

*From Vampire Queen to Priestly Tits*

In the dark and dusty halls of the temple Ash'ra Vaal, a young woman runs for her life. Fleeing through the almost labyrinthian twists and turns, her priestly garb ripped and torn by narrowly evading the many traps designed to keep the unwanted out and the wanted in.

"Eeeeyeheheheheh!"

The priestess fearfully looked over her shoulder as screechy laughter filled the pitch black halls. As that awful, awful chittering bounced around her head, it brought up the terrible images of her friends and fellow Knights of Raan struck down and drained of their blood by the ancient vampire's brood; the horrible sight of each and every one of her companions screaming and pleading for their lives as their flesh was ripped from the bone with such cruel mercilessness.

For a moment, she stopped to catch her breath and to her horror, it was just as the Vampire Queen herself emerged from around the corner. She stood taller than any man, her body mostly slender save for her swollen breasts and fattened rump, both bloated from the tremendous amount of blood sloshing around inside. Upon closer inspection, an almost pregnant looking belly swayed like a pendulum with every step; likely from the barbarian mercenary she managed to straddle right before the priestess made her escape.

"There you are!" she called out as soon as she spotted the priestess. "Thought you could run off before dinner was finished, naughty child!"

With a sharp yelp, she took off running again, only to go dashing headlong into a dead end. She frantically patted down the wall, looking for another way out, only to freeze up in horror as a foreboding presence loomed behind her. She didn't want to turn around, she could feel death's clutches begin to take hold. She had two choices now: die...or at least go out fighting. In one last act of desperation, she began to utter a holy spell in hopes divine glow would be enough to dispel the blood sucking demon. Shouting the spell's final words, she spun around, her incantation's brilliant glow erupting just as the vampire queen lunged at her prey, letting out a horrifying shriek moments before tumbling into the priestess.

A sudden stab of pain had the priestess gasping and looking down at her chest. There, she looked on in shock as the Vampire Queen's head was sunk between her flat breasts...or at least, they *should've* been flat. No, as more and more of the fiend sunk into her body, her chest began to swell like water sacks slowly filled to the brim. A strange feeling of warmth began to wash over her while her mammaries began to swallow the thrashing vampire whole and alive. It started with her head and

neck, working down her shoulders towards those massive fat breasts. As soon as those slipped in between her cleavage, that warmth exploded into a wave of ecstasy, the priestess letting out an echoing cry that echoed throughout the entire temple and staining the stone floor in her nether juices. The pleasure only grew as that bloated stomach full of semen followed the vampire's tits. The vampire's massive ass, however, would prove a much greater challenge; one that would take some effort on the priestess's part. She'd tug over and over again, her breasts taking in that giant backside inch-by-inch until the rest of it suddenly lurched inside.

From there, the priestess wanted as the vampire's long, slender legs vanished into the void between her growing tits until they came together over her toes. Panting and drenched in sweat, the Priestess sat up, massaging her breasts while she wondered what had just happened. For a few moments, several bulges rose up from under her skin along with the very muffled screams of the sealed vampire. This only lasted for a few passing moments before she went still, only to be replaced by a strange, ominous feeling in her hard nipples. The fading ecstasy that had completely overwhelmed her earlier turned to worry. Was this some dark curse lying in wait? She closed her eyes, instinctively shielding herself from whatever was about to happen next.

***SPLAT!***

She opened one eye, peeking over her hand before lowering them and investigating the wet pile of something now coming into view beneath her now shrinking bosom. Clothes? That vampire's clothes, swimming in her own breast milk while more poured onto it in a stream that steadily shrunk to nothing. She was frozen in shock, trying to figure out what just happened. However, the scream of the vampiric horde jolted the priestess out of thoughts, sending her fleeing. She would find the path that led to freedom, escaping into the night with fat, sagging breasts full of divine milk swaying back and forth.