

The house was quiet. It would soon not be quiet. Four and a half feet of disheveled, half-naked moth lay across the fore-room couch. His name was Velvet. He wore only a brown tee to contrast nicely with his bold body colors. He woke up like that, and, finding his house-mate missing, having left to do her job, Velvet had done nothing all day.

Outside the house, a soft thump, followed by a number of awkward thuds bounced around the area where the porch was, before the house-mate stumbled into the entryway. She'd accidentally pushed the door too hard. The door crashed into the wall and bounced off of it. She figured it would close itself in about a minute, so she hurried forward.

"Velvet!" She cheered, blithely wandering over to the lad, "Check it out! I've been momentarily enchanted with vampirism."

Kamilla's fangs stuck out of her jaw like walrus tusks. They were large, impractical, and sharp. Her wings were tattered, and the sky-blue edges that complemented her violet colors had been drenched in a gothic darkness. Shadows crept away from her as she stepped. Her outfit was stained and ragged in a way suggesting demonic possession. As for the contents of that outfit, her boots were caked with dirt save for the bratty spikes, which were polished to a sharp sheen. Her piercings were emphasized. Her eyes were slits, like a cat's. Her wings were larger, and she seemed taller despite being in a somewhat more slouched posture. What's more, her ordinarily languid and quiet personality had been replaced with a punkish enthusiasm.

Velvet had covered his bottom half with a pillow, and was too surprised to make any commentary.

"W-what? How did this happen?" He struggled to process the version of his work partner standing before him.

"House call. The client wanted some real dark magic nonsense. I haven't done dark magic since high school, so this is about the long and short of what happened. Their house is set to be un-haunted and my body will un-goth itself around dawn tomorrow. In the meantime, mama has a sick craving for bug boy."

"What does that even mean!?" Velvet's squeaky voice echoed around the hall, almost making it to the door before it closed.

Wordlessly, Kamilla lifted her boot and kicked the pillow off of Velvet's pelvis. It hit a lamp, making a jangling noise, causing it to rock. Velvet flinched and his face brightened with understanding. He tried to move his palms to his crotch as his thighs closed together. His wrists were caught by her sharp-nailed hands, which lifted his arms away from his lower body. Her knee pushed itself between his legs to separate them as she positioned herself above him. He gulped.

"You're not going to...drink my blood, are you?" His eyes unfocused from worry.

"I could. But I have a better idea. See, to satiate this form's energy consumption, all I *actually* need is proteins – albumins in particular. They're in blood, yeah, but they're also in cum. So I could just suck you dry that way~

"But let's have fun with it!" She cheered, pinning his wrists against the couch cushions with her weight. "Shrink."

“Hey, wait - !” Velvet tried to start a sentence, but his chest rapidly felt the increasing weight of his own shirt. Kamilla loosened her grip with all but her finger and thumb on one hand, feeling her diminishing toy boy dwindle into her pinched digits. When there was a meager centimeter of him left, she held the fluffy snack between her eyes, staring him down. Her tongue stuck out, barely making it past her white dagger-teeth. She tossed him on and the tongue retreated. All the fuzz on Velvet’s diminutive body were instantly drenched under the rain of her saliva. Her lips closed and the whale of her tongue pinned him against the roof of her mouth. She sucked on his whole body like a piece of candy, feeling his waist tighten and poke back after a few moments. With a flick, he was thrown forward, between her puckered lips. Head poking ever-slightly outward, view of the outside world mostly obscured by her lips. She drew the pocket of air in her maw inwards, pulling Velvet inwards without letting go with her plush lips... kissing on him like the head of a popsicle. She repeated this step a few more times. Velvet felt the release of orgasm reach him.

His squeaky voice cried out with strained bliss as his seed was swallowed, almost alongside him, with nigh-supernatural speed. The torturous full-body blowjob did not stop, however. The tip of the vampire bat’s tongue pushed against Velvet’s lower half as her lips loosened, flipping him like a coin back into her mouth. Her tongue pinned him back down, this time against her lower jaw with the front of her tongue. The tougher press and unrelenting force elicited further gasps from the helpless centimeter-tall snack. He tried to push up against the gum, but the tongue behind him kept its force against her rump, keeping his member against the surface. As Velvet wiggled, his arousal mounted again. Kamilla’s tongue tapped and pushed, throwing him close near the back of her maw. The view down her throat sent panic and arousal enough to get Velvet over the edge a second time, so to speak.

A pool of sticky saliva, sloshed around, giving it the illusion that it was its own creature, leapt at Velvet, enveloping him. Thereafter, he was slooowly drooled out, onto the middle fingertip of the vamp. Her thumb came to smush him, and with a quick snap, he was dried in the fluff on her hands. Then, sliding her other hand into her waistband, she exposed her sex, slightly paler in relation to the rest of her. Velvet felt more of his size drop away as Kammy’s voice boomed.

“I want a taste down here, too. I’m not letting you out until tomorrow morning.” She panted the words, pressing her finger against the lower edge of her labia. The mite-sized mothlet squeaked, blushing and flailing in vain as the goth goliath pulled her digit across the entirety of her lips. As she pushed, her finger sank deeper, before she quickly lifted and pressed his body, soaked in her natural lubricants, against her clit, like its own moon. Her palm twisted, grinding his front into her most sensitive of spots, before, with renewed, heightened assertion, the witch shoved her boyfriend entirely within herself, her entire finger disappearing inside her vagina, plus half her palm for good measure. It rested inside for a minute, before she withdrew, nails and knuckles soaked in her own juices, with Velvet missing. She crossed her legs, still heavy with her boots, and leaned backwards against the couch, feeling her insides constrict around her morsel. Her walls would surely juice him ‘til she was satisfied. She purred a little, eyes closing slightly as the sun beat down on her through a window. This was going to be a long, good rest of her day.