

Things that go Hump in the Night

By Victor Waite

After a night of nightmares, Leah wakes to find a pair of strange bumps on her neck. She can only conclude a vampire visited her in her sleep. Her roommate works her to get to the bottom of it, but her symptoms are unusual. Her libido spikes and her fantasies run wild through the day, to the point she can't concentrate on anything else. Just what kind of vampire is she becoming?

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Female Lynx, a Female Gecko, Gradual Transformation, Uncontrollable Fantasies, Group Sex, Public Sex, M/F Sex, Exhibitionism, Cock and Ball Growth, Ftl, Strong Pheromones, Induced Heat, I/F Sex, Hyper Growth, Breast Growth, Lactation, and Cum Inflation

A mattress's squeaks broke the bedroom's morning silence, brought about by Leah's ceaseless tossing and turning. Her comforter and sheets lie scattered across the floor, along with all but one of her pillows. The lynx squeezed her eyes shut and murmured curses in a vain effort to drive away terrors of the night, her voice rising as the grip of sleep loosened its hold. A sharp gasp ended her muted thrashing, and her eyes snapped open as she fell back into the waking world. Her heart pounded in her chest as she frantically searched her room, then gradually calmed as familiarity crept back into her world. The feline turned to see the faint morning light trickling in through her curtained window, then rolled her head back in frustration and exhaustion. She wiped the night sweat from her brow and begrudgingly hauled herself from bed. The feline told herself there was no sense in trying to get back to sleep, and she stood and wobbled on rest-deprived legs. She teetered with uncoordinated uncertainty before her muscles woke up too, and she stumbled to her bathroom in a rest-deprived haze.

Leah winced and looked away from the illuminated mirror when she switched it on, then shed her night clothes and drew a shower once she recovered from the harsh flash. The pleasant sound of concentrated rain striking the floor filled the small room, followed by warm clouds of mist as the steam heated. The lynx stretched her limbs and drove the stiffness from her muscles, and once somewhat limbered, she stepped over the tub's edge and immersed herself in her private downpour. A sigh tumbled from her muzzle and she closed her eyes, where sleepiness tugged on the edge of her consciousness, but failed to bring her back under the veil of dreams. Instead, she recalled the fading impressions of her nightmare and tried to divine their meanings. She pointed her muzzle to the shower head and basked in its massage as she pondered, but failed to find a mote logic in the reoccurring nightly scenes. Incoherent sparks of memory teased at an explanation, a dark figure, flashes of sharp fangs, but nothing concrete. Another sigh poured from her lips, and she rubbed her neck in frustration. Her eyes twitched behind their lids when her fingers passed over a pair of bumps, of which she had no recollection. The soft tips of her digits stayed at the mysterious peaks while she finished washing herself, remaining even while she towed her fur dry.

Once dry, she approached her mirror for a closer look. Leah craned her neck and parted her fur at the site, and her curiosity piqued with her finding. The bumps were clear as day, pink with dark red centers, and eerily dissimilar from the bug bites. A jolt of pain singed her nerves when she gave them a curious poke, doubly confirming their reality. The feline squinted her eyes and ran through a great number of possibilities, dismissing them and driving her to increasingly irrational explanations. She eventually mused that a vampire was the culprit, and in that moment of absurdity, the evidence clicked. Between her nightmares and mysterious bite, it was the only fitting answer! Her color drained with the realization, and she frantically threw fresh clothes on and rushed from the bathroom. If her roommate wasn't already awake, the slam of the door would have done the job, but that was the farthest thought from her mind as she dashed for the kitchen. Anastasia was already looking up at her as she rounded the corner, and the gecko waited for her explanation with interest.

"You're not gonna believe this! I got bit by a vampire last night, look!" Leah tilted her head and pointed to the bumps.

"You're right, I don't believe it," she chuckled. "And how do you expect me to see them from there? I'm not a hawk."

Leah kept her fingers on her neck and shuffled closer, then sat at the table across from her. "See, right there. Perfect bite marks."

The gecko squinted and leaned closer. "Alright, I'll admit they look the part, but how do you know they're from a dracula and not a spider or something else?"

"They look exactly like the vampire bites in my book!"

"You really gotta stop reading those before bed," she sighed. "That's probably where your nightmares are coming from too."

"It's not that kind of book," Leah blushed.

"Well if its not horror, what kind of book is it," Anastasia teased. "But anyway, you saw those in the mirror, right?"

"Yeah."

"So we know you're not a vampire yet, at least."

Leah nodded. "Right. So we can still cure it."

A grin spread across the gecko's snout. "Not interested in becoming a scary sexy monster?"

"I'd rather be mated to one," the lynx mused. A fierce blush warmed her cheeks when she realized she admitted it out loud.

"I can't say I'm surprised~ But I'm happy to help out. I'll research some cures while your at class, and we'll try them when you get back."

The lynx blanched. "Shit! It's Wednesday, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately."

"Ugghhhhhhhh," the lynx groaned. "Maybe I should skip."

"I don't think thats a good idea. You got presentations, right?"

Leah threw her head back and groaned. "Yeah... How is it you know my schedule better

than I do?"

"One of us need to keep track of it," Anastasia grinned. "Don't let this get to you though. If there's anything weird going on, we'll deal with it together."

"Thanks Ana, I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Forget all your classes, probably," the gecko quipped.

"Probably," the lynx laughed. She looked away to the clock and deflated. "I should probably get going soon."

"Good luck, and try not to fall asleep during anyone else's presentation~"

Leah squirmed in the back of the lecture hall, unable to focus for more than a few minutes at a time. Her hands lingered on her inner thighs and crept closer to her crotch each time her attention shifted, breaking her concentration each time a finger found its way to her needy entrance. The room was large enough that distance alone concealed her increasingly unsubtle movements from her fellow students, though it did nothing to mask her quick breathing and squeaking chair. Her resolve faltered like clockwork after each mental recovery, her thoughts drifting to daydreams of reckless hedonism, and the confused glares and coughs of her classmates brought her back to reality. The professor was too focused on monotone and wandering presentations to intervene herself, though the lynx knew that wouldn't be the case forever. Leah offered apologetic looks to those bothered enough to turn around, and after her third or fourth slipped moan, she sat on her hands to keep them from wandering. The strained creak of her chair grated on the class's last nerves, but the tension in the air diffused soon after. The cat visibly relaxed, but her moment of her minor triumph was short lived. Though she regained control over her hands, her mind raced with fantasy freely and unimpeded. She retained just enough forethought to hope her group wasn't picked to present next, and by the grace of luck, they weren't.

Unfortunately, her fantasies only strengthened in the absence of a good reason to restrain them. Her efforts to focus on the group and their presentation only guided her musing, and Leah began to imagine her class in a different, sexual light. The rambling speech on economics warped into an exhibition of lustful techniques in her mind's eye, fueling visions of tearing down prudish barriers to productivity. She imagined the wolf leading the talk stripping as he spoke, shredding away his tight clothing to emphasize the points on the screen behind him. The other members of the group followed suit as they stepped forward to cover their slides, and in her daydreams, it wasn't long before the trio of students were fully nude. Her bob tail twitched as she envisioned them coming together to make their conclusion, the wolf sliding his length into one of his partners while the other settled atop her. The rest of the class, professor included, failed to react to the affectionate

triangle, and more importantly, allowed them to continue the display. Leah subtly rolled her hips and ground against the fabric of her shorts as huffs and grunts of lust interrupted their explanation of supply and demand, and she bit her tongue to stifle her own outbursts. The lynx screwed her eyes shut when her clit grazed a seam in her shorts, a ridge she exploited to propel herself toward climax.

A brief silence filled the hall as another group of students traded places with the presenters, thankfully not Leah's, broken only by the faint shlicks of her hands-free masturbation. Thankfully, her indulgence escaped the notice of her peers, and her fantasies grew more hedonistic as they gained momentum. In her mind's eye, the talk on joint ventures devolved into an orgy, started by the lion up front shredding his clothing away in a display of power. His throbbing cock bobbed with his gait as he crossed the projector's screen, rattling off bullet points while dripping pre to the floor. He only stopped when he asked for a volunteer for a practical demonstration, a role the professor accepted. Leah's inner gaze locked on the vixen as she sauntered to the front of the room, leaving a trail of clothes in her wake. The lion gently guided her to the floor on her back, where he and his group descended upon her, each tending to a different part of her and keeping the theme of specialization. One wiggled under the vixen and slipped their length into her plush ass, the lion slipped between her increasingly slick petals, and the last of the group filled her waiting muzzle. The vixen grunted and moaned as her students set their pace, while the lion multitasked and moved the presentation through its remaining slides. Their display inspired their peers to explore the concepts for themselves, and the phantom scents of sex filled the room.

Before they finished, a timer on the professor's desk went off, cutting their discussion short and shattering Leah's day dreaming with a harsh tone. Her inner visions melted away, and she rubbed her eyes to scrub their residue from her perception. The ephemeral fog of lust hanging in the air cleared, and the rest of her senses returned as the vixen professor took her place at the head of the class. The lynx could hardly keep her eyes off the fox's curves, though her clothing concealed the most appealing of them, and she struggled to stop herself from mentally undressing the fox once again. The professor thanked the class for their efforts as she languidly stretched, and the lynx followed the subtle bounce of her chest while she dismissed the class. It took her a moment to register she was free to leave, and by then, some of her peers had already left. She considered darting out and sprinting for her dorm, but a quick survey of herself shot that plan down. Her lust had soaked through her shorts to visibility, and the thought of being seen in such a state rooted her in place. Instead, she slumped down in her seat and wait for everyone else to leave so she could sneak out last.

Unfortunately, even that simple plan carried complications. A small group of students, including the lion and the wolf, stayed back to chat with the professor, who happily answered their questions and carried a conversation. Leah grew increasingly restless as they spoke of their presentations and exchanged feed back, and her self control dwindled in the presence of her unfulfilled needs. Her squeaking chair earned a few more annoyed glances, but she managed to avoid drawing full attention.

Until she and her professor were left alone together.

"Leah! I'm glad to see you made it to class today. Is there something you wanted to ask me?"

The lynx froze, and a thousand possible, increasingly lewd questions ran through her mind. "N-no, I was just taking my time leaving."

The vixen nodded with an almost knowing grin. "Alright. I'll be in my office for next two hours or so, so feel free to stop by if you need anything at all~" She lingered for a moment to let every implication of her offer linger, then sauntered out of the lecture hall and let the door slam behind her.

The vixen's swaying backside nearly tempted her libido back into control, but she slung her bag over her shoulder and dash out a different exit while she still had the presence of mind to do so.

The creak of an opening door quickly followed by a hollow slam announced Leah's entrance, and she shuffled into the living room and tossed her things on the couch. A low groan filled her chest as she collapsed onto a chair and turned the TV on. She was desperate to put the morning's events behind her, though Anastasia crossed her view and sat nearby before she lost herself in a favorite show.

"Ugh, you would not believe the day I had," Leah groaned

"It's barely half over, how bad could it have been?"

Leah answered with an almost murderous glare.

The Gecko put up her hands in defense. "Alright, that bad. Wanna talk about it?"

"Well, the presentations were criminally boring, and I couldn't focus on them *at all*." A blush warmed her muzzle as her fantasies came back to mind. "I don't know why, but I couldn't stop thinking about the class breaking out in an orgy." She crossed her arms against her chest. "I don't even like half of them! It was like someone else was driving my brain or something. Then I got horny though my shorts and had to wait for everyone to leave so I could clean up in the bathroom, but I guess I didn't do a good enough job, because people stared at me the whole way back!"

Anastasia listened and nodded through the rant until Leah got to her last sentence. The reason for their stares seemed obvious to the gecko, and her cheeks filled with heat as her attention gravitated toward it. "I'm sorry you had to go through that and all, but do you think the pumpkin in your shorts might've had something to do with it?"

Leah looked confused, then angry, then down, where he confusion returned. She gazed at the significant bulge filling her crotch, then finally gathered enough of her wits to think again. "That wasn't there when I left the business building." The lynx hesitantly traced a finger over the throbbing swell, sending a lance of masculine pleasure up he spine. There was no denying it was a generous set of cock and balls, and more importantly, it was her set of cock and balls. "What the hell kind of vampire am I turning into!?"

The sight equally dumbfounded the gecko. "Maybe we are dealing with one of those sexy draculas."

"You were able to find a cure, right?"

"I think, but first, I want to check to make sure we're really dealing with a vampire. I don't want it to do anything weird in case we haven't diagnosed you right."

"Alright, lets get to it then. The longer we wait, the worse this is gonna get."

"Right, but first, you should eat something. I'm guessing you didn't pick up anything on the way to class, right?"

"Yeah, you're probably right." The lynx started to go to the kitchen, but Anastasia brought her back to her seat.

"I got something for you already. I figured you'd be hungry." The gecko presented a small ball of chocolate that fit neatly in her palm. "I got it from that new weird market."

The feline took it and eyed it with suspicion. "What is it?"

"Just try it."

Leah watched it with hesitation, as if waiting to see if it would explode. The treat remained perfectly inert, and after a few awkward seconds, earned her trust. The lynx shrugged and bit into it, immediately regretting her decision. She spat the chocolate coated garlic out in an instant and dropped the rest of it to the ground. "Ana what the hell? That thing's disgusting!"

"Does it burn or anything?"

"I'm not gonna be able to taste anything but garlic for the next week if that's what you're asking!"

"Well, at least we know you're not more of a vampire than you were this morning."

"You could have just asked me to take a little bite of it or something," the lynx spat. "Ugh,

who buys this stuff?"

"Apparently someone. That was the last one they had." The gecko gave her a look of apology. "Anyway, google suggested some holy water might do the trick, so I got some of that too."

"From that weird market?"

"Yeah."

"I don't know if I trust it."

"It won't hurt things."

"I dunno..."

"Do you want to cure this or not?"

The lynx grumbled swiped the vial of holy water from the gecko, though she didn't drink it right away. Instead, she held it up to the light and thoroughly examined it. The liquid within was every bit as clear as the bottle, and it sloshed as expected when she twirled the container in her fingers. It felt heavy enough to be made of glass, convincing her it was more than some dollar trinket. A finely cut stopper kept the water from spilling, and a satisfying pop filled the air when she pulled it free. The gecko tapped her foot and rolled her eyes when the lynx put it to her nose and sniffed, and it graced her senses like freshly melted snow. She wracked her thoughts for anything else she had yet to think of, and when nothing else came to mind, she put its rim to her lips and tipped her head back. Her brow furrowed when the drink hit her tongue, carrying with it the flavor of tap water, but compared to her unexpected dose of garlic, it was hardly an issue. Leah swished it around her cheeks to give it time to take effect, then gulped it down and let out a sigh.

"Was it supposed to taste like it came from the sink?"

"Probably. That's where it came from."

The lynx frowned. "I thought you said you got this at that weird market."

"I did. Mostly," the gecko admitted. "They had kits to make your own holy water. It came with a certificate of priesthood and everything."

"Wait, you blessed this yourself?"

"Yeah, but I followed the instructions."

Leah sighed. "No offense, but I want to try this with someone with more than a few hours of experience."

"I can respect that, but I think that's gonna have to wait until tomorrow. I don't think the pastor at that church down the road sticks around all day."

Leah nodded with a degree of disappointment. "Did you find any other cures?"

"I kinda stopped looking after I found the holy water thing."

"That's fair," the lynx sighed. "I'll look on my own while you're at class."

"You'll have plenty of time," the gecko huffed. "My group wants to meet again after lecture, and gods know how long that'll take. You're probably on your own for dinner tonight."

"Ouch. Promise me you won't murder anyone?"

"Nope."

"Let me know if you need any help hiding a body then."

The gecko smiled and leaned in for a hug. "I appreciate it. And you let me know if you need any help with that pumpkin." Anastasia traced a finger over the lynx's twitching bulge and teased out a pearl of pre. "I know you're freaked out by all this, but I think we can get some good out of it~"

The resulting rush of pleasure stunned Leah and stole her breath. By the time she recovered, Anastasia was half way out the door.

"I don't know how late I'll be, so don't wait up"

Leah tossed and turn atop her bed, trapped in the grips of insomnia-like half-sleep. Every inch of her body blazed with lust, which originated from her latest anatomical addition. Her heavy sac audibly sloshed as she rolled from side to side, and her comparatively small cock stood rigid and dribbled need. The light breeze from her fan stoked her arousal to increasing heights, coaxing out an endless stream of pre and fueling persistent, ever more hedonistic fantasies. Visions of walking into class in nothing more than a confident grin sprung to mind, and she rolled her hips as she envisioned her classmates to gather around and join her harem. Unable to resist her charm and virility, they agreed without hesitation, and she informed them of her caveat with a mischievous grin. Her consorts needed to prove their prowess to earn time with her, and her former peers launched into sexual contest to meet her expectations. They grouped up in sets of twos and threes and fours and fives as she sauntered to the front of her imagined lecture hall, where her vixen professor waited. She wrapped herself around Leah like a fur coat and eagerly massaged her breasts, allowing the lynx to watch with her full attention. A shiver

ran up her spine when the vixen's ministrations drifted between her thighs, and jets of her need launched forth as she lavished her modest spire. Despite her efforts, Leah kept watching the sexual presentations, searching for the few that brought the most pleasure to as many as possible.

The affection of her phantom consorts tugged her deeper into her indulgent visions, but failed to engulf her before reality intervened.

The front door flung open and sent a rush of air through the dorm, shaking the walls and tugging Leah from her stupor. The following slam ripped her free, and a new reality settled upon her. Patches of smooth brown fur broke up patterns of white and grey in the low light, gradually growing together and taking over her natural colors. An idle brush of her tongue over her lip revealed the presence of prominent fangs, and an exploratory touch revealed a lengthened muzzle. The soft ambient sounds of the building pounded on her lengthened ears, and webbing under her arms caught the breeze of her fan and inspired a chill. Her eyes widened when she realized she'd been endowed with the features of a bat, and panic gripped her as she scrambled to get out of bed. Leah tossed her sheets across the room and bolted from the comfort of her mattress, only to fall face first to the floor. Her impact echoed through the small apartment, but luckily, her enhanced breasts spared her the worst of the tumble. Soreness bloomed in her chest and faded as she picked herself up, but a knock at her door sent her right back down.

"Leah, are you alright? It sounded like something fell in there, and I hope it wasn't you."

The former feline wrapped an arm over her chest and clutched the pain. "Yeah, I'm fine," she groaned.

"You don't sound fine. I'm coming in, alright?"

Leah's voice caught in her throat when she tried to tell Anastasia otherwise, and light poured in from the living room as the gecko opened the door. He stride faltered the instant she crossed the threshold, and her eyes dilated as a rush of pheromones flooded her senses. The gecko's tail slowed to a stop as the lustful cocktail suffused her form, and her cheeks flushed as a myriad of fantasies steamrolled her higher thought. Her mouth moved as if to ask if Leah if she was fine, but no words crossed her lips. The former lynx watched her roommate with mixed concern and arousal and started to check on her, until the multicolor gecko pulled at her shirt. Her movements were clumsy, clouded by overbearing need, and after much more effort than needed, she freed herself from the confines of modesty. Anastasia's bra dropped to the ground with comparative ease, and she wiggled out of her pants until they fell in a puddle around her ankles. She stood there for a silent moment and basked in her nudity, while Leah compared her figure to the memories of their previous night of passion. The gecko hardly changed since then, but by the same token, her effect on Leah hadn't diminished. Hot carnal need bubbled from vampire's cock and shot across the carpet in viscous spurts, adding to the cloud of hedonism swamping the air. Leah eventually gathered the coordination to stand, and once she was on her feet, the gecko pounced and

sent both of them tumbling to the bed.

The headboard slammed into the wall with their landing, announcing their intentions to both to each other and their neighbors. Anastasia laid atop Leah and coiled around her, embracing her tightly and nuzzling into the crook of her neck. A deep inhale filled her chest with the Leah's intoxicating scent, and a low groan resonated in her chest as her needs dug their roots deeper into her core. Their closeness prompted a similar reaction in Leah, who folded her arms against the gecko's back and basked in her relative coolness. That temperature difference faded the longer they held each other, vanishing entirely by the time their foreplay ended. Anastasia spread her thighs and straddled the former feline, pressing her needy sex against her lover's grinding pelvis. Her cock parted the reptile's lower lips and teased her entrance, gathering a liberal coating of slick lust with each pass. The gecko rolled deeper and harder with each failed penetration until she found her lover's leaking tip. A sultry grin crossed her snout as she lined herself up, and they shared a lustful shiver when they finally forged that intimate connection. She took the increasingly batty vampire to the hilt in a single, languid motion, and for a moment, the two squeezed each other close and savored each other's company.

Leah's libido could not be sated with a single stroke, however, and once the tenderness wore off, she clapped her paws on Anastasia's rear and rolled over. The gecko offered no resistance and eagerly submitted, releasing her lover to grant complete control. Leah wasted no time seizing the moment, pinning Anastasia to the mattress and rutting her like a beast in heat. The vampire's swinging balls slapped their thighs with every pump of her hips, punctuating each impact with a extra burst of pleasure and sound. Leah's ample lust flooded her partner's passage in time with her motions, ensuring there was no friction and even less discomfort. The combined products of their need flowed to the bedsheets and further saturated the mattress, and the haze of their lovemaking spilled into the rest of the dorm. It even seeped into neighboring units as they fully lost themselves to each other, but it was the farthest thing from either of their minds. Leah's pace accelerated as her endurance drained, opening the floodgates of her vampirism. Motivated by the presence of another, her new nocturnal nature asserted itself and left its mark on both of them.

The former feline's feral rhythm faltered as her cock and balls surged in size, weighing down her hips and filling Anastasia to the brim. Excess fluids spilled from their imperfect seal with every pump in an out, growing increasingly cloudy as Leah's virility spiked. Her hips widened and swelled with the muscles needed to drive her pillar, granting her the strength to persist and a wonderfully bottom-heavy figure. Her slightly pear profile shifted yet again when her breasts swelled, spreading and squishing against the gecko's as they filled the space between them. Thin rivulets of milk leaked from their sensitive peaks shortly after their growth tapered off, though their bounty was almost completely lost in their combined lusts. Finally, the feminine mound behind Leah's balls plumped and softened, taking on the flexibility and control to cater to any shaft imaginable. The sensation of change stoked inferno in her core, adding yet more urgency to her affections. The gecko melted in her ravenous embrace and goaded her on with an endless string of moans and groans, oblivious to the slightly more subtle changes to her own figure. The

gecko shrank in her arms at an imperceptible pace, shifting her mass and molding her figure in less exaggerated replica of Leah's. The cost was subtle, stealing away little more than an inch by the time the vampire reached the ledge of her climax, but it left her with hips and breasts worthy of a fertility goddess.

Finally, Leah reached the end of her supernatural stamina, where she buried her length deep between Anastasia's thighs and let loose a virile torrent. Her tip bulged the gecko's middle from within, though it lost its definition as gallons of seed flooded her core in pulsing waves. The first of the volley flung Anastasia into a sympathetic orgasm, which persisted and compounded with every subsequent burst. The gecko's writhing and cumming fed back into Leah's blissful haze, creating a loop of rapturous loop that burned through their remaining stamina. Time stood still in respect of their relentless orgasms, only resuming when carnal exhaustion eventually set in. Leah's arms trembled as they struggled to support her chest over Anastasia's, then collapsed and brought the two of them together. Their breasts brushed and squished together as the former feline slumped against her lover, though the gecko's belly took most of her weight. The short fall set its contents sloshing loudly enough to compete with their heavy breathing, adding to the soft chorus of their shared afterglow. Their worlds shrank to each other while they recovered, giving rise to an unspoken moment of intimacy as their lusts declined to embers. Their attraction persisted, insisting it was genuine, and they shared a kiss borne of romance rather than need.

The moment lasted until a cloud of mist floated through the bedroom window.

Completely unnoticed, the mist condensed in a humanoid outline behind them, thickening and sharpening until a figure stepped forth. Leah's nose twitched at the introduction of a new scent, and a puzzled expression crossed her muzzle when she placed it. She declared it as her professor's with absolute certainty, but she knew that couldn't possibly be correct. Reluctantly, she lifted from Anastasia's blissed-out embrace to investigate, until jolt of pleasure robbed her of her coordination. A massive shaft, one that put hers to shame, rammed between her cheeks and buried itself in her fluttering passage, shocking her with a miniature orgasm and stealing the breath from her throat. The unexpected guest crawled over them and laid against Leah's back, where they whispered to both of them.

"I see my favorite student has been doing her homework," she crooned.

The voice banished any doubt regarding their identity. "Professor?!"

"I have a name, you know." The transformed vixen murmured. "But yes."

A thousand questions exploded in Leah's mind and raced to be asked first, putting her verbal deadlock.

"You're not the first I've left speechless," she smirked. The vampiric vixen rolled her hips

and rekindled Leah's lusts to full strength, which in turn kickstarted Anastasia's needs.

"And you already have a thrall too," the professor remarked with pride. "You're a natural for this~ Clearly I made the right choice."

Leah struggled at the mention of turning her lover into a mindless slave, but the professor calmed her with another bump of her hips.

"Don't worry, that's not nearly as bad as the books make it sound. She's still her, just much more sympathetic to your needs. And gets a great deal better at fulfilling them."

The new vampire relaxed.

"But again, lets talk about the hows and whys later." The need in her voice was palpable, and it danced on every sting of Leah's body. "Your lust is delectable, and it's *years* since I had a chance to feast like this."

The vampiric vixen's desires imprinted on her own and aligned their needs, which in turn reset Anastasia's lusts. Brimming with eager sexual desire, the three of them tested the limits of Leah's bed until dawn, when their transformations and super charged lusts returned to dormancy. The next morning's breakfast carried with it a slew of information and eagerness regarding their new lifestyles, which Leah and Anastasia eagerly embraced.