

~The Azure Fountain~

*Who puts up a book stall at a carnival, let alone an adult carnival?* Surrounding her, attractive men and women wandered the stalls taking in the sights of wondrous lewd acts, shady potion sellers, and veritable freaks of nature. Alexa wasn't even sure how her friends had convinced her to come. Even worse, almost immediately they had become separated. She wanted nothing more than to go home and curl up with a nice book, but she had ridden there with her friends and did not like the prospect of asking a stranger for a ride home.

Alexa looked at the ramshackle stall. It had a banner painted in fancy filigree lettering that proclaimed, "Enchanting Tomes." Behind the table a young lady in a simple dress sat on a stool in front of shelves filled with books. Compared to the other ladies operating stands, she was positively homely. She was small and lithe, unlike many of the buxom women, scantily clad and 'selling' their wares to eager young men. *No doubt, this stand was full of dirty magazines.*

"Hello!" She called to Alexa, "Would you like a book?"

Alexa looked around, before realizing the woman was calling out to her. "Me?"

"Oh yes! I can always tell a fellow bookworm when I see her." Alexa stepped up to the bookseller. "And for a first time customer, I'll let you try the first one free of charge."

She plucked a book from the bookshelf behind her. Blue cover with a silver text that read "The Azure Fountain" in stylized calligraphy. Alexa was surprised over the high quality of the binding. Far finer than what she would have expected from this shop. "I think I can really see you in this one."

"What is it about?" Alexa asked, opening to the front page. But where she expected text it was like there was a hole. Deep and dark seeming to drop down forever. A wind sucked into the hole and soon Alexa felt herself being pulled into the hole. She fell forward into the book and tumbled endlessly into the darkness. As she tumbled she looked up and saw the shopkeeper stare down at her. Her ears were long and pointed. Her teeth were too sharp. Her eyes slitted like a cat.

"Oh, you'll enjoy yourself! I guarantee!"

~1~

The road through the wooded glen was a long and winding one, but Sir Alexa was a knight of much renown. Atop her fine white steed, she rode across the land, righting wrongs and driving evildoers before her to flee. Her armor was bright and shining and she had a merry tune upon her heart. Unfortunately the summer heat drove the whistle from her lips. It had been some time since she had seen a spring or stream from which she might refill her waterskin and slake her thirst. That is until she turned along the trail and spied a small glen.

Alexa looked upon a fountain of fine white marble. It was topped with the figure of a topless woman pouring out a pitcher. Her chest was bountiful, flowing nearly into her ample lap. Her expression was that of a coy smile, and her eyes seemed to look directly at Alexa. Flowing forth from the pitcher was, instead of water, a deep blue juice. Despite the deep thick richness of the liquid, no stains were apparent upon the white stone. It gurgled and foamed as it poured into the basin endlessly.

*Obviously, this was a magic fountain.* Alexa licked her parched chapped lips. The heat of the day had been quite oppressive, and the bright steel armor had done little to alleviate this. Perhaps this would be a good spot to rest and recoup her strength. Getting down from her steed, she undid his bridle and let him munch upon the fine grass of the glade. Opening her pack, she drew forth a simple cup and moved to sit upon the fountain's edge.

She dipped the cup into the rich juice and brought it up to her nose. Its fragrance heralded a sweetness for which the juice must abound. Finally letting her thirst exceed her caution, she brought the drink to her lips and sipped at the juice. The flavor was unlike that of any juice Alexa had ever tried before. Its sweetness was complex and cloying, with a filling warmth not unlike a fine brandy with none of the bitter or sharp notes which indicate alcohol. A gentle fizz was also felt on the tongue as the drink instantly quenched all thirst. *This is absolutely delightful.*

The cup ran dry as Alexa realized she had drained the cup in a single gulp. She gasped for air as she licked her lips. A sudden warmth had filled her body, leaving her flushed. She felt a fizzing tingle in her chest and lower down, in her loins. This left her even more flushed. *That felt really good.*

Feeling exposed, Alexa looked around the secluded grove. Empty save for her horse, who munched idly on a dandelion. She was alone, she was sure of it. She licked her lips and dripped the cup once more into the bountiful blue juice. Again, she drank deeply of the sweet nectar. Again, a wave of warmth and fizziness washed over her body. Finishing the cup, she squeezed her legs together as she stifled a moan. *God this felt good.*

As she stood, she felt the rough linen of her clothes and it sent shivers up her spine. She began to walk back over to her steed, but a sudden wave of thirst hit her before she could move more than a few steps. Her mouth was as dry as a desert. Her throat was rasping and dusty. She dropped to her knees, and she looked back to the fountain. The buxom maid was still pouring the heavenly elixir. Still coyly smiling, so inviting. Still looking directly at Sir Alexa "Have another," her smile seemed to say. "Let your thirst be quenched."

Alexa again dipped her cup into the deep azure lagoon. And again, she drank. Juice leaked past her lips. This time, as she finished, she could not bite back the moan of deep pleasure washing over her. But again, almost as soon as the fluid poured down her throat, an indescribable thirst followed. She again dipped and drank as she gripped the fountain's lip.

Alexa drank and drank, the cup ladling juice into her mouth as fast as she could gulp it down. Each brief respite between an influx of gasps and the same sudden enraged thirst for more.

Soon the cup was discarded for the more expedient method of drinking directly from the pool of juice itself. Leaning forward upon the lip of the fountain's edge, Alexa would submerge her face and drink as much as she could before her traitorous lungs burned and she gasped for air, juice flowing down her face and neck, soaking her shirt and staining her armor.

All the while, one hand snaked its way under her waistband and into her britches. As her front was soaked in this fine wine, her hand was becoming soaked in her own sticky juices. The heat, which had washed over her in surges, now was continuous and she tried desperately with her fingers to quench the fire in her loins, only to find it equally insatiable. Her hand pressed tighter and tighter against her feminine lips within the sodden fabric.

And yet, no matter how much she drank, her stomach never felt a single drop. What she had begun to feel was a tightness in her britches and chest plate. Each gulp, each gasp, and Alexa felt as though her armor was shrinking upon her. *How could it be shrinking?* Her chest was pressed tight within the metal. It was crushing her lungs and soon she could take it no longer.

Even with the aching need to drink constantly clawing at her sanity, her need for air was of a more pressing concern. Falling back, she clutched at her throat and gasped for air. She clawed at sticky wet leather straps as she strained shallow breaths. Her vision began to blur and darken. *How could this be? Will I suffocate, crushed within my own armor?* Finally, with a desperate slash of her dagger she cut loose the strappings and burst forth from her chest piece. A sudden rush of air into desperate lungs and her vision returned. She grasped at her chest and wrapped her arms around what had almost been her undoing.

Clutched tightly in her arms were two breasts, each as large as a ripe watermelon. They tightly stretched the fabric of her shirt, stained blue with juice. Fat nipples, each as thick as her finger, tented the linen and left no question as to the state of her arousal. One had groped and pinched her nipples as her other again returned to her aching loins. Her modest figure had exploded out. Her chest full and proud squeezed between her fingers as her other hand struggled to pull the pants down over an ass that had been equally inflated. She found her thighs, hips and ass were tightly held and would not be released so easily.

A sultry voice came from the fountain, "Oh my what a predicament." Even as Alexa lay writhing upon the ground, she perceived the fountain's maid luring over the edge of the marble pool. Her own bountiful chest rested and overflowed the rim. Her pitcher rested within her cleavage, the spout spilling blue drops onto her alabaster chest. They ran down and dripped off her rock hard nipples onto the ground.

Alexa gasped, "What have you done to me?" Her hands struggled with her pants, trying desperately to undo the drenched fabric.

The fountain maiden idly dipped a finger into her pitcher, "I offered a thirsty traveler a drink." She brought the sodden finger to her lips and gently licked the blue drop off the tip. "Is it my fault you found your desires unquenchable?" She stood up, the juice dripping and pouring off her. She gently stepped over the lip of the fountain.

As she stepped out, the deep blue juice flowed off her in little rivulets. She dropped her marble clothing and naked she bent over picking up her pitcher. "Now let me help you out of those wet things." Stepping over her, the maiden straddled Alexa, their breasts pressing against each other as she began to pour her pitcher onto her face. Hot skin against cool stone driving goosebumps across Alexa's body..

Alexa gasped for breath but felt the quenching flavor overwhelm her again. The thirst and lust roared. Soon she again began to drink the elixir. Beneath the fountain maid, Alexa began to swell. At first, she strained at the woman, trying to push her away. Trying to divert the inexorable flow of the pitcher. But Alexa found the maiden was unyielding and immovable. She was pinned and pumped full of the sweet nectar.

Her ass swelled, straining and overtopping the tight pants. Her thighs ballooned and inexorably slowly, her clothing seams finally gave way inch by agonizing inch. The waistband finally gave way, bursting open suddenly, giving a release of pressure for her aching loins. Their breasts swelled into each other, the maiden beginning to squeeze and massage Alexa's immense chest.

Alexa closed her eyes and tried to scream out in lust against the unending torrent of juices only to find the maiden's lips planted against her own. The maiden ground against Alexa's chest and her hand pinched at her nipple. Her tongue, as sweet as the berry explored Alexas's mouth and Alexa soon found herself equally pushing back with her own. One hand found her now exposed cunt, but the other wrapped itself within the maiden's hair, holding her tighter into their joined kiss.

~2~

"Excuse me," a woman asked the stall's proprietor, "I'm looking for my friend?" She held up a hand, "Brown hair, about this tall with a dweebish look? Goes by Alexa?"

The young lady behind the stall, tucking one ear under a simple head wrapping, smiled, "Ah you must be her 'friend.' Yes, I did see her. I'd expect her to be *coming* soon if you would like to wait here." She carefully slid a blue book she had been browsing under the desk. "Can I help you into a book? We have all sorts here at the Enchanting Tome."

She pondered for a moment, "Do you have a good Fairytale?"

"I'm sorry, I do but it is currently being loaned out." A low sultry moan emanated from below the tabletop. "But it should be available again before the end of the day." Another moan, "I do believe she is reaching the climax."