

The Broken Vow

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The Broken Vow

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Years before Dracula's wife was burned at the stake as a witch, another Family burned at the Churches hand. Ten year old Lalai Belmont, twin sister of Trevor Belmont, was captured by the Priests in charge and forced to watch beside her brother as their entire family burned to death in their home. This story begins where the first cracks appear.

Notes

Hiya! Got this idea stuck in my head after binge watching the whole series again, hope you all enjoy!

Chapter 1: A small crack

The screams have stopped, but they still ring in my ears as I'm being held on my knees by these so called 'Holy Men'. My twin brother Trevor is struggling against their hold, one eye closed due to a gash going up and down it. "The rest are dead, what do we do with these two Heathens?" One of the priests asks, his eyes focused on me in my white night gown, the look in his eyes makes my blood freeze and stomach turn for some reason I cannot place. The main priest leading the attack glances at my brother then me before looking to the heavens, as if God was still with him. "Kill them both...After making examples out of them." He turns and walks away, leaving just my brother, myself, and three other priests. The one holding me down begins to drag me away from my brother and the still burning house, toward the tree's that surround our home.

"NO! Let her go! Don't hurt her! Lalai!" Trevor says and struggles more, reaching a hand out toward me as he too is dragged in the opposite direction by the other two priests. The last thing I see of my twin is his bare feet kicking wildly as he is dragged behind the garden wall. "Your going to die Belmont, but first I shall show you the "Touch of Man". The priest says and throws me back first against a tree, the fire barely illuminating the area as he begins to unbutton his robe. I groan and attempt to stand, crying out in pain as the broken shards of glass dig further into my bare feet. "W-Why...What did we do to deserve this?!" I ask, voice shaking in rage and fear. He scoffs and tosses his robe aside, now naked before my young eyes and stalking toward me. "Your entire family was married to the darkness and practiced witchcraft! Consorting with Demons and maybe even the Devil himself, you don't deserve Gods love or mercy!" He screams at me as I look away, closing my eyes in pure fear.

I feel a hand touch my chest and begin to pull at my gown and then I sense a creature of the night approaching us, moving quicker then most Humans could ever hope to see. The priest screams in terror releasing me harshly and causing me to fall back into the tree for support, I open my eyes in time to see a silver headed figure pounce on the priest and bite into his neck draining him dry in less then a minute. While the Vampire, as I recognize the familiar features described in the Family Bestiary, feeds I regain my balance and run, ignoring the pain in my feet, back toward the Belmont estate. The house still burns so I avoid it completely, turning to the left and heading toward the garden wall hoping to save my twin before anything happens to him. Rounding the corner where I last saw Trevor and the priests disappear I gasp in dismay when I don't see anyone, there is lots of blood and signs of a struggle but no signs of my brother. I sense the Vampire move again, getting slightly closer to where I am, so I abandon my search and swallow the painful realization that I'm the last of my bloodline.

I run deeper into the garden, remembering the crypt of Leon Belmont was hidden just behind the lavender bushes. I leap over the bushes and bite back the cry of pain as I land, quickly going over to the lavender colored stone and whispering the words of entry. "Pere de ma lignee, permettez moi d'entrer dans votre demeure." I whisper and wait, sensing the Vampire getting closer. There is a light groan and the door opens slightly, I push it with all my might and slip inside before slamming the door shut and covering myself in darkness. I shiver and reach around blindly, unable to see even my own hands in front of me. I fumble until I feel

stone underneath my hands and gasp as I realize I'm touching Leon Belmonts grave, I back up and slam into something hard. I reach around and feel a long, smooth piece of wood I pick it up and hug it close. I hear the muffled sound of a voice and then a knock on the stone.

"Come-Please, I-ect you!" A heavily accented voice says, I keep silent and don't move or breath for a moment and then hear the words of entry. I gasps as dim firelight pours into the tomb and I realize its not a piece of wood but a sword in its sheath. "Little one? It's alright I'm not here to hurt you, my name is Joachim Armster. I am so sorry I wasn't here sooner..." A male voice says and steps inside the Tomb, looking at me with glowing red eyes. "S-Stay back!" I say firmly and try to stand, wincing as the glass digs in more. "No, no, no your not going to hurt yourself further." The Vampire says and picks me up suddenly, his movements a blur of silver. I struggle a moment before pausing, he smells so familiar like lavender, sea breeze, and of course the smell of death.

I look up into his face and see blood streaming down his eyes, vampire tears, and begin to cry again also hugging him around the neck as I sob and shake. "There, there little one you are safe now, I am going to take you to my home and keep you safe." He says and I feel him turn and begin to move, but its steady and not rough so I look down and discover us floating through the air. I look below me as we go higher off the ground, a group of people were leaving the grounds of my home, their torches looking like distant candles in mere minutes. "Rest young one...I have you." Joachim says and pulls me closer, using one arm to hold me as I clutch the sword close to my chest. I feel my body go lax and I begin to drift to sleep as we pass across the moons path, my last thought is of my brother, my family, and finally my families vow to the people. "Why...Why did they do this to us?" Was my last thought as I slip into oblivion.

Chapter 2: Learning To Live

Chapter Summary

After being rescued by Joachim, twelve year old Lalai Belmont recovers from the attack and trains.

I wake to the sound of knocking on my door and then groan as my guardian and teacher walks inside. "Good Evening Lalai its time to wake up, grab some dinner, and then get right into tonight's lesson." Joachim says and pulls the covers off of me. I sit up and yawn, stretching my arms and legs before hopping up out of the queen sized bed. "What am I learning tonight, Master Joachim?" I ask and go over to the wardrobe beside my vanity mirror and open it, pulling out a pair of trousers and a light green training tunic. I hear him chuckle and from the corner of my eye see him float over to stand behind me. "You will be learning how to summon a blade with your mind. I know its a power most Mortals can never achieve but I know your different then most of them, your Leon Belmonts descendant and had he learned at your age certain things then he would have been the greatest monster hunter in history." He said and then sighs, a hint of sadness in his voice. "I miss him...He was the only one who truly loved me, I understood he had to marry a woman and continue his bloodline but I still yearn for the nights when he and I would meet up, fight for a while, and then make love until the sun started to rise." He confesses and I blush at the mental image of my ancestor in the arms of a Vampire.

"Why didn't you..." I almost ask but then pause as he tenses up and places a gentle hand on my head. "Why didn't I turn him? Keep him with me forever?" He asks softly, voice strained. I nod and hold still, not scared of being harmed by Joachim but scared that I hurt him. "I asked him you know, many times, but he always said no. He didn't want to be around for eternity, always living with his regrets and watching his descendants die...I was so sad when he passed away but I swore to protect his bloodline to the best of my ability...I failed at that it seems too." He says softly at the end, I turn and hug him tightly. I learned about him and my ancestors relationship a few weeks into my stay here at his hidden Castle and also learned that he held both my brother and myself shortly after we were born, as he had with all of Leon's bloodline. He hugs me back and then pulls away, wiping the blood from his eyes and chuckling weakly. "If Leon could see me now, crying like a infant while his great great grandchild comforted me, he would never let me live it down. I'd be teased into eternity!" He says and then floats toward the door. "Dress quickly and then join me for dinner, your lesson begins shortly after." He says and then leaves the room, shutting the door behind him so I can have some privacy.

I strip out of my nightgown and dress quickly, noting that my chest binder was once again getting to tight. "Damn this thing...Why couldn't I have been born a male." I gripe before checking my appearance in the mirror and putting my hair up into a tight pony-tail. Nodding once I'm satisfied and grabbing my sword from the rack it sits on above the empty fireplace,

quickly strapping it to my side as Joachim had shown me last week, and leaving the room. I walk through the halls and ignore the Undead and Demonic servants that move about with their nightly tasks. I keep my face blank and my heart rate steady, control over my body, emotions, and spirit insures my survival when amongst such Creatures, something I learned the hard way a year after staying here. I go down three flights of stairs and hang a left, walking through a hallway filled with paintings and armor, toward a set of double doors with depictions of waterfalls on it. The doors open for me and I walk inside, pausing once I see two other place settings at the table.

"Lord Joachim, thank you for allowing my wife and I to join you tonight on such short notice." A deep male voice says, followed by Joachim's replying. "Well how can I say no to you, Lord Tepes. Just be polite toward my ward hm? After all she hasn't seen anyone outside of myself and my servants and certainly not any other Humans." He appears followed by a tall pale man, Vampire, with dark black hair and long cape. He turns his red eyes towards me and blinks in shock, before glaring at Joachim. "A Belmont?! You mean one survived and you didn't inform me?!" He growls out and I instinctively change to a defensive stance, one hand on my sword's hilt. "I don't answer to you /Mathias/, or did you forget that I am not one of your petty Generals?" He growls back and the swords on the wall around the room begin to slide free from their holdings. Everything is tense and I can feel the dark magic in the air for a moment until a soft and exasperated female voice cuts through it. "Really Vlad, we talked about manners! Now stop posturing like a rooster and act civil." The voice chides, just out of my sight, causing me to chuckle at her tone of voice.

The one called Vlad relaxes and sighs, glancing behind him and then moving out of the way to let a beautiful blonde haired woman walk inside. She sees me and smiles kindly, walking over and standing in front of me. "Hello there, I am Lisa Tepes of Lupu." She says and holds out her hand, I stare at her a moment and read her body language, eyes, and aura for any hint of malice or deceit. "Lalai Belmont, House of Belmont and Joachims Student...Nice to meet you Lady Tepes." I shake her hand once before letting it go and walking over to my seat, sitting down. She follows and sits across from me, relaxed despite her settings. "Oh you chose well Tepes, its so nice to know that there is someone who can curb your temper and even remind you of manners." Joachim says with a chuckle and floats over to his seat, sitting down on my left while Vlad takes the empty seat to the right.

"I didn't choose Lisa, she chose me." Vlad says and smiles fondly at her, a look I have only ever seen on my father's face for my mother. I swallow the lump in my throat and look away, focusing on my plate as a servant puts my favorite meal in front of me. Roasted boar with red wine and herb butter sauce, a small serving of candied fruit, and a baked potato with onions, salt, and butter meet my gaze and make me smile a bit before frowning. "Master Joachim you only serve this when my lessons might either kill me or cause me to be seriously injured." I say as I put the napkin on my lap and begin to eat. I hear him chuckle and glance at him sideways to see his smirk as he pours a goblet of blood for himself and another for Vlad. "Your correct as always, tonight's lesson might cause you to have a stroke and die from the mental strain. I believe you are ready though and will prove to be a quick learner." He replies and sends the other goblet of blood to Vlad via levitation.

"Why would you put her into danger like that?" Lisa asks, causing me to look at her and noting that she had the same food as me and was frowning at Joachim. He shrugs and looks

at me, motioning for me to tell her why. I sigh and get Lisa's attention with it. "I asked, practically threatened, him to teach me how to fight and kill like a Creature of the Night. I refuse to be weak and defenseless against my own kind again." I say calmly, taking a bite of my fruit and chewing politely. Vlad frowns and looks at Joachim accusingly. "How did you turn a Belmont against Humanity?" He asks and I glare at him, interrupting whatever Joachim was about to say. "He didn't do anything except save me from being raped by a priest and dying in the wilds. I realized on my own that some Humans are worse than the Creatures my family hunted and so I /will/ be ready to kill them and rid the world of their vileness like I would any Creature who kills for fun instead of survival. I still believe in innocent Humans but they can't do anything against the evil ones that rule and control society."

I eat more, keeping my eyes on my plate and staying on guard for whatever this other Vampire has to say. All is quiet for a few moments but for mine and Lisa's utensils lightly scrapping the plates, and then Vlad sighs heavily causing me to look at him with narrowed eyes. "So its true then...There are no others of your family?" He asks softly, causing me to freeze and drop my fork. "Vlad! Why would you ask-" Lisa begins but stops as I stand and storm away from the table, throwing open the doors and leaving quickly down the hall. I hear Joachim's growl before I turn and head down another six flights of stairs to the Training grounds, which also used to be the dungeons.

The Castle that Joachim and I now currently live in used to belong to a demented Vampire named Walter who was killed by my ancestor Leon and Joachim centuries ago. Both wanted revenge on the Vampire, one for his Wife who was sold to Walter by another Vampire named Dracula and the other for being mentally tortured, starved, and kept chained in this very place that I now walk through in anger and sadness. 'Stupid Vampire, who the hell does he think he is?! Asking such things about my family?!' I think and then lash out at the wall with my fist, sighing as I hear a crunch. Looking at my hands I frown when I see my fingers are fine and then I look at the wall and notice a crack in it. Stepping away in shock I feel a presence behind me, causing me to turn and pull my sword free from its sheath. Joachim is standing there, his own swords out and floating around behind him. "Well since you seem to be in the perfect mindset for a fight, lets do some warm ups shall we?" He asks and lunges at me, swords flying ahead of him.

Potential Awakening

Lalai dodges quickly and slashes at a sword that flies toward her, her body easily shifts into the rhythm of the fight. Her heart rate beats steadily with every clang of her sword against his. Joachim has never held back and never will, there have been days where she truly thought she would be killed and has been laid up in bed recovering.

"You let your anger get the better of you Belmont, you must remain calm when someone mentions your families death." Joachim says coldly. Lalai glares and feels her anger rising again, causing her to become harsher with her blocks, paries, and slashes. "Joachim...stop." Lalai says through gritted teeth.

He keeps his face blank and eyes cold as he lunges directly at her again, taunting her the whole time about her emotions being a common human weakness, a weakness that killed her family. "The Belmont name will die with you and you alone, because your too weak to be considered their equal!" He says and Lalai shakes in rage before exploding.

"I SAID ENOUGH JOACHIM!" She tosses her sword and five more follow, causing Joachim to dodge using his full speed as to not be harmed. Lalai continues her assault, flinging swords using her mind and hands toward her target.

Joachim is smirking from ear to ear as he dodges and then his face grows serious a moment, he raises his hands and all swords stop. Lalai pants and falls to her knees as her head pounds with agony. "Joachim! What the hell were you thinking?!" A male voice yells out and the sound of footsteps makes it way toward us.

"I wasn't thinking I was teaching. She did beautifully on accessing it but now we will work on control and how to use it." He says and smiles fondly at me as he floats over, helping me up. "How do you feel?" He asks as Vlad comes over, frowning at Joachim. "I..I feel like my head is being crushed..." I say weakly and swallow, legs wobbling.

Vlad reaches a hand out to me and I immediately block with a sword, using my mind. Vlad looks shocked, Joachim looks smug, and I pant as my head begins to hurt again. "Very well done, see? Its like another body part, a small piece of you that holds more power then any other piece..besides that heart of yours." Joachim says and plucks the sword out of the air and holding it.

I swallow and then the world begins to fade in and out, Vlad is speaking now but his words sound garbled. The last thing I remember is cold arms and the smell of campfires and death.

First Massacre

Chapter Summary

Lalai meets a red haired pain in the ass and ends up making a mess.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading.

I walk through the village, now sixteen years old, and focus on my goal. "Excuse me miss, where are you heading?" A male voice asks me and I pause and glance to my right. "I am heading for the docks, good sir. I am to deliver a message." I reply and then keep walking, ignoring the looks I receive from everyone around me.

I am dressed in a brown tunic with black laces near the neck, black leather trousers, and a grey skirt over them, my flat brown boots crunch against the dirt and my sword rests on my left hip. "Oi! Lass what you doing wearing a sword?" A slightly slurred voice asks as I pass the local tavern. I sigh roll my eyes, ignoring the question, and the man speaking, completely. "Hey! Was talking to you!" I hear again from the voice and then tense up when I sense a hand about to touch my arm.

Quickly turning I grab the man's wrist and twist sharply, smirking at the snap sound that came from it. "And I ignored you, now leave me be or I will break more then your wrist." I say and listen to him whimper and scream, tossing him to the dirt and turning again continuing toward the docks. I notice a church on the way and glare hard at the doors, using only a smidge of my mental power to break the cross on the too of the roof and send it crashing into the doors upside down.

"J'Tiem Morte." I murmur in French and smirk as the people begin to crowd around the church and panic, shaking in fear. I make it to the docks a few moments later looking around at all the ships until I notice an old looking one with a dragons head on its bow and hand carved symbols in Norse moored to the edge of a dock.

"Hmm spot on Joachim, a Viking indeed." I say softly and head towards it, making a note of the lack of people on the docks and the subtle smell of the sea and blood and booze. 'This time of evening, almost dark, no one here working the ships. Blood smells fresh but also tinged with spilled rum and whiskey.' I think to myself as I approach and notice a gang plank leading to the ship and walk on it, on guard and ready for anything.

As soon as my boots hit the deck the sun sets behind the horizon, casting the sea in a blueish, grey, and orange hue and making me relax. The night is my friend and companion now, although I am still Human my spirit and heart always feels safer as the sun sets and darkness takes over the land. "Lookie here lads! Breakfast delivered, Seven Hells I love this port." A thick, Scottish accented voice says, causing me to turn and look at the helm of the ship.

A red haired and muscled Vampire is leaning on the steering column, his red eyes boring into my own. "Lord Godbrand, I came to deliver a message to you from Lord Joachim." I say calmly and reach into my pocket, pulling out a small letter and holding it out to him. He blinks then appears before me using his vampiric speed, taking the letter and reading it. "Damn..He really wants this fucking shit? Seriously he can't be fucking serious, Lord Dracula will be pissed off, enraged even, if I have passage to a Belmont! Not to mention this could be fucking ploy." He growls out and then narrows his eyes at me, looking me up and down.

"Who are you lass? He wouldn't just send a messenger girl." He asks and I reply, standing tall. "My name is Lalai Belmont, last of House Belmont, and Ward of Joachim the Lord of Swords. He sent me so you couldn't refuse and if need be I will just take your fucking ship after slaughtering you and your crew." I say, never once looking away from his eyes. He growls and crumbles the letter, tossing it into the sea before shaking his head.

"Fucking forget it! And just try to kill us all you fucking Belmont Bitch!" He glares and then pauses, looking behind me. I turn and look also, not concerend about the Vampire before me and sigh in annoyance. A Priest is leading a mob of Humans toward us, pitch Forks and torches and other farming tools can be seen in the torch light. I close my eyes as the memory of a similar scene runs through my mind, one where I was left orphaned and alone in this poisoned world by idiots like them.

"Fucking morons, one moment Lord Godbrand." I say and walk off the ship slowly, toward the Priest and his army of idiots. "BY THE NAME OF THE LORD, JESUS CHRIST, I CONDEMN YOU! DEMONS OF THE NIGHT AND WHORE OF SATAN!" He yells and glares at me, causing me to smirk sadistically. "Am I whore Priest? Or is that just what you call yourself in your mind once you're done with those little alter boys?" I remark with a laugh and hear Godbrand chuckle behind me.

The Priest pauses and opens his mouth to speak, eyes enraged. He never had a chance, none of them did. I breath in through my nose and use my telekinesis to send my sword flying through the air and slicing wildly around and through the mob before flying it back to my side, blood dripping off the blade like rain from a tree. The mob stands frozen for a moment before crumbling in broken, bleeding pieces onto the ground. The Priests head falls off and splits into threes upon the ground, the blood flowing toward the sea and staining the ground and docks.

"Fucking hell Belmont...You really made a mess of them eh?" Godbrand says from behind me, causing me to smirk and glance back at him. "Lord Godbrand, this is a kinder fate then what they deserve. So are you and your crew next or do I have passage?" I make my sword point back at him over my shoulder using one finger to swipe up some blood before putting it into my mouth and moaning slightly at the coppery taste of blood. For a moment he is silent, his body shaking, not from fear but from laughter.

"Lass you just earned more then free passage on my fucking ship! Set the sails lads, we are going to Paris!" Godbrand calls out and offers his hand to me, causing me to smirk and put my sword away in its sheath before taking his hand and letting him lead me back to his ship. "Thank you, My Lord." I say graciously as we walk on the gang plank. He chuckles and smirks down at me, red eyes reflecting the first sliver of stars in the sea. "None of that Lord shit with me lass, call me Godbrand. And you'll be staying in my cabin with me. I insist." He says and I raise a brow at his tone of voice, knowing full well what his reputation is.

"Thank you Godbrand, I appreciate you sharing your space. However if I am truly to give up my virginity then one has to earn it from me." I say with a smirk of my own, causing him to smile more his fangs peeking over his bottom lip. "Well its a long journey lass, we shall see about that." He says and steps with me onto the deck as his crew run and move around us with haste.

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