9 Months
Trephacard

Von Alaiya

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.