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Contains: Vampires, Attribute Transfer, Breast Expansion

High Cholesterol Blood

Rosalie stalked up the sidewalk to a tiny worn-down but cozy mill house in the inky blackness of night. Her straight raven tresses hung to the small of her back. She wore her favorite 'meet new food' outfit. A black leather trench coat just past her knees flapped open over leather pants and leather corset, both in black of course. High heeled black boots and a silk blouse red as cranberry juice completed the ensemble.

Heels clacking on concrete, she turned up the path to the front door and knocked. The woman who opened the door was not what Rosalie had been expecting, on multiple levels.

Usually the humans who posted on the vampire Discord volunteering as food were... a little weird, even by today's standards. Rosalie had lived through the Birth of a Nation, the American Civil War, the entirety of two World Wars and the ridiculous culture waves that followed. She flattered herself in believing that she'd quite literally seen it all. But this new 'Information Age' was something with which she was still coming to grips.

There was so much information freely available that nobody believed anything that didn't fit in their world view. So ironically it was easier than every for vampires to hide in plain sight, even while every human carried a high-def camera with them at all times.

On the plus side, Rosalie didn't have to hunt for her prey anymore. The Internet had turned so many people on to so much weird shit that it was pretty easy now for vampires to find food. She did sometimes miss the chase, though.

This particular food, was very pretty. Rosalie had always liked the pretty ones. With a few centuries of experience she'd also gained enough control to feed off her 'pets' for a long time without killing them. It often meant she could do *other* fun things with them and to them, in addition to merely feeding.

Speaking of feeding, the food spoke. Rosalie was thoroughly distracted by the jiggling of the woman's double chin and the wobbling of her pooching belly and enormous breasts. This woman had to be nearly 300lbs.

"Hi! Are you Rosie?"

"Rosalie, yes."

"Oh sorry, Rosalie. I'm Sandra."

The fat twenty-something stood back holding the door open, but Rosalie didn't cross the threshold. She met the food's eyes with her own crimson ones, and tapped the toe of one booted foot.

"Oh, sorry." The human blushed. "Won't you come in, Rosalie?"

"Thank you very much."

Rosalie stepped into Sandra's house. The inside was even more cozy than the exterior had suggested, with lots of hand made decorations. Rosalie was not particularly interested in any of that though, she'd 'lived' through so many changes in style and culture that such things had become mostly background noise to her supernatural senses.

Rosalie stood across from the plump blonde in her vaguely cramped entryway. The two women looked each other over.

"You're very pretty." The human said. "I've always heard people say vampires are beautiful and now I see what they mean."

Rosalie would have blushed if she could have, but her red eyes sparkled in her ashen skin, and she made a smile that showed quite a lot of teeth.

"Thank you Sandra. You're very pretty too."

Rosalie watched Sandra's neck pulse and couldn't help but imagine the *gallons* of blood this woman's body held.

"Shall we start? I promise it will only hurt at the beginning..."

Sandra pulled her blonde hair over one shoulder, exposing her fleshy neck and shoulder to the vampire.

Rosalie stood in her lair, white-skinned hands leaning against a bureau. A young, redheaded vampire pulled on the leather cords of her corset. Rosalie was grunting like a human.

“Pull, damn you Kaitlyn! Why are you baby vampires all so weak...”

Kaitlyn trembled and her response was half mutter, half whisper.

“I don’t think it’s my strength Maker, you appear to have gotten somewhat more... robust than usual...”

Rosalie glanced down at herself. Pale mounds of cleavage filled her view downward in a way she had never experienced in all her centuries of unlife. Well beyond the size of cantelopes, her ivory orbs had reached honeydew proportions and then a bit more.

Rosalie bared her fangs in a grimace and barked at her Progeny to pull harder.

Rosalie and her cattle walked toward their table at a gothic themed restaurant that catered to the undead. Sandra was wearing a floral pink sundress, and she looked lovely as always. Except... her tummy was barely rounding out the garment and her breasts were down several cup sizes. Rosalie realized with shock that the human’s breasts were now *smaller* than her own.

“Have you lost weight my dear?”

“Hehe, you noticed!” Sandra twisted her hips to let her skirt fan out.

“I’m not sure how though. I’ve always been kind of chunky, and nothing I’ve tried to slim down has ever worked. Not that I’m complaining, mind you...”

Rosalie was wholly disinterested in her cattle’s weight loss journey. But if the blonde airhead was losing weight, that just meant less blood for her to feast on. It had been some time since she’d found herself such an *abundant* supply and

Rosalie was finding herself somewhat addicted to the fat girl's flavor.

But if she was turning into a not-fat girl...

"Would you like some appetizers, my dear?"

"M-m-maker... don't be mad..."

"What is this, Kaitlyn?"

"I had the House Seamstress make for you, I thought it might be more comfortable than your old style..."

The leather corset Kaitlyn had wrapped around Rosalie only covered her stomach. The top ended in scallops that left the entirety of her bloated alabaster bosom covered only by her blouse.

Unable to assess her visage in a mirror, Rosalie was dependent on her Progeny and other observers' biased opinions. She had to admit, however, that the ensemble was considerably more comfortable than her usual garb.

"Rosie! *-hompf-* oh yes Rosie *-urp-* don't stop!"

Rosalie was stuffing a new human food called 'cronuts' into her cattle's mouth, while she worked over the young woman's ridiculously sensitive pussy with her fingers. It helped that she'd also dosed the woman with a drop of her own blood earlier in the evening. High on vampire blood, Sandra would have done anything Rosalie asked her to do, and right now, she wanted the 'child' to eat.

"That's it, eat up sweetling. Keep that blood nice and sweet for me..."

Sandra's weight loss journey had stalled, and she was slowly climbing back into the high 200's under Rosalie's *enthusiastic* pampering. The vampire was not about to let the sweetest, most delicious food she'd found in several centuries go hungry, or turn herself into health food. Not when Sandra had such a healthy appetite herself.

A pale, elegant goddess with jet black hair falling in curtains to frame opulent breasts larger than her head strode into the most expensive restaurant in town. She wore a shimmering red evening gown and had another woman on her arm. Her companion was wearing a black dress that was considerably more roomy, to accommodate her own collection of luscious curves.

"Table for two please, near the kitchen."

"Do you have a reservation miss...?"

Rosalie met the eyes of the middle-aged maître d' with her own glimmering rubies.

"For two. Near the kitchen."

The man's pupils dilated and he responded mechanically.

"Right this way, Madame."

The evening continued in this manner. Rosalie ordered half the appetizers on the menu, and when questioned she glamoured the waitress. Sandra gorged herself on enough entrees to feed a small family, and when she was too full and tired to continue, Rosalie hand fed her desserts. When the nearby patrons made objecting sounds to this display, Rosalie glamoured them as well.

"Oh Rosie, you're spoiling me for *-urp-* normal food." Sandra moaned through a mouthful of creme brûlée.

“Shh, don’t mind that dearest, you just eat up like a good girl.”

Rosalie spooned the rich desert into Sandra’s mouth while running a hand along the human’s taught dome of a belly.

“Ma’am, I really must ask–“

Rosalie stared at the wiry old sommelier and he froze.

“Tell your boss we’ll be leaving after this dessert. And that our meal is on the house.”

“Very good, Madame.”

“You know –*mwah*– I didn’t think –*mwah*– vampires bodies could ever change...”

Sandra was sliding up along Rosalie’s midriff peppering the vampire’s alabaster skin with wet kisses as she went.

“And what does that mean?” Rosalie asked imperiously.

“Well,” the golden-haired human began, “these babies...”

Sandra cupped an ivory breast in each hand, though their masses were well beyond handfuls now.

“Are quite a bit *larger*...”

Sandra pushed Rosalie’s breasts together, then buried her face in their porcelain swells, motor boating her vampire lover enthusiastically.

“Than they were when we met.”

The golden haired girl kissed and fondled Rosalie's breasts, worshipping her vampire mistress's luxurious body.

"Though I think maybe... it might be my fault. My progress has stalled, but I was never able to lose weight before I met you..."

"My dear cattle..." Rosalie began, her crimson eyes burning, "are you suggesting that *I* am getting plump?"

Sandra reached out and ran her pink hands over Rosalie's leather corset, and up the generous swells of her breasts.

"Mmhmm... I think you are, my love. But in only the sexiest way possible..."

The way the thick, overfed human pressed her soft belly and plump tits against her own growing body was driving Rosalie wild. She could smell the high sugar content in Sandra's blood, a sugar level she had played no small part in encouraging, and her snowy fingers clutched the girl's love handles.

Sandra bared her chubby neck to Rosalie, and the vampire's fangs snapped out reflexively as she leaned in for another rich, luscious meal. She could feel the sinfully sweet blood flowing into her undead body and filling her with life, filling her wickedly wide breasts ever larger. The vampire continued to gulp greedily.

Rosalie was going to keep this food around for a long, long time.