

## Blood Bags

A grin decorated the vampiress's face when the back door creaked open.

“Hmph, one of their most precious resources yet they hardly keep it locked away safely...” she mused.

The room ahead was dark in the dead of night but her trained nose could smell her target all the same. Having been to this particular blood bank before, Cynthia was well aware where the stash of thick red fluid was kept. A chilled room was calling her name and the vampiress’s stomach growled with hunger.

A light illuminated the darkness and her eyes glowed greedily. “Unsecure or not, I should thank the humans for making my meals so easy!” she laughed, “I hardly remember the days of whisking my victims away in the night.” Hefting a fresh bag in her hand, Cynthia licked her lips. “This has much less hassle involved... And those foolish mortals hardly suspect a vampire these days.”

Cynthia’s nipples stood proud and hard into the black fabric of her top. In her current state it hung loose around her slender frame. The simple act of bending forward was enough to give a healthy view of a flat chest hidden below. That was about to change, as indicated by another growl from her belly.

“Soups on!” she cheered before lifting the bag to her mouth.

Fangs punched through the plastic and drained the vital fluid. Cynthia couldn’t help but close her eyes in ecstasy as it flowed into her. It had felt like an eternity since her last decent meal. In only a matter of moments the bag was empty and tossed aside. Wiping a trail of crimson from the corner of her mouth, she savored the flavor and inspected her breasts.

Two small handfuls of flesh protruded from her torso. Slight jiggles ran through their swollen forms when she took another bag from the shelf.

“Mmmm... *Mmmmmmm*...!” Cynthia groaned loudly. Even cold the blood was exquisite. It pumped her body with fresh life and invigorated new energy. Every eager gulp filled her mammaries; what her body didn’t immediately need for survival was graciously stored for later use. Not only was it a helpful adaptation, but a well-engorged bosom had proven useful time and time again in tempting a man to share her bed for a night.

Cynthia’s breasts wobbled fuller with each swallow. Generous C-cups pressed into her shirt like softballs, her skin eager to stretch and fill. “*Ahhhh*...” she breathed, “This bank always has the best quality. I can’t get enough!”

It wasn’t often the vampiress would go so long between meals. Sometimes circumstances made access to the bank impossible, however. Vampires could survive a time without blood, but they couldn’t last forever. Cynthia knew better than to risk killing a wandering human, but even going this long was pushing it. Her body ached for more sustenance.

Tossing another empty bag to the floor, she took another in each hand before sinking her teeth into their reservoirs.

“M-Mmm! *Mmmm!!*”

She couldn't get enough. Blood coursed through her body and rushed into her waiting breasts like a river. The sensation of her shirt rubbing across her plump nipples was invigorating. Red fluid ran from the sides of her gasping mouth as she breathed heavily in arousal. Breasts swollen like a pair of volleyballs, Cynthia couldn't help herself.

“More...I need...*more!*”

The bags couldn't get to her mouth fast enough. With one hand holding a bag to her fangs and another firmly kneading her chest, Cynthia could feel herself growing drunk on blood. Skin pressed against her hand and bulged around her fingers as she expanded to hold her bounty. Her shirt drew tight across her front and lifted away from her growling belly. For the first time in months, cleavage was proudly on display and rising quickly from a stretching collar.

“Yes... O-Ooohhh yes!” Cynthia gasped. Blood ran from her mouth and down a gulping neck before winging its way into the dark abyss of her cleavage. The sensation of her breasts sliding against each other like wet balloons never failed to drive the vampiress mad.

A half-empty bag fell from her mouth in her rush. Not caring what kind of mess she created, Cynthia groped herself with both hands and sank her fangs into various bags as they waited upon the shelves. Her tits gurgled with the rush of blood and bulged ever larger.

Stress wrinkles pulled over her front from a stressed shirt. Still famished, she could feel her skin growing firm and full against her palms. Blood-drenched cleavage was forced up to her collarbones and her biceps couldn't help but collide with her swollen bosom.

“I'm drinking until I can't fit another drop!” she announced to no one in particular. Perhaps it had been a subconscious warning to her own breasts as they gurgled and rounded with pressure.

Empty bags piled around her feet and blood dribbled from a greedy mouth. Multiple bags at a time were thrown onto the top of her chest like a table and Cynthia buried her face into their depths. Feeling her tits push the bags into her cheeks as she drank was thrilling to no end and she couldn't help but wrap her arms around them. Engorged nipples jutted against her forearms as she hugged a pair of bloated beach balls.

*SHRIP!*

A seam burst along her side to reveal pale skin. It was the first sign of her approaching nudity, something she couldn't wait to see. “So full...” she moaned, noticing how tight her skin had become. No longer did her fingers sink into the depths of her chest. “B-But...*nnngh*...so hungry!”

*SHRRRIIP!!*

A tear opened along her front. Slick cleavage was happy to bulge into the new space and open the hole wider with each breath. Taut skin rubbed across her stomach as the shirt fought to contain her girth and pressed against them. It was a losing battle; with such pressure mounting within Cynthia, her breasts were desperate to burgeon into their fully-rounded shapes.

“M-M-MMMM!!”

*SHHHRRRRRIIPP!!*

Her shirt burst open, allowing a gargantuan pair of tits to spring free. The force threw Cynthia off balance and she had to catch herself before toppling over. Empty bags rained from her cleavage and she looked upon her body with pleasure. Each tit hung wider than her torso and stood off her body like buoys. Skin tight and tinged red from the gallons of blood stored within, she ran pointed nails across its surface and marveled at her own resilience. Domed areolas the size of saucers lifted strawberry nipples into the air.

Tapping cautiously against the cleavage only inches from her dripping chin, Cynthia listened to the thick, sloshing echoes produced within. “*Mmmmmnngh*, I feel tight as a tick... These blood bags couldn’t fit another drop!”

Shuffling through the mountain of drained plastic, she cradled her chest and made a path to the door. A glance at the clock seeded slight worry.

“Five a.m.??” she exclaimed, “Cutting it kind of close... This blood is as cursed as I am in the sunlight now...”

The engorged vampiress walked as quickly as she dared. Flinging the backdoor open, she attempted to step through but froze when a loud squeak and intense pressure flashed across her chest. Cleavage pushed into her chin and she applied more force, bringing forth a loud creak.

“U-Uh oh...” she said slowly, “Don’t tell me I’m *stuck!*”

The light outside was becoming dangerously warm and Cynthia knew she had to leave now. Already the presence of the rising Sun was causing her pilfered contents to warm and expand. “Not good not good not good!”

Cynthia pressed her hands into the back of her breasts and shoved with all her might. They refused to budge, her skin only tightening and acquiring a dangerous red sheen. Her blood bubbled within them, boiling from the Sun. It pushing against her body and spurring her larger than she had ever been.

“*Shit! Shit!*” she swore. Desperate, she tried to retreat into the room but they held firm into the doorway. Panic struck when a ray of light fell along the back of the building. Its effects were immediate, bloating her chest like two giant party balloons. “*A-Ahh!! No no nooo!!* I’m too big as it iiiis!! I-I’m gonna POP!”

Cynthia’s cleavage squeaked and groaned with displeasure. Nipples quivering like nozzles on over-pressurized tanks, they released streams of blood to relieve the rising pressures. It wasn’t enough.

“Stop expanding!” she begged with wide eyes, “Stop growing!!”

The door frame creaked as they were forced larger. Sunlight bathed her body and set off an unstoppable chain reaction within her tits.

“I can’t get a-any tighter!!! *M-My boobs are too full!! I-I can’t...NNNGHHH...hold all of thiiiiii--*”

***BOOM!!!***

Cynthia burst into a shower of stolen blood and smoking ash, her vampire body destroyed by the Sun's rays. The door to the blood bank hung awkwardly on its hinge, waiting for its owners to find the pile of pierced bags and single torn shirt among the shower of red covering their walls.