

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

One night, 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."

"Mmmpppphhhhh?" 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. Oooohhhh, 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.

“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. "Ssssoooooo goooooodddddd."

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. "Pppllleeeeeeaaaaassseeeee."

"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.

"Ohhhhhhhh ... 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 ... gggrrrrrrrrrr." 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 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. 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.

Cassie crawled to her phone to call Andy.

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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.

“Mmmmmppppphhhhh.” 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.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... 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 ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." 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 ... ooohhhhhhhh ... 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.