

Vampiress Carmilla vs. Dracula

By

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“You cannot win against me. My children of the night have you surrounded”, Dracula states as he slowly walks closer to Carmilla.

“Submit to me...and you will have your beauty last forever”, he adds icily.

Vampiress Carmilla backs away several feet. Suddenly, a number of jet black wolves appear from behind trees in a forest surrounding her.

One of the wolves emits a low, guttural growl and bears his teeth.

Dracula looks at the wolf. Meanwhile, dark clouds gather in the sky up above followed by low rumbles of thunder.

“Slay her, my child. She seeks to stop us”, Dracula states.

Without hesitation, the lead wolf rushes up to Carmilla. When he reaches her, he rears his hind legs to grab her neck. With near superhuman strength, Carmilla hits him with the back of her hand. The wolf falls to the ground, growls at her, but then backs away.

“You forget Dracula that I am like you. I have your same strength”, Carmilla fires back.

Dracula moves closer to Carmilla as the pack of wolves grows in number behind him. There are several flashes of lightning and a heavy downpour begins.

“I hope you can run as fast as I can”, he threatens.

Camilla’s face turns pale.

Dracula moves his hand in a sweeping motion and all the wolves in the pack rush Carmilla.

Carmilla turns and runs. She slips and loses her footing on the rain-soaked ground but quickly stands up and runs as fast as she can into the thick growth of the forest.

The pack resembles a black mass of oil as it speeds after her.

Normally, with her advanced abilities she could outrun a wolf...even several but these are Dracula’s own canines...born and bred in hell.

She can barely keep ahead of the pack as she runs towards an abandoned log cabin in the forest.

When she reaches it, she furiously kicks in the heavy wooden door and slams it shut just as the pack reaches the cabin.

The wolves bark, growl, and yelp wildly as they take turns banging against the door.

Thinking she is safe, Carmilla backs away from the door and turns only to find Dracula in the cabin.

Without a second thought, she raises her knee-high black boot to kick Dracula.

Dracula grabs the heel of her boot and pushes her away. She falls hard on the cabin’s wood plank floor. The rotted planks crack raising a cloud of sawdust. Carmilla gets up, grabs one of the shattered wood planks studded with nails and swings it at Dracula.

Without moving, the prince of darkness raises his left hand. The nails embed into his arms as the plank shatters into a storm of tiny wood fragments.

Carmilla backs away.

Dracula stares at the nails sticking out of his arm. Suddenly, the nails quiver and pull out of Dracula's arm, rotate towards Carmilla in mid-air and speed towards her. She barely gets out of the way as they shoot past her and go into the cabin's wall.

"Here is one of my pets from hell you have not yet met", Dracula sneers.

A bat with a wingspan some 6 feet across appears and hurls towards Carmilla. Just before it attacks her, she grabs one of the shattered planks of the cabin floor which has a sharp point. She holds it in front of her and impales the bat on it. The bat beats its wings for a moment, then perishes.

Before either the prince and princess of darkness can utter another word, a sliver of light appears in between the cabin's logs as the sun begins to rise.

"We shall meet again, Vampiress.", Dracula threatens.

In an instant, he vanishes. The pack of hell hounds stare down Carmilla for another few seconds, then turn away. Like their owner, they simply vanish.

Exhausted from the confrontation, she throws down the spear of wood and breathes heavily.

She has survived her first encounter with Dracula, but it was the sunlight that truly was her salvation.

Would she be so lucky the next time?