

Raf the Vampire

By: IndigoRho

There were many who would've done anything to become a powerful vampire lord, but Raf certainly wasn't one of them. Unfortunately for the rather portly hyena, he hadn't been given a choice when he'd been turned into a vampire, or when he'd managed to inherit a sizable estate and horde of obnoxiously devoted subjects. Now he was stuck with an insatiable craving for blood.

The hyena grumbled and fidgeted in his throne, trying in vain to ignore the greedy rumblings of his stomach. Unlike most vampires, Raf was not lacking in volunteers eager to sate their master's thirst. *Too* eager as far as Raf was concerned. The fact that anyone he drained completely of blood would rise again as an undying thrall likely played a role in the eagerness. An army of fanatical, pushy servants was Hell for someone who just wanted solitude.

An obese deer wearing nothing but a loincloth bowed at Raf, grinning widely. "Lord Gaines, I humbly submit myself as a sacrifice for your afternoon meal!"

Raf frowned hard upon hearing his last name; the servants were frustratingly reluctant to call him anything else. He frowned more at the deer's sheer size, though. The larger someone was the more blood they contained, which for Raf meant more weight he'd struggle to lose. Of course once his servants had realized how much blood it took to satisfy Raf they'd all dutifully bulked up to "help".

"Cool," Raf mumbled in begrudging thanks.

The deer's enthusiasm didn't waver in the least. They waddled up to the throne and offered their neck to Raf, practically shaking in anticipation. It took considerable effort for Raf to resist immediately chomping down on the deer's juicy neck; he preferred to avoid looking relentlessly ravenous *all* the time.

When Raf finally did bite into the neck both him and the deer moaned in delight. Modest sips quickly turned into greedy chugs, Raf now welcoming the warm torrent of blood. With every gulp the hyena's belly swelled, straining the buttons of his shirt. Raf was in a trance, unable to think of anything other than feeding.

The deer's moans began to weaken as he lost more and more blood, but his smile persisted. The color slowly faded from his body and his limbs went limp. His vision had blurred, his head dizzy. He could feel Raf's belly swelling into him, even vaguely heard buttons bursting off, though they sounded so distant. The sensation of filling his master brought him incredible joy.

Once every last drop had been drained from the deer Raf released his grip. His meal tumbled lifeless to the floor, a husk that would rise again in an hour even more loyal than before.

Thanks to the deer Raf's belly had ballooned outward, becoming a round ball that wobbled and sloshed. For a moment after the meal a dreamy grin remained on Raf's face, though it swiftly vanished as he came to his senses. He sighed as he looked down upon his bloated gut. Not the worst post-meal belly he'd had to deal with, but still a hassle.

The vampire's servants were guaranteed to start praising his girth—they always did when he fed—and Raf decided he'd rather not deal with them that day. After a small belch he declared his intent to retire to his room and waddled off. He blushed slightly at the feeling of his belly swaying with each step. The deer *should* have been filling, but Raf still felt the inklings of thirst. He did his best to avoid staring *too* hungrily at the other servants, lest someone notice his hunger and offer themselves up. The last thing he needed was to end up immobile—again.

Unfortunately for Raf the journey from his throne room to his bedroom was a long one. The vampire couldn't go ten feet without coming across a juicy, appetizing servant. He'd pick up his pace whenever he felt tempted, which only made the blood in his belly slosh louder.

"A moment, my Lord!"

A panda and a lemur blocked Raf's way, rather literally. From what Raf could remember they handled the crafting of new furniture for the estate. He gave them a grunt of acknowledgement and

hoped they didn't have much to say.

The pair approached, the panda continuing his conversation now that he had permission. “Wonderful! I wanted to discuss the ongoing couch-widening project, and my progress on adequately reinforcing them to handle your unbeatable posterior.”

Raf would've thought his words sarcastic had he not know they were actually one hundred percent sincere from experience. He'd learned long ago he was the only one in the estate who wasn't fond of his weight.

As it turned out, the panda had quite a lot to say about ensuring the couches wouldn't collapse beneath Raf's weight after feedings. At times the information was overly-technical, more boastful than informative. The vampire gradually blanked out, mumbling in agreement whenever it felt appropriate.

When the panda concluded his spontaneous presentation Raf snapped back to reality—only to realize he'd been holding onto something. No, *someone*. The lemur was lifeless in his paws, a faint smile on his face and two pinpricks of blood running down his neck. Meanwhile Raf's middle had expanded greatly, full of fresh blood.

Raf abruptly dropped the lemur, his belly bouncing in the process. Somehow he'd zoned out so completely he'd begun to unconsciously snack on the lemur, and of course his two faithful servants hadn't reacted at all. Even the lemur had stayed quiet while being drained, much to Raf's frustration. A little bit of squirming was all it would've took to cease Raf's snacking, but now the vampire was sporting an even rounder gut than before.

The panda picked up his drained companion and flung him over his shoulder. “Thank you for your time, my Lord! We'll make sure to have the couches finished in no time!”

Raf quietly fumed as his servant left. His mobility couldn't handle too many more boring interruptions like that.

With the addition of the lemur's blood, traveling was even slower for Raf. He felt like a water balloon, his belly cradled in both paws as he waddled towards his bedroom. There were fewer servants around, fewer temptations to swell his middle. All he had to do was turn a corner and head down a short corridor and he'd be safe.

Of course a small group of guards turned the corner before he could reach it, leading a wolf in chains.

The lead guard's eyes lit up upon seeing Raf. “Perfect timing, my Lord! We captured a vampire hunter trying to sneak into the estate, and were just about to bring him to you.”

The glare Raf gave the wolf showed his disdain, but not the true reason for it. Had the vampire hunter succeeded Raf wouldn't have had to deal with his thirst or servants anymore, but now the only thing he was about to slay was Raf's chances of losing weight.

“There'll be others, you won't escape justice forever you fiend!” the wolf said defiantly, even as he was dragged towards Raf

Ugh, if only. Raf thought to himself. He didn't want to indulge on a third course for lunch, but he knew the guards would insist on him adding the vampire hunter to his army of thralls and wasn't in the mood to argue. Sometimes he wondered who the real master of the estate was.

As the wolf continued proclaiming curses and vows Raf grumpily bit into his neck, mostly silencing him. Again Raf's belly swelled, wobbling from the influx of blood. Compared to the deer and lemur, the wolf was thankfully slim. Raf managed to suck him dry in only a couple minutes. The vampire groaned faintly as he let go of the future thrall, feeling exceptionally bloated.

“Alright, I'm—*uorrrrrrp*—heading to my chambers,” Raf said with a scowl.

The wide guard retinue stood aside, offering plenty of praise as their master wobbled past them, his massive gut leading the way. Raf felt like he could tumble over at a moment's notice, but eventually he entered his room and closed the door behind him. He slowly lowered himself onto the bed, which groaned in protest. Sprawled out, and effectively pinned down by his own blood-filled belly, Raf let out a long sigh. Being a vampire was such a pain...