



BLOOD BLONDES



MMMMMMMM

THANK YOU, MY DEAR....



LICK
LICK




YOU WERE DELECTABLE.

SYLVANIA, THE ANCIENT VAMPIRE, REMARKED HERSELF AS SHE GAZED UPON HER FORM IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR.

WITH FRESH BLOOD COURSEING THROUGH HER UNDEAD BODY SHE HAD POWER ENOUGH TO CONJUR A REFLECTION AND SHE APPRECIATED WHAT SHE SAW.



AT NEARLY 700 YEARS OLD THE WAIFISH WOMAN, WITH HER AGELESS PORCELAIN SKIN, SLICK BLACK HAIR AND STRIKING FEATURES WAS STILL ABLE TO EASILY SEDUCE AND RAVAGE THE MORTALS IN THE ABOVE WORLD.




INDEED, THE YOUNG WOMAN LAYING
MOTIONLESS IN THE TUB HAD NEARLY
THROWN HERSELF AT SYLVANIA THE MOMENT
HER BLUE EYES HAD MET THE VAMPIRE'S.

THEIR TRYST HAD BEEN QUICK AND HEATED. THE
BLONDE WOMAN'S PASSIONS HAD ERUPTED AT
THE MERE TOUCH OF THE PALE GODDESS.

EVEN SYLVANIA HERSELF HAD LOST HERSELF IN
THEIR THROES OF PHYSICAL PLEASURE, LETTING
THE BUSTY BLONDE DO THINGS THAT SHE HAD
ONLY EVER LET HER TRUE-LOVE PERFORM.

SYLVANIA CONSIDERED THAT FACT FOR A
MOMENT. HOW HAD SHE GIVEN SO QUICKLY
INTO HER CARNAL DESIRES WITH A STRANGER?



THOUGH THE GIRL HAD BEEN BEAUTIFUL,
SYLVANIA WAS A HIGHER CREATURE- NOT
USUALLY GIVEN TO SUCCUMBING TO SUCH...
BASE ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

AND YET IT HAD HAPPENED...

THE GIRL'S SMELL HAD BEEN SO SWEET;
HER LIPS GLISTENING AND SWOLLEN;
AND HER FIGURE SO FULL, NEARLY
BURSTING OUT OF THAT DRESS...

SYLVANIA'S THOUGHTS OF THE WOMAN
TRIGGERED HER NETHERS TO QUIVERED WITH
EXCITEMENT AS A SLIVER OF HER JET BLACK
HAIR SUDDENLY TOOK ON A GOLDEN HUE.

THE STREAK OF BLONDE HAIR ACROSS THE OCEAN OF BLACK CONFUSED SYLVANNIA.

A SUDDEN TRANSMOGRIFICATION OF HER HAIR WAS HIGHLY IRREGULAR.

COULD THIS BE SOME ODD INFLUENCE OF THE BLONDE'S BLOOD ON HER?

"THAT *SEXY* BLONDE STILL HAD SOME SURPRISES LEFT IN HER" SHE CHEEKILY THOUGHT

HMMM, WHAT'S THIS?

WELL, PERHAPS IT WAS TIME FOR A NEW VISAGE ANYWAY...

AFTER SOME CONSIDERATION, THE VAMPIRE SIGHED AND RESIGNED HERSELF TO THE NEW ADDITION TO HERLOOKS.

"IF ANYTHING, IT THE *CUTE* LITTLE STREAK MIGHT MAKE IT EASIER TO *GET SOME*" SHE RATIONALISED TO HERSELF





SYLVANNIA FROWNED. HER LAST THOUGHT WAS... STRANGE. "CUTE?"; "**GET SOME?**"... WAS THAT A PHRASE THAT SHE HAD EVER USED BEFORE?

AND... 'GET SOME' WHAT?

NEW VICTIMS?

BLOOD?

ANOTHER **DELICIOUS SLUT?**

A **HOT, ENGORGED COCK?**

W- WHAT DID I JUST THINK NOW...

THE SPACE BETWEEN HER THIGHS GREW WET AT THE THOUGHT OF **BIG, JUICY** PENIS AND STREAKS OF YELLOW LIT UP ACROSS HER SCALP!

SYLVANNIA SUDDENLY REALISED THERE WAS A VERY REAL PROBLEM.

BUT BEFORE SHE COULD MUSTER ANOTHER THOUGHT,
A TSUNAMI OF WHITE NOISE INVADED HER MIND!

SYLVANNIA GRASPED HER HEAD AND CRIED OUT AS
SHE FELT PRESSURE GROWING IN HER HEAD FROM
THE PSYCHIC INVASION FORCING ITSELF INTO HER.

SHE WAS ASSAULTED WITH IMAGES OF LEWD
DEBAUCHERY. SLUTS AND WHORES. GANGBANGS.
MUSCLED STUDS PUMPING RELENTLESSLY INTO HER.
GIVING PLEASURE THROUGH EVERY ONE OF HER HOLES.
CUMMING AND SCREAMING THE WHOLE TIME.



THE BLONDE HAIR TOOK ROOT ON HER SCALP
AND THE POWERFUL VAMPIRE WAS
POWERLESS TO STOP IT.
ALL SHE COULD DO WAS RIDE IT OUT.

RIDE IT OUT...

BACK AND FORTH...

SHE JUST HAD TO KEEP RIDING...

THE NOISE SEEMED TO QUIET A LITTLE-

SYLVANNIA FOCUSSED

JUST RIDE IT...

IN AND OUT...

BACK AND FORTH...

RIDE IT HARD...

GRIND IT...

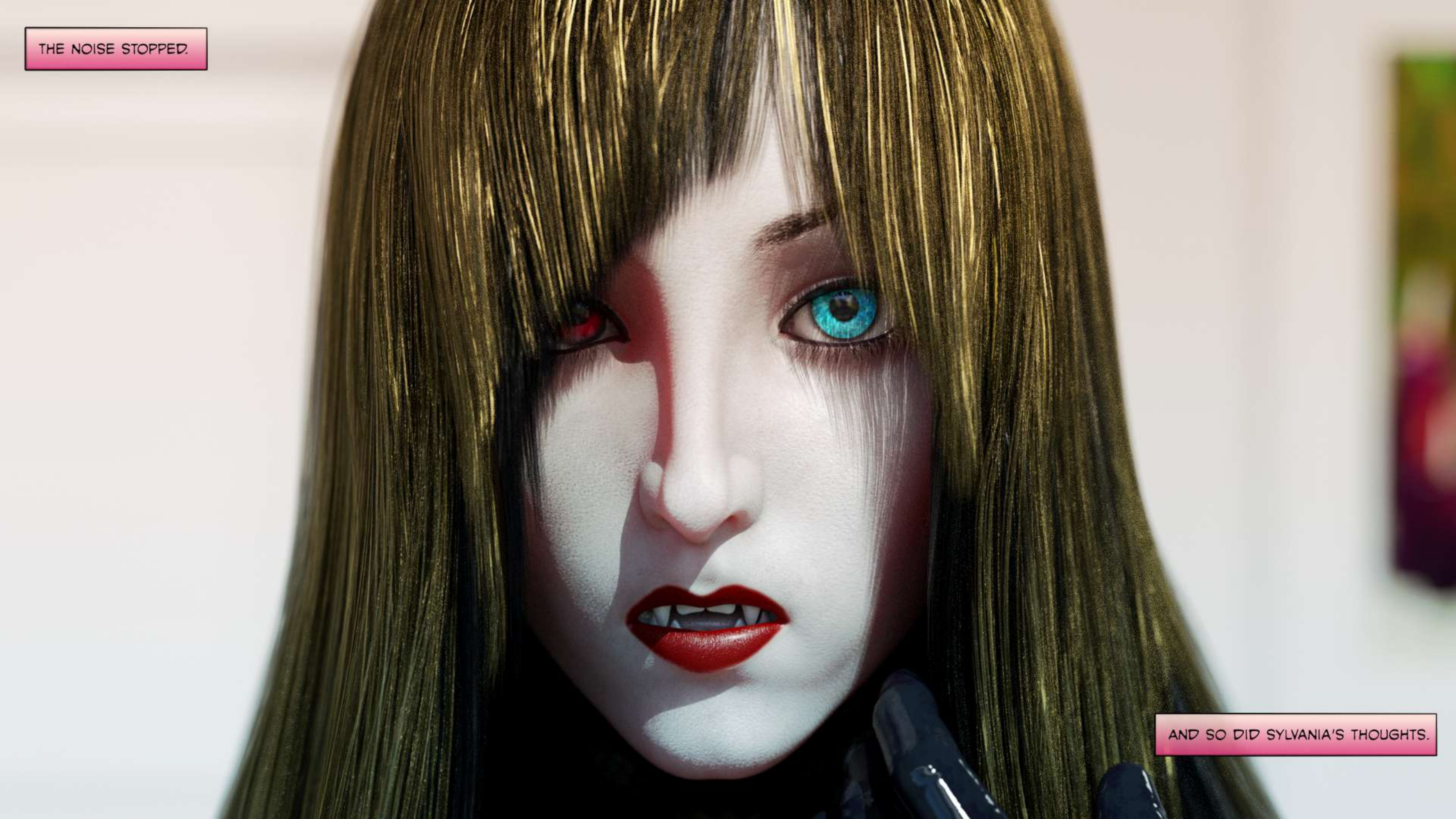
FUCK IT...

MILK IT...

EVERY


LAST

DROP




THE NOISE STOPPED.

AND SO DID SYLVANIA'S THOUGHTS.



HER PEACE LASTED ONLY A MOMENT THOUGH AS SHE WAS NOT YET DONE CHANGING.



A TINGLE SPREAD ACROSS HER LIPS AS THEY BEGAN TO GROW WARM AND PLUMP. SYLVANNIA COULD ONLY STARE VACANTLY.

IN JUST MOMENTS, HER FORMERLY THIN LIPS HAD BECOME SWOLLEN, THICK AND FULL.

SYLVANNIA LOOKED AT THE CHANGES AND STRUGGLED TO PROCESS WHAT SHE SAW.

"BLONDE. *CUTE* BLONDE GIRL. BIG *SEXY* LIPS. GOOD FOR *SUCKING*."

"YES!" THAT'S RIGHT, SHE REMEMBERED- SHE WAS VERY GOOD AT *SUCKING*!

<SUCK...?>

A GLIMMER OF RECOGNITION TRIGGERED IN HER BRAIN. "YES, THAT'S RIGHT" SHE **LOVED** SUCKING. SHE **LIVED** FOR IT!

BUT WHAT DID SHE NEED TO SUCK?

IMAGES OF VEINS FLASHED ACROSS HER MIND. THICK, WARM VEINS. SYLVANNIA INSTINCTIVELY SMILED AT THE THOUGHT AS HER MOUTH SALIVATED AND HER PUPILS DILATED IN RESPONSE.

<COCK...>

HOT VEINS... ATTACHED TO ROCK HARD, THROBBING COCKS. "MMM **COCKS**" SYLVANNIA'S MOUTH SALIVATED. SHE BARELY NOTICED HER HAIR TURNING ANOTHER SHADE LIGHTER.

HER MOUTH SUDDENLY FELT SO EMPTY. LICKING HER THICK PUFFY LIPS, SHE NEEDED TO FILL HERSELF.

SHE NEEDED TO FEEL FLESH AGAINST HER LIPS. SHE FELT HER PUSSY TREMBLE AND GROW WET WITH AROUSAL. **ALL** HER LIPS!

