

Be prepared for violent/suggestive
situations, and cheese...
like 100 hp worth.

Castlevania:
Turn of Tragedies

5

Such is that world from which I withdraw:

In the wake my suffering there, even
10 nothingness gains potency. But never mind
that. We're not there. And at this point, I
fail to see the harm in recalling the events
that brought me here. It's not as if it would
have an effect on these matters, and after
15 all, I'd like to.

Despite the infamy of the company I keep, I
understand that you may not yet be aware
of me. Those who are; it's not likely they
think themselves admirers...also fine...
20 whatever they like. I was, in fact, a General,
an overseer of armies in the service of our
Lord, Dracula Vlad Țepeș. That *is* a name
with which I expect you to be familiar.
Mine is Isaac.

25 My Lord's army was at its height of
dominance, as a staggering fifteenth century
wanes, and Valachia – well, a good portion

of Europe – was succumbing to our forces.
In other words, the title wasn't handed out
30 frivolously.

Unrivaled among my talents is a dark craft
known as devil forging. There was only
one other who could pull off such a stunt,
and under our Lord's reign, we were apex.

35 Then I was suffered to watch that reign, and
my life besides, crumble to its end. That is
to say, to that particular end. It's never
really the end, apparently, but being human,
that particular end concerned me greatly.

40 Honestly – ha, obviously – that loss was too
much to bear. Not that it matters now, but
I'm sure that's how I miscalculated.

You see, Hector, the other one, the
enlightened one, he had quite the effect on
45 these matters, acting very inconsiderately.
It was surprising; to me he'd always seemed
the more thoughtful of the two of us.

He'd start by saying he wanted *his* revenge.

He claimed our debt was reckoned when
50 Rosaly, his so-called beloved, met with a
less than satisfying fate: Burned for
witchery, let from the world to satiate the
social bloodlust. Give these weary, craven
commoners any excuse to be righteously
55 cruel, and they will sink right in. But of
course, her tragic death was *my* fault.

That's not to imply I didn't have influence
on her proceedings. I did – but trust that
sway was held with the greatest ease.

60 Hector, I'm sure, felt justified in coming
after me for it. He wouldn't dare hold
himself responsible... as if we'd be
permitted to possess angels... as if he
couldn't possibly equate these nudges of
65 mine to his own.

But you remember, Hector. You remember
the mission you deliberately failed to
accomplish.

The interception of the Hunter, that brute,
70 Belmont, was your charge. If you changed
your mind about the war, countless corpses
later, fine. That's very *human* of you. But
you could have finished the assignment
before you ran off. Or you could have
75 refused it if you felt so strongly about it,
and seen how that went. I, at least, may
have respected either of those choices.

You *must* have guessed who he would send
after you once you disappeared. Dragging
80 me with you, away from *our* walls, Hector,
while that Hunter just meandered in...

Your treachery betrayed you too, you know.
It revealed I could still bring you back, lure
you to procure my repayment. As together
85 we watched her burn, I knew the red in
your eyes, the metallic tang on your tongue,
that *pulse*, and I deemed it a start.

I was foolish though. I admit I became a bit
obsessed. *You* played right into strategy,
90 but just as we were near reconciled our
Lord saw fit to intervene on his own behalf.

Of that part you – that is, Hector – of that
part Hector could perhaps say more... but
then again, perhaps not. Clearly, he’s a bit
95 thick.

I’ll have to find my own way to it.

In his defense, he was probably so easy to
trap because we’re so alike. We were both
born miserable creatures, Hector and I...
100 That’s probably the better place to start. It
bears emphasizing how at no point am I the
aggressor, the *vile* one.

We shared similar introductions into the
world, not yet understanding we didn’t
belong in it. I wouldn’t say I participated in
it, but I did find early on that I needed to
deceive people of at least a portion of my
wickedness. I think perhaps Hector never
learned to do that, or maybe he didn’t see
110 the point. It could be either with him.

As a child I was in danger, like him. I spent
later years wondering if God wasn’t trying
to snuff me out then. Unfortunate
occurrences seemed ever to swirl in my
wake. In my birth village, these signs were
noticed, and the peasants there would’ve
handed me over to their lord if they had
their way. They were unruly, superstitious.

Some incident, which I only recall as being
120 unsettling, provoked us to take up new
residence in the city. I think my parents
hoped their incongruous whelp might be
smoothed in the eddy of such a vast place,
which was somewhat true, but my curse, it
125 seems, was adaptable.

There, I was refined, so to speak, enduring
education and society as a “privileged”
youth. My personal study, however, drew
me to the occult sciences and histories...
130 particularly alchemy. I was absorbed,
stowing whatever lore I could on the topic,
quietly, amateurishly advancing in the craft.

Then entering the age in which all youth
grow naturally deviant, I found the
135 recreational applications of my art bought
me status among these adolescents of the
court. I’d venture from my study more
often.

Among them, I also learned that for
140 innocence I possessed no sentiment. But
don’t misunderstand... those hopeless,
budding ladies and lords, they pined for
such distractions. If they sought me out, I’d
make myself useful.

145 Apart from these services, however, I’d be
kept at arm’s-length, still prone to strange
mishaps, beginning now to be accompanied
by occasional, unsolicited flares of subtle
arcane expression.

150 In this way, I again drew unfortunate
attention to myself. A tartlet known among
the circles petitioned me an elixir to remedy
a “most inconvenient and unacceptable”
condition she was experiencing. I obliged
155 her, though, perhaps, without the subtlety
either us intended. In her distress she gave
away my role, creating a hushed uproar
among the influential families.

My parents were forced to again make a
160 decision regarding me.

During this discussion the whole household
was on edge, all except my young sister.
She played alone by the hearth while the
talk wore on around the board.

165 My eyes wandered to her as I sat in
disinterested defiance. I half-watched as
she pointed to the embers, from whence it
seemed a trail of glowing smoke emerged,
weaving like a vine through the air to meet
170 her thin finger –

My attention was then suddenly turned
back to the table by the hand of my father,
and when I glanced at the hearth again, the
scene was dispersed, her eyes on us.

175

...So much clearer...

So, by this point in my upbringing I’d seen
enough of humanity to understand I’d find

no place in it, but it was a last-ditch attempt
180 to *absorb* me into society that fully *estranged*
me from it.

My parents felt my remote placement in a
distant academy of the military – secular
division, obviously – seemed the practical
185 solution to concealing my habits. I wasn't
far from coming of age by then, so I doubt
there was any longer an expectation it
would actually correct me.

The outpost that housed the academy also
190 supported an aristocracy, though it was as
close to the wild borders as any of that kind
would get. My household came with me.
My father kept his own residency in the city
to conduct business.

Wars worked the region since before my
200 time, but a military presence dominated this
place unlike any I'd ever been. The captains
and clergy were edgier and more secretive.
The hearths whispered, darkly disclosing
rumors from beyond the patrolled borders
of evil men and much, much worse.

In addition to this rather becoming gloom, I
found things easier than in the city. The
glitter of my uniform attracted my coevals
205 and averted the eyes of authority. I also
found it quite agreeable to receive training
and permit to carry arms.

I'd grown quite striking, and I was *brilliant*,
though I'm sure not described as such.

210 Glowering, withdrawn, with a thing for
those showy, shaft-style weapons, that's all
most would have caught. Apart from the
academy training, however, I'd stuck with
my craft, the wilds offering an exotic array
215 of new resources, and though I conducted
myself with more care than in the past, I
began to encroach even into the adult
underbelly of the place.

I thought it was the din of the darkness
220 along our borders, but my doings seemed
unnoticed, and, perhaps hence, unfulfilling.
The people were dully easy to manage...
with one exception.

This one had an appetite for abstract, but of
225 angelic appearance and temper. You know
the type: aloof without arrogance, chiseled,
eloquent. Hefted from the merchant class
and prepping for career among papacy, and
yet, I thought, bearing an estrangement not
230 unlike my own, this one, named for a
philosopher-saint...

Again, I get caught up... you may have to
forgive me for it. It seems I cannot rush.

You see, I knew entering my Lord's service
235 meant I would be sacrificing my past to
make way for my destiny. I was looking
forward to it, actually, parting with all that,
but I must have been mistaken. These
memories...

240 Still, it had seemed I'd rid myself of all but
essential impressions of mankind: its
history and habits, intolerable hypocrisy,
cruelty, treachery, cowardice, et cetera.

Hector seemed unable to conjure these
245 impressions, the unbearableness of them,
when he began judging our deeds. He
knew them, but ever he required reminders.

It was no trouble speaking to her, by the
way, that *lovely* Rosaly.

250 I told her there was a child was just up the
next alley, misplaced in the market it
seemed, and so distraught, as she could
hear, that I wished to draw it out and
comfort it, "but I'm afraid I'm not of an
255 appearance in which young hearts take
comfort."

She seemed... responsive to my plight,
familiar even. She left her wares unguarded
just long enough for me to dust them and
260 disappear, as if I were but a dream, before
she returned with the child. In that tense,
low-bred town, it took so little else... the
place's wild prejudices abetting her ruin.

Ha! Oh, she was *so quick* to accommodate
265 me, Hector. If Fate had deviated just a little,
perhaps I'd have been the dark liaison in
her arms... or we could have shared them.

Ah, Hector. He'd think me incapable of such feeling, I'm sure. But I knew the type
270 too.

...At the outpost, the academy, that one exception called Augustine, a name I mention among the others only as it relates to this reduction, this *melanosis*...

275 One evening, while I was at watch on the battlements, this Augustine found me after a trying interview with his keepers. He took comfort in my wit, and in knowing he could speak blasphemies to me without fear
280 of a second glance. For this he paid with his poetic gratitude.

He let an absent-minded observation of me slip, more humid than I'd expected of him. He must have caught my smirk, the
285 introspection in my falling glance. He promptly insisted our next meeting be the following day at an intriguing location; an arrangement to which I powerlessly consented.

290 Normally the eavesdropping I'd get in during a watch at the council made it tolerable, but that morning I snubbed the tolling bells – with everything else – making my way to the northern outskirts of
295 town, to the wooded ridge that hid in its lee the village cemetery.

I lounged among the grottos and stonework until he appeared with a key "borrowed"

from the papal offices. I moved in past him
300 as he opened up the church crypt, glancing back as the lock snickered, and then turning my eyes to the ornate eves.

"Nice," I observed, "Sacred, right?"

"Acrid," he cringed, fishing out incense,
305 adding dryly, "With any luck, one day I'll find myself in such a drawer."

"By God's good grace," I scoffed, counting them. The morning hours ran on indistinguishably, like in the Void.

310 Wallowing in this amity, my eyes traced light entering a windowed alcove; light suddenly disturbed by shadow at the outside sill.

With a curse I was up and at the door,
315 spying a figure retreating among the stones: a cur, whose authority was a very secretive but lucrative patron of mine. The servant's request had been among the things I'd dismissed on my way to the cemetery.

320 He'd snuffed me out, pining to fulfil his master's needs as if they were his own.

That overstep should have cost him, but as I made to chase him, Augustine caught me, calling the slave "an innoxious mongrel,"
325 dressing assumptions up and consequences down, reigning on my attention until the intrusion slipped my mind.

Two watches tolled before I returned to the half-timbered cottage in which my
330 household and I resided, finding it in a frantic state. While I was the apparent cause, my own mood was unaffected.

I was met with inquiries as to where I'd been, why the academy had sent for me,
335 and so on. I mutely tolerated them only long enough to grab wine and meat, and to flash a smile to the blond girl beaming at the board.

That was, of course, my sister again, Julia.
340 She may have sat there all day unnoticed while my doings were fussed over. Once I made sure those blue eyes that'd followed me since my arrival felt acknowledged, I locked myself away in my study to waste
345 the rest of the evening.

That was a rare day...

I mention this because Hector, he also considers himself this master judge of
350 sentiment and deemed I was without it – for which I may forgive him, considering he only saw the side that kept a human alive in such a place as we dwelt – but it's he who lacked it, he who failed to demonstrate it.
355 Likely his excessive dotting over mankind is no more than an attempt at compensating; refuting that heart, devoid.

- What he took from me— and to judge *me*?
As if he had any capacity...
- 360 It was another reason he was so easy to trap, once he'd spurred me, and I spurred those neglected emotions into movement. A man like that wouldn't know what to do with them.
- 365 He struggled with it early on too, you know; that fire necessary to drive a forge. The formulas weren't the problem, as he'd been raised in the house of an alchemist— He's found a method to begrudge that too,
- 370 by the way. Still, as a result his mind followed every turn of the science. But you can't teach a soul how to behave.
- I, on the other hand, had all the fire I needed, and could study feverishly, the
- 375 necessary resources finally available to me. I'd already done so for a year or two in Lord Dracula's house when Hector stumbled in and was promptly ranked my peer.
- I didn't despise him for it then, and I didn't
- 380 *know* it, *per se*, but I felt it, somewhere apart from my reason; in Hector I'd uncannily encountered a kindred spirit for the worse.
- In those dungeon halls I believed I was curious about the prospects of having a true
- 385 peer: human, my age, impressive and— ha— so otherworldly.
- For sure, there was no other I found plagued with that particular cursedness I'd been burdened with besides him. If
- 390 anything, Hector may have had it worse. But as I've mentioned, that easily may have been his own fault.
- He was always so... I don't know... remote? Condescending? Stubborn? Despite the
- 395 various demonic cultures of the place, he never shed that bit of humanity with which he'd entered. And he never embraced or celebrated anything. He was simply there, seeming as if he'd rather not be.
- 400 Then one night, in front of many set to the cauldrons and labs of our Lord's purpose, in front of our Lord, Hector forged a devil: A sprite really, but a living innocent devil, the first created by mankind.
- 405 This devil forging; apart from achieving our *own* immortal life, this was the untapped pinnacle of our practice. I couldn't fathom what dark depth of himself Hector must have finally tapped to drive the process.
- 410 Summoning all my guile, I came second, not a week later. To my knowledge I was also the last to achieve the feat. I held that place ever after, though perhaps it was ever before too.
- 415 Yet even then, in the wake of a creation, I'd see the crease of a smile escape from beneath his moonlit mane, I'd know the fulfillment that it betrayed, and I'd have to smile with him.
- 420 But we owed our lives to our Lord. We did. At the very least, we owed him honor and respect. We chose to accept his sanctuary and his strength. I simply couldn't imagine why Hector would want to end it, or
- 425 forgive him for the way he did it.
- I never did get an explanation on *why* he spared my life, despite that I explicitly was not about to do the same for him, back when I was dispatched after him, when he
- 430 started this whole upset.
- It wasn't by mistake, apparently— leaving me alive... to see it fall— unless it was to try to force some sort of sympathy on me; teach me a lesson in loss, in displacement.
- 435 That would be the mistake. Sparing me only permitted the chance I return the teaching.
- Besides, as I was saying, I was already familiar with the concepts. The impressions
- 440 of humanity I'd held onto after I finally fled it, once I truly began to “meld with the darkness” as they'd called it, in such impressions these lessons were steeped... which brings me back again to it, that push.
- 445 I think we're ready.

It came with that truancy of which I was speaking, my skipping of my assigned guard duty. The morning after, I reported
450 straight to the disciplinary offices of the outpost academy, assuming I'd eventually end up there anyway.

After a long wait, a handful of soldiers scooped me up and marched me through
455 town, straight back to my own threshold. There, the house was informed, in so very many words, that I was to receive firm discipline for the previous day's offense, weighed along with prior offenses as yet
460 unreconciled, by being removed from the outpost to take orders in a border camp; assignment effective immediately.

My mother bansheed up then. She claimed our name, status, embarrassing me to
465 numbness, incidentally permitting me the presence to gather a few select items and wait out my goodbyes... though these never did find their way through her fussing.

With my escorts ever at my side, I was
470 shuffled out of town that same morning and marching into the camp a week later. It was inhabited by a few hundred frayed, uncomely soldiers and their beasts, and nestled in a dark forest laid in the arms of
475 haunted mountains, with no more than a dirt trail and a ring of refuse separating it from the rest of the wilderness.

The bleak apprehension I silently carried then, still young and unseasoned; I almost
480 miss it. I'd been trained to fight at the academy, of course, but nothing compared to the honing I received later, expediting me up the ranks in my Lord's service...

We were prepped to become Generals,
485 Hector and I, at such great pain. Once we proved ourselves forgers, the training was relentless, always physically and spiritually grueling, always under the eye and instruments of our Lord. Though it
490 consumed us, what we took from it could annihilate an army...

Hitherto, however, I'd only been measured against cadets in what now seems a childish setting; this heap I found myself in was not.

495 My escorts finally dropped off once my tent was assigned, though the surveillance I was under, I knew, hadn't followed suit. I kept to myself, and my things close to the exits.

Within a day, my surly captain had finally
500 broken my silence by knocking a response of gritty compliance from me, issuing from the dust rising at his feet while his lackeys stood behind him, snickering.

Within a week, scouts brought word of a
505 Turkish contingent about a day's march south of us, passing unaware of our patrols, and I was dispensed with the ambush.

By then I wasn't alarmed by the slant to my treatment. In fact, despite what I guess
510 were their best efforts to unease me, I found instead I was drunk by the assertiveness and theurgy of the martial wilderness.

The evening we were to intercept brought
515 rumor of storms with the scouts. As we advanced, I was enamored with the ambience: The black, ragged sky growing blacker; the glow and hum of the camp, heedless of our approach as we wordlessly
520 fanned out; the stifling of the enemy watch by our slyest daggers amid perfectly pealed thunder and rustling bough.

The hollow dell the enemy had foolishly centered itself in to conceal the firelight was
525 being surrounded by our soldiers, each armed with a bow and intent to greet the field by leveling it.

I was no marksman. I needed a good shot, so I crept in the overgrowth along the edge
530 of the dell's sheer bank until I found one. I was leaning to gain the angle when the ground beneath me gave way.

Sliding to the bottom, somehow keeping my feet, I threw myself against the slope;
535 dropped into the den of enemies.

That next instant lightning threw it's fierce, odd brilliance across the open sky of the

hollow, illuminating against the drab
embankment my pallid face, still aghast, my
540 fiery hair, unclad as always, and my icy
eyes just as they met the inky wells of a
Turk soldier's.

His alarm rippled beneath the booming air
before the last of our slinking troops
545 realized it. Shots fired late at scrambling
targets. As the hell broke loose, my man
grabbed a scimitar and rushed toward me.

Anesthetized by the immanence of battle,
the bow slipped from my hand, intuitively
550 replaced by my halberd.

But then a form leaped from overhead and
crowned the charging man with an ax,
burying it to his eyes, the follow-through
dragging the body headfirst to the ground.
555 I discovered this to be my angry captain
once he removed his helm to speak at me.

He knocked me against the slope, growling
something about "pyres, not medals," then
wrenched his ax free and turned back to
560 fight. I tried to engage another soldier, but
with this boorish grace he again interposed
himself, cleaving the man and throwing me
back down. Repeatedly he did this.

I thought he began an oath of some sort,
565 though I was becoming bewildered by him.
He was promising a return to a public death
such as I "deserved;" a torturous,
scandalous execution, not an assassination

570 masked in honor, on and on. Then he used
a slur particular to a sin I hadn't yet been
aware I was reckoning with.

Here, I'd thought it was about my fumbling
the ambush, or any of the insubordinations
named in the street at my sentence, or the
575 godlessness, the arrogance, the seedy little
witcheries, or maybe that I was just finally
getting under his skin; but here was a long
harbored spite; I began to understand him.

As if he could tell where in my thought his
580 words seeped, he lamented that a masochist
such as myself might find thrill in such
punishments, as, he insisted with a sneer,
my "irreverent little courtesan had."

I'm not sure who he mistook me for,
585 turning his back on me after such
insinuations, but he can't really be blamed
for his error, as I didn't even see it coming.

I said nothing, but again recovering my feet
and my weapon, just as another soldier
590 approached him, I mechanically stepped,
swung, and sank the halberd into the nape
of my captain's neck. Not through it, but
through enough of it.

That other soldier slowed up when I
595 appeared behind his suddenly dropped
target. Then he dashed upon me, or rather,
upon the spear end of my halberd. It had
been nothing to drop, free it, and brace it as
he rushed. With his help I nearly had him

600 over my shoulder. Not a perfect throw, but
still, I was rolling with gratification for the
weapon in my hands.

I must have staggered through them then,
cutting down whoever intercepted me,
605 focused my own company, as if my life
depended on *their* fall. I "saw red" as they
say, heh heh.

The confusion is likely what spared me
until, finally pausing to look around, I
610 found only a few left of those I'd marched
with, and then one by one, none, and a
score of the remaining other encircling me.

Four stepped in to grab me. I swung a few
times, and then spun the halberd overhead,
615 indecisively trapped. As I did so, a weird
energy surged up from my feet to my
fingertips, and the four of them, appearing
untouched, were thrown back into their
comrades. I finished the spin baffled as
620 another dozen rushed in and had me seized.

They forced me to my knees, my arms
pinned in submission behind me. Yet I
struggled till I felt the chill weight of a
heavy blade rest on my neck, lining up just
625 between the vertebrae, when I became still.

The blade lifted. I felt their grip tighten. I
felt the strike, so when my head hit the
ground, I didn't know at first my body was
still with it, unrestrained. And when I
630 pushed my face up from the dirt, I found I

was bowing at the foot of this brooding,
hulking, archaic figure.

His hand still held the blade as if he'd
caught it, as if it materialized just at the
635 strike. Blood trickled between his white,
knotted knuckles, dappling my shoulders.
The fiery eyes turned from the soldiers, who
appeared terrified, to me, who felt soothed.

All I knew next was the blinding, deafening,
640 *sizzling* crash that left me groping in the
mud a few moments before I recovered my
senses. With these returned, I found I was
unhurt, save the thin slice along the back of
my neck, but the others...

645 Yes, well, they lay in a ring around me,
quite dead, steaming on the ground, in fact.
And the mud I crawled in ran diluted with
the blood of my would-be executioner,
sprinkling from his torn throat as he
650 swayed, inverted, in the branches above me.

The storm couldn't spare a drop to rinse my
blood soaked body, though it did continue
to illuminate the grisly scene for me in brief
flashes. Though I sat still and quiet among
655 them, a pulse surged inside my blue veins.
At length, I remembered the spark of my
disturbance and departed.

Some suggest I was slave to the evil will of
660 another. After this point, that's arguable,

but when you look back... it begins to force
the question of when it really all started.

I didn't know what purpose I'd been spared
for that night, but ever after I was in earshot
665 of my Lord's call; I came to understand *that*.
I half-heartedly resisted it, and only briefly.
By then, I didn't even possess the desire to.

When I crawled into the outpost's fringes, it
was late. Don't ask how I found my way.
670 Despite the week in exposure, the first place
I went was the village cemetery to discover
the truth in what I'd been told.

I found no grave for him, though already,
the sedate apparitions haunting the place,
675 hidden from common eyes, were becoming
clearer to me.

Despite my doubts, I bypassed the lock to
the church crypt. On opening, a ribbon
fluttered from the frame to the ground. I
680 knew it to be his; I'd watched him place it
that day before my sentence, curious if the
house would go undisturbed till our return.

Similarly springing the lock to his
dormitory, I found his chamber quickly,
685 though I hesitated before slipping in.

Candlelit, lying still and pale on the bed
was his half-shrouded form. He faced the
wall, but when I caught the heave of a sigh,
I fell to my knees beside him.

690 As I whispered what I'd been told, that he
had been tortured to death, without stirring,
he replied, "No such luck."

At this, I laughed nervously and went on a
bit, though he seemed not to hear me, not
695 until I placed my hand on his shoulder and
questioned the fever, the trauma I felt
issuing from him.

He softly called it the small price his
wardens required of him. They asked not
700 for his life, as mine had, but for his shame,
his submission only; the means of his sin.
Turning to see my rare, puzzled silence, he
laughed sickly, groaning finally, and shifted
away again while the sheets slipped down
705 past his hip and dressing.

I winced at how the charming undertone
and the unintentional poeticism persisted
even as he described the ordeal, as he
blamed me for it, denied me reconciliation,
710 as he dismissed me; such endearing,
earthshattering rhetoric. I left without a
storm only for a brief lapse in ingenuity...
For really, what *do* you say to *that*?

As I departed, he told me if he weren't dead
715 of his wounds in a fortnight, he'd be
shipped off to a dusty, distant monastery,
and offered me a guess at which result he
hoped for. Whichever the case was, it
means he didn't see how things turned out.

720 The official report was that I'd fled the battle before our defeat, wandering the woods till I emerged nearby. I remained unassigned, residing with my household in "recovery," my offenses counted as repaid.

725 To anyone paying attention, the truth behind the matter was obvious. My father had by then wedged himself into my proceedings, weighing heavily on the council while my superiors sat anxious of what next to do with me. I myself sat in passive silence throughout, weighing my own judgments.

There was one who stood out to me among the council. He was a well-to-do from my own region who applauded and thanked the lord for my absolving, whose career thrived on slight-of-hand, who was a very secretive but lucrative patron of mine, often sending his unpredictable servants, and no doubt a vindictive type when offended.

740 So though my Lord beckoned, my curse pursued, and in light of things the town's fervor, no doubt, would soon rise up to crush me, I lingered.

745 I became restless, reclusive, agitated. I was sickened by food, never actually regaining an appetite, though eventually I did learn to eat again. I was rattled by nightmares and fits. I'd terrorize the servants...

750 One caught me with my hand pressed into the shards of a bottle I'd smashed on the board, watching my gore swirl into the wine, and caught himself a sharp, bloody slap for the interruption— ha!

755 But as I unraveled I took the household with me, their only peace found when I was left alone to my study. Luckily for them, this took on a new, morbid intensity. Besides that, I didn't burden them long.

760 I spent much of my time in dark meditations, or poring over some final plans. A portion of my time was spent deriving a few compounds of various uses.

The first was to lure him, tailored to his tastes and sent out into the circles. So often, things come down to a matter of discerning proper bait. Sooner than I hoped, that same damned cur found me. We talked.

770 Then there was a powder for the face of each guard selected to flank the man himself, confidently entering the dark alley I'd summoned him to, calling me his lad. This got us alone, such as I'd requested.

The third compound I hadn't mastered. It was an experiment; a substance quite *opposed* to his normal tastes, invoking a rigid stiffening of the body, but apart from this, ineffective on sensation or awareness. This I injected deep into his viscera with a dagger I'd modified for just such a purpose,

a craft finished with materials picked up in the camp, no less. I didn't suspect then how quickly I'd find use for the piece.

The results were satisfying. I held him in place against a wall while the substance worked, speaking softly, explaining the alchemical processes while carving lightly along his jaw and down his chest to illustrate my points. It was not a moment before only the look in his eyes could recoil.

I appeared ardent then, thanking him for his assistance in our absolving, tracing his trail as I offered repayment fairer than he thought to ask. Begging he permit me the same satisfaction, I tucked the blade into place and, with a sated smile, I severed the debt between us.

800 For a moment I observed him, lain out on the ground now, as more adverse effects of the elixir surfaced, noting the posture, popping sinews and such; variances in the viscosity of blood at his mouth and waist.

805 When the presence of mind to look around resurfaced, I found one guard dispatched, but the other gone. I muttered a curse... just for fun though, for I was ready.

I rushed a final time to that house only to retrieve my sister. I'd resolved not to leave her there, caged for her girlhood till she was strung up for her gifts. I had mean supplies stowed, and faith promised to replace what

we left behind. I woke her and cloaked her,
telling her we were in danger and needed to
be silent. In the dead of night I stole her out
815 of the house and into the wilderness.

Sadly, such delicate gallantries would not
long be entertained.

We made our way on foot, necessarily, as
the nobler beasts had, in fact, never suffered
820 my handling – not that their shunning
bothered *me*; I'd eventually find roads
shorter than theirs anyway – but she was
still young and hard-pressed, and as we
traveled I became anxious for our journey's
825 end, impatient with her, even.

At the threshold of Castlevania she quaked,
and though I tried to coax her, she would
come no nearer, not even when I stepped
past the battered iron doors to show her no
830 danger awaited us.

In the end, she hesitated overlong, and the
doors, suffering not her reluctance, closed
of their own accord before I could decide to
step out after her. Then I was within and
835 she was without, and it was a long time
before I passed those doors again.

840 **Y**ou must understand... how immediately
distracting the surroundings were.

In those ornate, darkling halls I could sense
entities at every turn, creatures both of flesh
and less corporeal materials, all taking great
845 interest in me stumbling up their corridors,
none daring to touch me until I'd been
interviewed by the Lord of their keep. Once
he determined me a ward, I'm sure I
became much fairer game.

850 Really, I was in no less danger there than I'd
been among mankind, but it was so much
more *tolerable*.

I quickly learned to manage the lesser
demons, and barter my life of the greater
855 ones... until I could surpass them, anyway.
I know how to behave effectually. I must
have spent half of those first few years on
my knees, doling out whatever respects I
could to the most harrowing of the
860 inhabitants.

I also learned more truly of my own
influences in the world: My occult interests
evolving into sorcery, my freshly tapped
bloodlust, not to mention my image, status,
865 and air, all culminating into this *presence*.
Even those who oppose my Lord may find
themselves... *uncertain* when encountering
me; this well-bred, silver-tongued,
imposing young man; a provocative sheath
870 for a sinister creature.

When Hector came, our destinies, it
seemed, were set. The Devil Forgemasters,
the only two; we fed off each other. That
perpetual drive, that hypnotic rivalry...
875 perhaps we really didn't have a say in it
once it began.

I didn't – I still don't understand why he
couldn't just enjoy it.

Being in our primes, the sparring must have
880 been excellent to watch. It'd be me against
him, or we'd be paired, or set alone against
the other monsters at our Lord's disposal.
That tool of a demigod, Death; he was a
handful, even for both of us. I don't quite
885 understand how he ended up a subordinate
in the first place.

Hector seemed to prefer the flare of a
sword, though, like me, he'd make use of
whatever he got his hands on. Maybe it
890 was my own finesse with a corseque that
brought the *Chauve-souris*, the wicked,
three-bladed impaler said to be imbued
with the cruelty of ancient, old country
evils, into my hands. But it may've been a
895 mere tactical decision that brought it to me.
It became an extension of me, regardless.

Our skills and devils were tempered,
though we were relatively untransformed.
That is to say, we remained painfully
900 human. I know the awareness of this
plagued us both in different ways. At least,

with our power manifested in these devils,
we were as close to invincible as a mortal
could hope to get.

905 One night, I was thrown into a pit with a
dracolich. I carried the demonic corseque,
but dragons are bad enough when they're
not undead, and I had to rely on my devils.
My dear, sweet, winged brow, he looked
910 gentle, but he was the fiercest of my brood.
I called him just in time.

In one false move I was caught in the
petrifying gaze of the monster. It barreled
down on me, but my devil intercepted it,
915 hindering it, disrupting its power. Then we
unleashed on it in sync...

I'll just say here, you'll never know
companionship like that of an innocent
devil's. These creatures were born of a wisp
920 of our own human souls— that, and a bit of
hellish matter. They truly were our
ruinous, loyal children.

As I leapt, swept, and dodged, my devil
unloaded relentlessly in the monster's face,
925 and at last he dove deep into its cavernous
form. It reared up, and there erupted an
insane wave of force, knocking me off my
feet and shattering the skeletal abomination
like ceramic.

930 It was my own abomination, my darling
brow, fed on the soul of the dracolich,

transmuting into that most devastating end
of devils.

935 He was beautifully gothic, like the product
of some dark altercation between a gargoyle
and an angel, but he was vicious and wild.

940 He dove upon me when he spotted me,
sinking taloned fingers into my shoulders
and dragging me into the iridescent, ruddy
pocket of the multiverse fabric to which, as
a brow, he and I had often retreated.

945 There, held by the devil's many eyes,
suspended at arm's-length, he considered
me. He could have left me to perish there,
or torn me in two down the middle if he
wanted. But my imprint held and instead,
after a moment, he drew me back into the
dungeon, placing me on my feet amid the
skeletal remains and taking his place,
950 hovering behind me.

I looked up then, and my Lord wasn't
smiling, which wasn't really surprising, but
Hector was. Just that elusive little smirk of
his, but I was struck by it. I'll admit that if
955 you can keep in mind that love hadn't
existed within those walls for long years,
and wouldn't again.

960 When we were proven to be the match of
Death, we received our titles and were
officially reintroduced to the world. By
then, I'd also had our crest—and then
some— commemorated in brandy and

965 cinders to the canvas of my flesh. There'd
be no insignia shedding on my part, ha—
even after Hector was done shredding me.

I don't doubt our Lord found it effective, or
enjoyable, flaunting us before our fellow
man as he waged his war; we, cast of the
same mold as those he sought to oppress,
970 incarnations of their own innate evils. As
you might guess, I found similar sport in
reminding my kind that they were, in fact,
my kind. I knew exactly how hateful the
idea could be to them.

975 The war was fantastic, by the way. I'm sure
you've heard stories about battle with the
Impaler. I have the frame and the form for
that signature. I'd move through the clash,
plucking riders off their mounts, maybe
980 finishing them on their own spears. And of
course, I wouldn't deny my devils the
chance to have their fun. Those darkly
disclosed hearth tales I heard years before,
the ones hushed by the captains and clergy;
985 they became about me.

We went where we chose, and they tried to
drive us out and failed. We took much,
though few slaves, for we had plenty, and
the meek were of small use. We called it a
990 cleansing, but it was a harvest.

The nations around us forgot each other
and sent knights, monks, all sorts of blessed
figures, but this was a time of Darkness.

995 They didn't stand a chance until, as rumor
came to inform us, they attempted to
embrace darker forces themselves.

1000 This rumor was that one evening we may
find a Hunter, heir of a cryptic clan once
troublesome to our Lord, on the ridge
opposite our own, but he never did show.
The glittering troupes continued to be
tarnished by monstrous forces of the dead
and the undead, the lycanthropic, and the
demonic, all mingling with the earthly
1005 devout.

One clear night, my laughter rolled with the
moonlight over the surrounding hills as in
the scourge beneath us, I saw my pack of
devils team up with Hector's to corner and
1010 dismember a particularly resilient pocket of
warriors. I glanced over my shoulder to see
if Hector had caught it also. Though he
had, he stood, as usual, in composed,
dominant oversight, gloomier than ever,
1015 actually.

It was a relief when the summons came,
calling him away; such a relief that I didn't
mark the peculiarity of it. I was just happy
to finish the oversight in my own mood.
1020 The work was light in his absence, and soon
finished.

After ordering things, I decided to return
home apart from the rest, on paths less

1025 toilsome than the legions would be forced
to take.

I wanted some peace, for I had begun to feel
what I could only pin down as an
infringement... something creeping.

1030 Crossing wooded mountain dales, I
encountered traces; something troublesome
that had come and gone, passed in and out
of our land beyond my senses, leaving its
residue of ill omen. Also, there was another
thing approaching, a thing similar, yet not
1035 at all troublesome, and not far off.

1040 She seemed to also be on the tracks of the
first presence when she emerged from the
thickets, hesitant when she found them
confused by my own. Devilishly perceiving
the find, my eyes reflected back on her
uneasiness a moment before I spoke from
the dark boughs above.

1045 She didn't know me, but my kind was easy
enough to recognize, as was hers. As I
dropped down, a whip uncoiled from her
side. Stifling a laugh, I continued with the
formalities, inquiring of her family by
name, mentioning it was their semblance
and scent that betrayed her.

1050 She tried the whip on me, but within a few
ducks I'd caught it around my wrist and
snatched it from her. Not an heirloom, this
one. I turned it on her a few times. She
tumbled too quickly to taste its lash, though

1055 her thigh met the dart I'd underhandedly
cast. Paralysis took the limb then.

1060 I approached her at ease, smiling on her
untamed helplessness, openly pitying her
that her masters didn't issue her armor,
adding that even *la Pucelle* had her own.
She remained fiery despite her position
there on the ground.

1065 I carefully bound the remaining limbs with
the whip as I spoke gently to her, calling her
my Angel, expressing sympathy for her
place in the shadow of such patriarchs, and
offered a reprisal. But though I spoke in
earnest, she remained defiant and wouldn't
be questioned.

1070 I cautioned her I'd waited too long for her
to prove so fruitless. Mistaking me, she
began a martyress' oath. I interrupted her,
reproaching her unimaginateness. Then
she assured me that her lord would watch
1075 over her through all, which I invited,
nudging myself into a fit of mirth.

1080 Of course, it was expected she'd fuss at first.
But I was such a gentleman with her, so
patient. I wouldn't dream of rushing this
one, not if the encounter was to yet achieve
some purpose. Speaking in my most
soothing tones, tugging gradually away at
the knots, promising her lord would forgive
her, by degrees I eased her, and she became
1085 more pliable.

At length I had to excuse myself to my obligations, assuring her she'd soon find her own, which not one lord would have her deny. Yet she wept as I knelt beside her,
 1090 securing her for my departure. I wanted to soften the parting, but she turned her face from me, sobbing just once... the poor, bound thing; so brave she sought to be. I returned to my feet, etching her forsaken
 1095 image on my mind, and was away.

Upon return to the Castle I sought an immediate audience with my Lord. I described the success of the battle, and then
 1100 moved into my concerns, that traces of the Hunter had been discovered within our borders, but with that I was hushed.

My Lord informed me that *Hector* had been dispatched against this Belmont I spoke of,
 1105 and then he had disappeared.

I dare say he— that is, *Dracula*— enjoyed the way in which I wore my jealousy, but that routine spite was washed out by the hot, sinking awareness that the only human
 1110 being I'd ever come across with power greater than my own, that he may have met his match. It wasn't a comfortable thought. But of course, we didn't *know* anything yet.

It tore me to be sent away. That nerve-racking gloom that had started on me after the battle now hung all about our halls,

cutting through even the usual murk. I wished to stay close; wary. But I was ordered to find Hector, or what remained,
 1120 and, yes, you can say I was keen to that, too.

The whole thing unfolded worse than I could have imagined. Every last fear was realized. My Lord and home destroyed, my enemies rejuvenated, and my devils...

1125 My guts acidify; my chest tightens just thinking about it, even knowing it doesn't matter now... another lingering symptom of humanity, I'm afraid.

That story... the discovery of Hector, *not*
 1130 dead but still groping through his own treacherous excuses, and the thrashing I received from him, or the shame of being *spared*, though in tatters, just so I might drag myself back in time to witness the

1135 orogenesis of my Lord's defeat, while, across the rubble, day broke on the victorious foes emerging; Belmont I saw for sure— I'd know that dark radiance anywhere— and at least one... was it
 1140 familiar?... at least one other presence with him, stumbling into the windswept dawn as if for the first time...

That story... I could revisit it, but I've done so much of that already. I'm sure you can
 1145 get the others' accounts if you care to.

As I've mentioned, it's these others will say it was the will of another, or some new

curse, or madness driving me to retaliate. That's fine.

1150 I'm sorry, not *every* last fear was realized. I retreated into the mountains in vagrancy as the human world rejoiced, but being resourceful, each misery became an inspiration to my cause. Then I discovered
 1155 my power, though drastically weakened, was still in place after the fall, as it had always been. We each attributed this to my Lord's lingering presence.

I had to start over, but at least I *could*, and
 1160 dotted throughout the land were mystic sites where forging was still possible. I had a true fit of hysteria creating my first new infant fairy; fervid tears and laughter. In some of these places I could find lore to aid
 1165 my cause as well. My plans began to shape.

Oh, yes—and the *Chauve-souris*, I still had that. Like I said, it became an extension of me, and if you have any idea what it takes to replace a weapon like that... to lose it
 1170 would have been *truly* maddening.

As for Hector, I couldn't have been happier to learn of Rosaly. I couldn't have placed a more perfect device myself. Hector, his betrayal, his arrogance *never* left my
 1175 thought; I just *had* to include him in the repairs. And there he was, renouncing his powers, discovering love, sweetening his

own hemlock and leaving me to recover my strength. I think he forgot me entirely.

1180 Drawing Belmont back to Valachia, I learned, would require more effort, though not of a dissatisfying kind. I needed the practice anyway, and a little mayhem among the peasants went a long way to
1185 haunt his dreams.

During all this nearly three years passed.

One night I ventured into a filthy tavern for news. I found if I concealed myself, I could
1190 still get a few minutes in with the more beastly commoners before their feral senses detected something amiss.

It was a simple matter of placing myself beside the loudest slug in the room and
1195 giving him a chance to act knowledgeable. With a few well-placed words I had half the tavern weighing in on this obnoxious bloater's tell-all regarding the doings of the again famous Belmont Clan.

1200 I sat quiet then, until I'd gotten what I'd come for: the latest legend, Trevor Belmont, had been seen by many passing through the region, making for places the tavern's sorry patrons didn't dare but mention.

1205 I eased back in my seat as the talk turned, pleased with this news, and was running

my strategy in my mind when I caught mention of a "wayward maiden."

I listened, bowed and faceless, to the many
1210 conflicting accounts; quite an alluring topic, apparently, being evidence of the land's eerie moral pestilence touching even the *exalted* Belmonts. As I've said, these folk love to sink in.

1215 Ultimately, the slug beside me ruled the debate, burying doubts and interruption with zealous slurries of detail. He wove a tale of corruption and shame: the young woman of the Clan, rebellious and
1220 ungracious, furthermore of false maidenhood, which became less deniable each day, who at last had turned herself over to the white water of the river, with the intent, it was assumed, to wash at least one
1225 soul of its sin.

He had moved into a description of the young thing's funeral garments when at last he was again interrupted, this time by the dagger piercing his larynx.

1230 His companions and I rose together. I sat them back down with a hooded glance. Roughly retrieving my blade, leaving them to it, I walked out of the tavern in an air so black not a soul there wished me detained.

1235 I'd gotten what I'd come for. I was leaving a trail, and the Hunter was creeping.

I needed Belmont blood, you see. There was a magic that sustained Dracula's Castle, magic that Trevor himself sealed away after
1240 he left the place crumbling. Only his family blood granted access to that seal, and only by that access could one dispel it.

I knew I could count on this Belmont. I'd never encountered a refined man so bullish,
1245 so savage, and pathologically determined to eradicate my Lord's race. Really, the whole clan is just a herd of thralls, generations doomed to fulfill the rash oaths of a grief-crazed, Dark Age baron. Now this Belmont,
1250 Trevor, he personally earned my attention, and I needed only to be myself to get his.

Once this was achieved, the baiting of Hector, as I've said, was almost effortless. I knew he'd need a familiar face when he
1255 found his woman on a pyre. I made sure he saw mine.

I could have taken a crack at the seal myself, but tampering with interdimensional containment spells... I preferred to risk
1260 Hector's neck for that, considering his hand in the whole thing.

I didn't, in truth, require either of them specifically to accomplish the ends I sought, but leading those two to overturn their own
1265 efforts, with their own hands... that was essential to the means of my approach.

Assuming *I'd* gone after the seal, hidden in that outer realm, Belmont sent Hector in after me. When Hector reached the seal
 1270 itself, his freshly reclaimed devil-magic was enough to corrupt it. Of course, he had no idea what he was doing. Neither of them did, and I've learned to play poor strategy.

I resurfaced just after my Lord's Castle, giving Belmont a moment to note his labors were undone before I let his blood spill, being no longer precious as it were.

Then I went to meet Hector.

If anything could have unnerved me, it was
 1280 the sight of *her* at the Castle gates, not *him*. So strange it was to see her there again, lurking outside those iron doors while I looked on from within, but this time, speaking with Hector...

1285 She didn't follow him in either, although she couldn't quite seem to keep away.

That girl, my sister, I *truly* hope she found the sense to put some distance between herself and the place, and cursed creatures,
 1290 such as me.

I didn't really know if I could defeat Hector, not if he was strong enough to survive the destruction of that seal. But I'd recently found lore describing another possible use
 1295 for a Forgemaster's body. If I could get him

close, perhaps he'd falter, as he always did, and I could take him, then we'd see...

Or he'd kill me, which, at the time, also seemed fine.

1300 But that's all part of the miscalculation... the foolishness... the *madness*.

I miscalculated my Lord's impatience, his lack of faith in me, in either his forgers, really. And for me to presume I was worth
 1305 more alive... I *was* foolish.

Hector had gotten in a few particularly good hits. I almost thought he had it in him to finish me, but in the end he didn't. No, it wasn't him.

1310 That damned Death... or Zead was it? ...Regardless... He didn't wear his jealousy as elegantly as I did. I'm sure he couldn't wait to interfere.

He swooped in and *stole* me away while I
 1315 was reeling — the only way he ever could get his brittle hands on me. And it's true; *we* can't do anything about it once he catches us.

But Death was reminded again not to underestimate the Forgemasters. Hector demanded his undivided attention, and he was forced to leave me inattentively
 1320 between worlds.

Would you believe the Void leaves nothing
 1325 to be described? Ha ha! But there's plenty existing in *that* nothingness. That's where *she* found me.

I say "she," though I don't really know it to be a "her." But it seized me, looked over
 1330 me, and there was definitely a *maternal* quality mixed into the wrongful thrill of the encounter. Then she spoke to me.

My Lord wanted me dead... Wiped out, Hell-bound and all, for my body — well,
 1335 actually, for Hector's body. I only proved a suitable second... again. But either way, it seems my end was always in the plan, which is why Death was at hand.

Hector was the trophy, the select vessel
 1340 with which our Lord would reenter the world, as I'd guessed. But Dracula seemed to think that the possession wouldn't work, that the spell wouldn't take to him, that is, not unless Hector killed me first.

1345 It could be that my thoughts are muddled, but I may have learned a limit to the depths of my devotion; I daresay I may have actually felt *violated*.

Unfortunately, while there are those of us
 1350 who do long to be dominated, I carry this *amour propre* that makes it nearly impossible.

It wasn't that I wouldn't die for my Lord.
That would be a ridiculous grievance; as a
1355 soldier, did I not live for the idea? Besides,
I'd have been honored to serve as a host to
one who'd harbored me so well.

In actuality, I *did* die for him. I had nothing
to do with what happened after. I can't
1360 help if Death spread himself too thin. And
if she took the squandering of this
Forgemaster personally, I can't be blamed
for that either.

The Void... leaves no words to describe it...
1365 is more like it. An eternity I was there, and
yet, it was as if the next thing I knew, I was
aware of pain— serious pain— and air in
my lungs and the weight of my body on
hard, clammy stone groaning beneath me,
1370 and what must have been her voice,
whispering "Goodbye, Isaac."

My body was still warm with the fires of
Dracula's malevolent spirit, but after a
beating from Hector, or was it two by then?
1375 That and the strain of the possession left it
quite useless. Slipping away again, sensing
ruin, by some instinct I mouthed his name,
Abel, my fiercest devil.

The void I slipped into then was all my
1380 own. Eventually she found me there too.
We've spoken more, and I awake with
many questions.

As these thoughts waft back to find me
here... in this tunnel? Catacomb? Am I
1385 there after all? ...Wherever *here* is, now that
I'm here, I'm compelled... I simply must
gain audience with my Lord.

There are forces out there greater than us to
which we have to answer. To her, he's just
1390 another demon... as, perhaps, now am I? A
human *and* a demon, with licenses even
he'd begrudge...

No, I'm mixing it up again... Ha, listen to
this; I'm way out of line... still rather
1395 disoriented. I *am* sorry. I'm sure it's just the
ruffling of being yet alive.

I am here, now, still laid out, for how long?
I can't speak exactly on how I came here...
I can say only what I saw...

1400 Somehow, I must find him. I understand
that he may still be reached.

I wish to ask some things... perhaps I wish
to apologize for our failure as his Generals...
1405 that we, no, not even Hector, could
compensate, could serve him better than
that one he lost, his own...

Truly, it's a shame that humanity may yet
pain him so.

... And Hector, I'm curious, did he crawl
1410 under a rock to die as well? I don't think so.
I'm confident now I would know it.

I suppose I should thank you, Hector, for
again not killing me. Alive is decidedly a
satisfactory state. It is strange how that
1415 worked out... you repay your debt the same
way you acquire it.

I will still probably have to kill you, Hector,
when I find you. I hope you've not let
yourself wane again. I swear it's not
1420 personal this time, but I *must* gain audience
with my Lord. And he just *loves* you,
doesn't he, Hector? If it's you he wants...

Maybe you'll find your way back from it, as
I have. Maybe you'll meet her, and then
1425 you, Hector, will be thanking me. If you do,
try to act confident. She likes that.

Ha! Right... *Hector* thanking *me*.

I suspect that whatever Hector *feels* at the
first sight of me, still breathing, still striking,
1430 he'll *think* himself none too thrilled.

That's supposing it hasn't been centuries,
which I'm also confident isn't possible. I
feel stiff, cold, and I bleed... I checked.

I'm still human, of course. It wouldn't be
1435 fitting otherwise. But though my body is
aged, it's not atrophied. *Something's* kept
me intact. Bless these devils, if they had a
hand in it. They seem never to have left me.

| | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1440 | I'll have to slip back into the world with more care this time. I suspect I'll find it quite inhospitable. | 1480 | |
| | I'll have to regroup too, stripped of all, such as I am; all but this drilled insignia and the power it represents. | 1455 | |
| 1445 | Heh — too familiar this scene I find myself in, but easy enough to repair. We'll start with some sort of attire. | 1485 | |
| 1450 | Then we'll see if Hector's made the same mistake twice. I really, truly hope not, but as I've mentioned, he's a bit thick. | 1490 | |
| 1460 | There it is: The first two parts of my Castlevania fan fiction. That means if there's a concept in the preceding text that sounds suspiciously like it was taken from the following sources, it's because it was. | 1495 | In addition, of invaluable reference: http://castlevania.wikia.com/wiki/Isaac <i>Etc.</i> |
| 1465 | Here's a list of the great writers I ripped off: | | If you want to know more about this story's background, that's where you'll find it. |
| | <i>Castlevania: Curse of Darkness</i> The Game Produced by Konami Writer: Koji Igarashi | | Apart from these sources, there's an |
| 1470 | <i>Prelude to Revenge</i> A Preorder Bonus Comic Writer/Artist: Ayami Kojima | 1500 | unlisted but easily searched plethora of mouthy little blogs, wikis, videos and fan art dedicated to the topics and characters; probably like a million fan fictions out there just like or better than mine. I didn't want |
| 1475 | <i>Castlevania: Curse of Darkness; Part I & II</i> A Manga Comic Writer/Artist: Kou Sasakura | 1505 | to read them until I was done. This was basically an experiment, and just for fun. |
| | | | By the way, I hope you liked it too. And thank you for sticking with it. This one is for anyone who made it this far. |