

The Inheritance

HorriFying Tales From The Dead I

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Published: 2011



Countess York was a wealthy mean spoiled woman who upon her husband's death inherited not only his wealth but his cold-heartedness. The countess husband was a wealthy oil tycoon who handled all his affairs with an iron fist. The minute her husband died the Countess had plenty of money to give her husband an expensive funeral but being taught by a man with a cold heart and an iron fist he was lucky to have been put into a pine box and buried in the family cemetery. The Countess had ice water pumping through her veins but not enough to make her bury her husband in a shallow grave on their estate.

After the funeral, Countess York immediately called the attorney's office to get on with the reading of the Will. The Countess even showed up early for the reading. Continually knocking on the attorney's door asking, „Are you done yet?“ and frantically pacing back and forth by the door.

Finally, the door opened, and the Countess burst inside and sat down in front of the attorney's desk and said: „Let's get on with it. I haven't got all day.“

The attorney replied, „since there are no living relatives left but you, everything has been left to you.“

Countess York replied, „Where do I sign.“

The Countess signed the legal documents and gathered her things.

Countess York went back to the estate to clear her husbands' things out of the closet when she spotted a relatively large box. The Countess opened the box in amazement of what she had just found. „It's a crown of jewels. This must be worth a fortune!“ said the Countess in excitement. It was her wicked grandmother's crown. One thing that slipped the countesses mind was that the crown was cursed by a gypsy woman that was slain by her father to cover up the affair they were having.

Just before he slit his mistresses throat, she put a curse on the crown of jewels that if anyone so dares to put on the crown, they will surely die. When the crown is placed on the head needles from the bottom rim of the crown would pierce the brain and bring on sudden death. The Countess had no idea about the affair her husband had with the gypsy woman or any purpose the crown had a curse on it.

The Countess knew the crown was precious, so she slowly picked the crown out of the box and placed it on her head and went over to the mirror to admire the beautiful crown. Then all of a sudden, the curse the gypsy put on the crown was happening right before the countesses' eyes. Needle after needle starting piercing the countesses' brain she screamed louder and louder by the time the Butler and the maid arrived the Countess was lying on the floor with blood all over her head, and the crown floated back to the box in the closet where she found it. There was no trace of blood on the crown anywhere, and all the needle piercings disappeared.

When the autopsy was performed on the Countess, there were no needle marks on the skull. So, her death was ruled as natural causes that may have also been caused by an aneurysm. By some coincidence, the Countess had just finished her Will in case something happened to her on the same day she died.

The Butler and the maid were not sure what their future held since the Countess was no more. The Countess oppressed the maid and the Butler all of the thirty plus years they served her. As the maid and Butler were cleaning the Countesses room, the maid stumbled upon the box with the cursed crown.

The maid said, „Look, there's a beautiful crown inside this box; I bet the Countess hadn't even noticed it was here.“

The maid reached in the box and pulled out the crown and proceeded to put it on. The Butler jerked it out of her hands and said: „We don't even know if the Countess had a Will. Who's to say if we're even in it. You know how badly she treated both of us throughout our service to the family. Why should anything good come out of this.“

Come to find out they were both wrong. The Butler and maid were both included in the Will. The Butler went back to the closet where the maid acquired

the crown placed it back in the box and said: „If there is a Will and we're included then the crown will be yours regardless.” The maid and Butler finished cleaning the rest of the mansion and just as they were locking up the phone rang. The Butler answered the phone, and sure enough, it was the attorney’s office asking for the maid and Butler’s presence for the reading of Countess York’s Will tomorrow at 10 am. The Butler and maid were jumping for joy, and the Butler said: „Let’s open a bottle of bubbly and celebrate into the night.” So, they drank two bottles of bubbly and passed out on the countesses’ bed.

The Butler and maid woke up the next morning with a hangover and had to down a couple of pots of coffee and shower off so they could be alert at the reading of the Will which was only a few hours away. The Butler and maid managed to get their selves together for the reading of the Will.

The Butler and maid climbed into the countesses Rolls Royce and headed straight for the attorney’s office anticipating all the money and possessions they would acquire. Their 20-minute ride seemed to last forever, and the car couldn’t get there fast enough for both of them.

The Butler and maid finally reached their destination put the car in the park both the maid and Butler jumped out of the car and raced up the stairs to the attorney’s office. The Butler knocked on the door, and the secretary answered it. Then escorted the maid and Butler to the conference room for the reading of the Will.

The maid and Butler sat down at the table waiting for the attorney to arrive, and of course, the attorney was running a little late. „Sorry for the delay, my car was stuck in some heavy traffic,” said the attorney.

„Shall we proceed with the reading.” said the attorney.

„Yes, please do,” said the Butler.

„We should be able to wrap this up in about 30 minutes, and you both can go home and relax for the rest of the night,” said the attorney.

„Does anyone have any further questions?” asked the attorney.

„No!” said the impatient maid.

„Then let’s begin, shall we?” said the attorney.

„I Countess York of sound body and mind leave my entire estate to my dear maid Claire and as for Henry the butler who I leave nothing but a bus fare to Chicago.”

Henry the Butler was furious and stormed out of the attorney’s office. He took his bags out of the Rolls Royce, and walked two blocks to the nearest bus stop, got aboard the bus and headed back to his family’s home. Henry couldn’t believe all the years he spent with the countesses constant badgering and not talking back should not have gone unnoticed in the Will, but it did.

Months and months passed by, and Henry became an alcoholic, living in the back seat of a Studebaker his parents bought him when he was a teenager. Then one day as Henry was fast asleep in the Studebaker, his mother came running out to the car banging on the window.

„Henry! Henry! Get up! you have a phone call. I believe it’s Claire, the maid and she wants to speak to you.”

Henry sat up and took a swig of Tequila opened the car door, staggered out onto the ground.

„Henry, I wish you would stop drinking and clean yourself up,” said Henry’s mother.

„Oh, stop whining! She probably wants to brag about how wonderful her life is and how it’s a shame I’m a drunkard who lives out of the backseat of a car,” laughed Henry.

Henry could barely keep his footing as he approached the stairs to the house.

After a couple falls, Henry grabbed the receiver and said, „What do you want from me! Why don’t you leave me alone and go lie in your pile of money and sip on some Champagne?”

Claire replied, „Henry, that’s not why I called. My reason for calling you was to see if you could come by and stay on as my partner. I’m willing to give you 50% of everything. Now before you say another word clean yourself up and get on the next flight over here and I’ll discuss the details with you.”

Henry replied, „Is this some joke?”

„No, it isn’t!” replied Claire. „Now will you come or am I going to have to drag you down here myself,” said Claire in an angry voice.

„Okay, I’ll be there in a couple of hours,” said Henry.

Henry packed his bags, drove to the airport, and boarded his flight. Henry’s plane arrived ahead of schedule and Claire was waiting patiently at the gate for Henry to arrive.

Henry arrived at the gate, and Claire was there to drive him to the estate.

Claire said, „I’m so glad you decided to come and help me run this estate. It’s just too much for a woman to do it all by herself.”

Henry replied, „It’s still hard to believe you’d need someone like me that is at rock bottom to take on such a burden as this estate can be.”

Claire said, „No one knows this place as well as you do not even me, so let’s start over and try to forget how badly we were both treated by the countess and just enjoy the wealth that was left behind.”

Henry and Claire were no longer anyone’s maid and Butler and could do whatever they wanted inside and outside the estate. Everything was going well for the both of them for a couple more months until Claire decided she wanted to put on a dress and wear the crown to show off to Henry. But little did she know this would be her last time to dress up for anyone. Claire got all prettied up for Henry before he got the box out. Henry was sitting by the fire reading as he always did in the late afternoons when Claire appeared before him dancing around and giggling.

„Henry put that book down, what do you think?” said Claire.

„I think you look wonderful in that dress you’re wearing. What’s in that box?” asked Henry.

„Something that belonged to the Countess. Now that her possessions belong to us, I can now wear it with my dress, let me just put this on, and my dress will be complete,” said Claire.

Claire reached in the box, pulled out the crown, and placed the crown on top of her head. Then all of a sudden Claire was about to feel the gypsy’s curse. Claire started screaming at the top of her lungs, „Get this thing off of me!” She was bleeding profusely from the top of her skull. Henry jumped off the couch and tried his best to pull the crown off of her skull, but the gypsy’s curse was too strong to

break. Claire dropped to the floor then the crown released its grip from Claire's skull. „Claire is dead!” cried out, Henry.

Henry glanced over at the fireplace and could faintly see the ghost of a man laughing, and that's when he knew the crown was cursed, and the rumors of the gypsy were true. Henry thought the story was made up by the countesses' husband to make the Countess jealous. Henry picked up the crown and said: „Die gypsy die!” Then Henry threw the crown into the fireplace and watched as the once beautiful golden crown melt before his eyes. As the crown was burning, Henry could see the gypsy's ghostly figure screaming out for help, but Henry just ignored the gypsy's pleas and watched the crown disappear along with the gypsy's curse.

Henry was all by himself with nothing to do in the mansion but count his money. Now that Claire was gone all the inheritance money was his. Henry lived out the rest of his days at the estate gambling, drinking, and fast women until the well ran dry. Henry was again penniless. During his last night in the mansion, Henry had terrifying dreams that the gypsy woman was coming back to finish him off. Henry was at his lowest point in life and too weak to fight the dreams. The voice in his dreams kept on telling him to open the nightstand next to his bed, take out the revolver and point the gun at his head and pull the trigger.

Finally, Henry couldn't take anymore. So, he pulled out the revolver and blew his brains out. Shortly after Henry pulled the trigger, the mansion caught on fire. All of the horrific memories along went up in flames with him. Did the gypsy seek revenge from the grave, or is it just coincidence, we may never know the real truth?

