

MAID A MORTAL

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Ah, Ainz-sama! Another day of not seeing you, what could have you so tied up!” Shalltear Bloodfallen, one of the floor guardians of the Tomb of Nazarick, had taken to drinking her woes away once more in the tomb’s local bar. The alcohol was meant for little more than show in the end; she was an ancient vampire with a resistance to poisons, and so she couldn’t be intoxicated regardless of how much she drank under normal circumstances.

The ruler of the tomb, Ainz, had been away on business for over a week now and the other guardians had slowly but surely been summoned to assist him until it was naught but Shalltear left to defend their headquarters. Considering the earlier incident where she was brainwashed by the enemy she did not wholly blame him for refusing to call on her for an important mission, and yet it was still depressing. He was the man she loved more than any despite being a walking, talking skeleton. Or rather! The fact that he was a walking, talking skeleton made him all the more attractive to the necrophiliac that was Shalltear!

...Well, she was undead too.

The drinks had been coming and coming over the past week to the point that the creepy barkeep had ultimately been forced to pull out some older vintage wines that he didn’t even know they’d been storing. It was something of a haphazard decision to serve them to Shalltear in the first place since he could not identify their origins. If they were in his cellar he could only imagine he’d purchased them at some point, not even considering the possibility that they’d been planted there as a trap.

“Huh? Where am I...? Ainz-sama?” After tasting a strangely fruity alcohol (*the fresh, fruitiness not agreeing with her undead taste buds*), the world around her had

suddenly changed. No longer was she resting atop a bar stool in the Tomb of Nazarick, but instead seemed to be sitting at a plain wooden table in the back of what looked to be a bar. A *human* one at that, considering the stench that played at her nostrils. Shalltear absolutely loathed to muck around with humans, beings that were absolutely beneath her for they were both fragile and unsightly.

It looked to be later at night as told by the moon filtering in through the window and the lanterns that lit the space. A broken keg of beer dripped and dripped in the background, but despite being in what she assumed to be a bar she could not see anyone around. **“Hello? Who summoned me here? I’m not in the mood for any foolish games, so allow me to dine on you for your insolence and I’ll be on my way.”** To say she wasn’t pleased by this turn of events would have been an understatement.

And yet why did she feel so warm? It was a problem, you see, because she shouldn’t have felt warmth at all. Her heart was still, her body cold. She was little more than an animated corpse after all, she didn’t even feel warm when aroused. But ‘aroused’ was probably the best word to use to describe this heat, which was gnawing at her on an almost fundamental level.

“Strange... Why do I feel so... HAH!?” The vampire was beginning to feel all sticky and gross as the heat grew, and a single drop of moisture rolling down her cheek was enough to cause her to cry out. **“Am I perspiring? No way, there’s no way that could be true!”** Shalltear reached up to wipe the wetness away, but the salty bead remained on her fingertip. Her body had been human once upon a time, sure, but it had stopped all mortal function much farther back than she could even recall. Sweating just wasn’t something this body did because it wasn’t *alive*.

But even under the dim light of the lanterns she could tell there was more awry with her skin than just a little dampness. The color? Even in the dark its lifeless violet should have been apparent, but the glow it was beginning to put off in its place was much too health. Far too alive. Pink. Fleshy. Warm. And then it only got worse thanks to a peculiar feeling in her chest.

BADUMP.

“N-No... No way...!” It had felt like her chest had throbbed. She’d definitely felt that sensation coming from others. The many humans she’d killed and fed from to be exact. The *beating of a heart*.

BADUMP. BADUMP. BADUMP.

Fingers clenched in on the left side of her chest, pushing past the breast pads she used to make her bosom seem larger to make sure she wasn’t hallucinating as nails dug into the flesh below. But she could steal feel it. That beating. She was alive. It was unheard of for an undead to come back to life, but not only that it was disgusting and humiliating! ...And Shalltear was nothing if not a *raging masochist*.

The fact that she might be becoming reduced to something that was typically little more than annoying insect to her was horrifying, yes, but the intensity of the arousal she felt at being overpowered in such a way only amplified how hot she was feeling.

Keeping check of this fabled heartbeat, for example, she could feel the strength in her hands waning. Despite being angered she could only clutch herself with a paltry strength unbecoming of a vampire, let alone a woman meant to serve the Tomb of Nazarick. Even the squeezing of her breast, in all of its weakness, served to get her fired up. Shalltear tried squeezing harder and harder to no avail, but eventually once she realized she could no longer do damage to herself -- and that because she was alive that to injure herself would cause great complication -- she ultimately began to rub sensually instead.

Her skin was wholly a healthy pink now thanks to the blood flow that was being circulated by her beating heart, and there were likewise additional areas that her vampire traits had begun to subside. Eyes, typically a glorious and menacing crimson, had lost their undead luster as any bags that rested beneath them were shown healthy rejuvenation. Much more than that, however, was how the reds had waned. They almost looked ready for Christmas for a hot second, what with how reds and greens swirled together; but eventually it was the emeralds that won out. The color of her hair, too, was soon brought to life as strand after strand of pale violet was buried by a rich, lively chestnut.

All in all, she was looking like a generic villager, a brown-haired, green-eyed child that you might find in any human establishment.

Shalltear's loins stirred with a single hand going to town on her tits, though the second hand seemed much more interested in her teeth for but a second. Fangs had diminished, leaving canine teeth that were far more typical of an omnivore than a carnivore. All in all not so great for vore-ing as she was accustomed, and at the thought of what she might have to eat like this her now-active stomach let out a terrifying rumble. **"This is humiliating! I, the great Shalltear Bloodfallen, can't be reduced to a meager human! A meager... Oh...!?"**

Her new cry of ecstasy came from the realization that something peculiar was happening to her bosom. She'd lacked the strength to rip away her dress and had been trying to dig at her tiny breasts by poking at them around the breast pads she typically adorned thanks to her insecurity about her tiny tits, but the surface area she could touch to feel this sensitivity and satisfy herself was gradually growing. Almost like the breast pads were flesh and blood, full-blown pieces of her body. *And they were.*

She collapsed against one of the wooden chairs in the bar backroom as her second hand worked her second breast. Brassieres typically weren't needed considering the girl padded, and this made it all the easier to feel the emergence of her nipples on the outside of what she knew had been nothing but pads but a moment prior. They

were thick and swollen, the newly transformed flesh beneath them somehow heavier than the pads she knew.

BADUMPBADUMPBADUMPBADUMP.

The new heartbeat intensified as arousal grew, and before she realized the problems of trying to touch herself through her dress was gone. The elaborate dress she typically wore was just... *gone*. Brown hair even spilled down her back without ties, any clothing and accessories torn from her due to whatever curse she was under the influence of.

But on the other hand this afforded Shalltear a new look at her tits, which were now wholly the size of what they looked to be with her pads on typically. She'd always yearned for larger breasts but couldn't obtain them due to her undead status, so if any benefit were to be reaped from this she supposed this was it. Not that she could keep her hands off of them as her back dug into the frame of the chair, a second hand sliding across her tummy as she reached for her pussy.

It didn't quite make it there though. A new sensation was quick to claim her. Bloating. She at least knew what this feeling was because even vampires could feel bloated due to overeating, but never had she felt it like she did now. It reverberated throughout the entirety of her body, accompanying the heat that saw her bare skin to continue perspiring. Shalltear had yet to realize it but she actually had a fever. She was sick for the first time in her life.

Bloating found itself culminating in new changes. Her childlike form was not the one she was destined to live out the rest of her days in, nor was it humiliating enough. Still gripping a tit, it was here that she first noticed it. Swelling. Her breasts were swelling. Larger than she ever would have thought, ever would have imagined, and so the second hand came back up to knead the other tit thanks to her breast play kink (*one of the many kinks she had*).

Nipples grew from dimes to quarters, the nubs on the end longer and more extravagant as her bosom ballooned, skin pulling and straining to contain the fat that practically give her a pair of watermelons strapped to her chest, purple veins apparent pulling away from each nip as skin was pulled to the limit. When all was said and done each breast was practically double the size of her head, and she couldn't help but pull on them, push into them, and smack them together as her voice gurgled into laughter born of bliss.

"Why!?! Why does this body feel so good!?! I'll never be able to retain to Ainz-sama like this, like some common human cow! But... Haaah! Being so weak and powerless, isn't it the best!?! Step on me! Put me in my place!" Shalltear's typical personality wasn't helped much by her arousal nor the fact that the cold she'd been infected with was messing with her a bit. She hadn't even taken notice of the fact that much more than her tits had grown larger.

Height was one area. The bloating had seen her bones lengthened so that her frame was no longer child-like at all, and she'd gained about half a foot of height overall as her form drooped forward for her breastplay session. Everything about her body was likewise much more ample. She was a woman with new girth, though she wasn't necessarily chubby either. It was more like she didn't have any notable muscle mass, and so all of her curves were accentuated by more fat than one might expect. Her tummy had something of a lip, and her arms were a little wiggly, but it was ass and thighs where this really showed.

Her ass cheeks couldn't help but peek over the sides of the chair as she sat, thighs bubbling with fat as they rippled due to Shalltear's rocking her body as she played with her tits. If one had poked them, finger likely would have sunk in an inch or two since her body was fairly weak considering her age -- and her age certainly showed. She'd gone from a girl that looked no older than twelve to a plain woman that was likely pushing thirty, and her complexion truly showed that from worn skin to cracked lips.

She sniffled, a new weakness overtaken her and bringing her hands to drop to the side. **"Ugh... Why do I feel so -sniff- weird? Why is my nose leaking more than my pussy?"** Hands messily wiped at her nose, boogers sticking to her hand as she did so. Shalltear stood in a very wobbly manner, but eventually collapsed against the chair once more, falling asleep in the process.

"Sally? Earth to Sally?"

Eyes of emerald ultimately fluttered upon again at the feeling of someone pushing against her arm, calling a name she somehow recognized but didn't. Sally? That was her, wasn't it? Sally Colton. But no! She was Shalltear Bloodfallen, not some human with such a plain name! Her memories were in disarray. She could remember who she'd been, but there were likewise new ones speaking of a completely ordinary, human life. They didn't vie for superiority or anything like that. It was more like these memories just coexisted with her own.

Sally coughed the moment she craned her head to see whom was speaking to her. Her throat ached, her body ached, and... when had she gotten dressed in her barmaid outfit? Barmaid...? Did she work in a bar? Did Sally work in a bar? Come to think of it, Shalltear seemed to have many memories of tireless nights working here, sometimes satisfying some of the rowdier boys after hours if they wanted to dominate her. But no...! That was wrong!

The man speaking to her was one she recognized as the bar owner. She couldn't even find words to respond, but if she could she would have scolded him for touching her because he was a human. But so was she. **"Your cold's gotten worse huh? I'll fetch your sister to pick ya up, take the day to yourself alright?"**

Weakly, Sally nodded. Shalltear just didn't have the energy to argue. She just wanted to go back to bed and sleep off the crazy dream. Maybe when she woke up she'd been in the Tomb of Nazarick again with her beloved Ainz-sama.

...Wait. She had a sister?