

Shalltear Blueberryfallen

Anyone who passed her in the halls of the Great Tomb of Nazarick knew to pay their respects for fear of severe punishment. Shalltear Bloodfallen was one of the floor guardians, whose diminutive appearance and pale skin hid the monstrous powers of a vampire. A hint of her true nature could be seen in her bright red eyes and the fangs that sometimes peeked out of her mouth. Those who greeted her with respectful bow, were treated to a nod from her before she turned away with a whip of the silver ponytail peeking out from beneath the large bow in her hair. Despite her intimidating status and abilities, that didn't mean she was immune to her own curiosity.

Shutting the door to her chambers, Shalltear approached a seat with something special in hand. Balanced in her palm was a jar containing a collection of ripe blueberries. While the fruit was seemingly ordinary, something about the black and white eye on the label had caught her attention. Popping open the lid and letting the fruity aroma drift into her nose, the smell was enough to convince her to pick up a berry and place it in her mouth.

Though the vampire's favorite meals usually consisted of fresh flesh and blood, there was something special about the blueberry. Letting the produce roll around on her tongue, she let out a pleased hum at the sweet flavor that graced her taste buds. Swallowing the berry with a content sigh, she began to reach for a second one.

Just as Shalltear was about to pick up the berry with her long nails, she paused as she noticed something was different. Putting the jar aside, she glanced over at a small tear in the top of her black and red dress. Further examination of the rip showed that it had come from a strain on the fabric. The reason being was that at some point her chest had enlarged by several cup sizes in a matter of seconds. This realization led to a wide grin stretching across her face. As if

guided by fate, she had found what she believed to be the key to becoming Lord Ainz's beloved. Eager to finally surpass Albedo's curves, she threw caution to the wind and dumped the entire jar of blueberries down her throat.

Wiping a stray drop of juice from her lips, Shalltear placed the emptied out container on a table and got ready to see its effects. Her grin grew even wider as she beheld her formerly modest chest continue to surge with added heft. Though this strained the top part of her dress, she deemed it as a small cost for the luscious bosom she was getting in exchange.

Shalltear's delighted mood momentarily wavered as she felt that something was off. She found the source of the unease as she watched her once slim mid-section begin to swell into a sizable sphere. The large bulge peeked its way past her engorged bosom, blocking her view of the floor as it stretched out the limits of her dress.

While she was concerned about the weight gain, the vampire was certain that the side effects could be easily taken care of with proper dieting and exercise. Undeterred, she proceeded to grab onto her breasts to properly appreciate them. Giving the heavy mammaries a tight squeeze, she chewed on her lips to suppress a moan of pleasure. This blissful hiss still echoing in her ears was soon joined by a strange, sloshing noise the more she jostled around her boobs. Broken out of her stupor by the noise, she looked back down to see a pair of wet spots on the front of her dress.

As Shalltear stared at the stains in confusion, she jumped a little as the seams around the top of her dress became further undone by her enhanced chest. The fabric splitting apart revealed a dark blue color that had taken over her once pale skin. Glancing over to a nearby mirror, she saw a similar shade had spread out across her face and along the part of her ballooning belly sticking out of a recently made hole in the front of her dress.

Glancing back at the engorging breasts that had led her to recklessly down the mystery fruit, she witnessed the moment that their heft became too much for the strained seams. Ripping through what remained of her dress's top, her tits were free to show off their melon-like size and plumped up nipples. As the swollen teats continued to jiggle from the destruction of her clothing, they sprinkled droplets of blue liquid across her still growing body. By chance a few splashes flew onto her face. A single whiff of the substance that clung to her upper lip was more than enough to tell her what was going on.

In a panic at the fact that she was turning into a giant blueberry, Shalltear turned her gaze towards the entrance to her room. Fighting against the sensation of her backside tearing through her skirt, she proceeded to waddle her way forward. Each stomp of her foot sent her assets into a jiggling fit that spread more of her juice across the floor. Unwilling to give up so easily, she continued to fight on even as her body tore through what remained of her dress. Through sheer perseverance and inhuman strength aiding her against her obese form, she crept ever closer to the door.

Shalltear's momentary grasp at freedom came to a jarring halt as her belly bounced up against the entryway. The sheer force of the impact sent her tumbling backwards into her room to crash through several pieces of furniture. Back and forth she wobbled on her feet, unable to handle her engorging form even with her inhuman strength. Try as she might to fight back, it was inevitable that she would lose her fight with gravity.

The vampire's crash to the ground sent ripples across her swelling form. While at first her less than graceful landing was met with frustration, a different feeling overtook her as the tremors reached certain parts of her body. Unable to fully resist this strange feeling, she stretched out her thickening arms to grab hold of her tits once more.

A single squeeze was enough to force a moan out of Shalltear's lips and a gush of juice from her teats. Feeling herself shudder from the overwhelming sensation of strange ecstasy brought on by her self-stimulation, she continued to squeeze down on her breasts. Becoming enamored with the bizarre pleasure, she paid little mind to the growing puddle of her own juice that spread across the floor with each release. So lost in her own indulgence, she failed to notice that she was still growing until it was too late.

Shalltear's grip on her breasts grew weaker as the sizable mounds continued to swell with juice. Unable to reach her nipples any more, she was forced to let her arms sink into her large, spherical body. Uselessly flapping her hands up and down, she let out a series of pathetic whines as she attempted to give even the slightest amount of stimulation to her tits again. Fortunately and unfortunately, her body was more than happy to oblige in her pursuit of further indulgence.

Amidst the frantic wriggling of her toes the vampire paused as her ears picked up the sound of more juice trickling down into her puddle. Even with her swollen face, she could see that her teats had momentarily stopped their flow. Giving her sunken-in legs a few shakes brought on the sound of more juice leaking out as well as another surge of pleasure. Realizing now where the liquid was coming from, there was nothing that could stop her from going towards her next step.

Using what little control she had over her globular form, Shalltear began to wobble herself back and forth. Her provocation managed to make more juice pour out from her nether regions as well as restart the flow of her teats. Uncaring of the mess she made of her room as the blue liquid continued to gush out with each jiggle of her form, she was equally unconcerned with the euphoric moans that left her lips. Over and over again she felt a sense of pleasure unrivaled

by anything she had experienced before. With juice leaking out the sides of her lips, she seemed absolutely content to live out her life as a massive blueberry.

Shalltear's self-made flood inevitably got the attention of the tomb's residents as the lake of blueberry scented liquid began to seep out of the room. Various guardians and maids stopped what they were doing to figure out what was going on. While they were all stricken by curiosity, no one dared to actually enter her chambers. Save for one.

Upon hearing word of the strange phenomenon, Lord Ainz had dropped everything he was doing to see what was going on. The intimidating, undead skeleton looked at the trail of blue liquid with caution, unable to recall ever seeing anything like this before. With a snap of his bony fingers, he floated over the juice to avoid getting any of it on his robes. A wave of his arm was all it took to get the crowd around Shalltear's room to disperse. After casting a few protection spells on himself for safety, he pressed his hand against the door and went inside.

Ainz's jaw hung low as he beheld the sorry state of Shalltear. Over the course of her transformation, the vampire's once tiny figure had grown larger than a carriage. Floating into the room, Ainz took note of the massive belly that made up the majority of her globular body. Seated atop the gigantic sphere were breasts that were each large enough to crush a horse, with their prominent, dark blue nipples on full display.

On a whim, Ainz placed his hand on one of the enormous tits and pressed down. The result was a downpour of juice from Shalltear's various orifices to further flood her room. Upon hearing the moan that echoed from her lips as he pulled his hand away, it was only by the grace of his calming effects that he was able to maintain his role as the ruler of the tomb. Preparing himself for the worst, he ascended further upwards to meet with Shalltear, face to face.

“H-hello, Lord Ainz,” Shalltear said, her body still quivering from her recent release. “Do you find my new form pleasing?”

“How did you get like this?” Ainz asked, trying to remain calm even as he watched juice from the vampire’s mouth trickle across her plumped up cheeks.

“I-I found this jar of blueberries in one of the kitchens and then... this happened.”

Ainz scratched at his chin. “Is that really all you know?”

“I’m sorry Lord Ainz,” Shalltear replied. “I would tell you more but think I might have crushed the jar holding the berries during my... indulgence.”

“That is unfortunate, but I suppose I can’t blame you,” Ainz commented. “However, I must advise you to be more careful when it comes to consuming strange food. You never know what they could do to you. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Lord Ainz. Am I... going to be punished?” she asked, the look in her eyes one of hopeful expectance rather than dread.

“Er, well,” Ainz began, trying to stall for time in order for his mind to come up with something. “I think not. After all, this may be an opportunity to provide the Tomb of Nazarick with a new source of refreshment. Wait here for now and I’ll see if Demiurge can put your new body to good use.”

“Yes, Lord Ainz,” Shalltear said. “As you wish.”

Nodding his head, Ainz took his leave. Moments after exiting the room and closing the door behind him, he could hear a distinct, sloshing noise coming from behind him. Upon another moan echoing out from the chamber, he had to remind himself that Shalltear wasn’t in complete control of her actions. Even still, he took his sweet time trying to call up Demiurge in order to put as much distance between himself and his living, blueberry guardian.