Elizabeth Albescu was the local voivode of a rural county located somewhere in the Northern part of Yndyre, and she had held her position for a very, *very* long time.

And those were the most concrete facts that anyone under her governance could tell their children when they spoke of her.

Just as it had been for generations.

For those under her thrall, either through employment or other more insidious means that will come to fore shortly, Lady Elizabeth’s mysterious reputation among the villagers was a quaint but utter misrepresentation of the tall, imposing creature whose shadow loomed over their lives.

The serving staff live in her castle full-time, as did her other guests and relatives. And while they lived under her roof, they lived by her rules. Which meant that everything was to be as perfect as possible.

She ran her home just as she ran the rural county. Just as she wanted the economy to operate smoothly and her taxes to be paid, she expected nothing but full adherence to the rules and order that she had set as the Lady of the house.

There were to be no buttons out of place, wrinkles in the sheets, or so much as a drop of blood left on the floor after dinner.

In the generations that she had served as the local governance, she had yet to have encountered a team of servants that were truly up to her expectations. But that hadn’t stopped her from trying to enlist people for her various services throughout the years.

There were those townspeople whom she hired in the standard sort of way—paying them well enough that they could hardly afford to refuse the offer to come and clean her chambers, even if it had meant giving up whatever meager life that they’d had at home.

But then there were those that she plucked from the streets, in the dead of night.

Over the many, many moons that she had witnessed in her lifetime, Lady Elizabeth had steadily acquired a small larder of unsuspecting townspeople that were kept in the lower chambers of the castle to be bled. In her quest for perfection, she often experimented to see which combinations and mixtures of blood would satiate her palate. And though she had yet to find the *perfect* taste, she had done better than most in her position.

Those few that were neither suitable for placement on the serving staff or were not fit for the larder were selected for other, more carnal purposes.

Maria, Justina, and now Anca had been selected for those reasons almost exclusively.

First had come Maria. Her relationship with Lady Elizabeth went back more than fifty years—she had once been a mere servant in her castle before they’d enjoyed a torrid love affair. On her thirtieth birthday, when (in the same youthful folly that had made her succumb to such passion in the first place) she had asked Lady Elizabeth to Change her so that they could be together forever.

Justina came not long after that.

Once upon a time, she had merely been a pretty girl from the village in the furthest part of Lady Elizabeth’s domain. In a rare retreat out to the furthest part of the countryside, Lady Albescu had seen her riding late one night and become immediately entranced by her beauty. Younger than Maria’s now frozen age at one and twenty years, Justina was the dark-haired beauty that Lady Elizabeth had brought home on impulse one night. Not more than a week later, she had been Changed like Maria before her—an action that she would spend many years defending to her understandably upset concubine.

For a long, long time that was simply the thick of it. Lady Elizabeth Albescu had two gorgeous women whom had been turned to suit her pleasures, and they were just as content to fight for her attention as they were to scheme amongst themselves. The Lady divided her time as well as she could between them (though at times, she did intentionally play favorites out of some petty spite) and in return her two lovers would spend their eternity and immortality bickering amongst themselves out of jealousy.

Petty insults, intrigue, and the occasional mauling had been the way that they had conducted themselves whenever Lady Elizabeth wasn’t around—and it had taken some fifty years of frozen maturity for them to come together and unite against a common enemy.

Despite her pledge never to bring another woman into their bed, Lady Albescu had grown quite fond of a noblewoman’s daughter from somewhere technically outside of her jurisdiction. And rather than break the law to *return* her to her home land, it had been so much easier to Change her as she had Maria and Justina before her.

Anca had been nothing like the other two women who had caught Lady Elizabeth’s eye. She was round-faced and brown haired, with plain, peasant features and big eyes. She looked more like a girl than a woman, though the Lady had told them that she had been older than Justina when she’d been turned. Such a dissonance between their looks (at least Maria and Justina had noble features) and the dismissive justification that their Lady “needed to try something new” had created an uproar in the Albescu Castle the likes of which no one had ever seen before or since.

But in a move that nobody could have foretold, the introduction of a third bedmate had united those who were bitter romantic rivals. Fifty years of squabbling, two score and a decade of catty bickering had been set aside in the name of getting one over on the new girl.

And after a few months of taking out their frustrations physically (and trying *really* hard to undermine that whole “immortal” part for other vampires) Justina and Maria had come to the decision that they knew exactly what to do with this commoner.

If Lady Elizabeth wanted something different, the dubious duo reasoned, then she would have something different.

Lady Albescu’s three concubines had gathered together to see her off on what was to be a long stay in another part of the land.

Elizabeth did as she always had. She instructed the servants how they were best to care for her lovers, and told everyone that it wouldn’t be too terribly long before she returned. Within any official governing capacity, she had left her adjunct in charge, but for matters pertaining to the servants and such matters apart from the wellbeing of her realm, Maria had been named defacto Lady of the Castle during Elizabeth’s absence.

“At least she can recognize those unsightly wrinkles that you try to hide mean you’re older and wiser than the rest of us.” Justina said as she powdered her nose in the face of a silverless mirror, “The oldest among us really *should* be in charge.”

Maria glowered at her romantic rival, her lips (and yes, small laugh lines) creasing into a tight gray frown.

“And here I thought we were here to discuss domestic matters rather than hurl barbs at one another.”

“Just making sure to keep you sharp in your old age.”

“Mhm. Delightful.”

How well they would work together was debatable, but it was undeniable that, with their collective cunning, they could easily pull one over on poor unsuspecting Anca…

The idea had come to Maria during one of her many hate-fiilled observatory sessions, watching Anca from afar as she went about her business. Freshly Changed, she had yet to have adapted to many of the customs, traditions, and urges that both senior members of Lady Elizabeth’s harem had become accustomed to.

It was a desire that all members of the Changed felt—the need to suck the essence out of those who were left as God had made them. Regardless of how well any member of any clan could control it, they all *felt* it. Given time and adequate feeding, it was expected that those same members would adjust and grow out of the desire to suck every living thing dry.

Time that Anca clearly hadn’t had, as she eyeballed what still-living servants toiled in the castle to keep Lady Elizabeth in such finery.

Maria had watched as Anca’s big brown eyes ran up and down every vein that she could find, positively salivating and licking her cold gray lips as she fought back the urges that came with her new station in unlife. If Lady Elizabeth hadn’t happened around the corner, Maria was sure that the staff would have been one maiden short before the end of their interaction…

“It would be a shame if a certain newly changed member of our clan couldn’t control her appetites.”

“She’d swell up like a tick if Lady Elizabeth wasn’t there to help her temper those desires.”

And nobody wants to make love to a big, fat tick, do they?”

“It would certainly dissuade Lady Elizabeth from bringing home any more bedmates for us, wouldn’t it?”

The two of them were absolutely incorrigible as they hatched their plan to get back into their lady’s good graces. Pit against one another, they were formidable. But working together, Maria and Justina were almost as clever as the woman who had turned them into what they were—

And Anca wouldn’t have any idea what hit her.

\*\*\*

The general idea behind the idea of Lady Elizabeth’s larder was that it offered a vast wealth of different tastes that could appeal to any guests or particular moods that she might have found herself in during a feeding.

To anyone not among the Changed, it was a horrible sight—and it is for this reason that, in respects to keeping our story light and our protagonists relatable, details will not be shed for fear of rightful revulsion amongst those readers who are not similarly Changed.

But suffice it to say, Lady Elizabeth’s larder was an unholy spice cabinet that had something to offer most anyone.

Anca was still young and changed—she had not yet learned what she liked, and still struggled with reigning herself in once she found a flavor that she favored.

It was the duty of her senior bedmates to help her along in this journey of self-discovery.

“Try this one, Anca~”

Dinners at the Albescu castle were lavish affairs for the living. But for those who were gray of skin and cold of veins, food offered no satisfaction to them. To most of those among Lady Elizabeth’s ilk, and this included her concubines, a single cup of blood was enough to satisfy a proper Lady of the Night. The men would occasionally drink two or perhaps three (there were a lot more fat men in unlife than there were fat women) but restraint was generally advised for a variety of reasons.

In the wild, it had meant that their kind could move beneath the suspicion of the townspeople whom they preyed upon.

And in high society, it helped to ensure that they could keep their appetites in check when around the living—enough to keep up the masquerade to those not aware that they were conversing with the undead.

But as someone who hadn’t quite mastered the art of controlling herself around a glass of freshly bled essence, swirling around in a wine glass, Anca viewed the options laid out for her by Justina and Maria as a veritable buffet, the likes of which she hadn’t been able to enjoy since she were alive in the more traditional sense.

“This one came from a stableboy…” Maria handed Anca the goblet and tilted it back for her, “…from France. Meanwhile compare it to this one…”

Another goblet, full of a seemingly identical substance but (to their advanced sensibilities for such things) entirely different in make and composition.

“*This one* came from a Belgian baker.”

“Lady… Lizbth…” Anca panted, her stomach round and taut as it pressed hard against her corset, “Hssch a… *vast* supply…”

Justina chuckled mirthlessly as she watched the drum-tight dress bulge to the shape of her ballooning belly, dark red eyes flitting knowingly from the shape of her junior concubine to that of her senior. Neither of them had guessed that she would have been able to stomach so much essence from the living—this was quite literally the most of the stuff that they had seen out at once, and also the most that any member of their ilk had been able to consume it! Watching her huff and puff as she struggled with the social politics of refusing a direct order from her betters, Justina and Maria could hardly keep up the charade over poor Anca!

“I—” Anca hiccuped, punch drunk from her own indulgence, “—I thnkve had enough…”

“Nonsense, you simply *must* learn the basics of taste if you’re ever going to last in high society, sweetie.”

“I guess you’re right…” Anca reclined sickly as she struggled to get comfortable, “Can we… maybe… take a break though?”

“Of course—we’ve got all eternity, after all.” Maria helpfully answered with a haughty, hollow chuckle as she held another glass to the younger woman’s lips, “Finish off another glass though, love—Lady Elizabeth would be so upset if she knew that I had already poured one and let it go to waste…”

\*\*\*

The initial plan all but required actively sabotaging Anca’s perception of just how much she needed to sustain herself. Her being relatively new to the condition, outside of just a few months, meant that she was more or less voracious already—it was just a matter of steering her towards the kinds of indulgence that would wreck that pretty little figure of hers, as well as make a significant dent (though not so significant that Justina and Maria would starve) in the cache that Lady Albescu would be tempted to throw her out.

Treating her to everything that her cold gray heart could want was one thing. But getting her to indulge *herself* was another entirely. Maria and Justina spent weeks lowering her inhibitions by effectively allowing her to gorge herself at their insistence and encouragement, hoping to expand her appetite to the point where she would simply continue to drink herself round whenever they weren’t around.

And it worked—Anca’s willpower very quickly faded to the point where she had to be accompanied around the maids and servants around the castle, lest she bleed them dry. She was also given three daily feedings instead of the standard one. Banking on old habits formed when she was unchanged, Justina and Maria were hoping to help edge her into the idea that she needed to feed just as often as the average mortal, when in reality her body could live off of just a cup of the stuff for at least a day or two with no ill-effects.

Once someone was Changed, their bodies retained the essence of those mortals drained to feed them like those same mortals retained excess amounts of food; excess consumption meant that same whether you were alive or dead—gluttonous members of their ilk got fat just the same as those that they fed on, albeit at a somewhat accelerated pace.

In just the span of a few weeks, Anca was filling out of her fancy dresses and too round to fit into her leather corsets—gray flesh bulged every which way as she slowly grew from the middle out into a pudgy, pot-bellied blood sucker!

“The castle halls… hff… seem to go on longer than I remember…”

Anca could no longer sweat, nor could the blood travel up from her belly and into her cheeks. But Maria and Justina’s mousy third looked every bit as tired as she felt. Her fat little feet ached after such a long trek across the castle—she’d never been this far into the grounds, even when she’d explored the place after first being changed. Just how big *was* this place?

“Yes, but I’d like to think that it was worth the walk.” Justina said, running her hand down Anca’s fleshy back, “You’ve been to the larders before, haven’t you?”

Anca, having not been among the unholy long enough to become desensitized to the horrible sights that awaited anyone in the Albescu larder, shivered at the recollection.

“Y-Yes…” she squeaked out, “B-But—”

“It’s rather ghastly, yes.” Maria nodded in solidarity, hooking her arm underneath Anca’s and steering her to the right, up a flight of stairs, “I understand why you may try to avoid coming out this far...”

“It must be hard for you to really understand the true difference between Us and Them.” Justina said with a sagely nod as her heels clicked against the first stone step, “It’s alright, I was much the same when Lady Elizabeth brought me under her wings.”

Anca shrunk slightly into herself as she felt the stroke of Justina’s cold hands slow, her muscles aching after a trek through castle grounds and now being forced to climb stairs on top of it. She was breathing hard and ragged by the time that they reached the upper floor.

“But if it makes you feel any better—” Maria and Justina were unaffected by the flight, “Not *all* of the cattle that reside in the castle larder are treated poorly. The upper floors are where Lady Elizabeth keeps some of her favorite vintages.”

It was a little known fact at the time, but has since become quite common among those in the proper circles, that what the host was fed before their letting affected the taste of their crop. In the days where those who do such things were still draining passers-by in a sort of unholy Hunter Gather stage, this fact was privy only to the richest and most accomplished members of the Changed, such as Lady Albescu.

Those who could afford to have things like larders, where their humans…

Well…

Those who could afford to keep their supply line alive and producing blood were able to discern this fact unlike their more common counterparts. Lady Albescu prided herself on having the most diverse stock in the land, and she was quite right for it!

However, more intricate and diverse flavors meant that they had to be fed special diets—those who were selected for such roles were kept apart from the herd in their own private chambers.

Much like the ones that lined either side of the hallway that Justina, Maria, and Anca loomed outside of.

“Behind these doors are some of the most *delicious* blends that our Lady has to offer.” Justina said with a delicate wave of her hand, “In some cases, literally *years* of work has gone into them.”

“And they’re… not…”

“Oh heavens no—” Maria paused, “—Er, not most of them anyway.”

“Yes, happy cattle produce better beef. Did you know that?” Justina steered Anca down the hall, “It’s much the same with the unchanged.”

Much like the walls in the rest of the castle, those separating the rooms that housed the enigmatic few that were kept apart from the larger herd of mortals were too thick to hear anything discernable. However, as the three of them approached a door to the south side of the hall, the unmistakable sounds of eating could be made out from behind the thick wood and stone.

“And there aren’t many that are happier *or* produce better stock than Mihaela…”

As the great oaken door creaked on its cast iron hinges, the visage of an utterly massive woman came into view. Propped on the lavish rug with copious pillows surrounding her like some great Eastern display, the occupant of this room was easily the largest person that Anca had seen when she was alive or after she’d slid into unlife.

“See for yourself.”

Mihaela was, once upon a time, a mere farmer’s daughter who had a penchant for eating too much and too often before dinner time. Sweet but naïve, she had been all too happy to accept the call to work in the Albescu Castle as a chambermaid, completely oblivious to the real reason why Lady Elizabeth had chosen her to come to her estate.

In another life, she might have joined the others in the cellar. But her blood had been so rich and sweet from the start that it set itself apart from almost anything else that Lady Elizabeth (at the time) had experienced!

Years of feeding her a strict diet of nothing but the heartiest foods, rich in juices and full of flavor, had transformed her into a massive pile of woman. Legs so thick that just one must have weighed twice what one of the Albescu concubines did twice over, with a vast stomach that pooled onto the carpet beneath her. Her arms were so swollen and flabby that they puddled against her sloping breasts, and stretched out they looked almost comically small.

Her pretty face was beset in a ring of cheek, chin, and neck meat—the occasional dark, freckle-like mark a sign of her true purpose within castle walls.

“Good evening, Mihaela~” Maria purred as she took the first step inside of the pen, “We have someone that we’d like you to meet.”

“You don’t know Anca, do you?” Justina added on pleasantly, pushing the smaller vampire tummy-first towards the half-ton of woman, “She is one of Lady Elizabeth’s most recent acquisitions—another member of the *senior* palace staff.”

Mihaela huffed and puffed out a breathless response, the act of being propped upright seemed to leave her winded. As she joked, her jowls jiggled and her many folds creased as if in just as many smiles. Her hands, just short of being useless, traveled up and down her rolling hillside of a figure as she paused what had been a monumental dinner.

Even this far away, it was evident to anyone who had sampled her wares that Mihaela was the source of the sweet blood that Anca had become particularly enamored with—even with her untrained nose, she knew that this woman was a veritable well of orgasmic flavor…

“What do you think, Anca?”

“Wh-What do I what?”

“Would you mind making sure that she gets drained properly today?” Justina repeated, “After all, her stock has been a *favorite* recently, and supply *is* running low…”

Maria couldn’t help but cast a pointed glance at Anca’s bulging gut. Mihaela’s essence was more or less suited to dessert for a reason—it was to the Changed as cake was to mortals. Delicious, light, and fluffy… but incredibly fattening.

Anca had been lapping it up like a dog in Summer without realizing that certain sorts of blood were best enjoyed in moderation, with Maria and Justina making sure that she enjoyed at least a full cup of the stuff per meal. They both knew firsthand how delicious it was, and they were taking their romantic rival straight to the source…

“This’ll be the first time that you’ve drained anybody, correct?” Maria’s low contralto tickled in Anca’s ear, “It’s a *very* important job… at least, if you want to make sure that there’s enough for all of us to enjoy.”

“The ones up here only get bled every so often so that we can keep them healthy.” Justina pat Mihaela on the crest of her ocean of stomach, “And we figured that since you’re going to be here with us, you should learn the basics…”

“And of course, the benefits.” Maria happily added, “The bleeder is always allowed a little bit off of the top…”

While the other three women laughed about it being Anca’s first time, the smaller vampire was busy licking her lips at the chance to taste some more of what had quickly become her favorite treat.

“If you do a good job, we might let you be her personal bleeder.”

“It sure is a chore between the two of us—we’d be happy to let you take care of her, if you’re up to it…”

\*\*\*

Maria and Justina had been expecting a more challenging solution for their little problem with Anca, but almost as soon as they had placed her in charge of letting the blood from the fattest human in the stable, all hope of her ever resisting her appetite ever again.

She seemed to be getting rounder by the day, absolutely testing the limits of literally every dress that Lady Elizabeth’s extensive collection of dresses could offer—often just a few days after she initially put it on!

Anca was growing into a belly-heavy tank of blood, looking ever so much like the bloody tick that they had initially envisioned when they hatched this little scheme. She was so full of blood, so ripe with the essence of the living, that color was actually beginning to return to her cheeks whenever she got winded from lugging her bloated body around.

With her hunger growing by the day, pushed to further heights of gluttony by the two senior-most members of Lady Elizabeth’s harem, Anca was having trouble controlling herself around anything that even vaguely offered a taste of essence; the urge to Let every servant that passed her by during her day was becoming so strong that she didn’t know if she could contain herself!

Luckily they were all a fair bit faster than her now, which had probably saved a few of their lives…

But regardless, ample Anca was saddled with an appetite that was rapidly outgrowing her ability to control—to the point where she had been contemplating going out on a hunt of her own, disregarding the usual rule of members of her station among the Changed folk to satisfy it!

“Just a quick little hunt…” Anca mumbled, loopy with hunger, as she grabbed her cloak, “I’ll fly out, grab a farmgirl somewhere, and then fly back—in and out, no more than an hour…”

Anca toddled tummy-first towards the large window laid into the wall, great middle sloshing from side to side as she panted her way over. She gripped either side of the window with her sharp nails and hoisted her leg up with a mighty ‘OOF’

“It’s… a little tight…”

Anca could feel the stone sides brush against the flanks of her flabby gut, squishing against her meaty side rolls as her lovehandles proved to thick to grant her clearance through the opening…

“Al… most…” Anca wriggled and writhed, her arm meat bulging over the sides of the window as she tried to force her way through, “Got… it…”

Eventually, she popped free—though the force of her weight forcing through caused her to “fall” more than “fly”. Inexperienced as she was with the art itself, and adding into the fact that she was several hundred pounds heavier than the last time that she tried, and Anca was left tumbling down several stories, only to land flat on her back with her belly high up in the air.

If she’d been anything other than a member of the undead, it surely would have killed her.

But instead, it had simply hurt. A lot.

Cursed with unlife or not, Anca could still hurt herself. And her legs felt awfully sore after such a fall. With her enhanced durability, she could safely say (just by looking) that they weren’t broken. But she knew that there was no way she’d be able to get that kind of altitude again to take off—she wasn’t even sure that she wanted to!

But that did little to change the fact that she was still so incredibly hungry that she’d been willing to jump out of a window and fly to the nearest unsuspecting mortal, just to get her blood fix…

Anca looked around, her sad red eyes glowing softly in the moonlight as she whimpered to herself over not getting the essence that she so desperately craved. She was so hungry, and Mihaela wouldn’t be able to be bled for another three days at most!

She didn’t want her fellow bedsisters to know that she’d been snacking again… they were already making so many comments about her weight! And the larders…

Well… maybe she *was* desperate enough to go down into the larders…

But as soon as the thought entered her mind, it was interrupted by the sudden intrusion of a sound that she hadn’t heard since she was but a peasant—a loud, braying MOOOOO that could only have come from the castle’s farmlands…

Lady Elizabeth didn’t have much need for animals. But the still-living servants did, as did any guests that weren’t of the same affliction that the rest of the women of the castle were. It wasn’t a sprawling farm, but there were a few choice animals like chickens, goats, sheep, the occasional pig… and yes, cows.

Anca found herself licking her lips at the thought; surely they wouldn’t miss one animal, now would they? And even if they did, how could she possibly get in trouble? She was sleeping with the Lady of the castle and owner of the estate—if she was a little hungry, surely Lady Elizabeth would understand! It was just one little farm animal.

Well…

Maybe not a little one.

Somewhere, she’d heard that cows and pigs’ blood were similar to that of mortal men and women—probably from Maria or Justina. Surely they would never steer her wrong when it came to her Changed needs…

\*\*\*

Lady Elizabeth Albescu returned to her castle a far shot longer than ‘not too terribly long’.

It is rather easy to forget, in times of planes, trains, and teleportation spells that just as early as three hundred years ago a simple trek to a neighboring country could take months. Going across the continent, doing her business, and returning home was not as simple as hopping into a teleportation circle and that being the end of it. The fact that she could only travel during nightfall had only served to complicate these matters and extend the duration of her trip…

But nevertheless, she returned to her estate and the country which she governed.

“Welcome back, your grace!”

“We have missed you terribly, Lady Elizabeth!”

Seeing the two most important women in her life had meant more than Lady Elizabeth could have possibly expressed, given the relative amount of distance that she liked to keep between her and anyone that was categorically beneath her. However, a small smile did escape her cold lips as she was embraced by the *other* ladies of the house…

“Come come, so much has happened since you’ve been away.” Justina grabbed her lady by the hand, “You simply must see what Anca has been up to.”

Maria gave her junior concubine a warning look as Lady Elizabeth furrowed her brow in frustration and anger. But nevertheless, she abdicated the customary greeting of her adjutant (he had stayed up personally to greet her within her usual working hours) and followed Justina and Maria up to the residential wing of Castle Albescu.

“You said that you wanted something different for the bedroom—” Justina answered eagerly, giving far too much away with just her modest amount of exposition, “And I think that you’ll find a certain someone is far more different than when you last left her!”

The great wooden doors parted with mighty creaks to reveal Anca, taken to the logical conclusion of a newly Changed woman who had been goaded into indulging her unholy appetite at every instance.

“L-Lady Albescu!” her thick flab of neck creased as she huffed and puffed, “I-I wasn’t expecting you!”

Laying down on the vast bed that had once been able to house the three of them, Anca now took up the majority—a vast, nude, belly-heavy blob of gray and pink caught in the middle of her breakfast, with the juice from a raw steak dribbling onto the sheets.

Anca struggled to reach down and grab the sheets to cover her modesty, only for it to be in vain. She was far too big around the middle, too heavy in general for such quick movements. Her pathetic grunting was the only sound (in addition to the wooden bedframe creaking) as she fought against her urges to devour the steak that was being dangled right in front of her nose…

“I-I…” Anca huffed, “I missed you?”

The other two concubines were quite pleased with themselves—surely their lady would find such a ghastly creature repulsive. Even by their standards, she was an unholy glutton. Plainly incapable of controlling the noble appetites that were blessed unto the changed folk, Maria and Justina were sure that Lady Elizabeth would spurn her just as suddenly as she’d invited her into the bedroom!

“You’ve been quite busy since I’ve been away, haven’t you?” she asked with that air of regality to her voice, “you’ve plumped up like a prize hog in just the time that I’ve been gone/”

“Y-yes your grace…” Anca stammered, shrinking into herself as far as she would go, “I-I’ve been… a bit of a glutton lately, I’m afraid…”

To say as much was an understatement. Anca had ballooned into an absolute pile of woman. Not nearly the size of Mihaela (though she *had* diminished slightly since Anca had taken over duties of bleeding her) but still quite big, she was a glob of gray woman propped upright against the headboard of the mistress’s bed. Her vast stomach rolling out between her legs, spread wide to accommodate for their own girth, Anca was easily the second-largest being in Albescu Castle.

Justina and Maria were expecting their lady to go off at any moment. How could she not? The sheer wastefulness of someone whom was to be her trusted bedfellow was reflected in her copious and heavy rolls; she was to be as trusted as she was to have a chin!

But in leiu of a breaking speech, calling Anca out for the fact that she looked to have glutted the castle larder, Lady Elizabeth soon fell silent as a strange, imperceptible feeling flashed across her cold red eyes…

“What… what say you, your grace?” Maria ventured, “About the change in Anca?”

“I think it’s a *marvelous* gift that you’ve given me!”

To say that the other two women were dumbstruck was something of an understatement.

“Y-Your grace?”

“I told you that I wanted something different—but I had no idea that you had known that I’d been lusting after a woman of such girth for so long!” Lady Elizabeth’s voice raised to an uncharacteristically high pitch, “She must be nearing Mihaela’s size by now!”

The two senior concubines exchanged nervous glances as their normally stoic superior practically pranced over to the overloaded bed and pressed herself against the mountain of woman that had once been the youngest member of their entourage. Once she actually, physically, climbed on top of her, her arms hanging down so as to cup her fat gray flesh with outstretched hands, the two of them were certain that they were being had.

“Oh how I’ve longed to have a woman that size among my personal harem—but so few of them are able to get so incredibly large!”

A deep kiss that seemed to shock even Anca as the overjoyed overlord of their land pressed her tongue past her lips, and then more fondling, nuzzling and the like.

“You… cannot be serious, your grace.” Justina said frankly, “This wasn’t meant to be—”

“I have no doubt in my mind that you two had something to do with this; for which you will duly rewarded!” Lady Elizabeth cooed as she handled two heavy handfuls of Anca’s flesh, “Handsomely, might I add. My acquisitions in the south have leant me more essence of mortal blood than I could have possibly hoped to keep from coagulating, so I hope that the two of you are hungry!”

Another, much longer and much more dreadful gaze passed between the two concubines as they looked at Anca—who was to be an apparent precursor to their futures…