

CHAPTER 1



NOSFERATU
NEXT DOOR

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Nosferatu Next Door 1

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One night, the doorbell rang. Cassie Fearn was too busy pulling the roast vegetables out of her oven to answer it. As she maneuvered her cramped kitchen, she heard her husband, Andy, talking to someone. She put down the steaming pan and went to see who it was.



“Ah, and this must be your lovely wife.” A tall man stood just on the other side of the threshold.

“Oh, yeah.” Andy turned with a smile on his face. “This is Cassie. Cassie, this is Mr. Alucard. He just moved into the castle at the end of Drusilla Way.”

“Castle?” Cassie’s blood ran cold when she looked at the rakish, slender man in his perfectly tailored suit. There was something ... off about him. She wanted to slam the door in Alucard’s face, but she was far too polite for that. “What castle?”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Fearn. My place is the tasteful little chateau up on the hill. You’ve seen it, have you not?”

“Oh, that castle.” Cassie suddenly recalled the chateau Alucard described. “Yes, I’ve seen it.”

“Wonderful.” Alucard bowed deeply and held out a bottle of red wine. “I’m so glad that you’ve noticed my modest home.” He spoke with a faint accent.

“Modest?” Andy laughed. “It’s hardly that. The place is a castle after all.” Andy stepped out of the doorway. “Where are my manners? Come on in.”

“Thank you.” Alucard moved into the Fearn’s entryway. He had something feral hidden behind his warm smile. The stranger handed the wine to Cassie, who took it with some hesitancy. “Lovely house,” Alucard said.

“Thanks,” Andy said enthusiastically. “It’s no castle, but we call it home.”

“Be a good man, and wait out on the front porch. I’ll go help your wife open the wine and we’ll meet you there.” Alucard put his hand on Andy’s shoulder and looked deep into his eyes. “Go now.” Alucard’s black eyes twinkled.

“The porch?” Andy’s eyebrows knitted in confusion. Should he leave his wife alone with this stranger? Why yes, he should. Alucard was the friendly sort. He wandered onto the front porch and sat down.

“Now then, which way to the kitchen?” Alucard closed the front door. “Something smells lovely.”



“Oh, thank you.” Cassie’s skin crawled, but she led Alucard into the kitchen. She put the bottle on the counter. “Let me get my wine opener.”

He stopped her with a hand on her chin. The feminine muscles under his fingers were rigid with fright. He stared into her eyes. “I can see that Mr. Fearn has left you wanting. Some women are quite troublesome to tame, but you will most willingly serve me.”



“Troublesome?” Cassie’s head swam. She felt so lost. A deep need welled inside her. Despite her revulsion, Cassie allowed him to remove her blouse.

“This is weird,” she said as she helped him unclasp her bra. It fell to the floor. Her boobs bounced out into the open. She shivered as he ran a cold finger along the warm curve of her breast. She watched him lean his face toward her boob. “You can’t do that,” she whispered. “My husband is right out front.”

A rapacious smile spread across Alucard’s face. His fangs descended. He was pleased when she stuck her chest out. Her actions disagreed with her own words. She was offering herself to him. His fangs sunk in.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” In all her sedate life, Cassie had never felt such ecstasy as she did at the touch of his mouth to her supple flesh. She mewled as he kissed her, floating in a cloud of pleasure.

After about five minutes, Alucard straightened up. “Mr. Fearn will grow restless on the porch and check on us soon. Get dressed.” He watched her pick up her bra, shakily put it on, and then slip back into her blouse. Satisfied, he bid her goodnight and swept out of the kitchen and out of the house. He floated past Andy without so much as a farewell.



Andy watched the man rush off down the street from his seat on the porch. He looked up to see his lovely wife standing in the doorway. "What was that all about?"

"Oh ... he ... um ... he couldn't stay. He had plans or something." Cassie had a dreamy look in her eyes as she walked back to the kitchen. The buttons on her blouse were now mismatched. She tried to pull her mind together. Had she just cheated on Andy? Why did she feel so good? She hoped that she would never see Mr. Alucard again. And at the same time, she feared she might not.

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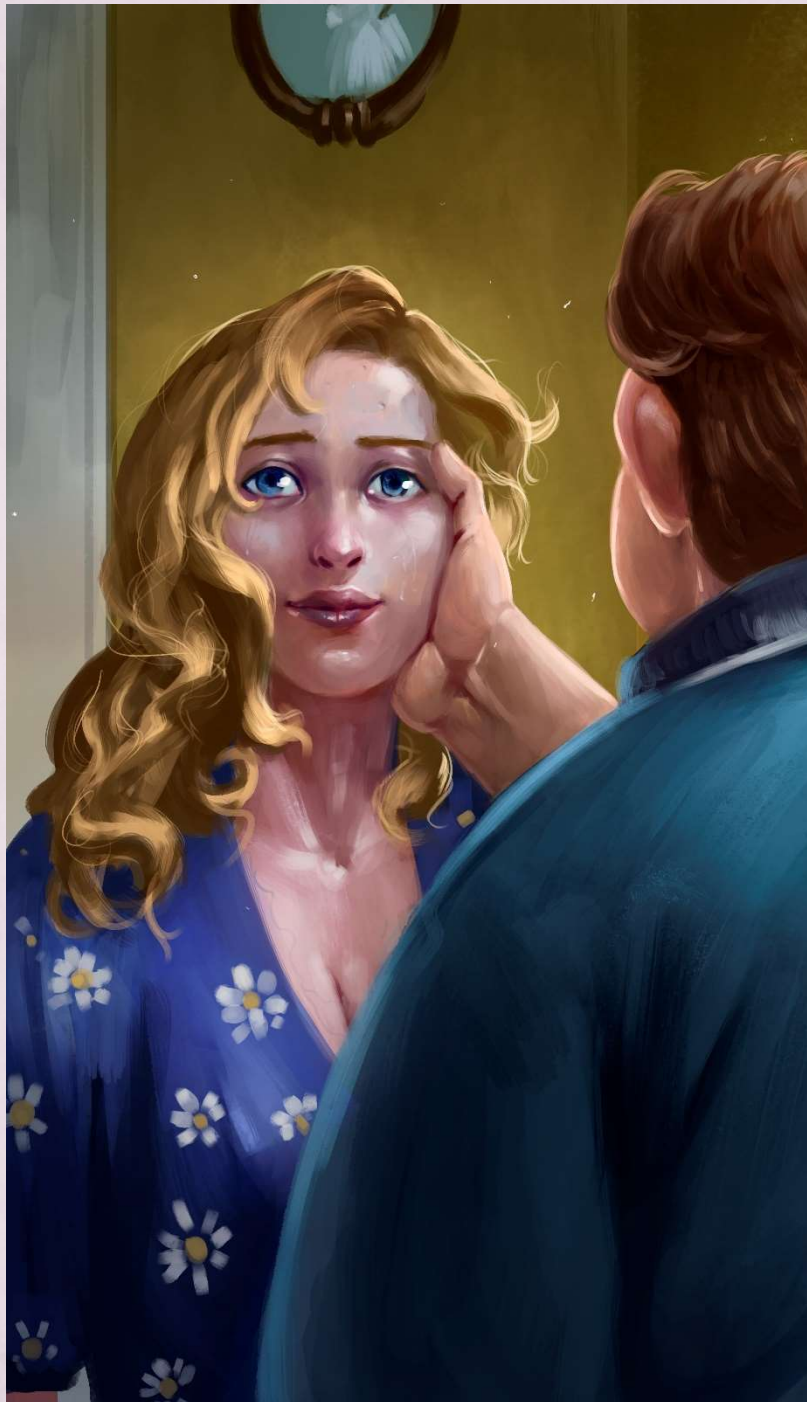


"Don't forget your coffee." Cassie shivered as she handed her husband his to-go cup and walked him to the door.

"Thanks, hun." Andy opened the door to the garage and stopped. His gaze traveled over his wife, lingering on her pallid complexion. "You look a little pale, are you feeling all right?"

"Yes," Cassie blinked and looked away from Andy. Her finger fiddled with her bra through her dress, near where Alucard had left his mark on her skin. "Maybe a little under the weather." She brushed some hair out of her face.

"Well, take a nap or something." Andy leaned in and kissed her on her alabaster cheek. Even if she was coming down with a bug, she had never looked more beautiful. He couldn't quite place what it was, but she looked captivating.



"I will, sure thing, nap it is." She hugged her husband without looking at him and then watched him disappear out the door. When he was safely gone, Cassie rushed to their bedroom and undressed. She caught sight of the strange red marks on her breast and shuddered at the thought of what that horrible neighbor had done. Would she see him again? She sat down in front of the mirror with her legs spread, staring at the reflection of those two red marks on her boob. Her hand went to work between her legs. Cassie immediately had her first orgasm of the morning.

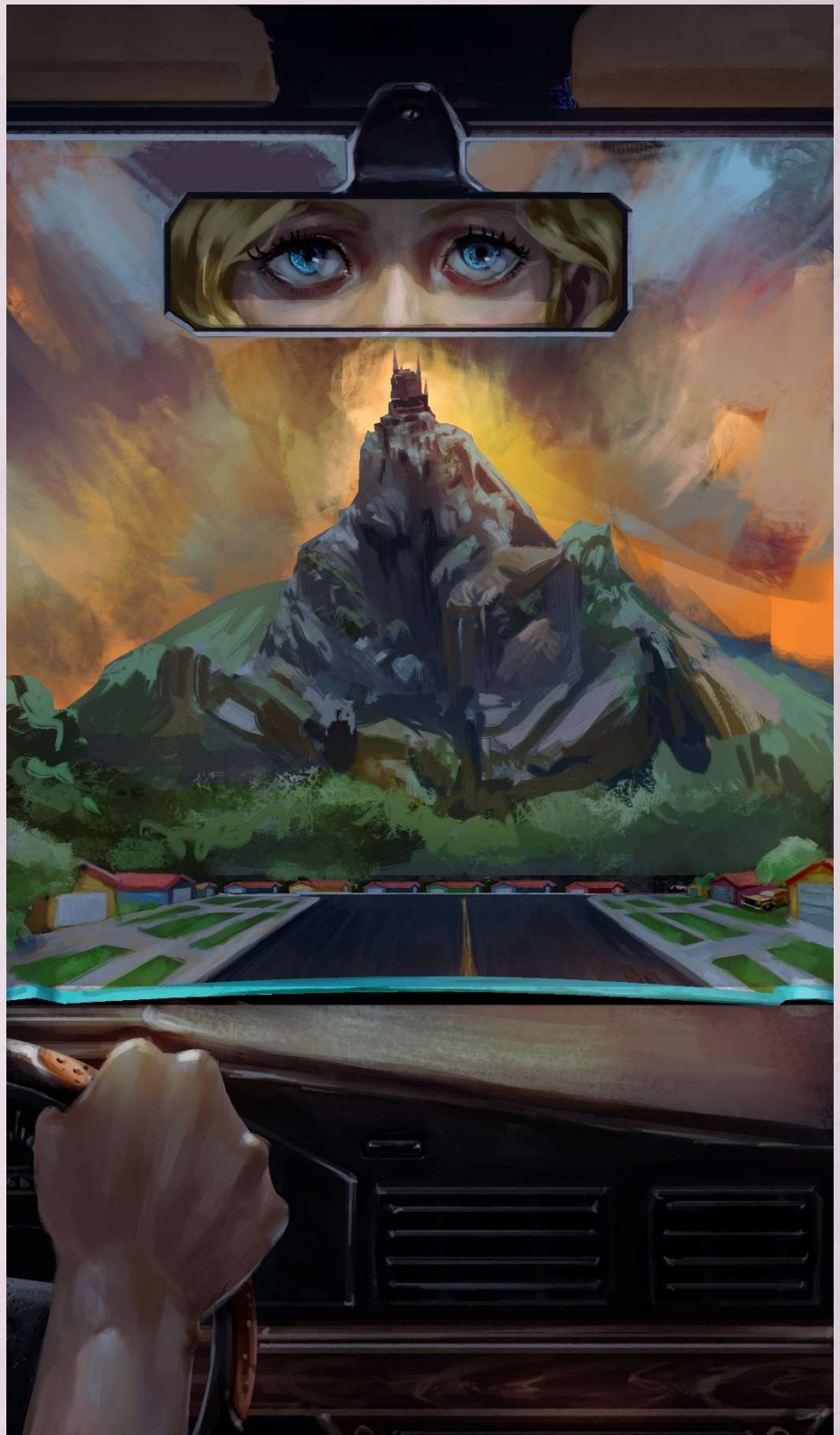


All her adult life, Cassie hadn't touched herself that way more than a few times. But that day, she rubbed and fingered her vagina almost nonstop. She couldn't get enough of it. The sane part of her mind warned her that it wasn't right. She shouldn't be doing such things. But the feeling was irresistible.

The only saving grace was that her neighbor, Alucard, did not return during her activities. Eventually, she dragged herself into her kitchen to make Andy dinner, her body still buzzing from the day's activities. The last reddish rays of the setting sun fell through her window as she chopped tomatoes. On the counter, her phone rang and she picked it up. "Oh, hi, Andy." She smiled at the sound of her husband's voice. "You're working late again? I thought ... ow." She accidentally cut her ring finger. When she put it in her mouth, she nearly swooned. "I just nicked my finger ... with the knife," she said around the finger. The salty-iron tang hit her tongue like an anvil of flavor. It was the best thing she'd ever tasted. "It's fine. But I have to go ... um ... put a Band-Aid on." She abruptly hung up on Andy and walked toward the bathroom.

"I ... I ... no, I'm making dinner for Andy." She said to no one. "What happened last night was a mistake. Leave me alone!" Her shoulders slumped and her eyes went dull. Cassie moved in a daze about the house and then out the door.

Something called to her. She got in her car and drove until she reached that creepy, old castle at the end of Drusilla Way. She shivered as she turned the car around the front drive and parked. Every atom in her body told her to drive away and never look back. But instead, she stepped out of the car and walked to the massive front door. The click of her heels echoed around the empty front courtyard. The front door was open a crack. She gingerly pushed it open, listening to the rusting hinges squeak.



Cassie's feet seemed to move on their own as she stepped inside. "It's so cold in here," she said to no one. The place was in disrepair. Cobwebs hung in every corner, the ceiling had fallen through where there had been a leak, and dust covered everything. Candelabras spread their flickering light through the gloom of the place. She found stairs and descended. For some reason, she had to find the basement. The air grew cooler with each step down.



"This place is so gross." Her lonely voice sounded weak bouncing off the stone walls. Cassie entered a small room at the very bottom of the castle. It seemed like a dirty, little chapel. But at the same time, it felt the inverse of that. "I should go." Instead of leaving, she slowly disrobed. She found that she was wearing the sexy lingerie that her husband had bought her. When had she put that stuff on? Things were so confusing. She didn't know where to put her clothes that they wouldn't be ruined by dirt, so she hung them carefully from a rusty hook on the wall. Her stomach did backflips, and her vagina suddenly gushed. "Oh, God. Something is about to happen," she whispered.

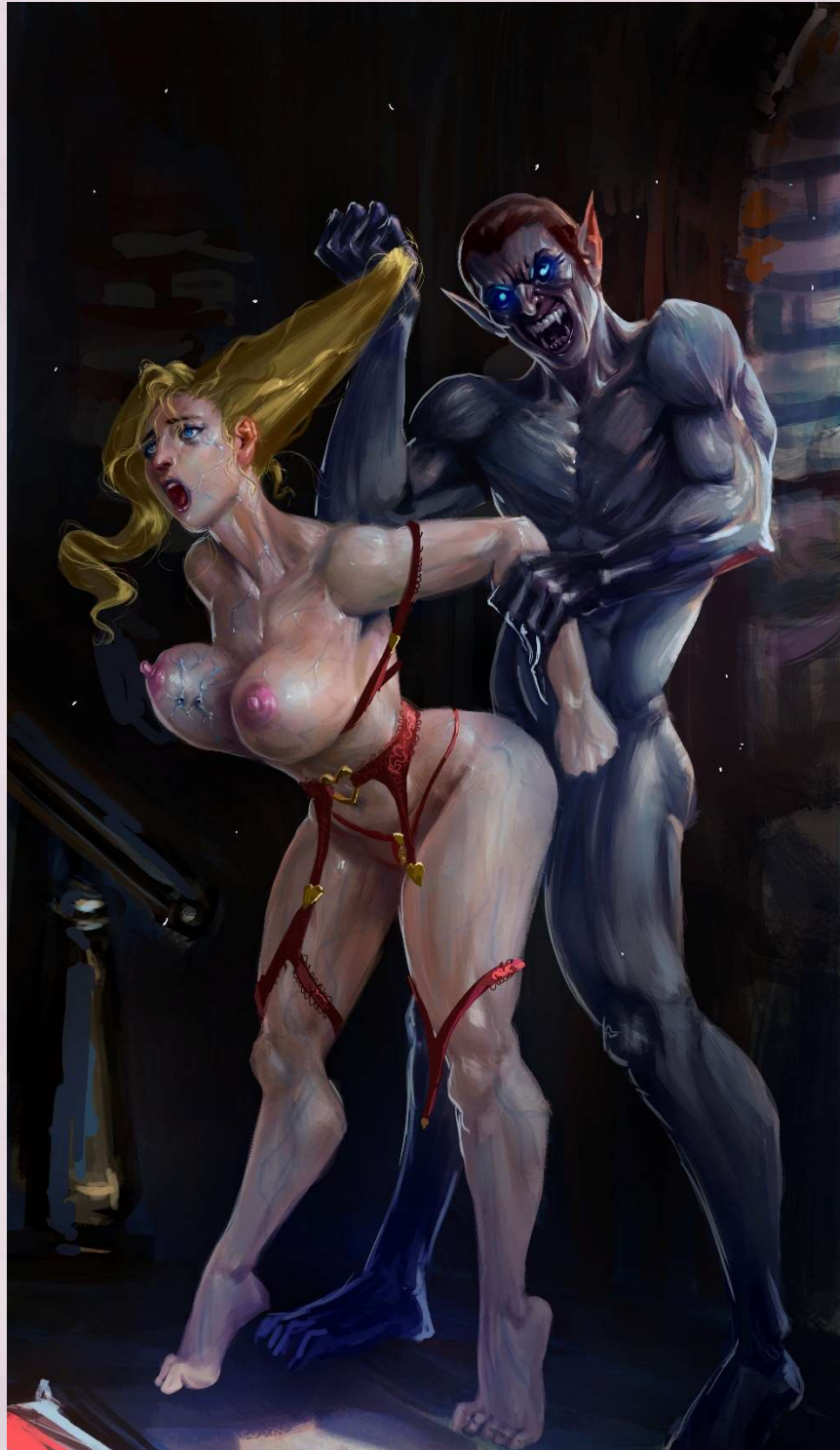


Goosebumps rose all over her exposed butt. She shivered and waited. Then she heard the sound of something rustling in the box. The lid of the box fell onto the floor with a clatter. She was face to face with a monster. Swiftly he moved toward her and caressed her cheek with his claws. Cassie looked around the room. There was only a bench and an old box. She knew what she needed to do. "Oh, yuck ... oh ... yuck. It's so dirty. I can't believe I'm doing this." She moved over to the bench, lowered herself to her knees, and leaned over the rough wood. "I'm ready, Master," she whispered without looking.



“You look cold, darling. I will warm you.” Alucard could feel his strength rising with the night. He was naked and pale, his skin almost transparent in the low light. His hard cock waved before him as he glided up behind her. Without ceremony, he entered Cassie. He gave her a minute to stretch and adjust to him. He was nothing like her frail husband. Once he was satisfied that the whimpering housewife was ready, he humped poor Cassie as she gripped the bench tightly. His cold smile broadened as he listened to her yelps, pleas, and cries of joy.

“Oh ... Mr. Alucard ... no ... don't ... not there ... oh ... so ... good ...” Cassie was completely smitten. She wondered if she was in love. She didn't resist a moment of their fornicating. When he lifted her to her feet, she was putty in his hands.



Hours later, Alucard placed her on her knees, and shoved his blue-black cock into her lovely mouth. "Tomorrow evening, my precious, you will introduce me to one of your friends."

"Mmmpppphhhhh?" She looked up into his icy, black eyes with eyebrows raised as her head bobbed on the long dick. *Yes, a ... pretty ... friend.* In that moment, she would do anything for that man.

"Before you taste me, I must taste you." Alucard pulled her off his cock, lifted her into his arms, and clamped his mouth to her breast. Nothing ever tasted as sweet as the blood of a falling angel. The pleasure surged through him. He was almost ready to defile her with his dead seed.

"Oh, my. Oooohhhhh, mmmmyyyy. Why does your kiss feel ... so gooooooohhhhh?" She shuddered in his arms, pressing her boob into his face.

Alucard drank his fill and dropped her to the stone floor. He was ready.

"That was ... amazing." Cassie knew what was required of her. She clambered back to her knees on the dirty floor and took him into her mouth. Her body surged with ecstatic heat as the salty-iron taste of this strange man's semen filled her mouth. It tasted ... very much like her own blood. There was so much of it, she coughed and fell backward. She let him spray her as he desired. In her ecstasy at bringing him to his release, she barely noticed the frigid temperature of his sperm.

When she staggered back into her own home later that evening, she was relieved to see that Andy hadn't yet returned from work. She wiped Alucard's cold cum off her lips with the back of her hand, and made her way to the shower.

