

Resurrecting Victor

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Chapter One

Romania 1942

It was one month today since Anna's husband Victor—the love of her life—had been killed in Russia. The pain within her was deep and every time she came close to facing it, she thought she might just curl up and die.

Sitting at her dining room table, Anna looked down at the bowl of chicken soup she'd made for herself. A knot twisted in her stomach but she forced herself to pick up the spoon and dip it into the golden liquid. Small pieces of chicken and carrots rose to the surface as she stirred. Finally, she lifted some to her lips and sipped. The warm soup soothed her all the way down. A moment later the sorrow came carrying with it a tidal wave of agony. She put the spoon down.

Memories of Victor came back to haunt her. She could recall every feature of his handsome face; his neatly trimmed dark hair, the natural arch of his thick eyebrows, the full, sensuous swell of his lips. How she longed to feel those lips on her skin again!

She remembered when she'd met the rugged young Romanian Captain almost two years ago just before this terrible war. She'd come from the United States trying to help her maternal grandfather escape the brutal rule of the Romanian regime. Her hope was to sneak him out and get him back to America where he could live out his remaining years in peace.

She met Victor while trying to secure a Visa for the old man. Victor had been the only one to help her, pulling strings until she had the Visa she needed to leave the country with her grandfather. Sadly, it was all useless. Her grandfather died only hours before they'd been scheduled to leave. The regime had taken her grandfather's cottage and all his belongings. For a tense few days, Anna had been terrified the regime was going to put her in jail under suspicion of being a spy.

Thankfully, Victor's mother had invited her to stay with her until things died down long enough for her to try and leave again. Victor came by every day to check up on them and his warm kindness was what caused her to fall in love with him.

They'd married quickly, but only a month later Romania joined the Germans in their attack on Russia. Victor was killed in Stalingrad and his body shipped back to Romania for burial. His mother's heart gave out on the spot when she'd heard the news. Now Anna was alone in the house she and Victor had shared, unable to sell it because of the war. *Trapped.*

If she didn't find a way to get home soon, she feared she would die here of a broken heart.

A loud knock sounded on the door making her start. She covered the soup with a napkin and took it into the kitchen. Wiping her hands on a towel, she rushed to the door and opened it. Company was a welcome distraction to her dark and brooding mood.

Anna had never met the woman standing on the doorstep but she knew of her reputation. Her name was Thea and the villagers swore she was a witch. Anna didn't believe in such

things but made it a point to avoid Thea anyway, just in case. She forced herself to smile and said, “Yes?”

Thea looked around behind her as if she'd been followed. Her long, scraggly grey hair barely moved in a passing breeze. “I have important news,” she said in a harsh whisper. “Let me in.”

Anna hesitated for a moment then stepped back and held the door open. Thea rushed in and placed her heavy cloth bag on the dining room table. Her nose twitched like a rabbit catching a scent and she disappeared into the kitchen. Thea returned with the bowl of soup and placed it back on the table. “Not eating?” she asked, peaking under the napkin.

Anna folded her arms. “I’ve not been very hungry.”

“You’re much too thin, my dear,” the witch said shaking her head. “But I expect my news will lift your spirits! The generals have finally had enough of this horrible regime. Our brave military leaders are planning a coup to oust the Nazi sympathizers, but there are not enough soldiers left here to do it. So they contacted me in secret and asked me to raise an army from our fallen heroes. The generals and I have agreed on ten men to be raised from the dead.”

Anna swooned. She reached back and gripped the arm of a wooden chair. The familiar smell of chicken soup in the room didn’t match the horror that Anna was feeling inside. Without glancing back, she lowered herself into the chair. *This woman is insane. How am I ever going to get her out?* “I don’t understand,” Anna said when she had found her voice. “What does all this have to do with me?”

Thea’s face flushed with excitement as she clasped her hands together. “One of the ten men to come back from the dead is your husband Victor! Of course, I’ll need your help for the deed.”

For a few tense moments all Anna could do was stand there not daring to utter a sound. Then his name escaped her lips like a prayer. “*Victor*,” she whispered.

Chapter Two

It was on the way to the cemetery that Anna began to doubt her sanity. Surely this was madness. How could I be so naive to believe someone could raise Victor from the dead?

The evening had melted into a cool indigo night and Anna was so spooked she thought she heard voices everywhere. The witch had scurried up ahead and was just passing under the arbor when Anna jogged up to be along side her. “What will Victor be like?” she asked.

Thea never broke her stride. “I don’t know,” she confessed. “I’ve never used this spell before.”

“Then how do you know it will work?”

Thea glanced at her annoyed. “All my spells work.”

Everywhere Anna looked there were gravestones. Some of them stood upright, others were worn and broken from age, and some were simply fading ground plaques. So many people lost to those they loved. She had to confess, she never thought much of death. Like most people she tried to pretend the grim reaper would never darken her doorstep. That was until she lost Victor. Now all she did was obsess about death and what might lie beyond the threshold of the living world. *Do I really want this? What if he’s some kind of horrible ghoul? Will I still be able to love him?*

Thea stopped suddenly and Anna bumped into her. “Since you’re with me, we’ll do Victor first,” the old witch said.

Anna shuddered and pulled her cloak tighter around her. “Um...,” she said. “Can I ask you a few questions before we do this?”

Thea stared at her with bloodshot, watery eyes. She smelled like mothballs. “What?”

Anna hesitated. She didn’t know quite how to put this. She didn’t want to seem ungrateful but she had serious reservations about what kind of creature Victor would become. “If Victor isn’t...*normal* can we send him back?”

The witch placed her hands on her hips. “This isn’t just about you, this is about saving Romania. I don’t know what Victor will become when I raise him up, but I can tell you this, he will continue to do what he needs to do for our country. All I expect from you is that you support him no matter what he has become. Do you think you can do that?”

A hard lump rose in Anna’s throat. “I can do my best.”

Thea threw her arms into the air. “I don’t understand why this is so difficult for you. You married him didn’t you? You love him? What difference does it make what he will become? He is still your husband and, I can promise you this, he will be the same man you married on the inside. Now, where is he buried?”

Anna pointed to a new grave by the fence. A punishing sense of shame burned her cheeks. *Is she right? Am I just being selfish?* Thea rushed over to the grave and rolled up her sleeves.

“Wait!” Anna said.

“What now?” asked Thea.

“Shouldn’t we dig him up first so he can get out?”

“No need. Stand back.” Thea raised her arms toward the sky and began her spell. It didn’t look too impressive. The spell summoned neither flash of lightning nor peel of thunder. In fact there was no sign that anything was happening at all. Thea shouted and chanted, turning herself around three times. Then, as suddenly as she began, she stopped. She came over to Anna. “That’s it,” she said. “Now I have to go off and find the others. You wait here and help Victor home when he awakens.”

Anna grabbed the witch’s arm. “Please don’t leave me here.”

“Don’t be silly,” said Thea. “Victor won’t hurt you. He’s your husband, he loves you.” With that, the witch hurried off to another grave.

Anna stared down at the packed earth and wrung her hands together. That old woman was nuts, she saw nothing, she didn’t even see...

The soil on Victor’s grave was moving. At first, it moved so little she barely noticed it, just a few tiny pieces of rock and dirt falling off the mound. Then there was more movement. The dirt erupted here and there but nothing yet emerged. Anna suddenly became aware that she was holding her breath. A primal fear took hold of her and she had to force herself not to scream. She thought of trying to help him, of pulling the soil away with her hands but she couldn’t bring herself to move. Then, from the dark loose dirt, a pale hand emerged. It burst from the ground like a sprouting plant in spring and it filled Anna with a blind terror she’d never known before.

She back up and stumbled, her chest tightening so painfully she thought she’d die of fright right there. With a cry of horror, she turned and bolted from the graveyard, running as fast as her legs would carry her all the way home.

Chapter Three

Anna sat in her bedroom shaking. Covering her face with her hands she wept, mourning her Victor all over again, only this time she was praying him back to the grave. Oh, how she'd wanted to stay, to greet him and tell him how much she'd missed him! But when she had seen him coming out of the ground like that, she'd bolted in panic. Consumed by raw terror, she'd run all the way home never daring to look back.

Wiping her cheeks with her hand, she tried to collect herself. *What you saw was an illusion*, she told herself, *a simple trick of the moonlight*. But deep inside her she knew the truth. She knew what she'd seen and she dared not face it. Trying to collect her emotions Anna headed into the bathroom to wash her face when a thunderous knock sounded at the front door.

Anna froze in her tracks and held her breath. Her head was light and a sudden whirling vertigo took hold of her. She grabbed the side of the bureau to steady herself. Her mouth went sandpaper dry. The dizziness faded away.

Taking several unsteady steps, she headed toward the door. *This can't be! People don't come back from the dead! When you're dead, you're dead!* When she was only five feet away, the knock came again, startling her. Her feet stopped moving. Anna hugged herself. "Who is it?" she asked.

The voice from behind the door was richer, deeper than Victor's normal tone, but there was no doubt it was him. "It's Victor Anna," he said. "Let me in."

Anna's hands shot to her mouth so she wouldn't scream. She reached for the doorknob but couldn't allow herself to touch it.

"Let me in," he said again in a voice that was stronger and more insistent.

A moment of clarity came over her when she realized she could have her husband back. The familiar sound of his voice broke through her fear and brought a note of joy to her soul. Pushing aside her terror, she reached out and opened the door.

Victor stood before her dressed in the same uniform she'd buried him in. He was just as handsome as she remembered with short dark hair, perfect high cheekbones and a strong, noble chin. The differences from life to death were surprisingly subtle. His skin, for one, was deathly pale. Then she noticed his uniform, pristine and clean when he'd been interred was now slightly frayed and caked with dirt. Anna looked up into his eyes and stifled a gasp. His once sky-blue eyes were a glassy and bottomless black and seemed to suck in all the light around him. A terrible sorrow tore at her mind.

"May I come in?" he asked.

Anna left the door open and stepped back. Victor came inside, closing the door behind him. "I'm so cold," he said softly.

“I’ll go heat some water for your bath,” Anna said hurrying to the kitchen. Taking a bucket out to the well she raced back and forth several times to fill the pots on the stove. She heated them wondering if she’d finally gone utterly insane. Anna tried to focus on one thing at a time. Caring for her husband made everything seem normal, so she decided to focus on that.

The bathtub was in a corner of the kitchen covered with a wooden shelf. Anna removed the covering and wiped down the sides. As she worked she could hear Victor undressing in the bedroom. *At least he’s acting normal.* She placed the stopper in the drain and checked the temperature of the water. It was a little hot but it would cool with the pouring. She emptied each pot into the tub, adding an extra cool one from the well. She heard him walk up behind her. She turned and said, “I think it’s still too hot.”

Victor stood before her naked. His body was just as she remembered it, muscular and lean. Three dark bullet holes marred his torso, a macabre reminder of his death. “I like it hot,” he said and passed her to submerge himself in the tub.

Anna busied herself with making him something to eat. She fried some sausages with a side of sliced potatoes and onions. She placed the plate on the dining room table and sat in the chair next to it. Victor emerged from the bathtub with a splash and went into the bedroom without bothering to cover himself with a towel. He dressed in one of his old oxford shirts and a black pair of pants. He approached her and the sight of him made her soul ache. *Was this really her beloved Victor or was it a demon in disguise sent to deceive her?* Tears escaped her eyes but she rubbed them away impatiently.

He looked down at the meal she had prepared for him. A mocking grin played at the corner of his lips. “I’m so hungry Anna,” he said. But the tone in his voice wasn’t referring to the plate before him.

Anna met those wicked dark eyes and trembled. She jumped up from her chair. “I love you Victor,” she said backing away from him. “But you are scaring me to death.”

He stalked toward her forcing her back into the wall. Victor reached out and touched her cheek. His touch was ice cold. Anna forced herself not to scream. He smiled and she caught a glimpse of long, white teeth.

Victor placed his lips on hers and she shuddered. His tongue moved out and caressed her lower lip. Suddenly Anna’s mind broke in panic. Placing her hands on his chest, she pushed with all her strength but he was as immovable as a rock. “Victor,” she pleaded, “please let me go.”

He placed his hands on the sides of her face and held her still. With gentle pressure, Victor moved her head back and exposed the delicate flesh of her throat. Anna fought at first but her heart wasn’t in it. Finally she relaxed and let him do as he pleased. Leaning into her neck, he placed his lips on the pulsing artery in her neck. A second later there was a hard pinch that made her cry out and the tiny hairs on her arms stand up. Victor leaned his hard body into her, pushing his fierce erection into her groin. After a few seconds of agony, the pain in her neck faded and a sudden feeling of euphoria moved over her. An eternity passed

as Victor took from her, then two. Anna placed her hands on his back and noticed that her husband had grown warmer.

A small throbbing began in her neck and she noticed that Victor had stopped feeding. Unbuttoning her blouse, he removed her bra and exposed her breasts. Anna thought of resisting him again but her will had simply slipped away. Now, with the stolen warmth in his flesh, he caressed her and mauled her breasts with a frenzied passion that left them sore and bright pink. He reached under her skirt and tore away her underwear eager to explore the secret darkness of her womanhood. Licking his fingers, he moved them into the soft pelt of her warming pussy. Victor stroked and petted her, taking his time to explore every moist fold until Anna was intoxicated by his seduction.

She heard him unzip his pants and felt the hard insistent pressure of his cock against her. Pushing her against the wall, he eased his rock hard cock into her. Anna gasped as a surge of white hot passion consumed her. "I missed you so much Victor my love..." she groaned, "Please don't stop."

Victor didn't disappoint her. He lifted her legs up and wrapped them around his waist. He pumped deeper into her settling into a rhythm that was sweet agony. Although Victor had been an excellent lover before his death, his new life had definitely changed him for the better. Anna's body responded to him like an animal in heat. She moaned and begged him like a cathouse whore.

After her third orgasm she was so sore she begged him to stop. "Please..." she whispered, "I need to rest." Victor pulled out of her and let her sink to the floor. He knelt next to her. "Are you alright Anna?"

Anna's world was melting into sleep. She licked her dry lips. "I'm fine. I just need to rest for a moment. Suddenly I feel so weak." He picked her up with little effort and carried her to the bedroom. She could scarcely believe she had him back. Wasn't she a lucky woman? So many people had lost someone they loved, and now she had her husband back again. Shouldn't she be happier than this? Victor laid her down on the bed and soon the world faded to a dark and inky black.

Chapter Four

Victor's hands were covered in blood. *Anna's blood.* He looked down at Anna sleeping peacefully on the bed. She looked like an angel, fragile and pale. The only thing marring her beauty was the two angry red puncture marks on the side of her neck.

Moving his fingers to his lips, he licked the smeared gore off them. The taste delighted him, reminding him of a hot steak after a long, hard day. He turned to look in the mirror and was startled by what he saw. He was pale but his skin gave off a radiant glow of health. Certainly he'd never felt better in his life. Pulling his shirt open he examined the bullet holes in his chest and was surprised to find they were healing. What happened to him? All he could remember was the bitter cold and misery of Stalingrad.

He got up and walked around the bedroom opening drawers and examining his old clothes. Everything was so strange and surreal; he felt like he'd been gone for a very long time. Anna stirred on the bed, her brow wrinkled then smoothed again. He was worried about her. He sat down next to her and gently stroked her hair.

Anna's eyes fluttered open and she gave him a lazy smile.

"I'm sorry I woke you," he said.

"That's alright," she replied. "I'm feeling better."

"Where is my mother?" he asked.

Anna frowned. "I'm so sorry Victor. She died on the spot when she heard you were...*gone.*"

He nodded but somehow the pain didn't touch him much. The only thing that mattered to him right now was Anna and her well-being. "I think you need something to eat," he said slipping from the room and retrieving the plate she had prepared for him. He brought it in with a large glass of milk.

Anna watched him as he cut up the sausage and placed a small piece on the fork. He took a few pillows and propped her up so she could eat. Taking the morsel, he placed it against her lips and Anna took it chewing slowly. "What happened to me," he asked.

Anna swallowed and toyed with the edge of the blanket. "You died, Victor," she said. "You were killed at Stalingrad over a month ago. I almost died of grief myself mourning you."

Victor cut off another piece of meat and held it out to her. The reality of what had happened to him didn't sink in. "If I died," he said thoughtfully. "Then why is it I've come back as a vampire?"

Her face twisted into a mask of hurt. "It was the old witch Thea and her spell," she said. "She came to me and said that some of the officers were going to stage a coupe. They needed men to be successful and most of them were fighting in Russia. Somehow, they all

concocted a plan to raise the new dead up from their graves. Oh Victor, it was horrible! I've never been so terrified in all my life seeing you dig yourself out of a grave like that!"

Victor held up another piece of sausage but Anna shook her head and sank back onto the bed. She was so frail. He shouldn't have taken that much blood from her. When the bloodlust came on him again tomorrow night, he vowed to go out and hunt. Anna couldn't sustain him every night.

He got up off the bed slowly and crept out of the room. Opening his back door he came out to admire the night. A feral part of him wanted to wander, to find prey and gorge himself on blood until the dawn came but he didn't want to leave Anna. This would be hard enough for both of them without him running around until all hours of the night. There was so much to get used to, so much to explore.

Morning wasn't far off. He could feel it coming, like a ticking clock inside his head. He'd better take some precautions to make sure he stayed safe. Going back into the house he dug some old blankets out of a chest and began the meticulous work of covering all the bedroom windows. Anna was so quiet and still through his work that he found himself checking on her periodically to make sure she was alright. When he'd covered all the windows he set about looking for a place to sleep during the day. He paced the house several times looking for something both easily accessible and inconspicuous. Then the idea came to him.

Grabbing a few tools, he went into the bedroom and pulled up some floor planks. There, in the crawl space between the floor and the ground, was the perfect hiding place. He pulled some of the nails out of the planks and made sure they could be secured from below. *Perfect. Good night Anna my love. See you tomorrow night.*

Chapter Five

It was evening again. Victor awoke from his hiding place and came out into the hastening night. For the first time in his life, he was aware of everything; the wolves wandering the hills hunting prey, the small nocturnal creatures just emerging from a day of rest, and the people just beyond this cottage shuttering their homes against the evening. A tremendous wave of power flowed through him and in his mind he summoned the other soldiers like himself.

He didn't know how or why they'd come, he just knew that they would. Behind him, Anna emerged from the cottage. He could sense her fear and it made him very sad. He turned around and hated the look in her eyes. "What is it Anna?" he said as gently as he could.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He glanced up to see the other resurrected soldiers riding up on horses as dead as they were. The beasts had red glowing eyes and their whinnies were as horrible and deep as any demon call. Anna's terror grew. He wanted to comfort her, but there was no way. He faced the reality that he might have to turn her as well if they were going to stay together. "Me and the men are going out hunting," he replied. "I'll be back before dawn."

"I wanted to talk to you," she said.

One of his men brought him a mount. He climbed up and stared down at his beautiful wife. She was a thin, frail beauty with wide brown eyes and light blonde hair. "Later," he said. "Right now I must hunt. But I promise you we will talk when I come back."

* * * *

Anna came inside and bolted the door. Laying her back against it, she fought the despair building inside her. *My husband is a monster, just like the ones the peasants talk about in tense whispers as they meet on the dirt roads.* Gathering her courage, she went into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Signs of Victor were everywhere, but not in the ways one would expect.

There were smudges of blood on the wall by the stove, and a long broken fingernail resting on the counter. She had to face the truth; her husband was one of the undead. But what did that mean for their future together? Before he died, Anna had been planning to get pregnant. She'd always wanted children and so had Victor, but now everything was wrong. How could she have children with a monster? There was only one solution. She would need to go and talk to the witch who'd cast the spell and hope a solution could be found. Surely anyone who could raise the dead could help her conceive a child.

What if the only solution was to join Victor in death? Would she be willing to do that? She didn't think she was. But then another question nagged at her. Was Victor now immortal? And, if he was, she most certainly was not. How were they ever going to be able to stay together? In a few short years he would grow bored with her. Her beauty would fade and his beast would rise in power. Under conditions like that, why would he bother to stay with

her? And did she really want him now that he was no longer human? There were a million such questions with no clear answers.

The only thing she could do tonight was wait for Victor to come home and hope he could help her put her worries to rest.

* * * *

Anna was awoken by a gentle caress along her cheek. She blinked and looked up into her husband's demonic eyes. He smiled at her showing a hint of his long, white canines. She wanted to be repulsed by him, but instead she was relieved he was alright.

Bending down, he lifted her effortlessly out of the plush armchair she'd been sleeping in and took a seat on the couch, settling her on his lap. He kissed her cheek and the tender skin under her neck. "You're so beautiful Anna," he whispered into her flesh.

Anna fought the fear rising in her heart. "I love you so much, Victor and I don't want to be afraid of you, but the truth is you terrify me."

"I know my darling," Victor said. "But in time you will get used to me."

"How much time are you talking about, Victor? You are immortal now, I am not. How long will it take for you to get bored with me? How long until you leave me for someone more like yourself?" Anna said.

Victor buried his face in her neck sending lusty chills down her spine. "If you let me turn you, we can be together forever," he offered.

Anna pushed on his chest until he met her gaze. "I don't want to be turned into a vampire like you. I enjoy my life and some day I want to have children. That's another problem. I don't think you can give me children anymore Victor."

A ribbon of fierce aggression moved through his black eyes. "What makes you think I can't?"

Anna placed her hand on the side of his face. "Because—despite what you choose to think my love—you are dead."

Victor lifted her off his knees and tossed her on the couch next to him. "No Anna, I am alive. I am more alive than I ever was during my feeble human life. But enough arguing over what we cannot change, we have more urgent matters concerning us now," he said. "The Germans have taken over the government and they intend to use me and my men to help them win their war. I have no doubt they will send you off to the camps when they discover you're American. We have to leave Romania tonight."

"But where will we go? The whole of Europe is consumed with this horrible war!" Anna said.

“There is only one place we can go where we’ll be safe from the Nazi’s. America. That is the only place left where they will welcome not only you and me, but also my undead Romanian brothers. So pack your things Anna, for tonight we leave for New York!” Victor said.

About the Author

Michelle has long been a fan of erotic romance, science fiction, and horror. She is a member of the Winter Park Writers Group and has authored many novels and short stories for the Internet. When she's not writing, she's spending time with her family and her evil Irish Terrier, Guinness.