

A Potted Plot

By Victor Waite

19-08-25

A birthday gift for Garuda

Reese belongs to Garuda

May belongs to her owner

The time has come for Princess May to promote her favored knight and make him her personal guard. Every village in the kingdom has gathered to celebrate the occasion and offer gifts and tribute, though some guests are more invited than others. A spurned lover arrives to disrupt the occasion and take her Reese back, but will she succeed?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Bunny, a Male Fox, Public Teasing, Overeating, Belly Stuffing, Semi-Sentient Plants, Bondage, Force-Feeding, Sap Inflation, Weight Gain, Tube Feeding, Tentacle Sex, Navel Play and Penetration, Immobility

Celebration filled the castle hall, reverberating off its walls and shaking the air. Indistinct conversations blended together in a constant, roaring revel, and the scents and aromas of a grand feast fueled it all. Residents and delegates from the surrounding villages mingled and migrated across the vast room, reconnecting with old friends and making new ones. Some found themselves too fixated on the food to schmooze however, captivated by the work of the country's greatest cooks. The interlocked tables of decadence commended more and more attention as the afternoon passed, tempting the appetites of every guest they reached. A growing number of eager celebrants claimed their seats for the main event early, planting themselves squarely before their favorite foods. More and more followed their example, and by the time everyone took their place, the event's guests of honor arrived. The hall fell silent as a trumpet fanfare announced Princess May, who stepped from the castle's interior with royal grace. Her dress's flares and frills obscured the curves of her figure, though there was no denying her lifestyle had treated her well. It was hard to say if the bounce in her ceremonial garments came from their construction or her rolls, but she stole her audience's attention with ease regardless. Every eye in the room followed her to the throne at the head of the tables, though she neglected to sit down right away. Instead, she cleared her throat and addressed her people.

"My friends and countrymen, I thank you for gathering for this celebration. I know it was not easy for all of you to travel here, and your efforts have not gone unnoticed."

The crowd murmured in agreement and lightly applauded, either echoing her sentiments or congratulating themselves.

"This is an important day," May continued. "Both for me, and my favored knight. I know many of you are familiar with Knight Reese and his service to the kingdom, but his deeds and honor extend well beyond his role alone." The princess paused, and a slight blush tinted her cheeks as her thoughts drifted to a few of those deeds.

"For his impeccable service both in and out of his oath, I am naming him as my personal guard."

The crowd erupted in cheers and applause, which only grew louder when Reese stood from his place at the table. Several reached out and patted his back in congratulation as he walked to the head of the hall. His gaze only left hers when he arrived and knelt before her, head bowed with the gravity of the ceremony.

May motioned to a servant, and a portly fox dashed to her side with the royal scepter. He knelt as well and presented the jeweled rod with reverence, then returned to his place the instant she took it from his paws. The princess held the symbol of her rule above her head and let her audience bask in its radiance, then gently brought it down to her lover. She gently tapped each of his shoulders, then invited him to rise.

"With this, I give you my blessing and endow you with the honor of serving directly by my side."

Reese rose to the crowd's approval, though May leaned in to his ear before he reached his full height.

"Even though you've been doing that quite well for some time," she whispered.

Reese blushed and May grinned, though he brushed off the remark and continued the ceremony. "I will be forever grateful for this honor, Princess May. You won't regret this."

"Believe me, I know I won't. You've already proved yourself worthy in *every* way." If the crowd caught her undertones, they didn't seem to care. "If I had any doubt in your abilities, you wouldn't be standing here now."

The vulpine nodded with resolve, then smirked.

"It is done," May announced. "Beginning tomorrow, Reese will begin his new role as my most trusted guard. Let us celebrate this moment!"

A final roar of applause swept over the crowd, which only declined when servants flooded into the hall. Some carried stacks of plates while others toted bundles of cutlery, but each one stopped at every seat in the grand hall eventually. The clinks of dishes and metals twinkled across the chamber as they prepared placements for each guest, delivering everything needed to properly feast. Though many celebrants would be happy using nothing but their hands, they managed to find their manners out of respect for the princess. As the last of the dishes found their place, another group of castle staff members drug a towering chair into the festival. The gathered villagers watched them muscle the regal seat next to May's throne, rivaling it in size and decadence. Though far from a king's throne, it bore every intricate hallmark of royalty. The princess motioned for her knight to sit, and after a moment of admiring the antique, he gladly obliged. With the guests of honor seated, a trumpet blast rang through the hall and signaled the next stage of the ceremony. All at once, the celebrants lunged at the feast and carved out their portions while the delegates and representatives stood and approached the pair of thrones. The vast majority of them remained seated and gorged themselves while they waited for the line dwindle, while the most motivated of them offered gifts to memorialize the occasion. Most of the offerings held much more symbolic value than monetary worth, though the wealthier provinces didn't hesitate to make their status known. Still, May ensured her gratitude was always obvious.

May thanked the envoys with all the sincerity she could muster between bites and stacked the gifts behind her, creating a gradually growing tower of opulence and respect. As the cycle continued, it became apparent her stack of tribute wasn't the only thing growing. Belts and buttons quietly strained and stretched as the feast disappeared bite by bite, and the princess was more than happy to lead her people in example. Her gluttonous experience showed as she tore through plate after plate without compromising her royal dignity, shredding courses apart without spilling a single drop or crumb on herself. Reese devoured his meals with equal grace and slower pace, though the two of them still

commanded a lead over their peers. A pair of servants made it their full time job to carry off their cleaned plates and make room for more, doing their best to avoid staring at the pair's swelling middles. May offered a teasing wink when their gazes occasionally met, though her vulpine guard devoted most of his attention to maintaining his manners. Not to imply he had become the center of attention. Even as the leather straps of his armor strained against his growing girth, the townsfolk remained happily preoccupied with their own servings. The last of the delegates scarcely had time to claim their share of the final scraps by the time the train of gifts ended, though the knowledge of an impending dessert tempered their urgency. May announced a final call for gift-bearers once the last representative returned to their seat, then repeated herself once more for good measure.

As she drew in her breath to make her thanks known and close that segment of the ceremony, the hall's far doors creaked open.

Every eye in the room turned to met the late arrival. Faint murmurs rolled through the crowd as they tried to figure out which village the tardy celebrant called home, but none could produce a definite answer. The feminine figure's dark robes bore no marks and obscured her identity, leaving everyone to puzzle over her as she made her way to the head of the tables. Reese tensed with combat-readiness and preemptively reached for his sword, though May stayed his hand and request he remain seated. Instead, she let out an audible grunt of effort and stood, her stuffed belly wobbling while she scrutinized the mysterious woman. A few strands of bright red hair escaped from the perfect shadows of her hood, and the black pelt of her legs peeked from above her boots, but that was all the princess picked out before the guest began to speak.

"Princess May," she articulated. "My most humble apologies for my late arrival. My gift took longer than I expected to prepare, and I simply couldn't enjoy such a momentous occasion empty-handed."

The bunny's eyebrow rose. "Oh, is that so?"

"Indeed it is. And once you have the chance to... appreciate my tribute, I believe you'll understand why."

May looked the woman up and down once more. Intuition rose the hair on the back of her neck and primed her with a shot of adrenaline, though she remained in control of herself. She shared a weary glance with Reese, then turned back to the late arrival. "Very well. Approach and present your offering."

The woman woman bowed, betraying a few curves of her evidently chubby frame. "Thank you, your grace." A dull thud marked every step of the woman's approach, adding to the tension in the air until she finally reached the throne. The opening of her hood turned to Reese as she reached into her sleeve and produced a small potted plant, which she then presented to the princess.

"This species of plant is exceedingly rare. It's the first one I've been able to grow locally, and when placed in sunlight for a few hours, sparkles and glows like priceless gems." The figure paused for a moment and quietly sniffled. "I think it's beauty is a... wonderful symbol for the love you share with your knight."

May accepted the plant and held it in the light of the hall. A large bulb rose from the center of the pot, ringed by its smaller counterparts. Aside from a few glittering hints of something more, it looked perfectly ordinary, though the princess didn't want to deny the story of a potentially powerful witch or druid. Especially in front of the better part of her kingdom.

"I accept your gift with gratitude," she finally said. "I can't image the time and effort you invested into this wonder."

A faint flash of fangs shown in the darkness of the woman's hood. "Such accomplishments are easier than they seem with the proper motivation. I have no doubt you two will remember this day for the rest of your lives, but I want to make this day even more unforgettable."

For a brief instant, May's royal civility faltered and unease flashed in her eyes. She blinked it away, then hoped neither the woman nor Reese picked up on it. "I'll make sure your contributions to this day are... not forgotten," she eventually murmured.

"I have no doubt about that."

The figure bowed once more with May's apparent approval. "As much as I'd love to stay and indulge in this wonderful celebration, I must excuse myself. I can't afford to leave my workshop unattended for long,"

The princess let out a breath she didn't realize she was holding. "Of course. I understand how sensitive magical affairs can be. Safe travels, and thank you again for finding time to present us with this gift."

"Of course... your whor- highness," she corrected. "Next time I'm in the area, I may have to stop by and see how the little bloom is faring~"

Before May could formulate a proper response, the woman excused herself and departed. The tip of her tail flickered from the bottom of her robes and exposed a tuft of red fluff, which swept across the floor as she sauntered away. Both May and Reese relaxed in her absence, as did the rest of the crowd. May placed the little bulb out of reach of her fork and knife, then swiftly finished the last of her remaining portion. Reese followed suit, and an impromptu race to clean their placements sparked between them. By accident or design, they finished at roughly the same time, and the pair exchanged looks of admiration. May's attention soon returned to the feast and ceremony, and once the townsfolk had reached their various stages of stuffed, she brought segment of the ceremony to a close.

The princess stood and stifled a belch into her fist, then tapped her scepter on the table for everyone's attention. "I'd ask if you all enjoyed the feast, but your expressions speak for themselves," she chuckled. "With the meal closed, it has come time to announce the end of the festival. You're all free to finish your servings and stay for dessert, but your attendance is no longer required."

With that, the regal and reverent atmosphere evaporated. Belts and manners loosened, and the most gluttonous of the villagers gathered up the remaining scraps of the banquet. Castle servants scattered and gathered the picked-clean plates, running them back to the kitchen and clearing space for the desserts. Pastries and fruits and sweets filled the vacuum as fast as it formed, and with the new wave of delectable scents came a resurgence in appetites. Everyone who stayed plucked at least one treat from the parade of dishes, and several returned for seconds and thirds. May and Reese were among them, filling yet another pair of plates and taking their gorging a step further. The princess gestured her knight in close and popped one of the delights into his muzzle, coaxing out a groan of delight. He returned the favor without hesitation, and the pair encouraged each other to their limits. The regal bunny managed several more than her vulpine partner, mostly thanks to her yielding clothing, but he matched her pace until his armor gave no more. Villagers filtered out of the hall as they ate their fill and more, some waddling and others rolling, until May felt she had fulfilled her duty. A grunt of effort filled her chest as she stood and rolled her belly from her lap, then stretched her back relieved the stiffness in her muscles. Reese's gaze followed the peak of her protruding middle until she relaxed, then followed her finger up to her knowing expression.

"As your first official act as my personal guard, I request you escort me to my chambers for the evening," the princess smirked.

"Of course, your highness." The fox bowed and took her hand, a gesture made considerably more difficult by his tightened gear. "Would you prefer the scenic or direct route?"

"When you're at my side, I'm not convinced there's a difference~"

"One involves a stop by the kitchens for second dessert." Reese wiggled his eyebrows. "I would be neglecting my duties if I allowed you to go to bed hungry, after all."

"My good knight, if I didn't know better, I'd suspect you're trying to make me immobile."

"That would make you much more difficult to abduct," he mused. "Not to mention the improvement to your figure."

"Oh, is your royal lover not to you standards?"

"Hardly, my dear," he teased. "I'm only trying to figure out how to improve upon perfection."

May laughed and bumped him with her hips. "You may be on the right track then. I'm more

than happy to indulge your idea, but not at the moment. Perhaps when the festival season is over."

Reese nodded. "I'll have to hold you to your royal word, you know."

"What kind of knight would be if you didn't?"

The pair embraced, then scooped up a final plate of dessert before departing. Their pace was slow and ponderous as they excused themselves from the hall, and the dull rumbling of mixed conversations dissipated as they disappeared into the castle's interior. Decadent tapestries and wall art gave way to slightly less ornate stonework, decorating the inner passages with a different form of art. The kingdom's history sprawled at their sides as they navigated through progressively narrowing corridors, until they reached an arch barely wide enough to accommodate both of them. Reese motioned for May to take the lead, and she passed him with a sultry glance. Her widened rear eclipsed the fox's vision as she stepped into the narrow stairwell, sashaying her hips both to balance and show off. Her love handles grazed the edges of the climb with each sway, captivating the knight and distracting him from his own ascent. His steel toes slammed into almost every single rise on the way up, marking their progress with dull, echoing thuds. May laughed to herself and exaggerated her gait until he stumbled, and her laugh rang loud enough to be heard throughout the castle. Fortunately for her lover, there wasn't a soul around to hear. She paused and extended a hand to help him up, though Reese found his balance and stood without help. He chuckled with her, and their mirth only ended when they reached the highest floor of the main castle.

The staircase opened into a vast, familiar chamber. Essentially May's living room, it was lined with her accomplishments throughout her rule. Commemorative artwork hung from the walls and filled the spaces between brokered treaties, and together they surrounded her most prized belongings. Several of them glittered with gold and precious jewels, but even more bore priceless sentimental value. She had no doubt her gallery would grow with the spoils of the ceremony, though that was the farthest thing from her mind as Reese led her to her bedroom. They each placed a paw on the double-wide door and shoved it open, revealing a comparatively modest space. A bed truly fit for a queen dominated the room and dressers and wardrobes stood at its sides, leaving spaces for a window and a closet. Light of every hue imaginable poured through a stained-glass masterpiece and illuminated her sheets, framing her favorite bunny-sized divot on her mattress. A sweet scent lingered in the air, as the room was frequented by sweet snacks, completing the space's fantastic atmosphere. Such details were lost on the pair while Reese helped May to her bed, however, ushering her atop the sheets fully dressed. The princess made a show of wiggling from her most restrictive garments, stripping down to her most comfortable layer and leaving few of her curves to the imagination. The knight noted how her swollen curves hid almost all of the remaining fabric, inspiring May to lift her bloated belly and prove she wore something beneath. The knight blushed as she stretched and placed her botanical gift on her windowsill, settling it squarely in the evening sun's warm rays. May then rolled onto her back and beckoned her lover to bed.

"Come, sir night," she murmured. "Help me work off this meal prepared in your name."

It took all every ounce of Reese's willpower to keep his armor on, and his knightly duties eclipsed his desires in that moment. "Princess, as much as I would love to, I can't tonight. I have one last affair I must tend to before I take up your generous mantle."

"You need not keep secrets," she teased. "If you need to say goodbye to your side wench, you can simply tell me."

Reese's cheeks blazed. "No no, it's not that at all," he stammered. "I just need to travel to the blacksmith and have my armor updated with the royal crest. And maybe resized," he trailed.

"I only jest," May chuckled. "How long will you be away?"

"Not long. My armor is prepared already, I simply need to pick it up. If I leave tonight, I'll be back by tomorrow afternoon."

May's mattress creaked as she sat up, and her plush belly squished against Reese's chilled plate as she kissed him on the cheek. "Safe travels, my knight. I eagerly await your return."

"I'll be back as soon as I can. Try not to get into too much trouble while I'm away," he teased.

"No promises~"

The lovers shared a lingering kiss and embrace of reassurance, until Reese's sense of duty overpowered his need to stay. The floorboards softly creaked under his metallic footsteps on his way to the door, which he gently shut behind him. His faint footfalls trailed off, leaving the bloated princess in peaceful solitude. May turned and laid on her side, allowing her belly to spill across the soft mattress and gurgle with contentment. She idly rubbed the soft swell and grazed on her second dessert, and her thoughts drifted to her gifted plant as a food coma stole away her energy. Her last waking thoughts visualized what it might look like in the morning, until gentle sleep finally took her.

Outside the castle, the dark-robed woman watched Reese embark on his quest. No small part of her desired to follow him, though she reigned in her desires and remained hidden in the courtyard. There would be plenty of time to reclaim her love on her plot's success. A wicked grin spread across her muzzle as she imagined her planning and effort in practice, and she snuck off to behold the fruit of her labors.

Sweet and succulent scents swirled around May, drawing her across the shifting dream-scape. Towering pantries and ovens and counters loomed over her as she followed her nose

and stomach, navigating across the giant kitchen's tiled expanse. Her belly growled and grumbled with need as powerful aromas grew stronger and stronger, spurring her into a wobbling run. The bunny's endurance faltered frighteningly fast and left her panting after a few pitifully short distance, but after stopping for several breaks, she eventually reached her destination. The crowded canyon of appliances opened into a rolling dinning hall, large enough to fit her entire kingdom several times over. Tables stacked with exotic dishes reached high into the misty sky and filled the room with a torrent of scents, each of which tugged at May's senses and beckoned her forward. Her feet carried her closer on reflexive desire, and once she made the decision to indulge, broke into a wild sprint. Her flabby figure wobbled with every heavy step, and the draw of her delectable reward granted her limitless stamina. Once she eventually reached a table leg, she crouched deep and launched into the air, then dug her claws into the ornate wood. Every ounce of her weight tugged at her grip and resisted her ascent, through simple physics couldn't hope to dissuade her from her feast. May wrapped her legs around the colossal pillar and locked herself in place, then reached up and gradually hauled herself toward her delectable goal. Her stomach and thighs squished against the smooth surface and made it increasingly difficult to keep her ground, but after an eternity of inching herself to the sky, she reached her destination.

The bunny grabbed the edge of the table and swung herself atop it with acrobatic grace, though the sight of her prize sabotaged her landing. May stumbled forward and beheld the mountains of food piled before her, struggling with both their reality and where to start eating. Pragmatism won out soon enough, and she rushed for the nearest dish. The greedy princess threw herself into a plate of mashed potatoes the size of her castle and promptly stuffed her face, filling her cheeks with buttery goodness. A muffled moan of delight resonated in her chest as she chewed and swallowed and dove in for seconds and thirds, until confusion flashed across her eyes. Her jaw slowed as its flavor diminished, going from tasty to bland to unappetizing. The meal's texture grew gritty and unappetizing, leaving May with what felt like a mouthful of sand. She spat the cursed food to the side and cautiously returned, swiping up a small helping on her finger tip. The princess lifted it to her eyes and scrutinized its every detail, searching for the source of sabotage. Nothing looked out of place, and she hesitantly licked up its side. Her expression curled in a grimace and she promptly flicked the unappetizing food away. The bunny pushed herself off of the mountain and brushed her pelt clean, then ventured forth to explore the rest of the giant banquet. Her lumbering footsteps echoed throughout the landscape of food, only interrupted by brief pauses to sample her findings.

Unfortunately for the hungry princess, every dish she sampled upheld the pattern. Her first bite was an explosion of flavor she could only hope to experience again, and the second was a mouthful of dust and sand. Her stomach growled in annoyance as each edible sample only teased her appetite, fraying her focus until she briefly considered eating the cursed dishes. May shook that thought from her head as quickly as it entered however, unwilling to indulge whatever or whoever ruined a world's worth of food. Still, each taste test taxed her resolve, and the intrusive notion returned with growing frequency. May finally faltered at a titanic roast, where she lingered with insurmountable uncertainty. Her stomach growled and grumbled and commanded her to fill it with anything, though her mouth refused to

open for a fistful of grit. The princess's internal battle only ended when rays of light filled the gaps between dishes, suffusing her pelt with a warm satisfaction. The tension between her mind and body dissolved as an amber fruit rose above the horizon, casting its radiance across the expansive table and banishing the cursed dishes. Mountains of food parted like shifting dunes, eliminating the sources of her temptation and carving a clear path to the most delicious thing she'd ever seen. May sprinted toward the luminous fruit without hesitation, wobbling to the edge of her dreams until she tumbled into the waking world. A sharp gasp filled her bedroom as she plummeted into consciousness, and soft rays of morning light greeted her.

May let out an audible sigh of relief as she found herself in familiar territory, though it was short-lived. Her stomach grumbled and twisted with unbearable hunger, no doubt a holdover from her dreadful dream. She wrapped an arm around her plush middle and gladly noted the additions of the previous day's feast, but yesterday's meals meant nothing to her knotting middle. A pang of hunger lanced through her form and spurred her from bed, then prodded her to her wardrobe. She plucked a simple garment from the rack and wrapped it around herself with a hurried flourish, concealing her pudgy frame and rendering her significantly more decent. The sheer garment couldn't hope to approach royal standards of modesty, though adhering to a dress code was the farthest thought from May's mind. Securing breakfast was her highest priority, and her resolve to feed herself strengthened as she tied the light robe around herself. She stepped into a pair of slippers and wiggled into them with practiced ease, then briskly turned and lunged for her door. A patch of amber light on the floor caught her eye and broke her momentum however, and she stumbled as curiosity gripped her. May followed its radiant trail to her window, where she found her gifted plant in bloom. Her mouth watered at the sight of its glass-like fruit, and her belly demanded she give her interrupted dream closure. She found no reason not to, and with a hint of wonder, she reached out and plucked the unique fruit from its narrow stem.

The flowering plant quivered at the theft of its bounty, but otherwise didn't protest May's claim. Her interest conquered her hunger for a brief moment as she held the crystalline treat to the light, taking in its every sparkle and swirl. The plant's craft looked more at home in a museum than on a plate, and the princess briefly reconsidered her gluttonous impulse, though her stomach growled at the thought and reset her resolve. She held the fruit in both hands and brought its glossy curve to her lips, then bit into it after a moment of reverence. Thick, juicy sap sprayed out as she pierced its skin, flooding her mouth with a flavor like no other. It was sweeter than any dessert or pastry she'd ever had, and a fermented undertone added an addictive tang to its essence. Her fingers curled and squeezed the thick ooze over her lips, filling her cheeks by the time her grip closed completely. A groan of approval resonated in her chest as she savored the heavy fluid, and she held the note until she gulped it down. A visible swell glided down her throat at a glacial pace, and it touched down in her stomach with tangible weight. One of her messy hands patted and rubbed her middle's plush swell while the other fed the rest of the fruit passed her lips, filling her cheeks with its remainder. Each chew unleashed a delectable burst much like the first, pitting her gastric patience and ravenous appetite against each

other. The latter won out swiftly, and with a satisfied swallow, May finished off her morning treat.

A delighted sigh tumbled from her lips as the unexpected appetizer settled in her middle, which transitioned to a yelp of surprise. Something thick and powerful wrapped around her middle and tugged her back with insistent force, waking her from her daydreams with a burst of shock. A grin spread across her muzzle as she turned and anticipated the embrace of her returned lover, which quickly fell when she confronted reality. With frightening speed, her plant outgrew its pot and sprouted several tendrils, all of which swayed and menaced the royal bunny. Panic stole her voice, and for an empty moment, the two stared each other down. The tension in the air snapped the instant she opened her mouth to call for help, however, and the strange plant seized its opportunity to strike. The rouge gift caught her shout's first syllable on its tendril and shoved it back over her lips, then pressed her tongue down and filled maw completely. Her cheeks bulged with its coils while she vainly tried to bite down on it, failing to break its toughened skin. The tendril wiggled and pulsed in response, and May's eyes widened as a obvious bulge flowed down its length. She wrenched her arms free and grabbed the vine before its payload reached her lips, only buying a few seconds of time. A wave of panic crossed her face as pressure built and spread her fingers, until her hold broke and the globe of goo invaded her mouth. A fresh wave of flavor washed over her senses as sap similar to the fruit's coated the inside of her muzzle, thicker and more potent than her initial sampling. The princess's eyes glossed over with its powerful influence and flavor, and strength drained from her muscles as the craving for more overwhelmed her sense of danger. The plant acknowledged her submission, wrapping its vines and tendrils around her in a guiding embrace. It walked her to the base of her window, then slowly coiled around her in an unyielding hold.

If May noticed her strengthening bonds, she couldn't muster the will to escape. The tendril in her mouth pumped a steady stream of delectable sap into her muzzle, fogging her senses with each heavy mouthful. Her audible gulps and swallows filled the room as the potent payload settled in her belly, rounding her middle out with a pudding-like softness. The rouge bulb allowed her hands to drift to the growing swell and massage its plush rolls, bringing a blush of delight to her muzzle. May idly wondered if the plant could produce enough to sate her augmented appetite, and in her delighted daze decided there was only one way to find out. She wrapped her tongue around the vine and tugged it to the top of her throat, then sucked and swallowed with all the coordination she could gather. The botanical monstrosity shivered and accepted her challenge, then adjusted its grip and rose to her greedy demands. Several tentacles coiled around her thighs and spread them apart, giving her swollen gut space to drop and wobble freely. Smaller feelers slithered beneath her middle's overhang and lifted the jiggling roll, allowing a larger pair to sneak into her shadow. Their blunted tips wiggled behind her undergarments and tore them away, exposing her dripping sex pulsing tailhole. A few bursts of sap was all the foreplay May got, which drew out a low groan that jumped in pitch with their entry. The plant held her thighs apart as she rolled her hips in overloading bliss, compounding her pleasure until she teetered on the edge of climax. The princess backed away from the orgasmic edge as the bulb slowed its ministrations and let her adjust, then slowly resumed delving deeper into

her core.

A sharp gasp of rapture stole her breath when one tendril found her cervix, and her toes curled as it gingerly pressed into her innermost chamber. A short orgasm tore through her when it finally gained entry, nearly causing her to choke on the constant stream of sap. The tendril in her mouth dove over the back of her tongue and descended until it entered her stomach in response, taking her breath out of the situation and directly depositing its sweetness in her belly. All three tentacles pulsed in unison once she adjusted, tripling the inflow of sap and taking a noticeable toll on her figure. A pair of firm, distinct swells emerged from the plush rolls of her belly, marking her inflating stomach and womb. Between the two of them, the mounds dominated her figure, lifting her breasts to her chin and spreading her thighs wider. Her pelt spread tight across the amber ooze, creating a web of stretch-marks both above and below her belly button. Muffled moans of delight leapt from her chest as curious feelers traced over the sensitive lightning bolts, sparking her with points of electric pleasure. More and more of the tiny tentacles gathered to support her growing, bloated weight, rendering it impossible to focus on anything other than their pleasure. Their soothing rubs eliminated most of her pressure-induced pain, though that didn't stop her body from approaching its limits. The tendrils shivered and the sap changed its flavor, hinting at its solution to May's approaching problem.

The princess shuddered as the plant's second concoction mixed with the ocean in her belly, then spread throughout her restrained form. Twinges traced paths from her core to the rest of her body, traveling through her limbs and gathering in her chest. In the back of her mind, May realized the plant was doing something drastic to her figure, but the results of its changes banished her apprehension. The pressure in her belly faded with newfound flexibility, and the rest of her figure joined her belly in bearing the creature's bounty. Faintly amber flab piled on her thighs as her belly's growth slowed, and similar folds of fat gathered on her arms. Her expression softened as her cheeks chubbed out, and her chin sank into a growing ring of weight. Her breasts expanded most of all, however, swelling into plush globes that threatened to obscure her vision. The creature wiggled and shifted between her hills and valleys, offering her some relief as it loosened its grip. In the back of her awareness, May realized it didn't need to bind her at that point. Her size rendered her immobile on its own, and that thought sent a perverse thrill down her spine. The plant weakened her inhibitions, but she couldn't deny she enjoyed the treatment on a deep, intimate level. The princess squeezed her eyes shut and shoved that thought from her mind, then fought through the hedonistic haze fogging her head. The simultaneous pulses of the tentacles scrambled her focus with blissful regularity however, and she only found the will to fight when the sounds of straining floorboards reached her ears.

Creaking wood sparked an urgent fire in May's chest, and she struggled against her weight to get help before her castle collapsed under her fattened ass. With great effort, she raised a leg and brought it down, slamming her heel into the floor with every ounce of her weight. The thump echoed into the hall below, though before she reclaimed the strength to call again, a set of vines coiled around her legs and bound her tight. The princess let out muffled shouts and squirmed with what little freedom she retained, though she only

succeeded in sending rippling waves through her figure. The sensations compounded with the plant's pleasure and threatened to tug her below a tide of hedonism once more, though she drew on the last of her will and resisted. Her resolve held surprisingly well, until a particularly thick tendril snaked across her middle. The sensation of rough bark against her smooth pelt alone sent a shiver up her spine, and it stole her breath when it sought out her navel and wiggled between its guarding rolls. Something between pain and pleasure resonated on May's every nerve as it inched and undulated deeper into her softness, and the feeling tipped toward the latter as it found its mark. The vine subtly thrust as it delivered pulse after pulse of sap, greatly accelerating her growth. Her weighty flab tightened and rounded with mounting pressure as the creature filled her with gallons and gallons of its fattening formula, scrambling her thoughts with strange rapture. Her muffled cries of delight mixed with the snapping and cracking of timbers as she gradually dominated her room, shoving furniture to the side with her swelling weight. Her belly squished against her bed and shoved it away inch by inch, and her wardrobe slowly slid across the wall until caught by a corner. Her middle spilled across the floor and eclipsed her decorative rug, adding a new texture to her maelstrom of sensations and pleasures.

Just before her migrating furniture blocked the door, however, it burst open to reveal her beloved knight.

Reese stared stunned at the sight of her lover, rooted in place by both confusion and arousal. A stifled cry from May resolved his fight or flight instinct, and he drew his sword and lunged at the deranged plant. The fox aimed his blade with practice skill and brought it down on the plant's thickest vine with his full strength, but much like May, he failed to cut through. The overgrown bulb did not react kindly to the resulting gash in its bark, however, and it trembled with fury and retaliated. Its grip on May loosened as it countered, lashing out with vines and tendrils of all sizes. The knight evaded its grip and sliced through smaller feelers, punishing every failed strike with graceful efficiency. A growing pile of trimmings littered the floor as he sliced through the plant's defenses, carving through its bulk until it exposed its root stem. The bulb released May entirely and swung at Reese with desperation, devoting its remaining strength to binding and pacifying him with sap. The fox read the attack and rolled beneath the wall of vines, then retaliated with a swing of his own. Unfortunately, the creature anticipated the skilled maneuver and wrapped its thickest length around his sword. Sap spilled to the floor in an amber pool as it tightened its grip and twisted the weapon from Reese's hands, then flung it out of the window. The creature wound up a finishing blow while the fox watched his sword tumble to the courtyard below, though he swiftly exploited his opponent's hubris. He reached for his belt and flung out a dagger before the bulb could react, catching its stem on the point and severing it from its pot. The mass of vines and tendrils quivered in panic as its balance faltered, and without tentacles to catch itself, tumbled from the window as well. The knight watched it fall to the ground and get swarmed by a squad of castle guards, then turned his attention to his lover the instant he was sure they were safe.

"Princess May," he gasped. "Are you alright?"

The bunny licked the sap from her lips as she overcame its waning influence, then looked her lover in the eyes. "I think so. For whatever reason, that plant seemed more interested in bloating me up than actually hurting me. Probably. You stopped it before it was finished," she laughed.

Reese looked confused, but ultimately relieved. "Are you saying I should have waited outside your door," he teased.

"That wouldn't be the worst thing in the world," the bunny grinned. She stretched her legs and curled her toes, then leaned over the vast swell of her belly. "I've never been so full!"

"That's probably a good thing. Can you imagine how big you'd be if you did this every day?"

"Mmm, I'd have to commission a dozen thrones and wear the hall's tapestries~"

"I think that plant messed with your head a little."

"I know you know me better than that, my knight," she chuckled. "Perhaps I should declare this an accident and pardon that woman. This would have been enjoyable with a warning, and with a little tweaking, I'd be more than happy to help her grow more of these plants."

"I don't mean to question your judgment, princess, but perhaps you should rest and get the sap out of your system before you make such a decision."

"A wise suggestion, my knight. If you will, help me to bed so we can get started on working this off."

A flash of flustered confusion crossed Reese's eyes. "Are you implying what I think you are?"

"Perhaps~" May wiggled her hips and sloshed her figure. "You've been my best source of exercise for a while now, and I can't think of a better way to drop a few of these pounds."

Reese shed his armor and undergarments with practiced speed, then helped his lover to bed. It took several minutes of strenuous lifting and squishing, though the pair eventually succeeded. The fact she filled her mattress completely on her own tempered their victory, however, until she lifted her belly and found a place for him between her thighs.

"Now then, my knight, remind me again why I endowed you with this privileged position~"

"Should I be worried about breaking your bed? Or the floor?"

"Your duty is more important than furniture or architecture," May grinned. "No more questions. I still need you more than ever."

"As you wish~"

