

Botanic Panic

By Victor Waite

Maple's metabolic condition comes to light one morning after forgetting her umbrella, interrupting her morning jog and forcing her to seek cover or risk exposing herself to the entire park.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Leafeon, a Flareon, Sap Inflation, Breast Expansion, Lactation, Wardrobe Malfunctions in Public, Weight Gain, and Female Masturbation. If this sounds like something you'd enjoy, I hope you do~

The leafeon braced herself against a tree and doubled over, huffing to catch her breath. Smoldering soreness settled into her legs in the absence of momentum, sapping her will to continue her jog. Maple meekly picked her head up and glanced around the park, then sighed with relief. Only a few others had gotten out of bed early enough to enjoy the misty morning, meaning she could shirk her workout without fear of judgment. Her token resolve folded in the absence of peer pressure, and she lazily walked to and sat on the nearest bench. The seat protested her weight as her well-padded rump spread across the worn wooden slats, bringing a light blush and sharp frown to her muzzle. The heat in her cheeks cooled as her generous paunch oozed over her waistband and thighs in an overly doughy muffin top. Her thighs squished against the short hem of her bottoms similarly, highlighting how much she'd grown since her last excursion. The leafeon's top clung to her form with equal gusto, shushing her breasts and compressing her chest just enough to be an annoyance. She poked her belly roll, sighed, and lamented her extra weight.

"It'll be fine if you stay out of the sun, they said. It won't be more than an extra pound or two, they said."

She took a swig from her watter bottle and clipped it back onto her belt. Its cap dug into her love handle and reminded her just how much she needed to get moving again, though her momentum now acted against her. The burning in her legs resurged the instant she tried to stand, eliminating what little desire she had to persevere. Instead, the leafeon leaned back in her seat and basked in the uncommon weather that had drawn her out. The chill of autumn air settled into and cooled her orange fur, though it failed to seep through her generous padding. Maple rolled her head back and gazed into the clouded sky, silently wishing for them to visit more often. She breathed in as much as her top would allow and held it, but let it out suddenly when a familiar, unwelcome sensation swept across her pelt. The leafeon opened her eyes and shielded them as a gap opened in the clouds, just wide enough to illuminate the park.

"It was nice while it lasted at least," she muttered. Maple reached into her bag and fished for her sun parasol, then plopped the container into her lap after a bout of fruitless searching. She urgently dumped its contents onto her thighs and double and triple checked them, then threw her head back in frustration.

The pokemon's pelt flushed green with chlorophyll in response to the burst of sunlight, filling her with dread and energy. She stood from the bench and bounced on her heels while she looked around, hoping to counteract her metabolism while she figured out a better solution. A small cluster of trees caught her attention, and she dashed towards them as quickly as her legs would carry her. Despite her second wind, the sprint proved to be more than she could manage. The leafeon's pace slowed to a brisk walk at the midpoint, which only exacerbated her condition. Her top tightened with each labored breath, until she reached behind her back and loosened it as much as she could. The extra space only lasted a few short seconds however, and she was still uncomfortably far from her destination. Maple desperately surveyed her surroundings as her bra started interfering with her breathing, and a blush warmed her cheeks as she took drastic measures. She

fumbled her top's clasp until it snapped loose entirely, then held the cups to her breasts herself and continued.

The leafeon forced herself into a jog once confident she wouldn't expose herself, which became a panicked sprint when leaked through her top. A few eyes turned to watch the vibrant green blur dash across the breadth of the park, unsure of what could possibly justify such a rush. Most of them shrugged and returned to their business when she dove into the concealing underbrush. Maple rolled onto her back and panted once totally in the shade, struggling to recover from her hardest workout in years. Her breasts wobbled freely with each rise and fall of her chest, imperceptibly swelling in the diminished sunlight. Thick amber sap collected at the peaks of her nipples, forming into viscous beads that lazily oozed over her bust. They gathered in rivulets and fell in drooping tendrils when she sat up, leaving a sticky trail in their wake and alerting Maple to their presence. The leafeon squeezed her chest with dread, confirming their continued growth. Her cheeks smoldered with shamed arousal as she briefly lost herself to her evaluative gropes, but regained her senses as sap trickled over her fingers. She licked the sticky residue away and retrieved her phone, then called her roommate.

"Hey, can you come bring one of my umbrellas to the park? My bag didn't have one in it today for some reason."

"Sure, but it's going to be a couple hours," the flareon replied.

"Come onnnn, I said I was sorry about getting sap on your chair," Maple whined.

"And I accepted, but that's not why I can't get there soon. I had to travel today. I can leave now, but I'm still a few hours away."

"Can you speed?"

Cindy laughed. "You gonna pay for my ticket if I get pulled over?" She took the leafeon's pause as a no. "Just hang tight and practice some of those milking techniques, or see if you can get a hold of someone closer."

Her muzzle warmed again. "Just hurry, please."

The leafeon hung up and set her phone aside, then turned her attention back to the dull throbbing in her chest. A constant stream of syrupy sap inched down the curve of her breasts as pressure built up, hardly enough to counteract the build up. She hesitantly pinched and tugged at her nipples, which rapidly stiffened and increased their flow. The amber ooze matted her pelt and clung to her fingertips, adding a unique sensation to the increasingly erotic massage. Maple moaned under her breath and rolled her hips as her inhibitions waned, eclipsed by the pleasure of tending to her body's unusual needs. One of her paws slipped down her curves as twinges of pleasure emboldened her, burying itself between her plush thighs. She traced the evident outline of her sex through her thin shorts,

coaxing out a quiet gasp and a light shudder. She pulled her paw away as her lust soaked through the light fabric in a moment of clarity, however. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment and she chided herself for masturbating in public, though she sheepishly realized relieving the pressure in her breasts was more or less the same thing.

For better or worse, she was given little time to dwell on the notion. Her one-handed ministrations couldn't keep up with her sticky output, prompting her to change her strategy. Maple reluctantly drew her paw from her crotch and practiced her doctor's milking techniques, sending bolts of pleasure through her form with each squeeze and tug. Her posture relaxed as her breasts subtly shrank to a more manageable size, and she let her mind wander while her fingers ran on autopilot. A small sigh floated from her muzzle at the image of an imaginary lover, who eagerly helped her address her biological quirk. She playfully flicked and pinched her sensitive nubs, lending sensation to her partner's actions. Her hips rolled to meet theirs as she lost herself to fantasy, and previously quiet groans rose in volume while her arousal rekindled. Maple only roused from her lustful daydreaming when the sun reached its crest in the sky, overcoming the sheltering effects of her shady hideaway.

Maple's brow furrowed and her eyes snapped open when her breasts swelled in her palms. She abandoned her non-existent companion for more efficient fingers, falling into a rapid rhythm of squeezing and tugging. For a moment she believed she'd be able to keep up, but pressure continued to build despite her best efforts. A pitiful whine resonated in her chest as her breasts slowly spilled over the sides of her hands, sloshing with their thick, fluid weight. Her amber spurts reached the edge of the clearing and the underbrush beyond, painting the area with sticky strings. The pressure eventually leveled off however, and her belly let out a worrying gurgle as her condition advanced. One of her paws drifted to her stomach as the sap in her chest sought another exit, rounding her middle out beneath her fingers. Maple groaned with dismay and redoubled her efforts to milk the syrup out before her body turned it to fat, but physics plotted against her. Her expansion created more space to catch sunlight, driving a runaway effect she couldn't hope to control.

Her tail lashed with frustration while her belly swelled, spilling over her hips and thighs and straining her shorts to their limit. The sound of popping threads filled the clearing seconds later, opening the garment's seams and rendering it useless. Running through the park went from an improbability to an impossibility as tatters of fabric fluttered to the sap-stained grass, leaving her stranded and fully nude. Maple buried her face in her paws and dreaded the cost of replacing her wardrobe yet again, but eventually sighed and let it go. She tossed the useless remnants of her bottoms aside and found the shadiest place in the grove, then sat back and made the best of her situation. The pressure in her chest lessened as she relaxed, sparing her belly at the cost of her breasts. The exhaustion of the half-day rapidly caught up with her as she reclined against a tree, drawing a lengthy yawn from her muzzle. She reached for her phone and told her roommate where she was before she drifted off completely, then tended to what needs she could.

Maple loathed what her condition did to her figure, but she couldn't deny how good

giving felt. She raked her claws down her tingling pelt to the crux of her thighs, reveling in her hide's increased sensitivity. The leafeon stretched her legs and curled her toes as she reached under her belly's sloshing roll, picking up where she left off earlier. She delicately traced the edges of her lips before converging on her clit, lancing pleasure through nerves and across her body. Webs of slick arousal spanned her fingers when she plunged them into her sex, arching her back with unbridled bliss as she reached for her sweet spot. Her hips rocked and rubbed the grass beneath her flat as she raced towards her climax, set up on an unexpected hair trigger thanks to her exhibitionist prelude. Her thighs clamped shut around one paw while she stifled climactic squeals into the other, feebly trying to stay hidden while she came. Sap shot from her breasts in long arcs while she shivered with rapture, marking the grove with her amber signature. Maple slouched to the ground once her orgasm subsided, giving way to a well-earned afterglow. The leafeon let out a wavering yawn as the last of her energy waned, which tapered off into sleep.

Cindy puffed an ember of warmth into her paws as she trekked through the park, searching for the cluster of trees described by her roommate. Her ears perked when she finally spotted it, and she broke into a full sprint. Worried visions of her unresponsive friend's fate played in her mind's eye, spurring her to push through the ache in her legs. The bulky flareon arrived and barreled through the underbrush, only slowing when she reached the clearing and searched for Maple. Her fears were put to rest when she found her, making room for frustration to boil up in their place. She stomped towards the pair of gently rising and falling breasts, careful to avoid the abundant sap pooling in the grass, then shoved her toes into the sleeping leafeon's side. When that failed to rouse her, she resorted to a sure-fire trick. Cindy laboriously rolled Maple onto her front and propped her up on her breasts, bending her into an uncomfortable arc and exposing her widened backside. The flareon grinned with mischief and rubbed her paws together, calling on her natural abilities to infuse them with glowing warmth. Steam rose from between her fingers as she positioned her palms, lining them up with faint markings left from the last time. A thick slap rang through the grove when she made contact, followed by a sharp yelp.

Maple kicked and flailed with surprise, flopping on her side and away from her roommate's hot hands. Her panic subsided and gave way to anger when she locked eyes with the flareon. "What the hell was that for?"

Cindy answered once she stopped laughing. "That was for making me worry all day."

"What?"

"Check your phone."

The leafeon did just that, and her ears drooped when she discovered what Cindy meant. She had missed nearly a dozen missed calls and texts throughout the day. She then noticed the sun had almost completely gone down. "Shit, was I really out that long?"

"Apology accepted."

"You can be mad, but did you really have to scorch my ass again?"

"Yes," she grinned. "You know how heavy of a sleeper you are."

"Fair enough," she sighed. Maple rolled onto her swollen stomach and struggled to push herself up, accomplishing little more than sloshing her sap-bloated self about. She slumped after a few futile moments, then begrudgingly looked up to Cindy "Help me up?"

The flareon obliged and grabbed her outstretched arms, then leveraged her own weight against Maple's. They grunted in unison as her colossal breasts lifted from the sticky grass, bringing up amber webs as she got her feet under her. Cindy groaned with exertion when her roommate leaned on her for balance, forcing her to bear the brunt of their combined weight. The leafeon found her balance just before the flareon collapsed, and she staggered on trembling legs before recomposing herself. Maple cradled her breasts to steady their ponderous weight, narrowly missing Cindy with a stream of amber and bringing a blush to their muzzles. Maple's belly sagged far below her waistline with the weight of her golden slime, but her breasts easily overshadowed it and swung at her navel. The leafeon let out a wavering moan when the trickle swelled into a small river, slicking her pelt and pooling at her heels. The heat in the flareon's cheeks intensified while her roommate absently stared, only snapping from her stupor when she loudly cleared her throat.

"Right," Cindy stammered. "I had a hunch you'd be a little bigger than usual this time, so I grabbed a tarp on my way out." She produced a room-sized plastic cloth from her bag and unfurled it, then draped it over Maple's shoulders. "Ready?"

"As I'll ever be," she sighed. She pulled the sheet tight around herself, but couldn't completely close it. "Let's go."

"Oh, don't get mad, we've got a bit of a walk ahead of us. I had to park a few blocks away."

"Fun."

"Cheer up a little," Cindy teased. "It'll give you a chance to work off some of that gut." She poked the leafeon's belly through the gap in her improvised coat, which sloshed and glorped at her touch.

"Can you at least wait until we get home before you give me the business?"

"Oh, I'll give you the business when we get back."

Maple playfully shoved her shoulder. "You'd better for making me wait so long."