Betrayal and Love

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My minion of faithful disposition had betrayed me. I promised to procure countless worthless lives for the madman in exchange for his absolute loyalty. He dropped down on his knees to worship me. At this moment, I felt my bloodline as a Dracula, Szekly warrior, and leader course through my veins.   
 I was dependent on his loyalty. For many nights, Renfield would invite me into the asylum. From there, I helped myself to the young womanly blood of Mina. Ha! Helsing and his little irksome friends cannot even protect the sole woman in their group from my clutches. I managed to elude Mina in prior nights, and siphoned blood from her delicate body.   
 I enshrouded myself in mist last night and came in through the window as a pillar of cloud. Stealth is imperative here. I positioned myself over her, and I could not help but let a smile come to my face. I knew that I would be having another meal, and soon I would be able to feast on such an innocent and frail lady. Her supple neck was exposed and her blood ripe for consumption. She was awake at one point, but I believe that Mina's drowsiness has prevented her from ascertaining who I was. What a foolish lady to write me off as a dream. Every night I feasted upon her blood, I could see her becoming paler and weaker. It will not be long before she becomes a member of the vampire race. It will be a most wonderful annoyance towards Harker when he sees his precious wife assuming the same behavior I have. Perhaps I should make Mina my vampire bride for in retrospect, she was a beautiful and voluptuous woman.  
 I thought I had Renfield on a tether with his pledge of loyalty. However he attacked me this night. I could feel a sense of righteous anger behind that wall of madness. I suspect that he had become smitten and charmed by Mina's beauty just as I had. Renfield had probably noticed her face growing pale. The loss of loyalty and perhaps jealousy ignited my homicidal instinct. This, coupled with the legacy of generations of warrior that once had driven back the Bulgars and the Turks had brought about a wave of bloodlust. I stared right into Renfield's beady eyes and used my eyes, burning with animosity, to afflict a burn onto his eyes and mind. In a fit of rage, I launched the madman's body into a wall. My unfettered anger had ended with hearing a satisfying snap come from his body.  
 I confess, I am an easily irritable vampire. Violence always came first and diplomacy came second. I had not considered the amount of noise I had made that night. In a panic, I slipped towards Mina's room. I had to make Mina mine before I fled for she was simply too attractive to leave behind. Acting on instinct, I smote Jonathan Harker with my fists and locked the door. Time was of the essence. I needed to destroy any information they have gathered on me, so I let the beast in me rampant and tore up the study. Hopefully that will thwart Harker and his friends' plans. It was my growing attraction to Mina that brought me out of my rampage.  
 I created a wound on my breast and forced my unhallowed blood upon Mina. She and I would be connected forever. Knowing this made my burn with passion. I wanted to relish the moment, but alas, the accursed Van Helsing arrives with his holy wafers. I swear, for my race to be pushed back by a piece of bread is disappointing.   
 I felt my body shrink and twist. My arms became wings and I grew brown fur. I found myself as a bat. This night, this plan of mine, all it has done was to provoke Van Helsing's group. They have already destroyed numerous coffins that I require to rest in. I could not believe it, but I was pushed back. I, the warrior, the lord, the hunter of humans, was moving closer to extinction. While being a vampire has certain issues, I was at least blessed with immortality. If I keep on running away, all I have to do is outlive them.