



CHAPTER 4

NOSFERATU  
NEXT DOOR

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

## Nosferatu Next Door 4

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"Andy says that the Jensen twins were nearly eaten by your dogs." Cassie's cheeks were ashen despite her vigorously cleaning, but otherwise she looked like her old self. Outside, the sky was filled with the pinks, reds, and oranges of sunset. Inside, candlelight flickered. She stood on a tall ladder, precariously clearing spider webs from the vaulted ceiling while her new groom gazed up at her with his fathomless, black eyes. "I've ... um ... known them for a long time. I'd hate for them to get eaten," she quickly added.

"No harm will come to them." Alucard offered a reassuring smile. "They suffered no more than a fright. I showed them what few teenagers see: their mortality. They won't come back here uninvited."

"Very well, Your Grace." Cassie nodded and continued cleaning. "Are you going out?"

He ignored the question. "You don't need that ladder to work up there. Use what I have given you." Alucard flapped his arms as if he were a bat.

"I can fly?" Cassie bit her lip. Thankfully, she had no fangs in her mouth at the moment. "Do I just ..." She held the duster tighter and flapped her arms.

"Step into the air." Alucard's smile tightened into a smirk.

Without hesitation, Cassie complied. In all her life she had never trusted anyone deeply enough to take such a leap of faith. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She fell from the ladder and hit the stone floor with a resounding thud. Had it not been for her recent changes, she would have broken her neck. "Ow," she squeaked.

"Hmmm." Alucard rubbed his chin as if deep in thought. He then slapped his leg. Sudden, uproarious laughter burst from deep inside him and cascaded around the castle. The candles guttered with the force of it. "Did you really think ... you could fly?" He wiped pinkish tears from his eyes. "Call your servant to the castle and have him help you clean. There's a phone in the study. I want this place sparkling in time for the party."

Cassie spit blood onto the stones below her and rolled onto her back, groaning. "Party?"

"You and I will be hosting a party, darling." Alucard, still chuckling, straightened his tie and swept out of the room.





“Oh ... Issy ... yes ... I’m getting close.” Tyler wrapped his fingers in his sister’s red hair. He pushed on her head just how she liked it.

The eighteen-year-old twins were in the basement bathroom, where they always went for privacy.

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhh.” Isabella was ready for her salty pre-dinner snack. She pumped his shaft with both hands, bobbing her head rapidly.

The doorbell rang.

“Uh ... ignore it.” Tyler didn’t have to tell his sister. She kept sucking him like there was no tomorrow. The doorbell rang again. And again. “Damn.” Tyler gently pulled her off his cock. “Maybe Mom’s napping. She’ll kill us if we let it ring forever.” Another chime echoed through the house.

“You’re right ... sorry big guy.” Isabella kissed the turgid head of his cock one more time. She washed her face in the sink and straightened her clothes. She glanced at Tyler as he put his dick away. “Tuck that under your waistband or something, your pants look like a carnival.”

“What would I do without you?” Tyler slipped his dick under his

waistband and gave her butt a playful pat. The doorbell rang again. “Let’s go find out who the asshole is.”

They jogged up to the main floor.

“Can someone get the door? I’m trying to meditate.” Stephanie’s annoyed voice bounced down from upstairs.

“On it, Mom,” Isabella called back.

Tyler opened the door and shivered. "Mr. ... Alucard. What are you doing here?" Tyler's mind became unmoored. He felt like he was floating.

"Good evening, young man." Alucard stared deeply into the teenager's eyes. "May I come in?"

"You ..." Tyler came back to himself when he felt his sister's familiar hand on his shoulder. "You ... can't come in right now ... sorry." He felt his sister tense up as she pressed into his side.

"Well ..." A moment of dissatisfaction flickered on Alucard's face but was quickly replaced by an amicable smile. "I wanted to apologize to the two of you for what happened at my home yesterday. Mr. Fearn told me all about it. I hope you were not too frightened. I assure you, my dogs are all bark and no bite."

"My torn dress would disagree with you." Isabella had steel in her voice. She stood on her toes to get closer to Alucard's height. It didn't do much good.

"Perhaps I could come in and apologize to your mother? She must have been very concerned." Alucard looked behind them into the house, but didn't move. His toes were perfectly lined up with the threshold.



“Well, I guess no meditating for me.” Stephanie approached the front door wearing a loose sweater and yoga pants. “Who’s at the door?”



“Good evening, Mrs. Jensen.” Alucard stepped back from the doorway to bow. “I’m afraid I gave your children quite a fright yesterday. I came to apologize.”

“You did?” Stephanie’s voice sounded faint as she stopped next to her children.

“May I come in?” Alucard gave her his most disarming smile.

Stephanie looked at her children. They clearly did not want this man in their house. She was inclined to agree with them. “Mr. Alucard. I was just about to make dinner, and the house is a mess. Why don’t I step out for a minute, and we can take a quick walk around the block? You can tell me what happened with the twins.”

“No, Mom.” Isabella put a hand on her mother’s shoulder.

When his mother looked at him, Tyler shook his head firmly.

“It’s okay, you two. I could use the fresh air. I’ll be back in ten minutes.” Stephanie stepped outside into the twilight. “Preheat the oven to four-fifty, please.” She smiled back at

them and walked down the front walk, keeping her distance from her new companion.

“What should we do?” Isabella watched them until they disappeared down the sidewalk.

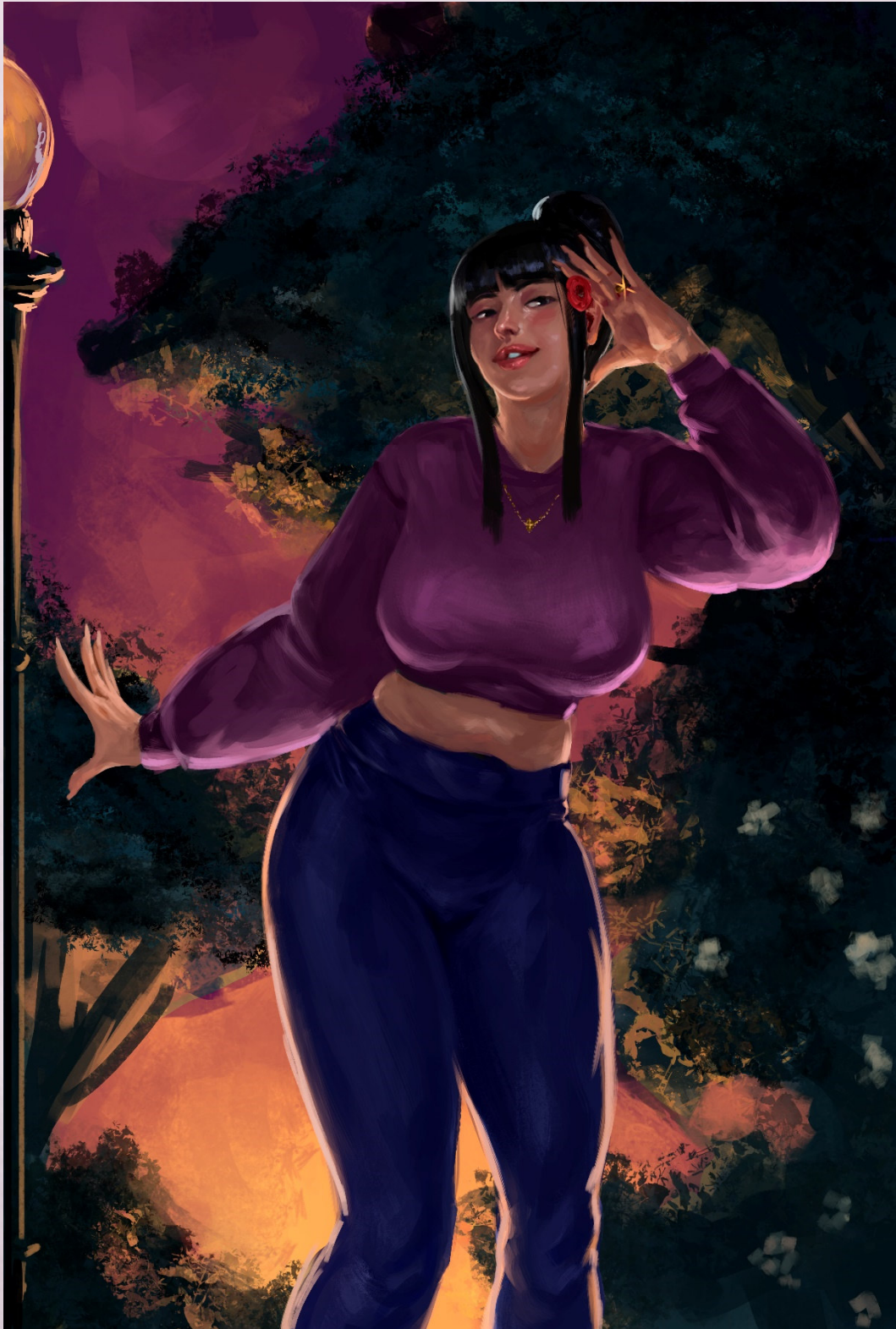
“I mean ... it’s Mom. She can handle herself. Right?” Tyler pressed his lips into a thin line.

“We shouldn’t have let her go.” Isabella walked out a few paces and sat on the lawn, waiting for her mother’s return.

Tyler, his erection long gone, sat cross-legged next to her. “She didn’t want us to make a scene, Issy. It’ll be alright. She’ll be back soon.”



Several blocks away from the Jensen's home, Stephanie was getting an earful about her trespassing children, and how they had upset Mr. Alucard's dogs. If she was honest with herself, he wasn't offering much of an apology. He bent and picked a red poppy that shone bright in the friscalating dusklight and handed it to her. Without thinking, she accepted it and put it behind her ear. A sudden memory came back to her. *This man had bitten Cassie on the breast.* Right in front of her. Why had she forgotten something so ghastly? Her whole body stiffened, and she turned to look at him, finding his deep, black eyes locked to hers. She relaxed. When he offered his hand, she accepted.



“Finally. By accepting a gift from me, you have opened yourself to new possibilities.” Alucard pulled her into a local park, and they disappeared into a small copse of trees. “You have been a slippery fish, Mrs. Jensen.”

“Have I?” Stephanie still remembered the shocking dinner at Cassie’s house, but it seemed quite natural to her now. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment that she had been so rude as to hit him with a candlestick. “Does your head hurt from where I hit you?”

“It was nothing, darling. Think on it no more.”

And Stephanie did precisely that.



“You look so pretty here among the trees.” He squeezed her hand tighter.

“Oh ... thank you.” Flustered, Stephanie used her free hand to brush her hair away from her face.

“Might I steal a little kiss?” Alucard leaned closer, his eyes still locked on hers.

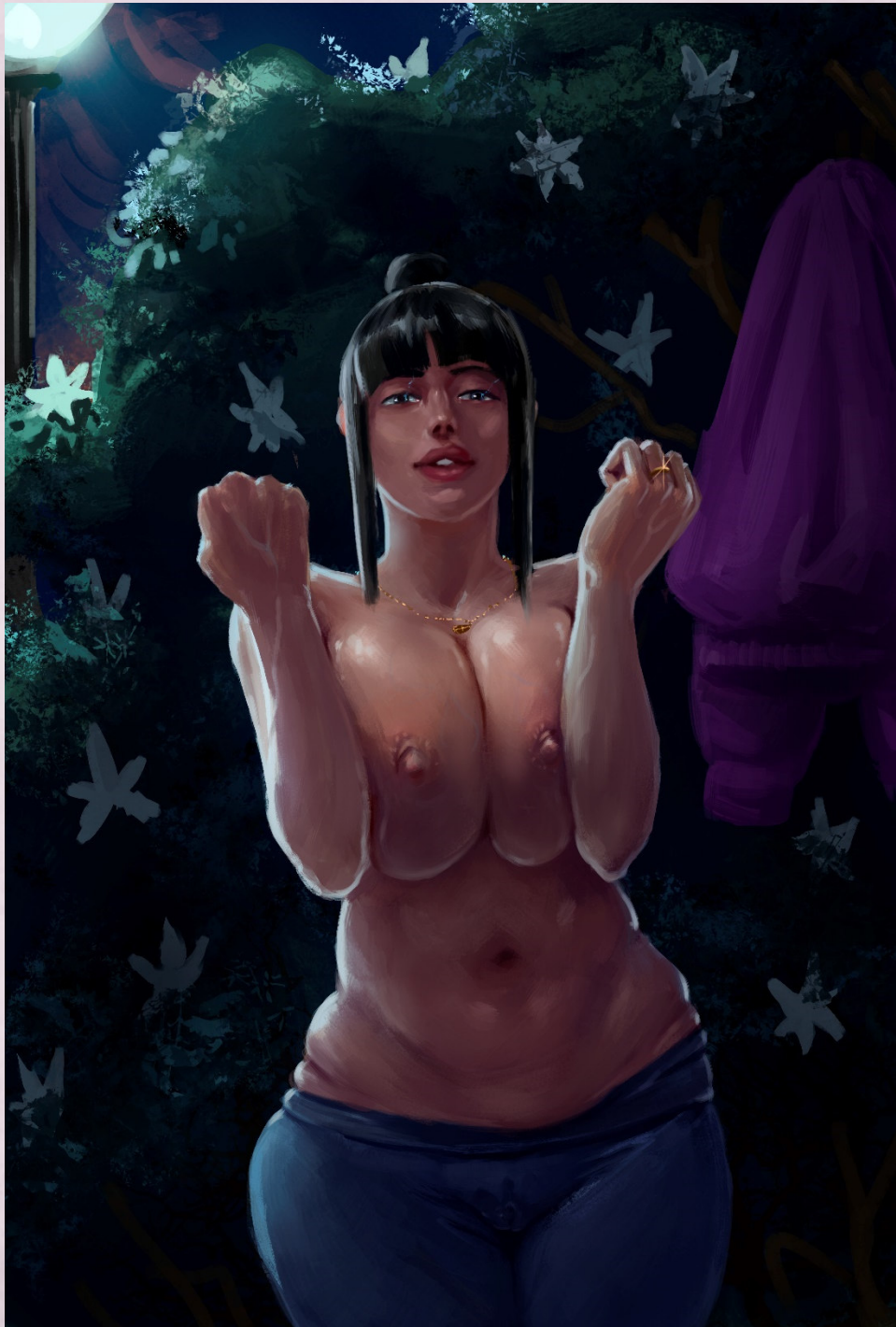
“I’m married, Mr. Alucard.” Stephanie fanned her face with her hand. She was so hot. “I love Brad even more than the day he proposed. I would never ... mppppphhhhhhhhh.” Stephanie melted into the kiss. All thoughts of her husband evaporated. She had forgotten the thrill of kissing someone new. Especially someone who knew how to use his tongue and lips. When his hands moved to her butt, she let him grope her. It was an impossible situation for her mind to grasp. She was only a few blocks from home, in the woods, making out with a gorgeous, strange man. Even when he pressed his manhood into her belly, she didn’t flinch. Instead, her vagina quivered. He was so large! Impossibly large!

Alucard broke the kiss and pulled up her sweater. He hefted her heavy boobs encased in their supportive bra. "You are so wonderfully full of life." He hadn't taken a woman with breasts this large in decades. "Might I kiss them?"

"I don't know ..." But Stephanie pulled off her sweater, hung it from a branch, and reached back to unclasp her bra. "You *really* want to see them?"

"Absolutely." He nodded with hunger.

"Okey ... dokey." Stephanie unclasped her bra, removed it, and hung it next to her sweater. When she saw the effect her boobs had on Alucard's face, her knees trembled. She had never seen a man so consumed by lust. She giggled. "I guess you like them."



"I could feast on them all night." He lowered his face and noisily sucked on one nipple. He then moved to the other.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... Mr. Alucard." Stephanie looked around the woods. When he'd said the word "night," she suddenly became aware how dark it was. They had started their walk just after sunset, but that seemed long past. "Maybe we ...okay ... maybe we ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Stephanie shrieked when he bit into the flesh on her underboob. She had never experienced anything so thrilling, terrifying, and compelling. He was biting and sucking on her boob. It was wonderful. It was ... not right. "I ... oooohhhhhhhh ... shouldn't be doing this." She grabbed her hanging bra and sweater. "Stop ... Mr. Alucard." Much to her relief, he did. But then his eyes, blacker than ever in the shadows, were upon hers again. She blinked.





“I have to ... go.” She hurriedly pulled on her sweater and ran through the trees with her bra in her hand.

“Goodnight, sweet thing.” Alucard didn’t follow her. She was still more slippery than Cassie.

Stephanie looked over her shoulder, but the extraordinary man was not behind her. She jogged back home to find her children waiting for her on the front lawn. They hadn’t turned on the outdoor lights, so it was difficult to make out their expressions. She imagined them to be disapproving.

“What did he say, Mom?” Isabella stood quickly when she saw her mother.

“Nothing.” Stephanie marched right past them. “Did you preheat the oven?”

“No, Mom.” Tyler stood next to his sister, holding her hand. “Are you okay?”

“I would be better if you’d preheated the oven.” Stephanie disappeared into the house.

“Well ...” Tyler adjusted his glasses. He saw his sister unconsciously mimic his gesture with her own glasses. “If she’s mad about the oven, I guess that means she’s okay.”

“What was she holding in her hand?” Isabella shivered and looked up into the night sky.

“I couldn’t tell. It’s too dark.” Tyler pulled her inside. “I feel like we’re being watched. He looked at the dreary, cookie-cutter houses all around but saw no one. He looked up at the castle on Drusilla Way and saw all its windows were lit with flickering light. “Come on, let’s go inside.”



“Yeah, okay. Let’s help Mom with dinner. Maybe she’ll tell us what happened.” Isabella followed her brother into the house. The night felt sinister and forbidding. Once they closed and locked the front door, she turned on every light in the house.

