

CHAPTER 5



NOSFERATU
NEXT DOOR

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Nosferatu Next Door 5

Illustrations by MrPenguin

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points?

Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page

<https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of MrPenguin's art:

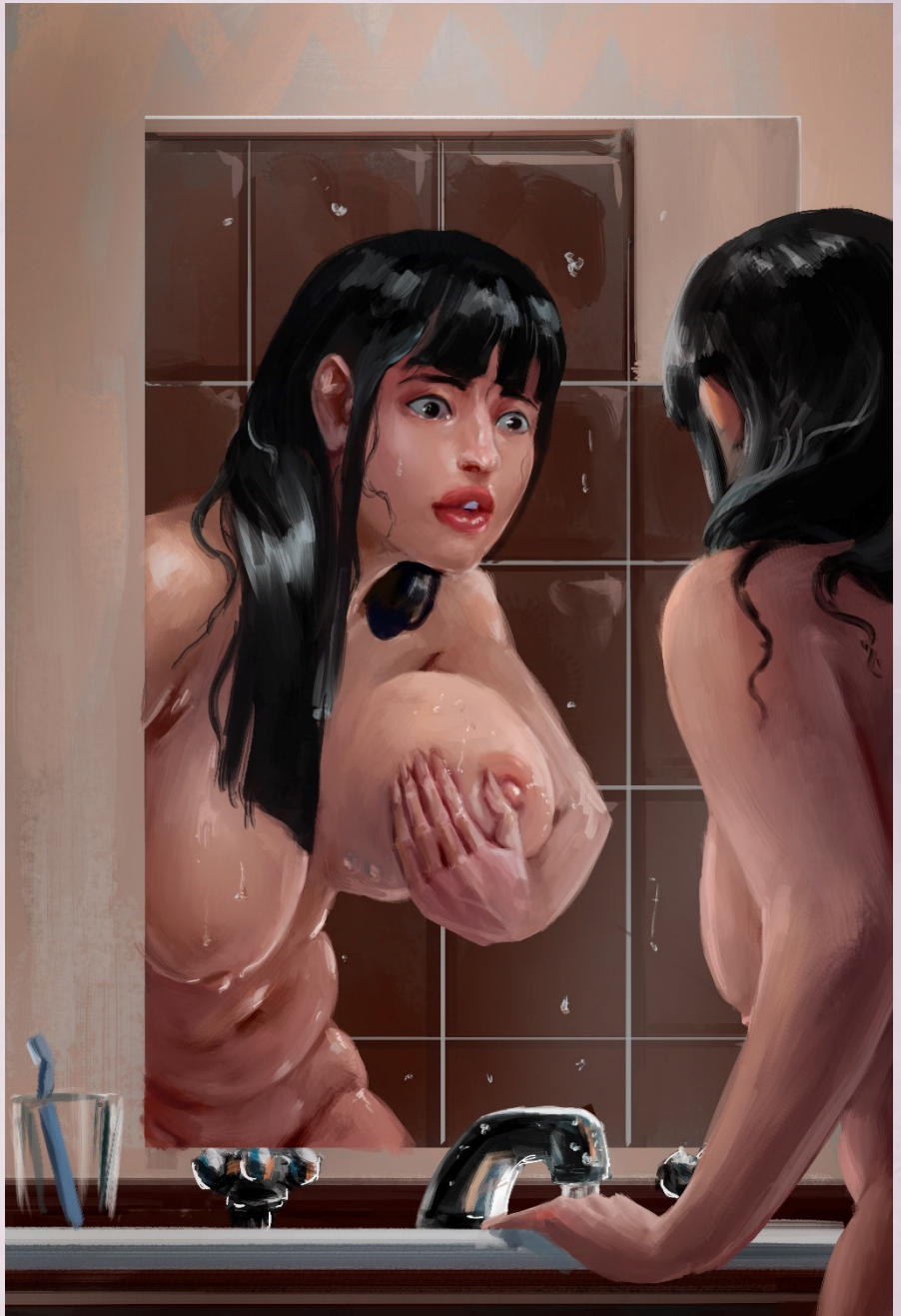
<https://linktr.ee/mrpenguin>

Several days passed since that strange man, Alucard, had visited Stephanie. At first, she couldn't bring herself to examine the breast he'd bitten. It was an event that she didn't want to confirm with evidence. The bite was on her underboob, so it was easy to hide it from herself and her husband. It didn't hurt. She wouldn't have even known it was there, except for the memory of its creation. That moment of ecstasy that continued to fever her brain.



Late at night, Stephanie decided she would finally have to confront the mark he'd left on her. *I'm going to have a look.* She slowly undressed in her bathroom. It was late, and her husband slept in their bed on the other side of the locked door. If there was ever a time to check, this was it. Once naked, she moved in front of the mirror. *Maybe I imagined it. I mean, who bites someone?* She took several deep breaths to steady her nerves. *Okay, Steph. Let's see what we're working with.*

Stephanie took hold of her right boob and lifted it so she could inspect the underside. She gasped when she saw two neat marks on her skin. They were mostly healed, but the red welts were unmistakable. "Oh ... my Gosh ... would you look at that?" She whispered to herself in the silent bathroom. She tensed in horror and fascination. She leaned closer to the mirror, inspecting the marks. A flush colored her cheeks and her upper chest. She remembered how wonderful it had felt to have him suck her. She looked at the door and thought of her sleeping husband. *Brad ... I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me that day.* She turned back to the mirror.





Without thinking, her left hand dropped from her breast, her right hand still holding it so she could see the bite marks in the mirror. *He pierced me, but only left two marks. How is that possible? Why am I ... so feverish?* Stephanie was surprised and confused to find that her left fingers were avidly rubbing her clit. *My vagina's wet!* She stared at the bite marks as she masturbated. She tried thinking about Brad, but the only image that would pop into her head was the gorgeous Alucard. She tried to ignore her wedding ring as it glittered with her clitoral stimulation. "I'm sorry, Brad," she whispered. "I don't know ... what's ... uuuggghhhh ... happening ... to meeeeeeeeeeeee." Her face contorted with lust. She didn't recognize the woman in the mirror. Still gripping her boob so she could see the bite, she began rotating her hips obscenely. It felt like she masturbated for a very long time, lost in a fog of lust.

"Mr. Alucard ... Mr. Alucard ..." Eventually, her orgasm was upon her. Her eyes rolled back. She finally released her boob to clasp her right hand over her mouth. Stephanie's muffled cries filled the bathroom.

When her climax was past her, searing guilt and bewilderment filled her mind. *This is all so crazy. I love Brad more than anything.* She turned on a cold shower and let the shock of that water

knock back any remaining carnal feelings. She promised herself she wouldn't check the bite again. Not until she was sure it had fully healed.

Stephanie wasn't the only one up that night. The twins were in Isabella's closet. The bedroom doors didn't lock, so this was their go-to spot when they wanted to get together after bedtime.

"Oooohhhh ... Tyler ... Tyler ... Tyler ... right there!" Isabella wore only her glasses, standing with her back against hanging shirts and dresses. Her legs were spread wide open. Her eyes lovingly gazed down at her brother as he lapped at her pussy.

"Mmmppphhh." Tyler still had on his pajamas, kneeling on the closet floor. His sister was always deliciously tangy. She was the perfect midnight snack.



"Tyler ... Tylerrrrrr ... gonna cum ... gonna cummmmmmmmm."
Isabella convulsed and was the second Jensen woman to climax that night. She slid to the floor and ended up in her brother's arms. There was just enough light coming through a crack in the door to let her see how shiny she'd made his face. "I'm ... so happy ... that ... you like that." She panted.

"A brother's duty is never done."
He gave her a mock salute.

"Oh ... shut up ... dummy." She giggled and slapped his shoulder playfully. Thankfully, their injuries from the dogs had mostly healed, and she didn't need to worry about hurting him anymore. They cuddled in silence on the closet floor for a while.

"What's up? I can feel you tensing."
Tyler hugged her gently. "I know you have something to say when you tense up like that."

"It's just ... I've been thinking about Mr. Alucard," she said.

It was Tyler's turn to tense up. "Not while I was ..."

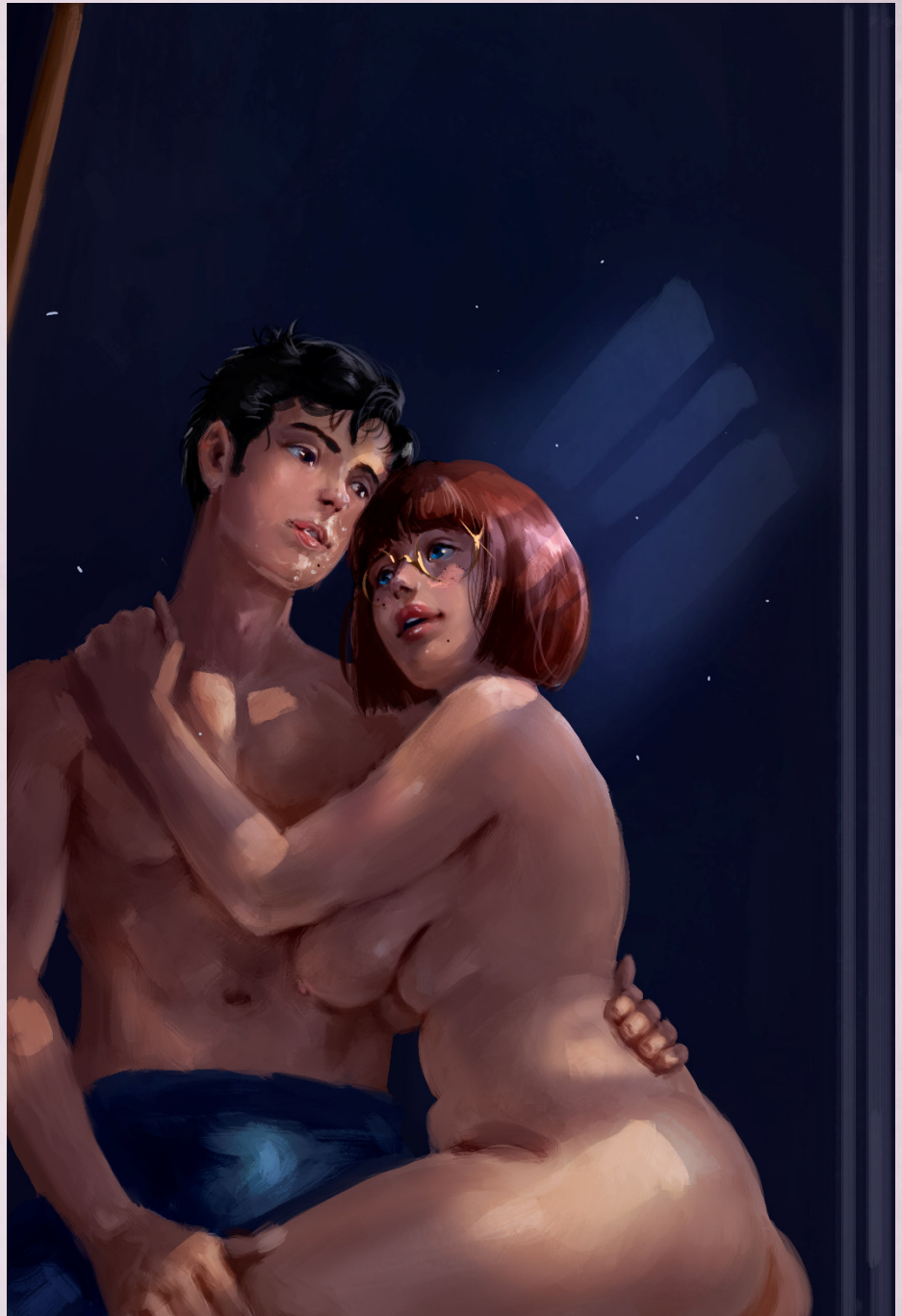
"No, no. Of course, not." Isabella gave her brother a squeeze of reassurance. "As we were cuddling,

I was thinking about the other day when he came by. Mom's been acting odd ever since. And ... there's something wrong with Alucard. Like ... really wrong."

"Right." Tyler nodded. "I think he's a vampire."

"What!?!!" She jerked away from him.

"I've been doing some research." Tyler stood up and reached a hand down to his sister. "Come on, I'll tell you about it while we get ready for bed."





The twins went to the bathroom together, washed up, brushed teeth, and somberly discussed their new neighbor. When they were done, Tyler had laid out his case. He had his glasses back on, and wore pajama bottoms.

“Okay, let’s say I believe you.” Isabella sat naked on the toilet lid. She was brushing her hair and thinking. “We need three things.”

“One, keep Mom away from him,” Tyler said.

“Two, prove he’s a vamp,” Isabella said.

“Three, stake him through the heart or whatever.” Tyler nodded. “Agreed.”

“Fuck, we’ve got finals coming up. How are we going to juggle that with killing demons?” She frowned.

“We always manage, don’t we?” Tyler tried to give her a brave smile, even if he was terrified. “Jensen pride, right?”

Isabella gave him the family hand sign along with a faint grin. “Jensen pride forever.”

~~



"I've been posting on some message boards." Isabella was sitting with her brother on their front porch. It was a fine, sunny afternoon, and they'd decided to take their research outside. She had a laptop open in front of her. "I've gotten lots of responses. Some people claim to have killed vamps. Some people say they *are* vamps. And some people ..." Isabella scowled.

"Did you let them know you're a girl again?" Tyler laughed.

"I wanted to be honest, Tyler." She shook her head. "There are others on the vampire boards are asking to see my tits." Isabella looked up from her laptop and gazed down the street.

"I hope you're not thinking of showing them. Vamps love tits, everyone knows that." It was a joke, but he didn't laugh and neither did his sister. In fact, she didn't respond with her usual quip at all. "What's up, Issy?" He glanced at her and followed her gaze. "What the ...?"

Plodding down their street was some sort of equestrian. The rider wore a formal black jacket, bowtie, and top hat. His horse was a large, sable beast. The twins stared in disbelief. As the rider drew closer, they could hear hoof-falls echoing off their sedate neighbor's homes.

"Is that ...?" Isabella said.

"Mr. Fearn." Tyler nodded and adjusted his glasses.

The horse crossed their lawn, trotted up their walkway, and stopped in front of the porch.

"Hey, kids." Andy tipped his cap to them. He pulled a leather bag off the saddle and reached inside. "Is your mom home?"

"We're eighteen, Mr. Fearn. Not kids." Tyler folded his arms over his chest.

"Not now, Tyler." Isabella reached over and swatted her brother's thigh. "Hello, Mr. Fearn. I didn't know you liked horses."

Andy gave the girl a pained smile. "I don't like them. Especially this one. But I'm working right now. Can you get your mother?"

"Working?" Isabella thought he was an accountant in an office somewhere. "Go get Mom." She nudged her brother, who got up and went inside. Isabella tried to engage Andy in conversation while her brother was gone, but the man was unusually laconic.

A minute later, Tyler returned with Stephanie.

"Oh ... gosh ... what are you doing on that big thing, Andy?" Stephanie put a hand to her mouth.

"His Grace has asked me to give you this." Andy pulled his hand from the bag and held out a paper with formal-looking handwriting.

"His what?" Stephanie smoothed out her clothes and nervously stepped off the porch to take the invitation from Andy. She expected to feel the horse's hot, stinky breath on her arm, but she couldn't even tell that the beast was breathing. Well, it must be breathing, because it stood at attention, and its liquid, black eyes followed her movements closely. She shivered, stepped back to the porch, and read the invitation.



“Did you say ‘His Grace’, Mr. Fearn?” Isabella had a bad feeling.

“I did.” Andy frowned and bowed, which was awkward to do from his saddle. “How shall I tell him you respond?”

Stephanie’s heart fluttered. She knew she must never see Alucard again. But ... it was such a lovely invitation. “Will Cassie be there?”

“Oh, yes.” Andy’s voice fell away until it was barely audible. “She will be the hostess.”



“Cassie is going to be a hostess at Mr. Alucard’s party?” Stephanie felt like she was in a dream. She pictured her mousy friend walking around that big castle with a tray and a Playboy bunny outfit on. “That’s odd.”

“Not *a* hostess. *The* hostess.” Andy glanced down nervously at the horse as it moved its hooves restlessly. “Will you be there, Steph? Please say yes.”

“Oh ... um ...” Stephanie looked at her friend. He seemed so desperate to have her there.

“No, Mom. We’re busy that night,” Tyler said. He didn’t know what night it was, but they were busy.

“Yeah, remember we have that thing?” Isabella moved closer to her mother and leaned in to read the invitation. It didn’t seem sinister. Just ... overly formal. It was addressed to the whole family.

“We can reschedule that thing,” Stephanie said to her children. She turned to Andy. “Tell Mr. Alucard we’ll be there.”

The horse wheeled and took off at a gallop, with Andy holding on for dear life.

The twins exchanged a worried glance.

“Don’t look so glum, you two.” Stephanie ruffled their hair with her hands. “It’s a party at a castle. It’ll be fun.” She smiled and went back inside.

“When is it?” Tyler hadn’t thought to look at the invitation, and their mother had taken it with her.

“This Saturday night.” Isabella pressed her lips together. She moved over to her brother and hugged him tightly. “I’m scared,” she whispered in his ear.

“Me, too. We need to take a moment.” He wanted to squeeze her ass, but they were out on the porch where anyone might see them.

“You mean in the basement bathroom?” She pulled back and earnestly looked into his eyes as he nodded.



Thirty minutes later, the twins were halfway undressed. Isabella was bent, holding onto the bathroom counter. Tyler was holding her hips, slamming into her from behind. They were both trying to suppress their cries and grunts. Intercourse with their parents home was usually verboten. But they made exceptions when it was necessary.

“Yesssss ... yesssssss ... ugh ... ugh ...” Isabella hissed.

“Get ... ready ... Issy!” Tyler pulled out of his sister.

“Okay.” She quickly turned around, dropped to her knees, and swallowed her brother’s cock.



“Aaaahhhhhhhh.” Just as Tyler was launching sperm down his sister’s throat, the doorbell rang. As he came, it rang twice more. It rang three more times as the twins quickly cleaned up and raced upstairs. They both looked bedraggled, and they were out of breath. The doorbell rang again.



“Is it him?” Isabella wiped her chin with the back of her hand.

“I don’t think he can come in without an invitation.” Tyler straightened his glasses. It was now dark outside the windows.

The doorbell rang again.

“Tyler, Issy, are you going to answer the door?” Stephanie called from upstairs.

“Yeah, Mom,” the disheveled twins called together. They clasped hands and headed to the door.

Tense, Tyler opened it and looked onto the front porch. A young man and woman stood there. Both wore black leather jackets, t-shirts, and jeans. Both had raven hair and pale skin.



"Hi, I'm Damion." The man waved his hand. "We saw your post about a new vamp in town. We're here to help."

"I'm Ursula. Can we come in?" Ursula raised her eyebrows at the twins.

"How much info did you post on those boards?" Tyler squeezed his sister's hand.

"Not our address, that's for sure." Isabella forced a welcoming smile onto her face. "Are you two twins?"

Damion and Ursula laughed.

Ursula smiled at Isabella. "That would be awkward. He's my boyfriend."

Tyler and Isabella joined in with some nervous laughter.

"Yeah, really awkward," Tyler said.

"Well, come in, I guess." Isabella stepped aside and pulled her brother out of the doorway. "So ... we really have a vamp then?"

Ursula stepped into the house and looked around. "Big time. One of the worst."

Damion stepped in after her. "But don't worry. We're experts."

