

Chapter 3

Not long after being stuffed so fully, I entered a food coma, I barely remember the feeling but May warned me of the effects of a food coma last night. Waking up was interesting, usually we sleep to avoid light but this time it was genuine fatigue, from eating too much, it was like my body needed the rest to digest. Not a new feeling but certainly a long forgotten feeling.

Waking up I was met with Evelyn who was standing by the door.

“Elena, It’s time for your next feast, my apologies for disturbing your slumber.”

“Sure, give me a second.” I open my eyes and try to move but I feel different, heavier almost. I look down and let out a shriek. “WHAT THE FUCK!”

Looking down I see that the potion has held its end of the deal, it indeed has caused my body to produce fat. My body had grown. No longer tight and hugely distended, my belly had evened out somewhat. The reason I shrieked is because of what that process did to my body. My once slim body is now covered in a layer of adipose. The first thing I see are boobs.

I have tits!

Not massive ones but considerably bigger than my A cups, Probably about a C, fat accumulating on my chest.

I’m going to need a bra! Oh my god!

Looking over more of my body I can see that fat really has settled everywhere, my arms, once lean long powerful appendages now appear chubby, plump and jiggly. To me, living with the same body for the last 5 years, it is easy to notice every difference and I can even tell that my hands are bigger than they once were.

This is insane...

My stomach, although smaller, is still fat. A thick layer of blubber covers its surface, pooling together whilst I’m on my back. My stomach still looks fairly firm but the unmistakable jiggle of a fat gut showing that I am no longer stuffed, just fat.

Amazing..

I have love handles forming as my squishy side starts to flare out, my widening hips taking more space on the bed. These lead into my thicker thighs, further down into bigger calves. Much like my hands, I can even tell that my feet look a little bit bigger.

Evelyn clears her throat. “My Queen, I understand this is new to you and it is a sight to behold. However, I suspect with your new appetite you might prefer warm food rather than cold. Won’t you come over?”

I didn't notice but at some point the table had been filled with a mountain of food once again, this time 10 plates rather than the 8 of yesterday.

"More?" I ask, nervously excited.

"Master's orders, you've got to clear this and then in the afternoon another 6 plates before 8 more to finish the day."

I stare, mouth agape.

"I guess he really does want you to get bigger." She winks.

Winks! Evelyn winking! She never does that, is she... Flirting with me?

I cast the thought from my mind and sit up in the bed, My belly now forming rolls as it is compressed into my lap. I stop and stare at it, giving it a playful prod, surprised by how much my finger sinks into the squishy mass.

"Ahem..." Evelyn gathers my attention. She taps her foot and points towards the table.

"Sorry... Just this is so... wild... I've never been fat in all of my life..."

"You aren't fat yet, you are barely up to May's weight."

"Still... about 30lbs in a day... that is unheard of." I say giving my belly a light jiggle for emphasis.

"Yes... Erm... Right you are Milady." She blushes and turns away.

She is acting strange. I wonder what's up with her...

Taking swift steps to the table, I notice the jiggle on my frame. When I come to a stop to sit down in the chair, I notice that whilst my body stops, that doesn't mean my newly acquired fat stops. I sit myself down onto the cushioned seat and notice that my ass is adding to that cushion. My vampire senses are increasing the feelings I have for all of this new weight on me. I sit there for a moment before eyeing the feast before me.

"Would you like it if I were to help my Queen?" Evelyn asks, a hint of something in her voice that I can't quite place.

"How would you help?" I ask dumbly.

"I could feed you or... Maybe massage you?"

Is she trembling?

"Sure, I mean, let me get the first plate down, this is still quite a nice experience, feeding myself again. I'm sure you can help me when I get a bit further along." I say, slapping the side of my chubby midriff.

The sound reverberates off the stone walls and causes Evelyn to shudder, the sharp sensation followed by the jiggling of my gut causes me to moan.

Both equally shocked at the other's reaction, we turn our gaze away from each other and I start to eat some of the piping hot food before me. The warmth spreads through my body rapidly. That warm feeling in the pit of my stomach feels comforting. I rest an idle hand on my steadily growing stomach, feeling the heat spread to my cold hands.

I finish the first plate rather quickly and I can see the look in Evelyn's eyes, desire. Not entirely understanding it but still equally intrigued I gesture for her to come closer.

"Yes Elena?" She attentively asks.

"Why don't you feed me the next plate." I say leaning back in my chair, pushing my stomach out.

Evelyn quickly grabs a plate and the fork from the table. She brings a forkful of spaghetti to my mouth and slowly deposits the food into my hungry mouth. I let out a soft moan, partially because of the food being so delicious but also from the feeling of being fed. Unashamedly I press on and continue to take mouthfuls of food from the eager Evelyn.

Evelyn is silent throughout the feeding, she just watches me intently as I chew through the food and rub my belly, letting out soft moans every now and then. My eyes do catch Evelyn's nipples which are pressing hard against her shirt.

She is enjoying this.

Finishing off the second plate I look at Evelyn, "Hey, why don't we swap for this next one?" I pat my firmer belly. Evelyn quickly slides the plate over the table and hands me the fork. Taking it off of her I am quickly met with inquisitive hands rubbing my belly. It catches me off guard so much that I take a moment to just enjoy the sensation.

Her cold hands, kneading and pressing into stomach feels better than yesterday. My stomach is bloated, pressing outward even, but it remains flabby and soft. Her hands kneading the beginnings of my rolls.

"Oh, there is something else" Evelyn says, removing her hands from my gut.

"What is it?"

"Master gave me a cream to apply to you. He said that it will help your body deal with the growth, it needs to go on your belly."

"Well... If Cassius said it..." I reply, lifting my shirt and exposing my soft tum.

Evelyn squirts a generous amount on top of my stomach and starts to rub the cold cream into my stomach. Not wanting to waste any time, I resume my feast, Evelyn on her knees now, kneading my belly and rubbing in the cream. It doesn't take long for me to start to feel something.

I feel a new type of warmth spreading over my stomach, a tingling too. Evelyn's touch feels more passionate, more electric. I feel light-headed.

"Eve... Are there any side effects to this cream?" I ask.

"Master did mention that you might feel better for having the cream applied but nothing else."

"Right..." I reply, I look down at my stomach which has grown more from the food I've put into it.

Strange... I haven't eaten that much for it to be bigger yet...

I pause my eating, feeling my hunger starting to rise. I watch as I can see my belly actually growing before my eyes. It is very minor but my extrasensory abilities help me notice the change.

I'm actually growing in real time.

I feel Evelyn still kneading my stomach, the feeling now becoming more intense. My nipples are now hard, capping off my larger bust. My nether tingling and feeling slick, I rub my thighs together as I feel the unmistakable feeling of arousal.

Evelyn's fingers feel amazing spreading over my growing gut. With every squeeze, I feel her fingers sinking less into my belly as it grows outwards. Still having not returned to my food, I look at her and raise a hand to her chin.

"This... Feels... Amazing..." I say weakly.

"My Queen..." She says with a firm squeeze.

I let out a big moan, leaning back in my chair, my expanding stomach pressing into her palms.

Feeling my excitement Evelyn leans forward and starts to lightly kiss my stomach. The sensation is immense.

A kiss shouldn't feel this good... Must be the cream.

She takes a moment to pause, realising that her actions are still keeping me from eating. She yells out. "May! I need you here!"

She resumes her rubbing and kissing, May bursts into the room and looks at Evelyn with a face full of my belly. "Yes Eve?"

Evelyn lifts her face from my gut. "The queen needs feeding and a massage, I can't do both."

"Sure!" May says, rushing over to start feeding me the still warm food.

The feeling of being fed whilst having my stomach massaged, no, worshipped is immense. I feel myself getting more aroused by the second, somehow the sensation of Evelyn's hands on my stomach is enough to bring me to orgasm.

My body shudders and I let out a yelp through a mouthful of food as I orgasm. For a brief moment I look ashamed at the reaction but it is quickly replaced with lust. I grab May's hand and drive the full fork of food into my mouth. "More!" I scream, stuffing more food into my face, "Faster!" I demand.

Evelyn continues her rubbing, my other hand presses her hand into my now much bigger belly and forces her to squeeze and grope my gut tighter. "Harder." I bark the order at her.

Lost in her own passion it seems, she obliges, I place my hands on the back of her head and pull her face into my stomach, smothering her almost on the taut orb.

Very quickly I approach a second orgasm, slapping the fork out of May's hands I grasp at her wrists and place her hands on my tits, which have grown too. She kneads my full bust and I scream as I cum once more.

This cream is amazing.

Taking a moment to recover, I push both women away and just sit there, feeling the aftershocks of my orgasms wash over my body.

"What was that cream supposed to do?" I ask, still trembling from pleasure.

"Help you eat and grow more." Evelyn answers.

"I think it's done a good job..." May chimes in.

Looking over at the table I realise that during the feeding session I have finished the other plates.

"What... How?"

"You just kept eating, I wasn't going to slow down and then when you grabbed my hands and got me to feed you faster, that finished the rest. I'm glad you stopped when you did, I only have a few forkfuls left and I didn't want to find out what would've happened to us if I had nothing to give you." May looks slightly scared.

I look down and notice that my belly is now bigger than yesterday, It is huge, truly rotund. Evelyn hasn't taken her eyes off it, May's eyes wander back to my huge belly.

Something arousing about having them not be able to control their stares. Gawking at me and my huge fat gut.

I feel a shiver travel down my back.

"Well... That's breakfast I guess." Evelyn breaks the silence.

"You should rest my Queen, you'll need your strength for lunch" May adds.

The thought of more food equally turns me on and makes me groan.

So full...

“Can you ladies help me to my bed?” I ask, outstretching my arms.

They both quickly help me to my feet, lifting me from my armpits. I waddle, my bloated belly now leading the charge as it jiggles tightly on my frame, like a small beach ball, just a lot heavier.

I plop myself onto the bed, groaning slightly from the sudden weight being exerted on it. My belly filling a large portion of my lap, I wrap my arms and legs around it, feeling its tight expanse pulsate beneath me, even now, still growing slightly.

The two maids watch as I lay there for a few minutes before the food coma takes hold, flopping to my side, my belly protruding to the side and my head sinking into the pillow. I fall asleep for a food nap.