

# CHAPTER 9



NOSFERATU  
NEXT DOOR

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# Nosferatu Next Door 9

Illustrations by MrPenguin

Written by RawlyRawls

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“Maybe they forgot to stop by before leaving town? Did you post in that digital bulletin board?” Tyler sat with his sister on their front porch. He eyed the castle that sat at the top of that improbable hill. The building looked like it was frowning down at them ... with extra malice. Every day that they didn’t hear from Damion and Ursula, the castle seemed to get uglier and look more sinister.



"No response. Their last post was about a week ago, saying that they were 'almost finished with their biggest job'." Isabella adjusted her glasses and pressed her lips tightly together. She regarded her brother. "Don't look at it too much. It feels like it might look back if we draw its attention."

"What?" Tyler turned his gaze to his sister.

"The castle. Don't ... draw it to us," Isabella said.

"It's time to set the table." Stephanie stepped out onto the front porch and looked at the twins. "You two have been so gloomy lately."

"We're fine, Mom. It's just finals." Isabella pointed to a stack of books on the porch.

"Yeah, finals." Tyler eyed the pendant bouncing on his mother's bosom as she smiled at them and went back into the house. He was always relieved to see the necklace around her neck.



“Don’t stare at Mom’s boobs, you pervert.” Isabella gave her brother a half-hearted smile.

“I’m just happy Ursula gave us that necklace.” Tyler stood and picked up the books. “Where do you think she is right now?”

“Ursula?” Isabella stood and stretched. “It’s weird that she’s somewhere right now living her life, and we have no idea what she’s doing. I hope she’s on a beach somewhere, celebrating the completion of her biggest job with Damion and a strawberry daiquiri.”

“Yeah, I hope so.”

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Ursula was very far away from the beach. Across town, at the top of Drusilla Way, she was in one of the deepest rooms of the castle. She was confined in an enchanted cage dangling from the ceiling. Ursula was wearing the same clothes she'd had on when they had snuck into the castle some time ago. She wasn't sure how long it had been. When the door opened, she stood in the cage. It had been a long time since Andy Fearn had brought her water, and she was almost grateful to hear the door's hinges squeak. Her hope of quenching her thirst faded when she saw her naked boyfriend stumble into the room, wearing an enchanted collar. Behind him, Alucard and Cassie Fearn walked in. Cassie held a leash attached to Damion's collar. Ursula's pulse thundered in her ears. "Damion, are you okay?"

Damion didn't respond or make eye contact with his girlfriend.

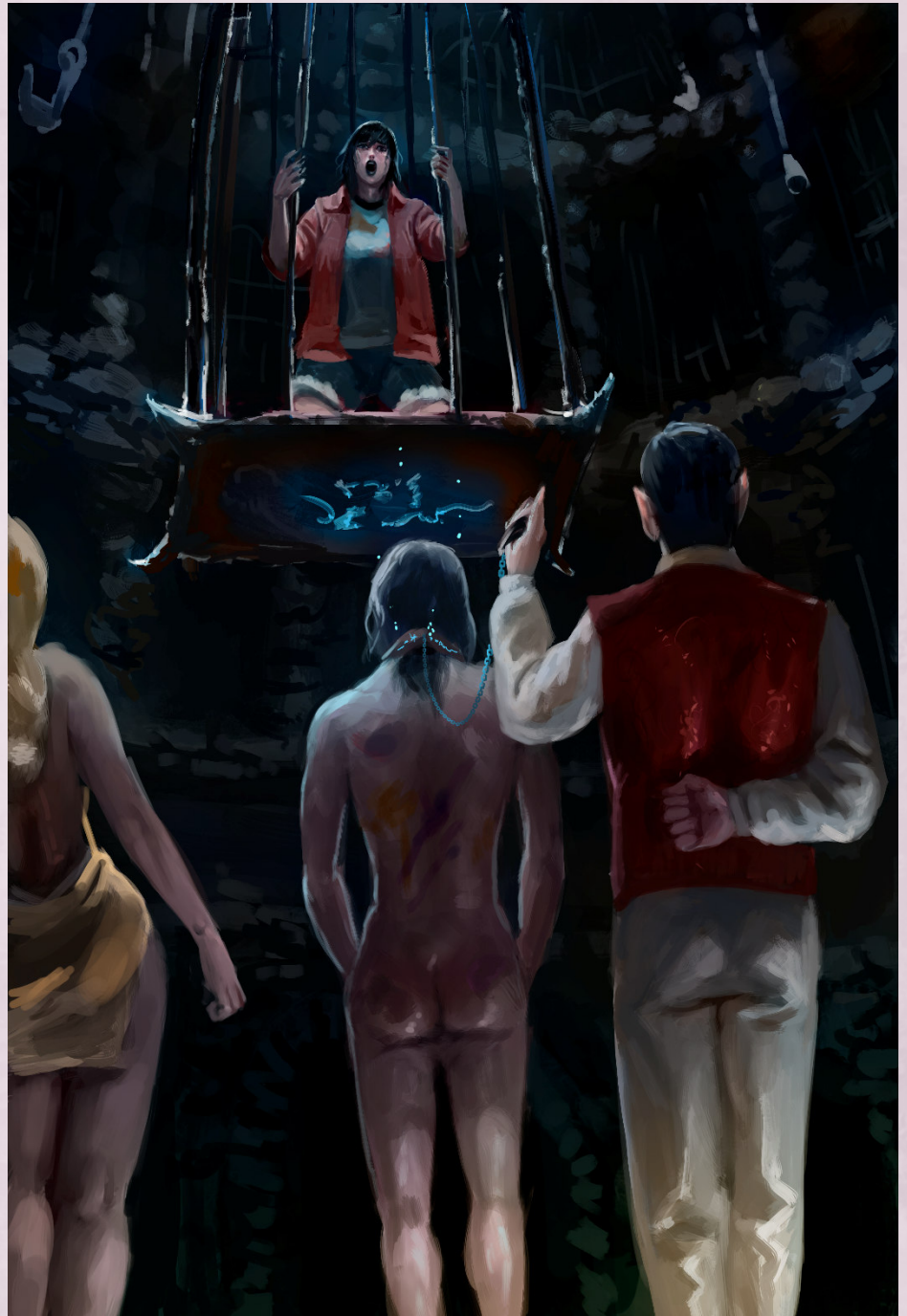
"Is this really necessary, My Lord?" Cassie frowned at the young people her master had imprisoned. "Can't we let them go?"

"We'll release them when we're ready." Alucard smoothed the lapel of his dinner jacket. "Remember, darling, they tried to murder us in our sleep. By letting them live, we're being merciful. In fact, we're giving them pleasure. And you've enjoyed drinking him, haven't you?"

Cassie blushed.

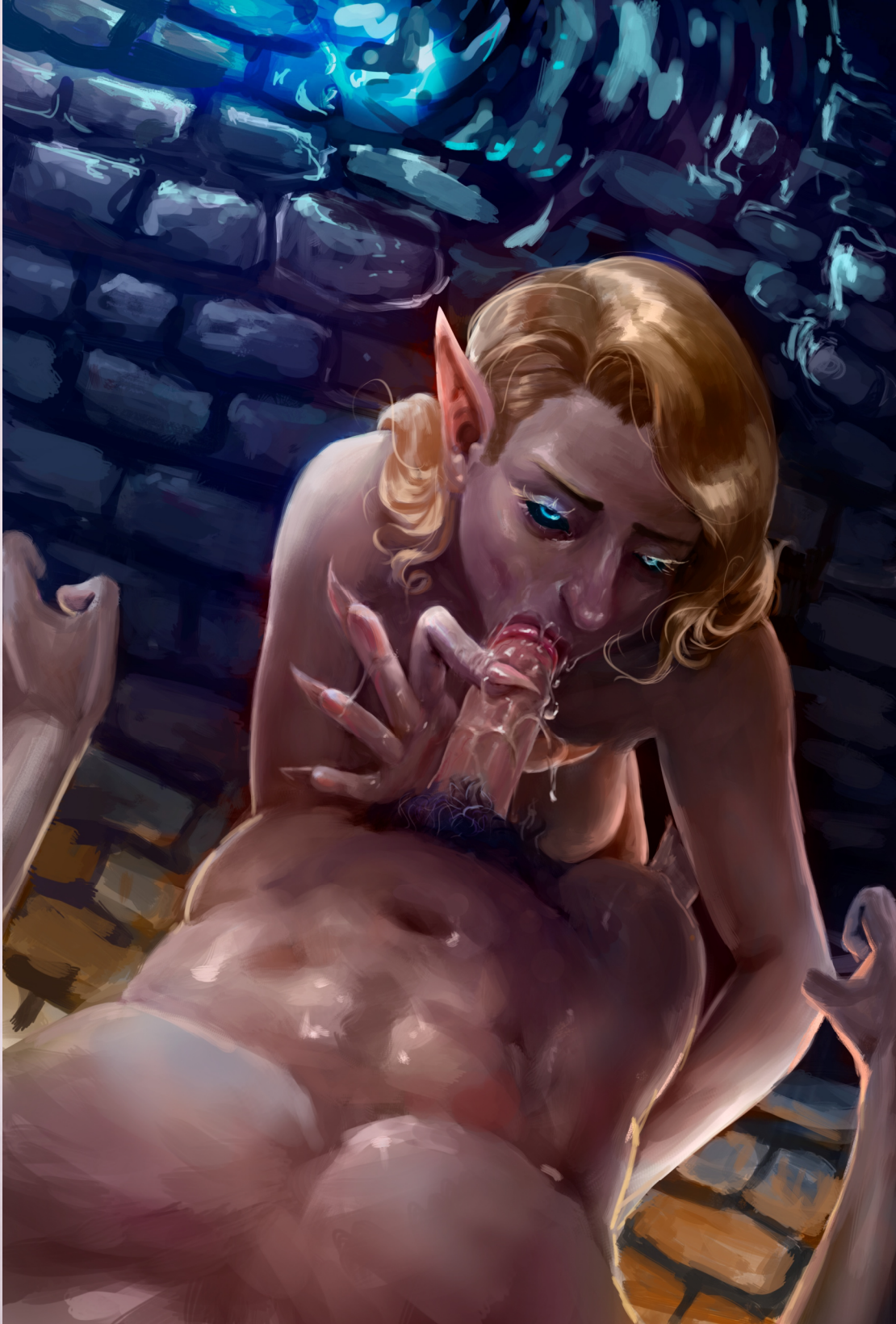
"Pleasure? You think I like being in a cage?" Ursula wished he was within spitting distance.

"Your time will come." Alucard said to the sorceress. "But it is your man's turn first. Would you like to see?" He patted Cassie's rump. "Go ahead, darling. I know you're thirsty."



“No ... I ...” Ursula watched with wide eyes as Cassie got on her knees in front of Damion and started playing with his cute, little penis. “Stop ... Damion don’t ... don’t get hard or ...” But it was too late, she could see that his penis was already rising. Soon, it stood proudly.

Without a word, Cassie sucked his penis into her mouth and bobbed her head, pressing her nose against Damion’s public hair with each stroke. He wasn’t large, so this was easy for her.



“Ha! How wonderful.” Alucard’s warm, charming laugh echoed around the bleak room. “You should not have given that necklace to Mrs. Jensen. Of course, I noticed it at the party. How could I not? Such a hateful, glowing thing. And when I identified its magic, I knew what to watch out for. You would not have had me either way, but your accidental warning made your capture easier.”

“Resist her, Damion!” Ursula couldn’t look away from her boyfriend. He seemed so pale and frail. His fragility contrasted horribly with the creature sucking him. Cassie was turning from woman to monster before their eyes. Ursula saw Damion’s eyes flutter and roll back. He seemed to be in ecstasy. “Damion ... Damion ... we’ve trained for this. You can fight it.”



Alucard laughed at the silly humans.

Damion gave no indication that he'd heard Ursula. He arched his back and grunted, releasing his seed into the abomination's mouth.

"Splendid. You have been replaced, Ursula." Alucard clapped his hands with joy. "Are you not happy that he found someone new that could please him so completely?"

Cassie continued to suck on Damion's penis, chasing his sperm with blood.

"You won't get away with this. There are others." Ursula felt unsteady even though the cage was still securely fastened to its hook in the ceiling. She grabbed the cold metal to steady herself. "You will fail."

"You're alluding to the hapless Jensen twins? The only reason they're still walking around is that it amuses me. If everyone capitulated easily, can you imagine my boredom? The centuries would get tedious." Alucard shrugged. "Your magic is done. And soon you will be one of my concubines. And this ..." He waved a hand at Damion, who was still trembling with ecstasy, his eyes rolled back. "... this ... will be nothing more than a lowly servant." Alucard turned to go. "That's enough, Cassie. We're leaving. Bring your pet."

"Mmmppphhhh." Cassie released Damion's penis and stood. She hissed at Ursula, fangs exposed. Then she followed her master, leading Damion on his leash.

Damion stumbled out of the room without looking back at his girlfriend.



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Ursula wasn't sure how long she hung in that cage. Eventually, Andy lowered her to the ground, had her put on an enchanted collar like Damion's, and unlocked the cage. Ursula stepped out of the cage on unsteady legs. She tried to overpower Andy with a spell, but found her magic was still broken. Then, she tried to throttle Andy with her fists, but found that the collar prevented her from administering violence.

"Please don't try to hurt me. I'm only doing his bidding." Andy attached a leash to her collar and led her out of the dank room.

Ursula said nothing. She followed Andy through the castle. They ascended several sets of stairs. When they were high enough in the castle for windows, she could see it was night. That sent a shiver down her spine. Eventually, they ended up in a luxurious bathroom with a large, clawfoot tub.

"The lord wants you to bathe yourself." Andy unfastened the leash, but left on the collar. "Once you're finished, you will wear that." He pointed at a lavish evening dress, hanging from a hook on the wall.

"You still have power, Mr. Fearn. You can let me go." Ursula frowned at the rotund, rumped man.

"I'm sorry." Andy went over to the tub and turned on the water, getting it to the perfect temperature. "Please bathe."

"Fuck you, Mr. Fearn." Ursula frowned and undressed. She did as instructed, hoping to catch the right moment for escape. She didn't much care for being naked in front of the sniveling servant. But she didn't argue. With only the collar on, she slipped into the bath and began scrubbing.



“You must be very hungry.” Andy was looking at the wall so as not to look directly at the woman’s nudity. “Our lord has wisely had me and Cassie put together a feast for you. When you’re done here, we’ll go to the dining room.”



“How do you feel about your wife fucking that monster? Doesn’t it get you angry enough to rebel?” Ursula looked over at him, suds running down her breasts. She splashed water onto herself.

“He’s ... changed her,” Andy squeaked. He wouldn’t say anything more.

Ursula sighed and finished cleaning. She was hungry and thirsty in a way she’d never been before. She couldn’t wait to eat. But she wasn’t looking forward to whatever nasty surprises Alucard had in store for her. She didn’t bother with her old filthy underwear. Instead, she slid into the dress commando style. She had Andy zip her up and brush her hair. When that was done, he put the leash back on her collar, and led her out of the bathroom.

They walked down one flight of stairs and wended their way through several circuitous hallways, ending up in a grand dining room with a sparkling chandelier hanging over a long table. The dining table was set with an alabaster tablecloth and many dishes and bowls of steaming food. The scents of the feast made Ursula’s mouth water. She would have run to the table if Andy wasn’t still holding her leash.

Alucard’s laughter filled the room. He was sitting at the middle of the table next to Damion, who was still naked but for his unleashed collar.



“Damion!” Ursula made her way to the table as quickly as her leash would allow. “Damion, are you okay? Talk to me!” Her boyfriend didn’t respond. His face was twisted in ecstasy, his eyes staring at nothing. She looked around. “Where’s Mrs. Fearn?”

“Oh, I think you’ve already deduced that she’s under the table, drinking from your shining knight.” Alucard laughed again. “Please join us.” He gestured to a seat across the table from him.

As Andy unhooked her leash, Ursula glanced around the room. This wasn’t the moment for escape. The faint sound of slurping came from under the table where that horrid vampire was draining Damion. Ursula felt like trying another spell, but bit her tongue. She sat in the indicated seat and greedily started eating and drinking.

Across the table, Alucard watched her with sparkling eyes.

Damion continued to stare into space, grunting contentedly.

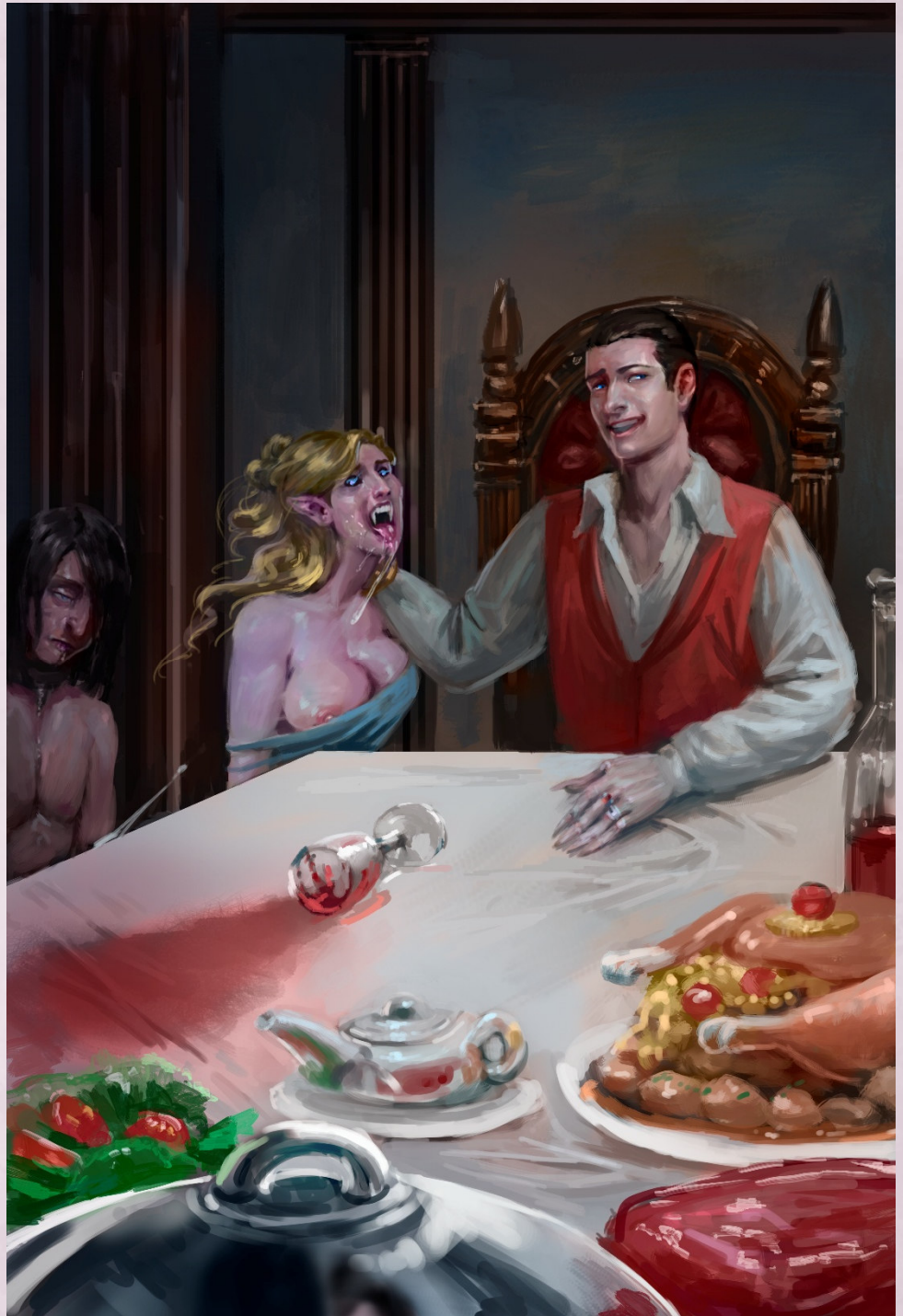
“After some time, Alucard lifted a finger. “Don’t eat too greedily, Ursula.” He reached under the table and grabbed Cassie’s head. “The same goes for you, my pet. We don’t want to drain our guest completely.” He tugged her off Damion’s penis.

“Yes ... of course ...” Cassie crawled out from under the table. She was still in her monstrous form. When she saw Ursula, her sibilation rattled the glassware on the table.

“Easy now, my pet. This woman is also our guest.” Alucard pointed to a seat at the end of the table for Cassie.

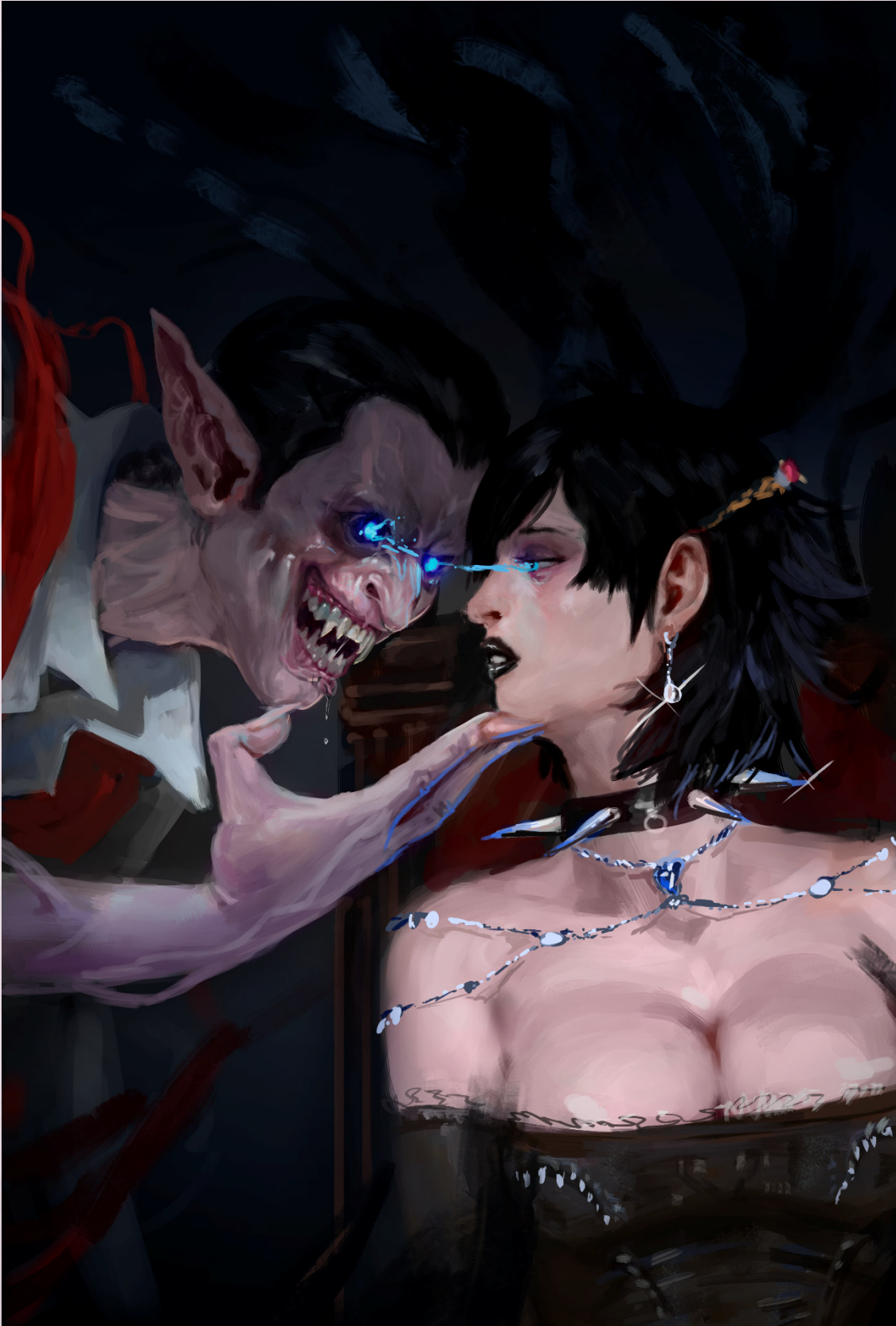
Ursula stared at what had been Cassie Fearn. Despite the resplendent gown Cassie wore, the creature was now horrifying, slinking toward her seat. For the first time, Ursula had doubts that she was going to get out of this. She turned her attention back to Alucard. With a trembling hand, Ursula lifted a glass of water and drained it. When she put the glass back down, Alucard was no longer across the table. She was startled to find that he was somehow standing next to her.

“It’s your turn, my dear.” Alucard pushed her plate away from her and put his icy finger on her chin. He turned her face until her eyes were looking up into his. “You have such a strong will. But you’re already changing your opinion of me, aren’t you?”



"Um ... um ... you're ... um ..." Ursula found that she was getting lost in his eyes. She tried to rein in her mind. "Um ... you're creepy ... as hell."

"Is that so?" Alucard leaned his lips close to hers. "Kiss me while your feeble boyfriend watches."



“No,” Ursula whispered.

Alucard laughed. “Very well.” He stood straight, looking down at his new guest. “Andy, put on some music. I want to dance.” He took Ursula’s hand and pulled her to her feet. Placing a hand on the small of her back, and clasping her hand with his other hand, he spun his new plaything across the empty wood floor. Their eyes locked. Alucard could see that she was lost in the moment. He smiled down at her. He had all the time in the world to watch this strong-willed woman slowly give herself over.

