

Superbloom

Twigs and foliage cushioned Myra's footfalls against the forest floor. A hefty satchel hung at her side with a careful hand holding it in place. Crossing a fallen log or hopping across one of the many chattering creeks sent the alchemist's bottles clanking. Early in the morning, sunlight was still pushing its way through the leafy canopy. Dew sparkled across the dawn scene like jewels. Breathing hard at the hike she'd endured thus far, Myra watched her exhales send clouds of vapor into the air.

She paused at a creek's edge and moved strands of brown hair out of her face. Myra hadn't expected the hike to take so long. Had she known, she would have worn something lighter. The heavy cloak and bodice were like an oven after the small trek. Tan shorts hugged her thighs in an embrace far too warm for comfort. For a moment she considered loosening the drawstring binding itself across the front of her modest breasts but thought better of it upon recalling how long it would take to cinch everything again before returning to town. A bath was going to feel heavenly when she finally got a chance to undress.

Taking her mind off her wardrobe choice, she returned to her quest.

"There's got to be one around here somewhere..."

Her green eyes scanned the surrounding trees. The forest was teeming with life and species of flora, but she had yet to find the plant she was after. Specifically, an ancient leafy giant laden with dark purple fruits twice the size of a brawler's fist.

Bubbling waters were distracting and cooled the spring air like ice. With the morning sun still on the rise, she had to squint against its glare.

Her heart leaped suddenly when her eyes focused upon something deeper in the forest.

"No way..."

A dull reflection shimmered in the distance beyond several rows of trees. Myra squeaked in excitement at the glimpse of purple. Tiredness was nothing against the excitement of finding her quarry. At a light run, she darted through the forest until her boots fell upon a section of ground churned into a gnarbled mess of roots. They led to a monstrous trunk with the appearance of melted wax. It rose to over three times Myra's height before exploding into a plume of dark greens. Heavy purple orbs dotted its branches: Plumalacta. She scanned it, tallying the find.

"Only four..." she huffed before grinning with pride. "*But we can fix that.*"

There was a time when the exotic fruit was easy to find, but centuries of alchemy had left the trees plundered of their treasures nearly to extinction. A plumalacta tree's location was among an alchemist's most closely held secrets; to reveal their find meant losing what could be their only source of the fantastical fruits. One could purchase them from a royal vendor, but Myra couldn't hope to afford such a luxury. A three-hour hike into the unmapped wilderness after a fairy's hint had been her only option.

The area was desolate. Myra was confident she was the only alchemist to gaze upon this tree in decades, if not longer. Gushing with excitement, she opened her satchel and dove a hand into its contents. It emerged moments later clutching a glass bottle of green fluid.

"I'm going to need a *lot* more than four," she explained to the tree. A cork popped from the bottle and she held it over the base of the trunk. "Don't worry; I came prepared. It's nothing a little magical fertilizer can't fix...!"

The green substance splashed over the layers of brown serpents. It shimmered on the roots' surfaces like spilled blood before soaking into the wood. Myra stopped the bottle, preserving half of her serum, and took several steps back with her head held toward the branches expectantly.

It didn't take long. The great tree rustled as if blown by a breeze. Life flowed through it with more vigor than any rainstorm could deliver; Myra's fertilizer serum was brewed to perfection. A potent aroma of grass stood as a testament to her alchemy abilities.

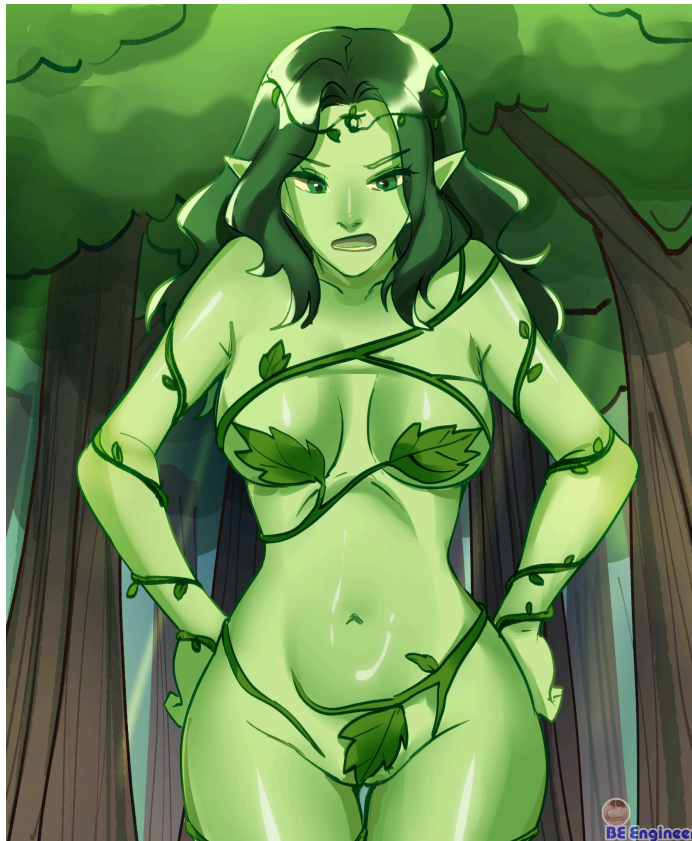
Pride welled within Myra. This was the next step in elevating her alchemy career. With a plumalacta tree at her disposal, an entirely new world of elixirs opened itself up to her whims. Coveted potions of mind reading would be hers to sell. Powerful concoctions of battle-enhancing power would fly off the shelves for adventurers. Even the local princess could be helped in her quest to better fill out her dress with plump, royal cleavage once Myra got ahold of these precious fruits. She could hardly keep her mind from wandering as she fantasized about her future.

The tree was reacting stronger now. Limb-shaking convulsions bid Myra take another step back, but she stopped short, colliding with something solid.

"What do you think you're doing?"

An unexpected voice caused Myra to shriek and stumble forward. She fell, scrambling to turn around and lean back on her hands. She looked up in terror, eyes wide. "*I-I--*"

A dryad stood over her like a giant. Myra estimated her at eight or nine feet tall. Emerald skin danced with green hair falling over her shoulders. Thick pads of moss clung to her head like decoration. With no clothes to speak of, only vines and their leaves served as her modesty. Twisting, coiling tendrils snaked themselves delicately around her body to conceal only her most intimate areas. The gentle slope of her breasts showed like green apple halves bound in place by vines across their petite softness. Several lengths wrapped between her thighs and over her crotch. Supple yet modest, the dryad's curves bulged against their woody bonds. Angry breaths forced her bust to squeeze tighter in its prison.



Even terrified, Myra couldn't help but see the forest entity as a beautiful avatar of nature.

The dryad put her hands on her hips and leaned forward to bear down. *“That’s MY tree!! What do you think you’re doing?!”*

“I--” Myra was frozen, paralyzed by the near-naked presence twice her height. She gulped and forced herself to stand. *“I’m sorry; I was only--”*

She looked down. Vines crept around her feet like tiny snakes. It took only seconds before her legs were bound. Gradually they crept higher, ensnaring Myra where she stood. Her arms were pulled above her head and tied at the wrist. *“Ah!!”* she gasped, feeling them tighten across her chest like a belt. *“I-I only needed some plumalacta! For my alchemy!”*

Anger flashed bright green in the dryad’s eyes. Her vines constricted Myra tighter. *“So you thought you would take mine?? This is MY tree! My home!! A literal PART of me!”*

Wood creaked when it tensed around Myra’s body. She squeaked, feeling her breasts struggle as they were forced to squeeze up and out of her bodice into an obscene display of displaced cleavage. Her cloak fell away from her shoulders. *“I didn’t know!!”*

“You would dare steal from a dryad’s own tree... Who do you think you--” She paused, her cheeks’ green hue darkening. The dryad’s body tensed and she straightened her back. Her attention turned downward. Aggression collapsed into anxious confusion. *“W... What?”*

Tremors ran through her figure. Her hands clenched at her sides and gasps came in short, quick bursts. Across her body her green skin was darkening.

Strrrrtch

It started ever so slowly, but the changes were noticeable within moments when applied to her lanky frame. The dryad’s curves strained her vines. Skin bulged delicately over their bonds, most prominently around her hips and breasts. Perky, diminutive mounds pushed outward into hefty assets. Each leaf growing from the vines shivered with anticipation. Their rubbing brought the dryad to squeak when they tickled her and delivered a rash of goosebumps to her flesh.

She was growing.

Strrrrrrtch

She winced, biting her lip as she stumbled back. A hand grazed her chest and cupped it out of worry. *“What... W-What did you do??”* she gasped without breath. *“Why am I growing?!”*

The sight was hypnotic. Wearing so little to start with, seeing the dryad’s body change in such sudden, intimate ways sent Myra’s heart racing with unexpected fascination. Eyes wide at the dryad blossoming before her, she confessed, *“I... I-I only poured some fertilizer on the tree! Some quick-growth formula I brewed so it could grow a few more plu--!”*

“Y-You did what??” The dryad stared with rising concern as if she could feel something taking place deep within her core. Frightening tension was spreading through her vines from flesh testing their limits.

Myra whined and pulled at the bonds holding her in place. *“I needed more fruits before I could go home! I-I didn’t know--”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh!!” Anxiety filled the dryad’s eyes when her body plumped. Inches had been added to her curves in less than a minute. No longer was she tall and slender; she’d widened into a towering display of an hourglass figure enough to make any woman envious.

“Your breasts...” Myra stared in wonder. Her eyes lingered on the dryad’s widening hips for longer than she wanted to admit. Part of her wanted the entrapping vines to squeeze tighter. *“Y-Your body... Why is it...growing...?”*

The dryad stumbled back and fell against a tree for support while both hands cradled her precious fruits. “I’m LINKED to that tree!! Don’t you know we’re one and the same?! Are you humans really so dense?!”



The vines restraining Myra loosened as the dryad lost concentration, but the alchemist almost didn’t notice her regained freedom. The sounds of growth and tension emanating from the forest dweller were entralling. Watching a pair of breasts outgrow their confines was one thing; it was another to hear them swell and stretch the prison they found themselves outgrowing. Myra blushed and realized her heart was racing after watching the dryad’s mammaries engorge from apples to ripe melons.

CRREEAAAAAK

The vines screamed around her bust and thighs. Even with the leaves, Myra could see something pushing the foliage out of the way: two thick, dark-green nipples plumping to keep pace with their fleshy parents.

The dryad arched her back against the tree. Her hands groped at the sides of her chest in desperation. “Nnngh!! You humans...never understand!! W-Whatever happens...” She panted, unable to breathe against the wooden ropes squeezing her bloated mounds to their limit. “Whatever...happens to my tree...mmmgh!!!...also h-happens...to--”

Crreeaaaaaa--SNAP!!!

“GAAHH!!”

Breast flesh burst free in a shower of wooden debris. Forceful heaving took the dryad’s feet out from under her and threw her to the ground. A silent, pleased cry of relief took her breath away. She sat squirming as her body continued to react with Myra’s serum. The alchemist

herself stared down with rose-red cheeks, blushing hotly at the splayed-out scene unfolding before her.

Far too large for her own vines and modesty leaves, the dryad's body was nearing full exposure. Her legs spread to reveal every intimate detail hidden beneath the small cluster of leaves. Trembling chords of vines sank deep into the pillowy flesh of her nethers and inner thighs as if framing her intimate gateways to draw the eye. Above, her nipples protruded like thick nozzles wider than a fattened thumb. Their dark green color reminded Myra of evergreen.

"I never realized the effect could be so...*pronounced*." Scents of ozone reached her nostrils and drew her gaze to the dryad's spread legs. "You're... Getting so big..." Myra whispered. She felt heat build under her bodice as she wondered what it must feel like to have one's breasts grow so full.

"Ahhhh!! Hhhaaahhhh!!! Oh please!! You have to--NNGH!!!"

The dryad tensed and groaned. Her arms hugged her burgeoning mounds against her until flesh heaped against her collarbones. Whatever remained of Myra's restraints fell away into a limp pile; their owner no longer had the brain capacity to command them. Still the alchemist stared, taking in the flurry of sounds and rustling as the dryad and her tree synced in a harmony of growth.

Strrrrrrrrtch!!!!

"MMMMGH!!!" She was still growing, and fast. Even for a being of her height, the dryad's plumping hourglass figure was dominating her frame. She whimpered, staring at the instigator of her rapid growth. "*P-Please...! Make...Make it stop! I can't take it!! T-This isn't my growth season!!*"

It was the pleading, helpless whimper that finally snapped Myra out of her trance. "*Sorry!! I'm so sorry!!!*" She raced forward and knelt at the dryad's side.

The plant girl was even larger up close and radiated heat like a furnace. Scents of resin and sap wafted from her skin. Myra noticed her curves had taken on a darker hue than the rest of her body as if they were ripening fruits.

Myra's breath caught in her throat. The developments were more dramatic up close. "*You were so skinny before; h-how have you managed to grow so--*"

Strrrrrrtch!!

"Mnnngh!!"

"SORRY!! What can I do?? Let me help!!"

A shaking arm raised and pointed toward the creek in the distance. A bloated mound the size of a watermelon slumped heavy and full down her torso when its support left. "*Water... Please, I need water...*"

"Right!! Right away!! I'll be right back!!"

Myra jumped into action, taking her satchel before weaving through the trees to retrace her steps back to the brook. It wasn't long before the running water met her ears and she found herself at the rocky bank.

Pause clutched her mind. With a moment away from the excitement, Myra noticed how hot and bothered she'd become. Arousal churned beneath her shorts and bodice with heated currents strong enough to darken the crotch of her pants. She was turned on to the point of her hands refusing to sit still. Thrilled heartbeats raced in her ears. Against her cinched bodice, her breasts felt confined and swollen with heat. Her nipples begged to be set free so they could rise into their full forms.

"Mmmmmmm!!! P-Please hurry...!!!" the dryad cried back at her tree.

“*Coming!!!*” Myra called back. “Coming...”

She squatted at the creek’s edge and plunged an empty canteen beneath the chilly surface. Myra tried to focus on the bubbling instead of her lust-pumped pussy squeezing between her thighs. Never had her shorts felt so tight as they did now as they massaged against her gentle bulge of flesh.

Temptation was already rooted in her mind when she stood with the full canteen. The world stood still while she debated and her vision lost focus. Before Myra knew what she was doing, her hand had removed the stopper for her bottle of growth formula.

“*Just a little...*” she whispered, tilting the bottle over the canteen. Images of the dryad swelling even larger fogged her mind. “*Just... J-Just a few drops... To see what happens.*”

A splash of green elixir fell into the container to make it overflow. Myra could barely hear the forest through the buzzing in her head. Brimming with unprocessed excitement, she capped the bottle and canteen before turning heel.

“*Mmmngaaahhh!! Ohhh they’re too big!! I’m... I won’t stop GROWING!! How much fertilizer did you give my poor tree?!?*”

The situation had progressed in her short absence. Myra returned to find the dryad’s figure swollen into an extreme caricature of sex. Several vines had snapped around her tree-trunk thighs and left darkened welts in their place. Nestled between her legs like a precious treasure sat a pair of engorged green lips darkened into a lustful hue. Myra’s heart skipped a beat as she pictured herself cupping the gentle curve like an orange half.

The dryad’s breasts were intent on dominating her torso. Larger than watermelons, they filled her arms with too much flesh to ever conceal. Sweat beaded on her cleavage and ran down her abdomen before trickling through her navel. Writhing upon a bed of squirming vines brought forth by the ordeal, the dryad was a picture of lust.

“*Thirsty!! I...need water!!*”

“*Drink this, drink this!! Here!!*”

Myra returned to her side. The canteen tilted to her lips without a second thought. Fluid poured down the dryad’s throat with heavy, gasping gulps. Myra felt as though she were feeding a starving baby bird, as the dryad sucked her canteen dry, leaving trickles of water running down her chin to her cleavage below.

“How’s that...?” Myra asked nervously, eyes locked onto the dryad’s bust as she envisioned the fertilizer spreading directly into her form.

“*Better... I...*” The dryad winced. “*Hah... Haahhh... I... Nngh...!*”

Strrrrrrrrtch!!

Her hands clenched. Darker hues flooded across her skin and flushed her face. Tension spread. Her nipples puffed in anger. Cautious, she placed a hand across her stomach where a belly full of creek water and serum sloshed. “*Why-- W-Why do...I feel--*”

Guuuerrrrrrgle

“*Mmngghhhh!*” Her stomach churned. Sounds of building, shifting fluid emanated from her front. Bridging her back, the dryad cried out when pressure struck the back of her nipples. Weary eyes locked with Myra’s, heavy and laden with forced stimulation. “*Nnngh! What did you...*”

Guuuerrrrrrrrgle!!

“*This...PRESSURE!!*” Enduring an intense surge of engorgement, the dryad cried under a fresh wave of pleased growth. “*What’s happening to me?!?*”

Myra watched with ever-rising interest. Something had been unleashed within her breasts. *“How big can you get...”* she whispered, mouth watering from desires she never knew she harbored.

Guuurrrrrrgle

Its sound was dense and muffled, like water running under a foot of snow. The dryad realized then what had happened as she witnessed her body’s accelerating change as well as the subtle flavor of magical fertilizer upon her lips. Every inch of her skin tingled and pricked. Unable to catch her breath, she watched her areolas and nipples grow dark as evening. They puffed and engorged into fatty versions of themselves until her skin developed creases trying to keep pace. Her tree quaked with encouraged energy to match the sudden pressure building within her body.

Guuurrrrrrrrgle!!

“Ah! A-Ahhh! Oh Gaia!!” The dryad’s breath hitched and squeaked. Feeling something hammering against the backs of her nipples, she begged, *“Please tell me you didn’t give me more--”*

Spluurrrrrnch!!

“Mnnnggaahhh!!”

It spewed forth like syrup from tiny volcanos of flesh. From within her bust came a thick golden fluid, oozing from her nipples in viscous waves. The fluid shimmered in the morning light like molten amber.

“It’s... MGH!!! It’s coming ooouuuut!!” she whined, squirming beneath her bloating mounds while they took on minds of their own. *“What is this?! I-I’m not supposed to be--AAHMMM!!!”*

Myra was speechless. She could smell the dryad’s leaking nectar. It looked like dark honey and smelled even sweeter. Globes ran over her tensing curves and rolled down her skin to leave shining trails of sticky sugar. Myra noticed she’d become parched at the sight. A rumble vibrated her stomach.

Creeeaaaaa--SNAP!!

“AUGH!!”

A vine shattered around the dryad’s hip, one that had been snaking its way around her thighs and crotch. The snap sent it hurling thick drops of syrup against Myra to pepper her face. She glanced down to notice the same substance leaking from the dryad’s sopping lips. Sap coated her inner thighs and pulled in sticky bridges where they’d previously touched.

“Make it... Make it stop...” A whimper of pleasure trembled the dryad’s bottom lip. *“I can’t-- It’s making me grow-- Too fast...! My nectar... It’s overflowing!! T-There isn’t supposed to be this much!!”*

Myra’s hand rose to hover over a breast. Heat radiated off in waves. *“Look at you,”* she awed. *“Your breasts...”*

“No! P-Please don’t touch the--MMM!!”

Myra’s grip was firm and direct. Starting an exploratory massage, she began rubbing her palms over a boulder-sized breast. Almost hypnotized, she whispered, *“You’re... Filling with some kind of fluid... I’ve never heard of this before...”* Green skin indented only slightly before tensing like a drum. Sap coated them as the massage deepened. Pulling her hand away, Myra splayed her fingers to watch the nectar drip and string. *“This is incredible.”*



Air refused to fill the dryad's lungs. She whined and squirmed, the alchemist's grip like fuel to a forest fire. *"They're too ripe! I'm growing too big!"* Heat swallowed her head when she felt her groin coat itself in another wave of sap. *"What did you do to me?? I can barely...think straight! All I can think about...is--"* Her gaze lowered, settling on Myra's lips before finding her bodice-packed cleavage.

Myra was about to lick the sap from a finger when something held her back. A soft green vine had wrapped itself around her elbow. Another coiled around her ankles. Several snaked up her thighs while others inched along her back and around her abdomen. Anxiety snagged her chest when they tightened.

She slapped several away but more took their place. *"H-Hey! What are you--"*

"You did this to me... You made my nectar...overflow...!" The dryad heaved with voluptuous weight, her mind elsewhere as she commanded her vines. *"Everything...feels TOO RIPE!!!"*

The vines pulled tighter around Myra. Tickling ends grew brave and explored the edges of her clothes before indulging themselves in her concealed flesh. Curious tendrils wriggled between her cleavage and under her shorts. She tried to pull against them, but her arms found themselves tied.

Her eyes widened when she saw several thick lush tentacles squirming under her shorts. *"W-WAIT!! DON'T GO IN--EEP!!!"*

They started exploring her crotch, tickling at first before growing braver. Another had wound itself around an erect nipple. Heart pounding, Myra watched helplessly as the vines constricted and pulled at her clothes. Air pushed from her lungs when they constricted her breasts. Cleavage pushed against her collarbones.

Shrrriip!!

Stitches groaned and popped. A run of fabric burst against her chest as her bodice started to fail.

It was Myra's turn to feel helpless. Vines coming at her from all sides, she stared in horror as they pulled her attire apart like an angry mob. *"Wait!! J-Just wait! Let me take--"*

SHRRRIIP!!

“MMMMGH!!”

She was caught in the middle of a tug-of-war for her clothes. Seams burst open down her side. The front of her shorts tore down the middle, exposing her aroused pink petals. Her bodice rendered itself open on one side, allowing a breast to push halfway to freedom like a bulge of rising dough. Myra squirmed but found no relief.

“Slow down!! You’re going to ruin my clothes!! I--”

“You will harvest me.” The dryad’s voice was stern. Transformed. Overcome with primal need.

Myra’s breath caught in her throat. Looking up from her disintegrating attire, her eyes widened to see the dryad’s body lifting into the air. Vines pulled her by the shoulders and legs, ascending her into a swinging position on her back. Both thighs spread themselves toward Myra in a grand display of dripping, royal green. Wobbling flesh quaked with the dryad’s suspended movements. Her breasts pushed against her thighs and knees.

Carnal lust roared in the back of Myra’s mind.

“You...will harvest my nectar...” the dryad growled behind a transformed gaze. Lust had overtaken the plant girl. There was nothing left but desire. Sap pumped from her nipples and loins to drip onto Myra’s face below. Those that fell upon her lips sent a rush of hormones through her body. *“I am...too ripe!! Harvest me...BEFORE I GROW TOO FULL!!”*



SHHRRRIIIIP!!!!

“AAHH!!”

Myra's clothes met their end. Rendered naked in a split second, she felt the morning's chill wash over her bare form. She might have rushed to conceal herself if the dryad wasn't hanging over her with the aura of a fertile goddess.

Her hands flung out. The vines did not try to stop her. Rising to her feet, she met with the dryad's form. She needed to only lean forward to bury her face between the monstrous green thighs. So large, the dryad's suspended body could have served as a hammock.

Heavenly nectar washed over her tongue. Sap poured heavy and thick as she began her ministrations of the dryad's petals. Honey was bland in comparison.

Guuuurrrrgle!!

"Mmmgh!!!" Pressure rose within the dryad. She tensed and swung in Myra's arms. "Drink!! Harvest what you were so happy to sow!!" Tightening breasts swelled into her face. Myra's bobbing head was visible only barely through her emerald cleavage.

GUUURRRGLE!!

No matter Myra's efforts, the dryad's body continued to engorge. She glanced upward to see her breasts firming. Weight increased in her body by the second and tested the suspending vines to the point of creaking.

Myra's own body tingled with strange energy. Vibrations shook her belly at the exotic substance. Despite her lack of clothes, her breasts felt lacking for space on her torso. Their curves pushed against one another with swollen firmness. Tension spread over her areolas enough to force an image of them breaking out in stretch marks into Myra's mind.

Splluurnch!!

"Gaaahhhh!!!"

A scream of frantic pleasure erupted when the dryad's nipples sprayed a hot wave of sap. Myra knew she was reaching her limits. Moving higher, she took both breasts in her arms and attacked the throbbing thumb-sized nipples. They bucked in her grasp, eager for any relief.

"Mmmmm harder!! There's...so much!! I can't hold all of my nectar!!!"

Trunk-like thighs wrapped around Myra and locked her in. Heat and sap gushed against her bare torso where it rubbed across the dryad's spread gates of flesh. Everything stuck and pulled with noisy commotion. Drinking as fast as she dared, Myra found the sap's pressure inflating her cheeks between swallows. Her throat couldn't keep pace. A single nipple felt as though it took up the majority of her mouth.



GUUURRRRGLE!!

“MNNGGAAAHHHHH!!!”

She swelled fuller. Skin rumbled against Myra’s face and tensed against her body. The dryad was ripening faster than she could be emptied.

“MORE!!! I’M TOO RIPE!! I’M TOO RIPE!! MY FRUITS FEEL AS THOUGH...THEY COULD BURST!!”

Sap soaked Myra from head to toe. Behind her, she could hear the dryad’s tree groaning as if in the wind. It seemed impossible for something made of wood to sympathize with what the dryad was enduring, and yet Myra could tell it was feeling all the same.

CRREEAAAAAAAK

The vines suspending the dryad screamed with tension. Her weight had almost doubled since lifting her from the ground. Titanic breasts filled Myra’s arms wider by the second, while thighs thickened without end on either side of her torso. An ass too great for the kingdom’s mightiest horse threatened to swallow Myra’s pelvis.

“Too much!!! IT’S TOO MUCH!!” A desperate whimper squeaked through the dryad’s flushed lips. *“I CAN’T HOLD IT!! MY SAP...I’M NOT BIG ENOUGH!!”*

Myra looked up from a mouth-filling nipple. Light-green stretchmarks were showing across the dryad’s breasts. Her curves sloshed with the syrupy substance.

Helpless, the dryad shuddered as one of her vines failed. *“G-Give me more...”*

“Mmmph?!”

Her eyes flashed with overwhelming need. *“More... Make me... BIGGER,”* she begged.

Myra instantly knew what she meant. The nipple popped from her mouth when she came up and asked, *“A-Are you sure? Won’t that--”*

“GIVE ME MORE!!!”

Lust had turned the dryad into a ticking time bomb. Given the state of her sap-filled curves, Myra wasn’t sure she could last much longer. She wasn’t in a position to deny the dryad her request, however.

Myra reached into her satchel and grasped the bottle. Still containing nearly half of her fertilizer, she presented it over the dryad’s sap-laden bust. Cleavage bulged around the glass as she tipped it toward a pair of waiting lips.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

The remainder drained into her throat. Myra withdrew the bottle and tossed it aside, unable to move away while still trapped between the dryad’s legs. Any small twitch or slosh made her wince at the pressure stored within the bloated curves. Everything already felt full to bursting against her own body; what chaos would the rest of the formula cause? Staring ahead, Myra watched the dryad’s face scrunch while something new blossomed within her body.

RRMMMBBBBLLLLL

“Mmmgh!!! AHH!!”

Trembling rocked the emerald girl. Her hands clenched and her toes dug into Myra’s back. Around her thighs the vines complained about holding her enormous girth. Sap surged into her curves and pushed them several inches larger, testing their limits. Her breasts buried her torso and face as they rose and widened, threatening to escape the confines of her and Myra’s arms.

“W-What’s happening??” Myra asked, trying to squirm free. *“Why did you make me--”*

“AAHHHH!!!!!!”

CRACK!!!!!!!

A fissure split the dryad's tree like thunder at her bellow. Wood and bark creaked in a rising symphony. Taking in the dryad's transforming body before her, Myra's eyes bulged and she whimpered in fright. Vines pulled tighter around her body to prevent escape.

They were past the point of no return.

"O-Oh no."

RRMMMMBBBLLLL

SNAP!!!!

SNAP SNAP!!!

The dryad's suspension failed in a spectacular flurry. Pulled to the ground by vines, Myra found herself restrained on her back as the dryad fell on top to straddler her thighs.

Strrrrrrtch

Strrrrrrrrrrtch

She rose higher. Breaths made her shoulders heave. The longer she stared, the taller the dryad appeared.

She was growing. Not just her curves, but her body itself. Myra felt dwarfed by her intimidating size, like a doll between a child's legs. Sap fell from her nipples and pussy in a thick torrent of heavy globs, pelting Myra's face and body below. The dryad's overgrown hips and thighs were enough to bury Myra's body. A crotch heated like coals burned against her abdomen as she gazed up at the forest dweller surpassing ten feet in height. Looming over both of them was her tree growing too fast for its own good.



“Ngh... Ngh!!” Myra pulled at the vines but they held strong. Her limbs were pinned. Several tendrils stretching across her engorged breasts made them feel ready to burst after their swelling. Her firm skin begged for relief. “*W-What are you going to do??*”

The dryad grinned with desire and bore down, her body growing by the minute. So much energy left her steaming in the sunshine. Her breasts hung heavy and bloated, barely keeping pace enough to contain their nectar. “*It’s time to reap what you grow,*” she growled.

She positioned her hips over Myra. A sopping green mass of pillowy flesh and folds loomed over her, large enough to engulf her face. Dripping creases and contours of the dryad’s inner-most curves spread. Shaking with anxiety and anticipation, the alchemist opened her mouth in preparation as the majestic sight came down.

“*AAAUUUGH!!!!*”

The dryad screamed and arched her back.

RRMMMMBBLLLL!!!

Everything ached with growth. Her limbs stretched to keep pace with her elongating abdomen. Each as wide as a grown man was tall, her breasts ballooned full and heavy until their underbellies stretched a pale, straining green. Her arms cradled them in desperation to hug and squeeze. Sap gurgled from her nipples in viscous sprays.

“*MMMMPH!! MMMPH!!*” Myra couldn’t perform enough. Sap washed over her as the dryad’s lust leaked free. The world went dark between her thighs. Skin rubbed and shifted, pulling against her sticky body as the dryad grew ever larger.

“*I-I’m ripe!! OHHH SWEET GAIA, I’M RIPE!!*”

RRMMMMBBLLLL!!

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“*MMMMGH!!!! SO...FULL!!! THERE’S SO MUCH NECTAR!!!*”

The dryad arched as far back as she dared. Her breasts flared, tensing in her hands. Apple-sized nipples heaved to keep pace with her pressure. The trees sounded like they were alive and screaming with her.

“*NECTAR...FILLING ME TO BURSTING!!!*”

Myra writhed. Her legs stuck wedged between the dryad’s monstrous cheeks. Taking in so much sap, her belly groaned with its sudden contents. She felt distended and full, bloating enough to rise over her pelvis. Her breasts screamed with engorgement. Whatever the dryad’s nectar was doing to her body, it didn’t feel slight or temporary. Mystery hormones were having their way with Myra’s figure, leaving her desperate to scream while feeling her mammarys expand.

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!!!

“*AAHHH!!! MY NECTAR!!! M-MY NECTAR!!! I CAN’T--*” The dryad gasped for breath, aiming her voice to her quaking tree above. “*I CAN’T HOLD IT ANYMOOOORE!!!*”

The world trembled for Myra. Everything puffed and tensed when the dryad reached her limit. Sap ballooned her cheeks and a clic throbbed against her lips.

“*GAIA!! TAKE MY NECTAR!! TAKE MY NECTAR BEFORE I BURST!!!*” She lifted her breasts, together as large as a bed. Flesh bloated to squeeze Myra on all sides in a vice of steaming, green lust. “*PLEASE!! D-DRAIN THIS NECTAR FROM MY FRUITS OR I’LL SURELY--*”

SPLRRRRRRSH!!!!

The dryad's voice was stolen when her nipples erupted. Leaning back on her arms, she presented her chest to deliver its contents to the forest. Molten sap sprang forth in a fountain of honey to rain upon the area.

Pomph!!

Pomph pomph!!

Pomph!

Pomph pomph pomph pomph!!!

“AAHH!!!! AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Soft, muffled explosions reached Myra's ears beneath the trembling green bulk. It was all she could do to endure the dryad's release while riding her own orgasmic end. She could feel the dryad's curves dwindling as their pressure released over herself and the forest. Undulating curves squeezed and tensed from every direction. Myra feared she may pass out from the heat of the dryad's crotch bathing her upper body.

Soon, her cries of ecstasy ended. The world shifted and light washed over Myra as the dryad collapsed onto her side, freeing the alchemist.

Air rushed into her lungs. A puddle of sap spread over the ground, coating her in a layer of golden slime. Body sore and full from its effects, she was certain she would burst free of her clothes had they not been removed.

Myra gazed up and tried to catch her breath. Purple splotches caught her eyes. Far taller than when she found it, the dryad's tree stood high above them. Dozens of ripe, purple fruits hung from its branches to the point of making them sag with weight after bursting into bloom. So many plumulacta fruits could fetch a fortune.

“Haaahh... Haaaaaaahhh... Dear Gaia... How... Nngh... H-How dare you...” The dryad groaned at her side. Looking over, Myra found her nearly double her original height and far more buxom. Her skin shined with a green radiance and sap trickled from her laden breasts. Bright white flowers had blossomed in her hair. Everywhere she looked, the forest had gained clustered of multi-colored flowers that told of the dryad's intense pleasure.

Myra blushed. The dryad had been transformed, far from her original twiggy stature. Wrapping an arm across her enlarged chest, she pleaded, “I-I never meant for this to happen! I was only looking for some plu--”

The dryad rolled over, coming to loom over Myra on all fours. *“I know what you wanted...”* She grinned. *“And you can have as many as you want, provided you bring more fertilizer every time.”*