

# CHAPTER 6

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, blue eyes, and fangs is crawling on all fours in a dark, gothic-style room. She is wearing a purple dress. In the background, there are several mannequins in dark suits, one of which has a glowing blue face. The room is dimly lit with red curtains and a chandelier.

NOSFERATU  
NEXT DOOR

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

## Nosferatu Next Door 6

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"Um ... you're here to help?" Tyler looked at the couple they'd just invited in. They looked somewhat ageless, probably in their 20s. Their skin was pale, their hair was raven, and they moved with feline grace. He reached for his sister's hand, pulled her close, and whispered in her ear, "Did we just invite vampires into our house?"

"Oh ... gosh." Isabella's mouth dropped, and her free hand went to cover her throat.

"Oh, we're not vampires. Although, I can feel that someone in this house has been marked by one." Damion looked around the room. "Not either of you two." He narrowed his eyes at the twins.

Ursula closed her eyes. The air shimmered around her for a split second. She opened her eyes and appraised the twins. "Did your mother spend time alone with this evil creature? What's he calling himself these days?"

"Mr. ..." Tyler said.

"... Alucard," Isabella finished for her brother. "He took a walk with our mom, and ever since she's been acting weird."

Damion clapped his hands and rubbed them together. "Well, we've got work to do, it seems. First order of business is

putting a protective barrier on this house, so that Alucard can't cross the threshold no matter who invites him."

"Second order of business is having your mother wear this necklace." Ursula produced a sparkling, emerald pendant out of nowhere. "It will blunt his influence."

"Let's get to work!" Damion headed for the kitchen, where he'd find the supplies he needed. The bewildered twins followed him.

Damion and Ursala trailed salt along all the doors and windows in the house. They spoke incantations while burning some of Stephanie's sage seasoning packet. They gave the twins a rundown of the do's and don'ts for a powerful vampire. Then, they left, saying only that they would see the twins again soon.

"They aren't human, right?" Isabella stood in the front window, watching Damion and Ursula walk down the street. She was holding her brother's hand tightly.

"Maybe they're witches or something?" Tyler shrugged. "Do we trust them?"

"Seems like that ship has already sailed. If they wanted to hurt us, they'd have already done it." As Isabella watched, their new friends disappeared into the night. "Come on, let's give Mom the necklace. We'll tell her it's a present and ... we can't bear to see her not wear it all the time."

And that's what they did. After much convincing, Stephanie put the gothic-looking thing on and promised her children she would wear it every day.



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“What do you have around your neck?” Brad eyed his wife as he sipped his morning coffee. She had been looking a bit peaky the last few days, but now, she seemed back to her vibrant self.

“Oh, it’s ghastly, right?” Stephanie laughed, lifting the pendant from the front of her sweater. “The twins gave it to me and were very insistent on my wearing it. So, in a way, it’s beautiful.” Stephanie giggled and let go of the pendant, letting it bounce on her boob that had been bitten. She felt so clear-headed. She’d hardly spared a thought for Mr. Alucard since waking up, and hadn’t had to masturbate once. It seemed whatever cloud she’d been under had lifted.

“Teenagers have terrible taste.” Brad kissed his wife. “But it was nice of them to get you a present.” He patted his wife affectionately on the butt, picked up his briefcase, and headed to the door.

“Bye, hon!” Stephanie smiled as she watched her husband leave. Her eyes turned to the counter where the invitation to Mr. Alucard’s party lay. She shivered. *I told Andy I’d go. I*

*can’t back out now.* She reached for the pendant and rubbed its sparkling, green crystal. At least she’d have her family with her. *We’ll go for a few cocktails and maybe a shrimp tail or two, then we’ll come home.*

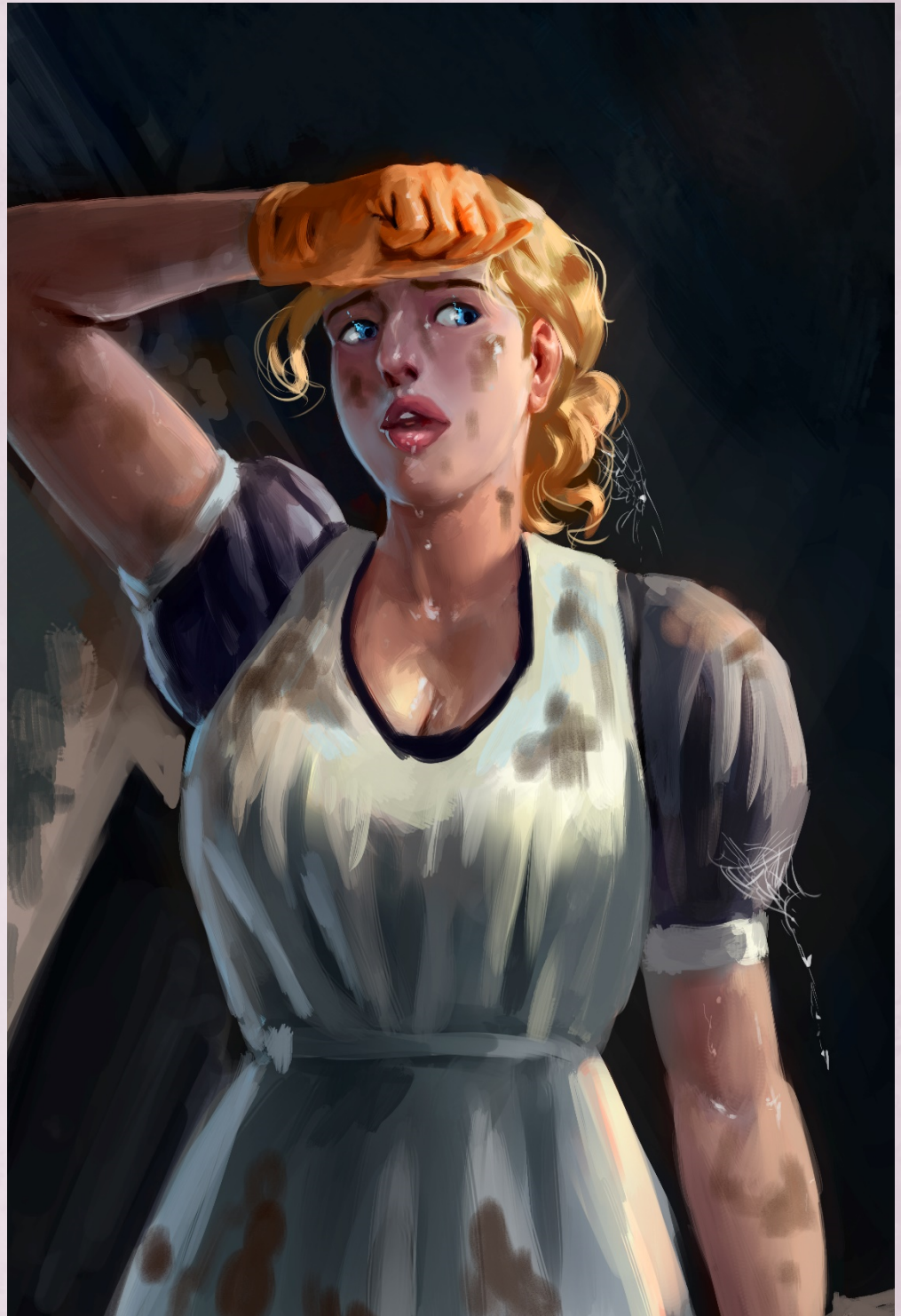
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"We need more help, Your Grace." Cassie was covered in grime and soot. Her hair was up in an unwinding bun. "I can't be expected to clean the whole place by tomorrow." She wiped sweat from her brow, leaving a smeared streak.

"Your husband has been eagerly cleaning our bedroom, Mrs. Fearn." One moment Alucard was across the grand ballroom, the next he was right next to the woman. He put his finger under her chin and lifted her face up toward his. "In the future, I will bring in more sisters to help you. But for now, you and your husband must get the castle ready in time." He frowned at her. "Perhaps you need a break? We don't want you to overexert yourself." He raised an eyebrow.

"I'm dirty, Your Grace." Cassie trembled. She could feel the monster inside her trying to rise. At times she welcomed it. At others, it scared the shit out of her. "Maybe later."

"Now." Alucard's smile was wide and ravenous.



Before she knew it, Cassie's knees and palms were on the hard floor she'd been scrubbing. The monster inside her released, and she felt her canine's lengthening. "Yesssssss ... yesssss ... Your Grace ... take my depths ... take my heart ... I will live ... ugh ... ugh ... forever. I will ... uuuggghhhhhh ... bear your cock ... inside me ... forever," she begged.



Slowly, Alucard undressed and got behind her. "Or at least until ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I grow tired of you ... my pet. My ... uuuggghhhh ... prize ... mare." Alucard held her hips in an iron grip. He thrust with unnatural speed and grace. The sound of their slapping, translucent skin echoed like distant cannon fire in the ballroom.

"I finished in the basement and ..." Andy stopped in the doorway. He was covered in filth, carrying a broom, mop, bucket, dustpan, and various cleaners. He stared right at their faces. The couple seemed more demon than human. He barely recognized his once sweet wife. She had fallen so far in such a short time.

"You may stay ... ugh ... ugh ... and watch ... slave." Alucard slapped Cassie's alabaster ass with a loud thwacking sound. "Do you mind ... that I am taking liberties ... with your wife?"

"I ... um ..." Andy stared. Confusion muddled his mind. "Um ... Cassie do you mind ... that Mr. Alucard is ... um ... doing it with you?"

"Poor ... frail ... Andy. I'm being stolen ... and you won't even ... eh ... eh ... fight for me." Cassie spit on the floor. "Clean that ... up."

Andy picked a sponge out of his bucket and hurried over to scrub the floor. He tried not to watch or listen to the beastly mating as he cleaned.



“Why ... don’t you save ... me ... Andy?” Cassie hissed. Her face was twisted by ecstasy and sinister delight.

Andy glanced at her. “Tell me what to do, Cassie,” he squeaked.

“Run ... run and clean somewhere else. Let the stallion mount me ... ugh ... ugh ... while you ... run.” She cackled as she watched her husband hurry from the room.

“Well, done.” Alucard rose from the floor, keeping her skewered on his cock. They moved together until they were both standing. “Now ... uuugggghhhhhh ... take your reward. You are wedded ... to the night ... gggrrrrraaaahhhhhhhh.” He exploded inside her vagina, further cementing his control.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Cassie’s demonic eyes rolled back. There was nothing so blissful as forming a union with the monster behind her.

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"You want us to snoop around his castle?" Tyler pressed his lips together. He was sitting on the front porch in the middle of the day. His sister was by his side with her laptop, a wire running from the machine through the open front door. Damion and Ursula struck languid poses, sitting side by side on the porch swing. Tyler gazed at their pale skin, glowing in the afternoon sunlight. *At least we know for sure they aren't vampires.*

"Don't be so dramatic. We're not asking for anything crazy. You don't need to pick any locks." Ursula rolled her eyes. "We just need a map. We'll be going in there during the day to stake him. But he'll have guardians. We need to know our way around."

"The dogs." Isabella shivered.

"Those. And Andy Fearn, it seems." Damion nodded. "There will be more." He stared at Isabella.

Isabella shivered again. Damion made her more than a little uncomfortable. "What if we get caught?"

"You're both eighteen. Teenagers are known for exploring." Ursula absentmindedly twirled her raven

hair. "He won't punish you. He's trying to fit in right now. He wants your mother. He'll be cool."

"Until he sinks his teeth into this town." Damion shrugged. "Then ... then he'll be uncool."

Tyler's shoulders were balled with tension. "You two seem pretty relaxed about all this." He grabbed his sister's hand. It was cold and clammy. He gave her a reassuring squeeze.

"This isn't our first vamp." Ursula smiled at Tyler. "And this isn't your first contact with the darkness. I can see it on both of you."

“The last time, it didn’t coincide with finals.” Isabella frowned. “Okay, we’ll make your map. Then you’ll stake him on your own?”

“No problemo,” Damion shot Isabella with a finger gun.

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"Well, don't you two look nice?" Stephanie fussed over her children, straightening Tyler's tie, and tightening the bow on Isabella's dress.

"We look ridiculous." Isabella frowned at her mother's exposed cleavage. At least she saw that the emerald pendant was nestled there. "Why do we have to dress up?" Isabella said.

"It's a fancy party." Brad pulled on his blazer. "Also, bring some warm jackets. It just started snowing."

"Will we be safe driving up to the castle in the snow?" Stephanie kissed her daughter on the cheek and looked over to her husband with worry.

"All-wheel-drive, baby!" Brad held his hand up for a high five. The Jensen family left him hanging.

The snow was coming down heavy as the Jensen minivan made its way up Drusilla Way.

"There's something magical about this road. He's made sure the snow isn't sticking somehow." Tyler frowned out the minivan window. Sure enough, the snow piled up everywhere but the pavement. He was squeezing his sister's hand tightly. Their parents were playing music loud enough that the twins could talk without being overheard.

"He probably wants to make sure his guests don't turn around and go home." Isabella said. "We only need to make a map. We've gotten through worse. The ghoul in the pool last year?"

"Yeah, but a bunch of toasters in some water isn't going to fry this guy." Tyler shook his head.



“We don’t have to fry him. We only need to make a map and make sure Mom and Dad are safe.” Isabella could see the white-peaked castle coming into view. It sat over them like a disapproving stone goliath. “What about the werewolf in the gym?”



“Yeah, we took care of that.” Tyler’s lips threatened a smile. “He ended up being a cool guy.”

“Point is, we can handle this,” Isabella said. “Jensen pride.”

“What are you kids talking about?” Stephanie turned toward them, exposing her milky cleavage. An anxious smile twitched on her face. Every time she thought about seeing Mr. Alucard again, she felt absolutely sick. And ... she felt something else, too.

“We’re just nervous about the party, Mom.” Isabella smiled.

“Me too, sweetheart.” Stephanie turned forward, her gaze glued to the approaching castle.

Once they arrived, Andy greeted them and took their keys. He was wearing a valet outfit. He had already parked ten cars. They were expecting many more.

“Um, thanks, Andy.” Brad raised his eyebrows and caught his wife’s gaze. It was clear he thought Andy was loco for taking on a side job like that.



The twins clasped hands and stared up at the foreboding structure as they followed their parents to the main entrance.

“Here we go,” Isabella whispered.

“We’re a team, Issy.” Tyler thought he saw someone peering down at them from a high window, but it was hard to tell with the falling snow.

“Always.” Isabella straightened her spine as they stepped out of the snow and into the most dangerous place in their once-sleepy town.

