

Free Refills

Halloween Special

By Rev701

The cat walked down the sidewalk under the soft orange glow of streetlights. She turned the collar of her black trench coat up against the brisk autumn breeze. Lynn was glad she had taken Fey's advice and grabbed the long coat before heading out on her assignment. She reflected that it was usually a good idea to listen to her precognizant colleague. There was a chill in the air and Lynn had already been walking the streets for a couple of hours, and it could be hours yet until she caught a break.

As Lynn paused at the crosswalk of a deserted intersection to wait for the light to change, she went over the details of the assignment in her head. There had been a series of strange murders over the past week. Five in all. Each were attacked while walking alone, at night, in this part of the city. What stood out was that each were found drained of blood with two side-by-side puncture wounds on the neck. Lynn figured it was a whack-job serial killer that fancied themselves a vampire.

The light changed, and Lynn stepped into the crosswalk to resume her patrol as she continued in thought. Whatever the killer was, she hoped it would take the bait soon. Funny thing to be hoping for a serial killer to attack you, but Lynn chalked it up to one of the quirks of superhero work. Lynn was relatively new to the trade and still learning the ropes. Fortunately for her, regeneration affords a certain margin of error as she gained experience. Lynn had an unparalleled regenerative ability, allowing her to rapidly heal from even the most grievous injury. That was a comforting thought on a night like tonight.

The bat watched silently from her perch on the fire escape of a run-down apartment building. She eyed the grey-furred cat across the street and a pang of hunger shot through her stomach. Rebecca absently rubbed the light-brown fur of her belly to sooth the rumbling. The hunt was on!

Shortly after midnight, Lynn began to get a felling that she was being followed. She caught a few odd sounds as she walked. Always behind, above, and to the side. It was time to make her move, and that move was to bait the killer into making their move. Lynn turned down a dark alleyway.

Rebecca couldn't believe her luck! Her quarry was heading into the perfect place for an ambush. The thrill of the chase set her heart thumping in her chest. She could sense the heat of the cat's thick body. It was time to make her move!

Lynn paced down the dark alley trying to look as nonchalant as possible as she came to a fence blocking the way – a dead end. Just the place for a killer to be emboldened to strike, "Perfect!" Lynn thought.

"Perfect!" Rebecca thought as she watched from a roof overlooking the alley. She stepped off and fell like a stone. Moments before she would have hit the ground, she flared her wings and landed in a crouch on the ground behind her quarry.

Lynn heard the sudden rush of wind behind her and turned to face her would-be assailant. She cracked a bemused grin as she addressed the bat, "A bat? That's a bit cliché isn't it?"

This was not the reaction Rebecca had come to expect from her prey. Where was the terror? “What?”

“So what’s the deal with the vampire routine?”

Rebecca stood to her full height and stretched her wings, “I have transcended mere mortal existence. I feast on the blood of lesser beings. You will-”

“Yes, called it! Nut job that thinks she’s a vampire. Azure owes me 5 bucks! Ha, ha, ha! Do you want to suck my bloo-” Lynn stopped short as Rebecca hissed and opened her maw wide, revealing the largest fangs she had ever seen. “Well, then...” Lynn got a terrible idea but decided to go with it. She forced herself to relax her body a bit.

Rebecca saw the opening and struck like lightning at Lynn’s neck with her maw and bit deep. The hollow fangs set to work, drawing blood at an alarming rate.

Lynn’s world began to spin as the blood quite literally rushed out of her head. She steadied herself and managed to get an arm around Rebecca’s neck.

“Oh, she’s trying to pull me off. How sad,” Rebecca thought to herself.

Lynn knew the next moments were critical. Her regeneration abilities were passive – they would act on their own even if she lost consciousness. However, if that happened, the bat would suck her dry and get away, leaving her for dead. She had discovered through training with Fey and experimentation with Doctor Azure that she could further accelerate her healing through concentration. It was time to focus.

Rebecca relished her meal. She knew it wouldn’t last much longer though, the cat must be nearly drained by now. She felt pleasantly full by the time she expected the cat to slump down and die - except it didn’t. “She is a bit meatier under that coat than I thought – she’ll be empty soon.” A few minutes passed, and Rebecca started to feel stuffed. “Okay, I’m done.” Rebecca pulled back, but her head didn’t go anywhere. The cat’s arm was holding her in place! “What is this?”

Lynn held on tight and concentrated with all her might on healing. Her regeneration kicked into overdrive. New blood filled her veins as fast as it was being drained. She felt the bat struggle to break free. “What’s the matter, getting full?” Lynn taunted.

Rebecca could only mutter a reply, “Hmph Ngth Hng!”

Soon, Lynn felt the press of Rebecca’s bloated stomach against her body as the bat filled with liquid. Lynn held against the bat’s struggles.

Rebecca’s gut grew heavy. She could feel it swell into a distended orb in front of her. She had never felt so full in her life, but she steeled herself. She had to drain the cat. There was no other way. It would run out of blood eventually. Right?

The bat and the cat remained locked in this struggle for what felt like an eternity. A contest of will versus gastronomical integrity. Who would give first?

The weight grew too much for Rebecca. She fell to her knees. Lynn sank with her not letting go. Each pump of her heart shot more liquid into the bat’s burdened stomach. Lynn told the bloated bat, “You didn’t know I came with free refills, did you?”

“Hmree Hmphs!?”

Rebecca’s stomach now outweighed Lynn. This was impossible! Rebecca couldn’t fathom how, but the cat was getting more blood. Panic set in as Rebecca felt a new sensation. Her hide was beginning to reach the end of its ability to stretch. She could feel the tightness growing, but she was powerless to do anything about it.

Lynn observed the Rebecca’s growing belly lift her off the ground. The liquid filled orb took on a flushed red hue and Lynn heard a low, ominous creaking.

“Have you ever squeezed your arm when it gets bit by a mosquito?”

Rebecca knew of the common misconception that mosquitos would explode from the extra pressure and was given an all too real image of her impending fate, but she could only gurgle in reply.

Finally, as Rebecca braced for the catastrophic end, the cat mercifully let go. Lynn sat down, breathing heavily from the exertion and leaned back against the orb of a bat she had created, “On second thought, let’s not recreate the elevator scene from The Shining.”

Rebecca let out a long, wet belch and passed out.

Lynn rested for a few minutes to regain her strength. When she was sufficiently recovered, she hopped up and called in her catch. Central Authority Police would be along to collect the bat. Lynn wondered how they were going to get her in a jail cell, but that was their problem. She reached over and slapped Rebecca’s belly and commented aloud, “This vampire can fit so much blood in it”. Thoroughly pleased with herself, Lynn strode off into the night. “I wonder if the diner’s still open. I’m starving!”