

Her sisters might've found it odd that she chose to be employed at a meadery rather than turn to more traditional endeavours, but for Veena, there was something mesmerizing and relaxing about tending to the flowers and beehives. Being a dryad herself, her connection to nature was already far deeper than most others, so being able to spend hours every day taking care of the plant life and the little critters whose sole task was to pollinate it was nothing short of the best job she could possibly ask for... even if dryads normally didn't ask for jobs in the first place. Still, she got to sleep next to the flowers, her sustenance came from more or less the same sources as the rest of the garden, and just as long as none of the bees got any strange ideas, she was allowed near-full access to the mead vats. It was here that an idea began forming in her mind, one that, while Veena spent a considerable amount of time and effort ignoring, eventually metastasized to the point where it really couldn't be left alone anymore, especially not when her body began to develop over time; it was no secret that those of her kind had a tendency to fatten up the more nutrients they were allowed to collect from the earth, rather than eating normally like other sentients did, hence why most dryads tried to keep their rooting periods to a minimum, if at all possible. Veena, however, had no such compunctions, especially since her employer made it clear that the plumper she became, the more customers showed up to "get a taste of the local mead", which both her and the older woman taking care of the meadery knew was complete bollocks; the dryad didn't mind though, as the extra attention she received left her feeling surprisingly good about herself, doubly so whenever she got to actually show off her engorged curves and heard (or saw) the reactions coming from the red-faced clientele. One of the more obvious consequences, however, came not with her expanded hips or thickened thighs, but rather in her bust: while other sentients might produce milk, or a similar substitute, Veena and other dryads instead had a type of nectar that was not unlike the honey produced by the bees used by the meadery to produce its stock... and that gave her ideas. A single sip of her own produce was enough to let her know that the taste was effectively indistinguishable from regular honey, even if the substance was somewhat thicker and more syrupy; and while she *had* been warned not to let the bees collect pollen from the many flowers lining her own body, there was nothing in the contract stating that she couldn't bring her *own* nectar into the equation. Granted, Veena was almost certain that her employer wouldn't appreciate her "tainting" the merchandise, but surely, if she could prove that mead made out of her own nectar was at least as good as the regular stuff, then the potential profits the meadery itself could make would *skyrocket*, especially once word got out of *how* said drinks were made! Besides, it would have a redoubled effect on a body that had already been much improved by her more sedentary lifestyle; as much as Veena liked to pretend that she was just an oblivious little plant gal who didn't know any better, waking up every morning to a slightly thicker pair of thighs or an ass that bounced ever more and more energetically was something that gave her *life*. This was to say nothing of her bust itself, which had already grown enough to cover about half of her chest and seemed unwilling to really stop; as far as Veena cared, *anything* that let her keep adding onto that gorgeous frame was a welcome addition, doubly so if she got to keep feeding off the nutrient-rich ground and just making herself bigger overall. The question, of course, was *what*; what could she possibly do, or use, or say, or

*anything* really, to help her produce more nectar than she did at that point? Much as she made more than most dryads, her bounty wasn't that far above the norm that she could afford to make whole vats of mead, which was a slight issue if she wanted to bring that up as a business opportunity; thankfully, there were plenty of people she could turn to for help, even if few of them would be willing to aid her with a goal that was so far removed from normalcy. It'd be one thing if she wanted to be able to produce more nectar for more base desires, or even purely for the sake of self-esteem, but as a business opportunity? For a dryad, that was just entirely unheard of, leaving Veena with an ever-shortening list of contacts that either refused to consider the option entirely for fear of contractual obligations, or demanded a percentage of the proceeds if the idea worked out, which just wasn't at all possible in the situation she was in. In the end, what had once been a rather lengthy line of enchanters and wizards dwindled to nothing, leaving the dryad staring at the meadery in the distance while she sat in the middle of the garden, root system deployed underneath her as she bathed in the light of the sun. There *were* other options she could take, though those weren't exactly conventional... or safe, once she thought about them; asking a professional to help change her body was at least guaranteed to give her exactly what she wanted, whereas resorting to buying artifacts from whatever second-hand store she found them in was slightly less of a safe route, even *if* she was confident in her ability to detect curses. Then again, it was either that or give up on her idea altogether, and given the sort of alterations she'd undergone, abandoning such a thought was just not possible; it was hardly even for the mead anymore, even if the dryad insisted that it was, but rather an issue of self-satisfaction: she *wanted* to be more productive, and it just so happened that this had the knock-on effect of also improving the meadery's yield... potentially, at least. Thus it was that, by her side, lying on the grass and looking entirely out of place, was a necklace; Veena had purchased it the day prior at an absolutely bargain, mostly since the shop's owner was so smitten with her from the moment she walked in that prices seemed hardly important in comparison with other, more carnal desires. The place wasn't exactly known for the quality of its stock; it was, after all, a second-hand thrift shop that mostly resold magical artifacts that their owners had no use for, hence why Veena even found something like the necklace to begin with. According to the store's proprietress, it was meant to "improve productivity" in dairy cows, though given that the sorceress who sold it to them in the first place had to keep several pads of cloth in front of a pair of nipples capping a bust wide enough to get stuck in the door, the old man could only imagine what it was *actually* designed for. Granted, he said this with a tone that made it very clear that he wanted to see Veena put the thing on in front of him, which unfortunately for him was just not going to happen; not because she didn't *want* to, but because the words "improve productivity" had left her so mesmerized by the possibilities that the dryad could barely agree to the transaction before she ran out of the store, having to turn back around to drop a bag of coins before actually leaving. She hadn't actually *tried* using it yet; though nothing would give her more pleasure than to confirm that her purchase hadn't been a bust (as opposed to just literally being one), Veena also recognized that best results could only be obtained in certain times of the day: namely, during periods of highest sunlight exposure, alongside a rooting in a nutrient-rich

portion of soil. Not that this was strictly *required*; she was more than capable of producing nectar without anything else to aid her. It just so happened that if she *did*, then the amount made would be far in excess to what she could regularly output, and if the dryad wanted to prove that her body was capable of supplanting traditional methods, then she needed all the help she could get! Lazily, Veena took the necklace from the ground beside as she sat back up, leaving her ass and legs still glued to the ground with their root network intact; she moved the small object from one hand to the other, letting its interlocked golden chains fall between her fingers and pool in one palm before changing it to the other. It was such a tiny little thing, yet it held such promise that the dryad could barely hold back whenever she stared at it; with the sun directly above her, and the underground stream particularly rich with minerals that day, there was really no reason why she shouldn't just put it on... so why not? Clipping it into place didn't really do much, though Veena didn't expect it to; nectar production was a slow and steady affair, not something that could just be rushed, hence why the sudden spike in temperature inside of her left her wide-eyed and ready to take the damned thing off. It was so sudden that she barely had time to react, and once she did, it was already clear what the effects had been; with a slight purple tinge to her cheeks, her version of a blush for someone with green "skin", Veena noticed her breasts had plumped up considerably in just a couple of seconds, and with a low, rumbling rustle, they seemed to be *growing* far faster than they usually did. The reason for this became obvious once she pushed a single finger into one and her whole body felt like it had been shocked: a thick dollop of nectar fired from her nipple, staining her left leg for just a few moments before the substance was promptly absorbed by her body... and added a couple of inches to both of her thighs, which bloated *audibly* as their constituent mass stretched out. This shocked Veena so much that, by the time she recovered, her bust had not only covered her entire torso, but it had also reached her lap *and* begun to spill over from both sides of her chest, their weight increasing with each moment it went without being emptied; it was exactly what she wanted, but... she had to try it again. Carefully, the dryad once again pushed her fingers into the softness of her nectar tanks, having to bite her tongue to keep from moaning loudly enough for everyone to hear; she didn't so much squirt as she did *gush*, enough delicious honey-like syrup firing from each teat that it could probably fill a whole tankard of ale! Not that all this nectar lasted for long, as just a few seconds were needed before it was once again reabsorbed by her legs, causing her to *bloat* considerably as both her thighs and asscheeks gained what felt like several pounds of weight *each*, leaving the dryad far more bottom-heavy than before. Getting up was, thus, far more difficult than it used to be; in between the added weight to her lower body, and the two increasingly large nectar factories attached to her chest, Veena could barely find her center of gravity before either toppling forwards or tripping backwards, just inches away from becoming immobilized by her mounting size. In the end, after a minute or so of fumbling around and nearly destroying several beehives when she got dangerously close to sitting on them, the dryad found her balance and stood there, staring at herself and unable to truly comprehend what she was seeing. The necklace, it seemed, did a number on her, and all it really had to accomplish was improve her ability to produce nectar; granted, the sweet syrup had never caused her to grow, so

that was probably a result of the enchantments as well, but... somehow, it didn't seem to really matter, not when there was such a beautiful opportunity staring her in the face. An opportunity that, on closer inspection, was rapidly growing out of control, at least if she wanted to do something with it; her chest was swelling so rapidly that it was already encroaching on her fattened thighs, leaving the poor dryad so *top-heavy* that even the enhanced rear and legs she'd given herself weren't enough to counterbalance it properly. But, surely, there was a way to fix that, wasn't there? After all, if getting nectar all over herself led to growth, then the safest way of handling it was to just drink it and keep the damned thing away from any part of her that might be capable of fattening itself by directly using its sweet, dense mass; at least, that's what made sense to Veena at that time, even if part of her was completely aware of what she was actually about to do. But first, a sip: with all her might, the dryad reached down and wrapped two arms around a single one of her breasts, the sheer size of it not even registering with her as she pulled it upwards and brought the nipple closer and closer to her mouth. She could *hear* the enormous mound sloshing, though the sounds became fainter the more it grew, the more it bloated, the more it *filled*; soon enough, it would be silent, as it was so densely-packed that there was simply no more room for the nectar to slosh *in*... exactly the way she liked it. The bud itself was so enticing that Veena almost didn't want to do anything other than stare at it: so large that it barely fit into her mouth, and leaking with so much thick nectar that it made a complete mess of her chest even before she did anything at all with it. Nevertheless, she'd lifted her tit up to drink from it, so after gulping once and setting her mind to it, the dryad moved her head forward, plugged it with her teat, let her mouth fill, and then *swallowed*. She felt the warm lump travel down her throat, then felt as it vanished somewhere halfway to her stomach; she felt as her body temperature rose again, as her tits began rumbling, and she certainly felt her arms being pushed apart when the breast they were holding up not only *doubled* in weight, but very nearly doubled in *size* as well! It happened too quickly for her to react to it: one moment she was fine, the next she had lost the battle against her own body and was kneeling down on the ground, her root system deploying without the dryad realizing it, while most of her was distracted by the sight of a pair of tits too large for her to actually life. They were as big as her, in that, if she curled up into a ball, she could probably fit inside of one, by that point gushing with so much nectar that the whole garden was completely ruined by the flood; even worse, drinking her own produce had apparently done *such* a number on her ability to make the honey-like cream that all Veena had to do was push down on her tits, on *any* part of them, for more nectar to erupt from her pores, as if she were permeable to her own supply! And while, at any other point, she might've seen this as a warning to stop and turn around, in her lust-addled state, all that Veena could think of when she pulled her hands back and saw the thick strands of amber syrup sticking to their palms was how delicious it had been when she swallowed it... so clearly, a little more couldn't hurt, could it? Plus, her hands were dirty, so why not lick them clean and savour the delicious nectar some more? Certainly couldn't be because it would lead to more growth, as that wasn't a real problem as far as she was concerned; nevermind the fact that the root system she had inadvertently created underneath her was far wider and more ravenous than any other the dryad had ever

deployed, bringing a much larger supply of nutrients towards her, and *directly* into her already-immense rear and plush thighs. Coupled with the literal handfuls of nectar that Veena so eagerly licked clean, and it was entirely unsurprising that the meadery's beehives simply ceased to be when her ass barrelled over them, along with the garden being flattened as a result of her thighs bulging so hard that she wasn't so much kneeling as lying down on herself, all-but floating atop a nectar bed of such incredible dimensions that the dryad genuinely began thinking that she was dreaming, that the whole sequence of events *had* to be a fantasy cooked up by her sleeping brain... but if that was the case, then why not keep going? She could get handfuls of her nectar just by pressing her hands against her tits and then eating what came out, growing so much more in the process that the next time she did so, she wasn't so much licking the contents of her nectar factories as she was gulping down far more than she had initially. Veena didn't even think twice when she felt her nips smash through the walls of meadery, nor when she heard the panicked screams of the proprietress when she realized what was happening; she just wanted to keep drinking her sweet nectar, for as long as her body allowed her to do so.

It was just for a small taste, after all.