

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*A vampire has awoken from a 500-year slumber. However, they're not used to the sheer fat and sugar in people's arteries nowadays and are rapidly expanding.*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## American Diets

*"Ahem!"*

Lilia's crimson eyes darted to the open doorway of her private chambers where the unwelcome sound had come from. A statuesque blonde stood watching and waiting. The combatting emotions of respect and annoyance writ plain on her face.

Lilia pushed the human off her lap. Skye was a twenty-something brunette of at least two hundred pounds. She took a few staggering steps and collapsed on the couch beside two more overweight humans passed out there.

The elderly vampire opened her mouth to run an alabaster middle finger along the edge of her lips, licking the last bit of blood off her fingertip.

Humans in this country were *delicious*.

*"What is it, Adelaide?"*

*"So sorry, Lil-er- Mistress. The council is meeting now."*

Lilia rolled her eyes in annoyance.

*"Is this the sole purpose for which you have woken me from my slumber? To dabble in petty politics?"*

*"Um... yes?"*

Lilia made a disgusted noise and pushed herself up from the leather-bound wingback chair. Adelaide's eyes went wide as she saw the near millennia-old vampire's hips catch briefly on the arms of the chair.

Lilia wore a silk dressing gown appropriately blood-hued, and a silk shift in a matching tone. She crossed the room to a standing wardrobe and flung the solid mahogany doors open. Adelaide continued to stare as the ancient one's body jiggled and shook with each annoyed step.

There was a time when vampires didn't get fat. Couldn't get fat. But over the past fifty years or so, vampires—especially the ones in American covens—learned to restrain themselves when feeding on the well-fed human populace of these modern times.

A lesson Adelaide had been unsuccessful in impressing upon the old world vampire whom she and her allies had woken from her 500-plus year slumber. Tradition and respect demanded that newly-awakened ancient ones be provided all the "cattle" they wanted. It was meant to replenish their cursed bodies from the long sleep.

Lilia's body had been replenished, and then some.

The ancient one selected a crimson gown from the wardrobe, a sleeveless number with a plunging neckline and laced-back. Adelaide tried to ignore the undignified grunting Lilia made as she slowly worked the garment up her expanded alabaster hips.

When the gown was finally high enough, Lilia slipped her wobbling arms through the straps. Adelaide breathed a sigh of relief that the ancient one hadn't chosen a gown with sleeves. Lilia pulled her ashen hair over one shoulder and spoke in an imperious tone.

"Lace me up, youngling."

Adelaide slowly worked the red leather thong through the laces, careful not to touch the well-padded flesh of Lilia's back. Multiple rolls formed over the ancient one's back as the red satin pulled tight. Twin swells of porcelain breasts bulged over the neckline as Adelaide struggled to make the laces meet over Lilia's shoulder blades.

"M-mistress?"

"What is it?" Lilia snapped.

"I... I think this one is too small..."