

CHAPTER 8



NOSFERATU
NEXT DOOR

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Nosferatu Next Door 8

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“Just like you thought, Ursula.” Damion sat with languid ease on the Jensens’ sofa. “He keeps the dogs in his crypt during the night and releases them by day.”

The twins had just finished telling their new friends everything they’d learned at the party. The teenagers stood side by side. The fingers on their nearest hands itched to hold each other, but Isabella and Tyler were more circumspect than that.

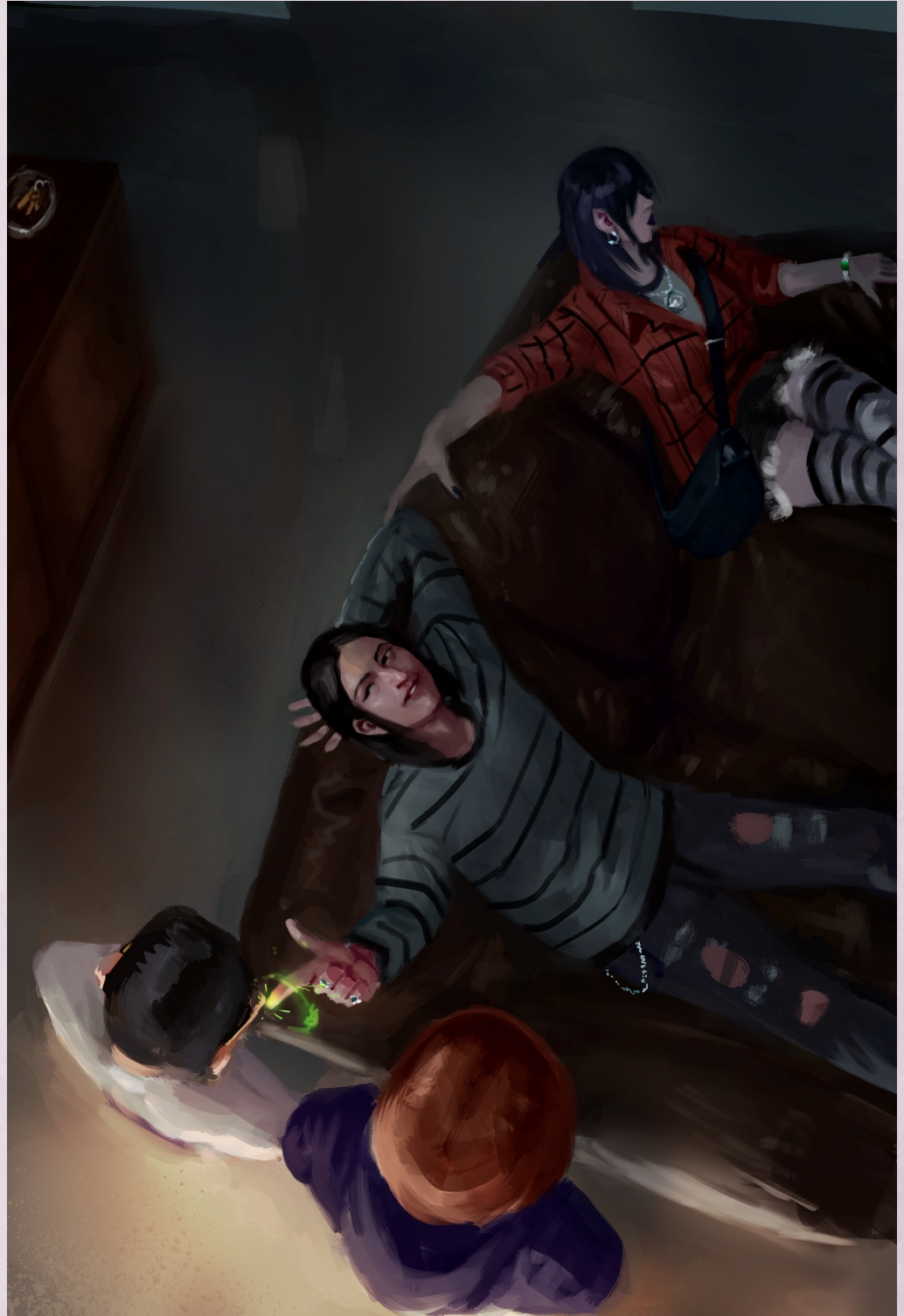
“What does that mean exactly?” Tyler said.

Ursula ignored the eighteen-year-old. Instead, she smiled at her boyfriend from her spot on the other end of the sofa. “Makes it easier to go by day. What spell do you think he has on that door? From the description, it sounds like Rexillion’s Gate. But ... I’m not sure.”

“I’m sure. It’s Rexillion.” Damion nodded with confidence.

“What did he do to Mrs. Kim? I mean ... other than drinking her ...” Isabella gulped and adjusted her glasses.

“He’s turning them into his concubines. And he’ll turn the men into slaves. The length of the process depends on how strong-willed the person is.” Ursula shrugged and put her sock-covered feet onto her boyfriend’s lap. “The necklace will protect your mother. And he won’t bother about your father until your mother is well under his thrall. It’s vampirism 101. Although, I have to say, Alucard is in his own tier with this shit.”





“A tier at the top?” Tyler grabbed his sister’s hand. He couldn’t help himself. He squeezed tightly.

“The tippy top.” Damion removed Ursula’s feet from his lap and stood. “Well, no time to waste. We know where he sleeps. We know how he’s guarding himself. Anything else you remember before we head over to his castle?”

“You’re going right now!?!” Isabella’s eyes went wide. “Shouldn’t you plan some more or something?”

“He’s building his power. Now that we have your intel, it’s best to strike quickly.” Ursula stood and put an affectionate arm around Damion’s waist. “Don’t look so frightened. This isn’t the first vamp we’ve staked. And don’t worry, once he’s dust, Mrs. Fearn, Mrs. Kim, and the others will all go back to their old selves. His magic doesn’t survive him.”

Damion’s sudden laughter echoed around the room. “We’ve been in towns where half the women were servicing the vampire. They were very disoriented when the magic died. You should have seen the horrified looks in their eyes.”

“But, of course, we have our own magic,” Ursula said gently. “And we were able to help them forget the things they’d done. Oh, *I* almost forgot.” She snapped her fingers, released her boyfriend, and went over to her bag. “You two seem like prime candidates. You’ve already dealt with other weird shit, right? The swimming pool thing you told us about. Anyway, here’s a spell book to get you started.” Out of her bag, she pulled a stained, cloth-covered hardback book. She handed it to Isabella. “Here you go, Issy. Look it over. We’ll check back in after the vamp is dead, and you can tell me what you think of the magic in there.”



Isabella took the book from Ursula. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," Damion and Ursula said together. They laughed at the synchronicity, waved, and departed.

"Well ... at least we won't have to worry about Alucard anymore." Isabella hugged the book to her chest with her free hand.

"Yeah, but we still have finals." Tyler gave his sister a shy kiss on the lips. It was nice to finally be alone with her. "Should we study first, or look at that book?"

"The book, dummy. It's magic." She smiled at him.

"Holy smokes. You're right." Tyler laughed. Now that their friends were off on their task, the tension was ebbing out of him. "Or we could ..."

"Now?" Isabella saw his eyebrows waggle and let out a high, cheery giggle. "Fine. But we're doing it in your room. I made my bed today."



Tyler pulled his sister by the hand, practically running up the stairs.

Ten minutes later, they were naked but for their glasses. Without their parents home, the twins didn't need to hide in the closet or lock themselves in the bathroom. Isabella was on her hands and knees. "Tyler ... Tyler ... you're so big ... inside me." She was looking over her shoulder at him with ecstasy and adoration written on her face. She loved the way the slight muscles in his chest and abdomen flexed with each stroke. He was working so hard for her.

Their new book lay, forgotten for the moment, on Tyler's desk.



"I love ... ugh ... ugh ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... ughhhhhh ... Issy!" He clutched her perfectly sculpted apple of a butt, his fingers digging into her flesh. "Do you think ... they're killing him ... right now?"

"Alucard?" She screwed up her face with as much mirth as her ecstasy would allow. "You're thinking about them ... stabbing a monster ... through the ... oooooohhhh ... heart ... right now?"

"Fighting ... monsters ... gets me ... excited!" Tyler's hips sped up. "Is it ... safe today?"

"Safe for ... uuuggghhhh ... vampires?" Isabella hung her head, watching her boobs dangle and swing under her. She was close to her third orgasm. "I ... don't think so."

"Safe for ... my cum ... Issy." He smacked her butt with jubilation.

"Oh ... that ... yessssssssss." Isabella dropped her cheek to the mattress, pushing her glasses askew. She didn't bother fixing them. *He really is worked up.* "Just ... please ... wait ... about thirty seconds. I ... oooooohhhh ... want to blast off ... together."

Tyler gritted his teeth and held on for the requested time. When his sister started wailing out her orgasm, he let loose. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." It only happened once a month, but he greatly enjoyed cumming in his sister.

Unnoticed by the siblings, the book on Tyler's desk started glowing with blue iridescence right as their orgasms erupted. The glow faded away as the twins came down from their highs.



"Why are you reading in the dark?" Stephanie found her children studying together at the dining room table. Dusk spread outside the windows. They were practically sitting in the blackness. She turned on the overhead light. "No need to make your eyesight any worse than it already is." She gave them a cheerful grin.

"Hey, Mom." Isabella gave her a halfhearted wave.

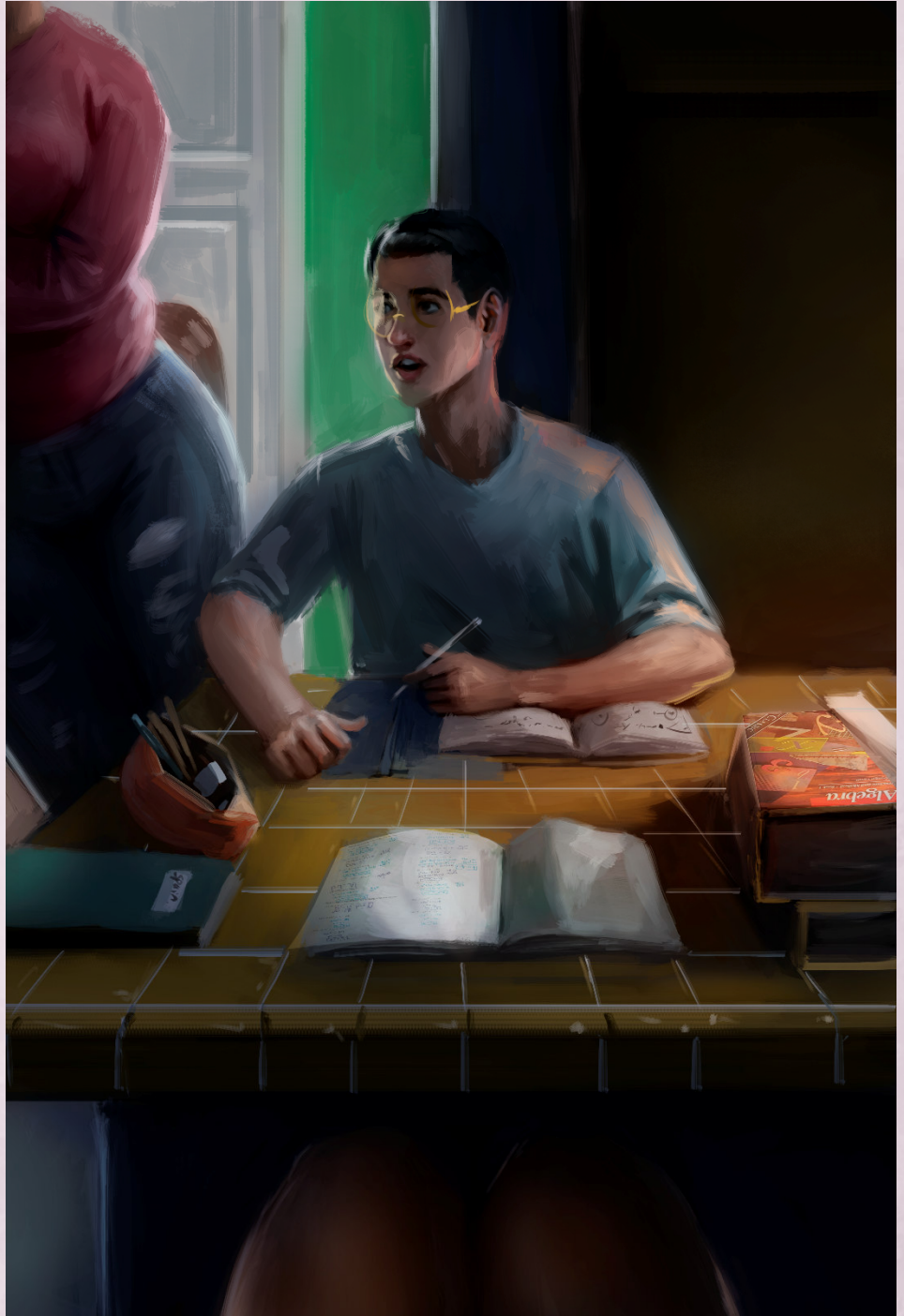
"Welcome home." Tyler glanced at his mother and went back to his calculus book.

"Why so glum? I feel like a raincloud blew into my house." Stephanie put her hands on her hips. "Did something happen at the party last night? You two disappeared for a while, and the next thing I know, you're pushing me and your father back to the car."

"We saw ..." Tyler started. He noticed his sister shake her head and his voice trailed away.

"You saw?" Stephanie's smile disappeared. "Did Ned Rennickson do something? I saw that pervert at the party, but he was with his wife, so I figured she'd keep him on a short leash. If he did something to either of you, I swear ..." Her cheeks flushed with anger.

"Nothing like that, Mom." Isabella sighed. "We saw Mrs. Kim, and she was really drunk. It was just ... weird, you know?"



“Oh, yeah. Well, that stuff happens. I know you two are close with Gail, so that must have been weird.” Stephanie nodded, the normal color returning to her cheeks. “I’m sure Mr. Kim took good care of her. Sorry you kids had to see that.” Stephanie flashed them a sympathetic smile. “I’m going to whip something up for dinner. You’ll need to set the table in about a half hour.”



“Okay, Mom.” Tyler watched her leave. When she was gone, he leaned toward his sister. “You’re right. She wouldn’t believe us anyway.”

“Yeah. And it doesn’t matter. Damion and Ursula must have already done the deed. Alucard’s gone, so ...” Isabella gave her brother a weak smile and turned back to her studies.

After dinner, the twins sat in the basement with their new book, trying to make sense of it. It was in English, but the words seemed to be thrown together haphazardly. Outside, it was well past dark.

“Did they say they were coming back today? Maybe they weren’t going to stop by until they were heading out of town. You know, to say goodbye.” Isabella closed the book and stared at her brother, who sat close to her on the sofa.



"Ursula didn't say." Tyler pressed his lips together in thought. "You want to go to the bathroom to take our minds off it."

Isabella shook her head.

"Me either. Not really feeling the mood right now," Tyler said.

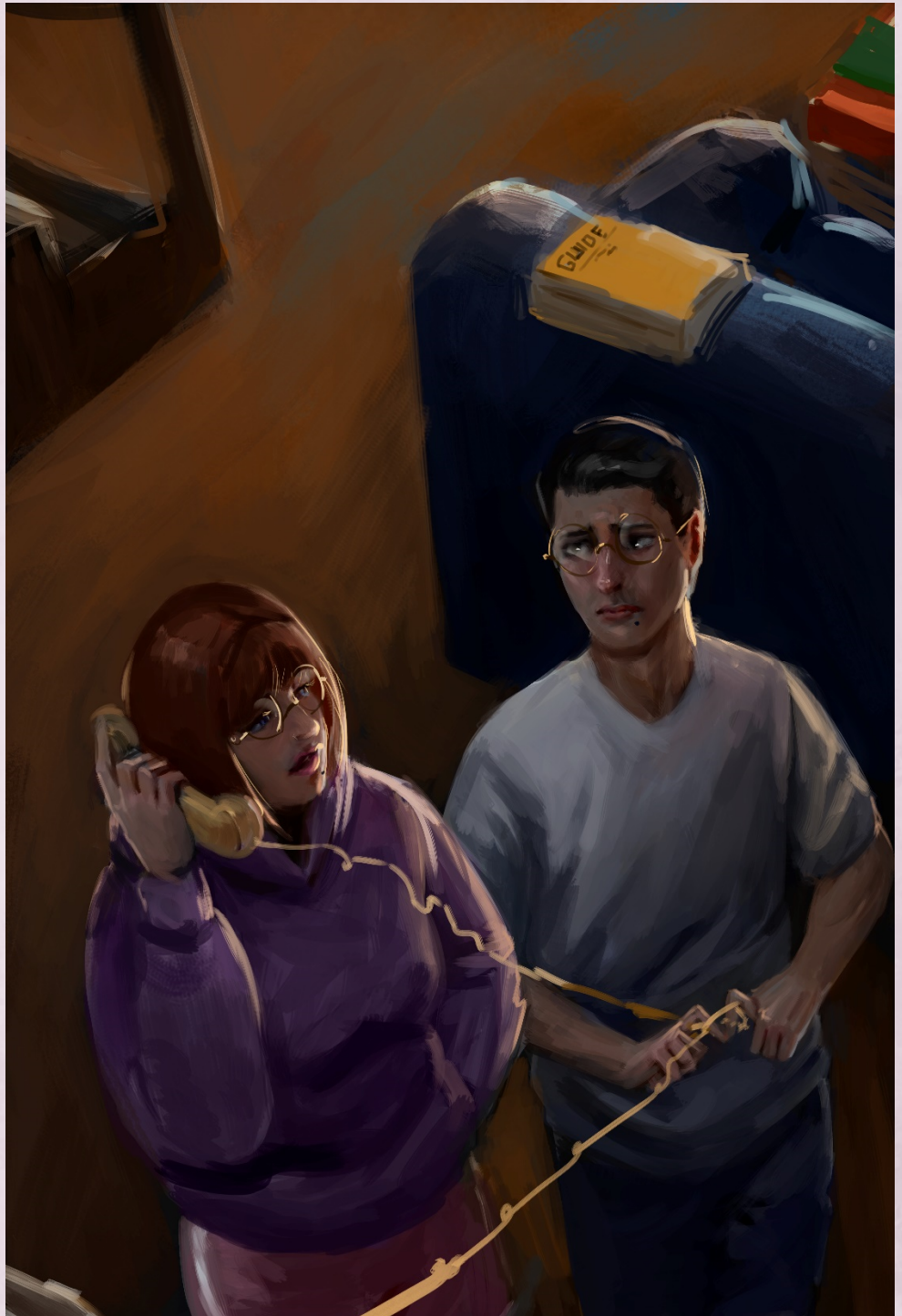
"I'm worried. I wish we knew where they were staying." Isabella stood and walked over to the phone on the wall. "Let's call every motel in town and ask to talk to them. We'll find them."

Tyler accompanied her to the phone, winding the cord on his finger with nervous energy. They called every motel and hotel in town, but none said they had guests with the names of Ursula and Damion. By the time they were done, it was bedtime. As they headed upstairs, dread started to replace the growing worry in their hearts.

"I'm sure they're fine." Isabella hoped she sounded sure of herself.

"Yep, we'll probably see them tomorrow." Tyler said.

They got ready for bed together and went to their separate rooms.



The next morning, they went off to school without any word from their new friends. On the walk home, the twins trudged in silence. The castle sat at the top of the hill on Drucilla Way, hanging in the distance as they walked down the middle of their suburban streets. The castle had always seemed odd, but now it felt like it was staring down at them with malice.



When they got home, there was no message on the answering machine. There was no note. No sign of Damion and Ursula anywhere. They sat on the front porch in the afternoon light and waited.

“Do you think ...?” Tyler was cut off by his sister.

“Do you hear that?” She peered to her left down the street. “It sounds like ...”

The rhythmic thumping of galloping hooves on asphalt heralded a great black horse. When it came into view, the twins stared in awe. The beast frothed and snorted, running at a terrifying pace. Bouncing on the creature’s back was Andy Fearn. He looked frightened out of his mind, gripping the reins to keep from being tossed from the saddle. He wore a stained and wrinkled evening dress coat, dark tie, and striped trousers.

The horse didn’t slow as it approached the Jensens’ house. The sound was thunderous as it passed. Andy never looked at the teenagers. But a sealed envelope flew from a bag on his saddle, fluttering in the air toward the porch. Tyler, his face pale, stepped forward and snatched it out of the air. “It’s addressed to Mom.”



“Open it,” Isabella hissed.

Tyler did. They weren’t going to give it to their mom after all. As the horse’s hoofbeats faded down the street, Tyler unfolded the letter and read. “Dear Mrs. Jensen. I think about our time in the park often. Thank you for coming to my party. I’m sorry we didn’t get a chance to talk. Perhaps we’ll get a chance to catch up soon. The thought of your beauty takes my breath away. Yours truly, Lord Alucard.”

“Eww.” Isabella twisted her face in disgust.

“No mention of Damion or Ursula. I thought it was going to be about them.” Tyler turned the paper over, but it was blank on the back.

“Maybe he told Mr. Fearn to send the letter before they staked him?” Despite the warm afternoon sun, Isabella shuddered.

“Maybe.” Tyler didn’t like where things were going. “If they’re trapped up there, we’re going to have to save them, aren’t we?”

“Let’s give them more time. Damion and Ursula seemed good with magic. This might be part of their plan.” Isabella adjusted her glasses and frowned. She peered up at the castle, perched on top of the hill, overlooking their sleepy town. Goosebumps rose on her arms. “I don’t want to go back there again.”

“Me either.” Tyler crumpled up the letter. “Let’s burn this.” They went inside to do just that.

