

Royalty

Chapter 1

“Elena, my lady?” Evelyn, one of my maids calls to me, snapping me out of my daze.

“Sorry Eve... I was a million miles away then...” I stand up, still my face blank and emotionless, staring off into the distance.

“Everything alright Ma’am?”

“Yeah, I just can’t believe it’s finally happening...”

“It is pretty exciting to finally have everything ready for you, I know the other staff have spent a lot of time waiting for this moment, me too.” She gives me a quick smile.

Evelyn is a very pretty girl, she looks as though she is in her late 20s, obviously this means little as she, like me, is a vampire. She was fairly slim, likely she was athletic in school but she must’ve given up because her boobs came in. She is rather busty, above average for sure, likely a D or E cup. She was turned many moons ago by my husband, Cassius. She has told me the story before but it mirrors many of the stories of all the house staff here. It seems that only my transformation was different.

I suppose that is why he chose to make me his queen rather than a servant.

My husband is the king of vampires, or more accurately, a king. He rules over a wide stretch of land that rivals Montana in size. He has been a vampire for over a thousand years and with his strength, wits and allies he is likely to rule for a thousand more.

I am still fairly new to this vampire life, I have only been a vampire for about 5 years at this point. I was a young woman who stumbled down the wrong alley at the wrong time. I had just finished a shift at the bar I worked in and deciding to take a short cut I walked right into a fight between two vampires. A lieutenant of Cassius and a rival king. In the resulting fight I was struck and mortally wounded. Cassius who was overseeing the fight zipped to my aide, his impressive speed and strength catching me before I fell. Bleeding out in his arms I looked into his eyes and I could see beneath his cold and deathly demeanour a shimmer of compassion, warmth. Love.

He turned me right then and there, saving my life. The process is quick but the recovery is long. The last thing I remember was his powerful grip on my shoulders and feeling cold, getting colder by the second as my vision faded, seeing the light in his eyes as he hungrily bit into my neck.

I don’t remember anything for the following week other than flashes of pain, hunger and lust. Finally after seven days, I awoke anew. Cassius was there to greet me. His long white hair flowing down his body, stopping mid-way down his back. His body was lean, toned, slightly muscular even. He looked powerful even though his body didn’t look the part. I can still remember the feeling of being intimidated by him standing there, motionless.

He would go on to tell me about what happened, what he did and much more. Cassius hadn't ever wed or felt love in his entire life, even before becoming a vampire. Something about seeing me gave his old soul warmth, a warmth he had never felt, he knew right then and there he needed to save me.

He never forced himself on me and promised he never compelled me to do anything, I believed him and still do. Over the course of the next few months, we got to know each other, mostly I learnt about his storied past. He taught me how to be a vampire and how to understand my new body and limits.

I started to fall for him.

He was equally kind, caring and loving as he was powerful, monstrous, and cunning. Something about him struck me deep to my core. We eventually made it official and I was named his queen, the first and only in his rule. Over the following years we ruled. There were two wars, a rebellion and an alliance formed. With a queen by his side, Cassius had become more powerful, his rule extended to more land and he crushed his enemies. Finally with his dominance cemented and now living in peace times Cassius finally wanted to take the next step with me, he wanted us to live out a new fantasy.

Vampires don't age, don't change and always regenerate to the point that they were at the point of turning. Cassius, a man in his early 30s and I, a woman in her late 20s. He is slim, lean and toned. Me, about 120lbs, petite frame and lacking in any major curves.

It was our 3rd wedding anniversary when he told me he had found something, something new.

For Cassius to find something new, that was pretty much unheard of.

He found an old tome from the first vampires, a tome about how they dabbled with changing bodies, very experimental stuff but he had been sitting on this for the last six months. He had spent time working with the magic and finally he was ready to share.

He told me about the magic and how he wanted to use it.

He wanted me to gain weight. He wanted me to have the figure of someone more royal, he wanted me big and gluttonous, he wanted me to be huge.

At first, I was shocked but as he went on I could see how worked up this was making him, I thought about it as he was describing my body becoming fatter and how I'd be the fattest queen in the land, my huge rolls jiggling with every small movement and before he could even finish telling me his plan or vision I agreed.

He jumped me then and there, we fucked for hours, the best sex we had ever had. A fire now lit within us both.

That was two days ago, now is the big day.

We lived in a big castle, moved there after we secured a new territory and all of his old staff came over with us. They have been slaving away over the last 48 hours to set up a new room for me. A feeding room.

Deep in the west wing there was an unused tower that overlooks the rest of the grounds, it would be there that I would grow.

Cassius had some matters to attend to that meant he would be travelling for some time. He wanted it this way, he wanted the surprise, he wanted to see the final product, I had never seen him giddy but during his farewell he was positively bouncing.

That leads me to now. Evelyn was escorting me to the west wing.

“So, are you excited Ma’am?” Evelyn asks.

“You can call me just Elena. No need for such formalities. Yes, I am excited.”

“You should be, I’ve never heard of a vampire being able to change their appearance. You must be ready to begin, I know I would be. I’d love to be able to change myself.” Evelyn stops herself from spilling out anymore.

“Oh? What would you change then?” I ask inquisitively.

“Oh... It’s nothing Ma- I mean, Elena, My lady.”

“You don’t need to say “My Lady”, Cassius isn’t even here. You are my personal servant, I think you, out of anyone, more than has the right to use my name.” I give her a smile.

“Right... Sorry old habits I guess. Right this way.” Evelyn takes a turn up the spiral staircase, the hallway is quite narrow as it twists upwards.

Evelyn opens the door and we both enter my new home for the next few ... Days? Weeks?

The room is smaller than the master bedroom but it still isn’t small by any means. There is a large queen sized bed that takes up a fair section of the rounded room. Thankfully the cold doesn't affect vampires because the stone walls with the wooden floor doesn’t seem like it would be good in winter at retaining heat. There is a large table with a very fancy looking chair at the end, it is embossed with my name.

I guess that is where the magic happens.

There is also a massive mirror, about 10” by 10”.

“Master was very particular about that, and said he wanted you to be able to see all of you during this transformation.” Evelyn looks toward the floor out of embarrassment.

“Well he does want me to... Ehm... Grow” Something about admitting it out loud is embarrassing, shameful almost.

“Master did tell me... I’m actually here to help.” Evelyn says, lifting her head and smiling at me.

I smile back and continue to look around the room, I notice some markings on the wall, pondering them some more I approach them.

“Don’t touch those, it is imperative that these remain untouched otherwise the magic won’t work.”

“Ok, don’t touch, got it.” I walk over to the mirror and look over at myself, “One last time before I change I guess.” I hear a camera snap and a bright flash.

Quickly turning around I see Evelyn with a camera in her hand. “Sorry... didn’t realise the flash was on, Master asked me to take some photos.”

“Oh sure, it would be good to see the difference.” I grab the hem of my t-shirt and start to lift it over my head. “Might as well get the full show.”

Evelyn stares intently and continues to take photos as I inspect myself in the mirror.

I still look the same as the day I was turned other than my skin, my skin is now cold and pale.

Looks better to me...

Standing there in my Bra, I quickly remove my jeans and return my focus to the mirror.

Standing at 5’5 and weighing roughly 120lbs, my pale body looks petite. My bra, unneeded for my flat chest. The rear panel of my underwear is not hiding anything of note. My flat frame has always been formless and small. It has been something that has bothered me since I was a kid. Everyone else went through puberty except me it seemed. My best friend in school was busting out her sister’s D cups when we left for college, meanwhile I might as well shop in the men’s section. The rest of my body is slim, I have a bit of body fat which sits on my belly and thighs, but it is still very minor.

Just not enough time spent in the gym to have it go anywhere else.

Tracing my hands over my slim body I ask Evelyn. “So when do we start?”