

Interview With A Voluminous Vampire

By Haxcall

Hannah was a professional female weightlifter from Munich. She was a bodacious blonde bombshell with a considerably strongfat figure. Her wide frame sported a jutting, jiggly gut and a pair of thick, heaving bosoms. However, her arms and legs were very clearly muscular, though also more than a little padded, and she could easily lift a grown man over her head.

She was a local weightlifting champion who wanted to start competing at a national and even international level, however she quickly discovered that, when compared to her peers, she was nothing special and she regularly ranked in the bottom half whenever she participated in large competitions. Rather than put in the long term work to increase her lifting ability, she had decided that she would try to find an unnatural 'edge' to help get her to the top quickly. However, the already strict testing policies had gotten even stricter this year and she could face an indefinite ban from the sport if she was caught using any type of performance enhancers. She quietly looked around for a shortcut that wouldn't show up on a test and she eventually got into contact with someone in the city who claimed to be able to help her.

At a coffee shop, Hannah was to meet up with a woman named Gerta. She was a former hammer thrower who went from consistent lackluster performances to being able to compete on an Olympic level almost overnight. Her weight also exploded overnight, going up at least four dress sizes, but she was still stronger and healthier than ever before. Despite suspicious officials making her do frequent testing, she was

never found to be on any kind of banned substance. She credited her success to a secretive 'trainer' she met while on holiday in Romania but she would only tell a handful of other athletes how to meet him. These lucky few would see similar dramatic increases in their athletic ability but would all also gain weight just like Gerta and more than a few of them would retire suspiciously early in their career and relocate to Romania permanently.

After about twenty minutes of waiting, Gerta waddled into the shop and Hannah was shocked upon seeing how big the already plump woman had become since retiring from sports. She was now more than 400 pounds of unmolded fat, a disproportionate amount of it located in her heavy behind, and she was garbed in a nearly skin tight sweatsuit that failed to completely cover her rear and almost half her ass was bare. However, she moved around as if she weighed nothing, her steps unnaturally quick and graceful without any of the difficulty or exhaustion often present in the movement of obese people.

"So you know a way to help me get stronger fast?" Hannah asked as Gerta sat down in front of her, her behind needing two chairs to support her width and weight.

Gerta scanned over her intensely as she sat down at the table, as if she was trying to judge her worth, before an approving look appeared on her face.

"That I do. You need to visit a man named Baron Abraham von Bovis. He has everything you need.

"What can you tell me about him?" Hannah asked.

“He lives in a town called Lambsburg in Romania. He’s basically the unofficial king there. The townsfolk adore him and follow his every word like they’re royal edicts.” Gerta explained.

“What do I need to do in order to get his help?”

Gerta shifted uncomfortably in her seat, as if her bottom suddenly became sore.

“That’s a rather pointed question. He happens to have a... drink on his person at all times. It’s all natural, completely healthy and won’t show up on any test. His cost for accessing it differs from person to person but for someone like you, I would guess it would be your body.”

An uncomfortable look now flashed across Hannah’s face.

“So it’s like that?” Hannah said. “If that’s how it is then forget it. I want to win but I have no interest in letting some creep have his way with me.”

“Oh no, you misunderstand.” Gerta quickly elaborated. “He’s a perfect gentleman who would never force anything on anyone. He might make the offer but a firm ‘no’ is all that is required to get him to leave you alone.” Gerta explains. “And even if you turn down that offer, he’s reasonable enough to barter with you for something else.”

“That’s a relief.” Hannah said. “I’ll give him a chance but if he tries anything funny, I’m walking out and I’ll give him a blackeye if he tries getting handsy with me.”

“Very well, I’ll text you the address of the town and inform him of your intent to visit him.”

Hannah got up from the table to get ready for the trip. As she left, she glanced at Gerta and got one final look at the dump truck she carried behind her. Something she took special notice of was an odd scar on her buttocks that resembled a bite mark.

Gerta stayed and ordered some coffee and biscuits. She hadn't lied to Hannah about the Baron's affable personality but she hadn't told him about his true nature or his irresistible presence. Many aspiring athletes had given up their careers and moved to Lambsburg permanently just to be near him. In her years of service to the Baron, Gerta had always tried to send only those who seemed strong of will to him to avoid ruining the futures of potential sports stars, with her efforts bearing mixed results. She could only hope that Hannah's fierce personality would remain as strong when she met the Baron face-to-face.

While preparing for the trip, Hannah looked further into Lambsburg and Baron von Bovis. Lambsburg was a mining town, surrounded by mountains and caverns full of coal and metals. There wasn't much in the way of tourism, the mountains weren't great for hiking and the entire area tended to be foggy and overcast. Of the Baron, all Hannah could find about him was that he was a wealthy man of indeterminate age who owned most of the land, real estate and mines inside and surrounding the town.

One week after her meeting with Gerta, Hannah had arrived in Lambsburg by train. The town was rustic but still had plenty of modern stores and amenities. As she walked around the streets, the first thing she noticed was how portly the residents were. Every adult rivaled or exceeded Gerta in terms of girth, with even the smallest person having a BMI near the obesity threshold. She also noticed that the women were far fatter and bulkier than the men inhabiting the town. Not that this slowed any of them down. Even as they casually waddled around town, the bloated citizenry were more visually more active and agile than people a third their size.

Another thing she noticed was, despite the mountain town being in a relatively cold and nippy location and it being the middle of autumn, all the adult citizens were dressed like it was the height of summer. The women in particular were sparsely dressed, especially around their rears. They all wore booty shorts of varying fashions that were all nearly completely swallowed between the overflowing orbs of flab as if they were thongs, effectively meaning they always had their asses out for all to see 24/7. Something that immediately caught Hannah's attention was that on all the women's butt cheeks were bite marks similar to the one that Gerta had. It was as if they were proudly displaying these scars as some kind of mark of honor. As she looked, she could recognize a select few citizens as having been former athletes, stars who had once been on track to become household names only to retire and disappear without a trace. Now she had discovered them here, fattened to near unrecognizability as they casually went about their day.

She watched as the women waddled about their work day, hopping onto various trams and vans heading out to the mines, their heightened strength making the strenuous task a walk in the park for them. The men, on the other hand, seemingly handled the more domestic aspects, running the local shops and businesses. There were stores of all kinds dotted along the town's mainstreet, but the most prominent were the eateries. Half the buildings on main street were restaurants or food services of some kind with multiple all-you-can-eat buffets neighboring each other. As she continued her walk through the area, she saw two men in front of a bakery loading up a delivery truck with large and transparent plastic bags and containers. Inside the packages, Hannah

could just make out what looked like cookies and other pastries that were unusually red in color.

“Hurry up, I’m already late with today’s delivery!” The truck’s driver said from inside the vehicle to the men.

“Hey get off my back.” One of the men protested. “That butcher was late with his pig blood delivery. We just barely managed to finish this batch in time!”

“I don’t care. If I don’t get to the mansion soon, the Baron is going to be very annoyed with all of us!” The driver replied.

“It’s all loaded up! Give the master our regards!” The other guy filling the truck shouted.

She watched the truck drive into a mountain path into the northern part of town and in the distance she could see a large mansion looming near the top of a small mountain. She realized that this must have been where the Baron lived and called for a cab to take her there.

Upon reaching the mansion and seeing it close up, she was left stunned by the size of the building. It felt more like she was approaching a modern castle than . Guarding the front gate were two women taller, fatter and tougher than any of the townsfolk Hannah had seen up to this. They were both over six feet tall and over four feet wide, their excessively bloated frames doing little to hide impressive strength the two held or the threatening aura the two exuded upon seeing Hannah walk up to them. All that adorned their bodies in the frigid locale were crimson red v-string bikinis that covered nothing but their nipples and womanhood. Upon their rears were multiple fresh

bite marks similar to the ones Hannah had seen before, as if they had their buns chomped into on a daily basis.

“Hello, I have a meeting with the Baron.” Hannah told them.

The two looked at her with jealous disgust in their eyes. Yet another foreign waif that would take up their master’s precious attention from them. However, they were unquestionably loyal to him and had been told to let her through when she arrived.

“He told us to expect a new visitor. You may enter. His grace will meet you in the foyer.” One of the guards said gruffly.

The two stepped aside and Hannah was allowed to walk through the gates and into the main building. Once inside, Hannah was taken aback by the beautiful architecture of the mansion’s interior and all of the breathtaking paintings and sculptures.

“Welcome, my dear Hannah. I trust the journey here from Munich was an enjoyable one.” A voice behind her said in a mild but unplaceable European accent.

A startled Hannah whipped around to see who it was and she was left speechless upon viewing the mountain of a man that had sneaked up on her. He was taller and fatter than any other person she had ever met. He was near eight feet tall and must have weighed well over 600 pounds. Despite this, he was also the most handsome man Hannah had ever seen, his plumpness accentuating his to create an approachable gentleness in his looks. He was clothed in a well tailored dress uniform that, seemingly by design, hugged his unnaturally pale skin and displayed every bulge his body had and just barely managed to completely cover his massive gut. One thing was immediately apparent to her. Whatever this man was, he was no normal human.

The overwhelming charismatic and erotic energy he emitted just by existing was completely supernatural.

Hannah normally wasn't into big guys but she was immediately overwhelmed with urges at the sight of him. Just looking at him made her more aroused than she had ever been before. She stared at his belly and nearly came at the thought of burying herself in his girth.

"Baron Abraham Von Bovis at your service." He said.

"Ah yes, I... I came here because I heard you could help me with my athletics." Hannah said meekly, the tough attitude she had displayed to Gerta quickly evaporating.

"But of course. Our mutual friend Gerta has already informed me of the purpose of your visit." He said. "I'm willing to share my secrets with you in exchange for a portion of your winnings and a percentage of whatever advertising deals you manage to acquire."

He approached closer but kept a respectable distance. Even this was overwhelming for Hannah, her knees growing weak as she saw his frame jiggle with every step and got a smell of his expensive cologne.

"However, my dear, I'm happy to let you if you keep all your profits in exchange for something else: A few moments alone with your body in my bedroom. Of course, only if you're willing to allow it."

There it was. The proposal was made. All Gerta had to do was say no and that would be the end of it. However, when she opened her mouth to say it, the word was stuck in her throat. Her growing libido was overwhelming her dignity and common sense. Her lustful desires would only allow her to give one answer.

“L-Let’s go with the second idea.” She slowly squeaked out in embarrassed excitement.

“Oh? Are you certain?” He asked to confirm her consent.

“Yes!” She said with shameless eagerness as whatever resistance she had fell away.

In the blink of an eye, the entire room was filled with fog and it quickly faded and Hannah found herself lying on the soft carpeted floor of a large and immaculate bedroom. She looked behind and she realized she was sitting . Looked down at her, needing to lean forward quite deeply to see over his own paunch. Without his constraining clothes, Hannah finally saw how truly huge the Baron’s body was. His body was morbidly obese yet at the same time it was sculpted and shapely, similar to that of an weightlifter like herself. He was undeniably masculine yet his ample form had a softness that tempered any intimidation such a large and powerful physique might impose. His oversized moobs were bigger than any woman’s chest but also more attractive and manly than any chiseled chest. His massive gut, free from his tucked shirt, bulged forward from his midsection and covered most of his quads and completely hid his ‘little baron’ from view. His arms and legs looked strong enough to crush steel but also so padded and supple that a kitten could comfortably sleep his grasp.

“You just relax my dear. I’ll do all the work.” He told her.

With inhuman strength, he picked up the hefty weight lifter with all the ease of picking up a cat. He gently spun her around and, with centuries of skill, began licking and kissing her plump womanhood with expert precision. It took all of Hannah’s remaining willpower not to shriek out in an undignified manner as the Baron ate her out.

As she felt herself approaching climax, she suddenly felt the Baron's tongue retreat from her plump flower and, with no warning, she felt a set of sharp fangs bite into her right buttocks. Still consumed with arousal, the pain felt more like pleasure and she could keep herself from screaming as she came, soaking the Baron's upper chest in the process. As Hannah gasped for breath, Bovis slurped and licked up the crimson fluid slowly flowing like red wine from her buttocks. He always preferred mortals on the heftier side to feed on and encouraged the lambs of his territory to gain as much as they could to earn his favor. He could safely drain more blood from them and the high fat and sugar levels made it much more tastier. After about five minutes, Bovis knew that he had drained all he safely could from her body and ceased his feeding. He brushed his hand over the wound and healed it instantly, leaving nothing but a fresh bite scar, before placing Hannah back on the floor.

“And with that, your payment is complete.” The Baron said. “I indeed have a fluid on me that can make you a better athlete. Or rather, it's inside me.”

Hannah quickly caught on to the implication of his phrasing.

“I could just prick my fingers and let you swallow a few drops of the vitae flowing through my veins and you'll find yourself with greater strength and ability for at least three months. However, if you're willing to work for it, there's a much more... perverse but potent method for extracting the vitae. One which will enhance you much more and last for well over half a year.”

The Baron spread his legs, although his manhood was hidden by his bulging paunch, inviting his new partner to search for the chubby treasure that had been hidden from his own eyes since medieval times. Without hesitation, Hannah dove underneath

his massive gut and began the journey to find the plump pole encased within. It took almost a minute of her pushing aside his thick fat fold and fupa for her to lay eyes on his girthy, unerect manhood. The Baron exuded a sexuality beyond any mortal imagining even when fully clothed and being this close to his member caused Hannah's to explode just at the mere sight and smell of it. Outside of the flab cavern, the Baron poured himself a glass of his favorite 'wine,' grinning as he felt the familiar gyrations of a woman in the throes of ecstasy, this time without him even having to do anything.

Hannah popped her mouth onto his soft shaft and began sucking, but as the Baron said, she would have to work for it. His undead vampiric body gave him high levels of endurance and getting a physical reaction out of him would be no easy task. She slurped and teased at his shaft and sack for over ten minutes before it finally began hardening to full mast. Another ten minutes of dedicated mouth pleasing later, the Baron moaned loudly and, with a jiggle of his massive frame, he exploded into Hannah's waiting mouth, taking a full thirty seconds to drain his sack of supernatural seed. As Hannah swallowed, she suddenly felt invigorated and empowered. She felt so strong that she reckoned that she could lift the Baron himself with one hand if she wanted, but she decided not to try lest she offend him. With incredible ease, she retreated from the heavy and tight space that surrounded the Baron's nethers.

"So how was it?" He asked, slightly out of breath.

"It was amazing!" Hannah said. "I feel like I can lift a mountain!"

"Well we certainly have many outside of town if you want to try." He joked.

"Though to be frank, I cleared my whole afternoon and evening schedule to meet with

you. When Gerta told me about you, I had assumed you would only be interested in business and we'd spend the next few hours negotiating business terms and the like."

Hannah felt a ting of shame. She had come here determined to not be used and yet she had willingly agreed to allow the Baron to have his way with her, though she didn't regret letting him do it.

"I have one final offer I'd like to make you. As you can imagine, I'm quite a busy man who has many established 'associates' like you clamoring for my attention. It will be many months before I can fit you back into my schedule for another dose of my 'special serum.'" He continued. "However, since I have the evening free, would you like to spend it with me?"

"Y-Yes!" Hannah once again agreed without hesitation.

Another flood of fog filled the room and when it dissipated, she found herself sitting in the seat of a giant chair in front of an extra large TV. On her left was a table holding a massive platter of the suspiciously red baked goods she saw delivered here earlier. On her right was a multiple bottle of red wine. Seemingly from nowhere, the Baron appeared in front of her, hovering his gargantuan derriere above her.

"Unfortunately, it's around the time that my favorite programs are on and my favorite chair only has room for one so you'll have to spend it getting acquainted with my... softer side.

With cheeky aplomb, he lowered himself onto Hannah, her chunky body engulfed under the overwhelming width of his backside. Almost crushed beneath his weight and pinned between his ass cheeks, the upper half of her face poking out from the top of his bare crack was her only source of oxygen, the Baron putting in a small but skilled

amount to ensure she wasn't smothered by his hefty heinie. Hannah could hear her vampiric patron's aloof facade drop as he greedily ate and drank in front of favored sitcoms. This did little to break the attractive image he had constructed for Hannah however. If anything it made him more relatable and lovable. And his nonchalant squashing of her had awakened yet. Being crushed beneath his pale and perfect globes and being made to inhale his sweatless musk was like being exposed to a new aphrodisiac.

The Baron could feel her climax for a third time and smiled. He had thought Hannah would have been a tough nut to crack but she turned out to be the easiest lamb he had encountered in a long while. She would no doubt return to her weight lifting life but it likely wouldn't be long before she decided to retire and move here like so many before her to live under his benevolent bulk and provide him with drink and pleasure for the rest of her days.

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