

Fruit From A Faerie

Content Warning: This story contains ass expansion and juice inflation

“Whoa, boy!”

Elysse pulled back the reins of her horse, holding tight as he bucked. Forcing him to heel, she ran a gauntlet-clad hand along his mane. She whispered softly, soothing his fear, apt though it was. After all, the Enchanted Woods stretched before them.

Her steed calmed, Elysse stepped down to the knoll. With her eyes ever-trained on the Woods at the bottom of the hill, she handed the reins back to Geremey, her loyal squire. Wordlessly, he took them in hand. “Ger, my orders hold sound in your mind, yes? Smuggle yourself and Talv back to the castle, lest the lady catch an early word of my exit.”

“Of course, sir,” Geremey responded quietly, gently pulling Talv alongside his own horse. “But, Elysse, you must know Lady Vendraine will notice your absence in short order, surely? And when she does, I will be the first brought before her.”

“Yes.” Elysse stole a look back at the young man. His expression betrayed a concern for self-preservation, as well as for her own safety. “Feign ignorance, Ger. I doubt she’ll struggle to guess where I’ve gone, anyway.”

“Hmm...” Geremey muttered under his breath, putting his words together. “I realize that if she could not *assuage* your anger, I cannot halt your pursuit of retribution. But I beg you, sir, come back safe. For your sake, and hers. And mine, for that matter.”

“I will,” Elysse said flatly, her words an empty promise. With a short farewell, Geremey disappeared into the summer dusk, leaving her with only the eyes of the Enchanted Woods upon her.

At her approach, the Enchanted Woods opened to greet her. A maw-like entrance broke out of its bone-white branches, welcoming her in and making no disguise of its strange sentience. Elysse left the requisite offering in the threshold; a few tawny strands of her own hair, wrapped about a forked stick. And when the mouth closed behind her, the gift stuck in its teeth, ensuring her egress as soon as she said the word.

Although it was the refuge of the Fae, the Enchanted Woods could be relied on to follow its own rules. It wouldn’t slow her path, nor that of her prey, without reason.

Now inside, the overwhelming dark of night abated to a lavender twilight, just visible through the canopy above. Elysse put one hand on her sword, then the other on a vial at her side. She took

the vial in hand and shook the blue-violet liquid within. The faerie Lutetia's *handiwork*. Elysse had swiftly and secretly taken a sample, immediately following Morra's *incident*.

Although her grasp of faeries and their foul magic was underdeveloped and hastily made, Elysse understood that, within the Woods, the liquid would be drawn toward its progenitor. Within the vial, the liquid's movement was too slight to be detected. Elysse popped the cork and tipped a single drop onto her armored hand. And even as she held it flat, the blue droplet forged forward. Along the path toward its master.

As she proceeded, Elysse could not help but feel...out of place. For one thing, this forest was made for things smaller than her; she ducked under and pushed away pallid branches around her as the path grew less and less distinguishable. And her polished metal armor, tailored close to her lithe form, stood out like a flame in a fog bank. But Elysse was less than worried about attracting attention. Lutetia was a bold monster—she was not likely to hide away at her arrival.

After two hours of following the droplet of juice, Elysse came upon a clearing. She examined the perimeter closely, looking for signs of magic, then proceeded inside. As she passed the perimeter, the droplet lept from her hand and hovered for a moment before jerking toward the center of the clearing. It splashed against the air and vanished.

Elysse drew her blade.

A small giggling sound rang out, sourceless. Evolving from the point of impact, the glowing, naked figure of a short, slight woman appeared, wreathed in technicolor butterfly wings. Her face, an artifice of spectacular beauty, violently split into an approximation of a smile.

Elysse stood her ground and met Lutetia's eyes.

"Oh, why, hello!" The monster's cherubic voice echoed unnaturally through the Wood, still sourceless. "I do believe that it's *Sir Elysse*, of House Vendraine. My dear, you've come so far to visit me."

"I have not come to parley, Fae lady Lutetia" Elysse took a single step toward, finding no resistance or response from the faerie. Then another, cautious and slow. She was almost close enough now to see the other half of Lutetia's form. Transparent tendrils wrapped around the human-like body, ambulating it at the joints and twisting its face into a calm facade before fading back into nothing.

"Oh? And what have you come for, then?" The faerie asked politely, with her arms outstretched. Her wings twitched ambiently. "I shouldn't hope you've brought me a gift, surely?"

"You know, monster," Elysse whispered harshly. Her sword practically hummed in her hand for it. "I have come to avenge my lady's honor."

“Oh, yes! Right! My little blueberry—”

The sword swung hard in Elysse’s hands, down through her shoulder. The angry iron edge screamed through the air—but it found no resistance, as Lutetia’s body halted its glow. The blade hung in the air at the faeries side, useless.

In a second, the faerie jerked into the air, her wings hastily pulled to each side. “I should think not, little knight. My end does not lie on the edge of your crude weapon.” Elysse swung again anyway, at the emptiness, hoping to catch the invisible tendrils. The faerie continued to rise and flew into the canopy-obscured distance. “But you are welcome to chase me regardless.”

Elysse watched her disappear, then relaxed her stance. She figured it was worth a shot, but obviously, killing Lutetia would require more than a single swing of a sword. She needed a tactic, and an element of surprise ideally. Sheathing her blade again, Elysse retrieved the vial.

Only a small mass of the juice swirled within. Elysse had only brought as much as she thought that she’d need, and carried a great deal more potable water and rations for her journey. As before, Elysse took a drop of the water in her palm, tilting it to keep it from falling off and following its direction.

Taking a more quiet and measured pace, the knight pursued her target. After many hours, the first drop had evaporated to a miniscule pinpoint. Another drop, another several hours. She did not feel the call to sleep, but hunger and thirst still demanded her attention, drawing her to rest briefly between attempts.

Another drop, and another. The vial was half empty. She took to rationing her resources carefully, her food and water taken at the last moment of necessity. Time was impossible to gauge in the Enchanted Woods; the sky was an unchanging purple hue above.

Another drop of juice. Soon, as the last of her food was gone, Elysse took to measuring time in the depths of her hunger. Each pang, another few minutes. Another three drops, and the last of her water was gone. Every time her hope wavered, even for a second, a sadistic giggle would burble from the path ahead, spurning her forward anew.

As physical exhaustion wracked her body, her pace wavered, but Elysse could not will herself to stop. It was only when her legs gave beneath her that she stopped completely, her back against a bleached and crooked tree. Her vision blurred, her head pounded, and her midsection filled with needles.

From the ground behind her, a small vine silently pushed out of the earth.

As her vision came back into focus, Elysse considered the option of leaving. Her talisman was still there; at her command, the Enchanted Woods would spit her out, like gristle. Leaving her exhausted and at the mercy of her lady, having failed. Even if the mission was self-appointed.

The vine burgeoned rapidly, climbing the tree at her back. It twisted callously around a low branch, forcing it to bow toward Elysse.

And even in her addled state, Elysse was steadfast. If she could just rest here a while, she'd surely be back on her feet. Nevermind hunger, nevermind dehydration.

The vine bent a piece of the Enchanted Woods to its will. And from it, a pear flowered and grew in an instant, almost violently, just outside of Elysse's field of vision. It detached, falling softly to the dirt at her side, just within reach.

Elysse looked at the piece of fruit, then up. She only managed to see the branch of the Enchanted Woods flexing back into place, and not the vine retreating away. Instinctually, she took the pear in hand and examined it, finding it near-perfect. She looked back up, and considered whether or not this was a gift from the Enchanted Woods. It wasn't known for helping humans, but where else could it have come from? And, truly, if she didn't eat or drink, Elysse would die before she could exact revenge.

Feebly, Elysse pulled her helmet away and off, dropping it to the earth. Damp, dusty brown and orange curls tumbled out and down to her shoulders. In a moment of self-assuredness and desperation, she took the first bite. Tart juice and sweet fruit filled her mouth. She took another bite, careful not to lose a drop. In no time at all, she had eaten the pear to completion, leaving a sparse stem and a few seeds.

Suddenly revitalized, Elysse sat up, then stood. Gone was her hunger and her thirst, entirely. She felt strangely energized. Her face turned upward to the boughs of the tree that had provided her salvation, she put a hand on its trunk and whispered.

"Thank you."

Her words fell on deaf and outraged branches.

Elysse was about to leave it at that, but she considered the transactional nature of the Enchanted Woods. It would help in exchange for gifts. Perhaps it would be more respectful to perform the ritual in return. Twirling a finger around a loose curl, Elysse winced and pulled away enough strands to tie around the pear's stem. Stowing the seeds in her bag, Elysse left this improvised gift at the tree's base, then walked away.

A few paces away, Elysse took out the vial and turned the final remaining drop out into her hand. It represented her last chance at finding Lutetia, slaying her, and getting out of the Woods. And on her gauntlet, it lazily wobbled about, gradually pulling forward, then back.

Impatient, Elysse raised her hand closer to her face. The blue dot had seemingly stopped in place, unwilling to point in any direction. But before she could consider what that meant, Elysse noticed something unusual in the reflection of her polished armor.

A spot of green on the tip of her nose.

She raised the other hand to touch it. Her glove came away clean, so it wasn't left-over pear juice. But it felt strange: spongy, sensitive, and almost sticky. And in her reflection, she watched the green hue spread from her nose to her cheeks.

An image, a memory, flashed in her mind. Of Morra's face, of a blue dot that behaved the same way. And her momentary confusion galvanized to a sharp terror.

Very quickly, her face flushed with a light green, running down her neck and below her breastplate. The wave-like feeling of her skin tingling against her undergarments was shortly followed by a sickening gurgling. Elysse cursed herself for being so foolish as to accept strange fruits in the Enchanted Woods.

Elysse had heard Morra describe the sensation, but she could not have imagined it before now. A foreign liquid gushed within her stomach. And instead of collecting there, it *flowed*. Spreading downward, in rivulets within and beneath her skin. It pooled there, beneath her waist.

One hand clasped at her sword's hilt, Elysse put the other hand back. She did not notice as the droplet of blueberry juice hovered there. Instead, she felt her ass swell against her fingers, growing to fill her hand in seconds. Her legs, constricted by metal armor, bloated with juice. Her lower half bubbled out wherever it could, and strained wherever it could not.

Panic rose to Elysse's throat. She spun distractedly, trying to observe her change. Which only caused her new form to wobble and jostle. Her sword-hand never faltered, but Elysse did not notice as the final drop of blueberry juice rose and flew to the edge of the glade.

Her growth only quickened, as the surge of pear juice ever-rose. Her buttocks widened against her leather pants, pushing them to their limits. The buckles holding her armor to her thighs snapped, ejecting the armor, as her thighs bloated forward and back. Her lap fattened with liquid to obscure her feet, but Elysse could feel the metal around her calves bending under the pressure.

A sickening laugh emanated from all around her. At once, Elysse drew to attention, her eyes darting to every edge of the wood. Even as her lower body filled with juice.

There. The shining figure of Lutetia emerged from the tree line. "Hello, my dear! Have you enjoyed your little hunt?" The body stepped forward languidly, her wings splayed more for effect than practical use.

Elysse spun to stare her in the eye, sword at the ready. Her gaze flickered toward the hidden half of Lutetia's form, only half visible in the twilight. She silently resolved herself not to talk, not to give this monstrous bitch the satisfaction. She took a step toward Lutetia. It was slow, ponderous, maneuvering one swelling thigh around the other. Then again, more difficult now.

"Did you enjoy my *gift*?" Her voice lilted playfully—infuriatingly. "I figured it was only fair..."

Elysse gasped. The tide of juice within her swelled dramatically. Another step, and her legs were too thick to move at all. The metal binding her calves buckled painfully, fragmenting into the dirt. She could no longer even bend her knees; the juice had flooded her entire lower half. Her posterior surged, tearing her pants to leather shreds in seconds.

"...that you receive the same gift as your dear lady." Lutetia wandered closer and closer, a curious expression etched onto her face.

Elysse desperately tried to focus, to keep her sword pointed at her quarry. But the pressure was building. Her skin seemed to stretch, as more and more juice poured onto her frame. The nerves within stretched too, pulled to the razor's edge. An increasingly agonizing sensation, and yet...

"Did you truly think that you could best me? Here, of all places?" Lutetia was upon her now, dancing at the edge of her blade. "I had an inkling of your folly, but I did not take you for an idiot."

In a flash, Elysse took a final swing at the faerie. She leaned forward, reached with all her might, and...the tip of her blade drew an inch too far away. Elysse felt herself starting to topple with the inertia of the action. Attempting to stay upright, she overcorrected—she dropped backward, to a soft and wobbling impact.

Lutetia cackled wildly, not even bothering to move her mouth. The doll-like humanoid form before Elysse all but disanimated, never losing its glow. The limbs went slack. And the expression fell from its face, like bark from a dying oak.

As her body continued to grow and round out, Elysse watched in fascination and horror as the true form of Lutetia revealed itself. Starting the invisible tendrils. They became opaque, appearing bark-like and multicolored. Gradually, the rest of the body came into view. It was like an huge, iridescent tree had uprooted itself. At the end of the branches, woody hands twitched and curled. And upon the trunk, countless eyes swiveled hungrily.

"You're getting so ripe, my dear Elysse," the eldritch creature taunted, its voice unchanged. Lutetia pulled the humanoid form, lifeless and limp, up into its boughs, beyond Elysse's reach. Then, its roots spooled around Elysse's form, pulling the trunk closer. The branches pulled low, their hands coming to caress her lower half. "But you're not quite big enough yet."

Elysse instinctually swiped at the branches, and found that her blade could not touch them. Same as before, when the humanoid half stopped glowing. Her attention drew to the glowing figure above her.

The juice flowed rapidly, without end. Elysse's ankles were subsumed, her calves swelling to touch the ground beneath her. Her hips, if they could still claim the title, pushed an arms-length out to each side and kept pushing. Her ass ballooned to a massive scale, each cheek heavier and wider than a horse.

Eventually, her sword arm fell to her side, tired and aimless.

Beyond her sight, many hands felt and groped and slapped her. Lutetia had not stopped laughing; the sound echoed without end, compounding upon itself terribly.

Passively, exhaustedly, Elysse watched the folds of her cuirass lift. As her lower half became full and taut, juice was forced upward. It caused her gut to distend, then burgeon outward. Lifting her breastplate. A small moan slipped through her lips as Elysse felt her crotch growing downward too, toward the ground.

Her entire lower half smoothed and rounded out. In mere moments, her legs, ass, and belly fused into a gargantuan, vaguely spherical shape. Beneath her armor, her upper body plumped too, though not nearly as dramatically. Breasts expanded to fill their bounds, her cheeks rounded into a pout, and her arms thickened with sweet, tart juice.

An obvious pear shape, if viewed from outside.

However...her lower half was still swelling, much much faster than her torso. And as it did, becoming larger and rounder, her torso was rising. Far beneath her, her feet rose from the earth, swallowed more and more as they ascended. Her reach was getting closer to the Lutetia's boughs, closer to the humanoid form. Her sword-hand tightened as she was reinvigorated by a plan.

Lutetia was ecstatic, overjoyed. The larger Elysse expanded, the more attention the faerie paid to her—the more insistent its hands became, the more focused its eyes were upon her posterior. So Elysse bided her time, playing a weakened victim.

Another second. And another. Another foot higher, then another.

But, she was slowing down. The humanoid form dangled just an inch out of her reach, by Elysse's estimation. Tantalizingly close. If only...wait.

A bone-white branch came falling from the Enchanted Woods' canopy. It slammed into the faerie's humanoid form, forcing it to drop just a few inches.

“What?” A sudden and total note of confusion rang in Lutetia’s voice.

SLASH

With a quick and decisive moment, Elysse beheaded the monster. Its form glitched, breaking into bits of light, before the body instantly split into ribbons. The remains of Lutetia fell around her, and the flow of juice halted instantaneously.

With an impossibly heavy sigh, Elysse finally relaxed. Her torso fell back onto her own body, cushioned by the lakes-worth of pear juice within. She sheathed her sword, thankful that her sheath was still just barely within reach.

She was alive. Not unchanged, but alive. And successful. Elysse couldn’t have asked for more. Before activating her talisman and escaping, she took stock of the extent of her situation. Her skin would likely never change—it was light green, tight, and incredibly sensitive to the touch. Her torso was suspended six feet above the ground, and at its thickest, her body was just as wide. She could not move her legs at all; her bones were encased in the gigantic mass. Elysse estimated that she must weigh thousands of pounds, given her size.

She was thankful that she hadn’t gotten as big as Morra.

Finally done with the Enchanted Woods, Elysse spoke the magic word to leave. And promptly blacked out.

When she awoke, Elysse was on the edges of the Enchanted Woods, at the top of the knoll. As she climbed back to consciousness, she wondered how the Woods had accomplished that feat, but maybe some questions were better left unanswered.

The sun was high above Elysse; the daylight blinded her, after so long in twilight. How long had she been in there? It might have been days, or weeks. Her eyes adjusted slowly, and she became keenly aware that she was currently surrounded by people.

“Oh,” Elysse exclaimed, acutely aware of her half-naked state. She looked closer and saw the banner of House Vendraine upon the hill, which gave her some relief.

“Sir!” Geremey rode up on horseback. His voice filled with relief. “You’ve returned.”

“I’m a woman of my word, Ger.” And Elysse was glad to have kept her word.

“I’ve come to inform you that our lady is approaching.” Ger lowered his voice gleefully, as if sharing a dirty joke. “My understanding is, she wants to *scol'd* you herself.”

And there she was. A team of horses, carts, and men—no, a fleet, more like. Each dedicated to rolling the colossal, blue, spherical body of the kind and magnanimous Lady Morra Vendraine up a hill. Elysse might be big, but she was dwarfed next to her. After a solid five minutes of effort, her lovely face came to rest pointed down at Elysse's own.

“Sir Elysse Bayer.”

“My lady.” Elysse's knee twitched on instinct, but she resorted to a simple bow.

After a few weighty seconds...“That was truly stupid, Ely.”

“My lady, I was able to eradicate the fae Lutetia, and escape with my life.”

“Really?” A mocking tone struck in Morra's voice, like a dagger. “And that life is...that of a human pear, correct?”

“Mor—my lady, the monster will no longer terrorize the land.” Elysse rose from her bow, defiance rising on her tongue. “In earnest, it seems a worthy trade.”

Morra closed her eyes and exhaled through pursed lips. With a distant hand, she signaled to the roller fleet. Her head rolled in closer, such that Morra could whisper to Elysse alone.

“Fine, Ely. I am still certain you did it for my *honor*, but you are correct. The realm is safer without her. Thank you.”

“You are right, Morra.” Elysse smiled wryly, immensely tired and ready to go home. “I *am* correct.”

“Gods, you can be so annoying.” Morra rolled her deep blue eyes. “But, you know, now that we're both in the same boat, so to speak...I think we make quite the *pear*.”

“Wow,” Elysse chuckled.

“That was really bad.”