

Lucy *and the vampire*



Story and illustrations by BartNel
Texts written by Commander James Bondage

*Freely inspired by
Bram Stoker's Dracula*



The texts of this story were conceived as letters exchanged by the different protagonists of this story, some of them never being visible in the illustrations .

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This document is best viewed with Adobe Acrobat reader in full screen mode 1920x1080 16:9 screen



Castle Urchinson,
September the 24th year 1685,

Dear Lucy

I recently heard from Kylor that you are spending several weeks here in Scotland.

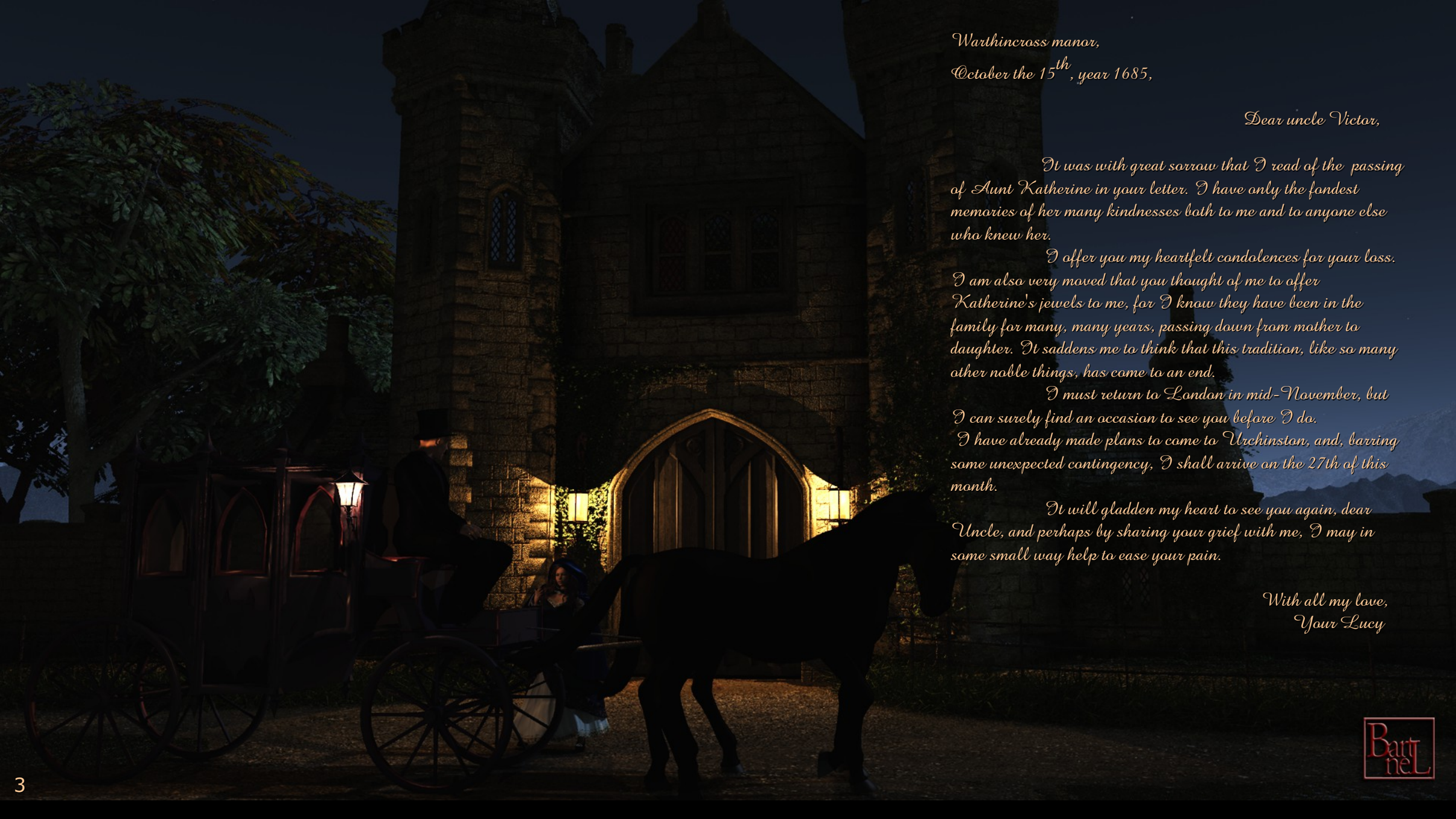
Kylor also told me that you have grown into a beautiful young woman since last I saw you.

It would bring great joy to a lonely, sick old man, if I could see my favorite niece one last time before I lay my bones down for the final time in the crypt of our ancient home. Also, I would like to give you the jewels that once adorned my beloved wife, your Aunt Katherine, who waits for me in Heaven, as you are the last of our family, and I would not have them fall into the hands of strangers.

I pray that you do not delay in coming to see me, as I cannot count on having many more days to spend in this world.

Your devoted uncle,

Victor Earnshaw,
Earl of Urchinson



Warthincross manor,
October the 15th, year 1685,

Dear uncle Victor,

It was with great sorrow that I read of the passing of Aunt Katherine in your letter. I have only the fondest memories of her many kindnesses both to me and to anyone else who knew her.

I offer you my heartfelt condolences for your loss. I am also very moved that you thought of me to offer Katherine's jewels to me, for I know they have been in the family for many, many years, passing down from mother to daughter. It saddens me to think that this tradition, like so many other noble things, has come to an end.

I must return to London in mid-November, but I can surely find an occasion to see you before I do.

I have already made plans to come to Urchinston, and, barring some unexpected contingency, I shall arrive on the 27th of this month.

It will gladden my heart to see you again, dear Uncle, and perhaps by sharing your grief with me, I may in some small way help to ease your pain.

With all my love,
Your Lucy



Castle Urchinston,
October the 28th, year 1685,

Dear Mother and Father

I am writing to let you know that I arrived safely at Castle Urchinston yesterday evening after dark.

Uncle Victor was unable to greet me in person, as he has been in very poor health of late, and, of course, is still deeply in mourning for Aunt Katherine.

However, his butler, Edward, made me feel most welcome when I arrived after long, weary days of travel. I was given an excellent dinner, before I was led up to my room, where I instantly fell asleep in a most commodious and delightfully soft featherbed. I hope to be able to see Uncle Victor tomorrow, if his condition allows visitors by then.

1.
2.

Your loving,
Lucy



Castle Urchinston,
October the 29th, year 1685,

My dear friend Wilhemina,

As I Already told you before my departure,
I've come to visit my uncle Victor, who is old and ill, in his
castle at Urchinston, in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands.
The place is old and dark, but the landscape is of an absolutely
remarkable wild beauty, and I'm sure you would love it !

Unfortunately, I could not meet my Uncle
when I arrived yesterday evening, and so was obliged to dine
alone. If I was disappointed when I discovered that Uncle
Victor was too ill to meet me when I arrived yesterday, I was
even more so when I was told that I still could not see him
today.

Uncle Victor's butler, who has been most
helpful and kind, assured me that I would certainly be
permitted to see him tomorrow, morning, but I am in doubt
whether to believe him. I have a sense of wrongness about the
castle.

You may think this a silly fancy on my part,
but there an ominous heaviness in the air of this old place.
Sometimes I feel as if I am being watched, but when I look
around, no-one is there. I am worried about poor Uncle
Victor, and if I am put off tomorrow, I intend to insist on
seeing him, whatever his state of health.

Your friend,
Lucy



*Castle Urchinston,
October the 30th, year 1685,*

Dear Mother and Father,

You may wonder at another letter from me, as I wrote to you only yesterday, and what is more, that I do not truly have any new tidings to share with you. I had good reason for my actions, however. For one thing, I was worried about Uncle Victor's condition before I arrived, and the fact that I have not yet been able to see him for myself as yet, has done nothing to lay my fears to rest.

I was assured by the butler that I shall almost certainly be able to speak to him tomorrow, as Uncle Victor himself says that he expects to be much better after the application of a new medicine for his condition.

*Your loving daughter,
Lucy*





*Castle Urchinton,
October the 30th, year 1685,*

My Dearest Wilhemina,

Once again, I am writing to you, even though only a single day has passed since my last letter. I do so because I feel I must tell someone how angry it made me, when Edward the butler refused to allow me to see Uncle Victor, again!

Fortunately, I was able to cool down somewhat by taking a stroll through the beautiful gardens here. After dinner, I went upstairs to enjoy the sight of the full moon over the loch. But, for some strange reason, I began to feel sense of dread creep over me like a physical chill. Indeed, I was obliged to draw closed the curtains to block out that ghostly orb before I could put the dread aside and go to sleep.

*your loving friend,
Lucy*



*Castle Urchinson,
October the 30th, year 1685,*

Dear Wilhemina,

I know my behavior will seem even more eccentric when you read this, but I am writing this now in the morning darkness before dawn, because I must tell you of the terrible nightmare that awoke me.

In this dream, I was wandering through the halls of the castle in my nightclothes, seeking Uncle Victor. Somehow, I found myself lost in a part of the castle I had not known even existed, all alone with only a guttering candle between me and the darkness. In the dream, an icy draft put out my sputtering light, and I screamed, then found myself wide awake, safe in bed.

I was so frightened, that i needed to write it down, so I could see how silly it was when I read it over, and be able to resume my slumbers.

*I will see you soon,
with love,*

Lucy





*Castle Urchinston,
November the 1st, year 1685,*

My Dear Wilhemina,

Surely you must be heartily sick of this positive flood of letters from me! If so, I will ask you to consider my letters to you as a kind of diary, in which I confide my deepest hopes and fears. I know you will do that for me, dear Mina!

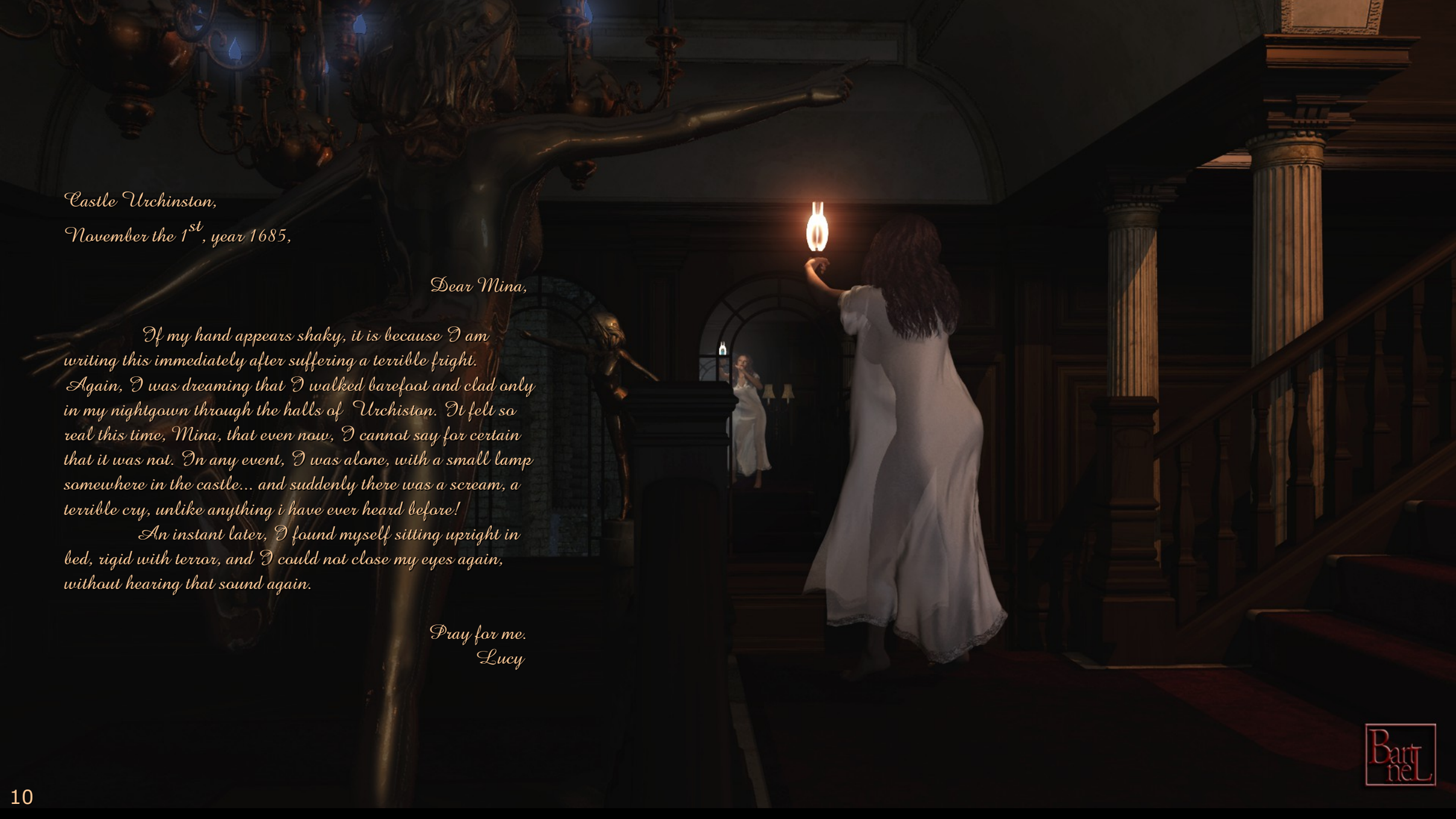
Yet another day passes without my being admitted to Uncle Victor's presence. I could not even talk to Edward the butler ... I confess that I am beginning to lose patience and wonder if this man does not make fun of me? He spent his day supervising a whole team of workers carrying crates I do not know where. Very heavy crates, it seems!

Perhaps you wonder why i do not throw up my hands, call for a carriage and go on with my life, as it does not seem that I will ever get to see him. If you are asking yourself that question, I can tell you that we are of one mind, because that is exactly what I am thinking of doing. But yet, I remain. Why, Mina?

What is keeping me from fleeing this place that is so tedious and so frightening by turns.

*Your poor befuddled friend,
Lucy*



A woman in a white nightgown stands in a grand, dimly lit hall, holding a glowing lantern. She is looking towards a large, ornate chandelier hanging from the ceiling. In the background, a staircase with a wooden railing leads up, and a large, dark statue of a person with outstretched arms is visible. The scene is atmospheric and mysterious.

Castle Urchinston,
November the 1st, year 1685,

Dear Mina,

If my hand appears shaky, it is because I am writing this immediately after suffering a terrible fright. Again, I was dreaming that I walked barefoot and clad only in my nightgown through the halls of Urchinston. It felt so real this time, Mina, that even now, I cannot say for certain that it was not. In any event, I was alone, with a small lamp somewhere in the castle... and suddenly there was a scream, a terrible cry, unlike anything I have ever heard before!

An instant later, I found myself sitting upright in bed, rigid with terror, and I could not close my eyes again, without hearing that sound again.

Pray for me.
Lucy

Castle Urchinston,

November the 2nd , year 1685,

Dear Mina,

After I wrote the last letter, I sat awake for what seemed like a very long time, then decided to face my imaginings. I thought that if I could not prove to myself that I had nothing to fear from these strange dreams, that I might go mad.

So I did in truth what I had been doing in my fancies. I took the little glass chimney lamp from the bedside table, and went out into the castle to confront my fears...





... Just as in the dream, I walked down the stair and through the corridors, and it felt very much as if i had in fact roamed these halls, half-naked and unshod before.

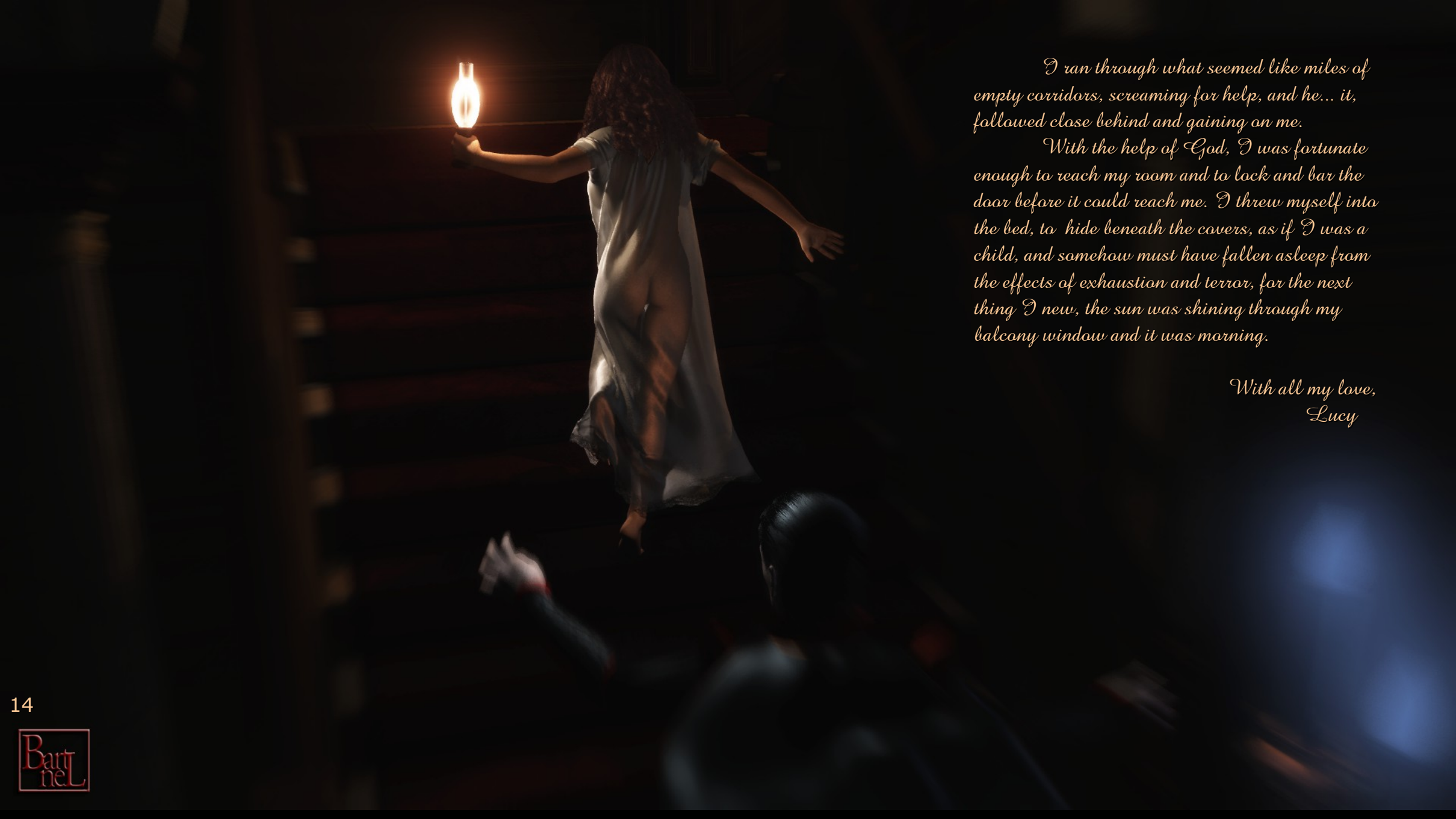
I wandered I know not where, until I came to a closed door. From behind this door issued the same petrifying lamentations that I had heard in my dreams. I cannot say why i did not turn and run at that moment, but I did not. Instead, as if some outside agent was controlling me, I raised my hand, and pounded on the door with my fist!



... The unnatural sounds from within ceased instantly. Then I did something for which I can offer no rational explanation. I took the knob of the door in my hand, turned it and pulled open the door. Mina, I cannot put in words the sickness and horror that I felt when I saw who, or rather what, was in the room.

What met my unbelieving eyes was the body of what had once been my dear Uncle Victor, now changed beyond recall to an indescribable creature with eyes that no longer lived, but existed only to feed from the living!

This I felt, no, I knew in my bones, the instant I saw him. I fled...



I ran through what seemed like miles of empty corridors, screaming for help, and he... it, followed close behind and gaining on me.

With the help of God, I was fortunate enough to reach my room and to lock and bar the door before it could reach me. I threw myself into the bed, to hide beneath the covers, as if I was a child, and somehow must have fallen asleep from the effects of exhaustion and terror, for the next thing I knew, the sun was shining through my balcony window and it was morning.

*With all my love,
Lucy*

To be continued...



This sample is only the first part of the story.

*The complete story includes more with an overall length of 50 **pages** , next part includes « explicit content » images that are not suitable to be displayed in DeviantArt gallery. Complete story is NOT free to download, please contact me (see below) to receive documentation about it.*

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