

# 9 Months

Von Alaiya

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## 1st Month

Trevor had not been kidding, when he had said he wanted a new body. Damn it all, everything was hurting.

In his time, he had been beaten up quite some times. By monsters and by men. He had been beaten and kicked, attacked by swords and arrows and magic more times than he cared to count. Yet he was almost positive, that this was the worst he had felt yet. Even the soft bed did not help. All he could do was lie on his belly and wait for his wounds to heal off.

Normally he would not be one for self-pity, but right now it felt like the measured response. Also it was nice to for once have a girlfriend, who would take care of him, whenever she found time to spare. The upside, he thought to himself.

Still, right now he was alone in this room in the castle formerly belonging to Count Dracula. Fucking weird how life turned out at times.

Where the hell was Sypha? Probably outside ordering the people building the new village around. Darn. He really wanted her by his side, doting over him. She was actually more affectionate recently. Funny what the thought of having lost him had done there. Well, not actually funny, but still: He enjoyed the doting.

With a squealing sound the door was opened. That had to be her. Sypha.

He turned his head, groaning in the process only to realize that his visitor was not his girlfriend but instead a certain dhampir, who still had not figured out how to properly close his shirt.

Trevor let out another groan. "What are you doing here, you old bastard?"

"Just making sure, you have not died yet, Belmont."

"Not yet, but I am close to it," Trevor joked. Well, it was almost a joke. After all everything still hurt. His arms, his shoulders, his back, his belly, fucking everything.

Then again: He had fought Death itself and somehow had made it out alive. So all things considered he had been lucky.

"I see," Alucard said and came closer. "Maybe I should not have let you stay in here. It will be a hassle to clean out the room if you died here."

Trevor grinned. "Oh, please, can't be worse then cleaning out all the dead night creatures." He had been kinda lucky to not have been dragged into all that.

"That might be true," Alucard admitted. He hesitated but then sat down on the side of the bed. "But really: How are you feeling?"

"Like shit."

Alucard chuckled. "So bad?"

"Worse!"

"Is it self-pity I hear? I haven't thought of you as this sort."

"Just shut the fuck up, will you?" Trevor muttered and turned his head to the other side.

They had been at this ever since he had arrived back. While Sypha really was quite caring, he and the dhampir had mostly been bickering like an old married couple. Yet Alucard indeed had looked after him quite a few times – as well as leaving this room to him. Almost as if he was really worried about him.

Alucard chuckled. "Is there anything I can do for you, my dead beaten up Belmont?" He poked Trevor's shoulder.

Once more Trevor groaned. "If you ask like that, you can go and fetch me something

to eat. I am starving." He would also have loved some ale, but Sypha had been very strict about him not drinking. Something something it hindered the healing process something. Also there was no ale to be found in a radius of at least twenty miles.

"Starving, you say? We cannot have that," Alucard said.

"No, indeed, we can't."

"I will see, what I can get for you." With that Alucard got up. "Provided you will not die, while I am away."

Even with the bickering that was surprisingly considerate. "Just go, fucking bastard," Trevor muttered. He could not be too thankful after all.

Another chuckle. "Just don't die, while I am away, Belmont."

"Can't promise anything."

Another squeaking of the door, then he was alone again.

Trevor could not help but feel, that most of all Alucard was thankful for them being here. Yeah, all things considered the dhampir had been acting weird since Trevor had arrived back at the castle. He was nicer then usual and he actually smiled at times. Still, there was a certain distance in his gaze. Something like a shadow looming over him. He was trying to hide it, but Trevor had noticed. So had Sypha. There was still something Alucard had not talked with them about.

Well, it was of course Alucard's decision to talk about it or not. But at least Sypha was worried, while Trevor would have never admitted to it.

## 2nd Month

Their village was coming along nicely. The first few houses had been built and the next were in the making. At this pace the entire village would be standing in only two more months.

For now, the people, who had not finished houses yet, were living in the castle. Where else was there for them to stay?

Yet the house building was only one part of the work, that had to be done. They needed room for fields, so that they could have a harvest come autumn. After all the supplies would not last them all year. This was the problem with the vampire castle: Apart from the pigs there was nothing much for a human to eat.

Those were all the things Sypha had to worry about. Who, if not she, would take care of those things? The people needed somebody to organize all of that. Somebody who made lists of their supplies. Somebody, who knew, how to plan out a village. Somebody who made the decision about the order in which the houses were built. There was so much to do!

Right now, a troop of villagers had returned from old Danesti with some of the supplies still found in the old village.

"We'll need that grain to sow," she told them. "Bring it to the storage for now."

Their biggest problem for now was the room for the fields. They needed fields both for the sowing, as well as for the livestock to graze. As the castle had ended up in the middle of the forest this meant a lot of logging and uprooting of trees.

"Trevor!" she shouted. "Trevor!" The villagers could use his help with the transportation of the grain. "Trevor!" No reply. He should be outside. After all he was mostly healed up by now and thus able to work. She had seen him leave the castle earlier.

"If you're looking for your boyfriend: He is playing with the children," Greta informed her. She had come over to help. At least one adult.

"This stupid child," Sypha cursed definitely talking about Trevor.

Greta could not help but laugh. "He and Alucard both."

"That's what makes it this hard," Sypha said.

Indeed, the two men had spent at least as much time fooling around with the children, as they had helping. All of that while they would make for great help, considering their strength.

Of course, there was the fact that both of them had not really have healthy childhoods. Trevor being on his own since he was twelve or thirteen and Alucard growing up on his own in the big castle without any other children. So probably they were making good on that in their own way. God knew, that those children also needed this kind of distraction. More than a few of them had lost at least one of their parents in the night horde raids.

Still ...

"You have any idea where they are?" Sypha asked.

"Last I saw them was at that old creepy tree."

Obviously.

"I will go fetch them," Sypha said. "Can you take care of the grain getting into the supply rooms?"

"No problem." Greta smiled. "You take care of your two big children."

"Thanks." Sypha grunted and got on her way.

She knew exactly what tree Greta had been talking about. Trevor's childhood tree of course. What else?

And indeed, she found both men as well as nine children by the tree. Trevor was sitting in the old branches together with some of the children, while Alucard was underneath it with a little girl sitting behind him braiding his long hair.

"What do you two think you are doing?" Sypha asked.

Both men looked to her with surprise in their faces.

"What are you doing here?" Trevor jumped down from the branch.

"Looking for you."

"But we were ..."

"They were playing with us," one of the little boys said. "Trev was telling us about how to kill a night creature."

"I want to be a monster hunter, when I grow up," a little girl chimed in.

"Is that so?" Sypha asked with a stiff smile on her face. Where the two really getting those dangerous ideas into all the children's heads?

"Yeah, I wanna be like a super cool monster hunter with a crossbow and then I will kill those night creatures, just like uncle Alucard did back when they attacked!" There was a spark in the girl's eyes.

"Well, if that is so, we'll have to start training soon," Trevor said.

"First of all, we'll have to take care of our supplies." Sypha went over to him and grabbed him by the arm. "Something two strong young lads just as yourselves could be very helpful with."

"But somebody needs to take care of the children," Trevor replied.

"I think the children can very well take care of themselves."

"But ..."

"Come on, you big child, first work then playtime." Sypha looked over to Alucard with his crown of braided hair. "The same goes for you, too. We need all the help we can get."

A long sigh, then Alucard got up. "Fine."

## 3rd Month

Once again Adrian awoke sweaty and panting. He stared up to the ceiling, trying to forget the dreams, that haunted him.

It had been more than half a year, since he had killed his father. It had been almost five months, since he had been forced to kill Taka and Sumi. Yet they all were haunting him in his dreams and wouldn't stop.

It had been the same dream again that he had had so many times in the last few months. In his dreams he had been tied down to his bed with Taka and Sumi looming over him. He had felt absolutely helpless. Unable to move. Unable to do anything. In his dreams it was always them who killed him, not the other way around.

He still couldn't understand. Why had they done this to him? He had done so much for them. He had helped them. He had wanted them to succeed. Yet they had violated him, had tried to kill him. Why? Just why?

He had not slept in that bed ever since.

He got up. The last months had taught him, that sleep was evasive once he had woken up from such a nightmare. Even if he would fall asleep again, the next nightmare would hunt him down and make it happen all over again.

He went over to his window. A small hint of red was already on the horizon. It would not be long till sunrise. He might as well get up and make himself breakfast. At least that would distract him from his dream and all those memories that would continue to hunt him maybe as long as he lived.

The corridors of the castle were empty this time around. Even though there were still a couple of people from Danesti living here. After all it took time to raise a village and so far, only most of the people had their own houses, but not all.

He went to one of the supply chambers to fetch himself some eggs, before making his way to the kitchen, only to find, to his surprise, that it was not empty.

Sypha was sitting at the table, a steaming cup filled with greenish liquid sitting in front of her.

"Oh," she said, when he entered.

"Oh," he echoed and looked at her.

"You are awake quite early," Sypha said.

"I could say the same for you." Adrian entered the kitchen, but hesitated for a moment. "What gives?"

"A thing called morning sickness." She touched her belly, which recently had started to show a bit. "And it will only get worse from here." With that she took a sip from the cup. "I had hoped I would have at least one more month, till it starts."

Adrian just stared at her and her belly. He was really unsure, what he should say about this. After all he had no experiences with pregnancy. All he knew about this came from books and nothing more. Obviously, he had heard about morning sickness, but he did not know much about how to treat it.

My father would have known. He almost winced with this thought. Again, there were the memories. The good memories of his father and the bad. If only things would not have happened this way. If only both his parents were still alive.

He fought the memories down. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

Sypha waved her hand in a calming gesture. "No, I am fine. We Speakers have our own medicine for stuff like that." She smiled and took another sip.

"Good." Adrian did not know what else to say. Instead, he sighed. "Care for some breakfast?"

"I can try."

"Then I will cook for both of us." He gave her a shy smile.

"See, that's what makes you so nice," Sypha suddenly said, making him blush. "Trevor always needs to be asked to do nice things for me."

Adrian turned away. "Maybe I should give him a stern talking to. After all he should take good care of the mother of his child."

"Indeed, he should." Sypha laughed.

Even Adrian could not help but smile, while he got out a pan from the cupboard and turned on the oven, which like all things in the castle was powered by long forgotten science.

While he heated the pan and put a bit of butter into it, Sypha made a quiet noise, making him turn around.

"Say, Alucard, we have now discussed why I am up at this hour, but what about you? What made you get up this early?"

Quickly he turned towards the stove. She should not see his face. "Nothing in particular," he muttered. After all she had enough things to worry about without him and his nightmares. "I just could not sleep."

"That happens a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"What?"

"That you cannot sleep." Sypha spoke slowly and he could feel her eyes in his neck.

"It's nothing," he said.

"You know you can talk to me and Trevor, right?"

"It's nothing, really."

Sypha sighed. She got up and behind him, to put a hand onto his shoulder. "I am worried about you, you know? The others might not notice, but I know that there is something bothering you, haunting you. You have been through a lot lately and I think nobody will think less of you, if you show a little weakness from time to time."

Adrian's heart was pounding heavily. A part of him wanted to tell her, wanted to tell her everything. About his nightmares, about the times he cried himself to sleep, about all the memories haunting even his waking hours. But how could he? She had so much to deal with herself. She had been through so much.

"As I said: It's nothing," he just muttered. "I just have trouble sleeping."

Sypha hesitated and then sighed. "Okay. But please know, that you can talk to me, if you need to."

"Thank you," he said and started to put the eggs into the pan. Then he, too, sighed.

"One thing though."

"Yes?"

"Could you please call me Adrian?"