

***That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Flower* (TG, Monstergirl TF, Hypnosis, Tentacles)**

The feeling of dirt on his feet stirred Natsume from sleep. Rubbing his eyes, he groaned—it sounded remarkably high-pitched. *Urgh, what just happened to me?*

Staring at the blackness of his own eyes, he massaged his temple and tried to remember. He recalled a road, a truck, a girl. He'd tried to save her. Had he—?!

With effort, he managed to open his eyes.

Around him stood the trees and bushes and mosses of a gigantic forest. He stood in a clearing the size of a field, with oaks like skyscrapers surrounding him on all sides. Blades of grass like real swords tickled his ankles and thighs. Mushrooms the size of houses dotted the distant treeline.

Looking around, Natsume felt a sudden sense of dislocation. This wasn't— He'd been in— This wasn't Akihabara. Where was he? (In his panic, he barely even noticed his heart wasn't pounding.)

Tearing up, he drew in a deep breath and tried to take a step forward. He had to get out of here. He had to—

For all his panic, his foot remained rooted. He tugged again, to little effect. No matter how hard he pulled, he couldn't raise it more than half an inch. It reminded him of getting his boots stuck in the mud.

Finally, with a frustrated moan, Natsume looked down...

...and found herself staring at a pair of tiny green breasts.

A cool breeze blew through the clearing, rustling Natsume's hair. "Wh-what?" With a gasp, she clasped her mouth. Her voice! Why did she sound like a squeaky toy?!

Trembling, Natsume breathed hard—in, out, in, out—in a desperate attempt to calm her—himself. Wh-what was going on? What had *happened* to her—him? Wh-why was he a girl? What was everything so big and so weird and so strange? Even the air tasted different!

Biting her lip, she tried to raise her leg again. It didn't work—in fact, it even hurt a little. It felt like someone had glued her foot to the ground.

Brushing aside some of the giant blades of grass surrounding her, Natsume gasped to find the entire lower half of her body surrounded by a shell of overlapping green plates. It reminded him of the buds he'd seen poking out of his mom's plant pots.

Cautiously, she rubbed one. A shiver rolled up her form. It felt like stroking her own thigh.

Chest rising and falling, she seized one of the bud's plates and tried to peel it away. If she had breasts, then she probably also had a—

A jolt of pain struck her. With a gasp, Natsume released her bud and whimpered. What was going on—?!

One of the giant bushes at the edge of the clearing rustled, With a squeak, Natsume covered her eyes and tried to hide. Peeking through her fingers, she watched as the leaves of the bush parted, and a gigantic squirrel, fifty meters if it were one, hopped into the clearing. She had to bite her tongue to keep herself from screaming.

The giant squirrel skipped around with terrifying speed, pausing to bury a nut, and generally did squirrely things but bigger. Finally, it turned and clambered up into a tree and away.

Watching it disappear into the branches, Natsume experienced a revelation: *It—it's not a giant forest. I'm just really small?*

Whimpering, she hugged herself, blinking to keep the tears out of her eyes. *What the fuck is going on? Did I die? Is this hell? Why am I some kind of tiny plant woman?*

No one answered.

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Time passed with vegetable speed. Unable to pull her feet (roots?) out of the ground, Natsume could do little more than stand there and endure it.

As the day swept on, the sky shifted. Blades of sunlight cut through the canopy, illuming the little buzzing insects flitting between the trunks.

The sunlight felt good on her strange new skin. Way better than sunbathing had any right to feel. Less like lying on a cheap towel on the beach and more like reclining beside one's own private pool as the maid of your dreams slips delicious grapes between your lips—it even made her feel fuller. When the sun slipped behind the clouds, Natsume found herself begging for it to return.

Evening came with speed, and with it: thirst. As in on cue, the clouds in the sky opened up. A quick shower wet her skin and soaked the Earth—she could *feel* her strange new feet sucking up the moisture.

The shower continued on into the night, but as the last of the light died away, Natsume found her consciousness fading as well. Before she knew it, she'd slipped off to sleep where she stood. Sleep and strange dreams of sunlight and dirt.

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Natsume woke the next day to the warmth of the sun on her skin. Yawning, she smacked her lips and opened her eyes and stretched. It took her a second to realize she wasn't in her bedroom.

It was real, she thought, running her hands down her lithe new body to confirm she wasn't dreaming. The feeling of her fingers against her breasts was all the confirmation she needed. Squeezing them, she had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning. (Between her legs, she felt a sudden humidity. She wished she could peel open her bud and sate it.)

Cupping her chest, she frowned at it. Was it just her, or was she a little bit bigger?

Looking around, she found the entire forest seemed to have shrunken a little. It *wasn't* her, she *was* bigger. She must have continued growing during the night.

Squeezing her fattened breasts, she bit her lip and shivered. *Ah~, it felt so good~*. She just wished she were even *bigger...*

Well, if she wanted to get bigger, she'd have to eat more, right? But how? She couldn't exactly visit the local all-you-can-eat and dine to her heart's content. Even if her new form could eat, she couldn't get her legs out of the dirt.

On second thought, so what if she couldn't eat or move? Neither could the trees around her, and they'd all grown plenty tall. All she had to do was spread her roots a little deeper...

With some effort, she tried wiggling her toes. It wasn't the same as it had been before—instead of ten little digits, she felt a handful of tiny tendrils, long and threaded into the dirt. Tiny subroots spread from these in turn, anchoring her in place.

She tapped her chin. She couldn't pull her roots out, but maybe she could force them deeper in?

Taking a deep gulp of carbon dioxide, Natsume willed her roots to spread. It felt a lot like trying to force her foot into sand, but she soon felt results: all of a sudden, she was a little less hungry, a little more sated, as if she'd swapped her fast food for some nice, nutritious veg.

Grinning, she licked her lips. *I wonder just how big I can grow...* She imagined herself soaring past the canopy, a vegetable giant with breasts like boulders and thighs wider than the oldest oaks. The thought made her chuckle. It would take her a lot of time sucking up nutrients to grow *that* large.

Of course, what else was a plant supposed to do?

For the next month, Natsume sunbathed and sucked up nutrients with all the vigor a vegetable can give. It might not have looked like much, but the results spoke for themselves:

With every day that passed, Natsume gained a couple of inches or more of height, till the once giant clearing and the wall of trees that surrounded it felt no larger than the cubicles in her office. Soon enough, the squirrels seemed less monstrous and more cute.

At the same time, her body swelled like a fruit on the vine. By the end of the month, her boobs looked like a pair of plump watermelons, and her hips strained against her bud, threatening to burst free.

Speaking of her bud, she'd yet to flower. As much light and water and nutrients as she'd absorbed, she still needed a final push to get her over the edge...

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The sound of cracking twigs snapped Natsumi out of her daydream.

She stood with her eyes closed and her back arched, enjoying the midday sun. Underground, her roots flexed with increasing strength. In the months since her reincarnation, they'd spread far past the treeline—she could feel them pulsing as they returned the nutrients she craved.

Snap!

Opening her eyes, Natsumi turned her eyes to the treeline. She could sense someone hidden between the trunks. Her roots felt the weight of them on the ground as surely as if they'd stepped on her toes. If she'd been paying attention, she might have sensed them long ago.

All at once, the confidence she'd built up vanished. Covering her chest, she hugged herself, biting her lip to keep herself from whimpering. Wh—who were they? What did they want?

Leaves rustled. Another twig snapped.

And as Natsumi, shaking like a beaten dog, a woman with pointed ears stepped into the clearing. Her eyes widened as she caught sight of Natsumi.

An elf? thought Natsumi. All of a sudden, she felt really strange...

For a moment, the two stood in silence, neither moving or speaking. Breathing hard, sweat dripping down her face, the elf moved her hand towards the knife on her thigh. Natsumi wanted to plead with her to stop, but... something was happening. All of a sudden, she felt so... wet...

With a creak, the plates of her bud spread like the limbs of a starfish, and between them the petals of a bright red flower unfurled, strands of sticky goo running to and fro between them. In their center, Natsumi's curving hips, slick with goo themselves, sparkled in the midday sun. Drops of nectar dripped from her virgin lips, landing with little plips in the puddle filling her flower.

A heady scent filled the air. A plume of pinkish gas, so clear it was almost invisible, rose from her flower and spread to fill the canopy. It sparkled like pixie dust in the sunlight.

The elf gasped and stepped back. She was too slow—the pollen filled her mouth, and her vision glazed. She whimpered, and a patch of wetness formed between her legs.

Staring at it, Natsumi felt thirstier than she'd ever felt in her life.

Between the earth, her roots flexed.

With a sound like needles piercing paper, her roots punched through the grass and curled and uncurled in the air like a hundred long green tendrils. With a single will, they launched themselves at the elf, coiling through her ankles and wrists and dragging her screaming into the air. As she cried in shock, they sliced through her clothes with their knife-like tips and wrapped around her plump thighs and chest, squeezing them like lascivious fingers.

As Natsumi's flower threatened to overflow, her roots spread the elf's legs, a larger, thicker, blunter root plunged into the wellspring between them. Cupping a breast, Natsumi moaned as she drank. The more nectar she slurped up, the more her body *pulsed* with fecundity.

She'd finally found it! She'd finally found the perfect food to fuel her growth.

With each gulp of nectar she drank, the flow of juice from her own lips grew that little bit faster. A flame raged inside her, threatening to send her over the edge. Soon, all she could do was throw back her head and screamed in utter ecstasy.

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Five minutes later, her tendrils lowered the panting, twitching form of the elf to the ground and extracted their throbbing lengths from her holes. The elf groaned, shivering feebly, too dazed and drained to even stand.

Natsumi panted too. Fingers playing between her legs, she squealed as she brought herself to orgasm for the second time in minutes. Exhaling a heady breath, she slumped. She wished she had a chair to fall into.

As her roots slurped up the last few drops of the elf's nectar, Natsumi's body pulsed one final time and ceased growing. Moaning, she squeezed her swollen breasts, struggling to get her hands around them. She'd never even *seen* a woman with boobs as big as hers.

And she wasn't just top-heavy. Shivering, she ran her hands over her widened hips and backward to the bloated cheeks behind them. The slightest touch of her fingers sent quakes of pleasure rolling through her form.

Ah~! So good... She just wished she had more...

With a thirsty moan, she looked around in desperation, hoping another elf would wander out of the woods. Or a human. Or even a cute, shortstack goblin girl. When none appeared, she

whimpered and turned her eyes back to the first one. Coiling her roots around her limbs, she hauled her through the air and held her suspended so they were almost face-to-face. The elf dangled in front of her, too exhausted to struggle.

Licking her lips, Natsumi roamed her eyes all over the elf's body and experienced another flush of sudden thirst. Oooh, she just wanted to wrap her up and drink her sweet nectar forever...

She could do that, she realized. Instinctively, she knew how. All she had to do was stick some roots in her, and the elf's body would become an extension of her own. She could keep her trussed up close to her, feed her all the nutrients and water necessary, everything she needed to produce that sweet, sweet nectar...

But, if she did that... Who knew when the next elf would arrive? Her thirst already felt stronger than it had ten minutes ago—a single elf wouldn't feed her forever.

Sighing, she drew the elf closer, close enough that she could reach out and squeeze the girl's cheeks. "Are you alone?" she asked, her voice sounding far older, far more seductive than she'd expected.

With a whimper, the girl nodded. "I-I was out hunting..."

Natsumi tapped her chin. "Hunting? Do you live nearby?" The flash of fear in the elf's eyes told her she was correct. "What's your home like? Are there more elves there? Do you have many friends?"

The elf shook her head, tears forming in her eyes.

"Be truthful with me," said Natsumi, squeezing the girl's cheeks. One of her roots tickled the elf's pussy.

With a little moan, the girl nodded. "Our—our village isn't far from here..."

Natsumi smiled. "Why don't you go and get dressed and bring some of your friends here?" she asked, stroking the girl's cheek. "I'd love to meet them."

Again, the elf shook her head. "I-I can't—I—"

With a sigh, Natsumi released the girl's cheeks and ran a hand through her own hair, dislodging some of her pollen. There were *other* things she knew how to do now too.

Drawing in a breath, she blew the pollen into the girl's face. "Bring me all your friends," she said, a smile forming on her lips. "All of them."

Eyes glazed, the elf girl nodded.

As she waited, Natsumi filled the air with pollen. By the time the elves finally arrived, it pervaded the clearing.

“Come on! This way! Quickly!” With her first meal at their head, the elves crept out of the trees.

Natsumi watched, a thin smile on her face, as they breathed in her pollen, as their eyes glazed over and their weapons fell from their hands. One by one, they dropped to their knees.

There were five of them in total. Three female, two male. The clearing barely had the space for them.

“Perfect,” said Natsumi, licking her lips in thirst.

She turned her attention to the three females first. One was the brunette who’d already ‘watered’ her roots. The others were an older blonde and a slightly younger redhead.

As they knelt on the grass, drooling and filling their pants with the sweet nectar she so craved, Natsumi willed her roots to pierce the ground and strip away their awful leather clothing. Peeling them like an assortment of delicious fruits, she took a moment to caress their delicious bodies... before plunging her roots into their holes and drinking up all the delicious fluid she found inside them.

With a long moan, she threw back her head and stuck her fingers between her legs. Ooooh~, she could already feel herself growing.

Once she’d overcome her orgasm, she took a deep breath and turned her eyes back to her other captives. The two males—both barely less slender and pretty than the females—lay on the ground with bulges in their pants and tongues lolling out their mouths.

Natsumi studied them for several long seconds. Her previous self had never felt any attraction to men, and her current self didn’t feel especially passionate about them either. Still, it didn’t hurt to experiment. Stretching her roots, she troe through their pants and the underwear beneath them, exposing the cocks her pollen had brought to full erection. Pre-cum dripped from their tips, looking not too dissimilar to the sweet nectar she wanted.

Tempted, she coiled a root around each of the men’s cocks and, drawing on the memories of her last life, pumped them till the men grunted and came. Thick white semen spurted from their shafts. She dipped her roots in it and shivered at the taste. Ugh, so salty?

With a sigh, she withdrew her roots. Well, if nothing else, she could at least use them for hard labor. Her clearing was starting to feel so cramped...

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An hour passed before she finally felt sated. After giving the elves some time to rest, she stretched her roots again.

With a whip-like crack, she struck them. “Stand up!”

Juddering, panting, and whimpering, the five elves forced themselves to their feet. Hints of fear flashed in their eyes. Clearly they needed a little more encouragement.

With a graceful motion of her wrist, she coiled her roots around them and dragged them towards her like dolls. Holding their squirming forms before her, she smiled, ran a hand through her hair, and blew the dust she'd collected in their faces one by one.

Slowly, the elves' squirming ceased.

As their eyes glazed over, Natsumi paid especial attention to their expressions. She wanted to determine how repeated doses would affect them. The four new elves seemed utterly hypnotized, but her first victim—the brunette—had a little too much life in her eyes.

“You,” she said, snapping her fingers at her, “why are you smiling like that?”

The brunette took several seconds to respond. “Because I get to serve you more, Mistress!” She almost sounded drunk.

Natsumi cocked her head in thought. *That* was new—she certainly hadn't shown so much spirit the first time. Repeated doses of her pollen must cause a subtler form of brainwashing. “What's your name?” she asked, stroking the brunette's chin.

The elf looked like she might orgasm. “T-Talia, Mistress!”

“Talia...” said Natsumi with a smile. “Very well. Talia, I have a special little mission for you. I want you and your friends to go back to your village, get yourselves rested and reclothed, then return here with some axes. Do you think you can do that for me?”

Talia took a second to process her instructions, before nodding emphatically. “Of course we can, Mistress!” Her tone radiated loyalty.

“Perfect,” said Natsumi, stroking the elf's hair. “Go now. And hurry. If you're quick, I'll give you a special reward~.” She lowered the elves to the ground again.

It didn't take long for Talia to lead them away.

Talia and her friends returned a couple of hours later. “Mistress!” cried the elf, bursting into the clearing with her friends close behind her. “Mistress, I'm back!”

Natsumi smiled. They'd been quicker than she expected. “Put those things down and come closer.”

As the elves approached with the shyness of supplicants, Natsumi ran a hand through her hair. Lifting the five with her roots, she blew some fresh pollen into each of their grinning faces. They rewarded her in turn with a chorus of erotic moans. "Thank you, Mistress!" cried Talia. One of the other females parroted her.

Pulling Talia in close, Natsumi kissed her on the cheek, earning a burst of delighted giggle. "Now," she said, turning her attention to the males. "I have a job for the two of you."

She could tell they craved her as strongly as Talia, but at her command, they snapped instantly to attention. "Pick up those axes," she said, lowering them to the ground. "And hew a path to the nearest road. Once you're done, return to the village and fetch a cart. Oh, and some spades."

With a pair of eager nods, the males scurried off.

"...In the meantime, I'll be rewarding your friends~." Her roots slipped into Talia's pants.

It took the rest of the day for the two to complete her tasks. Natsumi spent most of it drinking Talia and the other girls' nectar, that and caressing them as they shivered on the ground, exhausted from the demands of her attention. They weren't screaming in ecstasy or panting for breath, the three talked extensively about how they could best serve her, lavishing the specks of approval she paid them like needy children. Talia in particular had thought long and hard about how to please her—she'd even come up with a couple of ideas that Natsumi was inclined to take on board.

Finally, as the sun slipped below the treeline, she heard the unmistakable creak of a wooden cart trundling through the makeshift path to the clearing. A smile lit her face. Everything was going to plan.

Talia and the other females, Zentha and Keerla, were lying against the thick green trunk of her stem. With a few quick pokes, she roused them to attention. "Grab a spade," she said. "I want you to fill that cart with dirt."

Half an hour later, the elves fell back, sweating with exhaustion. Natsumi smiled and gave them all a little 'tickle' for their efforts.

The next part was up to her. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. What followed would be tricky. With an effort of will, she called back all her roots, withdrawing the entire network she'd threaded through the soil of the forest into a bundle beneath her.

Her body screamed in protest at being deprived of its flow of nutrients. Ignoring the ache, she forced her largest roots out of the ground, planted them in the grass, and pushed...

For a second, as she tore free of the dirt, she felt the strongest sense of dislocation she'd felt since her reincarnation. For a moment, as she crawled forward like some kind of vegetal

octopus, she even thought she'd made a mistake. What if she didn't have the strength to make it?

A second later, her roots struck the dirt in the cart. With a sigh of relief, she released herself. She could already feel her roots worming their way into the new soil. It wouldn't sustain her for long, but then it wouldn't have to.

Talia had already picked a better spot for her.

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They moved her under the cover of nightfall. Though her petals had closed, and she struggled to stay awake, her plan required a few hours uninterrupted to reach fruition. Besides, while elves had better night vision than humans, even they couldn't see perfectly in the dark. It was almost trivial for her followers to drag her along their makeshift path to a more permanent road and from there into the village proper.

She slept as her minions worked, trusting them to keep her safe. By now, all five had progressed to the same state of conscious faith that Talia had exhibited; their loyalty to her was stronger than that of any zealot for their god and showed no sign at all of growing weaker.

With a final creak, the cart came to a stop. Stirred from sleep, Natsumi looked around nervously. "Is this it?" she asked, trying to keep a tremor from her voice.

Talia looked up at her and grinned. "This is it, Mistress!"

Natsumi sighed in relief. Now that she looked, she could see the ancient trees of the elves' village rising around her, with the houses built around their trunks and rope-bridges threaded between their branches. It wasn't big, but it would serve her purposes.

Talia and her friends had brought her to its very center. *This* was where they proposed to plant her.

The five elves stood obediently nearby as she drew up all of her strength and hauled herself back down to the ground. The second her roots penetrated the soil, she knew the spot was perfect. It was so comfy, so nutritious, so deliciously alkaline. It was exactly what she needed.

As her followers stood guard, Natsumi spread her roots again. Fueled by the rich soil, it took her mere minutes to regain her former breadth and depth. From there, she spread avariciously, slipping her tendrils through the ancient roots of the village's trees and on till she'd undermined the entire settlement. It took her almost until morning.

By the time the first rays of sunlight came poking through the canopy above, Natsumi knew she'd won. Through her roots, she could feel the village around her waking, feel a hundred or more elves stirring from slumber.

Spreading her arms, she let the sun bathe her in its glory. Her body shivered with renewed energy, and her nectar pool overflowed with juices. A smell so sweet as to be sickly filled the air. Pollen, sparkling in the morning light, danced around her figure.

One by one, elves emerged from their houses. Seeing the strange new flower growing in the center of their village, they hovered in their doorways, too cautious to approach.

Seeing their nervousness, Natsumi allowed her pollen to disperse. "Encourage them to come closer," she whispered to Talia. "Tell them not to be afraid."

As her pollen faded away, Talia and her friends called out to their relatives. Natsumi, on the other hand, closed her eyes. Best to look unaware—she could feel what was happening through her roots anyway.

Slowly, after several intense minutes, Talia and her friends succeeded in luring a few people over. Natsumi felt their feet on the ground, scented the sweet scent of nectar dripping from the females—ooh, she wanted it so badly. She had to bite her lip to restrain herself.

Once it became clear that she wasn't an immediate danger, the rest of the village soon came to see her too. One by one, the crowd around her grew larger. The scent of nectar became so strong she could barely keep herself from moaning.

At last, it grew too much. Opening her eyes, she yawned as if rising from deep slumber. Some of the elves around her stepped back in shock, but none fled.

Natsumi rubbed her eyes. "Good morning," she said, running a hand through her hair. Threading her fingers through the locks, she drew it high and released it, whipping it around like a model in a shampoo advert. Pollen flew everywhere.

The closest elves came under her power almost immediately, eyes glazing over as her pollen filled their lungs. The smell of the females' nectar almost made her moan, but she held her breath and waited, waited, for the cloud of dust to reach the third and fourth rows.

At last, in a single motion, she gave into her desires. With a sound of tearing dirt, her roots pierced the soil and the grass. Half caught the elves closest to her, binding them and penetrating the females. The rest formed a fence around the outskirts of the crowd and rose high, high, to touch tips in the air above, a floral birdcage to keep her new friends from fleeing.

As she seized the remaining females, the males among the crowd ran to help or escape. Neither achieved their objective—her roots were tougher than the toughest bark, and only one among their number had had the forethought to bring a weapon. Talia demolished him with a kick to the groin.

Drawing Talia into a tender embrace, Natsumi surveyed her new followers with a smile. In a single sweep, she'd brought three-quarters of the village under her power. A little resistance remained—she could feel their cries and protests through her roots—but no matter.

With an imperious flick of her wrist, she sent the roots that had caged the crowd off into the village like a pack of bloodhounds. And lay back to await victory with a smile.

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Half an hour later, her roots dragged the last free elf before her sweating and moaning. Her tendrils had sensed her attempting to flee the village, snared her limbs, and subdued her the only way they knew how.

Slurping up her nectar, Natsumi sighed in satisfaction. It would take a little time to fully brainwash the whole village, but so long as they'd tasted her pollen, there was no chance of rebellion. By all accounts, she'd won.

As she studied her new kingdom and subjects, however, she couldn't help but feel a mote of distaste. While a forest village certainly suited her preferences, it was a little small for such a glorious being as her. They'd have to see about expanding. According to Talia, hers was far from the only village in the woods.

On the ground, one of the last males to be caught groaned. The sound triggered Natsumi's memory. *Ah yes, the males.*

While her roots were out restraining the last elves, she and Talia had spent some time thinking about what to do with the male half of her new subjects. After all, she didn't want to drain them, and while she could send them off to fetch new followers for her, the thought of her creed being spread by an army of men struck her as somehow *unaesthetic*.

Fortunately, she had an idea...

"Stand up!" she said, whipping those few elves who didn't immediately respond to full alertness. "I want females to stand aside and males to gather close to me."

As the elves scurried to carry out her command, Natsumi slipped her fingers between her legs and willed something inside her to change. Drawing in a deep breath, she fanned the flame inside her like a furnace. When she reached out, her pollen seemed somehow pinker.

She twirled and shook to the best of her abilities, releasing clouds of sparkling dust that filled the clearing around her like a cotton candy mist. Her followers, standing dumbly to attention, breathed it in without complaint. The males received the majority of her blessing.

At last, she stopped shaking and watched with a smirk as the males in her little flocks doubled over and started moaning. Falling to their knees, they shivered and groaned as their hair lengthened and what little muscles they had melted away, along with all their harsh curves and ugly, masculine body hair. She chuckled at the sight—they looked cuter already.

Her pollen wasn't finished yet though. Between the males' legs, their disgusting male organs twitched as they came to full erection. With a chorus of high-pitched moans, they came as a group, leaving tens of little puddles of their issue on the ground. Natsumi winced as her roots picked up its flavor—at least she wouldn't have to taste it again any time soon.

Their final loads spent, the males' organs swiftly shriveled, inverting and vanishing inside their bodies, leaving only pairs of plump lips that Natsumi couldn't wait to get her roots in. As their new sexes trickled, the rest of their bodies swelled with new fecundity. Once flat chests ballooned into breasts that envied or outmatched their counterparts, while slim hips and rears plumped into motherly fullness. Natsumi bit her lips and sent her closer roots to caress a few. She couldn't wait for what was about to come...

As the last of the former males collapsed, moaning and quaking as they explored their new genitals. Natsumi's thirst became unbearable. To the sound of erotic moans—hers and her new subjects' both—her roots burst through the ground all over the clearing. Like a thousand tendrils, they seized the gathered elves' bodies, wrenching arms and legs apart, coiling around breasts and thighs, and finally, most importantly, plunging deep, deep into holes. Only one produced the nectar she craved, but in her thirst, Natsumi didn't bother to distinguish.

Schlup! Schlupschlup! Schlupschlupschlup! Muffled moans filled the air as her tendrils worked her lustful followers to orgasm and over it, again and again, over and over without mercy.

Standing there, Natsumi rubbed her clit and shivered. And drank like a priest at communion.

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By midday, Natsumi's followers were spent. Releasing them, she lay back to stew in the afterglow of her meal and give her exhausted subjects a little time to recover.

As they rested, she worked her way through them, picking out those who best suited her taste: those whose bodies most overflowed with fecundity and those whose sweet holes had fed her the most delicious nectar. By the time she finished, she'd selected around a tenth of the village's population.

"Mistress?" said Talia, looking up at her curiously. She didn't dare ask anything else, but Natsumi knew what she wanted.

"You've done well, Talia," she said, wrapping her roots around her and drawing her even closer. "I'd love to keep you close to me forever..."

"Mistress?" Talia looked like she might cry.

Natsumi gave her a reassuring pat. "...But I want my roots to spread farther than this village, and for that, I need some way to spread my pollen farther. I can only be in one place at once."

"I don't understand," said Talia.

Natsumi stroked her hair. "You will," she said, placing the elf back on the grass. "You deserve a reward for your loyalty."

With this said, she sent her roots out with a thought. Like seeking missiles, they burst through the ground and coiled around her chosen followers, Talia among them. Instead of hauling them into the air, however, they chained them to the ground and wrapped around their bodies, mummifying them in ribbons of pulsing green flesh. Inside these cocoons, her roots probed lasciviously, plunging deep into every hole available. Soon, it was hard to tell where Natsumi ended and her chosen ones began.

As her followers squirmed in her embrace, their stifled moans echoing through the clearing, she willed her thinnest roots to thread deeper, deeper, deeper inside them, to penetrate their every cell and inject them with her essence. No more would they need to worry about her leaving them—she'd live inside them forever, as entrenched as an ancient oak's roots. They would become extensions of her own immortal self, to live in bliss forevermore in union with their Goddess, an orgasmic apotheosis.

The bud-cocoons pulsed, moans emanating from inside. Finally, she felt the first fresh roots threading their way into the dirt. With a thought, she retracted her own. And where they had been...

Eleven plants like herself stood inspecting their newly-changed form. Even as she watched, they sniffed the air, scenting nectar. She smiled as their buds opened, bearing the sticky pools and bright flowers within. In seconds, they shimmered with fresh pollen.

Finally, her eyes settled on Talia. The former elf stood staring at her own hands in shock.

Coiling a root around her chin. Natsumi drew her attention to her. "Is this a worthy reward?" she asked.

Tears filled Talia's eyes. She nodded vigorously. "Thank you, Mistress! Thank you!" Clutching her pollen-filled hair like a blanket, she threw Natsumi a beaming smile. "I can't wait to show the rest of the world how beautiful you are."

A thin smile filled Natsumi's face. *The whole world?* She certainly hadn't planned on going that far, but she had to admit she liked the thought. It would take time though. Talia and her other apostles would have to spread her pollen far and wide. And *she'd* have to drink lots more yummy nectar and grow tall and fecund like the Goddess that she was.

She licked her lips. Of course, what else was a plant supposed to do?