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Contains: *Weight Gain, Stuffing, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Blood by the Pound

Elsie woke to the sound of someone calling her name and pressing a hand against her shoulder. She scrunched her eyes and rolled her tongue across the roof of her mouth, tasting the traces of frosting that lingered on her lips.

“Good morning, Miss Elsie,” Veronica said, a polite smile playing across her crimson lips.

Elsie’s morning attendant had almond-shaped eyes that occasionally turned crimson, but were currently their normal hazel. Jet black hair hung like a curtain around her heart-shaped face. Though she appeared to be nineteen, Elsie knew Veronica died in the mid-seventies.

“Morning, Veronica.”

“Are you ready for breakfast?”

Elsie nodded, thrusting her arms forward to sit up. Faster than Elsie could blink, Veronica’s small hands were on her shoulders. She held Elsie upright with one hand while she rearranged the pillows with the other. When Elsie came to the manor at eighteen, she was only slightly overweight. Thick, just shy of chubby. It was enough for her to catch the eye of Lady Lavinia and land one of the coveted cattle jobs.

But in the second year of Elsie’s twelve-year employment, Lady Lavinia offered her cattle an optional bonus. Instead of their standard rate of pay, any of the young human women housed and employed in the manor could choose to be paid based on their weight. A woman weighing one hundred and fifty pounds would earn the standard rate, but Elsie, a mere fourteen months from her thirtieth birthday and forced retirement, sometimes felt like she carried that much in her bra alone. She could still move around unaided, but getting out of bed was far easier with the help of an incongruously strong vampire.

Once Elsie was sufficiently propped up, Veronica settled a tray table on the bed. It was more of a small table than a tray, its legs long and spread wide enough to raise the flat surface above Elsie’s large belly and ponderous chest. The young vampire filled the tray with items from a rolling cart beside the bed: a quart-sized mug of coffee loaded with whole milk and sugar, topped with whipped cream, flaky biscuits with a pot of jam, and a stack of pancakes reaching for the ceiling.

While Elsie ate, Veronica perched at the edge of a wooden chair, hopping up to replace or refill plates as she emptied them. There was a time when Elsie could barely keep down more than five pancakes, but her appetite had grown in step with both her waistline and bank balance.

It took nearly an hour for Elsie to empty the breakfast cart. Veronica set the table aside and rolled the cart, now bearing nothing but empty dishes, away from the bed. "Would you like to rest now, or shall I help you down to the library?"

Elsie let her head loll against the pillows, hands resting on the taut dome of her upper belly. She wanted nothing more than to lie back down and sleep off her massive breakfast, but the next chapter of her latest draft was calling her name.

"The library, please."

"Very well, Miss. Don't forget that she's asked for you tonight."

"Oh, right. Thanks for reminding me. Don't worry, I won't work too hard."

Veronica nodded, and Elsie began the laborious process of climbing out of the bed. She heaved a leg wider than Veronica's hips out from the covers and then the other. Her bed was once solid hardwood, but had been replaced with a reinforced steel frame that nevertheless creaked its protest as Elsie pressed both palms to the mattress, shifting her backside toward the edge of the bed.

Suddenly, Veronica was beside her, draping Elsie's arm over her shoulders like a feather boa. Her knees trembled even more than Elsie's as they worked together to lift Elsie to her feet. Not that Elsie could see her feet, much less her knees. They would have vanished below her belly years ago if her breasts weren't already blocking her view downward. Though she didn't need to breathe, Veronica let out gentle panting gasps as she held Elsie upright. On any other day, her servant would have had the benefit of *un petit coup*, a tiny sip of Elsie's blood to bolster her strength. But today, every drop was spoken for—it belonged to *her*.

Elsie leaned back, shifting her center of gravity between her generous backside and her considerably heavier front. "Do you want to go get some blood and come back?" She panted.

"It's alright, Miss. I can manage."

"If you're sure."

"Quite sure."

Elsie took one ponderous step, then another, her equilibrium shifting each time and threatening to send her crashing to the floor. With Veronica in her weakened state, Elsie was much less mobile than she'd believed. Was she really getting too big to walk on her own? No, she told herself, it was simply the extra weight of all that breakfast throwing off her balance. Once she retired, she'd have no problem slimming down. She already had enough money saved that she wouldn't have to get another job for at least a few decades. With all that free time and not being constantly supplied with rich food, she could go to the gym every day. Well, maybe not *every* day. She'd be busy getting her novels published, after all.

With Veronica as her walking stick, Elsie made her way down the corridor, around the gallery, and to the top of the grand staircase. A second vampire, Lisbeth, waited for them there. Elsie didn't know if the servants had planned this or if Veronica had somehow called for Lisbeth's help. The vampires often seemed able to communicate without speaking. Lisbeth positioned herself under Elsie's other arm, and the three of them began their descent.

"Have you fed today?" Lisbeth asked.

Veronica shook her head, though Lisbeth couldn't see her past Elsie's bosom.

"This would be much easier if you did."

"It is her night."

Lisbeth sighed. "There are twenty-four other women from whom you could drink."

"I'll be fine."

Step by arduous step, the trio descended. Elsie felt the contents of her stomach rock forward and back with each footfall, her breasts swaying to and fro, mere inches away from slapping Veronica or Lisbeth in the face.

With the staircase behind them, Lisbeth left to see to her own human. Alexa, Elsie thought, or maybe Lyssa. She knew all of her coworkers, of course, but mostly preferred her own company.

The library was empty save for Amel  , who was reading quietly in a wingbacked chair upholstered in red velvet. The blonde was Lady Lavinia’s smallest employee—Elsie guessed the girl weighed less than her tits, maybe less than just one. Despite her clear preference for abundance, it seemed their patroness occasionally sought variety. Amel   glanced up as Elsie waddled into the library, giving her a small nod before returning to her book. Veronica helped Elsie to her desk, a low table set in front of a small couch. The vampires had forbidden Elsie from using chairs after the third one collapsed under her.

Over the next few hours, Elsie worked at a laptop computer. There was no connection to the outside world, of course, but she had reference materials and a collection of nearly a dozen novels in various states of draft and revision. Some days, Amel   helped her brainstorm plots and characters or read a draft to offer feedback, but Elsie’s current work in progress wasn’t ready to be seen just yet.

While Elsie worked, Veronica popped in and out of the library to replace or replenish the supply of snacks on the small table beside her. Chocolate-covered cherries, cookies, candied fruits, and even a plate of meats and cheeses vanished between her lips as Elsie read, and thought, and typed.

The snack table had been empty for nearly twenty minutes when Veronica broke Elsie’s flow state to wheel in another cart with her lunch. The vampire asked the silent question with her eyes, and Elsie nodded. Veronica moved the laptop aside and filled the table with food, roast beef sandwiches cut small and stacked high with a punch bowl of cheddar and broccoli soup. These were followed by baked potatoes smothered in butter, cheese, and bacon, and two entire fruit tarts for dessert.

Still somewhat full from breakfast and having added a steady stream of bites to the mountain of food inside her, Elsie hardly needed more to eat, but she tucked into the meal eagerly. One mouthful at a time, the small feast was laid low as Elsie filled her stomach until it twinged with pain.

When the last bite of tart passed her lips, Elsie leaned back against the couch, massaging her drum-tight belly with one hand and reaching for the laptop with the other. Veronica shook her head.

“You should rest, Miss. And no dinner tonight, remember?”

"Fine," Elsie sighed.

"Shall I help you to a napping room?"

Elsie shook her head, instantly regretting the motion as her day's indulgence threatened to reappear. Moving from her couch felt about as appealing as going for a jog. Veronica drew the table away and replaced it with an ottoman, hefting each of Elsie's feet to rest on its cushioned top. Within minutes, Elsie slipped into a literal food coma.

"Miss Elsie..."

When she forced her eyelids open, Elsie stared into the crimson eyes of Scarlet, her evening maid. The redheaded vampire was French Canadian and had been twenty-seven for over a century.

"It is time."

Elsie's middle ached to be filled, but it was drowned out by tingling, giddy anticipation. No rendezvous with a mortal, regardless of gender, would ever match the ecstasy awaiting her.

She offered Scarlet her arms, and knew from the ease with which the vampire heaved her to her feet that Scarlet didn't share Veronica's prim pride. Elsie also felt less burdened than she had that morning, though not as much as she expected. She let Scarlet help her walk out of the library and down to the throne room.

The title had become a misnomer, as Lady Lavinia rested on a bed of cushions covering the floor. Elsie only saw her employer on the nights when Lavinia fed from her. She'd watched with fascination over the past ten years as the lady grew ever larger. When Elsie came to the manor, Lavinia had a svelte, if voluptuous figure. Thinner even than Elsie herself had been at the time. Now, the vampire's body was as plushly ripe as Elsie's, with two exceptions. Whatever mysterious magic allowed Lady Lavinia to grow as she glutted herself on blood, the majority of the excess settled in her alabaster bosom. Swathed in crimson silk, Lady Lavinia's breasts reached both sides of the room, quite literally filling the large chamber with her sanguine glory.

Across a sea of pale undead cleavage, Lavinia's ruby lips parted in a broad grin that revealed glimmering fangs. "Elsie... my favorite."

Elsie arched an eyebrow. "I bet you say that to all the cattle."

Lavinia tilted her head with a quick glance upward. "Perhaps, though in your case, I truly mean it. Such an impressive bosom—" She rested an ivory palm on each slope of her own enormitude "—relatively speaking."

"I try."

"Indeed. If you weren't so delicious, I should think you were trying to bankrupt me."

Elsie shrugged. "Just making the most of the opportunity."

"Quite. I daresay your appetite surpasses that of most vampires I've known."

"But not yours."

"No, indeed not." Lavinia's vermilion irises glowed with desire. "Come to me, my hungry one."

There was a time when Lavinia could feed from Elsie in the posture of lovers, she on the vampire's lap, two plump sets of breasts pressed together, the occasional meeting of nipples driving both to ever higher peaks of pleasure. They were both far too large for that now.

Scarlet helped Elsie into a harness suspended from the ceiling. The more diminutive of her coworkers could simply crawl around or over Lady Lavinia's form to offer themselves, but the greedier ones were put in the harness. Elsie's chest swelled with pride whenever she was strapped into it, knowing it had been installed specifically for her. Scarlet heaved on a pulleyed rope, and the thick canvas sling tightened against Elsie's belly as she rose from the floor. The vampire grunted with the effort, and in a blur of motion, a second vampire was beside her, drawing the rope downward.

Elsie hovered over the expanse of Lavinia's pale breasts while the vampire attendants used more ropes to draw her forward. Her own breasts swayed, dangling free and bare above the sling. Though nearly twice the size of her head, they looked

tiny with the lady's cleavage filling her view. As Elsie was slowly lowered, her bare breasts met Lavinia's hands first. She stroked and caressed, murmuring her appreciation.

When she was nestled in the vampire's cleavage but still supported by the harness, Elsie's descent stopped. The ropes were tied off, and Lavinia set to work. She kissed and teased, lavishing Elsie's breasts with praise. Her every touch sent tingles of gentle electric current across Elsie's skin. Her body blazed, and she buried her fingers in Lavinia's raven locks, pulling the vampire's face into her chest with aching need.

As Elsie felt her pleasure reaching its crescendo, two bright stabs of pain lit just above one nipple. It had been her suggestion, several years ago. The blood flow was more of a seeping trickle than the torrent of an artery, but Lavinia delighted in the challenge. It also prolonged the experience for them both, drawing out their satisfaction to fill every possible second.

Elsie screamed as she came, every suckle and tug of Lavinia's lips and tongue sending waves of fire and frost through her body. The power, the very life, drained from her and into Lavinia's mouth. Barely audible beneath Elsie's thrashing, endless climax, a gentle creaking filled the chamber as the vampire's breasts swelled imperceptibly larger.

When the edges of her vision grew dark, and she could feel her end drawing near, Lavinia's fangs and lips released Elsie with a soft pop. She collapsed on top of the vampire for half a moment before the harness drew her aloft, limbs dangling and head spinning. Lavinia let out a satisfied moan, running a finger across her lips to savor the last drops of Elsie's blood.

"You are more delicious every time I taste you, sweet Elsie. One of these nights, I may be unable to stop myself."

Elsie sleepily mumbled, "You wouldn't do that. Just think how good I'll taste next time."

The vampire's eyes blazed. "Indeed. Keep eating, my dear. Grow as big as you can, you're worth every penny."

Elsie nodded, fighting to keep her eyes open.

Lady Lavinia watched as Elsie was lowered to the floor, two of her progeny carrying the sleeping form from the throne room. So much, and so good, and yet...

"Bring me another."

Scarlet's head whipped around. "Mistress?"

Lavinia waved a dismissive hand. "The little one, Amelie. She'll make a lovely after-dinner mint."