

Cursed Bite - Gothic Bimbo

Background Story:

Lord Alaric awakens this night from a centuries-long torpor. Once, at the height of his power as a Nosferatu, he was betrayed—stripped of his influence and cast out by his clan.

Defeated, he withdrew into the darkness of his estate and fell into a deathlike slumber that lasted over four hundred years.

Now he awakens... to a world he no longer recognizes. After turning the few humans who had the *misfortune* of discovering his resting place—and accidentally awakening him—into his loyal ghoulish servants, he ventures out to explore the city that now stands where once a deep, dark forest hid his mansion from mortal eyes. Until his hungry gaze falls upon a young woman, wandering lightly dressed through the moonlit park.

A perfect prey—or so he believes. What Alaric doesn't know: the maiden herself is bound by a dark curse... one that runs deep within her blood. And when he drinks—the curse becomes *his* and the story begins...

Page 001

Narration Box

- On a foggy November evening, in a city park somewhere in Massachusetts...
- Molly - legally Monica Black - until today a senior manager at Joergson & Sons, was fired for her newly changed look and behavior. Fresh from a party, she takes a shortcut through the park.
- She doesn't yet sense the hunter approaching, gliding on silent wings...

Lord Alaric de Noctebrume

- No Text

Molly - Woman with a Bimbo Curse

- Ohhh my gosh, like, what a day!
- Like, sooo unfair - fired? For real? Ugh, how rude.
- "Mrs. Black, your conduct and presen...umm... tation are ..." blah blah - whatever, you fossil.
- Anyway, I had, like, the hottest party night at... umm –
- Wait, those boys - so cute - what were their names again? Like, the twins? Or shiny-hair guy? Ugh, brain, focus - where was I?
- Ummm... riiight?! Ohhh my gosh, like, what for a party!

Page 002

Narration Box

- I am the hunter. Allow me to introduce myself: **Alaric de Noctebrume**. Once, I was a knight at the court of King Philip I of France—earning not only honor and renown, but a reputation for charm that traveled far beyond our borders.
- That allure drew the hunger of an ancient evil: the vampire **Sire Morcant of Vespermont**, of the Nosferatu clan. It happened on a night like this - fog-choked, moon-pale -
- ...when a hooded figure challenged me to a duel, and I received the Kiss. Since that hour, I have been Alaric de Noctebrume, Nosferatu-born.
- Seeing promise in the New World, I claimed a domain on the Atlantic coast, settling in the deep woods of **Harrow's Cove**, where I raised my house in secrecy.
- In **1602**, during one of my “Midnight Salons,” a favored courtier betrayed me. I lost nearly everything. I fled to my sanctum—my haven—and, grievously weakened, surrendered to safe torpor.
- Only days ago—or so I believed—I still slept. I did not know the forest had vanished, replaced by a suburb. Explorers found the catacombs of my ruined estate... and a single drop of sweet nectar was enough to rouse me.
- Those researchers now serve as convenient daylight ghouls, restoring my residence stone by stone. Meanwhile, I chose to slake my thirst—and encountered this curious, ever-bubbling woman. An... easy snack.
- Now, if you'll excuse me?

Lord Alaric de Noctebrume

- (Introduces himself within the narration above.)

Molly - Woman with a Bimbo Curse

- Ohhh, I'm, like, almost home 'n stuff!
- Mmmh, hot bath... a lil' quality time with Mr. Biiiig...
- Teehee—sounds, like, sooo perfect—wait, what was I—oh! Bubbles. Focus, Molly, focus...

Page 003

Narration Box

- And so the hunter of the night, Lord Alaric takes his first meal in centuries...
- ...yet the blood of this fair maid, Molly, is not without its... complications.

Lord Alaric

- Ah - such nectar... though it carries a curious aftertaste.

- Never in my unlife have I beheld a woman thus: curves so ripe, and yet a waist so narrow.
- At her years—and with such childbearing hips—by rights she ought to be beneath the couvre-chef...

Molly - Woman with a Bimbo Curse

- Ohhh—oopsie!

Page 004

Narration Box

- Behold: this was Monica Black, just two days earlier. On that day, however, she insulted the wrong woman over a bus seat...
- ...and that woman laid a curse upon her.
- ...a curse that has now worked freely for forty-eight hours...
- ...and thus Monica Black became simply Molly—a distorted reflection of her former self.

Lord Alaric

- Know this: blood is life. Yet it also carries... information.
- Mon Dieu... and the moment her blood touched my tongue, I sensed the curse—yet by then its workings were already coursing through me...

Molly - Woman with a Bimbo Curse

- Ugh, what a total freak.
- No matter—my next appointment will decide my promotion to partner.
- Oh my... my head feels, like, sooo weird right now...
- Ohhh, like - sooo shiny...
- You gotta be kidding me... right?
-

Page 005

Narration Box

- The effect came swiftly. Even as I drank her blood, the curse upon her began to weaken... and the process reversed itself.

Lord Alaric

- *(thought)* It's time to take a step back... the Masquerade must remain intact

Molly - Woman with a Bimbo Curse

- Ohh... I'm getting... dizzy...

Page 006

Narration Box

- What I did not yet realize... was that the curse had passed on to me.
- But on that night, I remained unaware of it. That would change soon enough...

Lord Alaric

- These are strange times... so many impressions flooding into my mind at once.
- But I must leave - the dawn rise.
- ...and tomorrow night, I shall begin planning my vengeance on those who once betrayed me... or their descendants.

Monica Black - Woman with a Weakened Bimbo Curse (IQ 110)

-
- I felt like... like I was trapped inside my own dream...
- ...forced to watch my mind and body twist out of control!
- Curses exist? What the -
- I need help. Fast.
- But who the hell do I even turn to?
- And I need real clothes... these are way too cliché - and cheap!
- I'm not some kind of... floozy!

Page 007

Narration Box

- Every vampire keeps a sanctum—a sacred resting place known simply as a **haven**.
- Most of the old estate lies in ruins, but the tower still stands. And inside, **Johann**, Alaric's ghoul, awaits his lord with a carefully prepared surprise.
- Johann had been the lead researcher supervising a team of four archaeologists when they uncovered the decayed manor—and the vampire lying in torpor within its crypt. It was his carelessness that allowed a few drops of blood to fall upon Alaric's lips...
- That was one week ago. Since then, the entire team has served their new lord as loyal ghouls.

Lord Alaric

- Thank you, Johann... a fine coffin on a fitting pedestal.
- Now then, Johann—assist me in undressing.
- Quickly now; dawn draws near.

Ghul Johann

- Master, welcome back. Behold what we have prepared for your magnificence...
- Of course, Master. While the house is being restored, you may rest here in perfect safety, shielded from any intrusion.

Page 008

Lord Alaric

- Quite unusual, Johann. I met a most peculiar maiden...
- Her blood carried a brightness... strawberries in spring, almost. Impossible, and yet unmistakable.
- She was unlike any mortal I've met. Curves without weight... thoughts like broken mirrors—sharp, then dull, then sharp again.
- I think some sort of curse warped her mind. I felt it changing her... even as I drank.
- She shifted from brilliance to emptiness in just two days...
- And her blood... ever since tasting it, I feel somewhat... strange. Almost... buoyant.
- That may well be, Johann. Good Day to you - see to your tasks.

Ghul Johann

- If I may ask... How was your meal, Master?
- Mortals' blood usually tastes of nothing but iron. And the woman herself? What made her stand out to you?
- Curses... Magic... I never believed in such things. Though, a week ago, I didn't believe in vampires either. Perhaps she was drunk? Chemicals in her blood?
- ...That should not be possible.
- Do you require anything more, Master?
- Rest well, Master.

Page 009

Narration Box

- With the first rooster's cry - heard only faintly now in a suburb like Harrow's Cove - Lord Alaric rests safely within his coffin.
- Meanwhile, Johann prepares everything for the upcoming restoration work. The ancient vampire's tale has already faded into the background... just another piece of strange small talk.

Ghul Johann

- What a ridiculous story... must be some eccentric habit of ancient beings.
- Still, there's more important work to do. The contractors arrive at eight, and the team needs instructions.

- And we have to hide the Master's vitae bottles from any curious eyes... can't risk questions.
- Hetty has a talent for decor. I'll send her to handle the interior design shopping.
- We're making good progress. Another week or two, and the house should be fully restored... and we can sleep in proper beds again.

Page 010

Narration Box

- Just as Johann leaves the crypt, he's addressed by Hetty in the vaulted hallway...
- ...and while the day moves on and everyone tends to their mundane tasks...
- ...things are stirring inside the vampire's coffin as well. Let us take a look.

Ghul Hetty

- Johann, the contractors just arrived. Can you show them where today's work is supposed to start?
- And honestly, this place needs a touch more atmosphere.
- I'll take care of the interior furnishings.

Ghul Johann

- Ah, perfect timing, Hetty. Thanks.
- Oh - by the way. The Master and I discussed your suggestion.
- He agrees. You're in charge of the décor.

Page 011

Narration Box

- The first traces of change surfaced the moment I fed on Molly's blood...
- ...but now, in the depth of my daylight slumber, the curse that slipped into me begins to press harder against my flesh.
- My Nosferatu nature - twisted bone, warped symmetry, sunken hollows, the subtle hint of something feral beneath my skin - stirs uneasily, as if awakened by a rival force.
- I feel the familiar distortions shift... ridges rising, sinking, reshaping themselves in slow waves, as though my skull cannot decide which face belongs to me.
- Yet instead of growing more grotesque, the curse *tempers* the beast.
- Angles soften. Asymmetry evens. The monstrous bends toward something unnervingly androgynous—neither wholly masculine nor entirely feminine, but a strange, unnatural harmony between both.
- My face becomes the battleground on which clan and curse wrestle for dominance... and even in sleep, I sense that neither intends to yield.

Page 012

Narration Box

- Naturally, the more... masculine details of my form were not spared either.
- At the same time, distinctly feminine traits began to form elsewhere—higher, softer, pushing forward with quiet insistence.
- Yet when I finally awoke, I was unaware of the true extent of these changes.
- What I *did* sense was something new...
- ...something that made my hunger flare faster than anything I had ever experienced. I scented... something. I cannot say what, only that it was close. Yet all that stood near me was my ghoul...

Lord Alaric

- (thought) Something smells... different. Hmmm.
- Good evening...
- Johann, stop staring holes through the wall...
- ...come here and report.
- (thought) Mmm... the moonlight feels... pleasant against my skin.

Ghul Johann

- Good evening, Master.
- Oh my god—he looks different somehow...

Page 013

Lord Alaric

- Quiet, peasant! Not... a... word! Or I swear I'll—
- There's... something in the air. It's... *sniff* hmmm... so strong...
- That scent... it's coming from you, ghoul! What witchcraft is this?
- That smell... my legs feel strangely unsteady...
- (thought) He never smelled like this the past nights... not this... appetizing...
- (thought) And he's still staring at me... like he's... intrigued?
- (thought) ...exciting? No! Stop!
- Johann... stop staring and—
- Ugh... don't be so dramatic.

Ghul Johann

- I—I don't know, Master... but it is... noticeable.
- M—Master... your face... your body...
- You... you look... different!

Page 014

Narration Box

- How does one explain a transformation to a creature who casts no reflection?
- Johann, ever the pragmatist... chooses the most direct method imaginable. And that is how -

Lord Alaric

- What the -?!
- EEK!
- JOHANN!
- Have you entirely lost your mind?!

Ghul Johann

- Master! This is... a budding breast. *Your* breast.
- It seems to have developed during the day, while you slept.
- Your face has changed as well. The old distortions are almost gone...
- You look nearly human again—though... androgynous.
- I cannot imagine that, as a knight, you ever looked more like a maid than a man.

Page 015

Lord Alaric

- I was a knight in the service of His Majesty King Philip I of France, you cretin!
- Call me - a noble of ancient blood - a maid again, and I swear I will –
- ...what... was that?
- That strike felt so... soft. Too soft. As if my strength simply... slipped through my fingers.
- What if - T-This... ughh...
- Ah—! That sensation... it shouldn't—
- ...the flesh here... it reacts...
- T-This... is...impossible!

Ghul Johann

- M-Master?!
- Y-yes, Master! Forgive me - please!
- (thought) That strike... so light... almost dainty. But I'll take that to my grave before I say it aloud.

Page 016

Narration Box

- A few hours later—just past one in the morning—I found myself perched upon a rooftop gable, surveying the neighborhood for a suitable meal... and wrestling with my own increasingly intrusive thoughts.

Lord Alaric

- Enough, Johann! Report to me when I return from the hunt!
- You think I cannot? You'll see exactly what I am capable of—
- Duh!
- (thought) That was... embarrassing. But Johann was right.
- (thought) I need a solution. That strange curse clinging to the woman last night...
- (thought) ...has now settled onto me. I can feel it—within me, around me.
- (thought) And my clothes... I've never felt them this... heavy.

Ghul Johann

- But Master! You cannot simply –
- - go hunting without clothes!

Page 017

Lord Alaric

- (thought) Why was I so... snappish with Johann?
- (thought) Hmmm... that scent... yes. Exactly what I'm looking for...
- (thought) Ahh, there it is. Young, healthy, and asleep. An easy meal.
- (thought) Come to me, little one...

Page 018

Narration Box

- But was it truly the throat that drew me in?
- Normally, I would have recoiled... yet somehow that little Cock pulled me toward it almost irresistibly...

Lord Alaric

- (thought) ...you sweet little... even if you're tiny...
- (thought) ...hmmm... Cock!...

Page 019

Narration Box

- As a Nosferatu, I am accustomed to acting from the shadows...

- ...and with my appearance, that is hardly surprising.
- I do not know what it is... but this Cock drew me in almost magically...
- ...and it was very difficult for me to break free from it, however...

Lord Alaric

- (thought) Such... splendor...
- (thought) Such a... hmmm...
- (thought — feminine glitch) Teehee... almost there... this... pulsing...

Page 020

Narration Box

- ... In the moment the cock start to spit out his spunk, I managed to think normally again...
- Does that surprise anyone? That salty taste—instead of the sweet blood from his neck, I was sucking on... unimaginable! And me, of all beings!

Lord Alaric

- Merde!
- (thought) Damn it all!
- (thought) What has... gotten into me? What have I done?!
- I have to... get out of here! Now!

Page 021

Narration Box

- Because of the curse I shouted, of course the young man woke up...
- But by then, I was already back in my travel form—on my way straight to my haven!

Unknown Guy

- Wha—? Who's there?
- Huh? *Yawn* There's... no one here. Must've been my imagination.
- Figures... right in the middle of the best dream I've had in ages, and I wake up.
- Wait... what's that?
- Oh... a bat at my window.
- Whoa... she's huge. Is that normal?
- I'd better close the window before she flies in and gets lost in here...

Page 022

Narration Box

- Arriving back home, Lord Alaric undresses to rest in his coffin...

- ...the clearly effective curse occupies him so much that he does not notice his ghoul Johann...
- ...who, in turn, can hardly keep his eyes off his master's distinctly feminine shape.

Lord Alaric

- *(mumbling)* "I must find the source of this curse..."
- *(mumbling)* "...though I doubt that woman still knows who cursed her."
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* Ugh. Seriously?
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* Whatever, then not. Just keep hiding in the closet, you stuupid...

Ghul Johann

- Ma—st...
- *(thought)* "Oh my goodness! Look at those curves..."
- *(thought)* "...his shriveled skin looks soft as velvet..."
- *(thought)* "...and that figure... could he...?"

Page 023

Lord Alaric

- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* "**Johann!** How... **naughty** of you!"
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* "Don't you know it can end fatally when you sneak sooo silently behind a wicked, old vampire like that?"
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* „I could, **like, totally suck** you out, Ghul..."
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone)* "Do you like what U see, ghoul? I hope not!"
- *(normal tone)* "Ugh! STOP IT!"

Ghul Johann

- Master! Please... forgive me...
- *(thought)* "His manhood is clearly... smaller! Was the Master right about the curse?"
- It... it wasn't my intention to stare. I saw you return home and wanted to assist you...

Page 024

Lord Alaric

- Ghoul... Johann! Forgive me!
- Please don't look at me like that... it gives me...
- *(Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone — cheekier and bitchier)* "...like, totally bittersweet thoughts about what I could do with your cawck, teehee!"
- I am not myself!
- Thank you, Johann, I will...

- (Goth Bitch Bimbo Tone — cheekier, more bimbo, more bitchy) “...totally repay your service soon, just the way a man like you sooo deserves!”

Ghul Johann

- Master, is this... the curse you spoke of?
- Have faith, Master! I’ll stand by you and won’t look...
- Your coffin is ready and prepared... I will take care of the rest.
- (thought) “Hmm, what is that?”
- (thought) “This effect is new—does it have to do with the curse?”
- (thought) “I know whom I should talk to—Hetty.”

Page 025

Hetty

- Johann, the book is quite exciting right now... but what can I do for you?
- A curse? You don’t say — what makes you think that?
- Yes, you’re right. That was the reason you wanted me on this expedition, wasn’t it?

Ghul Johann

- Hetty, do you have a moment, or am I disturbing you?
- I think we have a problem with...
- ...I don’t know how to clearly describe it...
- I believe the Master is feeling the consequences of a curse.
- And one of your areas of study in archaeology was Ritual Archaeology and Folk Belief Systems — or am I mistaken?

Page 026

Hetty

- So that’s what you meant yesterday — that he’s been acting strange, right?
- He’s changed?
- This all sounds rather unlikely, Johann. Have you maybe been sneaking a sip yourself?
- Perhaps a circle, framed by flames? Half translucent, but somehow... materially present?
- In which colors?
- Hmmm, I understand...

Ghul Johann

- The Master told me yesterday that he drank the blood of a woman. He feared she had been cursed, because her blood tasted very strange.
- Yes, exactly. Since yesterday he has clearly changed — physically, and in his behavior...

- He's noticeably more feminine, his deformations have almost completely disappeared, and... he reacts like the young girls we know from college.
- No, Hetty, I'm completely sober. We can go to his Lordship's coffin — he rests now, and a mysterious effect has appeared on it since then.
- Yes, exactly, Hetty.
- Pink, framed by blue flames.

Page 027

Hetty

- The effect you're describing shows up quite often in old manuscripts from the wandering peoples of Eastern Europe.
- They're often labeled *Gypsies*, though that term isn't accurate — but they were well-known for their legends about curses and magic.
- There's even a small shop in town run by an elderly woman from that lineage.
- I'll visit her later this morning and ask what she knows — I'll keep Lord Alaric out of it and focus strictly on the woman you mentioned.
- With some luck, she might offer a clue we can actually use.
- It would be a shame if anything happened to his Lordship. I've only just gotten used to being a ghoul... especially looking like I'm in my early twenties again instead of sixty-six. That's a perk you don't give up easily, right Johann?
- Weren't you supposed to retire next month?

Ghul Johann

- Yes, please don't remind me — though you're right, the advantages certainly outweigh everything else.
- But whether I'd ever want to become a vampire of the Nosferatu clan myself... I'm not so sure.
- Good luck, Hetty. And thank you.

Page 028

Narration Box

- As an expert, Hetty does not hesitate for long, and less than two hours after her conversation with Johann, she enters a small shop in one of the side alleys of Harrow's Cove.

Hetty

- Excuse me? Am I in the right place—are you Irma?
- I'm looking for information about a possible curse...

Irma – the Gypsi

- Grumble
- Murmur
- Yes, you're in the right place, dear. I'm Irma.
- A curse, you say?
- (thought) Hmm... I've heard that tone before.

Page 029

Hetty

- I suspect so... a friend of mine has been showing clear changes in appearance and behavior for a few days now.
- A few days ago she told me that she had a somewhat... unfortunate... incident with a member of your people. And now she believes she is... well... cursed.
- Could you...

Irma – the Gypsi

- Ah... changes. Behavior. Appearance.
- Yes... yes, I understand.
- Don't worry, dear... you don't need to sound so jealous. What I did for your friend, I can gladly do for you as well.
- And since you're so nice—unlike your friend—I'll even do it for free.

Page 030

Hetty

- What? Excuse me? No, that's not what I meant—

Irma – the Gypsi

- Velora glinté, forma dulcé—mentis laxé, carnis belé. Quod illa est, tu eris nunc, splendor primus—statim, hunc!
- There now, dear. No need to thank me.
- So you won't have to wait as long as your friend, I added an instant part as well.
- You young people today never have any time anymore, do you?

Page 031

Hetty

- Ma'am... this is about –
- ...ohhh, my head...
- ...what the –
- ...my lipsth?! Like, sooo huge!

- ...my lipsth?! Like, thoo huge!
- Focuth, Hetty... focuth... ma'am, I need to—
- ...my nailth... they're growing thoo fatht... and ith that...?

Page 032

Hetty

- Wait... now I get it! I'm turning into what happened to that woman...
- Teehee... but how am I thuppothed to help the Mather if my mind... and my body...
- Umm... what wath I even thinking about?
- My thoughtth are going behind, like, thoo many pink cloudth...
- Giggle

Page 033

Hetty Bimbo

- I, like, got it! I'm turning into thome kind of BIMBO!
- Like, a thuper buthty...
- With a huge bubbly booty...
- Bimbo!

Page 034

Narration Box

- And with such a (still) changing body...
- ...comes an appropriate style of clothing, like high heels, a mini skirt, fishnet stockings...

Hetty Bimbo

- Ohhh!
- I love my heels, like, sooo much... *giggle!*
- And my skirt, like... teehee... sooo short—kinda kawaii, y'know?

Page 035

Narration Box

- But of course, an appropriately revealing top can't be missing.
- Along with a deep, even tan... complete with visible tan lines...
- ...and perfectly bleached blonde hair, thick and full of volume.

Hetty Bimbo

- This... vibe... it's, like, filling me out...
- Like, totally...
- I... I totally want... uhh—
- Shoot—what have I become?!

Page 036

Narration Box

- And as Hetty turns to leave Irma's shop... the curse doesn't stop.
- It *tightens* - compressing her frame until her tall 180 cm stature shrinks down to a petite 155 cm in seconds.

Hetty Bimbo

- Ohhh—what the heck?!
- I'm gettin'... *smaller*!
- Ugh... this is, like... so unfair!

Irma – the Gypsi

- Another satisfied girl—tell your girlfriends about me, sweetie. I'm always open.

Page 037

Narration Box

- Hetty finally makes it home...
- ...with a brand-new look: blonde pigtails and hair down to her butt.
- Yeah. The curse didn't "take a break" on the way.

Hetty Bimbo

- Teehee... I had, like, noooo idea what being a bimbo feels like... ohh, finally home.
- Like, nooo. I'm *so* not a girl scout...
- I'm Hetty Bimbo. Your Hetty... don't you remember me, Johann?

Johann

- Hello, miss - you've got the wrong door. We don't buy cookies from slutty girl scouts like you.
- Hetty? You can't be serious...
- What the—? Hetty?! Come in... please.

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Narration Box

- Of course Johann tries to apologize first... but Hetty reacts a little differently than he expected.

Hetty Bimbo

- It's okay, Johann... teehee... this is just what I am now...
- Like... all slutty, bimbo, and *such* an airhead. No more hard thoughts, and no more boring science junk for Hetty Bimbo. Ever. Again.
- Mmm... yeah. I went to Irma, the Gypsi... but she totally misunderstood me...
- And she cursed me too... boobies got bigger... brain got smaller... teehee...
- You like my boobies, Jo? I *love* my hot boobs...
- It's like... not even a curse...
- It's a *blessin'*...

Johann

- Hetty, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to call you slutty, I—
- Umm... okay? What happened? You were going to see that...
- And... if this happened to you... what does that mean for the Master?

Page 039

Hetty

- Huh? The Master?
- Ohhh! Yeahhh... now I remember... teehee.
- Mmm... I bet the Mistress is gonna get the *same* hunger...
- ...that I'm feeling right now, Jo. And like... sooo soon. *Giggle*.
- Ohhh wow... teehee... you're, like, **really** well-equipped, Mister...
- It's **Hetty Bimbo** now, cupcake. Say it right~

Johann

- Hetty?!
- ...yes. I understand completely.
- So you're... a naughty slut now.

Page 040

Narration Box

- And while Hetty and Johann are having some spicy fun...

Lord Alaric

- What is all this ruckus?

Hetty

- Ohhh, Johann, this is, like, totally... *hawt*...
- Do you like my big, bouncy bazongas?
- They're, like, sooo squishy and stuff.

Page 041

Narration Box

- Awakened by the ruckus, the vampire rises from his coffin, puzzled that his ghoul is nowhere to greet him... but-
- ...he soon realizes...
- ...that SHE is no longer a *HE*.
- A fact she accepts with surprising calm.

Lord Alaric (B – Bratty and Bitchy)

- (B) Hmm... what's that *sweet* smell in the air?
- (B) Ugh... don't tell me the curse is still-
- (B) Crap. Yeah. Of course it is.
- Johann? How peculiar...
- (B) He makes his appearance every single evening...
- (B) Great. I really hope my clothes still fit.
- (B) Especially now... that I'm a woman...

Page 042

Narration Box

- After Lord—no, Lady Alaric enters the foyer, only hastily dressed, she finally sees the cause of the noise... and the source of the sweet scent...
- ...which has spread through the estate as a thick, sexual musk.

Hetty

- Gosh, Joh... you're drivin' me, like, *toootally* crazy... *ugh~*

Lady Alaric

- (B) So **this** is the reason...
- (B) Utterly shameless...
- (B) ...and yet I find the way those two behave... disturbingly arousing.

Johann

- Hetty, I can't... I can't... *huff, huff*...
- ...resist you! I've never in my entire life... *huff*...
- ...been this overwhelmed so often... oh no, not again—

Page 043

Lady Alaric

- (B) Well, well... look at what the master of this house indulges in while I sleep.
- (B) Ghoul! It was your duty to wake me—to attend to **me**.
- (B) Instead, I find you—**my** servant—here with this...
- (B) ...whatever you believe you are, slut.
- (B)(B) By all— what happened to you? ...Ugh.
- I need to get out of here... I need to think.
- (B) Johann. I am going shopp—... errr... hunting.

Hetty Bimbo

- Uh-huh, I'm, like, totally **Hetty Bimbo**, girl.
- Yesterday I was plain and boring... now I'm hot, and guys can't stop staring.
- And sooooo, sweetie...
- You're gonna be a bimbo too. For sure.

Johann

- Huh? M—Master?

Page 044

Narration Box

- Later that night — among the graves...

Lady Alaric

- What just happened back there? I was *not* that... bitchy.
- Cruel? Yes. Devious? Obviously. But *that*—
- How did Hetty even get cursed... and why did it work that fast?
- Am I really about to— what the—?
- Ugh! Are you *serious* right now? My funbags?!
- Funbags?! What the hell— those are b— *titties*!
- And they're *huge* now. Like... damn. Low-key kinda fire.
- Ugh— Hetty was right. That sneaky little—
- I swear I'm gonna— ARGH!

Unknown Guy

- Pardon me... but you seem troubled. Are you hurt?

Page 045

Narration Box

-

Lady Alaric (becoming more bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- (G) Well, well... sometimes a midnight snack just walks right up to you...
- (G) One upside to this curse— even if it stripped me of my manhood for now...
- (G) ...it also wiped away that hideous Nosferatu look. Teehee.
- (G) An easy prey for me... a good night's sleep for you, boy.
- What? Oh? No... teehee.
- I was just vibing with the full moon, dude. You too?
- Wanna chill here for a bit? I promise... it's a night you won't forget.
- I'm Ala— ...Alice.

Unknown Guy / Derril

- Kewl! Then I'm relieved. Didn't wanna mess with your vibe.
- Yeah... sure.
- Name's Derril, by the way. I hang out here a lot— gives me that vampire flair, y'know?

Page 046

Narration Box

- And while the curse continues to reshape Alice more and more...
- ...Derril is completely taken by this gothic girl, barely noticing the changes happening right in front of him.

Lady Alice (bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — flirty)

- So... you're into vampires, huh?
- What if I could give you a night you'd *never* forget?

Derril (flirty Goth)

- Oh yeah—who isn't? Cool cape, forever young and hot...
- ...and totally irresistible to the opposite sex.
- Wait... you serious?

Page 047

Lady Alice (bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — flirty)

- Heh... careful...
- (G) Why do I feel so warm...?
- (G) Oh god... it's happening again...

Derril

- You're unreal, Alice.

Page 048

Lady Alice (bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- (G) So... the curse reacts to arousal...
- (G) ...the more turned on I get, the more I change...
- (G) ...but what am I even doing...?
- Ohhh... already here?
- Ohh, Derril... I literally can't wait...

Derril

- We're here, Alice. Welcome to my place. Come on in.

Page 049

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — still Nosferatu, giving Derril the vampiric kiss)

- Mmmh, Derril... I'm sooo hungry...
- Not like... human hungry...
- Real hungry.
- ...the kind you're about to share with me, sweetie.
- Welcome to the Nosferatu clan, pup... hehe.

Page 050

Narration Box

- And with one final surge of his remaining energy...

Page 051

Narration Box

- ...Derril slips into the embrace of the night...
- ...his body responding to a curse spoken millennia ago...
- ...by Cain himself.
- But Alice is already on her way before the sun begins to rise.
- Sated in every sense... and filled with pure desire.

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- Here. Drink.
- Rise and shine. You'll find me at the old villa in the woods, pup.
- Use the cover of darkness — 'cause from today on, the light isn't gonna be your friend anymore.
- See you tomorrow night, Derril of Clan Nosferatu.

- Hehe... this curse is way more useful than I thought...
- ...and my mind isn't scrambled like Hetty's or that other girl's...
- I'm still me... just female, hot, and, like, totally yummy.

Page 052

Narration Box

- And so Lady Alice returns home from her nightly adventure with Derril.

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — Queen of the House)

- Mmmh... Johann.
- Try again.
- It's *Oh, my Lady* now.
- There's literally nothing masculine left about me...
- Don't you agree?

Johann

- Good heavens...
- Oh, my Lord!

Page 053

Narration Box

- The shock still sits heavy in Johann's chest... but Lady Alice doesn't let up.
- *Plump?* Is the curse still... working on Alice?

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — Queen of the House)

- Can u imagine: I was with a young man just now, you know?
- His blood was *insanely* delicious... mmmh... and yeah— I let him drink from me, too.
- Like... can you even *process* that?
- And yet... I'm still thirsty.
- A "curse"? Ugh. Please. That's a blessing. Teehee.
- So feed me, Johann. Now.
- I, like, totally want your cum

Johann

- N-no, my... Lady...
- ...it's... undeniable that I've failed to remove the curse from you...
- First Hetty... and now you.

Page 054

Lady Alice (f fully bratty, bitchy, gothic Gen-Z — Queen of the House — now bimbofieving)

- Me? Like— *no*. Absolutely not, Joha— umm...
- Ugh. *Johann*.
- “Knockers”? What are U even talking about?
- Ohhh— wait. I... I get it.
- Teehee... U mean, like, my big boobies.

Johann

- Holy cow! Your... *lips!* They’re... enormous!
- The curse is still working on you, my Lady.
- It flares up when you— ohhh!
- My God... your *knockers!* *They’re...*

Page 055

Narration Box

- And so, an eventful night crawls toward its end.
- Lady Alice enjoys one last “protein snack”...
- ...and Ghoul Johann can’t believe what he’s become—yet he yields.

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- *Giggle* From now on, you give me this treatment... umm... **at least** once a night, ghoul.
- And if you can’t handle that? Then... hmm... teehee.
- Mmm— this is, like, **seriously** good stuff.

Johann

- ...God help me, she’s terrifying and magnificent – at the same time - but this version of the Lord is still **so much better**.
- Yes, my Lady. I will... strive to meet your demand.

Page 056

Narration Box

- The next evening—less than an hour after sundown—someone pounds the bell like the world is ending. With Hetty... otherwise occupied, Johann goes to the door.

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- Let her in, ghoul!

Johann

- Yes, yes— I’m coming.
- Damn... ever since Hetty got hit by that curse too, everything’s fallen on me.

- Yes. Can I help you, miss?
- ...That's quite a story, miss... I...

Derril – the new female pup vampire

- Evening...
- Um— I... I'm not even sure this is the right house, but...
- My name is Derril. Yesterday I was... I was a man. Human.
- Last night I— I met a young woman. We... had a *hot* little moment.
- And then I woke up at sundown and I looked like *this*...
- ...all woman. No reflection. And this... this gnawing thirst for—
- Blood.
- And now I'm standing here talking to a handsome man like you and— *teehee*—
...sorry. I don't know why I said that.
- I don't know what pulled me here. I just... couldn't *not* come.

Page 057

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- Good evening, sweetheart...
- ...when we had our little *tête-à-tête* last night, and you tasted my blood...
- ...my clan was on my mind. I had no idea that the “blessing” I've fallen into...
- ...would slip into *you* through my veins.
- I am **Lady Alice de Noctebrume**— and we are **Clan Nosferatu**.
- You're welcome here... **for tonight**. Teehee.

Page 058 – The End

Narration Box

- And so another thrilling transformation story comes to an end...
- ...but will it continue? As Lady Alice already said: that part is up to you.
- Thank you for reading— and now, of course... a little **bonus stuff**.

Lady Alice (fully bratty, bitchy and gothic with GenZ Slang)

- In one night, you will learn everything you need to know.
- And instead of whining, be *grateful* the true clan mark didn't take you— otherwise you'd be living in the shadows... or the sewers.
- But. One thing at a time.
- And if Amaz2k12's readers want a **Part Two** of *Cursed Bite*... teehee.

Derril – the new Pup

- What... just *tonight*?
- But- I don't understand. I thought... I -

Johann

- This is how loyal service is repaid?
- / should have been made a vampire— not this... little flirt.
- Weeks of being ordered around, insulted, dragged through every absurd change... and now *more* of this?

Hetty Bimbo

- Huh? Who even is she? She's, like, totally cute 'n stuff!
- But wait— isn't "Derril" a boy name?