

# Vampire Queen (Man to Female Vampire TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Naur**

*Marcus Brant is an adventurer and hunter of monsters, but he meets his match when he comes against Count Vanderbrant, a vampire king of a dark and superstitious realm. Unable to defeat the undead lord, Marcus is bitten and taunted; not only shall he soon become a vampire, but such a foe as he should be nothing less than a vampire queen, due to wed the Count and bring beautiful darkness to the world.*

## **Vampire Queen**

Marcus Brant swung his longsword in a wide arc. The vicious vampire spawn let loose one final guttural growl right before it was beheaded, the foul black ichor that had replaced its blood splattering upon the stones behind it. The body trembled, sharp claws lashing out even in these post-death throes, but Marcus simply stepped back and admired his work as the undead vermin finally slumped to the side and was extinguished. The hunter ran his forearm against his brow, cleaning off the dirt, grime, blood, and sweat. As per habit, he checked over himself, ensuring that there were no bite marks, claw marks, or even hexes or ritual carvings the creature had managed to carve into him during the melee. But his long brown hunter's cloak was untorn, and when he checked himself in a nearby pool of water, there was no other damage, other than the scrapes from the prolonged skirmish upon the broken walls of Castle Maygar.

"A fitting end for you, creature," he spoke to the quickly decaying body. "Destroyed upon the battlements of the master you and your kind once slew. I'll be coming for the rest of them, now that I am where I'm needed."

He fitted his tall hat back on, checked that his crossbow was loaded and his sword clean before sheathing it. It had not been an unworthy battle, but it had not tested his skill either. It was only the start, he knew, since travelling to the lands of Brunvald. As a professional monster hunter well into his thirty-seventh year of life, Marcus Brant had roamed much of the known world. He had slain demonic offspring from the dwarven mines of Oria. He had cut down venomous serpent masters who had nearly overcome the elven conclave in the Deepest Glade. He had even allied with goblins - goblins of all people! - in order to remove the stain of the dreaded Dragon Cult from the Mountain of Woe. But always - always! - there was his gravest threat, his deepest obsession, the creature of such evil and cunning that he would forsake all present duties to see to its annihilation.

The unholy, ungodly abomination that was the *vampire*.

When word had come to him that Brunvald, that ancient cradle of superstition, roaming wolf packs, eerily dark forests, and contrastingly joyous spring festivals, had once again witnessed the shadow of the vampire, he had come immediately. He hadn't even shaved; his beard was now thick upon his face, his moustache too, though such features did help him blend in with the local populace of humans, dwarves, and even the occasional demoni-folk - who were *not* to be mistaken with demons, far from it!

The reason for such haste was simple; Brunvald was the origin point of the vampire legend, at least according to the greatest scholars on the topic, of which Marcus counted himself among them after all his encounters with them. The ancient Vampire King Mordecai had once ruled over this land with his vampire brethren, feasting upon the local population and searching for nubile young women to make his bride. The villain had been obsessed with siring undead heirs, but needed the blood of greatest purity in order to do so. All his efforts had been in vain, and finally the creature had been slain by the townsfolk and the long-dead elven hero Corethis, who had pierced Mordecai's heart with a stake in his lair.

Never again should such a conflagration of evil be allowed to return to the world. This was part of the Hunter's Oath, which Marcus had made with his own blood pact. And besides . . . other heroes had reached Brunvald months before him, and all his investigations in the local city of Gravhart seemed to indicate they had been . . . removed.

"One instigator down," he declared, leaving the ramparts and heading for his steed. Dawn was not far away. Too difficult to track vampires without knowing yet where their lair was. "And soon I shall find the master, whoever it is. Hyah!"

His horse took off, heading down the lonesome road, through the low country of hills and valleys and onto the bleak city of Gravhart where he might find rest. But from the shadows, a powerful being lurked, watching carefully. Wreathed in the last vestigial remnants of night's darkness, and weary of the sun's coming return, the being nevertheless licked its lips and the sharp fangs upon its upper jaw. Its red eyes feasted on the sight of Marcus the hunter, sampling the taste of his blood in the air. Just a few scrapes to the mortal's knee had been enough for the being to sense it, even from miles afar.

"What *pure* blood you have, my dear," he said in a low baritone.

And then he took to the skies in the form of a great bat, all the way back to his ancient domain. Mordecai the Vampire King had such plans for this newest interloper.

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A tip! A clue! Marcus had been trying to find out anything he could about the vampire that had risen to command its lesser undead, but to find the truth in the form of a lowly dwarven beggar had been most unexpected.

“Be ye a hunter of creatures most foul?” the woman had said, keeping her face out of view beneath her head.

Marcus had knelt down. “I bet that indeed. I am here to scour the undead threat from these lands. Do you know something, dear woman?”

She cackled; an older voice. “I am no woman, just a servant of my master. But I have enough time to pass on some wisdom from my youth; there is an old barrow five miles west upon the Old Road out of the city. Depart your horse and climb the third hill once you pass a crumbled statue of Oswald, the Forgotten Maester. There you will find the barrow. If there be a risen vampire, I wager he’d be there.”

Naturally, Marcus had set off at once. Yes, night was approaching, but he couldn’t wait, not with the threat to the locals; a city watch member had been drained of blood while on duty the previous night. It was the third death in two weeks, but the first non-peasant, and the first in the city proper. People were getting nervous.

Marcus reached the barrow just as the sun eclipsed itself upon the horizon. The world was turning to darkness once more, but the darkness was more than just a matter of light and its absence; it was a blackened flavour in the air, a chill upon the bones. The hunter knew these kinds of nights; they signalled the ancient creature once named *nosferatu*. He unsheathed his sword and checked his crossbow once again, as well as the vials of holy water and the potions that could restore one’s health from near-fatal blows. He did not possess magic innately himself, only a few of the great practitioners along the western coasts could truly claim to unleash the weave in all its might, but he certainly drew upon magic artificery where he could. His sword had silver edging for this reason, and his bow had been carved from a tree of the Deepest Glade, imbuing it with celestial properties.

And yet still he was nervous as he entered the tunnel in the side of the rolling hill. The stench of ancient death was in the air, and the stone slats and runic carvings upon stone heaved here in ages past spoke to the misfortunes that had required this place; numerous skeletons lay in eternal rest, lining the walls.

Marcus drew closer to the deepest part of the barrow, as the path widened to give access to the ancient burial mound where the oldest of the long-forgotten kinds were. Their coffins were engraved carefully, their likenesses eroded away and covered in cobwebs. For a moment, he was fascinated by them, and then-

*“Who dares disturb the resting place of my unholy kin?”*

Marcus whirled about, torch in hand but his sword at the ready. This central pit led to many dark paths, but he couldn’t determine where it had come from. His auburn hair whisked in front of his vision, and he cleared it away in a quick motion. But for one fleeting moment, he could have sworn he had seen a figure standing at the entrance to one of these

tunnels; well over six feet in height, in a dark cloak of royalty from another time, his hair long and dark and his face pale.

And his eyes red, piercing.

Scarlet like blood.

“Come into the light, beast of blackest night!” Marcus growled, turning around to keep the tunnels each in view. There were six of them. No, seven, including the one he’d come from.

*“I think not, hunter,”* echoed the voice, hypnotic in its low brassy tone, cultured yet brimming with barely concealed savagery. *“First I wish to test you. To see if you are the one to help restore my kingdom.”*

“I will do no such thing, fell beast!” Marcus called, continuing to turn and keep his body ready. “I am Marcus Brant. I am a hunter of monsters for twenty years! I have scoured your kind before, and will do so again, you petty so-called master of death!”

*“Ahhh, you think I am a pretender? Not a true vampire king restored, hmm?”*

Marcus smirked. Vampire’s were egotistic. It was a way to bring them out for conflict and then *end* them. “There was only one Mordecai,” he said. “And he is slain.”

*“You are right in only one way, Marcus Brant,”* echoed the voice, seemingly from a new tunnel. *“There is only one Mordecai, BUT I AM RETURNED!”*

Marcus jumped back, the hair on the back of his neck rising in fear. In doing so he sliced his hand along an ancient sword that was lying against the central king’s tomb. Trickle of blood flowed down his fingers and to the ground.

Something sniffed and exhaled, as if taking the scent of a beautiful woman’s perfume.

*“Such pure blood you have, Marcus Brant. The very purest I have ever inhaled. For eons I have searched for such blood, to taste and drink and then corrupt to my will. I never thought to imagine it would flow from the wellspring of a man’s veins, but no matter. You will suit my purpose all the same, and the corruption will be so much more . . . interesting, for the changing flavour.”*

The creature made a low chuckle, and Marcus saw him just for a fleeting second out of his periphery. He screamed, roaring in hatred as he lunged towards the shadow, his blade like a scythe through wheat.

Only the thing he carved through was little more than an apparition, which dissipated as soon as his sword was through. Something sounded behind him; a scraping movement of stone. Marcus’ eyes widened and he turned once more but it was too late; a vampire was rising from the central king’s stone coffin, the lid hurled to one side. The unholy abomination gripped him before he could do anything, and he looked up into the reddened eyes of an

undead master whose visage was of such regality and command and hypnotically suggestive power that only one title could suit him.

*A Vampire King.*

“Mordecai,” Marcus whispered, as if saying the name too loudly would overwhelm him with fear.

“Goodnight, my darling,” Mordecai. “Soon, you shall be perfect.”

He bit into Marcus’ neck and began to drink. The hunter tried to fight but was caught in the glory of the vampire’s presence in a way he never had before. All vampires had a form of hypnosis, but most trained hunters could overcome it. Not *this* hypnosis, though. Marcus was entirely caught within it, fighting back a maddened grin even as his life’s blood fled his body. He felt his muscles shrink away, his waist tighten. His beard hair died upon his face, falling away as Mordecai drained him.

“M-monster!” he cried, voice rising in octave again. He shuddered, feeling his body shrink, his spine and limbs literally contracting, his Adam’s apple becoming a flat plane upon his increasingly tender neck. “I’ll s-slay you w-with me!”

He fired a bow shot, managing to do so under the creature’s ribs. There was a brief howl, and then Mordecai pulled back, a smirk upon his bloodstained lips.

“My, what *feistiness* you will possess when you are perfect.”

“You may kill me, but the heavens will accept me, and others will strike you down.”

“I have no intention of killing you, good hunter. Far from it. I want you in ways you cannot yet possibly imagine, but I want you to *walk that blood road there first.*”

He bit down again upon Marcus’ neck, hungrily consuming the mortal man’s life’s blood. Marcus’ chest burned, pushing outwards. His toes curled in a mix of agonising pain and strange, unholy delights. His hair pushed down over his vision, his very form contracting and changing against his will. Marcus’ very manhood turned numb, blood flowing away from it . . . but perhaps some deeper change was at work there too, horrifying as it was to quantity.

“Wh-what are you doing to m-me!?” he squealed, his voice sounding almost . . . waifish. Girlish. *Womanly*. He gasped again as Mordecai unlatched from his feeding spot, his bloody eyes upon Marcus’ own. The hunter felt so small and weak, and his figure didn’t feel like his. It was . . . softer. Unnatural for his once-brute strength.

“*What am I doing?*” the vampire taunted, that dread smile still upon his lips. “*Do you not know my story, hunter? Do you not know the goal I have laboured under for centuries uncounted?*”

He grinned again, his face so close to Marcus’ that it struck the dying man as almost . . . sensual in nature. And that was when the vampire spoke his revelation with gleeful abandon.

*"I have long desired a queen."*

The fangs descended once more, and Marcus could no longer keep himself conscious. His thoughts descended into a night so black he feared he would never escape it. In a manner most true, he never would.

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Marcus woke from this terrible dream, feeling weak and strange. He tossed and turned in his bed, his clothing seeming too large for his form, his voice too strained and high in tone. How had he even gotten home last night? The late morning light was flowing in from his window, dousing his body and overheating it despite the clear chill in the Gravhart air. Something was wrong with him; had he contracted the bullwen fever? He'd noticed a demoni with all the signs upon her scarred face the previous day, but assumed that he had remained immune since his last alchemical potion the previous winter.

No, that wasn't it. His shaking hands ran down his form, and his chest seemed to pulse, as if it had ballooned unnaturally from some fluidic build up. The same was true of his hips; they seemed out of place, but then again the whole of him seemed so much smaller, like he had been hollowed out, his muscles waned.

"Euuurghh," he groaned, his voice a high rasp as he tried to settle for more sleep. It was as if he'd been up all night, but the events of the barrow *must* have been a dream, musn't they? Mordecai was long slain in his resting place, and for such a powerful vampire to drink his blood and leave him alive, that meant only -

Marcus sat bolt upright in his bed, fearful of the worst; that he might have been infected to become a vampire spawn, a pathetic docile cretin that would follow the master abomination's cruel bidding. But he was immediately his with an even stranger revelation than that, when long curls of auburn hair strayed in front of his face, obscuring his vision.

"What manner of-"

He halted. His voice was still croaky. Parched, in fact. But even in this state he could not mistake the soft, waifish voice of a woman. Slowly, he shifted this unwelcome curtain of brown-red hair away behind his ears, and then looked down upon his form. He was not dressed in his usual sleeping clothes, not at all. Instead, he wore the refined silk shift belonging to a noblewoman, albeit one that did not go for modesty, given how trimly it fell upon his form. Not that his form was bursting out of it. To Marcus' horror, he recognised two small bumps topped by the impression of a female nipple each. His frame was smaller - much smaller - but it was these bumps that alarmed him. He pulled out the neck of the shift and gazed down at his naked, hairless chest.

Breasts.

Small, but perfectly formed, and very real. A cursory feel confirmed their reality and their . . . sensitivity.

“By the Gods!” he cried, voice most definitely that of a woman - a young woman at that. “By the Black Mountain, what foul magic is this!?”

He fled straight to his mirror. It was not large nor particularly clean, but a mirror was very important to possess when hunting vampires. It was also very important for identifying oneself as having become a plain-faced young woman who barely looked older than twenty years of age. Her auburn hair fell down to her upper shoulders in loose curls, the same colour as it had been on Marcus’ male self, but obviously the beard was gone, replaced by a soft and smooth jawline. Her figure was slight, barely a muscle upon her, and her hands were completely without calluses. Any record of battle scars and war wounds were gone completely, not to mention the barrel chest, which now looked thin and underfed, but for those feminine bumps, which were small but ever present.

“How did - is it an illusion? What godsdamned dark witchery is this that-”

Marcus halted as he turned his head, looking further at his features. The woman in the mirror was average in looks, except for two features. The first was her piercing grey eyes which were unchanged from his own. The second was the set of bite marks upon her lower necks; three pairs in number, each small but red and slightly inflamed.

The entire barrow experience rushed down upon the new woman’s memory in horrified realisation. She stumbled backwards, nearly collapsing against the bed as she caught herself.

“Mordecai,” she whispered, looking at her trembling hands. “He made me this.”

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Research. Research and ingredients and *investigation*. Marcus had been reduced to a weak little maiden, having lost bulk and strength and *years*. Or, in another sense, regained years, which was still not a boon to the former man, as when he walked the streets of Gravhart, eyes turned his way suspiciously. What was a young woman like herself doing in a place like this? She couldn’t be a servant woman; she lacked calluses on her fingers and a hardness in her features, despite Marcus’ attempts to keep his head low.

“What’s yer name, gel?” an older dwarf demanded as Marcus tried to purchase some herbs and apothecary ingredients in his shop.

“I’m . . .”

“I haven’t seen your like around these parts. That’s a foreign accent, westwards I’d say. You a noble’s daughter?”

Marcus hesitated, then nodded. "I'm . . . Maria," he answered in his too-sweet voice. "I'm trying to cure my . . . father's sickness. I have knowledge of such things."

The dwarf nodded, seemingly happy at this information. "Well, so long as yer got coin and know what yer doin'. Just watch the streets at night, miss."

"I know, there are vampires about."

The dwarf chuckled. "Maybe so, maybe so! But it's not that; a wee thin thing like yourself without a manhood between your legs? I'd watch yer step around some of the lads round these parts."

*That* thought made 'Maria' experience a chill down her spine. She was deeply cognizant of how meek she now appeared to be. She still knew many styles of fighting, but her longsword was too heavy for her, and her crossbow simply couldn't be loaded. Was this a deliberate humiliation by the vampire king? If so, it was working. Perhaps some simple ritual protections would restore her form, or at least let her think of herself as male; over the course of just this one day, her mind kept defaulting to the feminine. She was a man and knew it, yearned to be a man again, in fact, but that didn't stop her from thinking of herself as a girl. Certainly, the empty space between her thighs made her feel like one.

Just as Maria was about to get back to her room, key in hand, she was accosted by a woman passing the other way on the street, middle-aged and plump.

"Oh, you poor thing!" she cried. "Are you okay? Has something happened to you? Oh, but you look so pale."

"I'm - no, I'm f-fine. I just look this way."

"Nonsense, you'll catch your death if you don't eat more. Here, I'm a devotee of Amalghar, who feeds the hungry and meek. This is some warmed apple juice and hearty stew-soaked bread."

She thrust the plate into Maria's hands, and the new woman found her stomach growling with a growing hunger. And yet the moment she laid eyes upon the food - which looked delicious - and the drink - which indeed appeared invitingly warm - she blanched completely, finding it somehow repulsive.

"Gah!" she exclaimed, pushing the woman's hands back. "I'm sorry - I can't. I have food at home."

"That's . . . okay. I was sorry to intrude. Are you sure that you're alr-"

But Maria was already bolting to the housing she had paid for, the one she thankfully still had another two weeks remaining, herbs and ingredients in hand. Her breasts bounced a little on her chest without support, and when she caught herself in the mirror she frowned.

"I look like I am enveloped in a potato sack," she murmured, noting the way her male clothing hung off of her form. But then she shook her head and gave an irritated chuckle. "And what in the eight hells is wrong with me that I suddenly care about my looks?"

Her stomach growled again, that hunger rising, but she set it aside. She needed to read her most precious tomes and determine what to do to change herself back. If it truly was Mordecai who had returned, then she needed to be at her full strength. Carefully, the new young woman tied her auburn hair up in a loose ponytail and removed much of her clothing. It was embarrassing, but the most comfortable clothing for study and administration of her hunter's alchemy was the silk shift she had been left by Mordecai. Another cruel insult; but she knew to use every advantage she had as a hunter.

And so, the day wore on, turning first to afternoon, then to evening, and finally to dreadful dusk. Maria's heart pounded in her chest, to the point where she could *hear* it, as if cursed with supernatural senses. None of her concoctions were working, none of the administrations of holy water, none of the standard or even elaborate rituals that could throw off vampiric afflictions. And all the while that hunger was growing, and with it a kind of . . . arousal. It was subtle at first, but as the hours passed, Maria found her nipples occasionally tensing or even *throbbing*, her bosom soft and in need of caressing from her own hands. She let out a low moan as she lowered her left hand down to between her thighs, lifting the low hem of the silken shift's skirt and slowly running her fingers along her womanhood. It was the first time she had touched her new slit, and her body trembled in a strange, reluctant, yet certainly soothing pleasure.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, her teeth chattering in an eerie new pain. "S-so hungry. Soooo hungry."

The moon shone in through her window, and she felt a kinship and strength with it. She had been so frail in the light of day, but now in the darkness, a renewed vigour came over her. As thin as she was, her muscles tensed, ready to spring into action.

"Nine hells, fuck!" she exclaimed, pulling away her hands, ashamed of herself for falling to such low temptations. "I need to sort out this hunger so I can *concentrate*."

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The food in her room had either been spoiled, required for rituals, or simply . . . didn't feel right. So instead Maria decided to walk to the local tavern just a couple of city blocks over. Rats skittered along the sides of the cobblestone streets, and laughter could be heard in the distance, but otherwise she was alone. There was a fear in the air, a fear of the unknown, and now she was part of it and a product of it, her hunger making her wince and clasp her stomach. The tavern seemed suddenly so very far away, and each step was taking effort from her. Where had the strength been, mere moments ago? The night had renewed her, was it sapping her again already? Was it a signal that Mordecai or his foul minions was near?

“Nghhh,” she groaned, clutching her middle. She needed food. No, she needed a *drink*. A warm drink that was full to the brim with life. Red. Yes, perhaps a boiled red wine. Red and warm and overflowing, sticky with the taste of the living. She licked her lips at the thought.

“Drink,” she muttered. “Have to . . . drink.”

Her teeth hurt. God, they hurt. Was it another change? Was this about to be her death? She hastened her movements, but soon she was faltering. In fact, she did fall just after catching herself a third time, and the only reason she didn’t fall to the ground and lay there, groaning was because a pair of hands caught her just in time.

“Woah there! Woah, are you alright? Hey girl, are you drunk? Miss, are you sick or drunk?”

She opened her eyes to see a man pulling her back to his feet. He was older, perhaps in his fifties, but he had kind eyes and a caring smile. And his face was red, his nose especially. So very red, puffy and pungent. So very full of *life*.

“I said are you okay, miss?”

The hunger surged. It was overwhelming. It couldn’t be fought. She gripped him around the middle and pressed her face into his neck.

“Hey, it’s okay! Let it out and you tell me all about -ach!”

Something slid forward from her upper teeth, and the pain was instantly relieved as they pierced into his neck. Instinct took over; she needed to suck. To drink. He was right there, full of wine. Full of warm red wine. She just needed the barest taste and then she would return and be a man again.

Except she couldn’t stop.

It was a lust she had never experienced before. With each drawing in of the man’s blood, she became more and more whole again; in vigour, in strength, in *power*. Her weariness and weakness left her, mortal tiredness fleeing her feminine form. She moaned in ecstasy, feeling the want in her new womanhood and the aching desire in her breasts. They felt like they were growing. All of her felt like she was growing again. Was this how she returned to maleness, then? Her limbs were certainly getting longer, her height regaining inch by inch. Something was happening to her hair, and her muscles seemed to stir in her chest. The release made her moan in sweetest ecstasy. How very close she was! Maria clutched the man as he trembled against her, roaming her hands over his form, and by the time she truly realised what she was doing he had gone cold and still. Maria pulled back her fangs immediately, her eyes wide in shock.

“By the Gods, I’m sorry! I’ll get you to a -”

But the man was already limp and pale, his breath nonexistent. She could smell it on him; the pale spectre of death had already come and gone.

“Hells. Fuck. Fucking hells. What have I done!? Gods, what have I done!?”

His body dropped to the cobblestones, limbs sprawled out.

“He tried to help me. He tried to *help me*. And I repaid him with . . .”

She licked her lips, drawing in the last of the blood. Gods, it was better than the sweetest of wines, the most tantalising of sexual experiences. She looked down at her hands, and in the pale reflection of the torchlight she could see that her skin had taken on a paler tone. The hair settling at the edges of her vision was now longer, too, and darker. Less auburn, more a woody brown.

“I’m changing,” she gasped. “I’m changing into one of *them*.”

The greater revelation occurred, and it caused a pit in her stomach to open up, like a dark void behind a door that could not be shut once more.

“I’m turning into his vampire queen.”

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No cure worked. No concoction, no ritual. Filled with the shame of taking an innocent life, Maria had waited in her room as dawn emerged. The sight of the sun filled her with a strange instinctual fear, but she overrode it, waiting for it to extinguish. It didn’t, alas, and instead she simply felt her body become weak, ill-suited for a life beneath the sun. She had tried to stake herself in the heart, condemning herself for her crimes, but found she could not do it. Not in the sense of cowardice, she had the will; but she literally couldn’t do it. Her hands were frozen over her now-more developed breast, unable to plunge the stake into the flesh, as if held there by some invisible force.

Or Mordecai’s will.

“Damn this fiendish curse!” she declared, wiping away her beakers and herbs and trays with one sweep across the table, smashing hours of work upon the hardwood floor. “If I cannot reverse it, then at least let me die! Before I become . . . become . . .”

She saw herself in the mirror. Her paler features. Her risen cheekbones. The way her hair had straightened and darkened to frame her face perfectly. And yes, the way her body had taken on greater curves and womanly dimensions as well. Her clothing, baggy and oversized as it was, could not conceal all of her anymore, especially now that her height had been restored, at least a portion of it.

“Become so very lovely,” she said, smiling for just a moment.

But then her fangs bared, and she gasped, looking away from herself. Why was she not invisible in the mirror yet? True, her reflection had begun to look a little ethereal, perhaps a little transparent around the edges, but she could still see herself. And yet she had been twisted into a vampiric abomination, had she not?

“Unless . . . unless my transformation is not yet complete. There is still the mortal in me. A resistance.” Her eyes widened as she looked down at herself, at her pale hands with their now-perfect nails. “I can fight this still. My will against Mordecai’s. Yes. I will resist.”

She swore an oath on all that was holy that she would overpower the vampire that had done this to her.

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Days passed. Maria’s hunger swelled. It was not just in her belly now but her entire being. She could still go out into the sunlight, but *Gods it was harsh*. She felt as if she could barely see, and the sickening veins on her skin became visible when the rays fell upon her. She staggered, and people mistook her for a beggar and threw her small coins, much to her humiliation. Others, however, particularly of the male persuasion, looked at her quite differently.

“Come ‘ere, gel! I like a tall drink of water such as yerself!”

“Got some curves on this one, not meat and bones like them other ladies of the night!”

At this, she had to resist baring her fangs. “I am *no* lady of the night!” she spat, barely able to look at them as she retreated back to her housing.

But she was and she knew it. As soon as the sun descended and died upon the horizon, she rose from her own deathless state to become something . . . more. There was a sensuality to it; an awakening in her loins and in her firmer breasts, which she could not help but sample in feel from time to time, caressing them as she anticipated her next bloody meal. There was fear upon the streets after the discovery of the man’s drained corpse, and each day she desired an end to herself for that dreadful sin. And yet still, when night came, she felt alive, her senses sharpened. She could smell the living around her, and in her restlessness she stayed inside, cowering and shivering and trying to hold back the hunger that lived in her emptying veins.

“I may be a woman, but I have a man’s will,” she said to herself.

But the memory of draining that man made her womanhood positively *moist* with arousal, and even all her ministrations could not bring her to climax, enjoyable as it was. No, only blood could do that.

“I will not . . . I will not . . . I will not partake!”

“*You will, my darling.*”

At this, she stood up immediately, gazing about the dark of the room. It was Mordecai’s voice, and it sounded so very *charming*. As if it would feast upon her in all the most wonderful ways.

“Where are you, fiend!?” she cried out.

*“I am in your mind and darkened soul, Marcus. Or is it Maria, now? What a timeless name you have chosen, and what a bountiful body you begin to develop. But you are not my vampire queen yet, though you draw closer. You must feast again to be mine.”*

“I will not be yours to conquer! I will overpower you!”

*“I would long to experience that, in my bedchamber, of course. Such pleasures I could show you. We could rule, and you could . . . tame me. Yes, be the heroine vampire queen to keep my worst impulses in check. Long have I searched for a mate, and now you become it. But you disguise your body, why? I leave you a gift. Two gifts, in fact. One I hope you will . . . grow into. And another that shall help that task.”*

Maria paused, trying to determine his meaning, when suddenly:

***“I AM RIGHT ABOVE YOU MARIA!”***

She jolted, terrified and aroused by his voice, and then she clambered up into the loft above her lodgings as fast as she could, stake and silver sword in hand. At the very moment she reached the top of the ladder the hinged windows flew open and a dark bat-like shape flew out into the night, bathing in the moon’s light before disappearing. But it left in its wake two things in the loft.

The first was a set of dark clothing for a woman; a crimson red ballroom dress with a black shawl and overcoat. It was for a woman who was taller and certainly more curvaceous than she.

The second ‘gift’ was an elven lass of medium age and refinement. Maria gasped; she was a tailor from several suburbs over, near the edge of the city wall. She was bound and gagged, and her eyes displayed fear.

“By the Black Mountain!” Maria said, ungagging her and helping her hands free.

“Th-thank you!” the woman cried. “Thank you! Oh Gods, that vampire, he kidnapped me. He said I was to be a meal for his . . . bride.”

Her expression changed to one of realisation and fear. Maria put up her hands.

“Listen-”

“It’s you! Get back! I’ll call the city guard, you beast!”

She pushed Maria aside and made her way down the ladder as quickly as possible, running for the door.

“No, wait! You have to understand-”

The elven woman flung open the door. “Help! HELP! SOMEBOD-”

Maria moved quicker than she could have ever imagined possible, practically *flying* over to the elven woman and pulling her back. Her hunger surged. *Such future life* in this woman! Before she knew it she had closed the door and plunged her fangs into the woman’s neck.

The blood flowed, red and sweet, more lovely than any meal. The elven woman writhed, gasping, but even that sound was like an orgasm of a tender lover to Maria's ears. She moaned in turn, pressing her body against the elf, luxuriating in the sensation of her breasts becoming larger, *riper*. Her height extended yet again, her power increasing with each inch of development. With a satisfied purr of pleasure, she experienced her hips spreading wider and her rear gaining a lovely layer of fat that she had once appreciated on a nice tavern winch. She now had a set of childbearing hips that would make even a stocky dwarven mother jealous.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned, even as she continued to drain the woman, who had started to go limp, her own coming death giving her a final blissful goodbye. "Mhmmm."

She could stop. She knew she could. She *had* to. She had to overpower Mordecai and defeat him, will to will. But the taste was simply too sumptuous. It did more than fill her, it *ignited* her, giving her the very substance of life to empower her undead form. Her skin became radiant in its porcelain tone, and her hair descended further, now almost to her waist. She felt blood pool in her eyes, and she knew in that moment that they were now scarlet in tone, at least for the moment.

"Yessss, you taste soooo delicious," she said, before going in for a second bite.

The last of the woman's life force was imbibed, and the elf fell to the floor, now empty, a smile upon her lips even in death. A trance had fallen on her; another sign of Maria's increasing vampire powers. She wondered how it would feel to have Mordecai bite her again, or to share a body with him . . . or a *bed*.

"Ohhhh, but that sounds so - so wrong!"

She snapped out of it, nearly retching up the substance she had imbibed. "What have I done? Gods, a second time! Poor thing, poor helpless innocent soul, I am so sorry. I - you did not deserve this!"

And yet unlike the last time, this protest felt more . . . performative. Maria *wanted* to feel sorry for this lass, and the guilt did indeed surge through her, but it was more guilt for her own failure to control herself. At failing to battle against Mordecai's will. The dead woman before her seemed somehow less important than that. It made a sort of sense, didn't it? After all, Maria was meant to be a hunter, charged with protecting life, but there would always be a few lives that would be snuffed out, inevitably. A few sacrifices that needed to be made in order to sustain the mission and save the greater whole. And this was just *one* woman, just as the previous victim had been just *one* older man, his best years used up. Small sacrifices.

"M-my mind. It's changing. I'm losing empathy."

But the realisation didn't make said empathy return. It just made its absence more clear. A woman was dead, and the truth of it all was that Maria felt *better*.

Powerful.

Beautiful.

Even *regal*.

The woman was still in the room, but already Maria's first priority was clear; she had to see herself. She moved to the other side of the room, sauntering with an elegance she did not possess moments ago. The smudged mirror would not be enough; she needed something grander, but for now she could view her changes piecemeal at a time.

"By the Gods, I look more gorgeous than any elf, more ethereal than any sea siren, more powerful than any dwarf."

These were no words of exaggeration. Maria was now six feet in height again, and her beauty was very clear now. She appeared more local as well, with the sloping forehead and prominent cheekbones of the native Brunvald populace, not to mention the full and wide lips of their women, which were very luscious indeed. Maria found herself smiling, observing herself from several angles in an act of pride that she had not previously possessed when it came to her appearance. Her eyes were dark again, no longer red, but the darkness was magnetic, like two whirlpools in midnight water gazing back at her.

Her hands lowered, feeling herself, eliciting further moans of sensual ecstasy.

"Mmmh, ahhh, so very curvaceous now! It is despicable. It is wrong, but - oohh - so very pleasing to f-feel and see!"

She cupped her breasts in particular. They were larger now, and as prominent as any bathmaid's. Marcus had partaken of women many times before. He was no lout chasing wenches, but a man needed release, and he had pursued it when necessary to clear his mind. But only a few women he'd met had had a bust that exceeded the one he now possessed, and even fewer - if any - were so pert and full. They almost seemed to defy gravity, and just to be sure Maria removed her baggy clothing to see her porcelain nakedness in full. Better yet, her nipples were pink - almost red - and delicate to the touch, stiffening at the lightest of touches and causing her form to shiver.

"Ahhh, s-so very sensitive. Mhmm. What I would give to feel another's hands on my-"

She halted. She could not speak such things, for she imagined *Mordecai's* hands upon her, and it was not an unpleasant thought.

"Damn him!" she howled, looking at the rest of herself. "He has given me a form that looks utterly - utterly *breedable!*"

It was true. Now that she was naked she could fully appreciate her tight waist and her wider hips. Her figure was like an hourglass, her legs long and alluring. And yet it was also toned, as well. Marcus had fought alongside female adventurers before, such as the demoni Altruista, and he had come to appreciate a feminine form with a toned stomach and powerful legs. And while Maria's form was not quite to that level, it didn't appear dainty or waifish anymore, nor simply saddled with curves.

*Power. Vampiric power.*

That was what she now possessed.

“By the Gods, it is within me,” she said, breathing heavily, her bosom rising and falling, defying gravity almost unnaturally. “The vampire waiting to come out.”

She turned her head and took in the sight of the poor elven woman. Her *second* victim. The empathy finally returned, though it was dim. Dulled. Like a sword that had lost its edge and lustre. She did not know how to sharpen it again, however.

“I will do what I can,” she vowed.

But even the vow was weak, for when she gazed upon her reflection again, she smiled. Her fangs really did look wonderful.

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Maria buried the corpse in the woods outside of town. She had to move at night now, of course, and that was a difficult prospect, given that with the heightened fear in Gravhart, the night watch were now patrolling the streets and a curfew had been announced. But as she became more vampiric, so too had her powers of darkness increased. She could fold it so easily, as if by instinct, pulling the shadows of the backalleys towards her, making her invisible even to the eyes of the dwarven watch member who nearly saw her. The tailor's body was limb in its sack over her shoulder, but Maria could carry her as if she were light as a feather. That was another ghastly temptation of becoming a vampire; she was already stronger than she had ever been as a man, and more beautiful besides.

*Especially in her red dress.*

She wore it beneath the dark cloak she had been given, the shawl covering her face. She could not be recognised, not until she changed back. But the sensation of the fabric tight against her form yet loose around her legs was both sensual and freeing. Her bust was lifted to greater prominence, and two nights after burying the poor woman - an act that once again reignited that merest hint of grief and guilt - a few beggars saw her. She had needed the night walk, to get away from her failing alchemical attempts.

“My lady,” one said, a gnomish girl. “Please spare some coin! Let your grace be as overpowering as your blessed beauty!”

At this, she smiled again, managing not to bare her fangs. Such *deference* seemed only appropriate. The gnome's gaze was upon her impressive cleavage, which was pushed up into magnificence by Mordecai's gift, but when she noticed Maria noticing this, she bowed her head low. Yes, such *servility* should be rewarded.

“What is your name, beggar?” she asked.

“I - I am Meadowheart, my lady.”

“Such a pretty name. Tell me, why are you a beggar?”

The waifish girl bit her lip. It made Maria want to see *blood*.

“I ran away from my family. They were . . . unkind to me. I’m a bastard. Tried to find a job here as a serving girl, but they were also unkind, my lady. And now I beg.”

She did look scrawny. Barely full of enough nourishment to be worth it, but perhaps that made it all the better? This girl was already a beggar, and her life was hard. What cruelty in ending it, just to savour a little more delight? It would give Maria enough power to resist her hunger again, and to finally find a way to turn back. And yet . . .

Something also ate at her. She had learned to fold darkness to her will, to enmesh herself within it as if becoming a shade, and now this girl was stirring another notion in her. She had long studied vampires as an enemy, and the ability to create spawn who would serve them loyally. Maria knew it would be a wrong act, but wouldn’t it help this poor wretch? They could find a cure together! Yes, help was what she needed!

Maria knelt down by the girl, much larger and more impressive, but she could see a possible frail beauty in the gnome’s dirtied complexion. A cute ruddiness, as well as her adorable freckles. Yes, this one could be helpful.

“Tell me, Meadowheart, if I could make you joyful and full of life again, would you leap at the chance?”

“I - I don’t understand.”

“You need only ask, child, and I will grant it. But you must ask.”

The gnomish girl swallowed. The other beggars were gone. She was alone. “I - yes. I would, my lady. I just want to be given a chance.”

“Then I will leave you with that. A *chance*.”

She gripped the girl by the shoulders, and before she could even elicit a squeak, she slid her teeth into the woman’s neck and began to devour her. She had been wrong; the girl had such wonderful blood.

It had taken every ounce of willpower not to drain it all.

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“My queen, thank you again for what you have done for me! I will serve you forever for this, I promise you! I feel so *light*, yet so *powerful*! I didn’t know I could ever feel like this again. I don’t have to be afraid of anything ever again anymore.”

“Except the sun’s rays, and the stake,” Maria corrected, looking down at her pupil.

Meadowheart smiled and nodded. She had changed greatly since three days ago, when Maria had drained a third of her blood. Her skin was pale now, and her hair had taken the opposite direction to Maria’s; it had gained a curl and bounce to it. Her cheeks were

always rosy as well, unlike pale Maria's, though perhaps it was because her gnome thrall had taken to drinking blood more readily than herself; she had scores to settle with abusive masters, and so more bodies had been discovered or buried since. She was only slightly taller, but she bore herself proudly if still with submission to her 'queen,' and while her figure was still waifish it was nevertheless beautiful. At the taverns in the evening, which had bribed the guards to operate past curfew hours, heads turned to see Maria and Meadowheart both.

"You don't regret it, my servant?" Maria said. "I have made you unholy. The gods discard us now."

"I was discarded by the gods ages ago, my queen," Meadowheart said. "I relish being a vampire."

"Even if you are a thrall?"

"I am happily so, my queen. I will serve you forever for the gifts you gave me. I have brought you another meal as well. This one is one we may share: he used to beat me."

She opened the door to her room and dragged forth a squirming bound man. Already Maria could see the cruelty on his face, and the fear.

And the glorious redness in his puffy cheeks. This man was *full* of blood.

"N-no. I have to resist," she said. "I already went too far already, especially with you. Better death than this."

"But my queen, you are so joyful when you drink. I can see the happiness in you! And when I prepare your sleep in the day, you murmur and speak of your vampire king. I know you desire him!"

Maria blushed - it was someone else's blood that rose upon her cheeks, of course. Her thrall's words were true: as she continued towards the path of becoming a vampire queen her lust for Mordecai's presence only increased. At first she had stayed inside the city for alchemical purposes, but now she failed to leave it for *fear*. Fear that she would be in *his* thrall if she left, and that she would love it. Already her body was on the point of perfection. Her breasts were even larger, so much so that they jiggled and bounced with the slightest of movements. Her broad hips made men lust for her, all the easier to tempt them to their destruction, and to convince herself that she was merely ridding the world of rude and aggressive men. But Mordecai's voice was always in the air.

*"I want you, my Maria. Come to me, become one with me. An unholy union that shall make the sweetest blood taste like bile compared to the blisses we will share together."*

She swallowed, panting as she looked at the sight before her.

"I'm not meant to be this, Meadowheart. I'm meant to hunt vampires, not become them! Gods, what can I do?"

Meadowheart fled to her mistresses' side, clutching her leg and pressing her head against the hem of her red dress.

“Embrace it, my queen, as you have helped me embrace it! You are so close to vampiric divinity, I know it! A thrall can feel such things! There is only the final step. I will follow you anywhere, my queen!”

The words were from a servant, and yet they were so true. Good and evil meant so little now. Her protestations over her change were more out of inertia than guilt, which was fading ever so fast these days. Maria sighed. How far she had fallen, and yet how high up she could soon reign . . .

“We will leave the city, Meadowheart,” she said promptly, standing tall, her gloriously voluptuous body making her finally *proud* in an absolute sense, to be a woman. A perfect vampiress, in fact. Her loins became moist and her prominent nipples stiffened just with the knowledge of the decision she had reached.

“It is time to find the Vampire King,” she declared. “But first, we should feast before we go. It is a long journey.”

Meadowheart’s cruel former master began to squirm in fear as the two vampires descended upon him.

He really did have a lot of blood.

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The pair set out under the dark of night. Unfortunately, there were numerous guards out, all travelling in groups of three, their torches lit and weapons brandished at all times. Even for a vampire queen such as herself, this would be a precarious situation: she did not yet have a seat of power to which she could withdraw.

“What do we do, my queen?” Meadowheart whispered to her, clutching at her dress like the submissive thrall she was. “Can we fight them?”

“Not directly. And besides, it would be . . . wrong. I suppose.”

Again, that notion that she was once a man, a vampire hunter no less, came over her. It seems so strange to consider, especially with her bountiful bosom before her, her raven black hair falling all the way to her rounded rear, her thighs concealing nothing between them but a small mound where her womanhood waited, ready to receive an unholy king’s entrance.

“Wrong?”

“Impractical, then,” Maria said, shaking her shoulders a little as she corrected her sleek black hair. The effect made her milk-white bosom tremble deliciously. She savoured the feeling. “But how to alight?”

Meadowheart considered this. “My queen, could we not take flight? As bats? Or in another form?”

It was so very obvious. Marcus knew all about vampires, including their many shapes, but being a vampire was quite different; she hadn't considered such a possibility. It was ghastly . . . and amazing.

"Be silent, my dear," she said, closing her eyes as they waited in an alley. "I shall attempt it."

The darkest of nights called to her, the scream of bat and flit of terrifying wing. She gasped, her full red lips parting, her fangs descending, as she raised her arms up, the long sleeves of her red dress becoming like wings.

And then they *were* wings.

The vampire queen sighed in wonderful relief as she broke apart, her form becoming a hundred vampire bats that took up into the sky, screeching their siren call of bloodlust. Several guards yelled out as she passed them, her many teeth nicking at their necks, and soon Meadowheart was on her trail, flying as a solitary bat and joining her dark communion with the sky. She was legion, she was one. She was perfect beneath the glow of the moon, and in her new animal scents she knew exactly where to go.

Mordecai's castle awaited her, nestled far beyond the horizon.

*"Come to me, my darling,"* his hypnotic tone carried upon the chill winds. *"And we will be complete. I hunger for your presence."*

And now she hungered for his, too. More than all the blood in all the world.

The swarm of bats blotted out the moon as they raced across the sky.

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The castle was as foreboding as any castle Maria had ever seen or imagined. Tall and jagged and made from dark, craggy stone, it had a gothic style long fallen out of fashion, and this included the stain-glass windows and the enormous dread chapel rising behind and above the ramparts. There were places of disrepair, where much work needed to be done, but the vampire queen could smell an altogether different interior: fine wines, fine leather seating, carpets and rugs from the far eastern desert nomads. As she reformed into her vampiress form upon the wall, she gazed across the courtyard, taking in the mix of decrepitness and refinement.

"It looks like home," she said, scarlet eyes wide.

Without thinking, the former male hunter brushed some dark hair behind her ears, which had developed sharper points, as if nervous over how she looked, even though she knew deep down that she was positively magnetic in appearance. She was easily six-foot-four now, taller than she had been as Marcus Brant, and a huge contrast to the short, waifish Meadowheart who stood loyally at her sight.

"It is incredible, my queen," she said.

"Yes," Maria said, taking it all in, a nervousness in her black heart which pumped with the blood of another. "It is incredible. And terrifying. Gods, what have I gotten myself into? I shouldn't be here at all. I should be hunting creatures such as us. And yet . . ."

Meadowheart said nothing as Maria floated down from the castle wall. Music from an organ played, dark and foreboding and *tempting*, ushering her forward. A lone set of sconces alighted upon the walls all by themselves, and then another, and then another, each in time with her forward stride.

"I can smell him," she noted, sampling the air. "Such manliness. More manly than I ever was."

"But you are a beautiful queen, my lady," Meadowheart said, following beside her. "Wondrous and dark and—"

"Bosomy," Maria said with fangs gleaming in her gloat. She cupped her large breasts, settling them one last time in her dress, and then she dropped the cloak, allowing her full curvaceous form to show off in all its pale, undead glory. "Yes, I should be hunting vampires like us. But *vampires don't care about should*."

With a seductive chuckle she entered into the chapel. There were rows of pews, some settled by vampire spawn and thralls, others by lower nosferatu who waited obediently for their master. A hunch-backed servant played the mighty gothic organ at the hallway's end with such wild abandon that it seemed the crescendo may well kill him . . . were he still mortal. Maria took in all of this, but only as background detail; even the white carpet stained red with mortal blood was but a small taste in the air compared to who stood waiting for her at the altar.

Mordecai.

The dread vampire king of legend was as proud and tall and dreadful as Maria remembered, only now his appearance carried a powerful undercurrent of manliness and power that had her knees almost shaking. She bit her lip, licking back up the blood of Meadowheart's former master, retasting him. Her lips were crimson now, and Mordecai smiled at the sight of it.

"My darling Maria," he said, each syllabic drawn out as if in terrific hunger. "You came to me, to my castle."

"I did, vampire king," Maria said, stepping forward. She motioned for Meadowheart to take a seat in a nearby pew, and her thrall bowed low and did just that. Maria continued to saunter forward, her hips sashaying from side to side, her ripe bosom heaving, her dark hair swaying with silky straightness. She was the very image of femininity personified, albeit through a dark, cracked lens of abominable undeath. "I come to your presence now," she said, drawing ever closer.

Mordecai smiled. Gods, he was handsome. It wasn't even hypnotic anymore; she was immune to that. No, this was just his *presence*. This was the ancient man who had turned her, chosen *her* to be his dark bride, for all eternity.

"And is it to kill me?" he said, "or be mine?"

"I vowed that I would overpower you," Maria said, and that is what I intend to do, vampire king."

For just a moment, there was a hesitation in Mordecai's mind, a fear that things had not turned out as he hoped. Maria lunged at him, and he made to redirect her attack, but Maria was faster. She gripped the dark vampire lord and lowered him back, her own footing secure as she dipped him, her face against his.

She sunk her lips to his, and kissed him with such passion that no mortal could possibly know of its depths.

"I am yours, my king," she purred as she withdrew her blood-stained lips, pulling her man back up again. "Just as you *are mine*."

Mordecai grinned, his fangs bared in magnificence. He held out a gold ring capped with a blood-coloured jewel. His eyes roamed her form, drinking her in as if she were a mortal full of life's blood. And then the proud vampire king placed the ring upon her waiting, pale finger.

"Be my bride, Maria, now and forever."

He pulled her against him, and she did not resist. How could she ever have hunted such unholy wonder? How could she ever had desired a man, when she could have *this* man? She kissed him again, pressing her large pale chest against him, desiring him to consummate this marriage immediately.

"I do, my love," she replied, scarlet eyes on his. "Let us bring eternal night . . . together."

**The End**