

The fantastically busty woman ripped my shirt open and pulled me into a kiss. I ran my fingers through her jet-black hair and kissed her back for all I was worth.

Already I could feel the vampire's magic running through me, turning me to jelly as she scraped blood red nails down my chest. She broke the kiss, pushing me against the wall and breathing, deep panting breaths that threatened to burst her tight black corsetry at any moment. She smirked at me and her hands fell to my trousers.

The change had begun. My hair grew out and my nipples became sharply erect. The beautiful vampire kissed my neck and down my body until she was level with my boxers. My cock was straining hard, it seemed to be growing bigger.

She rapidly unsheathed me, I wasn't imagining anything; my cock had grown from five to seven inches and was still swelling. Now my chest started to grow, flat hard muscle yielding to soft, plump breasts, growing with my member. It finally stopped at nine inches with my breasts a perky B cup.

The vampire leaned back, slowly popping her corset apart and revealing her impossible tits to me. Her large nipples were even more erect than mine and her boobs were far perkier than tits that big – at least an H-cup – had any right to be. With a snarl she struck, lips ensnaring my throbbing cockhead and deepthroating me like a pro.

I moaned in delight, grabbing my new tits and twisting my nipples, revelling in the new sensation. Her tongue snaked around my dick as she bobbed her head up and down over the whole length. I pinched my nipples as the pleasure became unbearable and I shot my load right down her throat. I screamed quietly with the release, above the waist I had become completely female. While I was still cumming she released my cock and swallowed my seed with obscene delight, thrusting her massive boobs up to catch the rest.

I was still shooting my cum all over her, I'd never cum this hard in my life. I felt the wave of a second orgasm hit me and I screamed again, still spraying her tits with sticky, white semen. As the second wave hit me my cock began shrinking again, much faster than it had grown. I came all the while until my dick had become a tiny button at the top of my brand new pussy, which was soaking wet.

The gorgeous vamp stood up, she was taller than me now, and with my cum still dripping off her tits, pulled me over to the bed and threw me down on it. I writhed in ecstasy, one hand still groping my new chest while the other slid between my legs and began fingering my pussy with abandon!

As I stared up at my mistress, standing over my head, she massaged her tits, absorbing my seed into her skin. Then she grabbed me by my long, auburn hair and lifted my lips to her crotch, where, slowly but surely, her clit was extending into a cock of her own.

I gagged as I received my first experience in giving head. I could feel her growing member pushing its way down my throat as if it had a mind of its own. I tried to move, but the grip on my hair tightened painfully so I lay still until I felt the growth

subside. It had to be longer than I had been, nearly a foot of meat impaled my virgin mouth as my beautiful captor began to thrust down my neck. Ignoring the grip on my hair now, both of my hands flew to my pussy, one flicking as fast as I possibly could across my sexy new clit, while the other dove into my warm, moist depths. Squirming in delight I tried to use my tongue like she had, wrapping around the girth of her delicious cock. I heard her begin to moan and forced myself to swallow. My throat contracted around her and I heard an almighty bellow as she began to cum down my throat, while I came to yet another climax, the scream of which tingled her cock even more.

Her hands still held my head still as her seed gushed down my throat. I couldn't believe how much she was filling me with. I had cum at least a pint across her tits just moments before, but I felt like I'd already swallowed a gallon. That's when the heat in my chest began; with every surge from her massive member, my tits began to swell again. My hands flew back to my chest, groping and squeezing my beauties as they grew hugely.

Suddenly her grip on my hair vanished and her flow began to slow. I wasn't going to let all of her seed go to waste so I rolled over, pulling my head up over her mighty cock – it was a full fifteen inches now, I could see – and pursed my lips around her enormous knob, sucking her dry. She moaned the last of her orgasm, which filled my mouth. I savoured the taste and swallowed the last, thick juices. As the delicious nectar slid down my throat into my stomach I felt my boobs swell one last time.

Kneeling up on the bed I began kneading my glorious tits – maximised at a boggling GG-Cup – in delight. While I was enraptured with my new chassis, I heard a cough. My mistress had recovered and was standing in front of me again. She gave me a little swivelling motion with her hand, which I understood with indecent speed. I spun on my knees, sticking my wide hips up towards her. I felt strong, feminine hands clutch my waist and suddenly her enormous cock impaled my deep, wet womanhood, almost splitting me in half. I screamed right then, already well on my way to a fourth orgasm.

She pounded into me with greater and greater force; the pleasure was so great that I gave up counting as orgasm after orgasm washed over me. I began experimenting with my new equipment, squeezing the wonderful intruder with all the muscles I could.

A sharp, biting pain suddenly coursed through me from the base of my spine. I heard another bellow from my lover and felt my womb being filled with her seed. The pain just above my arse was mixed deliciously with my final orgasm. I fell off my lady's cock, which sprayed one last jet over my tight arse. I twisted on the bed to see what had happened to me and saw my new addition; a four-foot long pointed tail, deep red and flicking around. I giggled in ecstasy as the vampire crawled into bed beside me. For the first time I was at eye level with her tits and I wanted a taste. I leaned forward to lick her nipple and watched as before my eyes my tongue grew and split, becoming an eight-inch, forked miracle, which I traced across her perfectly oversized bosom. Her nipples were warm and inviting, so I leaned in further and latched on, sucking gently on her. My beautiful vampire cradled my head to her chest as I drank from her unholy nectar, affectionately running her fingers through my hair and stroking my budding black horns as they grew from above my temples.

I knew what I was getting in for when I followed the dark seductress to her hidden boudoir. I delighted in my body, my vampiric mistress' new succubus.



Chapter Two

I nuzzled into the beautiful chest as the vampire glanced out of the window. The sun was beginning to rise in the distance and she began to get lethargic; rolling me over, she spooned in behind me, one finger idly stroking my nipple and began to whisper in my ear. I could feel her massive tits squashed up against my back and her long cock, softened now, was pressed between my butt-cheeks. I draped my tail over her waist, I was still getting used to controlling my new appendage.

This is what she told me.

Her name was Isabelle and she was much older than I. When she had been born there were still people who remembered what the world was like before the great darkness swept across the skies and before the forests had completely taken over the ancient cities of the world. She came from the outskirts of Nujark, a city built on an island delta on the east coast of the western continent. The major parts of the city were uninhabitable and were already beginning to resemble the mountains that they had become today.

The old-timers spoke of a golden age of great technology, of fantastic carriages that could bear you across the land in a matter of weeks, instead of the months it took now. Some even claimed that men had flown in birds of thunder, travelling a thousand leagues in a single day. Isabelle personally disbelieved these claims. The only world she had ever known then was a world of deep forests and dangerous areas of magical fallout. Her village was under constant threat from the wild squirrels attacking from the city, great grey beasts that attacked in packs and would carry off a man to feed their young back. They hunted mammoths, which the old people said had escaped from something called a 'zoo' and now lived on the riverbanks.

Isabelle had turned fifteen when she was entered into the ballot. Like many villages in the new world, they could only sustain a certain number of people with the resources around them, so the right to breed was limited to only a few males a year. The men would fight to determine who got the right and then the females were given to them randomly assigned by ballot.

Three weeks before the ballot was due to take place Isabelle's father was taken in a squirrel attack, and Isabelle was placed into the orphanage. She rankled at this; the orphanage was for young children who would inevitably be claimed by an adult before they reached eight years old but she would be forced to stay there until she was claimed for breeding. The old lady who ran the Orphanage was starting to lose her mind; for many years she had only spoken to young children and now faced with a surly teenager, just blossoming into her womanhood, the old lady had a habit of running off at the mouth.

She talked about when she had been Isabelle's age and young women hadn't simply been prizes in a raffle. She told Isabelle about the boyfriends she had had when she was eighteen and how they had competed to win her favour, instead of just to win her womb. Isabelle drank all of the information in with rapt attention. To an impressionable young teenager, this was earth-shattering; Isabelle had been raised her whole life to believe that her only purpose was to produce and nurture children for the

men of the village, and only now was she being told that this wasn't how things always were. That it wasn't how they *had* to be. She determined immediately that she was not going to submit to this.

Isa knew that there was no point arguing about being put in the raffle. At fifteen and already with a beautiful body she was one of the most desirable women in the village, with a good twenty years of childbearing ahead of her, provided she didn't die in childbirth. Only last year a girl only two years older than her was assigned to a disgusting old man and tried to refuse. The village just watched as she was beaten and dragged to the house.

Two days before the ballot, after spending the previous weeks secretly gathering food and some supplies to help her survive, Isabelle fled the village under the cover of night. She didn't dare flee to the south, into the forests, nor to the west along the river, occupied by aggressively territorial mammoths; the hunters knew the terrain far too well. With the east blocked by the great ocean she had only one option available to her; recklessly, she fled into battle scarred Nujark.

Chapter Three

When Isabelle was young, the paths through the cities were still mostly intact. She ran for almost a night and a day along one long road made of the odd smooth stone that characterised the world before the great darkness. Exhausted after her long flight, she took shelter in one of the old dwellings, one which hadn't yet progressed much on its way to becoming a mountain. She made herself a meal, hid everything into a corner and pushed as many rocks across the doorframe – already beginning to resemble a cave mouth more than the construction it had been – as her young body could manage and settled into a fitful, unrewarding sleep.

When she woke it was dawn, she had slept all through the night. Today was the day of the ballot. If she avoided any tracking parties looking for her today, in her mind, she had got away. Looking back later she felt naïve that she had thought that she could be safe while she was in the ancient city. When she left her makeshift hiding place she gasped and blinked in the bright light. The daylight streaming down on her was far brighter than any she had seen in her life and for a good half an hour she was dazzled by its glare. As her eyes began to adjust to the alien sky she looked up and saw the great darkness, cloudy and unbroken all her life, was being manipulated and swirled around in the sky, by forces and winds that she could not see or feel. She supposed she should feel nervous, but she took it as a superstitious omen that she would escape the fate her village had set down for her.

Donning her pack once more she continued making her way into the centre of Nujark. Around her she could see the growths on some of the buildings; one had progressed so far that it no longer had any doors or windows, and was now a formless boulder nestled among houses and taller buildings that were following it down the path to mountainhood. After a long time she came to a bridge. She had never seen anything like it, a massive extension over the waters of the teeming river below her and girded with metallic spiderwebs. Crossing this and into the increasingly mountainous city she suddenly found herself faced with another forest. Its edge was bizarrely straight, buffeting directly up against the city buildings with a sharp, right-angled corner at

each end of the straight line. Emboldened by her successful flight so far Isabelle walked into the forest.

Darkness even greater than that of deep night engulfed her and it took a while for her to recover the night vision that the daylight had cost her. As she made her way through the twisted maze of trees she began to see things wandering the forest. Away to her right a small herd of mushrooms were grazing on a fallen tree. Some of the smaller ones began crawling towards her as she passed but the largest quickly herded them back to the tree. Above her, triple winged hawks pinwheeled through the canopy, snatching smaller birds on the wing.

She began to notice increasing warmth, and took off her coat. To her surprise she was covered with goosebumps, although she wasn't in the slightest cold. Taking stock she realised that every part of her body was crackling with some unseen energy, lifting her hair off of her body and snapping almost painfully whenever she touched something. The strange sensation increased and she could even feel her nipples hardening and straining with the energy under her shirt. Disquieted by this event that showed no sign of stopping, she decided to stop travelling for the day. She was already too far into the forest to try to leave today so she climbed a tree, securing herself with rope and settled back to sleep.

But sleep would not come; the strange energy that was suffusing her body awakened new feelings within her. Not only were her nipples firmly erect, but now she was beginning to realise that her clitoris, previously largely ignored, was trying to be felt. Almost unconsciously, she reached down and slid her hand under her belt. She gasped, as her fingers brushed her clit all of the static charge she built up since she noticed the sensation burst into her body. She was unable to stop herself from masturbating, relishing the new experience as she brought herself to the first orgasm of her life. No one had ever told her about this feeling and she indulged her lust for the joy it released in her.

Eventually she fell asleep, with a wide smile on her face.

Chapter Four

That morning she woke up more contented than she had felt since she left her home. The tingling was still running through her body, but it was less extreme than the day before. Once she'd got down from the tree and eaten some breakfast she put her coat back on, the temperature having fallen back to normal over the night. She experienced a little difficulty pulling her coat closed, across her chest; it felt tighter than it had yesterday.

Her fears had been allayed by the night of pleasure and she resolved to try to find out what had caused the strange feeling. Striking out firmly in the same direction that she had been going the day before it wasn't long before she heard a loud noise ahead of her, clearly getting closer. Nervously she ducked beneath a log and held her breath, not a moment too soon. As soon as she was out of sight the trees began to shake as the pack of squirrels leapt over her, clearly on their way to hunt at her village. Fear overtook her; she didn't care where she went as long as it was directly away from the

ravenous predators. Foolishly, she followed their trail back to where they had come from.

The forest was thinning out here, and there were fewer creatures around. The trees bore evident signs of the squirrels' habitation that were starting to kick-start Isabelle's brain into realising the mistake she had made. Just as she made the decision to turn and go a different way however the forests fell away.

She was stood in a great clearing, with a vast lake at the centre. All around the lake were enormous structures that resembled nothing so much as a beehive or a wasps' nest. Isabelle had seen those before the insects had fled to the southern climates; but these were far vaster than anything she had seen before. Curiosity warred with caution in her mind, but caution stood no chance faced with this bizarre sight.

As stealthily as she could, Isabelle approached the hive-like structures. Touching them softly it was clear that they were made of a very similar material as the wasps' nests she remembered. They were arranged in concentric circles on the bank. As she made her way toward the centre she was astounded by the lack of any occupants; it seemed that all of the squirrels had left on their raid. Or, the unpleasant thought occurred to her, on several raids on other villages as well as her own. Given the number of nests here, the few that bothered her village hardly seemed likely to be all of the population.

Isabelle rounded a corner and stopped in shock. At the very centre of the nests was a great pit, over which was erected a stand made of three huge, semi-circular struts of the nest material. Isabelle looked around nervously before sprinting over to look in the hole. What she saw filled her with horror, deep in the pit was a swarming mass of fur and teeth, running around like a wave. She had found the squirrels' young.

Glancing around the clearing in which the pit stood she saw an enclosure more heavily enclosed than the others. She went to look and gagged in disgust. Within the enclosure were the remains of a group of humans. They had clearly been imprisoned in the cage for a long time, their waste piled up in a corner and now they remained, eviscerated in a heap and decaying. Moving away from that part of the cage she saw movement in another. This time she might be able to save them. She looked into the next section and gasped. There were two men, one about her age, while the other was her father!

When they saw her they ran over to join her. Isabelle's father wept as he saw her, hugging her through the papery bars. He kept repeating, "you came for me, you came for me..."

Isabelle squirmed, uncomfortably, knowing in her heart that she had never once considered saving her father. It was always assumed to be a death sentence when the squirrels carried you off... It wasn't long before her father was scolding her for taking such a risk, though.

"You were supposed to be assigned this year. You should have stayed in the village where you would be safe. The squirrels could be back at any moment."

“Hist!” the other man called, quickly, “The sentry has heard us. Hide, girl, hide!”

Once again Isabelle managed to hide herself just in time as an elderly looking squirrel padded up to the gate. He opened the cage and pulled out her father. She started, horrified as the squirrel, holding him easily in one claw, resealed the cage with a strange secretion from its mouth and then carried her father off towards the pit. Terror struck her; she had never been very close to her father, who had seen her more as a bargaining chip than as a daughter, but she wasn’t ready to just let him be torn to pieces by a giant rodent. Reaching into her pack, she found the knife she had stolen; the largest blade she could find.