



Penny Ash

A

Vampire

Story

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By

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## *Transylvania*

It was a dark and stormy night, (yes I know, but whose story is this anyway?) I stood on the battlement of the highest turret of the castle, my cape billowing out behind me in the wind. Lightning flashed and thunder crashed a storm began to gather. A bolt of lightning hit the tower a few feet away and I began to get the idea it might not be the brightest thing in the world to keep standing out here. One good zap and I'd be so much ash on the wind.

Regally I pulled my cape around me with a flourish and turned to go inside. The fabric, (a good quality boiled wool herringbone weave) wrapped tightly around my ankles, speeding up my progress to the bottom of the battlement stairs considerably. I didn't even have time to turn into a bat. Damn. And ouch.

Lying there wrapped up like a mummy I heard a snicker and looked up to see my not so faithful side kick (thank you so much powers of darkness, my night is complete now) leaning in the doorway.

"Sunrise is in 4 minutes master," he said, turning to walk back into the castle.

What a weenie, I mean, is it too much to ask he should help me out and untangle my feet? Good help is so hard to find these days.

I managed to get my feet untangled at last, and made it to the door, hopping on one foot while I tried to keep an eye on the sky that was slowly turning pink. I reached for the door knob and turned.

Locked.

Figures.

I took a deep breath and prepared to transform myself into smoke.

The lock mechanism tickled as I flowed through it. Materializing on the other side of the door I had only seconds to reach my coffin before the first rays of sunlight seared through the windows. Not sparing a thought (well okay

maybe just a teeny one) for my Armani tuxedo lying in a heap on the other side of the door (no I turn to smoke, the clothes stay the same, sorry to burst your bubble like that) I dashed for the dark safety of the casket, slamming the lid just barely in time.

I woke hungry. Sitting up I pushed the lid back and stretched, yawning. Another night, another dollar. I climbed out of bed, (what, you thought I'd call it something poetic?) and went to the armoire to pick out my tuxedo for the night.

Now to some my wardrobe might be considered somewhat limited but I took my cue from ZZ Top. As they say, all the girls are crazy about a sharp dressed man. And believe me, the girls are the only thing that makes this never ending night bearable. Dinner and entertainment all in one neat little package, you can't beat it for convenience.

Straightening my black tie, (not reflecting in mirrors really bites, especially when you possibly had a little dinner stuck in your teeth) and smoothing back my freshly styled hair I walked toward the door. A quick adjustment to my white linen French cuffs, (\$19.95 including free shipping from the Men's Store online pre-Halloween sale catalog) a deep breath, and show time. I stepped through the appropriately creaking door to greet the first batch of tourists, a huge smile advantageously showing my teeth.

Oh. Joy. Another group of Buffy wanna be's and adenoidal geeks. I began my monolog on the history of the castle, (yeah all the usual boring stuff, the family curse and the whole bit) the tourists loved it.

"Gut efenink," I said suavely. "Welcome to Castle Blut. I am Count Vladimir Wassily, your host for the efenink."

"Wassily? Where's Dracula man? I want my money back, we been gyped!" said a skinny boy in the back of the crowd.

I shuddered distastefully, there was one in every crowd, a know it all twerp who would probably wet himself if I allowed the walking smorgasbord called a tour group see my true magnificence.

"Vell, ve cannot all be Dracula," I said smoothly.

"Boy you got that right," the boy laughed.

"Now, if ve may continue the tour?" A movement caught my eye and I noticed my assistant, Bob, lurking in the shadows. He was crawling around on his hands and knees looking for bugs, (obviously Bob has issues) and not having much luck.

"As it is now my break time, I will be turning you ofer to my assistant, Bob," I really needed to get out of there for a quick bite. Bob looked up, startled, and glared at me. Payback is a bitch, I grinned at him as I swept regally by.

When I was sure the tour group was out of sight I quickly changed to my bat form and launched myself into the night. It was time to find some breakfast.

I arrived back at the castle late, (so what are they going to do, fire me?) Bob was finishing up the tour with a tale of blood and mayhem. Several of the group looked a little green. Bob may be a total butt as an assistant but he can sure tell a story. Geek boy looked as if he was about to lose it, it was time to step in.

"Ah, I see a vonderful time vas hat by all, thank you for comink and good night," I said, smoothly stepping in and dismissing Bob.

And that was when I saw her. I don't know how I missed her in my initial perusal of the tour group. She had a gothic beauty I had rarely seen. Her hair sent a shiver through me, (I have a thing for hair, oh and for Cheese Whiz too but that's another story) and I began to take her over with my superior mental powers. Short shiny black dress, army boots, oh yeah, she would make a nice bit of desert after the tour left. I watched as the tourists filed out, willing her to stay behind.

I spoke to her in a low hypnotic voice, subtly suggesting she was under my control and would do anything for me.

"You will be happy to come with me," I murmured softly.

"Yes, master," she intoned back.

"You will..." I began. Suddenly I heard an odd sound, like a held in sneeze.

She grinned, unable to hold it in anymore and snorted, shaking, trying to keep it in, finally giving up and dissolving into laughter. She snickered and snorted, chortled, chuckled, and giggled. I stood there in shock, she was laughing at me, (and if that doesn't kill the old ego and wilt old Willy) she wasn't hypnotized or under control at all.

Everything I'd used for hundreds of years had just completely and totally failed. Well damn. So much for seduction. I gave up. With an exasperated sigh of frustration I pulled her into my arms and began to sink my teeth into her neck. Maybe I could get laid tomorrow night; the Halloween season was always good for tourists.

Suddenly I felt something hot. Whoa! Dang! Ow, dammit that's hot! What the... I looked down and saw the wet spot on my pants. It smoked slightly. I looked back up at the girl. She had a large cross in one hand and a long string of garlic cloves in the other. I cringed and backed up slowly. Wonderful. Well now I knew why my mental powers didn't work.

The holy water was eating a hole in my second best Armani tux. And where the heck had she hidden that garlic? Freakin' thing was a good three feet long and she just didn't have anywhere to hide something that size in that tiny black vinyl mini dress.

"What do you think you're doing?" I hollered.

"Your reign of terror is over vampire, it's our turn now!" the girl shrieked wildly.

"Bob!" I yelled desperately.

The girl whipped a large stake out of the miracle mini dress.

No answer.

Oh for crying out loud. I searched for Bob. Yep you guessed it; he was over in a corner chasing down a cockroach. Geez.

The girl raised the stake over her head and attacked. I sidestepped her lunge and tried to avoid the garlic. I had to find out why she wanted to kill me.

"Uh, you want to tell me what this is about?" I dodged another lunge.

"As if you didn't know, you evil spawn of Hell!" she gasped, beginning to drool.

"But..." I gasped, jumping out of the way once more. And what was all this spawn of Hell crap? I'm telling you, we need a lobby group or something, ban the anti-vampire rhetoric.

She took another swipe at me.

"What did I ever do to you?" I asked.

"You bit my mom!" she threw the garlic at me.

"Your mom? I never! Dang!" I tripped on the garlic.

"You did too!" she screamed, pouncing on me.

"When? I deny everything!" I grabbed her wrist trying to hold the stake back from my chest and get a good look down the front of her dress. The girl had some world class boobs.

"Twenty seven years ago!" she struggled, determined to kill me.

"Twenty seven years? I bite a lot of women toots, you expect me to remember all of them? You're crazy!" I struggled back, (what, you think I'm supposed to have superhuman strength? Against a crazy woman? Get real)

"Count Wazzlie," she began.

"Wazzlie? I'm not Wazzlie!" I yelled, offended. "Wazzlie is two castles down the road sister! I am Count Wassily!" How insulting, I mean, Wazzlie is a no taste dweeb! He wears a leisure suit!

The girl stopped. "Wassily?"

"Yes," I hissed.

"You sure?" she said doubtfully.

"Yes I'm sure!" I pushed psycho girl off me and stood up, dusting myself off.

She looked at me with huge blue eyes and clambered to her feet. I studiously straightened my clothes, (at least what the holy water hadn't eaten away) and ignored her. I felt a migraine coming on. A chortle from the far corner broke the silence. Bob had finally caught that roach.

"Ew!" the girl said in deep disgust.

"Bob has issues, it's not nice to stare," I said frostily.

She looked embarrassed and I watched her slip stealthily out the door. I sighed, relieved, and went over to the corner where Bob sat cheerfully munching away. He looked up at me expectantly.

"Bob, you're disgusting you know that?" I said.

"Yez, bozz," he smiled, antennae stuck in his teeth.

I shuddered and went into my rooms to change for the next tour group. I was going to have a word with the Transylvania tourism board. If they were going to supply the clients with real garlic and holy water, I wanted a raise.

