless corps, she, soon, realized that it was her father's. "Father?" she implored in awe as she stared at the corps, terrified. Dracula nod his head yes as the smile was still on his face and looked at the sudden remains of her father. Full of rage, she yelled, "No!" And she ran toward him. When he frowned, he dogged her attack, grabbed her arm, twisted it back, and whispered in her ear as he continued to twist her arm back, "He proved useless. But I'm hoping with your powers, flowing through your veins, you will be of greater benefit!"

As soon as he let go of her arm and threw her to the ground, she could not move it.

"Why are you doing this to all of us," she wailed as she gazed at him with anger, sadness, and fear in her tear-stained eyes, "Count, why?"

He noticed her mixed emotions in her eyes and replied, "To sustain my life."

She gasped and was now furious. "To sustain... your life?" she questioned, "That's why you killed my parents? And everyone in this village?"

He grinned, "It is a great importance."

"What are you saying? That you rather the innocent for you own amusement?" she questioned.

His smile stayed and said, "Most likely."

As soon as she got up, she ran toward him and roared, "You're out of your mind, Count!!"

Just as Dracula dogged her attack, he punched her stomach and said as soon as she fell to the ground with him circling her, hands behind his back, and looking at her, "Watch that mouth of yours, Natasha. I will not tolerate that kind of behavior. I expected better from you. I apologize of what I did to your parents, I truly am. However, it is like I have said before, I will not tolerate that kind of behavior, even when it is coming from you." He stopped at the point where he was behind her and as she was getting up, he implored as he was still looking at her with his hands still behind his back and his voice sounding calm, "Do I make myself clear to you, Natasha?"

"Yes, Sir," was all she could muster to say.

"Good." He knelt down, "If you wish to kill me one day... foster your hatred in me and despise me... by all means flee, clinging by your wretched life. I will kill you on your 12th birthday. Be grateful that I'm letting you live for two years, Natasha." He smiled and continued, "However, I doubt that you have enough hatred enough to kill me."

"I wouldn't bet on that, Count." His smile faded and she continued, "I will surpass you. And if you don't leave this village alone, I will look for you, I will find you..., and I will kill you."

He chuckled inwardly and responded that made her blood run cold but, at the same time, furious, "Good luck."

He transformed a hell-beast, and flew off with the dwergi behind him. Natasha, solemnly, looked at the sudden remains of the windmill and wailed as tears started to form in her eyes, "Why? Why would someone so good... have to die?" She looked at her father's corps and said as a fist formed in her hand, "You lied to me, Father."

The young doctor appeared, astonished and dismayed from his daughter's words. As soon as he knelt down, he said to her as he placed his hand on her cheek, "I'm sorry, Natasha. I'm so sorry."

She shifted her gaze from the corps to her father's spirit and said, "What's done is done. There is not point of regretting something that already happened and cannot be changed."

He, soon, noticed the tears that formed in her hazel eyes had, now, trickled down her cheeks and he wiped them away, causing her to make a faint smile. She looked down at her feet and said, solemnly, as soon as her faint smile faded, "I never wanted any of this to happen." She looked at her father and continued with a choked up voice, "I don't

want you go.”

He looked his daughter’s sorrow and he reassured her as he held her in his arms, “Shh ...It’s okay, it’s alright...I’m here now ...Shh...” Once she had calmed down, he, gently, pulled her away, he lifted her chin up and said, “I want you to go upstairs for me, okay, Natasha?”

She nodded, “Okay.”

He smiled, “That’s my girl.” He kissed he forehead and she did what he told her to do. But, suddenly, Natasha ran towards her father embraced her father by his waste, and said, "I love you, Father." He returned the hug, smiled, and said, "I love you, too." and he soon vanished to Heaven. As soon as she got in her room, she saw Kida, her mammodo, peacefully, sleeping in her cat transformation (she has the ability to transform into any animal with and without the spell book) with her paws on top of her spell book which gave Natasha an idea; trying to remove everyone’s sins from this world, especially the evils of Transylvania.



### 3 - Anna Valerious

Just before sunset, Natasha took out her old spell book from beneath her bed, but, at the back of her mind, she was afraid that the villagers would kill her for witchcraft, but she had no other options to think of. So, every night before the full moon appeared after she prayed to God to forgive her (for what she is making is considered Satanism), she set up a pentagram. After a week had passed, the spell was, soon, finished. She crossed her legs over the other, closed her eyes, emptied her worries from her mind, levitated, and said, "Chidara." (Chidara: A spell that is said to be known for its maximum amount of power only to be summoned and controlled by all of the four Legendary Dragon Spirits together or one of them).

Would this spell work? If so, what would be the consequences that she will face? There were so many unanswered questions that she could not fathom in her mind. Then, what startled her was the light coming from the circle and then, as it disappeared, nothing happened. She couldn't believe it; all of that hard work and effort! Deciding not to dwell on the subject, she shook it off, went outside, put on her cape, and tried to repair windmill. As soon as she got outside, she raised her hand to the windmill and with a big blast of energy, she flipped and landed face first. As soon as she got up, she heard a woman's voice coming from behind her, "You, turn around." And she did while her hood from her cape was still up. "State your name." The woman said once more. Natasha smirked, "Natasha."

"I meant your full name." The woman said, irritated.

Natasha sighed, "Fine. My name is Natasha Amelia Frankenstein."-Smirks-"You must be Princess Anna Valerious."

"Let me see your face."

"Why?" Natasha retorted.

"Because we don't trust outcasts here," Anna explained

"That's because you treat me like one. All because I'm different," Natasha retorted.

"And why should we listen to the daughter of the grave robber?" Anna smirked

"That was not his fault!" Natasha retorted once more.

"Oh, really," Anna taunted.

"You don't know what you are dealing with, do you?!"

Before Anna could say anything else, she noticed Natasha's eyes have changed, and she continued in a demonic voice, "I'll show you the ferocity... of a dragon that faced a thousand deaths!"

Before Natasha could strike, something hit her at the back of her head and knocked her out cold..

## 4 - Deception

Later, as she was unconscious, she was dreamt about a place where there was nothing but darkness. However there were, also, disembodied voices, whispering continuously, "What would you have done? What would you have done? What would you have done...?" The voices grew louder and louder until Natasha roared, "I would have died! I would have died rather than to betray my friends and family!" Suddenly, she woke up in shackles and trying to break free. Startled, she heard a voice, "It's no use, child." She stopped and then tried to get a good look at the person. It was an old man with a long, white, dirty beard, brownish-gray clothing, and was trembling. He seemed to be feeble from the condition that he was in. He continued without looking at her, "There's no use of trying to break free. We might as well die."

Natasha was outraged by his words; he spoke like a defeated man!

"Don't talk about dying."

"What choice do we have?"

"So we should just give up?"

He said nothing.

She calmed down and said, "Please, sir..., look at me."-He looks at Natasha-"Never give up, never surrender, and, only then, will you achieve your goals. Dying will get you nowhere."

"What are you in here for?" He noticed the tears forming in her eyes soon after he said that.

"I'm different from the others."

"Different how," He asked in uncertainty.

She looked at him and replied, "I'm a dragon."

At first he became skeptical, but as soon as he noticed the serious expression on her face and, soon, understood.

"You're not afraid of me?" Natasha implored, confused.

"No," He said, honestly.

Soon, they both smiled at each other until they were both startled by a bang from the cell door. The warden motioned his head to the two guards as a signal to grab Natasha.

As soon as they were outside, the guards, with the warden behind, walked toward the Valerious family, and the villagers of Transylvania with the prisoner, arm in arm. "Remove her shackles." Voris Valerious said as he looked at Natasha. So they did just that. He continued as while walking towards her with his hands behind his back, "What are you?"

"A girl, who possesses three dragon spirits..., " Natasha answered without hesitation.

Everyone gasped in awe and then whispered to each other. She continued, "Think of me as you must. You can scold me...and attempt to kill me...But this village is my home...and I'm willing to do anything to protect it...Even if it cost me my life..."

Anna's heart raced and her blood ran cold as her words sank in. Suddenly, Natasha sensed Dracula approaching. "You have to let me go. Please," She said to Voris.

"Now, why would I do that?"

"What will it take for you to trust me?"

Voris walked toward her, knelt down to her level, and smirked, "Nothing." With that, he grabbed the back of her shirt, and threw her towards Dracula. Once she looked up, she saw him with his arms crossed over his chest, looking down at her as he smiled. "We had a deal, Count," Voris exclaimed.

Once Dracula shifted his gaze from Natasha to Voris, he chuckled darkly, "Of course. However,"-Smile fades-"Natasha is the least of my problems. So she's no use to me."

As Natasha stood up, he walked passed her and then towards the paralyzed villagers and Valerious family. "What deal," she asked in complete uncertainty.

He stopped in mid-step, chuckled as he turned to face her, "Both the Valerious family and the villagers decided to have you as a sacrifice for this village."

Devastated, her eyes widens, speechless to say anything. Suddenly, Dracula vanished and then reappeared behind her, startling everyone.