

Blood Sucker (BBW Vampire Story)

By Haxcall

Caleb ran through the darkened forest with only the full moon to light his path. The young man was fat and out of shape, only suited to power walk to and from his fridge during TV commercials. His stuffed belly jiggled awkwardly out of his sweatpants and food stained t-shirt and his chunky legs chafed together with every step. It was the first time in years he had moved so quickly and he hated every moment of it but he had no choice but to run for his life as fast as he could. He had to flee from the monster currently chasing him, thirsting for his body fluids.

The creature stalking him was a rubenesque creature of the night, a vampiress who was even fatter than he was. Her hair was as black as the night itself, her skin as pale and white as the moon and her eyes and lips were crimson red with long fangs jutting out and glistening from her luscious, plump mouth. Clad in nothing but lewd and revealing lace lingerie, no roll, bulge or curve on her overly bodacious body was left to the imagination. Her massive, hanging gut and swollen mammaries bounced and jiggled as she moved, wordlessly inviting him to rest his tired frame on her soft bulk. Flabby arms and plush hands were held open as if beckoning him for an embrace. Her thick thighs moved forward in a swift, sensual stride and her wide buttocks quaked and clapped behind her with every step, the sight and sounds filling Caleb's head with distracting lustful thoughts. However, despite her nearly obese size, it obvious that she was far more powerful than him and that this chase was just her playing with him. She could easily overtake the tired, unathletic Caleb but she enjoyed watching him fumble away under the hopeful delusion that he had a chance of escape.

His mind felt foggy as he tried to remember how he had ended up in this situation. He recollected that he was invited to a gothic mansion by the pale lady for a feast where he was served a huge meal of red meat, dried fruit and wine. His hostess urged him to eat every bite, even hand feeding the final few bites when he became too full to continue and helped him to a large couch in her sitting room to digest. Caleb dozed off and awoke about an hour later to find that his hostess was upon him, her large fangs reared as she slowly prepared to chomp into him. Panicking, the still bloated Caleb somehow managed to slip from her grasp and fled the mansion in a clumsy bid to escape with his life. The vampiress only laughed as she allowed him to lead her on a slow paced hunt for sport.

As Caleb lumbered through the woods, he saw a babbling brook flowing nearby. Remembering that vampires can't cross running water, Caleb went towards it. The brook wasn't that big, being only a few feet wide. Even a child could have leaped over it with ease but for someone as fat and full as Caleb, he might as well have been performing an Olympic long jump. He tried to hop over it and pathetically only made it halfway, falling face first in the dirt with his legs falling into the drink. He could hear the vampiress laugh as he staggered back to his soggy feet and started running again. Looking over his shoulder, he could see the vampiress stop by the brook and start snickering before pushing over a nearby tree with ease, blocking off the water flow and crossing over with no problem. All Caleb had accomplished was buy himself a few extra moments of time.

As the vampiress began to close the gap between them, Caleb wandered into a construction area building a new neighborhood of houses and remembered another vampiric rule that stated that vampires can only enter a place when invited into it. He dashed into one of the completed buildings and locked the door behind him, hoping to hole up in there until dawn. Said hopes were dashed when the vampiress knocked the door down like it was made of cheap cardboard and casually strolled inside.

“Sorry to break it to you, my plump little lambchop, but I’ve haven’t just been sitting on my wealth like some dragon.” The vampire said, her voice as smooth and seductive as silk. “I have investments in almost every business and real estate company for hundreds of miles. I partly own every building in this town and enter wherever I want.”

Caleb attempted to flee but his weak thunder thighs and overstuffed gut had reached their limit, immobilizing him with leg and stomach cramps. Even if this wasn’t the case, the vampiress had decided it was time to end their little game and immediately summoned shackles and chains made of solid smoke to bind Caleb to a nearby wall. She came close to him, pressing her soft, comfortably cool body against him and filled his vision with her beautifully plump face and the cleavage of her massive bosom. Despite being in a deadly scenario, he could feel his member pitching a tent in his pants. The vampiress could feel his manhood poking out from under his gut and jabbing her flesh. With a naughty grin she slipped a hand inside of his lower wear, taking hold of both his boxers and sweatpants and ripped them off like they were made of paper, leaving him naked below his paunch.

“Now it is time for me to feed.” She said baring her fangs.

Then the vampiress did something Caleb couldn’t have predicted. She got on her knees and started licking his penis and sucking his ballsack, her fangs nipping and poking at him. The confused Caleb could do nothing but wince with an aroused pain every time he felt her sharp teeth on his genitals. Once she had gotten him nice and hard, she bit directly into his manhood and opened a small vein. In response, Caleb surprisingly let out a moan of pleasure rather a yelp of pain. The vampiress proceeded to suck him off with masterful skill, slurping up a tongue full of blood with each pump of her mouth. The fear Caleb had experienced had been all but forgotten and replaced with him enjoying the undead blowjob and his mind was focused on keeping himself from blowing his load too quickly. After almost four minutes Caleb was unable to hold back any more and came for almost twenty seconds. The vampiress swallowed the combination of semen and red blood cells and licked his softening member one final time. The last lap of her tongue casted a minor healing enchantment on his bleeding member, closing the wound and leaving nothing but a small welt in its place.

“Did you have as much fun as me, my chubby little lamb chop?” The vampiress asked in a loving tone.

“The ending was good but I wasn’t much of a fan of having to run so much, my dear fat bat.” Caleb said endearingly.

Caleb’s memories started to return to him. This vampire was Nora, both his mistress and his girlfriend.

In the modern age, it was forbidden by vampiric society to go after humans and they now received their sustenance from slaughterhouses and artificial blood substitutes, but to the tongue of a vampire these alternate foods sources tasted bland and were full of fattening, empty calories while human blood was like a rainbow of the best flavors imaginable. One day, Nora had the idea to go around the rules by getting blood consensually from a human willing to regularly donate to her. She met Caleb, who drifted to the area looking for work after being fired by his old job and kicked out of his apartment. She had noticed his healthy, plus sized physique and figured he could produce a lot of blood quickly and brought him to her mansion for a “job interview.” Once there, she revealed the truth about herself and offered him free food, money and extravagant housing in exchange for monthly blood donations. Having nowhere else to go and wisely deciding not to earn the ire of a powerful vampire, Caleb agreed.

Caleb moved into her mansion, donating about a pint of blood each month to her for rent, which Nora drank it conservatively out of small martini glasses and occasionally served it to vampiric guests she wanted to impress. To make sure he remained healthy, Nora fixed him daily feasts of foods full of iron and b vitamins and insisted he eat as much as possible, something that he did happily and without complaint.

Their relationship began to quickly change as Caleb took a bigger interest in the supernatural world and was enthralled by all the stories and lore Nora told to him. Meanwhile, Nora discovered that she enjoyed cooking and found watching Caleb stuff himself was both relaxing and a bit arousing to her. And they both found each other’s flabby forms physically appealing as well. This caused their deal to quickly turn from professional to romantic and sexual as the two admitted their attraction to one another and began having daily, passionate trysts in Nora’s tight coffin. While Caleb occasionally still donated blood so Nora could have it on hand for her guests, she mostly got her human hemoglobin fix by giving him hickeys during intercourse, lapping up a few ounces of blood from superficial neck bites and using her vampiric magic to heal him as they cuddled afterwards.

A few days ago, Nora had an idea to “spice things up”: The two of them roleplay as a hapless civilian and an evil vampire who wants to steal his body’s fluids. To help increase the thrill, Nora used her hypnotic powers to temporarily make Caleb forget their relationship while their game was ongoing.

“I’ll try to make sure our future ‘sessions’ aren’t as exhausting.” Nora said as she freed Caleb from his binding and watched him struggle to keep upwards. “Let me help you back to the mansion, my love.”

“Hopefully no one sees us on our way back.” Caleb said, looking at the shreds of his pants and underwear on the ground.

“Aw, don’t worry that darling. I made sure we had the entire area to ourselves so we could play all we wanted without interruption.” Nora explained. “No one but me will get a look at your cute rear but me. Now lets be off.”

Using her magic, Nora lifted Caleb up in a seat of smoke and levitated him away. Walking behind his hovering form, Nora intently watched his fat ass and semi erect penis jiggle and sway in the moonlight, regretting not sinking her fangs into his succulent hams before ending their little game.

“Y’know, I just had an idea.” Nora said as they went through the woods. “I know you said you weren’t a fan of running but maybe next time I can hypnotize you into being a vampire hunter, trying to stop my evil, bloodsucking menace by hunting *me* and vigorously stabbing me with your ‘stake.’”

Nora grinned as she watched Caleb go from semi erect to full mast once more.

“I’ll think about it.” He said, his blushing face being all the approval Nora needed to start thinking up the details of their next “role prey” scenario.

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