

Hill to Die On

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This story contains:

Hourglass expansion, Size difference, Sex Pollen, Tentacle-like vines,
Bondage, Monsterfucking, Corruption, Monster transformation,
Horror/thriller elements

Hill to Die On

“You know, Nylah,” he made an effort to project his voice, so Nylah could hear it over the sounds of their boots striking the road “I didn't wanna pry in front of the guys, but...”

“Yeah?”

“What was up with that bubble thing you made, from that last rescue?”

Whenever they traveled by foot, Dell insisted on jogging, so he could keep pace with Nylah's natural stride. Normally, they saved conversations for their destination while they focused on the road. Tonight, though, it made perfect sense for Dell to be curious.

“Well, I figured the kid needed a safe circle.” Nylah slowed her walking pace as she struggled to assemble her words, “To get his bearings. Aside from just stopping the bleeding, I mean.”

Dell gave a hum of acknowledgement.

“I had this moment where I thought, ‘If I got kidnapped by the paranormal when I was his age, I'd have a meltdown’. So I wanted to make a place for the kid to vent. Get relief from how scary everything was.” She had glazed over these details in this morning's mission debriefing. The last thing Nylah wanted was for the guild to pigeonhole her adventuring career with a “motherly” reputation. Dell was perceptive enough to have guessed why.

“Mhm. Quick thinking. Probably explains why he was so cooperative with the rest of the mission. What spell template were you using?”

“Cosmic Cage.”

“No kidding! My guess was Shield of Force.”

“Yeah, I'd been thinking about this one for a while. I figure any spell that removes a hostile creature from a conflict can probably be re-shaped to protect someone. Targeting myself and the kid was pretty easy. Since Cosmic Cage is an arcane spell, reshaping it mostly turned out to be a visualization challenge.”

“Do you reckon you could have dismissed it yourself, if anything went wrong?” Dell kept his tone light, but Nylah knew there was a healthy discomfort with spell manipulation motivating his polite question.

“That's why I targeted myself and the kid at the same time,” she elaborated, choosing her words with care. “If I'm targeting myself, I'll see the outcome firsthand. It becomes a shared experience. The whole thing gets much easier to control.”

Gravel crunched rhythmically under their feet, as they crossed an unusually rocky portion of this road, closest to the river.

“You know I'm always careful when other people are involved, Dell.”

A sigh.

“I can't disagree.”

They both fell silent for a few beats. Worry tugged at Nylah's mind, pushing her to find the perfect combination of words that would prove that she was managing the risk just fine on her own. He spoke first, before she could craft her defense. He dropped out of his jog, his walking pace putting distance between them. She stood still and strained to catch every word.

“I just wish you'd share these ideas with me before I prepare my spells for the day.” They'd had this conversation too many times. “I could help you dismiss everything if the spell doesn't reshape the way you think it will.”

“I know. I'm sorry, Dell.” She had no argument. Sometimes, she forgot his perspective. Especially when it somehow seemed her reputation was on the line. An all-too-familiar guilt spun through her stomach.

“Hey, it's alright!” he had closed the gap. She resumed walking, meticulously measuring each step to stay by his side. “It worked out for today.”

When she felt Dell's eyes on her for a brief moment, she glanced down at hip height to catch his gaze. Dell flashed her a grin before returning his focus on the road. His

face was flushed from the impressive feat of keeping pace with her for the past three hours.

Nylah took his overly cheerful tone here as a sign that he got the answer he was prodding for. They were okay. She reached out to him, resting her hand delicately on his shoulder for a few steps.

She briefly imagined their physical contact escalating: her hand gripping his fragile shoulders and pressing him firmly against her upper thigh. Startled and embarrassed to have even pictured it, Nylah dismissed the intrusive thought with haste. She withdrew her hand, redirecting her restless energy towards the waterskin at her hip instead.

Dell was more than just another adventurer she met through the guild. He was a skilled healer, her favorite teammate on any mission, and, as of two years now, he was her neighbor. Nylah's life had never been so enmeshed with another's before. She could not afford to mess up what they had.

In her teens and twenties, Nylah had lived in the castle town, staying in a rotation of the different rooms that her guild offered in exchange for her neverending availability. A younger version of her could never have predicted that she'd have a home nestled in the hills now, away from all of the excitement.

The castle town was not a particularly forgiving place. For most of Nylah's life, she has known only this: her kingdom would not provide for those who failed. Her loyalty to the guild was what allowed her to make a living as an adventurer, collecting and authoring spell scrolls.

Halfling culture, in comparison, was beautiful. It was a wonder she was the only human to have moved here. Nylah figured she still traveled too much as a career adventurer to claim to "live" here, but that didn't change the fondness she felt tonight, seeing the cozy village gradually grow closer on the horizon.

Each time guild work had dried up in the past, Nylah feared for her survival. Having grown up in an overcrowded human city, she'd never viewed land as something she could just *live* upon. Now she looked forward to the opportunity to come home. Having a fixed place to return to filled her mind with warmth on every mission.

Last year, she'd missed her very first Harvest Festival. What should have been a simple mission ended up taking twice as long as the guild had anticipated. Nylah regretted the timing terribly. With every passing season since, she'd been antsy for the leaves to yellow and the temperature to drop. Thank the Goddess that everything was finally falling into place today.

Six full days of festivities would begin tomorrow. The anticipation had been keeping her up at night for weeks. She estimated they were half an hour away from home now.

Dell returned to his jogging pace at her side. Only then did Nylah realize she'd been unintentionally speeding up. They settled into a comfortable rhythm to complete their journey home, and Nylah's thoughts returned to the Harvest Festival once more. She was eager to see if Minna's advice had borne fruit.

Dell had quickly picked up on Nylah's lack of confidence around gardening and encouraged her to meet with Minna a year prior. Minna could probably be confused with a dwarf, at a glance. Her thick figure was much wider than an average halfling, with breasts that would look oversized on even a human and hips that could barely squeeze into halfling chairs. The giveaway to Minna's heritage was her slender shoulders and waist. Nylah had always resisted the impulsive urge to wrap her hands around and lift Minna up high by her waist, knowing such an inappropriate action would likely ruin the friendly relationship they had barely formed. She brushed away another intrusive thought, scolding herself for crossing that mental boundary once more.

Nylah had once asked Dell why so many villagers called her Auntie Minna. His answer was that Auntie was more a title for her community than it was a statement about her family tree. Minna lived alone in her 30's, but she was never lonely. Her neighbors were always a short walk away, with projects and fields, animals and young children, clothes and furniture, ingredients and illnesses. The requests never ended, a constant of life that Nylah understood all too well. Nylah wondered how someone so crucial to her community could have any time for herself. She wondered if she could lift some of that burden during the Festival.

The curving road led to Dell's home first. As if he had suddenly decided to challenge her, Dell gathered the last of his energy and sprinted to the front door, grinning and panting proudly as he watched Nylah break into a jog to catch up. His open joy at returning home made her heart soar.

“Want a bite of something before bed?” He offered between heavy breaths, swinging open the rounded door and propping it open with his foot. It was a bit of an inconvenience to come inside. Their easiest compromise was for Nylah to prepare a limited list of ingredients, crouched over his dining table while Dell handled the wooden stove. She could kneel at his table to eat as well, but they both preferred to settle down outdoors for that part. The starry view from his grassy roof made the offer particularly tempting tonight.

“Sorry,” she kneeled, reaching for a quick hug. He wrapped his arms around her neck and squeezed lightly, then stepped back. “Not quite yet. I really want to wash up before the festival. I’ll be back every day though. You’ll be sick of me.”

“Fair enough. I’ll leave you to it!” He gave a polite little wave. “G’night, Nylah. See you tomorrow.”

Nylah stayed low on one knee to return his wave, only standing once Dell’s circular door swung shut behind him.

She squinted as she tried, unsuccessfully, to make out the details of her own home in the moon’s soft light. It was still a few minutes up the road. Far enough away that it wasn’t obvious hers was twice the size as the rest.

Two years ago, this plot of land was simply a grassy hill. With the advice and assistance of Dell and a few of their now-neighbors, Sylvie and Simeon, they had gradually dug a cave deep into the center of it, shaping each room with wooden supports across a roof that accommodated to human height. Thin sheets of slate rock acted as a barrier between the underside of the hill and the wooden beams. As strong as Nylah thought that she was from a lifetime of rescue missions and battle support, building this house had proven to be one of the most physically intense tasks of her life.

Sylvie had described halfling homes as eyes, and the hills as an eyebrow to rest above them. As odd as the comparison sounded to Nylah, the visual reference was stuck firmly in her mind throughout the excavation process. Each time she returned home, she imagined the rounded front door as an unblinking pupil, wordlessly wondering where Nylah had been for so many months.

Discouragement tugged at her chest as each step brought her closer. The plant life above her home had withered. When Nylah had replayed the moment of her return over and over in her imagination, she'd always pictured that the rounded roof of her home had transformed into a thriving pumpkin patch. She had most certainly started off strong, sowing her first seeds in the latter half of the summer months. Rather, Minna had invited her over to demonstrate how pumpkin seeds should be planted and cared for, then followed Nylah back to her own home to assist with Nylah's first crop.

Nylah trudged up the side of the hill her home was nestled beneath. The sight was pitiful. Brittle vines barely covered the soil. With a practiced tap of her fingertips and a quiet hum from her throat, she cast a cantrip for dim light. She guided the floating light from one end of her roof to the other, searching for any sign of a pumpkin. Nothing sprouted from the withered vines.

Minna would be disappointed.

Nylah retreated, winding back around the other side of the hill until she reached her front door. She hesitated in the human-sized doorway, guiding her floating light to her hand before turning the knob.

Home at last. She laid her pack out across her crude wooden table, unlaced her leather boots one by one, then peeled off her stockings. Each layer she shed left her feeling lighter than the last. Her bare feet met the woven mat beneath her chair. They ached from her long journey. For a day of no combat and comfortably paced travel, today was nothing she couldn't handle. Dell had the worst of it today, she thought. Guild horses and wagons weren't available for personal use, so traveling by foot such distance was a challenge for his halfling frame. She marveled at his sturdiness every time they traveled back home.

Now that she was hidden away in these disarming, rolling hills, the sensations she preferred to pay no mind to were sprouting up. Her body demanded to be attended to immediately. Often, Nylah kept herself preoccupied with her next task. She deliberately left her mind little time to fixate on her physical toll. Nylah pushed through her body's protests here, too. Despite what it seemed to be telling her, Nylah's work wasn't done.

She rummaged through her pack until her fingers landed on the small, leather-bound pages of her field journal. Nylah knew she wouldn't have anything to

harvest and contribute to the village festival without some intervention. She desperately thumbed through the journal's pages, considering a shortcut. Stitched inside the back cover with a brown thread was a small pouch made from tightly folded paper. It looked like a tiny envelope.

She untucked the paper and removed a single pressed leaf and stem from the pouch. Her stomach twisted in shame, not quite able to let go of the daydream of returning home to a thriving field.

Nutrients. That's what's needed here.

Nylah mustered the willpower to stand once more. She pushed down against the tops of her slender thighs, giving herself the momentum to stand and cross the room, searching her shelves until she found the mortar and pestle. She quickly set to work, grinding the leaf and stem into a fine powder.

She reached for a thin brush. The first one was made of bound tree bark fibers, which she discarded. She needed something softer and thinner. The next one appeared to be a horsehair brush. Perfect. She located a jar of dried nightshade next, followed by a cloth bag. Nylah rolled her neck from side to side as she sank back into her chair, pushing past the desire to head off to bed. Her hand slid into the cloth bag, producing a curved, polished wooden pipe. Nylah laid the pipe upright on the table and pinched a handful of the nightshade from the glass jar, sprinkling it over the bowl of the pipe. She pressed gently into the gathered plant material with her finger, evening it out and packing it down. Repeating until satisfied, she lifted the mortar in her off hand, clutching the brush in her dominant hand. She delicately swept the fine powder into the bowl, so it coated the packed nightshade.

She could fix this.

Nylah carried the pipe out her front door, turning the handle with her elbow and swinging it open with her hip. She winced as her hipbone smacked the hard wood, overdoing the motion by mistake. Then she trudged up the hill once more until she was face to face with her failure: the pumpkin patch.

Her feet throbbed with dull pain. Her legs felt overused, stretched thin. She compromised with her pain, taking a seat on the ground at the border of the roof, her back to the brick chimney that shared a roof with the field.

Conjure flame.

Expending a humble amount of mana as she did, Nylah raised the mouthpiece of the pipe to her lips and inhaled. The smoke seemed to fill her whole body. Coated her veins. Smudged her scrapes and bruises. Her body was too tense, she forced herself to admit. She knew it wasn't sustainable to carry tension like this, but the world rarely slowed down for the kind of recovery she yearned for. A chorus of crickets and a very light breeze filled the night air, drowning the rest out.

The swirling smoke was mesmerizing. She allowed her mind to drift, trusting the bright glow of the embers to guide her awareness back to the present. Moonlight illuminated her curling exhale.

Bring the desire to the front of your mind.

She guided herself through the first step, nerves buzzing with the restless energy of an arcane caster overextending herself once again. Trying her clumsy hand at primal magic this time around, exhaling her material components through smoke so she could amplify them through her arcane focus.

She squashed her insecurities and focused her vision on the vines, clamping down forcefully around her thoughts.

These vines. Thick. Healthy.

That was the goal, at least. She reminded herself that it was only a request. She could not sculpt this outcome exactly how she imagined it. Nature could not be commanded so easily. She could only direct the enhancement towards what was ideal.

Sprawling and blooming. Flowers erupting from the stalks.

Maybe she needed to visualize the entire outcome. As confident as she felt altering arcane spells, primal ones felt too much like gambling. Keeping that stress out of the mix as much as possible, she tried to picture herself hauling a massive pumpkin to the Harvest Festival. One that could rival a villager's own height.

She felt like she needed to bring something of her own. Something to prove that she truly cared for this village and valued them, even though she had so little of her time to offer. She needed a surprise so big, it would make up for the distance. Dell would probably wink at her. Sylvie and Simeon would almost certainly propose a toast. Nylah saw Minna perfectly in her mind, kneeling in the freshly turned, fertile soil. She tried to recall what Minna had advised her about the growing season. Minna's soft thighs spread across her lap as she kneeled. Nylah had never seen Minna's stomach from her height, as it was always covered by-

She scattered the runaway thoughts in her mind in a panic. What was wrong with her?

One massive pumpkin.

Water and grow. Water and grow. Water and Grow.

She repeated the simplest possible visualization, stifling her fury at her unruly imagination. Nylah was unbelievably tired of being herself, reigning in the same ridiculous fantasies day after day.

Despite her sitting down for the ritual spell, Nylah almost lost her balance when faced with the fruits of her focus. New growth sprouted from the soil, vibrant green stalks shooting up weightlessly towards the sky at first, then curving and bending back to the earth as each leaf grew larger and heavier before her eyes. It almost reminded her of the inching movements of a worm, witnessing the thinnest and brightest part of the vine's tip press against the soil in its sprawling travel.

The unfurling bud of a yellow flower caught her attention. She watched in awe as the soft, bell-shaped flower wrinkled and wilted, collapsing in on itself as if it were a sacrifice. The swelling green mass at the base of the flower seemed to gorge on the petals, rising higher and higher above the tangling mass of dirt, leaves, and vines until it had inflated to a recognizably round, yellow shape. With each passing second, the stem of the pumpkin tilted up off of its side. Thick ridges began to take shape along the sides. The yellow hue had turned orange, and the stem of the pumpkin rested upright, pointing up to the stars. The largest leaves covered the soil like a blanket.

One massive pumpkin. True to her goal, as tall as Dell.

Nylah stood and surveyed the miniature field before her, truly impressed. After a very deep exhale of relief, Nylah made her way back down her own roof, feeling lighter.

With another quiet hum and tap of her fingers, Nylah re-cast a dim light. What should have been an effortless cantrip seemed to be scraping at her reserves. Goddess, had it taken that much to grow a single pumpkin? This was exactly why she was so hesitant to experiment with primal spellcasting. It was difficult to be certain in the dark. Nylah evaluated her surroundings for desaturated colors, a telltale sign that she'd completely depleted her mana.

She returned the polished pipe to the cloth bag and searched for a keepsake that was gifted to her along with it. Matches: a luxury item she rarely used.

Nylah struck a match. A bright grey glow blossomed at the pale wooden tip, confirming her suspicions. Not wanting to be wasteful, now that the match had been struck, she walked it to her fireplace and held it to the bark of the sold, dried out firewood she left stacked here in the summer. The initially comforting heat of the matchstick overstayed its welcome. She balanced it on top of the firewood stack and retreated her hand. It was soothing, watching the grey embers dance as they gradually spread.

Nylah despised how vulnerable she felt without magic as a tool, like she was disarmed. She grabbed her only vial off her belt, a minor mana potion, and threw it back nervously. The crackling fire became blindingly bright for a fleeting moment, but her vision quickly adjusted. Warm, amber light flooded the grey room. Nylah considered the time commitment to craft a greater mana potion. She would be fine with just this, for tonight. Tomorrow was a better day to restock.

Her skin felt dusty. Her hair felt thick and greasy. She figured warm water and soap would address her next most immediate need. She was oddly sweaty. The air indoors was so thick. Was it always this muggy in the village? Maybe a storm would roll in tomorrow. At least it would water her crops. Right on time, at that.

Another distraction had taken root in Nylah's mind. She was already in dire need of a bath. Why not get a little sweatier first? She would sleep so soundly if she could just wring out a couple good orgasms tonight.

A wooden wall stood between the front room and Nylah's bed, a thick curtain in the doorway providing darkness and privacy. Another reason for her heart to swell when she thought of her home. Adventuring lent her so little solitude. There was no chance she'd get this kind of physical relief on the road. Her fingers worked at each button of her shirt as she crossed through the doorway of her bedroom, until each sleeve could slide off her shoulders. She peeled her undershirt off over her head, thankful that she'd never grown busty enough to need some sort of support for her chest. She discarded her pants and stockings at her ankles and crawled into the bed, rolling onto her back. How long had she gone without this? It felt urgent, now. She bent each knee and spread her legs open, reaching to trace the firm wishbone shape that surrounded her entrance, working her way closer to the soft curtains of skin with each drag of her fingertips.

A waxy figure coiled around Nylah's ankle.

She yelped, snatching her knees up into her chest reflexively.

Vines.

Nylah's hand reached for the handle of her dagger in its holster, finding nothing but the open air and her bare skin. Her eyes darted around the bedroom. Oh, Goddess, the ceiling was covered in vines. They squeezed through the splintering wooden boards that she'd assembled only two years prior. She desperately tried to recall any stories of plant life being so mobile, nearly animalistic. She *knew* there was something she'd read before.

Nylah twisted at her waist to check behind her.

All clear back there.

The cluster of stalks pushing through her ceiling was concerning, but not nearly as much of an immediate threat as the one at the base of her bed. Locking her vision on the single vine, Nylah shifted her weight back to both of her hands, crawling backwards slowly until she made contact with the headboard. Once she could get her back against the wall safely, she would assess. Figure out the path to escape.

A thick, sweet scent hung over her room, followed by a spray of golden pollen. Nylah's planning halted, her brain stumbling at the disruption. She was home. The most peaceful place she could possibly be after months of camping. She had

finished a long stretch of dangerous travel and returned to this very place for a reason. Nylah had never felt more certain that she could relax and lower her guard.

The vine snaked around her ankle, trying to assist her. Conflicting information snagged at her brain. The impulse to ready a spell echoed through her mind, but the specifics grew cloudier with each attempt to retrieve her magic. Decades of exhaustion washed over her body. She'd been tired for a long time. This was her reward, and she was determined to finally get some well-earned rest.

More and more vines spiraled up her legs, parting her labia and spreading her body's arousal along their path, leaving a smear across the crease where her thigh and hip met, dragging the moisture around and up against her tailbone, before she lost its trail completely. Nylah's brain couldn't keep track of each distinct point of contact any more. She had something waxy to grind against now. That was the important part. The constricting grip continued moving up her body, circling multiple times around her slender waist. Nylah pushed down her apprehension with a very simple but effective argument.

What if it feels good? Would it be so bad to relax and enjoy herself?

It couldn't have come at a more convenient time, really. Nylah was so tense. Restless energy coiled inside of her. Her body seemed like it would burst if she didn't chase the friction she needed. She would implode.

Vines squeezed at her upper arms. Her heart raced. Her wrists were guided together, raised up above her head. The vines would hold her, now. She could loosen her grip. She could drift. Nylah closed her eyes and imagined she was floating in an ocean, being swallowed up and whisked away.

She tried to rock her hips, but, suspended in this tangle of vines, she didn't have anything stable to push off of. It seemed like her legs were bound firmly together. Knowing her knees and ankles would be her anchor point, Nylah summoned pure abdominal strength to simply grind back and forth on the vine that was squeezed snugly between her legs. Her muscles burned in protest while her brain pleaded for more in feverish ecstasy. She whimpered. She needed exactly this motion for only a little while longer.

Blood rushed to her head. She was tilting back, her spine arching. Her legs were pried apart. A sob escaped as the thick vines she ground against retreated, no

longer clamped between her thighs. The burning heat of her inner thighs and core was contrasted sharply by the cooling airflow of being exposed. Her brain sparked with focused pleasure, dampened by a frustration that strained her eyes against their own eyelids. A powerful shiver of anticipation passed through her body, head to toe.

Her wrists were unbound, the squeezing pressure at her upper arms released along with them. Before she could regain her mobility, the guiding force of several vines lowered her arms to her sides, overlapping them at the small of her back. The grip on her abdomen loosened as a snaking presence tucked each elbow close to her hip, before pulling its grip snug once more. A rounded form pressed itself precisely at her entrance. It slid up through her labia, brushing past her clit and up towards her stomach. Nylah let out a gasp. Her pleading had been answered.

The form reversed its path, dragging back down the way it came. Nylah struggled to angle her hips in vain, hoping to slide this form inside of her. As if it could sense her desire, the rounded tip stretched her open, sinking deeper, then dragging out its retreat. Searing heat collected in her stomach. Her muscles strained against the grip of the vines, fingertips groping for something to cling to, finding and squeezing down on her own bound forearms. She wondered how these vines could be so lively. The way they held her in place and pumped into her felt urgent and unrestrained. She was relieved they had no face. When she closed her eyes, it was just the sensation of her mind unravelling. Being lifted up by a mindless being. She wanted to be a mindless being. She was so tired of being herself.

Nylah regained some physical awareness in her blissful daze, puzzled at the sensation of pressure swelling inside of her. It dawned on her that the tip of this vine was pumping its own release into her core. The realization had her clenching down tighter around the thick vine with each rhythmic movement, receiving its donation. The searing heat that had been steadily building in her gut seemed to overflow, flooding through her body. She felt her heartbeat pounding everywhere, uniting each inch of her body in simple pleasure. Another vine pushed her jaw open, stretching her cheek as it filled her mouth with a syrupy, earthy substance. She let it drain down her throat, too spent to consider any other option.

Once she could lift her head a bit, Nylah caught a glimpse of the vine between her spread legs, exiting her body. A trail of sticky residue trailed after it, the strand growing thinner until it finally snapped. The vines released their snug grip on her body, sliding her tenderly to a facedown position, collapsed and bleary eyed on the

mattress. Her delayed brain finally processed that she was sinking, disoriented by the sensation. Why did her body feel like it was carrying so much more weight? A sticky warmth was leaking from her core, drying on her legs.

What a rush. Just one overwhelming wave of pleasure. She wanted another. Nylah summoned the strength to position her knees under her hips, her ribcage and face sinking deep into the mattress.

She felt her cheek gradually lifting away from the sheets, until it was hovering above her bed entirely. The weight of her body spread unevenly towards her chest, which shouldn't have made any sense. She propped herself up on her hands and knees, stunned as her swelling breasts filled the gap between her shoulders and outstretched hands in barely any time. She felt heat radiating off her cheeks and ears, her bones tingling, the stretching effect rippling through her tissue. She was intensely, uncomfortably aware of her racing heartbeat and gasping lungs.

As if it could sense that Nylah needed support, a cluster of vines wove cooperatively together, mimicking the forms of tendons and muscles. They wrapped around each other neatly, moving in parallel like a shoulder and arm, weaving a massive, improvised hand together. It extended out to grasp Nylah's waist. Another tangled mass took form, lining up its makeshift hips to hers, sliding effortlessly between her folds.

A mass of flesh that she barely recognized as her own had bounced when the creature had bottomed out into her, its waxy hips slapping against her ass. She knew something felt dramatically different, but refused to look back, not daring to lose the jolts of electricity each motion sent darting through her system. She couldn't quite wrap her mind around this sensation, and she didn't need to. Her body was swollen, which simply meant she bounced in a perfect rhythm as this creature's grip slid her precisely where she needed to be. Nylah tensed. Her spread legs trembled, unable to move. Shockwaves rolled through her body, like a towel being wrung tightly until every drop of stamina and energy had been squeezed out. She was floating.

The binding grip of the vines across her narrow waist released, keeping its coordinated form and moving to squeezing her tits, almost as if to milk them. She lost her orientation, the world spiraling into whiteness as her sensitive thighs clenched together. Her brain slowly processed the gravitational force as her awareness returned, drool and tears smearing her pillow as she was dropped down

to the mattress once more. After a moment for the thumping in her chest to calm down and the stretching sensation to cease, the warmth stayed. A well-rested kind of strength lingered with it.

Eventually, Nylah summoned the energy to swing her legs off the edge of the mattress and plant her feet on the floor, using the momentum to roll herself into a standing position. She searched for fresh water and a cloth to clean up, her hips wobbling with each step. Nylah tried to inspect herself in the bedroom mirror as she passed it, but the mirror was fogged over from the thick, humid air in the room. A single vine prodded at her, rubbing against her calf in an almost catlike show of affection. She had only been home for an hour, but she already felt an uncanny sense that she'd discovered something she could not live without. She had an intimate attachment to this creature, her uncomplicated companion.

She ran her fingers through mussed, tangled hair. The rotation at her shoulder caused her chest to lift and lower, the movement bringing her full attention to her breasts. She had never seen anything like it. Her hands reached for her nipples in wonder and disbelief, worry and excitement trampling over each other as she confirmed that she could, indeed, still touch them. Her bent fingertips and open palm cupped the sensitive point, kneading the enormous, pink ball of doughy flesh.

Were her fingers bleeding? No, her eyes focused as she brought her hand very close. A vibrant, rich orange hue was spreading through her nails. The most pigmented color was concentrated at her nail beds, fading to the usual white at the tips.

Odd.

Finally wiping a small circle in the foggy mirror, Nylah was greeted by saturated orange hair spilling from her scalp, nearly two inches of rich color at her roots, dramatically contrasting the chestnut brown color she was accustomed to seeing. It was eye-catching. A grin spread across her face, until a tongue slid from between her lips. It folded in on itself at first, like a pink rosebud, before blooming, unfurling and splitting her tongue apart like a flower.

Her blurry silhouette snagged at her mind. She could at least make out the outline of her flesh beneath the small circle of condensation she'd wiped away. She kept thinking she was looking at someone else.

Minna.

A crash of information poured in. Terror seized Nylah's body and mind with sobering lucidity. She'd visualized Minna and fed her stupid fantasy to a primal spell that consumed every drop of her mana. Goddess forgive her.

She acted as quickly as she could, racing to undo this mess before her guilt and disgust could rise above practicality. Nylah scanned the vines that had torn through her roof. Her eyes passed over her discarded clothes, at the foot of the bed, then inspected the bed itself. She snatched her bedsheet with both hands, circling her arms together above her cleavage to rapidly bundle the material as tight as she could. Then she took off in a sprint. One hand reached for the handle of her door, her shoulder slamming into the wood as she barrelled through the exit. A crude, slapping sound echoed disruptively in the still night. Her thighs seemed to announce their size every time they collided. Refusing to slow down, Nylah tried to smooth out the bedsheet linen as she ran. Her right foot struck the earth, and her bare breasts swung into her right elbow with a thunderous momentum. Her left foot struck the earth, and her breasts attacked the other side. Her fingers gripped the sheet tightly, hoping she could bind this new mass in place somehow. She reached Dell's home before she could figure it out.

"DELLLLLLLL." She pushed the cry for help out through her diaphragm, shoving her bubbling panic down so she could force her sprouting tongue to enunciate each word. "PLEASE WAKE UP."

Nylah finally arrived at his door and dropped to her knees, wasting no time pounding on it. She wrapped her body in the bedsheet as she waited, shame crashing back down on her as she prepared to see his gentle, concerned face.

Imagining Dell's face was a mistake. Nylah felt a swelling presence grip her heart, affection and need blossoming into desperation. A final thread of control snapped, her self discipline collapsing. Her vision clouded. Primal energy spun through her system, shooting through her fingertips in an attempt to relieve the pressure.

"DELLLLLLLL," She *needed* to hold him. Heap her adoration upon him, tenfold what she had been repressing all these years.

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A halfling man bolted upright in his bed. A forceful knock at the door shook his walls. He rubbed his eyes with one hand, reaching for the divine focus he wore around his neck instinctively with the other.

“DELLLLL,” Nylah's screaming voice carried through the house. “I'M-,” the voice cut out with a choked sob, followed by frantic scraping.

Bewildered, he sprang to his feet. A creature of habit, Dell slept in the same thin pants that he camped in on missions. He considered reaching for a folded shirt or a blade, but quickly prioritized answering the door.

A frenzied woman kneeled before him. Impossibly large breasts filled her lap. Her nipples protruded through a thin linen sheet, crowding the doorway and consuming his line of sight. Dell stared in dumbfounded silence.

She gasped, shuffling her exaggerated hips away from the doorway and planting her hands firmly on the ground, at either side of the door.

“Oh, you're here! Thank the Goddess you're here,” she babbled, pawing at the ground with clawed fingers. Her breasts swung dangerously close to the house with each motion. What on earth has happened to her?

“I need-” Nylah's face angled to meet his gaze, but no pupils found him. A solid, amber material nestled in each socket, reflecting the moonlight like a polished gemstone as she crawled through the rounded doorway on all fours. “Oh!” Tears were drying on her cheeks. “My darling.”

A clawed hand pinned him to the ground by his shoulder, clumps of freshly tilled soil strewn across his bare torso. Dell squirmed beneath her mighty grasp. “I did it, Dell.” She released her hand as the weight of her breasts trapped his pelvis to the floor. “I'm bringing something to the festival. All mine.” She cradled his face and exhaled, scattering pollen from her lips. His horrified expression softened.

“You're going to love it.”