

## **Chapter 2**

“Take a seat and I’ll bring up the start of the banquet.” Eve says as she heads out of the room, closing the thick wooden door behind her as she starts her descent down the stairs.

*I can’t believe this is happening, do I want this?*

Now sitting down in the chair at the head of the table, I look down and rub my slim tum.

*Do I want this bigger?*

I use my abdominal muscles to push it out, seeing it creep slowly towards the edge of the table, I just watch as it expands.

*Bigger... and Fatter...*

Slowly I start to rub at its side, feeling how firm and round it is.

*No... not that firm... I want rolls...*

Relaxing my muscles, my belly quickly shrinks, my hand still idly rubbing it when I hear the huge handle clunk as the latch is lifted.

Evelyn enters first, she brings the first plates of food and places them down in front of me. She is followed by three other maids. May, around my age when she turned, was a bit on the chubbier side, closer to 150lbs a stand out when it comes to the servants as most are about 130lbs. Samantha, late thirties, busty but otherwise slim. Jane, 19 and she appears slimmer than me but she is very tall, standing over six feet tall, likely had a promising career as a runway model before she was turned.

“Food? Like human food?” I ask, puzzled.

“Yeah, it’s weird I know but obviously we don’t have a need for food but those runes I mentioned earlier allow us to have a partial metabolism, we can convert these foods into new cells for us. It sounds insane to me but Master assures me this is the plan.”

“And it looks so good, right Ma’am? I can’t remember what food even tastes like, I’d love to have some.” May chimes in.

“Hey! None for us, Master was clear about the rules. All food is for the Queen!” Evelyn barks at the other three.

They all nod in unison and place their plates onto the table.

I stare at the eight plates of food. Now on the table. Since changing I’ve not needed to eat, no vampire eats human food. We live off a liquid diet of blood. This is surreal, the plate before me piled high with mash potatoes, sausages, and gravy.

*Bangers and mash...*

Slowly I lift a fork to the pile of food.

“Hang on! One more thing.” Evelyn says, placing a vial on the table before me. “Master’s orders, you have to drink this first.”

I lift a quizzical eyebrow.

“It is the reagent that activates the runes on the wall, without it, you’d just eat it and throw it back up in a few minutes. With this potion you will absorb the food and then you will start to grow, like a human would. Master said that the potion will last indefinitely. Unless you take the counter potion.” She explains.

“Right...” My eyes transfixed on the small vial as she explains its purpose, I quickly finish the contents in one swift gulp before grabbing the cutlery. “I feel... funny...”

**\*Glluuuuooorpp\***

The other maids all turn to me, their gaze aimed at my midsection. I slowly look down.

*That didn't come from me, did it?*

“Was that...” I ask.

Evelyn nods, “Seems you are hungry Elena.”

Like a wave crashing into the shore it hits me, hunger, I’ve not felt it for years. I timidly pick up my fork and stick it into the potato, making sure to get a big mouthful. As my hand draws closer with the piping hot food, I feel its heat spread over my face and my hand starts to tremble in anticipation.

*Oh I've not felt this in years... It feels better than I remember...*

I open my mouth wide and deposit the mound of potato into my mouth. The warm potato covered in gravy spreads through my mouth and my tastebuds that have been dormant are now screaming at me.

*The flavour... The buttery mash, the meaty gravy...*

I let out a moan, causing the maids to look at me, green with envy.

“Holy shit.” I say with a mouthful of food. “I forgot how good this was...”

I swallow and feel the warmth spread down my oesophagus. A long lost feeling now returning to me, I feel a tear roll down my cheek.

“Everything Ok My lady?” Jane asks.

“Perfect. I think we are going to need more food.” I pick up my fork and begin my assault on the full plate.

In a feverish pace I speed through the feast before me, the maids not leaving my side the whole time, just watching me in awe. About half way through I stop, taking a quick breather, I rub the source of my pain but as soon as my hand makes contact with my body I freeze. The girls noticed my shift in demeanour.

“Ma’am?” May says.

I don’t reply, I just push my seat out and look down.

“Holy shit!” Jane blurts out, receiving a swift punch from Evelyn.

I don’t blame her, looking down I see my once trim stomach is now different, I look so bloated, pregnant even. My hand still on its covered mass, I feel a draft on its underside.

*My shirt is riding up. Wow.*

I grab the hem and lift the shirt over my round middle, exposing my taut stomach. I stop and gasp in awe, as do the maids, other than Evelyn who takes another photo.

“What the heck Eve?” May asks,

“Master asked me to document the lady’s growth, I think this might count as growth.”

“It’s... warm...” I say, drawing attention back to my stomach. I rub my exposed belly, feeling the tight skin, unyielding and warm. “I’ve not felt warm in years...” Lost in the feeling, I rub my belly in circles, gently massaging my gut. “Come, Samantha, come feel.” I reach out for the busty woman’s hand. She walks to my side and I take her wrist and place her palms on my stomach.

Sam gasps. “Oh my... it is warm...”

“Interesting, I’ll make a note for Master.” Evelyn pulls out a little book and jots down some notes.

Suddenly Sam lets out a scream, causing her to jump up, her boobs jiggling from the sudden motion. The cause of her shock, my stomach. It growled once more, shaking from the vibration.

“I guess I’m still hungry.” I reach for plate number five.

With renewed vigour I shovel more food into my mouth. Each bite becomes harder and harder to swallow as I am quickly approaching capacity. Due to my enhanced vampire body I don’t feel the pain from the strain and my skin doesn’t look fit to burst but I do notice the difference in weight.

My belly now rests heavily on my lap as I finish off plate number seven with one hand and absentmindedly rub the side of my bloated belly with the other.

I lean back in my chair, not even looking down at my belly, I don’t need to. I can feel its huge rotund mass spreading over my lap, the entire contents of seven full plates now residing

within my stomach. My maids are unable to maintain their composure when they see me lean back, my hands rubbing the warm orb. Taking some time to massage it, feeling the maternal glow of my food baby. I let out a soft moan.

“This feels even better than I thought...” I say softly.

“You look like you are enjoying yourself. Care to finish that last plate?” Evelyn asks expectantly.

“I’m feeling a bit... full” Jiggling my stuffed belly for emphasis.

“That isn’t good enough... I’m afraid the Master was adamant on your feeding schedule.” Evelyn now pulls up a seat next to me, knocks plate seven away and presents plate eight before me. Before I can resist she takes my spoon and shoves a mouthful of curry into my mouth.

“C’mon Elena, time to eat up.” Evelyn commands.

I quickly swallow before a second spoonful slips through my lips. Stifling any chance I had at verbalising my resistance.

“Master wants you to eat all of this today, you can sleep and tomorrow we have a few big feasts planned for you. You’ve got to clear it all or me and the girls might be in trouble. You wouldn’t want that now, would you?” Her hand now slips onto my stomach, softly rubbing it.

*That... that feels good...*

I let out another moan as she rubs and feeds me more. No shame anymore I just enjoy the sensation. I feel a slight tingling down below.

*Why does it feel so good...*

I notice Evelyn’s nipples are hard beneath her blouse.

*Clearly, I’m not the only one.*

In no time at all I’ve finished the plate and Evelyn calls May to my other side.

“Help me May, the Queen needs a massage, Master said she might need some help to stimulate digestion.”

“My pleasure.” May says, a little too eager almost.

I look down to inspect the damage done already.

My belly now stretches out before me as if I am with a child, easily with multiples. I can no longer reach the table if I wanted to. My tight stomach is now being kneaded and massaged by my maids. I watch as it distorts and shifts from the firm massage. I notice too that my nipples, much like Evelyn’s, are now also hard. My stomach feels so heavy as it presses down on my lap. Closing my eyes and leaning my head back I just let my maids massage my stomach.

*This is going to be fun...*