

CHAPTER 3



NOSFERATU NEXT DOOR

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Nosferatu Next Door 3

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"There's something wrong with Mr. Alucard." Isabella wandered into the basement where her brother was watching football. "The way everyone agreed with him ... and the way he looked at Mrs. Fearn ... and ..." She sat heavily on the couch next to her eighteen-year-old twin brother, pulled his blanket over her, and picked up the remote. She turned off the game and put on a horror movie she hadn't finished.



"And his brute-force charm and handsomeness." Tyler glanced at his sister. She was lit by the pale, flashing lights of their big-screen TV. "It's the fourth quarter, Issy. Can you change it back, please?"

"And the way he insisted that his Edward Scissorhands castle had always been there. What the fuck was that?" Isabella leaned her head on his shoulder and watched a lady walk into a spooky mansion when clearly, she should be running the other way. "Mom was acting really weird when we got home, too. I think something happened to her and Mrs. Fearn when the rest of us went on that walk. Which Alucard suggested!"

"What do you want me to do about any of this?" Tyler shrugged. Clearly, he wasn't going to see the end of the game.

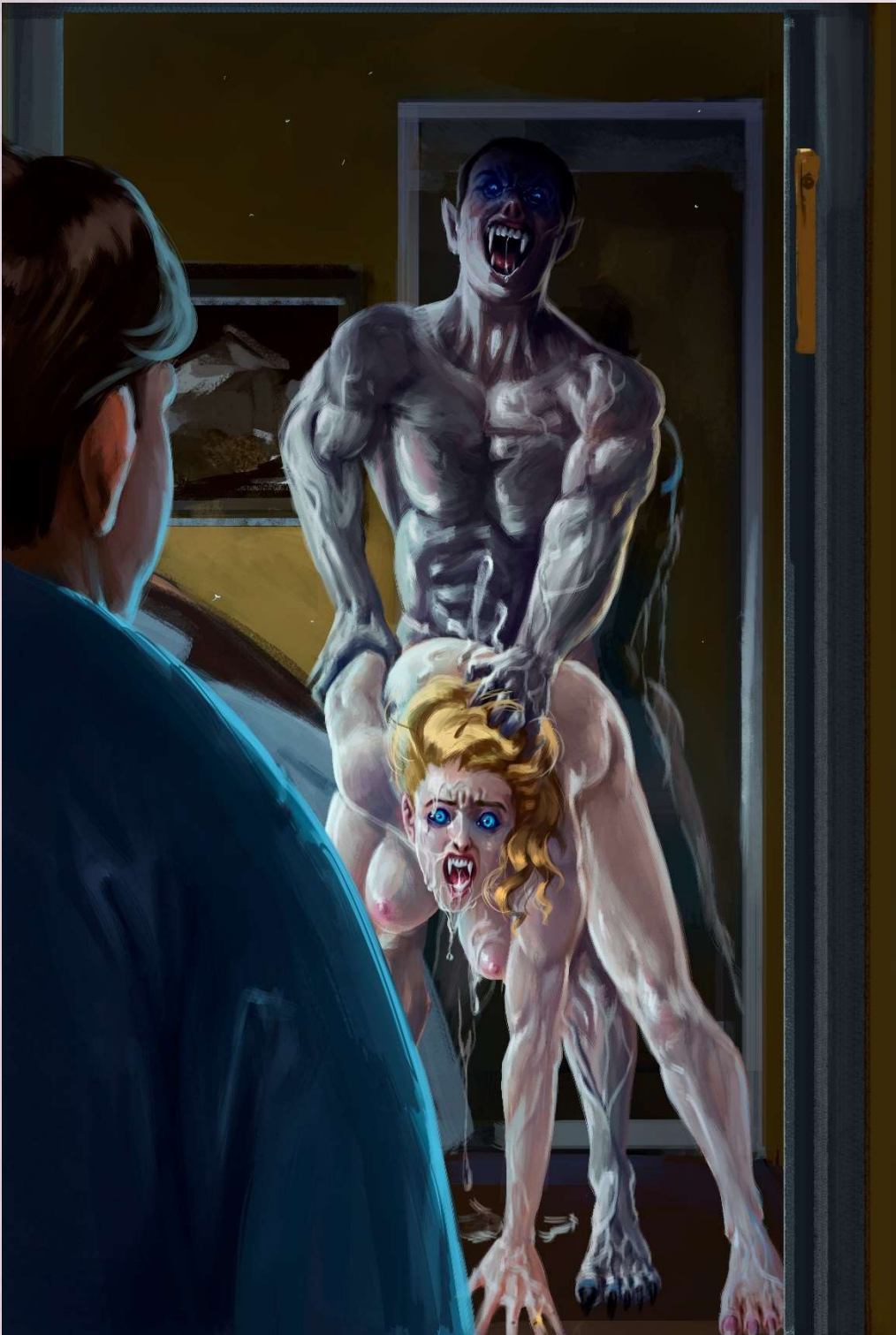
"We're going to go to his castle tomorrow and have a look around. See if we find anything suspicious." Isabella shook her head when the fanged serpent sprang at the woman on screen. "Now she runs. Too late, bimbo!"

Tyler laughed. He relaxed into the sofa, enjoying his sister's disruptive presence. "Fine. We'll check it out. If we're not going to watch the game, how about a kiss? Mom and Dad are asleep."

“I want to watch the movie, Tyler.” The smile she gave her brother when she glanced at him said otherwise. When he leaned into her, she opened her arms to accept him. Their tongues were well-practiced together. They made out in the dark, melting into one another until the movie ended. Then they reluctantly pulled apart, said their goodnights, and went off to their separate rooms.

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“Cassie? Mr. Alucard? Can I come in? I’m really tired, and I’d like to go to sleep.” Andy hadn’t heard his marital bed squeak for a while, and the horrible moaning and wailing had stopped, too. When he didn’t get an answer, he opened his bedroom door and peeked in. He gasped when he saw them.

Cassie was bent over naked facing the door. She looked sickly, with darkened veins under pallid skin, black eyes, and ... fangs. She gnashed together blood-curdling teeth, while staring deep into Andy’s soul.

“What have ... you done ... to my wife?” Andy stepped back and clumsily bumped against the doorframe. He could hear the buzzing of locusts. No, it was Cassie hissing in the most horrible way.

Behind Cassie, moving his hips slowly, was Alucard. His monstrous features looked much the same as Cassie’s. “She is no longer ... your wife. She is my bride and the first of her sisters here in Fallbrook.” He slapped her ass to mark his territory. She gasped and convulsed, tightening her pussy around the invading

cock. “Don’t look so despondent, Andy. I have need of you, too. We will require a servant to do our will when we are otherwise indisposed.”

“What ... um ... what do you want me to do ... Mr. Alucard?” Andy stared into Cassie’s eyes. They seemed to be spiraling. He lost himself in their vast emptiness.

“I have title, Andy. Call me Your Grace.” Alucard pulled out of his bride with a squelching plop.

“What do you require, Your Grace?” Andy shivered, suddenly nervous he would displease them.

"You will chauffeur us to my castle. Cassie will reside there with me. It needs a woman's touch. Get the car ready." Alucard moved off the bed, his now soft cock swinging between his legs.

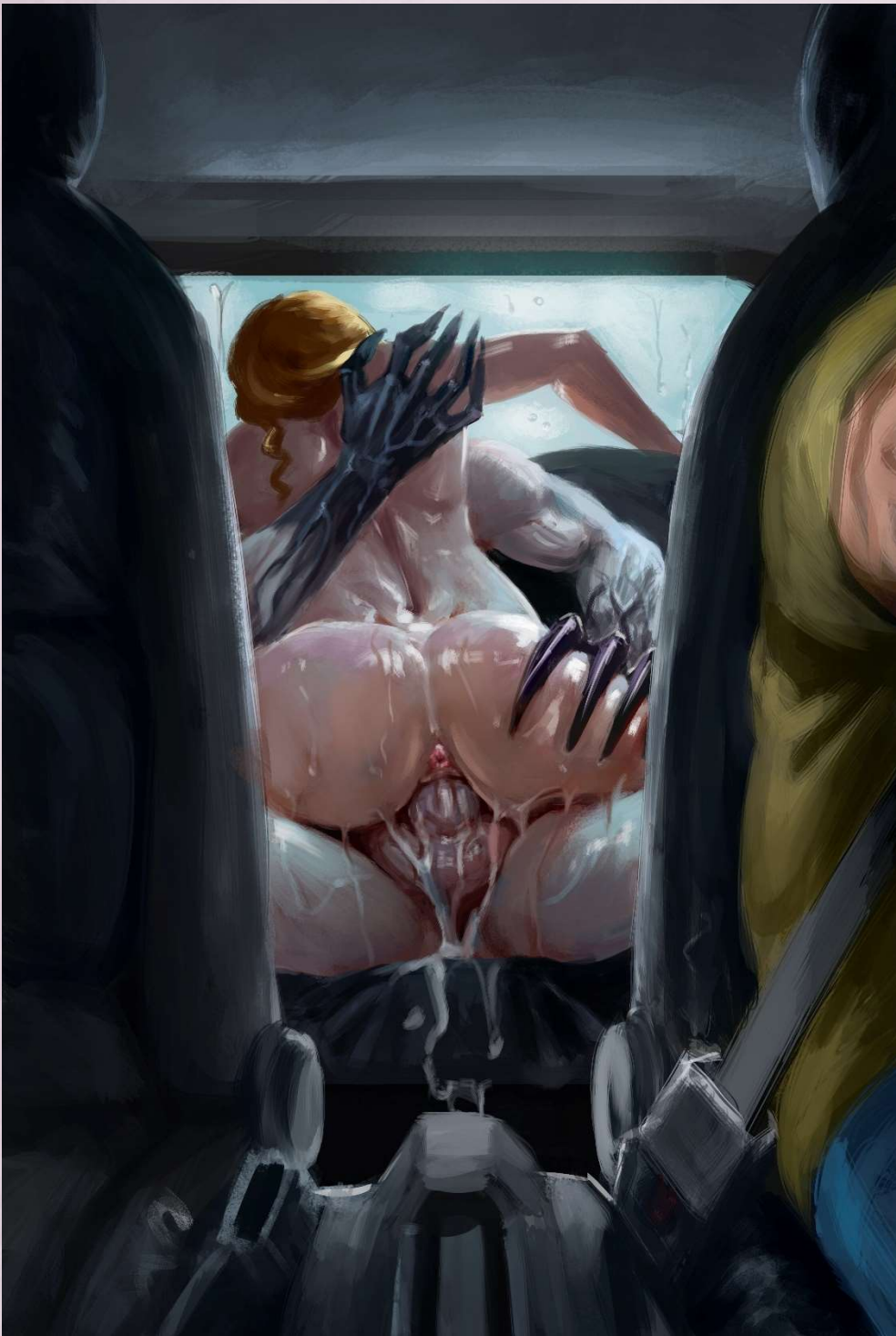
"Should I pack for Cassie? Will she be gone long?" Andy rushed to the closet to fetch a suitcase.

"Ohhhhhhhhh ... I feel them ... swimming inside meeeeeeee." Cassie slumped to the mattress holding her belly. A dreamy smile spread across her monstrous visage.

"Yes, very thoughtful of you, Andy." Alucard nodded and walked toward the door. "Pack as if she were staying for an eternity."

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"Is it wise to do that back there? What if someone sees you, Your Grace?" Andy tried not to look in the rearview mirror at his wife riding this strange creature. She was still naked, and he could see the curve of her spine and the serpentine slither of her undulating hips. She had never moved that way with him. Andy was sure of it. The waxing and waning shadows from passing cars and streetlights made him feel like the whole world had joined in the copulating rhythm taking place in the backseat.

"Drive according to your ... Fallbrook's rules and ... all should be well." Alucard was close. He took handfuls of his bride's ass and slammed her down, overriding her movements. "Thank you ... Andy ... for keeping Cassie tight ... all these years. But I'm afraid ... I have now ... spoiled ... her ... gggrrrrrrrrrr." He shot another load in her inviting womb.

Cassie squealed with delight.

"You're welcome, Your Grace." When Andy glanced in the mirror, he realized that he could only see his wife and not the monster under her. He had to quickly look over his shoulder to confirm that Alucard's voice

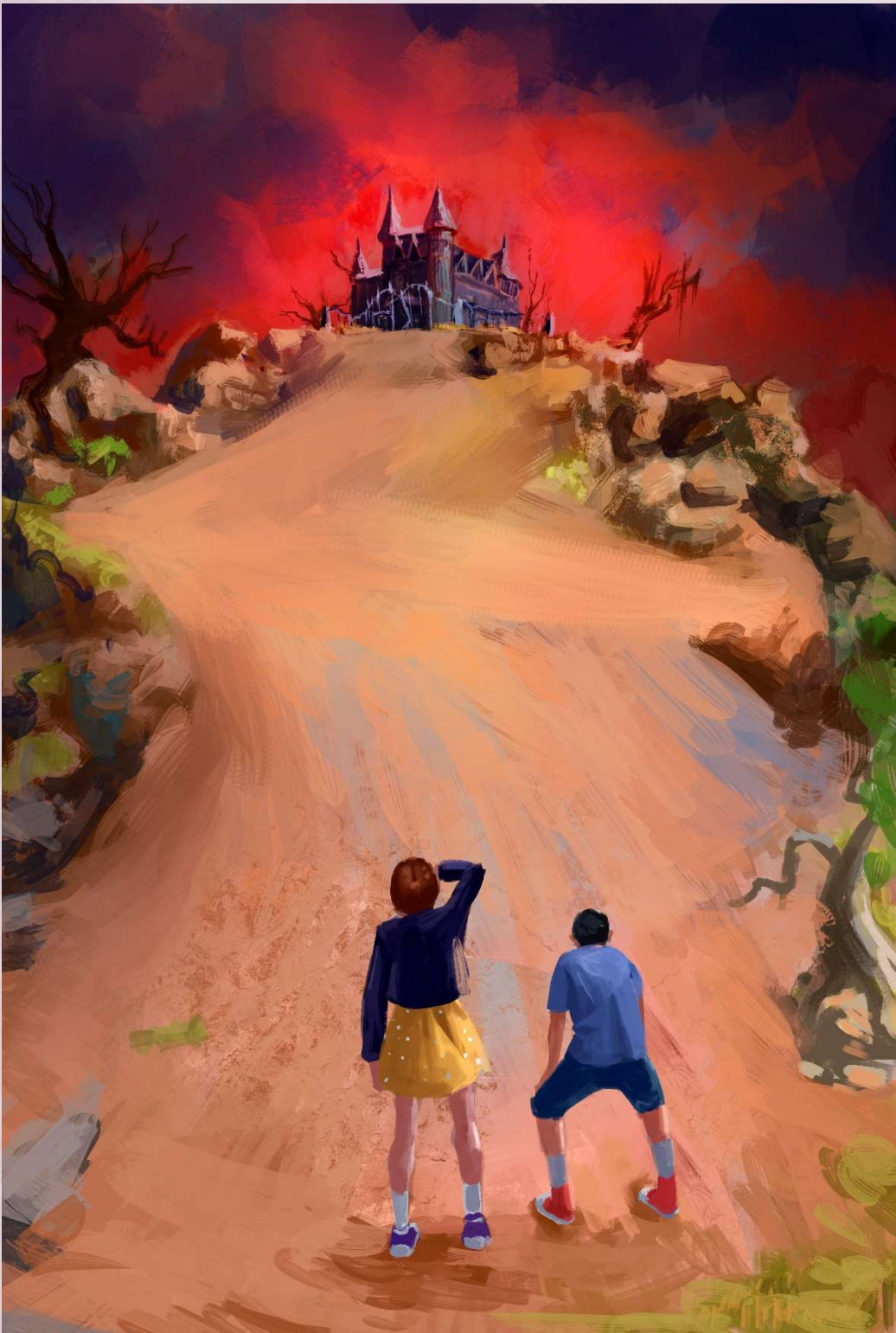
belonged to a body. It did, and the creature's eyes were staring at Andy. He quickly turned his gaze back to the road and did his best to get them to Alucard's castle as quickly as possible while obeying the speed limit.

“Again?” Cassie slowly pivoted herself until she was mounted Alucard in reverse. “Fill me ... again ... before we ... reach the castle.”

“As ... you ... wish.” Alucard squeezed her round ass and let her do the work for the rest of their journey.

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"You can see ... our house from here." Tyler pointed over the neat rows of roofs that surrounded the hill they'd climbed. He worked hard to catch his breath.

"I'll ... check ... it out ... in ... a minute." Isabella stared at the dead grass around her feet. Her hands were braced against her knees as she huffed and puffed. She watched sweat drip down her nose and drop to the lifeless turf below.

Once his lungs stopped burning, Tyler looked around. "Cool ... Look at this." He pushed the rusting wrought iron gate. It creaked heavily on its hinges as it swung open. "It's got a dog on it."

Isabella looked up. "Oh ... that's a hellhound ... Tyler. You can see ... the artist leashed it ... to this representation of ... the spirit world. And also ... its ribs are ... showing. Really nifty ... work." She put her hands behind her head and breathed deeply. A dry, hot breeze billowed her dress.

"Oh." Tyler pushed the other half of the gate. Its hinges screeched just as loudly as its

twin. "Are we *sure* this hasn't been here forever?" He looked at the gothic castle ahead of them. "It *looks* old."

"I'm sure. He definitely built it ... to look like this." She followed her twin through the gate, a shiver running down her spine the second her foot stepped passed it. "I wish we'd brought some water."

"That hill is a lot steeper than it looks." Tyler nodded agreement. "So, what do we do? Have a look around? Knock on the door?" They walked up the circular driveway. He looked up at the closest tower, getting the impression that all the windows in the building were watching them. But all he could see inside was black.

"I don't want to knock." Isabella jogged to catch up to her brother and took his hand. She squeezed his fingers tightly. "Let's just have a look around."



Together the twins slowly worked their way around the building. The landscaping was either overgrown and thorny, or had died back completely. They said little to each other. The sun seemed to shine less brightly, and the wind picked up. They stopped when they came upon two large mounds of freshly turned earth next to two rectangular holes in the ground. They stared at their find.

“Well ... damn.” Tyler rubbed the back of his neck with his free hand. He squeezed his sister’s clammy palm with the other. “These look an awful lot like -”



“Graves.” Isabella nodded solemnly. “Two graves. And there’s two of us.” She looked into the distance. “Do you hear that?”

Tyler cocked his head. “Sounds like barking.”

“It’s baying hounds.” She pulled his hand to turn them back around.

“Some neighborhood dogs.” He resisted his sister for a second, but then let her lead him back around the castle. “They’re getting louder.”

"That's because they're getting closer, genius." She let go of his hand and broke into a run. A nearby vine caught her dress and tore off a large swath of fabric. She sprinted with her panty-clad butt exposed for all to see. Her ruined dress flapped in the wind like a kite behind her. "Run!"

"Yeah, okay." Tyler ran faster than his sister, but he didn't pass her. When he caught up, he kept pace. The barking was an unholy chorus right behind him. He looked over his shoulder. "Run ... faster!" He screamed. He could see a pack of five appalling dogs just rounding the castle. They were all massive. Foam from their mouths coated their mangy fur. The gate was close.



When a dog seized a trailing fragment of her dress in its jaws, Isabella screamed in terror. Her body jerked back, but Tyler grabbed her arm and pulled her past the rusted gates. They tumbled together onto the dead grass. Isabella was sure the dogs would tear them to pieces at any moment, but it didn't happen. She looked back toward the castle and saw the large hounds bounding back into the overgrown thicket. "Fuck ... that."



"Agreed." Tyler nodded, panting. He looked down. His shirt was torn, with bloody scratches underneath. His shorts were completely shredded. He stood and offered Isabella a hand.

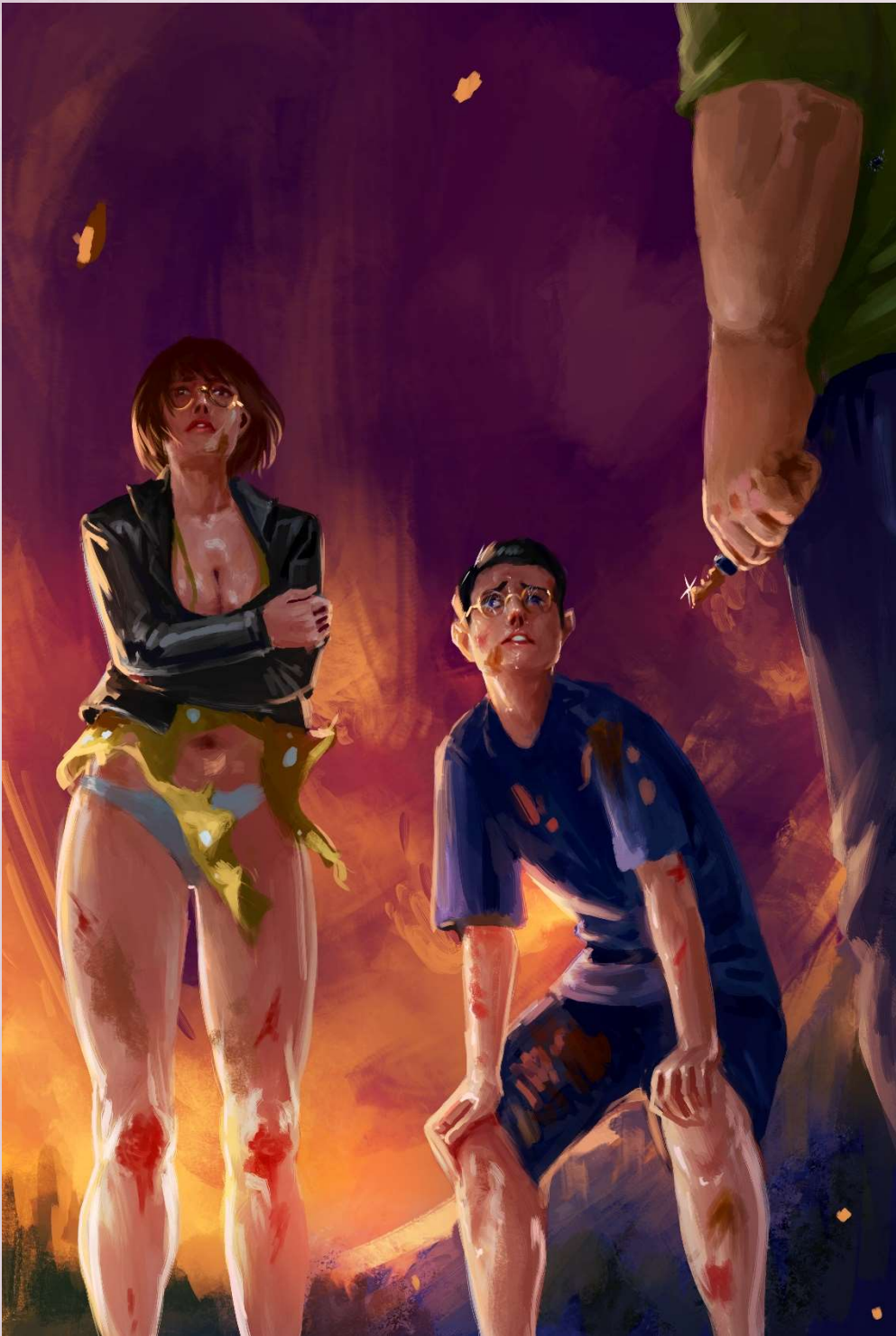
"Is that from the ... dogs?" Isabella nodded to his torn clothes as she stood.

"From the bushes ... I think." Tyler shook uncontrollably. "Your dress?"

Isabella looked down at herself. She wore only a few tattered fragments of the bright, cheerful dress she'd put on that morning. "The garden ... *and* the dogs ... I think." She had scratches all over, and her knees were painfully scraped.

A car chugged up the hill toward the twins. Tyler stood by the side of the road and waited to see if it might be Alucard coming home. If it was, he was going to give him an earful about his feral dogs. The car was an inexpensive sedan. Not something Alucard would drive. Perhaps it was some other ... neighbor. Tyler looked around at the isolation. The castle didn't have any immediate neighbors. The car stopped in front of them, and the window rolled down. Tyler scratched his head. "Mr. Fearn?"

"Hello, kids." Andy eyed their cuts and tattered clothes. "Seems like you two got yourselves into some trouble."



Isabella crossed her arms over her chest, hiding where her bra peeked out. “We wanted to say hello to Mr. Alucard. But his dogs chased us off.”

“I see.” Andy nodded. “His Grace values his privacy. Why don’t you get in, and I’ll drive you home?”

“Um ... okay.” Isabella didn’t want to give the whole town a show on their walk home, and this was the best offer they were going to get short of finding a payphone and calling their parents to pick them up. She looked at Tyler and he nodded. They got in the backseat.

“What was that about ‘grace,’ Mr. Fearn?” Tyler fastened his seat belt.

“The gracious and inimitable owner of this castle has a title. I’m not sure if he’s a duke or a baron or what.” Andy turned the car around and slowly drove them down the hill. “He prefers that we call him ‘Your Grace,’ or if we’re talking about him, ‘His Grace.’ He’s earned our respect.”

“Has he?” Isabella cocked her head.

“I think we’ll just call him Mr. Alucard.” Tyler rolled his eyes at his sister. She nodded back. Clearly, they agreed that Andy was acting odd.

“Well, that’ll be between you and His Grace I suppose.” Andy shrugged. They drove in silence the rest of the way home. He dropped them off and drove away without anything more than a “goodbye.”

The twins went inside to clean up and change.

