

The Nosferatu Next Door

By Rawly Rawls ©2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

The doorbell rang. Cassie Fearn was too busy pulling the roast vegetables out of her oven to answer it. As she maneuvered her cramped kitchen, she heard her husband, Andy, talking to someone. She put down the steaming pan and went to see who it was.

“Ah, and this must be your lovely wife.” A tall man stood just on the other side of the threshold.

“Oh, yeah.” Andy turned with a smile on his face. “This is Cassie. Cassie, this is Mr. Alucard. He just moved into the castle at the end of Drusilla Way.”

“Castle?” Cassie’s blood ran cold when she looked at the rakish, slender man in his perfectly tailored suit. There was something ... off about him. She wanted to slam the door in Alucard’s face, but she was far too polite for that. “What castle?”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Fearn. My place is the tasteful little chateau up on the hill. You’ve seen it, have you not?”

“Oh, that castle.” Cassie suddenly recalled the chateau Alucard described. “Yes, I’ve seen it.”

“Wonderful.” Alucard bowed deeply and held out a bottle of red wine. “I’m so glad that you’ve noticed my modest home.” He spoke with a faint accent.

“Modest?” Andy laughed. “It’s hardly that. The place is a castle after all.” Andy stepped out of the doorway. “Where are my manners? Come on in.”

“Thank you.” Alucard moved into the Fearn’s entryway. He had something feral hidden behind his warm smile. The stranger handed the wine to Cassie, who took it with some hesitancy. “Lovely house,” Alucard said.

“Thanks,” Andy said enthusiastically. “It’s no castle, but we call it home.”

“Be a good man, and wait out on the front porch. I’ll go help your wife open the wine and we’ll meet you there.” Alucard put his hand on Andy’s shoulder and looked deep into his eyes. “Go now.” Alucard’s black eyes twinkled.

“The porch?” Andy’s eyebrows knitted in confusion. Should he leave his wife alone with this stranger? Why yes, he should. Alucard was the friendly sort. He wandered onto the front porch and sat down.

“Now then, which way to the kitchen?” Alucard closed the front door. “Something smells lovely.”

“Oh, thank you.” Cassie’s skin crawled, but she led Alucard into the kitchen. She put the bottle on the counter. “Let me get my wine opener.”

He stopped her with a hand on her shoulder. The feminine muscles under his fingers were rigid with fright. He stared into her eyes. “I can see that Mr. Fearn has left you wanting. Some women are quite troublesome to tame, but you will most willingly serve me.”

“Troublesome?” Cassie’s head swam. She felt so lost. A deep need welled inside her. Despite her revulsion, Cassie allowed him to remove her blouse. “This is weird,” she said as she helped him unclasp her bra. It fell to the floor. Her boobs bounced out into the open. She shivered as he ran a cold finger along the warm curve of her breast. She watched him lean his face toward her boob. “You can’t do that,” she whispered. “My husband is right out front.”

A rapacious smile spread across Alucard’s face. His fangs descended. He was pleased when she stuck her chest out. Her actions disagreed with her own words. She was offering herself to him. His fangs sunk in.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” In all her sedate life, Cassie had never felt such ecstasy as she did at the touch of his mouth to her supple flesh. She mewled as he kissed her, floating in a cloud of pleasure.

After about five minutes, Alucard straightened up. “Mr. Fearn will grow restless on the porch and check on us soon. Get dressed.” He watched her pick up her bra, shakily put it on, and then slip back into her blouse. Satisfied, he bid her goodnight and swept out of the kitchen and out of the house. He floated past Andy without so much as a farewell.

Andy watched the man rush off down the street from his seat on the porch. He looked up to see his lovely wife standing in the doorway. "What was that all about?"

"Oh ... he ... um ... he couldn't stay. He had plans or something." Cassie had a dreamy look in her eyes as she walked back to the kitchen. The buttons on her blouse were now mismatched. She tried to pull her mind together. Had she just cheated on Andy? Why did she feel so good? She hoped that she would never see Mr. Alucard again. And at the same time, she feared she might not.

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"Don't forget your coffee." Cassie shivered as she handed her husband his to-go cup and walked him to the door.

"Thanks, hun." Andy opened the door to the garage and stopped. His gaze traveled over his wife, lingering on her pallid complexion. "You look a little pale, are you feeling all right?"

"Yes," Cassie blinked and looked away from Andy. Her finger fiddled with her bra through her dress, near where Alucard had left his mark on her skin. "Maybe a little under the weather." She brushed some hair out of her face.

"Well, take a nap or something." Andy leaned in and kissed her on her alabaster cheek. Even if she was coming down with a bug, she had never looked more beautiful. He couldn't quite place what it was, but she looked captivating.

"I will, sure thing, nap it is." She hugged her husband without looking at him and then watched him disappear out the door. When he was safely gone, Cassie rushed to their bedroom and undressed. She caught sight of the strange red marks on her breast and shuddered at the thought of what that horrible neighbor had done. Would she see him again? She sat down in front of the mirror with her legs spread, staring at the reflection of those two red marks on her boob. Her hand went to work between her legs. Cassie immediately had her first orgasm of the morning.

All her adult life, Cassie hadn't touched herself that way more than a few times. But that day, she rubbed and fingered her vagina almost nonstop. She couldn't get enough of it. The sane part of her mind warned her that it wasn't right. She shouldn't be doing such things. But the feeling was irresistible.

The only saving grace was that her neighbor, Alucard, did not return during her activities. Eventually, she dragged herself into her kitchen to make Andy dinner, her body still buzzing from the day's activities. The last reddish rays of the setting sun fell

through her window as she chopped tomatoes. On the counter, her phone rang and she picked it up. "Oh, hi, Andy." She smiled at the sound of her husband's voice. "You're working late again? I thought ... ow." She accidentally cut her ring finger. When she put it in her mouth, she nearly swooned. "I just nicked my finger ... with the knife," she said around the finger. The salty-iron tang hit her tongue like an anvil of flavor. It was the best thing she'd ever tasted. "It's fine. But I have to go ... um ... put a Band-Aid on." She abruptly hung up on Andy and walked toward the bathroom.

"I ... I ... no, I'm making dinner for Andy." She said to no one. "What happened last night was a mistake. Leave me alone!" Her shoulders slumped and her eyes went dull. Cassie moved in a daze about the house and then out the door. Something called to her. She got in her car and drove until she reached that creepy, old castle at the end of Drusilla Way. She shivered as she turned the car around the front drive and parked. Every atom in her body told her to drive away and never look back. But instead, she stepped out of the car and walked to the massive front door. The click of her heels echoed around the empty front courtyard. The front door was open a crack. She gingerly pushed it open, listening to the rusting hinges squeak.

Cassie's feet seemed to move on their own as she stepped inside. "It's so cold in here," she said to no one. The place was in disrepair. Cobwebs hung in every corner, the ceiling had fallen through where there had been a leak, and dust covered everything. Candelabras spread their flickering light through the gloom of the place. She found stairs and descended. For some reason, she had to find the basement. The air grew cooler with each step down.

"This place is so gross." Her lonely voice sounded weak bouncing off the stone walls. Cassie entered a small room at the very bottom of the castle. It seemed like a dirty, little chapel. But at the same time, it felt the inverse of that. "I should go." Instead of leaving, she slowly disrobed. She found that she was wearing the sexy lingerie that her husband had bought her. When had she put that stuff on? Things were so confusing. She didn't know where to put her clothes that they wouldn't be ruined by dirt, so she hung them carefully from a rusty hook on the wall. Her stomach did backflips, and her vagina suddenly gushed. "Oh, God. Something is about to happen," she whispered.

Cassie looked around the room. There was only a bench and an old box. She knew what she needed to do. "Oh, yuck ... oh ... yuck. It's so dirty. I can't believe I'm doing this." She moved over to the bench, lowered herself to her knees, and leaned over the rough wood. Goosebumps rose all over her exposed butt. She shivered and waited. Then she heard the sound of something rustling in the box. The lid of the box fell onto the floor with a clatter. "Master," she whispered without looking.

"You look cold, darling. I will warm you." Alucard could feel his strength rising with the night. He pulled himself from his bed of Earth. He was naked and pale, his skin almost

transparent in the low light. His hard cock waved before him as he glided up behind her. Without ceremony, he entered Cassie. He gave her a minute to stretch and adjust to him. He was nothing like her frail husband. Once he was satisfied that the whimpering housewife was ready, he humped poor Cassie as she gripped the bench tightly. His cold smile broadened as he listened to her yelps, pleas, and cries of joy.

“Oh ... Mr. Alucard ... no ... don't ... not there ... oh ... so ... good ...” Cassie was completely smitten. She wondered if she was in love. She didn't resist a moment of their fornicating.

Hours later, Alucard placed her on her knees, and shoved his blue-black cock into her lovely mouth. “Tomorrow evening, my precious, you will introduce me to one of your friends.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh?” She looked up into his icy, black eyes with eyebrows raised as her head bobbed on the long dick. *Yes, a ... pretty ... friend.* In that moment, she would do anything for that man.

“Before you taste me, I must taste you.” Alucard pulled her off his cock, lifted her into his arms, and clamped his mouth to her breast. Nothing ever tasted as sweet as the blood of a falling angel. The pleasure surged through him. He was almost ready to defile her with his dead seed.

“Oh, my. Oooohhhhh, mmmmyyyy. Why does your kiss feel ... so gooooodddd?” She shuddered in his arms, pressing her boob into his face.

Alucard drank his fill and dropped her to the stone floor. He was ready.

“That was ... amazing.” Cassie knew what was required of her. She clambered back to her knees on the dirty floor and took him into her mouth. Her body surged with ecstatic heat as the salty-iron taste of this strange man's semen filled her mouth. It tasted ... very much like her own blood. There was so much of it, she coughed and fell backward. She let him spray her as he desired. In her ecstasy at bringing him to his release, she barely noticed the frigid temperature of his sperm.

When she staggered back into her own home later that evening, she was relieved to see that Andy hadn't yet returned from work. She wiped Alucard's cold cum off her lips with the back of her hand, and made her way to the shower.

Chapter 2

“Cassie? Cassie?” Andy shook his wife’s hip through the blanket. “It’s time to get up.” He frowned. “You’re burrowed in our bed like a hibernating animal.”

“Go away, Andy. Let me sleep.” Cassie’s voice was muffled.

“You haven’t made me lunch. And I have to leave in ten minutes.” Andy’s frown deepened.

“Okay, okay.” Cassie flung off the blanket and sat at the edge of the bed. She squinted at the bright morning light flooding through their window. “Just ... give me a minute.” She tried to orient herself. Had she really gone to that horrible castle the night before? “I have to ...” She closed her mouth and ran to the bathroom. “Bbbllllaaaaaaaaa.” She threw up in the toilet.

“Are you feeling okay?” Andy stared at her round bottom accentuated by the lingerie he’d gotten her for her birthday.

“Yeah ... I’m okay ... bbbllllllaaaaaaaaa ... must have been something I ate.” She leaned away from the toilet and shuddered, remembering that she had swallowed Mr. Alucard’s strange semen. She wiped her mouth with a towel. The memory brought with it an unquenchable thirst.

“Honey? Why are you wearing lingerie?” Andy had come home last night to find his wife already in bed.

“Oh ...” Cassie’s pallid cheeks picked up some color as she looked down at herself. “I was planning on having a special night with you, but crashed early. Sorry, Andy.”

“That’s okay.” Andy sighed. “I’ll make myself lunch today. You get some rest.” He turned and walked toward the kitchen.

“Yeah ... okay.” Cassie crawled back into bed and went to sleep.

In the early afternoon, Cassie woke and stretched. “I feel ... great,” she purred. She rose and closed the curtains, took a hot shower, and toweled off. While moisturizing her skin, panic gripped her. She needed to invite a ... a *pretty* friend over for dinner. *She needed to plan dinner!* She snatched her phone off her nightstand and dialed. “Hello, Steph? ... Yeah ... cool ... would you and the family want to come to dinner tonight? Really? Great! How about six o’clock? Okay ... yeah ... see you then.” She sighed with relief as she disconnected. Now she just had to put together dinner for seven. She wondered what Mr. Alucard liked to eat.

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“Come in, come in. Great to see you.” Cassie hugged Stephanie and her husband, Brad.
“Wow, the twins are so grown up.”

“You saw us a few weeks ago, Mrs. Fearn.” Isabella smiled sweetly and hugged her mom’s friend.

“Good to see you, Mrs. Fearn.” Tyler enjoyed the hug he received from Cassie. Something about her was particularly striking. He wasn’t sure what it was. She looked ... cool.

“You look amazing, Cassie.” Brad handed his host a bottle of wine. “New diet?”

Small patches of rose appeared on Cassie’s ivory cheeks when she thought about the day before. “Yes.” She smiled shyly. “A new diet.”

A little while later, they were all seated in the dining room, awaiting the seventh member of their dinner party. Outside, the last vestiges of scarlet faded in the west. The first stars twinkled. Lively conversation quieted when the doorbell rang. Cassie stood to get it. A minute later she came back with a tall man dressed in an immaculately tailored suit.

“Good evening, everyone.” Alucard bowed to the room.

Andy and Brad stood and shook their new neighbor’s hand. Cassie introduced everyone. The twins exchanged a look, raising their eyebrows a fraction of an inch at one another. Alucard sat and the conversation flowed again. Cassie, suddenly quite nervous, served dinner, her hands trembling ever so slightly.

When there was a lull in the conversation, Tyler seized his opportunity. “Um ... Mr. Alucard. Your new house is ... a little out of place in the neighborhood. I can’t believe how fast you had it built. One day it’s not there and the next, bam. You really like gothic architecture?”

“I did not build that castle. It has always been here.” Alucard’s black eyes twinkled. “And gothic is in. Although ... I find it a bit lonely all by myself in such a big place.”

“Awww.” Cassie leaned forward on her elbows, staring at her strange guest.

“Oh ... you’re right. I guess it *was* always there.” Tyler shrugged.

“Um ... no, it wasn’t. I don’t remember Drusilla Way either.” Isabella looked around the table. Everyone but her brother was glaring at her like she’d just insulted Alucard.

“Well, it’s true.”

“What a lovely meal.” Alucard ignored the teenager and focused on his host.

“He didn’t eat anything,” Isabella whispered to her brother.

Tyler nodded conspiratorially.

“I couldn’t eat another bite.” Alucard rubbed his belly. “I think Andy and Brad were going to take the twins for a walk, weren’t they?”

“Yeah, come on.” Andy stood quickly and shepherded most of the Jensens out the door, leaving only Stephanie, Cassie, and Alucard.

Once the door had closed, Alucard pushed his plate away. He ignored Cassie’s fawning expression, focusing all his intention on Stephanie. “You are frustrated with suburban life. You and Brad moved out here, you had the twins, and every year you feel more isolated. The ennui is crushing your soul.”

“I think that –” Cassie stopped talking when Alucard raised a hand.

Stephanie took a deep breath. “Well ... actually. I’m quite happy with Brad and the twins. My life is so full, I wouldn’t even know what boredom looked like. What makes you say all that? Is this some sort of fortune-telling game?”

For a fraction of a second, a frown flickered across Alucard’s face. It was quickly replaced by his alluring smile. “A beautiful woman like you must want for some excitement.”

“Honestly, watching Issy score a goal in soccer is all the excitement I need.” Stephanie was captivated by the man, but wanted to change the topic. “How about you? Is it boring in that big, old castle all by yourself?”

“I won’t be alone for long.” He glanced at Cassie, who grinned like a maniac at the attention.

“Oh, are you going to put out an ad for roommates?” Stephanie smiled good-naturedly. “I have a friend who’s a realtor. Maybe she can help.”

“She might be able to help. But not necessarily how you think.” He pushed his seat back from the table and beckoned Cassie over.

“What do you need, Mr. Alucard?” Cassie walked over to him. When he patted his thigh, she sat on his lap without hesitation. She looked over at her friend. “Maybe you should go, Steph.”

Stephanie started to get up, but sat back down when Alucard waved a hand at her.

“I want her to see us together, Mrs. Fearn. I want her to see how happy you are to accommodate me.” Alucard slowly unbuttoned Cassie’s blouse. “Do you know about the power of social proof?”

“I read about it in college ... I think.” Cassie stared in awe as this strange man undressed her top. When her bra hit the floor, she should have been dying of embarrassment. But she was too enamored of Alucard.

“Oh ... my ... gosh.” Stephanie stared at her friend’s bared breasts. The world swam around her. Confusion crowded her mind. “What’s ... happening?”

“We have to give him what he wants, Steph. I ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Cassie swooned when his fangs sunk into her breast. “Sssssoooooo gooooooddddddd.”

Stephanie stood, toppling her chair behind her and spilling her red wine on Cassie’s pristine, white tablecloth. “Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh.” The man was mauling her friend’s boob with his mouth and it looked ... beautiful and ... horrid. “What about Andy? Oh ... no.” She stepped back from the table, tripping on the overturned chair. “I don’t ... understand.” Whether it was the thought of Cassie’s husband, or the rivulet of blood running down Cassie’s belly, Stephanie took action. She picked up a candleholder from the table. The candle fell to the table and went out. She ran around the table, her buxom body bouncing with each step. Without thinking, she brought the heavy thing down on Alucard’s head with a sickening wet thump. She stood panting, waiting for him to keel over.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Alucard murmured as he sucked on Cassie’s breast. He pulled his mouth back and wiped her blood from his lips. With Cassie still on his lap, he turned his eyes slowly toward Stephanie. “Perhaps I am a little out of practice. You should not have done that.”

“You ... you ... should be dead.” Stephanie lifted the candle holder again to finish the job, but Alucard knocked it away with the back of his hand.

“I am not pleased.” Alucard stood, dumping Cassie to the floor. He reached for Stephanie’s throat. Jubilant voices filled the house as the walkers returned. Alucard recoiled. “Run to the washroom and clean yourself, Mrs. Fearn.”

Cassie darted out of the room.

“You will speak not a word of this to anyone.” Alucard’s deep black eyes glistened as they met Stephanie’s warm, brown ones.

Stephanie nodded to the man just as her family entered the dining room. She was quiet for the rest of the evening, and the first out the door when it was time to go. As they drove home with the twins laughing in the backseat, she asked Brad repeatedly to drive faster.

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Cassie stood nervously next to their tall, slender guest waving at the departing Jensen family.

The hairs on Andy's neck stood as he put his arm around his wife's shoulders. "Well, Mr. Alucard. That was a delightful evening, but I think we're going to turn in now.

Alucard locked eyes with Andy and smiled. "I think not. Your wife and I will turn in now. You will clean in the kitchen."

"I don't ... um ..." Andy's mind swam. The pupils he stared into seemed to pinwheel. "Okay. I'll clean up while you turn in." He walked off to start on the dishes.

"You are both wonderfully suggestable." Alucard lifted Cassie into his arms and carried her upstairs.

"Thank you." It sounded like a wonderful compliment to Cassie's ears.

"A shame your friend was so obstinate."

"I'm sorry about her. She shouldn't have hit you like that." Cassie looked at his head. He seemed fine.

"I moved things too quickly. It has been such a long time." He shook his head quickly, carried her into her bedroom, and tossed her on the bed. "I need a partner. Are you willing?"

Cassie looked up at him with wide eyes, bit her bottom lip, and nodded her head.

Andy had almost finished cleaning when the thumping started. He could tell it was coming from his bedroom. And, after a brief moment of confusion, he could tell what it was. He felt like an accomplice in Cassie's downfall. He had done what the strange man had ordered, and now the man was taking liberties with his wife. The worst part was that Andy knew he wouldn't confront them. He would keep finding cleaning chores to do until Alucard was satisfied.

Upstairs, Cassie lay with her legs spread wide, the strange blue-black penis thrusting into her. Her face glowed with pure adoration, and her muscles were tensed. Her third orgasm was right around the corner. "Oooohhhhhh ... Mr. Alucard ... oooohhhhhh ... so deep."

"You are ... almost mine." Alucard's voice was rough, and he looked far more demonic than he had a short while ago.

"Yours ... yes ... yes ... oooohhhhhhhh." Cassie pointed her toes in the air.

“If you want to be my bride ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... if you want the change ... ugh ... ugh ... you must invite me in.” Alucard’s hips moved in a serpentine blur. The bed creaked and groaned under them.

“I don’t ... understand.”

“Invite my seed ... into your womb.” Alucard’s laugh creaked like the bed. It was a delight to be on the edge of his first conquest in ages. “The transformation cannot happen without my seed, and my seed cannot enter without an invitation.”

“Please ... ugh ... ugh ... please ... Mr. Alucard ... come into my womb ... I’m inviting you ... into my most ... secret ... place. Cum ... in me.” She had thought Andy would be the only man she would ever invite inside her. She had been so sure that she loved him. But now, she wanted Alucard’s black stuff inside her with a desperation reserved for no other. “Ppplllleeeeeaaaaassseeeee.”

“Take it ... aaahhhhhhhh ... take it ... and become ... mine ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Alucard let out a long, hissing growl and emptied himself inside the poor wife.

Chapter 3

“There’s something wrong with Mr. Alucard.” Isabella wandered into the basement where her brother was watching football. “The way everyone agreed with him ... and the way he looked at Mrs. Fearn ... and ...” She sat heavily on the couch next to her eighteen-year-old twin brother, pulled his blanket over her, and picked up the remote. She turned off the game and put on a horror movie she hadn’t finished.

“And his brute-force charm and handsomeness.” Tyler glanced at his sister. She was lit by the pale, flashing lights of their big-screen TV. “It’s the fourth quarter, Issy. Can you change it back, please?”

“And the way he insisted that his Edward Scissorhands castle had always been there. What the fuck was that?” Isabella leaned her head on his shoulder and watched a lady walk into a spooky mansion when clearly, she should be running the other way. “Mom was acting really weird when we got home, too. I think something happened to her and Mrs. Fearn when the rest of us went on that walk. Which Alucard suggested!”

“What do you want me to do about any of this?” Tyler shrugged. Clearly, he wasn’t going to see the end of the game.

“We’re going to go to his castle tomorrow and have a look around. See if we find anything suspicious.” Isabella shook her head when the fanged serpent sprang at the woman on screen. “*Now* she runs. Too late, bimbo!”

Tyler laughed. He relaxed into the sofa, enjoying his sister’s disruptive presence. “Fine. We’ll check it out. If we’re not going to watch the game, how about a kiss? Mom and Dad are asleep.”

“I want to watch the movie, Tyler.” The smile she gave her brother when she glanced at him said otherwise. When he leaned into her, she opened her arms to accept him. Their tongues were well-practiced together. They made out in the dark, melting into one another until the movie ended. Then they reluctantly pulled apart, said their goodnights, and went off to their separate rooms.

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“Cassie? Mr. Alucard? Can I come in? I’m really tired, and I’d like to go to sleep.” Andy hadn’t heard his marital bed squeak for a while, and the horrible moaning and wailing had stopped, too. When he didn’t get an answer, he opened his bedroom door and peeked in. He gasped when he saw them.

Cassie was naked on her hands and knees facing the door. She looked sickly, with darkened veins under pallid skin, black eyes, and ... fangs. She gnashed together blood-curdling teeth, while staring deep into Andy's soul.

"What have ... you done ... to my wife?" Andy stepped back and clumsily bumped against the doorframe. He could hear the buzzing of locusts. No, it was Cassie hissing in the most horrible way.

Behind Cassie, moving his hips slowly, was Alucard. His monstrous features looked much the same as Cassie's. "She is no longer ... your wife. She is my bride and the first of her sisters here in Fallbrook." He slapped her ass to mark his territory. She gasped and convulsed, tightening her pussy around the invading cock. "Don't look so despondent, Andy. I have need of you, too. We will require a servant to do our will when we are otherwise indisposed."

"What ... um ... what do you want me to do ... Mr. Alucard?" Andy stared into Cassie's eyes. They seemed to be spiraling. He lost himself in their vast emptiness.

"I have title, Andy. Call me Your Grace." Alucard pulled out of his bride with a squelching plop.

"What do you require, Your Grace?" Andy shivered, suddenly nervous he would displease them.

"You will chauffeur us to my castle. Cassie will reside there with me. It needs a woman's touch. Get the car ready." Alucard moved off the bed, his now soft cock swinging between his legs.

"Should I pack for Cassie? Will she be gone long?" Andy rushed to the closet to fetch a suitcase.

"Ohhhhhhhhh ... I feel them ... swimming inside meeeeeeee." Cassie slumped to the mattress holding her belly. A dreamy smile spread across her monstrous visage.

"Yes, very thoughtful of you, Andy." Alucard nodded and walked toward the door. "Pack as if she were staying for an eternity."

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"Is it wise to do that back there? What if someone sees you, Your Grace?" Andy tried not to look in the rearview mirror at his wife riding this strange creature. She was still naked, and he could see the curve of her spine and the serpentine slither of her undulating hips. She had never moved that way with him. Andy was sure of it. The

waxing and waning shadows from passing cars and streetlights made him feel like the whole world had joined in the copulating rhythm taking place in the backseat.

“Drive according to your ... Fallbrook’s rules and ... all should be well.” Alucard was close. He took handfuls of his bride’s ass and slammed her down, overriding her movements. “Thank you ... Andy ... for keeping Cassie tight ... all these years. But I’m afraid ... I have now ... spoiled ... her ... gggrrrrrrrrrrr.” He shot another load in her inviting womb.

Cassie squealed with delight.

“You’re welcome, Your Grace.” When Andy glanced in the mirror, he realized that he could only see his wife and not the monster under her. He had to quickly look over his shoulder to confirm that Alucard’s voice belonged to a body. It did, and the creature’s eyes were staring at Andy. He quickly turned his gaze back to the road and did his best to get them to Alucard’s castle as quickly as possible while obeying the speed limit.

“Again?” Cassie slowly pivoted herself until she was mounted Alucard in reverse. “Fill me ... again ... before we ... reach the castle.”

“As ... you ... wish.” Alucard squeezed her round ass and let her do the work for the rest of their journey.

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“You can see ... our house from here.” Tyler pointed over the neat rows of roofs that surrounded the hill they’d climbed. He worked hard to catch his breath.

“I’ll ... check ... it out ... in ... a minute.” Isabella stared at the dead grass around her feet. Her hands were braced against her knees as she huffed and puffed. She watched sweat drip down her nose and drop to the lifeless turf below.

Once his lungs stopped burning, Tyler looked around. “Cool ... Look at this.” He pushed the rusting wrought iron gate. It creaked heavily on its hinges as it swung open. “It’s got a dog on it.”

Isabella looked up. “Oh ... that’s a hellhound ... Tyler. You can see ... the artist leashed it ... to this representation of ... the spirit world. And also ... its ribs are ... showing. Really nifty ... work.” She put her hands behind her head and breathed deeply. A dry, hot breeze billowed her dress.

“Oh.” Tyler pushed the other half of the gate. Its hinges screeched just as loudly as its twin. “Are we *sure* this hasn’t been here forever?” He looked at the gothic castle ahead of them. “It *looks* old.”

“I’m sure. He definitely built it ... to look like this.” She followed her twin through the gate, a shiver running down her spine the second her foot stepped passed it. “I wish we’d brought some water.”

“That hill is a lot steeper than it looks.” Tyler nodded agreement. “So, what do we do? Have a look around? Knock on the door?” They walked up the circular driveway. He looked up at the closest tower, getting the impression that all the windows in the building were watching them. But all he could see inside was black.

“I don’t want to knock.” Isabella jogged to catch up to her brother and took his hand. She squeezed his fingers tightly. “Let’s just have a look around.”

Together the twins slowly worked their way around the building. The landscaping was either overgrown and thorny, or had died back completely. They said little to each other. The sun seemed to shine less brightly, and the wind picked up. They stopped when they came upon two large mounds of freshly turned earth next to two rectangular holes in the ground. They stared at their find.

“Well ... damn.” Tyler rubbed the back of his neck with his free hand. He squeezed his sister’s clammy palm with the other. “These look an awful lot like –”

“Graves.” Isabella nodded solemnly. “Two graves. And there’s two of us.” She looked into the distance. “Do you hear that?”

Tyler cocked his head. “Sounds like barking.”

“It’s baying hounds.” She pulled his hand to turn them back around.

“Some neighborhood dogs.” He resisted his sister for a second, but then let her lead him back around the castle. “They’re getting louder.”

“That’s because they’re getting closer, genius.” She let go of his hand and broke into a run. A nearby vine caught her dress and tore off a large swath of fabric. She sprinted with her panty-clad butt exposed for all to see. Her ruined dress flapped in the wind like a kite behind her. “Run!”

“Yeah, okay.” Tyler ran faster than his sister, but he didn’t pass her. When he caught up, he kept pace. The barking was an unholy chorus right behind him. He looked over his shoulder. “Run ... faster!” He screamed. He could see a pack of five appalling dogs just rounding the castle. They were all massive. Foam from their mouths coated their mangy fur. The gate was close.

When a dog seized a trailing fragment of her dress in its jaws, Isabella screamed in terror. Her body jerked back, but Tyler grabbed her arm and pulled her past the rusted gates. They tumbled together onto the dead grass. Isabella was sure the dogs would tear them to pieces at any moment, but it didn't happen. She looked back toward the castle and saw the large hounds bounding back into the overgrown thicket. "Fuck ... that."

"Agreed." Tyler nodded, panting. He looked down. His shirt was torn, with bloody scratches underneath. His shorts were completely shredded. He stood and offered Isabella a hand.

"Is that from the ... dogs?" Isabella nodded to his torn clothes as she stood.

"From the bushes ... I think." Tyler shook uncontrollably. "Your dress?"

Isabella looked down at herself. She wore only a few tattered fragments of the bright, cheerful dress she'd put on that morning. "The garden ... *and* the dogs ... I think." She had scratches all over, and her knees were painfully scraped.

A car chugged up the hill toward the twins. Tyler stood by the side of the road and waited to see if it might be Alucard coming home. If it was, he was going to give him an earful about his feral dogs. The car was an inexpensive sedan. Not something Alucard would drive. Perhaps it was some other ... neighbor. Tyler looked around at the isolation. The castle didn't have any immediate neighbors. The car stopped in front of them, and the window rolled down. Tyler scratched his head. "Mr. Fearn?"

"Hello, kids." Andy eyed their cuts and tattered clothes. "Seems like you two got yourselves into some trouble."

Isabella crossed her arms over her chest, hiding where her bra peeked out. "We wanted to say hello to Mr. Alucard. But his dogs chased us off."

"I see." Andy nodded. "His Grace values his privacy. Why don't you get in, and I'll drive you home?"

"Um ... okay." Isabella didn't want to give the whole town a show on their walk home, and this was the best offer they were going to get short of finding a payphone and calling their parents to pick them up. She looked at Tyler and he nodded. They got in the backseat.

"What was that about 'grace,' Mr. Fearn?" Tyler fastened his seat belt.

"The gracious and inimitable owner of this castle has a title. I'm not sure if he's a duke or a baron or what." Andy turned the car around and slowly drove them down the hill. "He prefers that we call him 'Your Grace,' or if we're talking about him, 'His Grace.' He's earned our respect."

"Has he?" Isabella cocked her head.

“I think we’ll just call him Mr. Alucard.” Tyler rolled his eyes at his sister. She nodded back. Clearly, they agreed that Andy was acting odd.

“Well, that’ll be between you and His Grace I suppose.” Andy shrugged. They drove in silence the rest of the way home. He dropped them off and drove away without anything more than a “goodbye.”

The twins went inside to clean up and change.

Chapter 4

“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. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

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“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 ... mppppphhhhhhh.” 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.

“Oooohhhhhhhhh ... 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 ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” 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 ... oohhhhhhhhh ... 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.

Chapter 5

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 ... Tylerrrrrrr ... 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 a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Okay, let’s say I believe you.” Isabella sat on the toilet lid with a towel wrapped around her boobs. 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.”

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“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 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.”

Chapter 6

“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 Ursula 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.*

~~

"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 ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... bear your cock ... inside me ... forever."

"Or at least until ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I grow tired of you ... my pet. My ... uuugghhhh ... 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 thrust harder. "Now ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... take your reward. You are wedded ... to the night ... ggggrrrrraaaahhhhhhhh." 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.

~~

“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.

~~

“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.

Chapter 7

“Wow ... I was expecting a spooky vibe, not this ...” Isabella took her brother’s hand in hers and squeezed it in wonder. “Look at that chandelier. It’s beautiful.”

“Yeah, this place is impressive.” Tyler was looking less at the castle and more at the people mingling around them. Once past the entry vestibule, they had entered a large space with grand stairs, high ceilings, and a roaring fire in a stone hearth. Tyler recognized many of the two dozen or so people from around town. When Annie Kim smiled at him, he waved. “Hello, Mrs. Kim.”

“Hello Tyler. Don’t you look handsome?” Annie patted the teenager’s cheek and raised her flute of champagne to him. “Gail wanted to stay home. I’ll tell her she missed you.”

“Okay, Mrs. Kim.” Tyler didn’t have a drink to clink glasses, so he nodded and watched the pretty woman wander off. Annie’s daughter, Gail, was in the twin’s class at school. Tyler knew Gail had a crush on him. But with the special relationship he had with his sister, he didn’t have the bandwidth to be anything more than friends to Gail. Still, he wished she’d come. He didn’t see any other teenagers at the party, they were all people roughly his parents’ age. Although, more people were showing up by the minute. Then he remembered the purpose of their visit, and he was glad Gail wasn’t there.

“Oh, listen to the way the music bounces in this space. It’s delightful.” Isabella pointed to the string quartet that was playing Mozart.

“Jensens! You made it!” Cassie was the image of sparkling radiance. Her sequin gown showed off a lot of cleavage and leg. She wore a gem-encrusted tiara, and a massive, jeweled necklace. Her blond hair was expertly pinned, and her smile was wide and bright. “Oh, don’t you all look lovely?”

“Cassie ... my ... gosh ... you look ... stunning.” Stephanie put a hand to her mouth in shock. Her friend had always been so understated. “How did you come to host this party?”

“Oh, Mr. Alucard and I have really hit it off.” Cassie put an arm around her friend’s shoulders and led Stephanie away from her family.

“Well, I see some beer and other dudes clustering over there.” Brad pointed to a corner of the massive room. “I’m going to go be social. You kids stay out of trouble.” He clapped Tyler on the back and walked off.

“We’re alone.” Tyler pulled two champagne flutes off a tray as a scantily clad waitress walked by. He waited to see if anyone would notice two eighteen-year-olds drinking. When no one said anything, he handed a glass to his sister and clinked her glass.

“I guess we should get about it.” Isabella tried to put on a brave face. She took a big gulp of the bubbly. “Oh, this is good.”

Tyler sipped his. “Agreed. Although I don’t have a lot to compare it to.” He took another thoughtful sip. “I think our host has gone all out to impress his guests.”

“Speaking of which, have you seen him?” Isabella cast a worried glance in her mother’s direction. She was laughing with a group of women by the hearth. Her new necklace glittered in the firelight. Seeing that her mother’s protection was in place made Isabella’s shoulders relax a little.

“No.” Tyler scanned the crowd. “No sign of Alucard. Wait ... there he is.” Tyler pointed.

Alucard was descending the stairs with Olivia McDonald. He had his arm around her shoulders in a very familiar sort of way.

“Mrs. McDonald looks dazed.” Isabella pressed her lips together. “Like she’s on drugs or something.”

“He did something to her,” Tyler whispered. “Well, it’s not our job to do anything about that. She’ll be alright once Damion and Ursula take care of things. Come on, with our host at the party, it’s time to explore a little.”

Flutes in hand, the twins moved through the crowd and out of the main room. Mozart’s notes and the thrum of the crowd followed them down a dimly lit corridor. They opened doors as they went, finding empty, dusty rooms filled with cobwebs. The last door at the end of the hall was locked.

“It’s one of those old-timey locks. I bet we could pick it.” Isabella crouched and studied the door.

“With what? How?” Tyler grinned at his sister’s can-do spirit. “I think –” The sound of footsteps cut him off. Careful not to spill their champagne, the twins scurried across the hall. They hid in the empty room there, leaving the door open a crack.

“‘Evil, enchanted necklace’, he says.” Andy strode down the hall, jangling a large ring with iron keys. He was still in his valet outfit and had a deep frown on his face. “An evil, enchanted necklace that he needs to research right now. Even though I’m in the middle ...” His words trailed away as he stuck a key in the lock, turned it, opened the door, and went inside.

The twins exchanged a look and peered across the hall. Lamplight showed them that the forbidden room was some sort of study or office. There were many books, and a large foreboding desk. A moment later, they watched Andy hurry out of the room carrying an old, leatherbound book. When his footsteps had faded, they moved back out into the hall.

“He didn’t relock it.” Isabella tried the heavy handle, and the door creaked open.

“Let’s be quick.” Tyler looked around, but there was no one. Only the sounds of the distant party.

“It’s dingy.” Isabella ran her finger along the desk, collecting dust on the tip. She downed the rest of her champagne so she wouldn’t have to worry about spilling any. She handed the glass to her brother and pulled a book from the shelf. “I can’t read the title.” She opened it and paged through. “It’s not in English. Um ...” She adjusted her glasses. “It’s not in any language I recognize.”

“I wish we had a camera.” Tyler walked along the bookshelf. Many of the obscure titles were in English, or other Latin languages. But many were not. “I’ll check the desk.” Tyler carefully opened drawers and examined their contents. “There’s a notepad ... but, I can’t read it.”

“Come on, let’s go. This room is a bust.” Isabelle picked up the flutes he’d left on the desk and pulled her brother to the door. “We’re supposed to find where he sleeps, anyway. All this other detective work is useless.”

“You’re right.” Tyler nodded. They went back to the party, smiled at some acquaintances, made sure their parents were still safe, got a refill on their drinks, and then surreptitiously took the stairs down to the basement. They descended and descended.

Still holding a half-full flute, Isabella hugged herself. “It’s cold down here.”

“And dark.” The only light came flickering from the occasional oil lamp on the wall.

They passed several empty rooms with hooks on the walls that looked like they might be used for cold storage. Eventually, they arrived at a locked door. When Isabella jiggled the handle, there was a deep growl from the other side of the door.

“The dogs!” Isabella whispered, her eyes getting round with fright.

“There’s something worth guarding down here,” Tyler said through chattering teeth. He pulled his sister away from the door. They were both shivering by the time they arrived back at the main hall and the party.

It took them some time, and several tasty bites of tapas, to calm down enough to think about exploring further. Eventually, they summoned the courage to climb the stairs, in full view of the party, and explore up above. They found another flight of stairs ascending a tower, but didn’t follow those. Instead, they walked down a cheery, well-lit hall. They discovered that the rooms were mostly empty up there, too. When they found a furnished room, they stepped inside. The bed was made, but the blanket had wrinkles like someone had been sitting on it.

Isabella opened the closet. "These are Mr. Fearn's clothes." She looked over at her brother with an eyebrow raised. "It looks like his whole wardrobe is here."

"Is he living here?" Tyler walked up next to his sister, his mouth hanging open in shock. "Where's Mrs. Fearn's stuff?"

Isabella didn't have time to reply. There were voices in the hall, and the room's door handle shook.

The twins dove into the closet, leaving the door open the barest crack.

"I'm so happy to hear that you're enjoying your evening, Mrs. Kim." Alucard, dressed impeccably in a dark suit, entered the room. He escorted Annie Kim inside and shut the door behind her. "I appreciate your offer for real estate services. But I'm very happy living on Drusilla Way."

"Oh, yes, of course." Annie blushed. "Well, you never know. If circumstances change, you can let me know." She made a move toward the door, but he intercepted her. "Um ... excuse me ... if we don't have any business to discuss, I'd like to get back to the party. My husband will be looking for me." She had to crane her neck to look up into his dark eyes. "Mr. Alucard?"

"Your husband is currently distracted by the beautiful Cassie Fearn." Alucard put long, sinuous fingers on her shoulder. "We have a few minutes." He stared deeply into her gaze.

"I'm married," Annie whispered. "I mean, I hope I'm misreading the vibe in the room, but ... oh ... oh ... my ... my head is spinning." She leaned against his hard, unforgiving body for support.

"You've overexerted yourself. You need to breathe." Alucard picked her up and carried her to the bed. He gently laid her down, brushed her black hair off her throat. He pushed the straps to her dress over her shoulders. In one quick motion, he lowered her dress and unclasped her bra. "You must let yourself breathe freely. Do you feel better?"

"I ... I ..." Annie was too stunned to answer. "My boobs!" She stared down at her exposed chest. When Alucard cupped her breast with hungry fingers, she saw that his alabaster skin was even paler than hers. "This is very wrong, Mr. Alucard. My husband will ... oooohhhhhhhhh." Her body writhed, and she clutched the blanket as his mouth clamped onto her breast. Her wedding ring twinkled while she twisted the covers with her fingers.

Isabella made a hissing sound, and her brother covered her mouth to keep her quiet. They both stared with wide eyes as Alucard drank from one of their friend's mothers.

“Ohhhhhh ... what are you doing? Oohhhhhhhh ... I feel something ... something ...” Annie was lost in a fog of pleasure. When she came out the other side, she found that Alucard was no longer at her breast. Trying to collect her wits, she sat up and clasped her bra. “Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh. Oh, my. What will Chris think? I can’t believe we just ... I mean.” She let Alucard help her get her dress back in place. Then, on wobbly legs, she let him lead her out of the room.

When they were gone, Tyler removed his hand from his sister’s mouth. “What ... the fuck ... was that?”

“Did you see the two red marks on her boob?” Isabella worked hard not to panic. “We just saw a vamp vamping out. Shit.”

“We better get out of here.” The twins had had enough exploring. They raced back to the party, gathered their parents, and shepherded them to the car.

“Slow down, slow down.” Brad hadn’t remembered his daughter ever pushing him out of a party before. “I didn’t get a chance to say thank you to Mr. Alucard.”

“What’s gotten into you two?” Stephanie didn’t want to make a scene, so she let her son pull her back out into the snow.

“Leaving so early?” Andy had already fetched their minivan. It was idling, ready for the Jensen family. “I know, Lord Alucard wanted to have a conversation with you, Stephanie.”

“Next time.” Isabella said. “We have to get going.”

“Say goodnight to Cassie for me.” Stephanie gave Andy an apologetic smile.

“Will do.” Andy nodded. He looked relieved.

On the way home, the road was still miraculously free of snow. The twins sat in the back seat, looking back up the hill at the castle. Their sweaty palms were clasped, and their grip was tight. It was one thing to know you had a vampire in town. It was another thing to see one in action.

Chapter 8

“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 ... ooooohhhhh ... 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 ... yesssssssssss.” 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.

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“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.

Chapter 9

“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.

~~

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.

Chapter 10

“Something’s wrong.” Tyler paused just before removing the condom from his dick. He and his sister were in his closet with the light on so he could see what he was doing.

“Did the condom break?” Isabella was buzzing from sex, lying on her side on the floor. She lifted her head up to look. Her brother was still hard, and the prophylactic seemed to be holding his copious load well enough.

“No ... I just feel like something’s wrong. I’m not sure ... exactly what.” He removed the condom, tied it in a knot, and held it. His cock shrank. It didn’t usually go down that quickly, but his worry had hastened its slumber. “Do you feel anything?”

“I feel ... pretty good from the way you were just handling me.” Her smile dwindled as she stared at his frown. He was blurry, so she put her glasses back on. Now that she could see him clearly, he really did look unhappy. “You had a bad feeling before the whole pool thing, too. Remember?”

“Yeah, and with that incident at the museum.” Tyler nodded, his cock now dangling between his legs. “Something bad is going on with Damion and Ursula. I don’t think they succeeded.”

“Well, what do we do?” Isabella sat up and hugged her knees. “I mean ... I guess we have to see if Alucard is still alive. And if he is, we have to ... I don’t know ... rescue our friends.”

“We’ll finish finals tomorrow. Then, we can focus on Alucard. I mean ... Mom would kill us if we skipped finals, right?” Tyler hated this situation.

“If we knew for certain they needed our help, I’d say skip. But we don’t know what’s going on.” She snapped her fingers. “I know, let’s find Andy Fearn. If he’s still creepy and weird, we’ll know Alucard is still around.”

“After school tomorrow then.” Tyler bent down and kissed his sister on the cheek. “I’m going to take a shower and go to sleep. We’ll need to be rested.”

“Yeah, me too.” Isabella followed her brother out of the closet.

~~

“Why ... do I ...?” Ursula spun around the expansive wood floor in Alucard’s arms. Her mind was a haze. She was so much a part of the dance, that she wasn’t even sure her feet

were touching the floor. When she looked down, she saw that they were dancing up in the air, their heads almost as high as the chandelier. "So ... strange."

"My ... sweet ... innocent ... sorceress. I do believe I've swept you off your feet." Alucard held the young woman hand-in-hand on one side, and his cold fingers pressed to the small of her back on the other. Her dress flared with their spinning movement. He dipped her, letting her back arch dramatically. This made her breasts strain against the dress, stretching it in the most beguiling way. Deftly, Alucard's fingernail split the front of her dress, spilling her milky white boobs into view. He lifted her out of the dip and continued twirling her.

"Damion ... Damion ... don't look." Ursula tried to catch glimpses of her naked boyfriend sitting at the table. It wasn't easy as Alucard spun her round and round. She desperately wanted to cover her breasts, but she was gripping Alucard's frigid hand and his solid shoulder tightly, for fear of falling to the floor below. The best she could do was press closer to Alucard, hiding her breasts against his suit.

"Uuugghh ... uuuggghhh ... uuuuuggghhhh ..." Damion stared at nothing with glazed eyes.

Cassie had taken advantage of the distraction to drink some more. She was under the table again, her teeth piercing Damion's cute, rigid member.

"I haven't tamed a sorceress in almost eighty years." Alucard looked down into Ursula's eyes. "I never grow tired of breaking the bonds of marriage. But a wife's duty can't compete with your vows to your coven. I think you might become my lead concubine."

"Never ... I'll never succumb ... to ..." Ursula was losing herself in his gaze. She tried to look away, but found she could not. When he lifted her up as part of the dance, she was grateful for losing eye contact. But then she felt his horrible lips on her breast, followed by the sharp stab of his fangs. "Oooohhhhhhhh." Ursula threw her head back. Pleasure surged through her. "I ... will ... resist."

After the dance was finished, Alucard returned to the table, pulling Cassie away from her pet. "You really will kill him if you're too greedy." He smiled over at Ursula, who was slumped in her chair, her breasts still out in the open. Two little red dots on her alabaster flesh marked the beginning of his conquest. "We don't want Damion dead, do we, my sorceress?" His smile was warm and polite.

Ursula was buzzing from the echoes of bliss he'd given her. The pleasure of feeding him. She shivered, his words sobering her up. She pulled herself upright in the chair, and did her best to scowl. "You've made a mistake, toying with us, demon. We will destroy you!" She tried to summon a powerful, destructive spell. But nothing happened. She reached for the collar around her neck and touched it with loathing. "I will get free."

“About that. I think you’ve outgrown the cage.” Alucard steepled his hands. “I’ve had Andy make you up a room in the tower. Of course, you’ll need to stay confined during the day, but you may have free use of the castle when I’m able to chaperone. Ah, I see that you’re surprised. I am a most accommodating host and master.” He turned toward Andy. “Mr. Fearn, show the young woman to her room.”

Remembering that she was uncovered, Ursula put an arm over her breasts. She didn’t say another word, but followed Andy out of the dining hall. *He’ll regret leaving me alive. All I need is the right moment.*

~~

“If you like Tyler so much, you should ask him out. You’re beautiful, Gail. I’m sure he’d say yes.” Annie watched her daughter blush. “Pour me some more wine, Chris.” Annie handed her glass to her husband. They were sitting around the dinner table, mostly finished with a late supper.

“Girls don’t ask boys out, Mom.” Gail frowned at her mother.

“I asked your father out, didn’t I, Chris?” Annie took the filled glass back from her husband.

“Well ... I liked you before you asked ... I was going to ask ... but ...” Chris let out a nervous laugh.

“You see, Gail? He was never going to ask me. You owe your existence to me asking –” Annie was interrupted by the doorbell. “Who could that be?” Still holding her full wineglass, she rose. “You two clean up, I’ll see who’s at the door.” She walked to the front door. It was such a safe neighborhood that she opened the door without checking to see who it was first. “Oh ... Mr. Alucard!” A sudden rush of memory and feeling made her wobble on her feet. She stared into his gorgeous, dark eyes. *Speaking of asking someone out, I think he’s here to have an affair with me. I’ll have to nip this in the bud.* “How ... ah ... how ... um ... are ...?” She was floundering.

“Good evening, Mrs. Kim.” Alucard gave her a bow with a flourish. His smile was warm and ingratiating. “May I come in?”

Annie took a gulp of her wine and looked over her shoulder. She could hear her husband and daughter chatting as they cleared the table. Her eyes turned back to Alucard. “My husband is home. He would kill you if he knew about our ... about what we ... about the party.” She took another gulp of wine.

"I would very much like to come in." Alucard stepped so that his toes were right on the threshold.

"And I would like to be Queen of Korea." Annie shrugged. "You should go." She put her hand on the door to close it, but his charming smile made her hesitate. "Why ... um ... why did you come here?"

"I find your beauty enthralling." He held out his hand, his fingers not crossing the doorway. "Come with me. We must talk."

"I'm going out for a walk," Annie called over her shoulder. She finished off her wine, put the glass down on the entry table, and took Alucard's chilly hand in hers. "Okay, Mr. Alucard, you have five minutes of my time." The next few minutes were a whirlwind for Annie. She felt Alucard pull her outside. Suddenly, she was in his arms. He carried her briskly, the nice suburban town blurring around them. Then, she was standing hand in hand with him at the large entry door to his castle. "How did we get here?"

"You asked to visit, don't you remember?" The door opened with a long, lingering creak. Alucard led her into the castle by the hand. "Did you want to go home?"

"Yes," Annie squeaked.

"That isn't true, is it?" Alucard led her up the grand stairway. He could see Cassie lurking in the shadows, watching. He had told his concubine that if he brought his newest pet home, she was not to interfere.

"This place is so strange." Everything about the moment was dreamlike. Before she knew it, she was in the same bedroom as she'd visited the night of the party. "Oh ... my family will wonder what happened to me. I must get back."

"Remove your sweater." Alucard put some steel into his voice.

"Yes, sir," Annie whispered. Before she knew, the sweater was over her head, and she was tossing it onto a chair. She stood before him in a bra and jeans. "Do you really think I'm beautiful?"

"You are a shining star, Mrs. Kim." Alucard's smile was more feral now. "Remove your brassiere."

"Okay." Annie unclasped her bra and put it with her sweater. Seeing his hungry gaze on her boobs made her cheeks and upper chest burn. "You've seen them, now please take me home."

"Offer them to me." Alucard lowered himself so that his face was at nipple level, about a foot or so away.

“No ... maybe if I was single. But I’m married.” It suddenly occurred to her that she should cover her nakedness with an arm. But she didn’t move.

“Offer them and receive boundless pleasure as your reward.” He licked his lips.

Annie shivered. She knew from experience that he could deliver on that promise. Slowly, she pushed her chest forward, until her left nipple was touching his mouth. “If you want them ... Mr. Alucard ... you can have a quick kiss.” She thought he was going to latch onto her nipple, but he moved to the inside of her breast and bit on the soft flesh. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... Mr. Alucard ... what are you doing to meeeeeeeee?” She arched her back. It was preposterous that a normal night, talking about her daughter’s crush, had turned into ... this.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Alucard drank. His hand went between her legs. He was happy when she spread for him without prompting. He rubbed her through her jeans, causing her hips to twirl in little circles. After a while, he released her breast. “Remove your trousers.”

“Wow ... wow ... okay ... okay ... but you have to promise to be a gentleman.” Annie felt higher than a kite. She knew she had a big, stupid grin on her face as she shimmied out of her pants. She went ahead and lowered her panties too without him asking. She found herself standing before him in only socks.

“Give yourself to me.” Alucard’s voice was full of command. His handsome veneer was cracking, but he didn’t think the woman was frightened. “Give yourself to me.”

“What are we doing?” Annie turned. Still standing on the floor, she leaned her elbows down to the mattress. “I never thought I’d give myself to anyone other than Chris. He’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Annie shrieked when something impossibly large entered her vagina. *I’m having sex with someone other than Chris! What am I doing?* But she didn’t ask the strange man behind her to stop. Instead, she wiggled her butt and prayed that he would slide his thing all the way in.

Chapter 11

“Mom has been gone a while. Where’d she say she was going?” Gail found her mother’s empty wine glass by the front door. She opened the door and looked out. The crickets chirped. The front yard was mostly in shadow. She turned on the lights but didn’t see her mother.

“Did she take her purse?” He started looking around the house.

Gail went to where her mother usually kept her purse on the lower shelf of the hallway console table. It was there. “She left her purse, Dad.”

He walked into the hall, scratching his head. “And she said she was going out for a walk? This is so unlike her.”

“Yeah, weird.” Gail frowned at her mother’s purse. “Should we be worried?”

Chris laughed. “We live in the safest town in America. I think your mother will be okay. I just hope she doesn’t get lost. I wonder where she is right now.”

Up in the castle at the end of Drusilla Way, Annie Kim was indeed lost. Her mind was shrouded in a fog of pleasure. As improbable as it seemed, she had someone other than her sweet Chris inside her. And where her husband was modest-sized, loving and tender, the invader slamming into her vagina from behind was massive, cold, hard, and merciless. “Oooohhhh ... Mr. Alucard ... not again ... you’re going to make meeeeeeeee ... have another one ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Are you ready ... to give yourself to me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... totally?” Alucard gripped her hips with iron fingers. As his passion rose, it became harder and harder to hide the demonic side of him. He hoped he wouldn’t have to conceal from her much longer.

“Ggggghhhhaaaaaaaaaa.” Annie was having another orgasm. It was too big for her to respond. It was so massive, she could barely comprehend his question. She even forgot to breathe. The only external thing she was aware of was that the mammoth, frigid penis behind her continued to plunder her depths with a cruel, steady rhythm. Eventually, her wits returned enough for her to suck in some air and loosen her grip on the sheets. Her grasp had been so tight that her hands were cramping. She had been standing bent over in front of this strange man. But when she let go of the sheet, he pulled her arms behind her, making her stand straight. No one had ever made love to her like that. Not long ago, she would have thought such a position degrading and crass, but now her belly flipped and her vagina gushed to be so totally in a man’s control.

“Are you ready ... to give me your body ... and soul?” Alucard growled. He eased the thrust from his hips a little. The woman was still human, and while he wanted to drive her to soaring peaks, he didn’t want to break her.

“Noooooo ... nooooo ... I love ... Chris ... my family ... I ... uugggh ... uuuggghhhhhh.” Even as she refused to give herself to this strange man, she let him have his way with her vagina. When he pulled out of her, she was relieved for a moment. She swayed, trying to get her balance with wobbly knees. “Is it ... over?” But then she saw him lie down on the bed, his brutish penis reaching toward the ceiling. She gazed into his beautiful eyes, losing herself. Without being asked to, she mounted him. A new kind of relief flooded through her. “It’s not ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... over.” She guided him into her vagina, amazed at how easily his gargantuan penis burrowed inside her. “You’re so ... big ... and ... oooohhhhhh ... handsome. Why ... are you interested ... in me?” Her hips struggled to find the right cadence. This wasn’t anything like riding her husband.

“Your beauty shines ... like an evening star ... your face glows like the moon ... and when you climax ... you sound ... as pretty as a ... nightingale.” He smiled up at her, careful not to let his demonic form show.

“Oh ... my ... Mr. Alucard ... oooohhhh ... you say such things ... such ... things.” Annie didn’t know when she had last been complimented like that. “But I still can’t ... I can’t ... give myself ...” Her hips were finding a rhythm. She found herself moving in a more lurid way than she was used to during sex. It surprised her that she could move this way. It would have been no more shocking if she’d suddenly been able to tango. “Why is ... this so good ... why ... Mr. Alucard ... is this ...? Oooohhhh ... with your words ... and your jumbo thing ... I’m going to do it again ... I’m going to ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed, not caring who else might be in the castle listening to her.

A while later, Alucard flipped her over and rutted between her legs. He stared down into her dazed eyes. “If you will not ... ugh ... ugh ... yet give me ... your body and soul ... will you ... accept ... my seed?”

“I ... I ...” Annie tried to remember where she was in that time of the month. It was too difficult to think with this tall, handsome man plunging his long thing into the very back of her womb again and again. *It’s just one time. What could it hurt?* “Fff ... fffff ... ffffinne ... fine ... Mr. Alucard ... you can finish ... inside ... this one time.”

“Rrrraaaaaaaaaawwwwwrrrrrr!” Alucard released in her womb.

“Oh ... my ... gosh!” Annie felt a chill fill her belly. It was almost like he was injecting something frigid inside her. And so much of it, too. She stared up at him, on the edge of another orgasm. She watched as his face changed from handsome to horribly ugly. She

thought she should be afraid, but his nightmarish expression only served to push her over the edge. She pointed her toes at the ceiling and let her final climax overtake her.

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“I’ve been waiting up for you. Where did you go?” Chris stood in the kitchen, facing his wife. He examined her familiar face closely. Her expression was uncharacteristically slack. *Is she stoned? In shock?* He waited for a response. He could hear the beat of their daughter’s music thumping through the ceiling. “Annie?”

“Oh ... I went out for a walk ... and got lost.” Annie nodded vapidly and tried to smile.

“You look shaken. Was it scary?” He moved to hug her, but she pushed him away.

“It *was* scary, but also ... awesome in a way. I looked into the animal world ... and saw something incredible. I think tonight is going to be ... life changing.” When he tried to come in for another hug, she pushed him away more forcefully. “I’m sweaty and dirty from my walk. I need a shower. And then, I’m going to bed. Anyway, I’m home now. Everything’s fine.” She gave her husband a chaste kiss on the cheek, observing how different he was from her tall, handsome boyfriend. “Good night, Chris.”

“Good night, Annie.” He watched his wife go upstairs. Well, she was right. She was home now, and none-the-worse-for-wear. He let out a long exhale and went back to his television program in the living room.

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“It’s getting dark.” Isabella sat hidden by some bushes across the street from the Fearn residence. Finals were over, so they could commit themselves to figuring out what happened to Alucard, Damion, and Ursula. Her brother was next to her in the shrubbery, his reassuring hand resting on her ass. It was nice when he reminded her how special their bond was. Instead of telling him to move his hand, she wiggled her butt a little for him. “How long should we wait?”

“We *need* to find Mr. Fearn. He should be getting home from work soon, right?” Tyler checked his watch. “Actually, I would have thought he would have gotten home a while ago.”

“Maybe we should be staking out Alucard’s castle instead.” Isabella pressed her lips into a thin line.

“At night? No thanks. Anyway, those dogs wouldn’t let us get close.” He shook his head, studying the lengthening shadows cast by the row of trees down the street. Soon, even the shadows faded as the sun disappeared behind the horizon. “Maybe we should go home. I don’t like being out in the dark, even here. I ...” He went quiet as a loud squeaking filled the air. It sounded like a thousand mice were overhead. Or maybe ... bats. He looked up and saw the dark shapes fluttering, reminding himself that they were probably only here to eat mosquitoes.

“Tyler, there ...” Isabella whispered and gripped her brother’s arm.

Where no one had been a moment before, Cassie now stood on the front walk of the Fearn home. She turned slowly in the gloom, wearing an elegant gown that sparkled here and there in the light cast by the streetlamp. She looked about the dark street, her gaze passing over the bush where the Jensen twins hid. Seemingly satisfied, she flipped her blond hair behind her shoulders and went into her house.

“We didn’t find Mr. Fearn. We found Mrs. Fearn,” Isabella hissed.

“I see that.” Tyler nodded. “We’ll follow her when she leaves.”

“Um ... we don’t have a car.” Isabella’s frown deepened.

“We have our bikes. She’s on foot, and she’s wearing heels, we should be able to follow her easily enough.” Tyler tried to sound sure of himself. The fact that he hadn’t seen how she arrived bothered him.

“I guess.” Isabella watched the house. A few minutes later, Cassie exited through the front door, carrying a bag over her shoulder. She stepped down the front walk and turned east on the sidewalk.

The Jensen twins crawled out of the bushes, retrieved their bikes, and pedaled after Cassie at some distance.

“Where’s she going?” Isabella whispered as she watched Cassie cross the street and turn down a perpendicular road. The woman disappeared behind a house. Isabella didn’t want to get too close, so she and Tyler kept going so slowly they could barely keep their bicycles upright. When they rounded the corner, Cassie was gone. Although, there was nowhere she could have easily run off to.

“Where did she ...?” Tyler looked up as another cloud of bats passed overhead. He watched the dark creatures disappear into the night, heading toward Drusilla way. “You don’t think she ...?”

“I think we can safely assume Alucard lives.” A pit settled in Isabella’s stomach. “We need to put together a rescue plan.”

“Yeah, I think so.” Tyler nodded.

~~

Ursula stood when she heard a key in her bedroom door. The room itself was a good deal nicer than the cage she'd been kept in. It was large with rounded walls, and it included a bathroom. The furniture was very eighteenth-century, but in good shape. The window looked out at the town below, but she was high enough in the tower that there was no thought of escape that way. She tugged at the collar, wishing she had the strength to rip it off her throat. Her body tensed, waiting to confront the monster. But when the door swung open, it was only pathetic Andy. "I heard a woman screaming earlier. What was that?" Ursula put her hands on her hips, trying to seem authoritative. She wore the elegant dress she'd been given. It was either that or go naked. She took the lesser of two evils.

"Perhaps Lord Alucard will answer that question, but I can't." Andy frowned at the pretty young woman. "He would like to see you now."

"Where's Damion? Is he okay?" Of course, she knew he wasn't okay. She was really asking if her boyfriend was still alive.

"Yes, he's resting. Our Lord decided that Damion needed a break, so Cassie won't ... um ... visit him tonight. Come now, Lord Alucard won't want to be kept waiting." Andy pulled out a leash, walked over to her, and attached it to the collar. "Sorry about this."

Ursula wanted nothing more than to throttle this man and make a run for it. But that would fail. This wasn't her moment. She would play along until she found a weakness. Then, she would pounce. As docile as a cow, she followed Andy out of her room.

Chapter 12

“Never. I would rather die.” Ursula stood in Alucard’s study. The vampire sat on the edge of his desk, striking what he clearly thought was a dapper pose. Even with the demon hidden inside him, he was a horror to look at. He was too handsome. She could see through that. Ursula tried not to get lost in his eyes. She looked around the room that was full of magical books. Maybe there was something she could use in here for her escape.

“I understand. You don’t want to betray your beloved. But that’s what this is all about.” Alucard poured a brandy for her and offered her the glass. He was unsurprised when she knocked it away. The crystal tumbler fell to the floor with a thud, spilling its amber liquid. “I’m offering you a way to help Damion. I have pulled Mrs. Fearn off him for the moment. He is very weak. But he should recover if given time away from his mistress.”

“What are you saying?” She pulled at the collar that muffled her magic.

“For every day that you do what I ask, I will keep Cassie from her pet. I will nurse your beloved back to health.” He let his beguiling smile play on his cold lips. “For every day that you refuse me, I will let her have her way.”

“This is blackmail!” Ursula took a step back.

“I am one of the undead.” He stood and unbuttoned his trousers. “Sadly, I am not above blackmail, murder, or whatever else will stave the ennui of the centuries.” He lowered his trousers.

Ursula sucked in her breath in shock. The penis before her was truly an ungodly abomination. The thing was a blue-black color, etched with massive ridges from his veins. It was huge and ugly. She shivered. “I suppose that means that your heart still beats.”

“In its way.” Alucard nodded.

“How do I know you’ll keep your word?” She took a step toward the hideous creature, smoothed out her elegant dress, and gulped. Her focus was on that cock. *Can I even do this?*

“I will let you see Damion afterward. Every day you can see him as he recovers.” Alucard let his monstrous side show. He enjoyed her revulsion. Seeing the determined look in her eye kindled his icy heart. This was better than the last witch he’d bedded all those decades ago.

“Fine ... but just know ... that you disgust me.” Ursula slowly lowered herself to her knees in front of him. *I'm sorry Damion. I'm doing this for you. You'll need to be strong to escape.*

“I know.” Alucard looked down at Ursula as she tentatively stuck out her tongue and leaned forward. When she got a taste of his special pre-seminal fluid, revulsion was written on her face. He would remember this moment, to compare it to when she eventually committed this act with an expression of adoration.

The penis was large, unwieldy, and cold in her mouth. She bobbed her head without much energy, but the vile creature seemed to be enjoying it. The taste of his precum was salty and made her want to gag. *Why is there so much of it?* She could hear his low grunts of satisfaction. She wanted to tell him how repulsive he was, but it came out as, “Mmmmpphh ... mmmpphh ... mmmppphhh.” After several minutes it occurred to her that she was going to have to do something with his cum. She sure as hell wasn't going to take any of it in her mouth. Another few minutes after that, and her mind began to swim. She tried to keep an image of Damion in her mind but found she couldn't.

“That's it. You need work, but in time you will be an excellent addition. Now look up here, my pet.” Alucard's vampiric face leered down at her. A thrill of pleasure surged through him when the witch looked up and locked eyes with him. Her face was distorted both by the size of the cock in her mouth and her pleasure. She had swallowed enough of his pre-fluid to make any woman buzz. “Be a good pet ... uuugghhhh ... and drink from me ... so that Mrs. Fearn doesn't ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... drink from your beloved.”

“Mmmmpphhh ... gggaackkkkk ... gaaackkk.” She was choking herself on the thing. She knew she should have been humiliated, but she was thrilled. Eagerly, Ursula grabbed the shaft with both hands and pumped with energy while her mouth suctioned the wide cockhead. She heard the monster roar like an injured wolf. Suddenly, his icy seed was on her tongue. She drank and drank. When she was done, she was only barely aware of standing up and having Andy come into the room.

“Oh ... she's a mess. Should I take her for a bath?” Andy put the leash back on her collar, careful to avoid the dark cum that dripped from her chin.

“No ... take her to see her boyfriend. I promised her a visit.” Alucard laughed.

Buzzing, her mind swimming, Ursula followed Andy out of the study. Her thoughts were up in the clouds. She barely registered that they were traversing the castle. Finally, a door opened in front of her, and she followed Andy into a small room.

“Ursula! You're here. Are you ...?” Damion stood on wobbly legs. He was about to say something about escape. But he saw his girlfriend's dazed face, dripping with dark ooze.

He caught the scent of the stuff and knew what had happened. "It's okay. I know you didn't have a choice. We'll get out of here."

"Did ... um ... did ... she drink your blood today?" Following his gaze, she realized what he was looking at. Ursula wiped cum from her chin with the back of her hand.

"No ... and I feel much better." Damion took a step toward her. "I –"

"I'm sorry, but that's enough for now." Andy turned around and pulled Ursula from the room by the leash. He locked the door and led her back to her room.

Ursula, still not able to think straight, followed him like a docile dog.

~~

"Bllllaaaahhhh! Bbblllleeeecckkkk!"

Strange noises woke Chris in the morning. He rolled out of bed to find the curtains had been drawn. That was odd. "Annie?"

"Bbblllahhhh!"

The noise was coming from the bathroom. Rubbing sleep out of his eyes, Chris opened the curtains and stumbled to the bathroom. "Annie?" He found his wife on the floor in front of the toilet, throwing up. "Oh, my gosh, Annie. Are you okay?" When she glanced at him, he could see her eyes were bloodshot, and her skin was waxy and pale. "Oh ... gosh. You've come down with something."

"Yeah ... my body's fighting some sort of ... infection." Annie wore only an oversized t-shirt. She held her belly as it roiled. "I don't feel ... so good."

"I'll get Gail ready for school." Chris stepped back from her, not wanting to catch whatever she had. "Do you think you caught a cold on your walk last night?"

"I caught something." She couldn't very well tell her husband that she'd caught a giant penis right in her vagina last night. *Good Lord, I even let that man spray his stuff inside me.* "Blleeeeeeeecckkkk!" As she threw up again, she wondered if maybe she'd caught the flu from him or something. They certainly had exchanged bodily fluids.

"Okay, let me know if you need anything." Chris backed out of the room. He'd use Gail's bathroom to get ready. His wife certainly needed her own space.

An hour later, Annie had the house to herself. She was feverish, but no longer vomiting, so she took a long, cool shower. While under the water, her mind kept going back to the sight of that monstrous penis. Alucard was so different from her husband. He was so

different from any man she'd known or seen in pictures. It was like God had poured pure id into the form of a man and out stepped Mr. Alucard. Those thoughts riled her up. Even though she was weakened, she found her hand reaching for her vagina. For the first time in years, she masturbated in the shower, ending with a screaming orgasm.

When she was out of the shower, she stared at her alabaster reflection in the mirror. Her pale skin made the bite mark on her breast stand out all the more. She looked down at her breast. Before she could consider what she was doing, she had lifted her nipple into her mouth, sucking and biting on it to the point of pain. This set her off on another climax, the first orgasm she'd ever had that didn't involve her vagina. On trembling legs, she finally left the bathroom and closed the curtains. Naked, she went around the house closing all the curtains and blinds.

The rest of the morning, she masturbated off and on, all over the house. Her body was completely out of control. By the afternoon, she was exhausted. She crawled back to bed and fell into a deep sleep.

~~

"Hey, Tyler." Gail stopped the twins in the hall between third and fourth period. "Hello, Issy."

"Hey, Gail," the twins said in unison.

"Sorry, we're going to be late for class." Tyler tried to move past Gail. He knew the girl was crushing on him, but he didn't have the bandwidth to date with all the energy he put into his sister, not to mention the vampire they had to deal with.

"Did finals go well?" Gail stepped in front of Tyler, blocking his escape.

"Yeah, sure." Tyler nodded.

Isabella kept silent and watched with an amused expression. She enjoyed how awkward her brother was with girls.

"Great. So, I think something bad happened to my mom. I'm not sure if you're the right people to talk to. But I heard about that thing you two did in the pool. You know what I mean, right? Did that really happen?" Gail's smile was full of doubt and worry.

"I'm sorry, we're ..." Tyler stopped talking when he processed her words.

"What's wrong, Gail?" Isabella took the girl by the shoulders and moved her into an alcove between some lockers.

“Well, my mom disappeared for a while last night. She said she went for a walk alone. But she wouldn’t do that.” Gail bit her bottom lip. The bell rang, but she didn’t move. Neither did Tyler and Isabella. After the bell was finished, Gail whispered, “I was upstairs listening to music when she got home. I was looking out the window and ... well ... that creepy guy Mr. Alucard appeared out of nowhere in the street, carrying her in his arms. He then put her down and ... disappeared. I don’t know what it means.”

“Shit ... is she okay?” Tyler suddenly wasn’t worried about this girl hitting on him. He adjusted his glasses and looked on with concern.

“She was throwing up this morning when I left.” Gail could see they were taking her seriously. She’d been afraid they were going to laugh at her. But having her fears confirmed felt worse.

“Can you come over after school? We can talk about it.” Isabella gave her brother a meaningful look and saw him nod in return.

“Yes ... okay.” Gail nodded and wiped a tear from her cheek. “We can meet at the old oak tree after school. I’ll see you then.” She adjusted her backpack and raced off for class.

“Not only is Alucard not dead, he’s looking to do to Mrs. Kim what he did to Mrs. Fearn. This ... isn’t good.” Tyler didn’t usually hold his sister’s hand in school, but the moment seemed to call for it. He reached out and squeezed her warm fingers.

“I really wish Ursula and Damion were here.” A crease of worry formed on Isabella’s forehead as they slowly walked toward class. “Should we go on the net and look for someone else to help us?”

“We’re on our own, Issy.” Tyler took a deep breath. “But we can figure this out. We’ve got winter break coming up. That’ll give us lots of time to kill a vampire.” He shivered at the thought. “Although, I do wish this was someone else’s job. I don’t like it at all.”

“Me either. But we have to keep our town safe. And Mom. Even with the necklace, you know Alucard is coming for her eventually.” Isabella let go of her brother’s hand as they split off toward different classrooms.

“We’ll figure it out.” Tyler wished he was as confident as he sounded.

Chapter 13

"I don't understand?" Gail sat in Isabella's neat room. The late afternoon sun fell through her window, casting the twins in a reddish glow. They sat side by side on the edge of the bed. Gail was in Isabella's desk chair, nervously swiveling side to side. "He's not dead. Obviously, he's not. He's walking around. I mean ... he's not a ghost," she lowered her voice to a whisper on the last word. "Is he?"

"I didn't say he's dead. I said he's *undead*." Isabella frowned at the girl. "We're about ninety-nine percent sure he's a vampire."

"Like from stories?" Gail's eyes went wide with wonder and fear.

"Like from *the* story." Tyler adjusted his glasses. He felt bad for this poor girl. "Have you thought about what his name might be backward? Isabella and I just noticed it earlier today."

"Dracula Rm?" Gail's face blanched further. "Dracula? What's the Rm mean?"

"I think you can drop the Mr. when you're reversing his name. Anyway, he has Mr. Fearn calling him Lord. But I bet he has a different title." Isabella waited, but Gail didn't seem to catch on. "You know, Count ... Count Dracula. At least if the story is to be believed."

"I mean, I don't think it was ever an official title, was it? He just gave it to himself to explain the castle and stuff and ..." Tyler shook his head, stood, and started pacing the room. "It doesn't matter. His name only matters in that he's some big, badass baddie. That's what Damion and Ursula were hinting at."

"Damion and Ursula?" Gail was so lost.

"Sorry, let's catch you up to speed," Tyler said.

The twins filled Gail in on what had happened so far. By the time they were done, the sky outside was a kaleidoscope of reds and oranges.

"So ... Mrs. Fearn, your mother, and Mrs. McDonald? And my mother, too." Gail's face fell into a deep frown. "But my mom would never ... I mean never, ever cheat on my dad. She's just a regular mom, you know?"

"There are probably other women we don't know about." Isabella stood and joined her brother pacing about the room.

The door burst open and Stephanie leaned in from the hall. "Is Gail staying for dinner?" She smiled at her children, her wedding ring and necklace glittering in the last rays of sunlight falling through the window.

“Mom!” The twins said in unison.

“You forgot to knock.” Isabella gave her mother a reproachful look.

“Why? It’s not like you two have any big secrets, right?” Stephanie laughed at the thought.

“Can I stay for dinner?” Gail didn’t like the thought of returning to her mother just yet.

“Of course, dear. And I’ll be happy to drive you home after.” Stephanie winked at the girl. She knew her children thought they had secrets. For instance, Stephanie knew that her son had a crush on Gail. It was about time he did something about it. Although ... it was a bit strange that he had his sister serving as a chaperone. Stephanie shrugged to herself. Eighteen-year-olds did strange things. When Gail nodded, Stephanie smiled at the girl. “It’s settled then. Dinner’s in about twenty minutes.” She turned and walked down the hall, leaving the door open.

Tyler walked over and gently closed the door.

“That necklace is keeping your mom safe? Can we get my mom one?” Gail stood. Now all three teenagers were pacing the small room.

“Sadly, Ursula gave it to us. We don’t know how to get another.” Isabella looked over at the book of magic they had been gifted. “Although, if you help us figure out that book, maybe we can make another necklace to protect your mom.”

“Sure ... yeah ...” Gail nodded. “And what are we going to do about Alucard? I mean Dracula. I mean ... you know who.”

“We’ll have to kill him, I suppose.” Tyler pressed his lips together. “Don’t look so worried. Finals are over, we can really focus on putting together the perfect plan to stake him.”

Gail gulped. “I don’t know if I can help you with that.” Her hands started trembling. “But I get straight As. I’m sure I can help you with the book.”

~~

When Chris Kim got home from work, he found all the curtains and blinds in the house drawn. His daughter hadn’t returned home yet, and his wife was deeply asleep in bed. He reminded himself that she had been coming down with something. Even when the phone rang, it didn’t wake Annie. Chris answered it, happy to hear that Gail was having dinner at a friend’s house. He gave his permission and went about uncovering most of the windows and throwing together some dinner for himself.

Just after nightfall, Chris was enjoying a beer in the living room, watching a basketball game. He nearly jumped out of his lounge when he was suddenly aware that his wife was standing in the room. Annie was perfectly still, as pale as a ghost, unmoving in the corner. She wore a partially see-through lingerie set that he'd gotten her for her fortieth birthday. "Jeez, Annie. You nearly gave me a heart attack."

"I'm feeling sexy, Chris. Are you feeling sexy?" Annie's voice dropped into an uncharacteristic purr. Her hips swayed as she crossed the room to him. "What do you say?"

"Oh ... I'm kinda watching the ..." Chris frowned, she was blocking the TV. It sounded like an exciting play was going on, he leaned to the side to look around her.

"The game can wait, darling." She pounced on him, quickly pulling down his pants and underwear. He spilled his beer, but she didn't care. When his penis was out in the open, she couldn't hide her disappointment. "Oh ... I thought it was ... but it's ..." She caught herself before she could use any descriptive words like *small*, *boring*, or *demure*. In her mind she had somehow conflated Alucard's penis and her husband's. It was a shock to have reality disabuse her of the notion. "Never mind." She released him and ran from the room.

"What the heck?" Chris watched his wife's ass bounce into the darkness of the hall. He pulled his pants back up, chalking up her strange behavior to whatever illness she'd caught. He decided he'd check on her later, after the game. He went to clean up his spilled beer and get another one.

Back in their bedroom, Annie was already lying on the bed, furiously pumping her brush handle into her vagina. Her loins were on fire. She had thought her husband could put it out, but she'd been wrong. Desperately, she tried to take care of it herself, grunting with effort and pleasure. She knew what she needed, but what happened the night before was a one-time thing. She had a family that she wasn't going to risk for some handsome stranger. *Maybe after the next orgasm, I'll calm down.*

Later, when Gail came home, she found her oblivious father watching sports while her mother was locked in the bathroom. When Gail pointed out to her father that her mother had been in the bathroom for a long time, he said it was because she was sick. By the time Gail was getting ready for bed, her mother was still locked in the bathroom. After her father went to bed, Gail crawled out of bed and set up an armchair directly in front of the front door so that she could make sure her mother didn't try to meet up with Alucard again. She spent the night dozing. Her mother didn't wake her.

~~

Rising out of bed, Annie glided across the room. Moonlight basked her nightgown in silver light. Coming out of an erotic dream, she found herself standing in front of the window. She blinked several times, trying to determine if she had, in fact, actually woken up. This was difficult to ascertain, because floating outside her window was a man. Actually, the floating figure was *the* man. She couldn't help but cream herself when she saw his beautiful eyes regarding her. "Am I awake?" She said through the closed window.

Alucard, wearing a formal, antique tuxedo, motioned for her to open the window.

"Oh, of course, sorry." Annie opened the window, a chill breeze blowing her black hair away from her face. "How are you ... flying?" She craned her neck, looking for wires suspending him in the air.

"Can I come in, darling?" Alucard spread a warm, ingratiating smile on his handsome face.

"Oh, I don't know." Annie was suddenly aware of her husband snoring behind her. She looked over her shoulder at him. "My husband ..."

"If you invite me in, I can make sure he has a deep, restful sleep." Alucard floated right up to the windowsill without crossing it. "He'll feel like a new man in the morning."

"Are you ... a ... a ... a ... wizard?" She was beginning to piece together all the miraculous details associated with this man.

"That's very clever of you. Earlier this evening, I even had dealings with a witch." He chuckled quietly, so as not to wake her husband.

"A witch? I didn't think such things were ... but of course ... the way we got to your castle last night, and the way you brought me back, was ... it was ..." Annie shivered. "I'm sorry, I'm babbling. It's cold out there. Please, come in." She stepped out of the way and watched him float into her bedroom.

Quietly, Alucard set his shiny, black shoes on the carpet and walked over to the bed. He waved his hand over Chris for twenty seconds. Once he was done, his low-pitched laugh echoed around the room.

"You gave him a good night's sleep?" Annie stared, enamored of her new wizard friend.

"He will not disturb us." Alucard slipped his arms around the woman and cradled her close.

"Oooohhhh ... kiss me ... Mr. Alucard." Annie melted against the tall, hard man. Their lips pressed together. She was only dimly aware that she was making out right in front

of her sleeping husband, in the house they'd bought together, with her daughter sleeping down the hall. Those thoughts made her pull back. But when she looked into his eyes, she realized that this was a man worth risking things for. She let him undress her, and watched as his alabaster form came into view as he undressed, flinging his tuxedo on the bed, right on top of Chris.

"You're mine now." Alucard's cock thrust out toward her with rapacious malice. It oozed dark preseminal fluid onto the floor. "Say it."

"For tonight. This one, last time. I'll be yours. But then, I really have to focus on my family." Her voice quavered. "You understand, right?"

"I understand." Alucard spun her around, held her hips, and easily entered her vagina.

"Nnnnnngggggggggg." Annie's eyes rolled upward. She did her best not to scream. It wasn't like the wizard with the penis of steel had put a sleeping spell on Gail. And her daughter was right down the hall. Of course, once his hips got moving, all thoughts of self-control went out the way Alucard had come in. "Eeeiii ... eeeiiiiii ... eeeiiiiiii!" She was quickly lost in a maze of pleasure and had no intention of escaping. When he grabbed her hair and treated her even more roughly than last time, tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She slammed her ass back to meet him and screamed out a climax. After several more orgasms, she let him have his own climax right inside her. Even as she rolled onto her back and spread her legs for round two, she could feel his icy stuff sloshing in her womb.

"Yes ... yes ... my pet ... you are mine ... now." Alucard let his demonic form free.

"Ohhh ... nooooo ... what's happening to you?" Annie should have been scared, but instead his horrible aspect led to higher and higher waves of pleasure. She let him seed her again while his mouth was clamped to her breast.

When the nearly-comatose woman was good and truly used, Alucard carried her back to bed and put her down beside her husband. He let himself out the way he'd come in, just as the horizon in the east started to lighten.

Downstairs, Gail had strange dreams of jackhammers and wailing ghosts. She woke with a start in the early morning, still in the chair by the front door. Her mother hadn't tried to sneak past her, nor had anyone tried to get in. That was a relief. At least she'd kept her family safe another night, giving her and the twins time to deal with Alucard. She stretched and headed upstairs to start her day.

Chapter 14

“I think this book is written in code.” Gail was in the Fallbrook library with the twins. The three were seated at a reading table. Her friends were learning about vampires, while she was poring over the magic book they’d ended up with. School had ended hours ago, and Gail kept nervously glancing out the windows. She didn’t want to walk home in the dark.

“Can you decode it?” Tyler looked over from his book. He smiled when his sister put her hand on his and squeezed.

“Maybe.” Gail looked up at them. They were very close for siblings. She supposed a close-knit team was needed to defeat Alucard. She wondered where she fit in. She barely knew them. “What did you guys find?”

“Well, crosses don’t really do much to stop a vamp,” Isabella said. “I guess if you believe, it gives the hunter strength to fight. But ... you know ... vamps don’t really care about religious symbols one way or the other. Holy water is a no-go, too.”

“Garlic doesn’t seem to do much, but I did read that vamps have sensitive noses. So, maybe that’s where that comes from.” Tyler shrugged. He eyed the gathering dusk outside the windows and began packing up. “We should leave. Isabella and I will walk you home.”

“Thanks. Maybe I should hold onto this and work on the code?” She closed the magic book and held it up.

The twins glanced at each other.

“Yeah, okay. Just make sure your mom doesn’t see it.” Isabella primmed her lips.

“I mean ... it’s not that we don’t trust her.” Tyler stood and swung his backpack over his shoulders. “It’s just ... she might be compromised. We don’t know what she sees, you know?”

“My mom’s his spy?” Gail shuddered, pushed the book into her backpack, and stood. “I don’t like the sound of that. She’s sweet and polite and shy and sometimes funny. She’s not ... like a ... monster. Or a monster’s helper.”

The twins exchanged another look.

“Just make sure she doesn’t go out at night. And don’t let her see the book.” Isabella gave her friend an encouraging smile, pulling her backpack strap over one shoulder. “Let’s get going.”

They walked down lonely suburban streets with the castle sitting above them on its strange hill. Gail kept glancing up at the gloomy thing. The building looked like it was watching her carefully. She was grateful whenever a tree cut off her view of it, even for a moment. "So, what kills them if garlic, holy water, and crosses are out?"

"Right, so anything through the heart should do it. Doesn't have to be a wood stake or whatever." Tyler rubbed his chin. "And decapitation. That was the recommended method. But of course, we're hoping the magic book might have some other answers. It would be difficult to cut his ..." He held his palms skyward.

"I don't want to do this. I wish he'd never come here." Gail hugged herself as they turned down her block.

"Us too. We're worried about Damian and Ursula, your mom, Mrs. McDonald, our mom, and the Fearn's." Tyler couldn't keep the melancholy out of his voice. "But if we come through, we get to save them all. And we've dealt with stuff like this before. We'll win."

"The swimming pool," Gail whispered.

"Yep, the swimming pool." Isabella stopped in front of Gail's front walk. "We'll see you at school tomorrow. Call us if you need anything."

"Will do." Gail straightened her spine, trying to be brave. She gave the twins a wave and headed inside. When she looked back at the gathering gloom, the Jensens had already moved on. She shut the door and went to go find her mother.

~~

"Mr. McDonald." Alucard wore a fashionable suit, a warm smile, and polished shoes. In his hand, he loosely held a bouquet of flowers. "Is your wife in?" The Windsor knot in his tie was expertly done.

"Honey, there's somebody here to see you." Bob called back into the house. He smiled at the strange, tall man. "You almost look like you're on a date." He barked out a laugh.

"Your wife didn't tell you?" Alucard stood on the edge of the threshold.

"Olivia, honey." Bob called over his shoulder with a little more urgency. To the strange man, he said, "Tell me what?"

"Why don't you invite me in, and I'll tell you myself." Alucard's grin was warm and disarming.

"I ... um ..." Bob felt goosebumps rise on his arms. The polite thing to do was invite this well-dressed, handsome man into his home. But he didn't want to. Bob shivered. "Honey?" He called over his shoulder again.

"I'm here, Bob. What is ...?" Olivia came to a sudden halt several feet behind her husband. She was wearing an apron over her dress. A chill raced down her spine. She had been wiping her hands on a dishtowel, but now she just held the thing before her like it was something alien. "Mr. Alucard. I didn't expect you ... after last time ..."

"What are you talking about, Olivia? What last time?" A cold pit formed in Bob's stomach. Something was very wrong.

"Is someone going to invite me in?" Alucard stood with the bouquet clasped in his hands.

"I ... need to get something." Bob quickly retreated from the entry hall.

That left Olivia and Alucard alone, staring at each other.

"Good evening, Mrs. McDonald." Alucard stepped back on the porch and bowed. "It was a pleasure to spend time with you when last we met. I am eager to remake our acquaintance."

"My husband's here. Right now. You just ... were talking to him," Olivia hissed. "He can't find out. What happened last time was a mistake. I don't know what came over me. You should leave before Bob hurts you."

Alucard let out a quick peal of laughter. "Invite me in, and I'll tell him nothing happened. I'll make sure he stays calm."

"Come in then." She tucked the dishtowel into her apron belt and waved him inside, closing the door after him.

"For you." He handed her the flowers, looking around the small home with interest.

"I don't want these. I'm not your girlfriend," Olivia whispered. But she took the bouquet anyway, standing awkwardly in the front hall. His overpowering physical presence was having an effect on her. Her nipples were so stiff that they pointed through bra, dress, and apron. Even worse, her vagina was flooding. "Bob ... our guest has something to tell you," she called to her husband. Olivia turned back to Alucard. Her knees shook when she took in the bulge at the front of his expensive trousers. "So, you just came here to tell Bob he has nothing to worry about? It would have been more efficient to simply stay away."

"Oh, no. I came here to fuck you silly. Bob has everything to worry about." Alucard laughed again.

Olivia gaped at him. She blinked, trying to process his vulgar words. When things changed, she didn't even see the man move. One moment, he was across the hall, the next she was in his arms. "Ooohhhhh ... Mr. Alucard."

"Call me Lord Alucard." One of his hands found her soft rump and squeezed. The other was placed firmly on her back. He pressed her to him, grinding his cock into her belly.

"Lord ... Alucard," she whispered into his perfectly knotted tie.

"Olivia ... get away from him." Bob was back in the hall. He held a revolver in his hand, the gun shaking with his trembling fingers.

"Bob!" Olivia was grateful when their guest let her pull away. She shrank back to the wall and pressed the back of her head up against a wedding photo. The glass of the frame was uncomfortable on her skull, but she barely noticed. "Maybe you should leave now, Lord Alucard."

"Lord?" Bob spat. "What in the heck is going on here? Are you having an affair, Olivia?"

"To be fair, I only mated your wife twice." Alucard gave the man a gallant smile. "Put down the gun, we both know you aren't going to –"

The shot was deafening in the enclosed space.

Olivia put her hands to her ears and screamed. The flowers scattered at her feet.

Bob aimed and fired again.

Alucard grunted, pitched onto his back on the floor, and didn't move.

"You killed him. You killed him. You killed him." Olivia slowly removed her hands from her ringing ears. She stayed with her backside pressed to the wall. "He was just kidding, Bob. We didn't do anything."

"He was evil, honey. I could feel it. He tried to attack you, and I defended you." He started to think about next steps. They had to get their stories straight. "Self-defense. We had no choice. Call the cops, honey. We'll tell them he attacked you."

"I ... I ... can't. I'm too terrified to move." Olivia stayed right where she was.

"Well ... okay ... I'll ..." Bob held the gun on their dead guest while fishing his phone out of his pocket with his other hand. When the body in his hall lurched, he dropped the phone. "What ... the ..."

"That was very rude, Mr. McDonald." Alucard slowly sat up. He looked down and put his finger through a bullet hole in his tie. "I've had this tie for eighty years. Very rude indeed."

Four more shots thundered one after the other. Bob clicked the trigger several times after he had unloaded. Alucard was on his back again, dead for sure this time. Bob bent down to pick up his phone. He could barely hear his wife over the sudden tinnitus.

“Bob ... Bob ... what have you ...? Oh my ... oh my ... gosh ... I can’t ... I can’t ...” Olivia was babbling.

When Alucard sat up a second time, both McDonalds screamed.

“I am most put out by this. My suit is ruined.” Alucard rose to his feet, lifted Bob off the ground and tossed his phone away. He stepped over to Olivia, stared into her eyes for about thirty seconds, and then picked her up, too. Carrying husband and wife, one on each shoulder, he headed down the hall. “As punishment for the ruined suit, I’m going to make you watch the end of your marriage, Mr. McDonald.” He carried them upstairs, found the master bedroom, and dropped Olivia on the bed. “Disrobe, Mrs. McDonald.” He placed Bob on the floor near the bed, stared into his eyes while murmuring an enchantment, and nodded when it was done. Alucard turned back to his woman and saw that she was already down to her bra and panties. Alucard undressed, not caring that the wide-eyed husband was staring right at the vampire’s mighty, discolored cock.

“What’s happening?” Bob tried to move but couldn’t. It was all so confusing. The massive penis was a blue-black color and looked like it belonged to some other species. It terrified him. He glanced up at Alucard’s chest and could see marks in the alabaster flesh where bullets had penetrated. But no blood. No mortal injuries. His eyes went back to that predatory appendage. “I don’t understand.” He pulled his eyes off it to see what his wife was doing. To his horror, he saw that she was now naked, looking incredibly vulnerable kneeling on the bed. Her breasts were exposed to the intruder. “Run, honey!”

“I’m sorry, Bob. I can’t. I can’t explain it. I have to ... I have to ...” Olivia didn’t make eye contact with her husband. She stared at the strange man who had quickly become a third wheel in her life. No, that wasn’t right, Bob was the third wheel now. “You won’t hurt him, will you?”

“If you please me, I will not harm him. But do not think he can shoot me again.” Alucard smiled at the woman, paying no more attention to the husband. “Get on your hands and knees.”

“Do I have to?” Olivia hesitated, remembering the soaring ecstasy she’d experienced the last time with Alucard.

“Yes.” Alucard admired her slim form as she got into position for him, presenting her ass. “Now, ask for it.” He climbed up on the bed behind her.

“Please ... Lord Alucard ... put it in. Just let my husband go to a different room first.” She chewed her bottom lip.

“He stays.” Alucard laughed. “Maybe he’ll even learn a thing or two.” He moved right behind her, took hold of his penis, and shoved it into the waiting vagina. Her scream was pitch-perfect. The night was young, and Alucard intended to fully make her his concubine before the sun rose.