

The Castle Part 7

By The_Count

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The true story

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The Baroness led her ancient Grandmother into her spacious marble bathroom where she drew her a bath. She took the gown the Queen had worn and carefully folded it before placing it in up in a large plastic bag. She would find a master tailor to see if it could be cleaned and repaired. While the Queen soaked she fetched a bathrobe from her closet for her to wear. She returned and showed her how to use the handheld sprayer to wash and rinse her hair, the Queen marveled at it. With her hair wrapped in a towel and in the plush bathrobe the Baroness provided they returned to the bedroom, the Baroness sat in her wheelchair while the Queen sat at the dressing table facing her. "How is this possible? the Baroness asked. "It was a part of the story that was never recorded," the Queen responded. The Queen then told the story of the raiders that breached the castle searching for the large amount of treasure that the King had amassed. They killed all that attempted to oppose them, they murdered the Prince and Princess in cold blood simply because they were there. "What was never recorded was that one of the raiders was a vampire, he attacked me in my bedchamber. It wasn't enough that he drained my blood, but as a final insult he turned me into one of the undead." The Baroness gasped and was given a moment to allow all that she was told to sink in. "The King thought me dead and placed me in the royal crypt, but three days later I reawakened with a powerful thirst and headed to the part of the village frequented by the criminal element of our society. I lingered outside and attacked a few of the more disreputable patrons before returning to the castle." "Is that when the King lost his reason?" the Baroness asked. "Aye. It was too much for him. He forbade anyone from entering the royal crypt, and that's where I stayed during the daylight hours. He then summoned his master mason he began the task of hiding the treasure and setting traps to ensure that anyone that went searching for it would die or be crippled for life." "The King died shortly after all the work was completed. The physical strain of the labor and the mental anguish of his wife being one of the undead caused his death." "How was it you survived all these years undetected?" "I hid in the royal crypt or under the castle. I survived by feeding on those in the village that would not be missed and the rats. I watched as members of each generation royal family searched for the hidden treasure and were cut down by the traps my husband had set. As they lie dying, I drank their blood." "Did you not try and speak to any of them?" the Baroness questioned." "More than once. They all ran screaming in fear at the sight of me and thankfully, no one believed their stories of their seeing a

ghost. It was about two hundred years after my death that the current ruler ventured into the dungeon and actually saw me." "Did he not speak to you?" the Baroness questioned. "No. He nodded to me and left. Unknown to me he gave an order for a stone coffin be constructed and carried into the sub-cellar." "It was a week later that I saw the King again in the company of some men, they turned out to be priests. I was forced into the coffin and was chained inside. I was unable to escape, so I placed myself into a deep sleep and remained there until I was awakened by an explorer." "Please tell me that you didn't kill him," the Baroness asked. "Of course not, it was he that accidentally revived me." The Baroness sat thinking before she spoke again. "There is much to do in order make you a part of this century. You can hide here during the day undisturbed, and the only problem is feeding you. The blood banks everywhere are at an all-time low." "Blood banks?" The Baroness explained blood banks to the ancient Queen. "I will feed myself. I don't need to kill, and I don't need to feed every day," the Queen stated. "So be it," the Baroness responded. She then wheeled herself to the far wall of her room. She pressed a few places on the large family coat of arms on the wall and a door popped open. "No one, not even my servants know about this room. It's not very big, but it will hide you." "It will be fine," the Queen stated. It was well after 2:00 AM before the Baroness retired, yet she arose at 7:00 AM fully rested. She gave orders that the room across from hers be made ready for a guest. Heavy blackout curtains were installed, and a locksmith was called in to install a special lock. The doors on the balcony were given the same treatment. She had her chauffeur drive her to a local computer store where a top of the line complete desktop system was purchased along with language and history programs. Money was not an object as the Baroness was a multi-millionaire. Her lawyer and physician protested these purchases and questioned the reason for them. When she threatened them with the loss of their positions, they remained silent. The Queen arose just after sunset and exited her hiding place in the Baroness's room. She took her across the hall and showed her the room she had prepared for her. Standing in the room was a very well dressed younger male. "This is Mr. Fredickson, he is a teacher. He will teach you about computers and how to use them to learn English or French. It will help you, and I communicate better and prepare you for the outside world. He speaks perfect German so there will be no problems with explanations."