

CHAPTER 11



NOSFERATU
NEXT DOOR

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Nosferatu Next Door 11

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“Mom has been gone a while. Where’d she say she was going?” Gail found her mother’s empty wine glass by the front door. She opened the door and looked out. The crickets chirped. The front yard was mostly in shadow. She turned on the lights but didn’t see her mother.



“Did she take her purse?” He started looking around the house.

Gail went to where her mother usually kept her purse on the lower shelf of the hallway console table. It was there. “She left her purse, Dad.”

He walked into the hall, scratching his head.

“And she said she was going out for a walk? This is so unlike her.”

“Yeah, weird.” Gail frowned at her mother’s purse. “Should we be worried?”

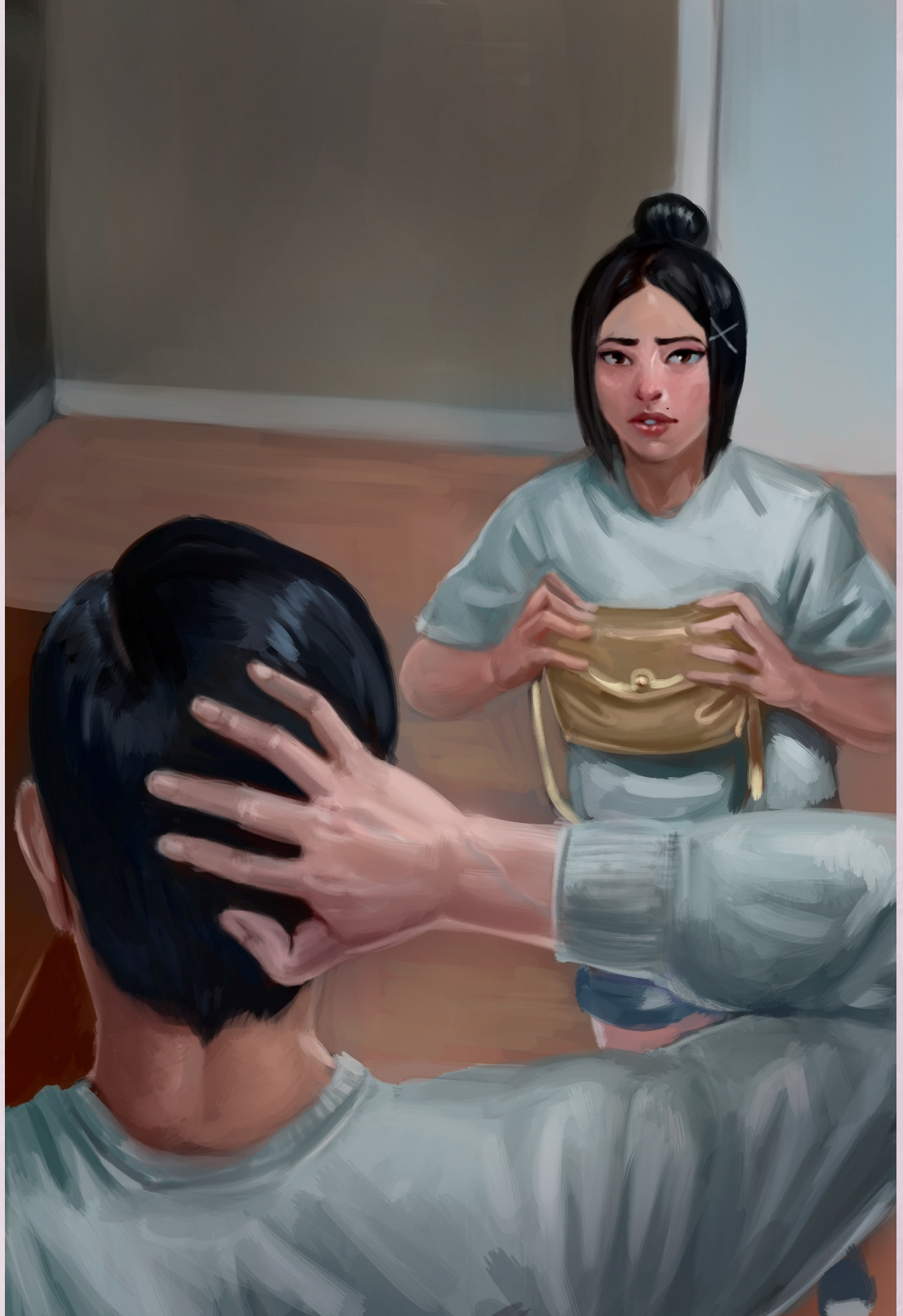
Chris laughed. “We live in the safest town in America. I think your mother will be okay. I just hope she doesn’t get lost. I wonder where she is right now.”

Up in the castle at the end of Drusilla Way, Annie Kim was indeed lost. Her mind was shrouded in a fog of pleasure. As improbable as it seemed, she had someone other than her sweet Chris inside her. And where her husband was modest-sized, loving and tender, the invader slamming into her vagina from behind was massive, cold, hard, and merciless.

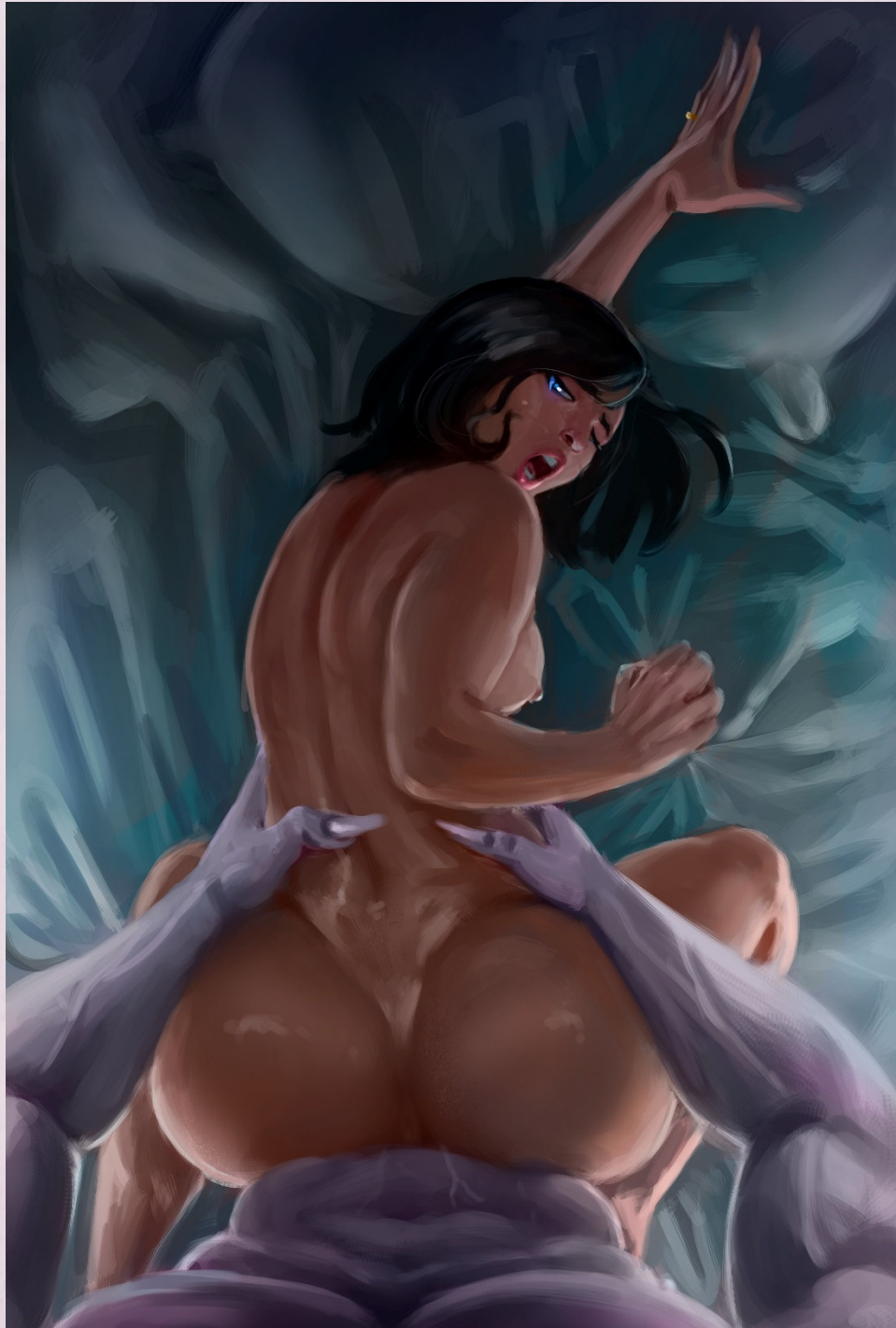
“Oooooohhhh ... Mr.

Alucard ... not again ... you’re going to make meeeeeeeee ... have another one ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Are you ready ... to give yourself to me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... totally?” Alucard gripped her hips with iron fingers. As his passion rose, it became harder and harder to hide the demonic side of him. He hoped he wouldn’t have to conceal from her much longer.



“Ggggghhhhaaaaaaaa.” Annie was having another orgasm. It was too big for her to respond. It was so massive, she could barely comprehend his question. She even forgot to breathe. The only external thing she was aware of was that the mammoth, frigid penis behind her continued to plunder her depths with a cruel, steady rhythm. Eventually, her wits returned enough for her to suck in some air and loosen her grip on the sheets. Her grasp had been so tight that her hands were cramping. She had been standing bent over in front of this strange man. But when she let go of the sheet, he pulled her arms behind her, making her stand straight. No one had ever made love to her like that. Not long ago, she would have thought such a position degrading and crass, but now her belly flipped and her vagina gushed to be so totally in a man’s control.



“Are you ready ... to give me your body ... and soul?” Alucard growled. He eased the thrust from his hips a little. The woman was still human, and while he wanted to drive her to soaring peaks, he didn’t want to break her.

“Nooooooo ... nooooo ... I love ... Chris ... my family ... I ... uuggghh ... uuuggghhhhhh.” Even as she refused to give herself to this strange man, she let him have his way with her vagina.



When he pulled out of her, she was relieved for a moment. She swayed, trying to get her balance with wobbly knees. "Is it ... over?" But then she saw him lie down on the bed, his brutish penis reaching toward the ceiling. She gazed into his beautiful eyes, losing herself. Without being asked to, she mounted him. A new kind of relief flooded through her. "It's not ... oooohhhhhhhh ... over." She guided him into her vagina, amazed at how easily his gargantuan penis burrowed inside her. "You're so ... big ... and ... oooohhhhhh ... handsome. Why ... are you interested ... in me?" Her hips struggled to find the right cadence. This wasn't anything like riding her husband.



"Your beauty shines ... like an evening star ... your face glows like the moon ... and when you climax ... you sound ... as pretty as a ... nightingale." He smiled up at her, careful not to let his demonic form show.

"Oh ... my ... Mr. Alucard ... oooohhhh ... you say such things ... such ... things." Annie didn't know when she had last been complimented like that. "But I still can't ... I can't ... give myself ..." Her hips were finding a rhythm. She found herself moving in a more lurid way than she was used to during sex. It surprised her that she could move this way. It would have been no more shocking if she'd suddenly been able to tango. "Why is ... this so good ... why ... Mr. Alucard ... is this ...? Oooohhhh ... with your words ... and your jumbo thing ... I'm going to do it again ... I'm going to ... I'm ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and screamed, not caring who else might be in the castle listening to her.

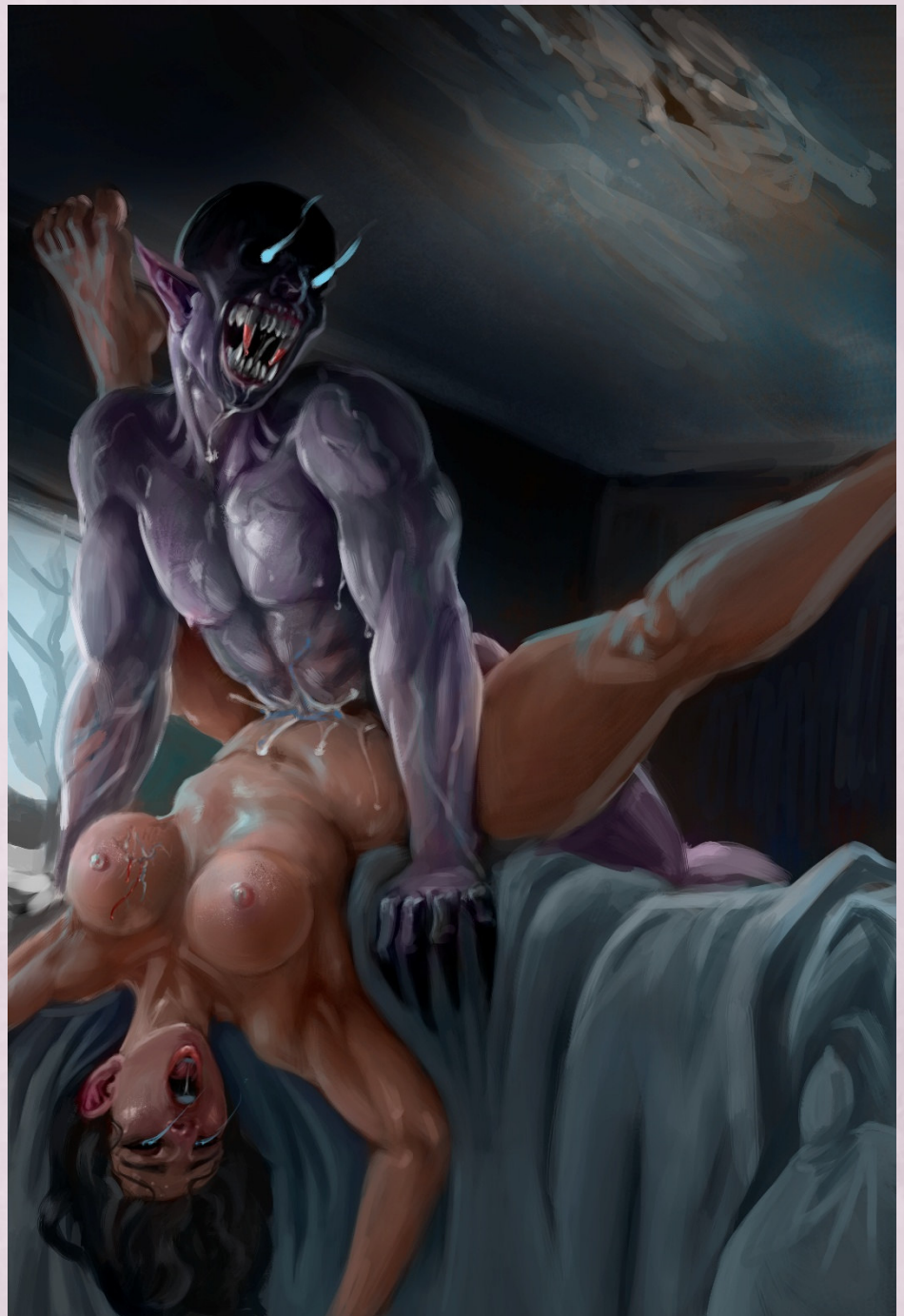
A while later, Alucard flipped her over and rutted between her legs. He stared down into her dazed eyes. "If you will not ... ugh ... ugh ... yet give me ... your body and soul ... will you ... accept ... my seed?"

"I ... I ..." Annie tried to remember where she was in that time of the month. It was too difficult to think with this tall, handsome man plunging his long thing into the very back of her womb again and again. *It's just one time. What could it hurt?* "Fff ... fffff ... fffffinne ... fine ... Mr. Alucard ... you can finish ... inside ... this one time."

"Rrrraaaaaaaaawwwwwrrrrrr!" Alucard released in her womb.

"Oh ... my ... gosh!" Annie felt a chill fill her belly. It was almost like he was injecting something frigid inside her. And so much of it, too. She stared up at him, on the edge of another orgasm. She watched as his face changed from handsome to horribly ugly. She thought she should be afraid, but his nightmarish expression only served to push her over the edge. She pointed her toes at the ceiling and let her final climax overtake her.

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"I've been waiting up for you. Where did you go?" Chris stood in the kitchen, facing his wife. He examined her familiar face closely. Her expression was uncharacteristically slack. *Is she stoned? In shock?* He waited for a response. He could hear the beat of their daughter's music thumping through the ceiling. "Annie?"

"Oh ... I went out for a walk ... and got lost." Annie nodded rapidly and tried to smile.



"You look shaken. Was it scary?" He moved to hug her, but she pushed him away.

"It *was* scary, but also ... awesome in a way. I looked into the animal world ... and saw something incredible. I think tonight is going to be ... life changing." When he tried to come in for another hug, she pushed him away more forcefully. "I'm sweaty and dirty from my walk. I need a shower. And then, I'm going to bed. Anyway, I'm home now. Everything's fine." She gave her husband a chaste kiss on the cheek, observing how different he was from her tall, handsome boyfriend. "Good night, Chris."

"Good night, Annie." He watched his wife go upstairs. Well, she was right. She was home now, and none-the-worse-for-wear. He let out a long exhale and went back to his television program in the living room.

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"It's getting dark." Isabella sat hidden by some bushes across the street from the Fearn residence. Finals were over, so they could commit themselves to figuring out what happened to Alucard, Damion, and Ursula. Her brother was next to her in the shrubbery, his reassuring hand resting on her ass. It was nice when he reminded her how special their bond was. Instead of telling him to move his hand, she wiggled her butt a little for him. "How long should we wait?"

"We *need* to find Mr. Fearn. He should be getting home from work soon, right?" Tyler checked his watch. "Actually, I would have thought he would have gotten home a while ago."

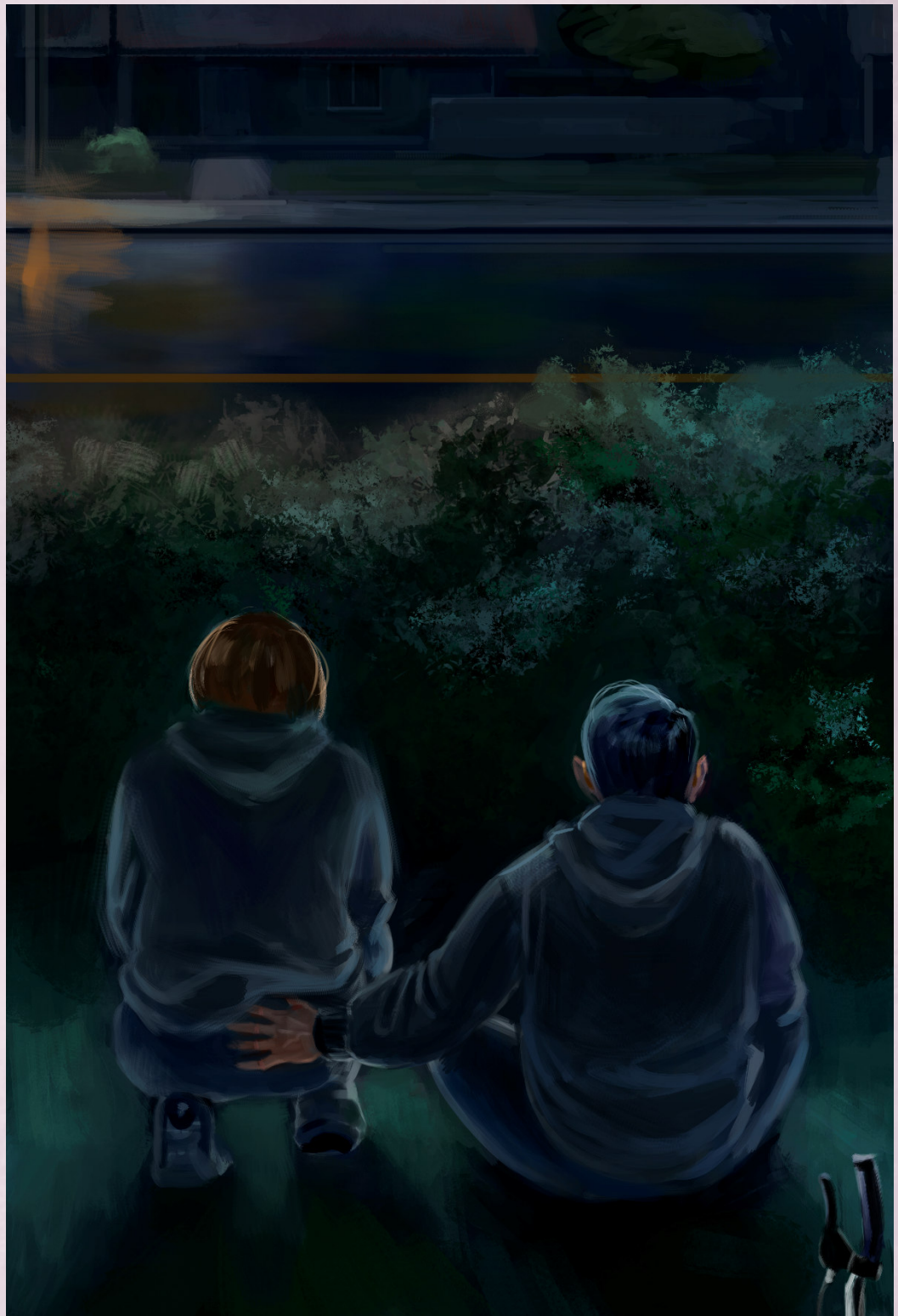
"Maybe we should be staking out Alucard's castle instead." Isabella pressed her lips into a thin line.

"At night? No thanks. Anyway, those dogs wouldn't let us get close." He shook his head, studying the lengthening shadows cast by the row of trees down the street. Soon, even the shadows faded as the sun disappeared behind the horizon.

"Maybe we should go home. I don't like being out in the dark, even here. I ..." He went quiet as a loud squeaking filled the air. It sounded like a thousand mice were overhead. Or maybe ... bats. He looked up and saw the dark shapes fluttering, reminding himself that they were probably only here to eat mosquitoes.

"Tyler, there ..." Isabella whispered and gripped her brother's arm.

Where no one had been a moment before, Cassie now stood on the front walk of the Fearn home. She turned slowly in the gloom, wearing an elegant gown that sparkled here and there in the light cast by the streetlamp.



She looked about the dark street, her gaze passing over the bush where the Jensen twins hid. Seemingly satisfied, she flipped her blond hair behind her shoulders and went into her house.



“We didn’t find Mr. Fearn. We found Mrs. Fearn,” Isabella hissed.

“I see that.” Tyler nodded. “We’ll follow her when she leaves.”

“Um ... we don’t have a car.” Isabella’s frown deepened.

“We have our bikes. She’s on foot, and she’s wearing heels, we should be able to follow her easily enough.” Tyler tried to sound sure of himself. The fact that he hadn’t seen how she arrived bothered him.

“I guess.” Isabella watched the house. A few minutes later, Cassie exited through the front door, carrying a bag over her shoulder. She stepped down the front walk and turned east on the sidewalk.

The Jensen twins crawled out of the bushes, retrieved their bikes, and pedaled after Cassie at some distance.

“Where’s she going?” Isabella whispered as she watched Cassie cross the street and turn down a perpendicular road. The woman disappeared behind a house. Isabella didn’t want to get too close, so she and Tyler kept going so slowly they could barely keep their bicycles upright. When they rounded the corner, Cassie was gone. Although, there was nowhere she could have easily run off to.



"Where did she ...?" Tyler looked up as another cloud of bats passed overhead. He watched the dark creatures disappear into the night, heading toward Drusilla way. "You don't think she ...?"

"I think we can safely assume Alucard lives." A pit settled in Isabella's stomach. "We need to put together a rescue plan."

"Yeah, I think so." Tyler nodded.

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Ursula stood when she heard a key in her bedroom door. The room itself was a good deal nicer than the cage she'd been kept in. It was large with rounded walls, and it included a bathroom. The furniture was very eighteenth-century, but in good shape. The window looked out at the town below, but she was high enough in the tower that there was no thought of escape that way. She tugged at the collar, wishing she had the strength to rip it off her throat. Her body tensed, waiting to confront the monster. But when the door swung open, it was only pathetic Andy. "I heard a woman screaming earlier. What was that?" Ursula put her hands on her hips, trying to seem authoritative. She wore the elegant dress she'd been given. It was either that or go naked. She took the lesser of two evils.



"Perhaps Lord Alucard will answer that question, but I can't." Andy frowned at the pretty young woman. "He would like to see you now."

"Where's Damion? Is he okay?" Of course, she knew he wasn't okay. She was really asking if her boyfriend was still alive.

"Yes, he's resting. Our Lord decided that Damion needed a break, so Cassie won't ... um ... visit him tonight. Come now, Lord Alucard won't want to be kept waiting." Andy pulled out a leash, walked over to her, and attached it to the collar. "Sorry about this."

Ursula wanted nothing more than to throttle this man and make a run for it. But that would fail. This wasn't her moment. She would play along until she found a weakness. Then, she would pounce. As docile as a cow, she followed Andy out of her room.

