

The wooden door swung with a sense of passion running through its hinges, as 66 inches of pride marched its leather boots across the wooden floor and inside the guild. Hanging on her wrist, just before the edge of her brown, fingerless leather gloves, was a twine basket caught in its own mild swing from the sheer momentum of its carrier. Covered by a patterned piece of cloth, it shrouded the contents inside.

“Jessica!” the familiar guild receptionist, Tira, warmly welcomed the adventurer with a wave from behind the wooden, masterfully carved countertop trimmed in bronze. Only the more popular guild houses were trimmed in anything more expensive. Out here in the sticks, there wasn’t as much activity for aspiring goblin-slayers and dungeon-delvers.

Jessica, the girl with the basket, haughtily set the basket on the counter with a smug grin on her face. Today was the day. She’d been at this too long to not do the math at least thrice over! Yes. She knew exactly what her bounty would yield, and what it would ultimately lead her to.

“Tira, this is the last time I’ll be collecting silk-grass day-in and day-out!” As if to give herself the assurance, she nodded her head once again. Tira meanwhile, either oblivious or mindful of the girl’s boastful confidence, politely adjusted the cuffs to her blouse before peeling back the cloth on the basket.

“A splendid job as always, Jessica,” she spoke with a discerning eye as she held a small sample of the girl’s haul. The grass almost looked metallic, with how the chandelier from above shone down on it. “I take it this is the five bundles like always?”

The ‘always’ part almost seemed offensive, but clearly she didn’t mean it. Jessica had known Tira long enough to know she was nothing but kind, caring and supportive. From the start, she’d been encouraging Jessica, a newbie to the adventurer’s life, and helping her in whatever way she could. But yes, she had been at the same job for quite some time now, despite it being the hero’s mantra to help anyone in need; complete any sort of task that needs attending, and it just so happened Jessica’s was to quench the undying thirst for silk-grass.

But she could take it all in stride now, knowing this was finally the last grass-run!

“Same as always, Tira! Maybe there’s even some extra in there?” There probably was, but if the margin was too small, they’d always round down on her. Even if they did, she still made just as much as she’d expect.

“I’ll trust you, considering you are the goto when it comes to grass-gathering. The town alchemist is really appreciative, by the way,” she smiled the same way she always did. It was

enough to even make the haughty Jessica feel a little silly...and proud. Demeaning as it was, it was still a good deed done nonetheless.

“And uh, I don’t mean to rush, but do you think I could get my payment?” When it came to being frank with Tira, Jessica always felt like she was treading on eggshells. She never wanted to come off as rude to her. “I want to visit the swordsmith before sundown; I think they’re closing soon...”

Tira suddenly gasped, placing a hand to her mouth. “Wait, Jessica, you can’t mean you can finally afford one!?”

The smile that was already on Jessica’s face only grew wider, as she now had someone equally as excited to confide in. Wordlessly, she nodded her head.

“That’s great! So that means you’ll be ready for some tougher requests, right?” She took a moment to straighten her thin, blue vest while she turned her back to Jessica for only a moment, going through some shelves. “Let me just get your payment...”

“Yep! No more harvesting for me. I can’t wait for my first real adventure!” She couldn’t even begin to think what she’d do next. Fight slimes? Boars? Goblins? Orcs? Dragons? The possibilities were endless! Well, maybe harshly limited given her equipment...but, the potential was what mattered the most.

The sound of metal coins hitting the wooden top announced payment’s touchdown. Ten silver coins were deposited, then carefully arranged on the wooden surface.

“Alright, so the job pays ten silver, but...” three shiny friends were reeled back into Tira’s hand. It would’ve been sad if Jessica weren’t expecting it. The guild always took a cut. “After the guild’s fee, that makes seven silver.” She nudged the small stack a little closer to Jessica, who slipped them into her jingling pouch. She’d already amassed her tiny fortune. All that was left was to spend it!

“Congratulations, Jessica, really!” Just before Jessica could turn away, Tira leaned forward and pulled her in for a smothering hug. Had the counter not been an obstacle, Jessica may have been fully suffocated. Finally she relented and let go, after Jessica resisted enough. “You better hurry now before they close. And since it’s too late to take another quest tonight, see me first thing in the morning! I’ll have something good prepared for you!”

“Thanks, Tira! See you tomorrow!” She waved goodbye as she rushed out the door, brown hair in all its splendor flowing right behind her pace. Her feet couldn’t carry her across the cobblestone fast enough. She could just manage to see the smoke rising over the rooftops in the distance. It was her beacon; her gateway to the next level. From here it was just the start.

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“Yes! Yes! You’re all mine!” Clutched tightly in her hands was a beautifully sewn sheath, made from an animal’s thick hide; nicely cured, cut, and shaped. Inside it held a piece of metal attached to a handle wrapped in fabric that ensured a rock-hard grip for its user. Sharp along the edges and meeting to a single point on the end, it couldn’t have been longer than the connected span of both Jessica’s hands, but it was hers. Her first, real sword. Well, dagger, but her first real blade!

A few meager coins were left in her deflated pouch, but it was all worth it. Every single silver of it. Nearly a month of hard work had finally paid off! It took her just about a week to even figure out how to budget for this thing, much less directly work towards it. The pride and sense of accomplishment right then was beyond measure.

And as she held her ever-so wonderful dagger close to her chest, she looked at the crimson hue in the sky. Truthfully, she couldn’t be any happier, but it was a frustrated sigh that left her mouth. How was she going to sleep tonight, knowing she couldn’t use her dagger until tomorrow? She wanted to use it now. She was already craving for the new horizons which she would embark upon. It was an insatiable hunger, and she wanted to satisfy it *now*.

Excitedly, still outside the swordsmith’s shop, she panned her eyes to the right, seeing the open gate to the town just nearby. There had to be something out right now, right? Did slimes graze the plains all day? She couldn’t remember. All she could log inside her brain was where the best spots to harvest silk-grass are. Well, that would need to change. She’d need to make room for all the now much more relevant information she would discover.

She was already walking to it.

Then jogging.

Then sprinting.

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“Come on! Where are all these stupid slimes?” She stomped her foot into the grass, causing a slight shake to her thin chainmail. Her shoulder and knee pads were itching for combat! Some of the more experienced adventures liked to crack jokes about how “overprepared” she was for harvesting, often claiming she thought the grass might eat her if she got too close... Rather, it was in case of a day like this. A day when she finally could fight something that would bite back. Unfortunately, the surrounding fields were empty; devoid of a single target for practice.

Maybe she really should pack it in? There would definitely be stuff tomorrow... Yet as she tried to reason to herself, she kept looking into the forest.

*No! What are you stupid or something?* Even she knew her limits. The forest had significantly tougher creatures lurking about. Of course Jessica could take them any day of the week, even with both hands and feet tied behind her back. But, she might want a little warm-up at least against the smallfry closer to town... After that, though! Then, she could take on the world.

But maybe...maybe there was something weaker on the outskirts of it?

She made her way into the woods.

Somehow she'd managed to talk herself going quite the distance into the woods. A distance she normally would've been uncomfortable with, if she knew she'd be going this far from the start. All she had to tell her the way back to town was by keeping the setting sun on her back. Everything else was just guesswork. She'd never gone this far into the woods. Not even for silk-grass... And yet, despite the danger she was putting herself in, it was overshadowed by the immediate frustration of not encountering a single fight!

“Ugh! Why won't anything fight me?!” Her hand never left the handle of her dagger, secured nicely on her belt. Her joints were probably going to freeze that way if she held it for any longer. Roots and branches were starting to become an issue now too. They were becoming taller and taller, more congested with every foot she tread deeper. A few here and there had unexpectedly brushed her face, which was annoying in its own right, though especially so since it felt like an insult to injury trying to hunt monsters.

“Get. Out. Of. My. WAY!” Suddenly yelling, grunting and shouting, Jessica quickly unsheathed her blade as she unleashed it upon its first kill; tree branches. Now vanquisher of molecules, she finally had some of her composure back when taking a moment to breathe.

Suddenly looking smug again, she pressed forward. “That oughta teach you stupid trees...” It wasn’t really her first cut, but boy did it feel good to swing it. It was already feeling like an investment well-made.

As she kept walking, a pretty sight caught her eye; a fluttering bug with beautifully colored wings. It was a butterfly! Nothing dangerous or large enough to warrant slaying, but something captivating enough to watch.

Then there was another. It was gold and black, and then she was just as surprised to see another; this one purple and green. Where were they all coming from? A faint buzz slowly picked up in her ears. What kind of thing was making that noise? It was getting louder as it got closer. Then, in a stupefying moment, Jessica turned around.

It wasn’t *a* thing making that noise, but rather *things* that were. Jessica didn’t know what was more off-putting: the army of insects flying in a concentrated group, or the humanoid figure they were all revolving around. It was as if a woman had fused with a tree. The figure of a female, yet brown and green skin with the texture of tree bark. Her eyes glowed a fierce, emanating green, and what could only be equated to hair was a bundle of vines and branches hanging around her rough, uneven looking shoulders, sprouting flowers and leaves all over. Her feet devolved into nothing more than bundles of branch, yet they were separated from the ground, and she looked very real. Very terrifying, as she stood a little more than twice Jessica’s size. She didn’t look happy.

“H-Hi...” her joints felt stiff, and her muscles were like blocks of ice; heavy and immovable. Her mouth quivered as she tried to find the words, much less actually identify what this odd monstrosity was, or what it wanted with Jessica. Then, much to her dismay, realizing the fruits of her mistakes, slashing the branches from earlier didn’t seem so smart of an idea in retrospect...

“D-don’t come any closer!” Finally remembering her line of defense, she quickly pulled the blade in front of her, pointing it at the creature of nature. “If you do, I’ll cut--” her small flame of bravado was quickly snuffed as a blunt root suddenly shot from the soil beneath her, easily knocking the blade out of her weak grip with a little force.

“H-Hey! Wait, that’s mine!” Before the dagger could fall back down, a nearby tree seemed to come to life, as a branch extended from it to catch the blade. Jessica was truly panicking now. In mere seconds she’d become defenseless, and was at the mercy of a creature far beyond her class.

“Please!” She looked to the creature, who with a human-like face, clearly annoyed, stared back. Jessica seemed to be pleading desperately now. “Please give me my weapon back! I’m sorry for threatening you! I’m sorry for cutting your branches! I’ll leave! I promise!”

The once brave and fearless girl was now trembling with trepidation. She wanted to run, but it scared her far too much to think what might happen if she failed to get away. Despite looking human enough, this *thing* didn’t seem to speak like one, so it was near-impossible to discern her intent.

Then, its mouth curled into a wicked smile, or at least how Jessica perceived it. A smug predator now had its prey, and it seemed to be enjoying every moment of the helpless struggle. Even the bugs could get a read of the room, because they all began to quickly make themselves scarce.

She was almost too frightened to notice the foreign tendril slowly creeping up and around her left ankle, slithering into the gap between her leather pads and skin. She doubled over, trying to thrash as the invasive probe nestled itself further around her leg. She tugged and pulled, but almost lost all hope when she could see it was another root coming deep from the ground.

“P-Please! Don’t!” Blubbering, she looked back to the monster, who seemed no less amused, which further pushed Jessica into waterworks. Was this really how it all ended? Dying simply because she got a bit too ambitious? Maybe harvesting grass for the bulk of her career wasn’t all that bad. Maybe thinking she could ever amount to anything greater was her fault. She’d gone and foolishly jumped off and into the deep end; thwarted by her own greed. She didn’t stop crying, but knew that this fate might be deserved. Still, she was inconsolable, too young to cope with such a bitter end.

It got closer to Jessica, wincing from the motion alone. Hopefully it would be a swift death...

She looked no less happy as she got closer and closer to Jessica, only a foot apart, magnifying the difference they had in height. Leaning forward, her eyes just remained a little bit higher than Jessica’s, whilst her green sockets seemed to pierce her entire being.

Jessica tried not to squirm as the root secured itself firmly all over her, wrapped around her calf, thigh and waist so snugly. She could see the small bulge snaking around her clothed torso, knowing exactly where it’d sewn itself.

“Wait...” between her sobs, she managed to speak. “You’re a...you’re a nymph, aren’t you?” It made no difference at all, but at least now there was a name to a face. The naturey, woman-like

appearance made too much sense now. She didn't even know why she was saying it to begin with.

The nymph didn't seem to care though, as she leaned back into her dominant pose, being just as cryptic as she'd been since the start. A chunk of bark covering her front, she took her hands to it and started pulling it forward, causing a peeling, snapping sort of noise; the kind you'd hear from breaking branches. Was she hurting herself? None of this was making sense!

Her face showed no indication of pain, however, as with a final snap the remaining fibers of wood were broken, and off came a plate of bark covering her torso. Jessica wasn't sure what to expect, though the likely assumption was either more wood or plant material, but given how this thing looked...as she stared at the reveal...it seemed...oddly obvious.

Much like a human woman in this regard as well, she too had a bosom. Identical in shape and form, though different in texture and look, a pair of unmistakable breasts were now faced towards the trapped Jessica. It was jarring enough to make her forget she was on death's door.

Her eyes kept rapidly pacing between the very risque sight, and the nymph who couldn't stop smiling. What kind of game was this thing playing?

Jessica kept trying to struggle, but the root had grown rigid and stiff; impossible to bend. Her breathing started to become more rapid as the nymph had suddenly lifted her, with the root now flexible like thread, and...sat her in her lap?

Supported by one arm, she was laying in such a position that gave her the perfect side view of the creature's breasts. She root wrapped around her became snug again, signifying this was her destined position.

"Are...are you not going to kill me?" She looked pleadingly up to the nymph.

A rough hand took hold of her chin, as her gaze was directed back to the woman's chest. If it wasn't clear before, she'd made her chest bare for a reason...

And now looking at it a bit more clearly, much to Jessica's confusion she could see that there were nipples as well. And...and they were leaking something?

A shiny brown, something slightly viscous dripped from them, and unfortunately right onto Jessica's pants. Just from looking she could tell it was sticky. She was close enough to smell its

faint odor. It reminded her of citrus, or something fruity... Trying to shift her position, finding the woman's grip was rock solid kept her from trying to protest.

And much to her horror, the arm supporting her head started to gently push, bringing Jessica closer and closer to the breast, quickly realizing what this was all about.

“Wh-what?! No! You can't feed me! I'm not some child! I'm not--” she couldn't finish her words, as the tip to a plump breast was forced into her mouth. It betrayed her expectations completely, considering how the nymph was made of wood and leaves. Her chest was the exact opposite; soft, bouncy and squishy. Maybe that's why she covered herself up? She was trying to think rationally, but even without sucking, the substance that was leaking from the nymph's breast was now leaking straight into Jessica's mouth. She tried to pull away, but the nymph's arm would not relent.

In her helpless struggle her tongue had a fit of its own as well, accidentally swabbing the sticky liquid now collecting in her mouth. It was vile; disgusting. A sinister substance concocted from the pits of hell itself. It was bad. She hated it.

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That's...what she wanted to say. But instead, a sweet syrup dressed itself over her tongue, as she involuntarily swallowed the chillingly wonderful nectar. It took her a moment to realize she could breathe through her nose, wide-eyed, as her tongue sprouted a mind of its own, suddenly shamelessly probing for more.

*It's...it's good... Real good!*

What was she doing? Why was she reacting this way? And why? Why did it taste so good?!

Her submission came from a solemn truth that she would not be able to escape, and how she felt guiltily strung along by such a wonderful taste. As shameful as it all was, she could seem to stomach her feelings just as well as the nymph's nectar.

Little to none was coming out, and her primitive desires were making her impatient; frustrated. As if her body already knew the answer, her moving jaw, lips and tongue worked in a conjoined effort to further coax the drink from the creature's breast. The flesh-like tissue responded in tune, as a wonderful stream eased itself into the back of Jessica's throat. And finally she heard the nymph make a noise, as it was a sweet, seductive sigh, and the grip on Jessica's hair felt a tiny bit tighter, though loosening once again as the nymph regained her composure.



Did she actually feel pleasure from this? Jessica took another swallow of the sweet, delicious syrup. She was too occupied by the taste of treats than to consider the circumstances. She cared not for her dagger, where she was, what she was doing, or how she thought she could have died. All she focused on was getting more syrup from this creature's breast.

It reminded her of honey and syrup combined, sprinkled with sugar and strawberries! Her analogies were likely poorly composed, but who could blame her? The drink was making her so frazzled, nothing in that moment seemed to make sense.

The more she sucked and swallowed, she could feel the liquid's warmth radiate somewhere deep inside of herself. It sent mild shocks and vibrations that tickled her all over, particularly close to the stomach. Had she not been so drunkenly hypnotized, she'd maybe have even squealed in delight. How could she have thought of doing something so heinous? Pointing a blade at something that could carry such sweet delights in its chest?

She'd already become a natural at feeding from the nymph's breast, and surprised herself by the discomfort she felt once she was forcibly detached.

"W-wait! But I'm..." was she really this hooked? How addictive was this? She licked the outer rim of her lips, then stared at the smiling nymph, who didn't seem so predatory anymore... "I'm not done!" She wanted more and was helpless to do anything about it.

Luck was finally on her side though, because after a quick rotation in her posture, she was suddenly closer to the hopefully, equally as full other breast that had yet to be touched. It didn't take a guiding hand for her to latch her mouth on this time, and was probably her only element of surprise on the creature, as she made a slight noise, likely induced by the abrasiveness of her suckling captive.

It was all happening so fast, yet time had stood still. Her eyes were drooping, as her sense of sharpness and alert were being quickly drained away with her adrenaline, being replaced by a much stronger wave of calming euphoria.

She almost felt like she'd committed a crime when her stomach had started to become inevitably full. A few whimpers summed up her internal conflict; an unending desire to nurse, yet contradicted by the physical limits of her body. There was no chance she was going to cut herself off, though. She no longer had the mental barriers to keep herself in check. All she knew how to do by this point was drink.

She was so out of it, a strand of drool formed the bridge between her lips and the nymph's breast, when she was finally pulled away, involuntarily.

"No, no! Please, please, just a little more!" Her emotions were getting the better of her, whining as if she'd just been denied a long-awaited inheritance. When she tried to grab for a hold, the nymph's much more tough arm swatted hers away. Even though she was practically intoxicated, the small, rational voice in her head was at least thankful for her stomach not bursting. She didn't know what she'd do if there was a third breast...

That warm, full feeling in her stomach never seemed to wane, as her stomach had the slightest curve to it; an unfortunate sign of overeating, or in this case, overdrinking. Her mouth was still salivating just from looking at the bare breast, but even that tempting sight was soon to go, because like magic her outer bark tissue was fast growing over her chest. And as it left, so did Jessica's remaining energy. Whether it was the rapid shift in her emotions, the effects of the syrup, or both, some toll was being collected, and Jessica was just about bankrupt in every sense of the word.

She was so tired, all she could think of now was sleep. Yes...sweet, lovely relaxation. Stuck in such a sleepy state, she couldn't help but giggle once she focused on the feeling in her tummy. It was still radiating those distant tingles, and it was kind of a funny feeling the way she felt her lower regions twitch in response... She was probably just too content from all the syrup. She would blink, then realize a few seconds later that to actually blink you'd need to open your eyes again right after.

Certain pressures were building too. But she couldn't place them? She was too disoriented to, after all. Whatever it was, and wherever she was, it could wait. Until she was ready...she'd be catching some shuteye...

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"Are you sure this is her? I can't imagine an adventurer would...you know... Even if they're a rookie."

"Well, she matches the description." Jessica could feel a hand nudge her shoulder, but wasn't alert enough yet to realize it. "Tiny girl, brown hair? And regardless of how she...smells, this is definitely her."

“Don’t you think it’s kinda weird though? How are you gonna be missing for a whole 24 hours, just to take a snooze in the forest?”

“It’s not *that* normal, Faris. You saw the surrounding area. Covered in woven branches, leaves and flowers? And until we found her, it actually kind of smelled pleasant. It’s obvious this is a nymph’s territory.” Then her all-knowing tone seemed to transition into genuine uncertainty. “But that doesn’t explain why we’d find her in the middle of it...”

“...Nnnn...?” Jessica made a weak noise, as she was finally coming to.

“Look! She’s waking up! Thank the heavens,” the female voice spoke a bit lower this time, “I almost thought we were gonna have to carry her back...”

“We? Faris, did you forget that you’re the muscle here? That’d have been your job.”

“Is someone there?” Still with her eyes closed, though adjusting to the light, Jessica stirred. She felt groggy all over, like she was a statue learning how to be something animate.

“Then I think I’d be taking 100% of the reward.” Faris, the ‘muscle’ in question, said snarkily.

“As if! If you didn’t have me, there’s no way you would have been able to track her!” From Jessica’s perspective, she wasn’t appreciating all the noise. She did manage to open her eyes though, as the sunlight from the roof of foliage bled through just enough to irritate her eyes.

“Whatever you say, Vanessa the potty pants tracker. Like, seriously? Anyone could have smelled her a mile away!”

“Watch your tongue! She’s waking up!”

It was only about a minute later until Jessica was actually registering noise. She was on her side, laying in a bundle of leaves. She was coming from a clearly deep sleep, as her limbs felt glued together all over. Glued...especially between her legs... A foul smell drifted to her nostrils as all it took was one sniff to cause deep regret. She quickly covered her nostrils, as she rolled onto her back to sit up.

That was her first, and last mistake.

What she didn’t realize was that there was something sitting between her bottom and the ground, which was almost like a ball of clay inside her cotton underwear. Clay was what she wished it’d

have been, but the cold, awkward squish had her wide-eyed in just a few seconds, putting the feeling and location of the mess together with the terrible smell. No...she couldn't have!

“Oh...I think she just sat in it...” A quiet, not-so-quiet voice whispered to another person, and Jessica mortifyingly caught sight of two female adventurers.

“Um, hello,” the other female greeted, though she seemed a tad bit awkward, but something told Jessica it had something to do with herself... “You wouldn't happen to be Jessica, would you?”

Trying not to move an inch, lest the mess covering her backside be smushed any further, she slowly nodded her head.

“See? I told you it was her.”

Jessica was about to ask her own questions, but there was a small, yet sudden build-up she was feeling down below... As if it were a visual cue, she looked down at herself, noticing a slight unfortunate stain on the front of her pants. There was the one from the syrup drops, if she remembered correctly, but all around that...It was darker. It was as if the syrup had been washed away from something else... Her question was answered, though not in a way she would have liked. The small build-up spilled over, quite literally, as an involuntary sigh left Jessica whilst a foreign, alien sensation came from her bladder, as a stream seeped through her panties, and then pants. And as it came out, and she wordlessly blushed, the stream seemed to be perfectly limited to the already existing stain on her pants...

“...Did the worker say she was a bedwetter, too?”

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The wooden door swung with a sense of urgency running through its hinges, as 66 inches of panic scurried its leather boots across the wooden floor and inside the guild. Hanging on her wrist, just before the edge of her brown, fingerless leather gloves, was a twine basket caught in its own rushed swing from the sheer momentum of its carrier. A few strands of silk-grass were already slipping from it. The usual patterned piece of cloth was a bit looser than usual, as there were unfortunately other things on the adventurer's mind.

“Jessica!” Tira warmly welcomed the adventurer with a wave from behind the wooden desk, just like any other typical day. She barely even flinched when noticing the urgency in Jessica's expressions and movements.

Jessica, the girl with the basket, quickly set the basket on the counter with an unintentional amount of force, as she did her best to keep her thighs squeezed together, which was only a sign of the other muscles she was trying to keep tight. Today wasn't her day. Having that extra bowl of stew for breakfast this morning was clearly a mistake, and it was starting to show. A bead of sweat rolled down her forehead just from trying to maintain the overwhelming pressure. The worst part was that it probably wasn't even that bad. Her sphincter had simply weakened so much, a small gust of wind felt like a tornado to her now. Had it been a week earlier, she could've easily kept something like this down for at least another two hours! Three, even! Now she was lucky to last even fifteen minutes...

"Tira, please, I'm in a hurry...! Can we be fast today? Please?"

"Sorry, Jessica, I'll try to be as fast as I can, but you know how things are," she chuckled, though Jessica didn't share in the humor. "Rules are rules!"

She peeled back the cloth covering the goods, which was partly done for her, considering how sloppy Jessica was being. What had the adventurer whining though was when Tira started counting them by the handful.

"Tira! What are you doing?"

The complaining plea sprouted instant regret, because as if she wasn't a multitasker, Tira set aside the grass and her counting as if it took everything just to respond. "I just need to be sure, Jessica."

"But you never needed to count the grass before!" God! How long did she expect her to hold it for? She started to whimper as something was already peeking between her buttcheeks.

"That was then, and now...well..." she looked at Jessica as if she were a complex set of arithmetic. "As my job, I need to make sure you've done *your* job properly...that's all." As if she were trying to drag out this charade even further, she went on to ask, "Any more questions?"

"Just please finish it! I can't hold it anymore...!" She tried to stand upright as best as she could, hoping it might keep her bum sealed together. She didn't care how embarrassing it looked anymore as with both hands she pressed as much as she could into her backside, hoping it could somehow keep the messy beast at bay. Yet, the one deterrent to her efforts, snugly worn underneath her tights, was a terribly oppressive cloth that at least guaranteed an inch of spacing between her palms and ground zero.

“Three bundles...” Quietly, Tira counted to herself, and Jessica further reached her wits end. A small grunt escaped her as she clenched her teeth, desperately trying to fight a losing battle.

“...And that’s why I said you should’ve used your firebolt!”

“And waste my mana? Faris, you have a perfectly good sword that can handle goblins *that* tiny...”

Jessica nearly jumped when she could hear a pair of boots coming in from the entrance. The heavy shifts of metal armor crowded the room, and the swishes of cloth robes and leather boots were drowned in comparison. Unfortunately they were familiar faces.

“Veronica! Faris!” Tira once again, unfortunately paused her counting.

“Hi Tira!” the pair beamed.

“I take it your quest went well? Which one was it again?” As if time was a limitless thing, she thought to herself. “Clearing out the goblins in the nearby town’s sewer system, right?”

“Yep!” Faris answered. “Can’t say it was the most pleasant one, though...” She pinched her nose. “The sewer smelt like...well... a sewer.”

“Very well-put, Faris,” Veronica snarkily chimed in.

“Shut up. I think she gets what I mean.”

*Real adventure.* That’s all Jessica heard. She could’ve had that as well; she was right on the cusp of it. All until that one unfortunate encounter... Fate was a cruel mistress, as the pair that’d found her in the aftermath of it were now staring right at her right, right where she was pressing into herself.

“By the way, are you with someone right now?” The taller woman curiously looked down on Jessica’s head. “We could always come back later?”

“Oh, don’t worry, we shouldn’t be much longer! I’m just counting up her silk-grass.”

“Silk-grass, huh?” Faris snickered. “Feels like ages ago when we were first doing that, right Veronica?” Jessica tried not to take it personally, and it was probably being too busy to put a stop on her bowels that helped.

“I’ll say,” she blankly added. “Rookies need to start somewhere, though...” If only she were a rookie. Or maybe she was, and was simply fated to remain that way...

“Speaking of which, are you doing alright, hon?” Faris got a little closer than Jessica would have liked, as she could feel a presence was closer to her bottom.

“Is something pinned to your butt?” She laughed curiously, then startled the girl once she prodded her bum with a gloved finger. “Oh...oh!” The longer she looked, the clearer it became. Jessica’s cheeks burned like the firebolts Veronica could probably shoot, knowing it didn’t take an arcane magician to figure out why someone might have a bulge in their pants.

“Sorry about that, kid...” Faris remorsefully spoke, patting her on the shoulder. And unfortunately, as simple as it was, a shoulder pat was what broke the camel’s back.

Like an endless pile of junk overstuffed into a tiny closet, the whole thing burst in an almost comedic manner. A large load of mess suddenly exploded from Jessica’s backside as her bum spread nice and wide for the rude guest invading her terribly thick underpants. It quite literally felt like she was pouring mud into her pants. She grew completely stiff as it happened, staring bug-eyed at Tira who was staring right back at her.

She shuddered as her messing scene came to an end. The room was quiet as it fully sunk in, and the odor fully seeped from her.

“Ah...er...Tira?” Veronica awkwardly spoke. “I think this girl, uh...”

Tira with a smile still sighed, seeming apologetic. “Yes...I know.”

Jessica still hadn’t said anything, other than remaining frozen still as she became teary-eyed. “B-but, but I didn’t mean...” Biting her lower lip, a simple beckon from Tira’s hand had her walking awkwardly around the desk.

“Sorry, girls. Could you just be a little more patient? I just need to take care of one other thing...” It was obvious what she was alluding to, as Jessica bow-leggedly joined her, sniffing. A hand was rubbing her back, and Jessica could only try and stifle her sobs as she felt the heavy weight in her pants. How could things have devolved so quickly?

And as they disappeared down the hall, Jessica could hear the unfortunate chatter from the pair of veterans.

“I’m pretty sure she’s the one we found in the forest about a week ago...”

“Well, at least she’s wearing protection this time...”

In a private room, there was a wooden desk with some chairs, accompanied by the many bookshelves along the walls. Beside the desk was a bundle of cloth and a bucket of water. Jessica didn’t know how long they’d been there, in that spot, for... but not they almost certainly always were, given their purpose.

“Tira, p-please,” she hiccuped. “I didn’t mean to!”

“I know you didn’t, Jess, it’s okay...” With guiding hands she had Jessica sitting on the table, and she whimpered a terrible cry as the poo rubbed itself further into her skin. “Shh...shh...”

Jessica would normally protest if a stranger were going to pull her pants off, but unfortunately this had already happened far too many times already for it to be considered not normal. This whole predicament was certainly abnormal, but she’d become far too desensitized to it by now.

“If you just had let me use the bathroom, though!” It was true. She knew she needed the toilet, so why was she not permitted? Well, only contributing adventurers had such a privilege, hence why Jessica was so desperate for her to finish counting.

“I’m sorry things didn’t work out, Jessica, but if you couldn’t hold it...” her gentle hand set itself on the cloth, bulky crotch of Jessica’s exposed diaper. “Well, I guess we can call it effective insurance, I suppose...”

The binding pins to her cloth diaper were undone, as her little “present” was nice and exposed from underneath. Once the smell had a chance to waft, it was obviously terrible...but...something was strange. Jessica in any other sensible moment would not do this under any circumstances, but this time voluntarily sniffed. It was bad, yes, but...strawberries? Amidst all that badness packed into her bodily waste, there was a slight hint of something somewhat pleasant in it...

Tira had leaned out of view for a moment, but after hearing the swish of water she was back with a wet cloth in hand.

“Okay, Jess, you know the drill. Lift your bum for me, please?” A week was enough time to form a protocol for this sort of thing, meaning that it wasn’t Jessica’s first time having a messy diaper,



and nor Tira's first time dealing with one. "Still," as she wiped, she continued to speak. "I don't know how this could have happened to you..."

Despite how embarrassing the situation was, Jessica still had it in herself to annoyedly groan. "I already said it was because of that stupid Nymph!"

"Honey..." the way she'd adapted to the condescending pet name was even worse. It was as if she'd unspokenly acknowledged Jessica as a child. Just a week ago she'd already gotten her first weapon! Now she didn't...

After that creature tossed it somewhere, she never did find it. The day she was found, she couldn't bear to stay in such filthy clothing, considering she'd messed in it and peed herself at least twice... By the time she was cleaned up and ready to go scavenging for her weapon again, apparently that pair had torched the marked nymph's territory, virtually assimilating it with the rest of the forest, meaning Jessica had no way to find that spot ever again.

"I'm sure there's an explanation for all of this, but, well... nymphs just don't go and do that sort of thing..." She was remaining a bit touchy, given how awkward the subject material was. Jessica unfortunately knew it too. Even if they were facts, how could it not sound like a tall tale to try and explain that a nymph breastfed you and virtually ruined your bladder and bowels by the might of her breast milk? Well, breast syrup... Tira seemed sensitive to Jessica's pleas, but it's not like she totally believed them, either...

After her strange, 24 hour coma induced by the whole experience, she'd already digested all the syrup, or her body unfortunately absorbed a large amount of it, given there was some aftereffects that were present. No sensible adventurer or encyclopedia could corroborate Jessica's witness of events. Not a single nymph has ever been reported to do something as strange as this, meaning Jessica was the boy who cried wolf. No one believed her, which made her pants pissing and messing all the more strange...or even deliberate.

"Oh! Jessica!" The sudden panicked shout of her name broke her train of thought, as Jessica suddenly saw the spurt of urine leaking from her, or rather, shooting from her in all directions. Gasping herself, in a split-second moment of panic, she placed her hands over her crotch, catching the warm stream, though it sprayed against her hands and leaked between her fingers.

"No, no!" Tira quickly discouraged, swatting her hands away and instead holding the front of the cloth diaper against her crotch. "That's how your hands get dirty! That's what these are for, remember?"

Her total loss of self-control was too much, as she nearly covered her face with her pee-covered hands just to avoid the direct eye contact and maybe wipe away some of her tears, but without any sensible options left, she merely cried without any sort of change. She didn't even realize she was peeing to begin with! Everything was slipping far, far too fast, and she didn't know how to handle it.

"It's okay, Jess..." she peeled back the front of the diaper, to see if the stream had stopped. "That's what these are for, remember?" Before she went back to cleaning up Jessica's nether regions, she took her hands instead.

"I'm sorry..." Jessica sobbed. "I was just trying to help..."

"I know you were," she scrubbed Jessica's hands tenderly. "I'm sorry I said anything to begin with. I know you can't control it..." It was probably the kindness that hurt the most. She acted as if Jessica genuinely couldn't be trusted, and on some level it was sorrowfully true. She wanted to be the strong, brave adventurer like she'd always envisioned, but this couldn't be any farther from it.

She hated to admit the pleasure there was in being set on a clean, cloth diaper, but it almost felt like she was giving in to acknowledge it. At least once she was pinned back up, she could forget about this momentary embarrassment... Then an extra, small stack of cloth was slipped between her legs after the usual ones that were already there.

"T-Tira? What are you doing?"

"Well, I figured you should have something a little extra to keep you dry... Just so you don't have to worry about needing a change for a bit longer? You seem stressed, Jessica, I want to help."

"Putting more boosters in doesn't make me feel better!" She tearily shouted. "None of this is right! No one believes me and it's just getting worse!"

"I know it's...different," how much of an understatement that was. "But whatever's causing this, I think it'll all sort itself out...when it wants to."

"What do you mean, 'when it wants to'?" What was she even getting at?

"Until then," hopping over her question, "can you at least let me try and help you feel comfortable? I don't like seeing you like this, Jessica..." She was already pinching something

from the inside of a small pouch tied to her waist, sprinkling it on Jessica's crotch. A sweet smell came from the shining powder, as it easily absorbed into her skin.

"Now you smell nice and fresh," Tira chuckled, but Jessica remained quiet. Tira closed up shop, as she drew up the front of Jessica's diaper, securing the added booster between her legs, adding to the already pronounced bulk that there was to begin with. Pinning it securely, the change was finally over.

Jessica didn't need any more prompting to get off the table, and as she tried to stand, it only reminded her of the times she was actually capable of pressing her thighs together. What a distant memory it had become.

"Actually, Jess, if you could hang on for a second?" Tira paused her right before she could pull up her pants. She didn't like being exposed any longer than she had to, so her cheeks stayed as a mild red.

"Wh...what is it?"

"I was hoping to do this after I finished your payment for the quest..." she was going through some drawers behind the desk. "But I think you should have it now. You could use a pick-me-up right now, I think."

Pulling it out, Jessica was a little surprised to see the large item in her hands. It was a white box wrapped in bright red ribbon, and she set it down on the table Jessica just had her diaper changed on.

"A present? For me?"

Tira with a smile nodded her head.

"But why?" As she looked to Tira, she was already walking to the box, forgetting about her pants on the ground.

"You're one of the hardest workers I know, Jessica, and even if no one else might see it, I think you deserve much more credit than you're given. So when times are tough like this...I want you to know I'm supporting you."

Did she really feel that way? She knew Tira and her had a decent relationship, but it never went beyond that sort of work-type interaction. Then again, that had changed since Tira was the one

responsible for changing her diapers right after a quest... Even still, it was all contained, more or less, here. "...Th...thank you...!" Her eyes became glossy as she ran to Tira for a hug.

"Awwh, you're welcome, sweetheart." Tira warmly hugged her back, and though her hands were a little closer to Jessica's bottom than she'd have liked, she wasn't going to spoil the moment over something as silly as that. "Now, are you gonna open it?"

"But...aren't those other two people waiting on you?"

"I don't mind keeping them if you don't?" She grinned, and Jessica slowly turned back to the present. She still couldn't get over it. A gift for her? Her heart was beating a mile a minute now that the possibilities behind it were endless. She nearly gasped from the thought alone. A weapon! It had to be a new weapon! She had told Tira of the terrible fate of her brand new dagger; lost to the wilds for eternity. But she'd really go and buy one for her? The more she fantasized, the more she considered it a certainty. Considering the size of the package, it had to be bigger than a measly dagger, as well. Forget the diapers, today was amazing!

Excitedly, she undid the ribbon with a pull on one of its strands, and like magic the wrapping had totally fallen limp. Placing a hand on either side of the box, she gently lifted its outer cover, slipping it off for the sweet, tantalizing reveal.

*Hello, my brand-spanking new swor--!*

She'd been so excited for the initial reveal, she was still trying to work through her happiness reserves while she stared at what was most certainly not a new sword. Her smile was frozen to her face, as it most certainly did *not* reflect her true reaction to what it really was.

Tira placed her hands over her mouth, shielding a gasp. "You like it? That's great! I was almost a little afraid you weren't going to... Oh! But this makes it all worth it!"

Jessica's smile faded into a blank stare as she grabbed the item from the box with both hands. Underwear is what she would have liked to call it. But there were two problems with that. One, diapers were not considered underwear in Jessica's book, and two, accessories *for* diapers by proxy definitely were not, either.

All sorts of circles in blues, reds, yellows, pinks, greens, oranges, and purples decorated the cloth garment, as Jessica stared at the cloth cover.

"It's a..."

“Diaper cover!” Tira was too cheerful to not finish the girl’s sentence. “I figured if you started stylizing your, um...diapers, a little bit, maybe you might not feel so bad about them anymore?”

“Where...where did you find this?” Along the waistline there was a white string of ribbon woven in and out of the many slits, meant to be tied and adjusted for tightening the cover around someone’s waist. The leg holes looked all bunched up, and when Jessica wordlessly tugged at them, she could see it was a stretchy material meant to be form-fitting.

“That’s the best part, I had it specially made by the town’s tailor!” She was so giddy, a small giggle escaped her. “Don’t you just love the design?”

“Y...yeah...” What was she supposed to say? Tira had poured her heart out for the girl, and had done it in such a...interesting...way. The thought of trying to cope with her diapers by wearing something like this was mortifying and absolutely horrible, but she couldn’t say that to Tira’s face. Not after everything she’s done...

“Well, come on! Don’t you want to try it on?”

“Ah...yes! Of-of course!” It had taken her a second to come back to reality. “But, uhm, I was just thinking, maybe I should wait to try it on once I get home...”

Tira looked as if she were going to pout, puffing out her cheeks, looking playfully angry.

“No, no! That will not do. How else am I supposed to see how you look in it?” Her assertiveness caught Jessica off guard, as the diaper cover was taken from her. It was apparently all in good fun though, as Tira laughed over her own silliness. “Indulge me a little, won’t you?”

Holding them out nice and low, Jessica was forced to use the kneeling woman’s shoulders for balance while she reluctantly stepped into the diaper cover. As her legs brushed the material, she could tell it wasn’t your run-of-the-mill kind of sewing. A lot of Jessica’s gear and clothing were woven by thick and simple fabrics and thread. But this diaper cover had a much finer touch to it... Still, it was embarrassing to say that her best piece of clothing was a diaper cover...

The leg holes expanded as much as they needed to accommodate the size of Jessica’s thighs. They wrapped around her legs perfectly, as her cloth diaper filled out the crotch area unfortunately nicely. You’d almost think the polka-dot design was part of the diaper itself. Before Jessica could move, Tira went for the tightening ribbon next, taking both ends and drawing them together.

“Not too tight?”

“N...no?”

Tira played with the ribbon ends a little, but finally ended on a nice small bow tied on the front of Jessica’s diaper cover, letting the small decoration sit symmetrically on the front. It fit. Almost too well.

“Oh, Jessica! You look amazing!”

Jessica, rather, was blushing, trying not to contradict Tira’s positive vibes with her own, much honest ones...

“Thanks...Tira.”

“You’re *very, very* welcome!” Her eyes never seemed to leave Jessica’s padded posterior. “But there’s still more, you know!”

More?

Jessica was too shocked by the diaper cover alone to see anything else in the box, which is why it came as a surprise to see there was in fact something else in the box. God forbid, however, should it be something else childish or embarrassing.

Yet, it was surprisingly tame? As tame the word “tame” could be.

It was a simple pinafore dress, with its straps crossing over each other in an ‘X’ shape. Jessica didn’t know if you’d really catch her wearing one, but at least with this she could call it cute...

“It’s really nice,” Jessica simply spoke, and this time she wasn’t lying.

“Right? I thought it’d be a nice substitute for your normal gear.”

“What?” Jessica spun her head. “What do you mean a substitute?”

Tira looked a little confused, as if her point didn’t translate properly. “What you usually wear when you go questing? Don’t you think this would be better instead?”

How was this any better? If anything, it was worse! Maybe she'd wear something like this if she were going out for a casual day, or some sort of event, but slaying monsters was definitely not on that list.

“Sorry, Tira, but I don't think it'd work very well with my leather armor pads...” It did feel bad to deny her generosity, but she tried to keep in mind that she was being decent enough to accept the diaper cover...

“But...” Tira hesitated, as if it were something she shouldn't say. “But do you really need to wear that sort of stuff?” The question was terribly blunt, and Jessica felt a large part of her pride break.

“Don't get me wrong!” Tira could see how much her words hurt, as she was quick to explain. “All I mean is, since you've been back to harvesting grass...there isn't so much a need to be dressed like that, you know?”

The one person who Jessica had considered on her side, had seemingly left to join the others. Not even Tira was calling her into question. It was a brutal, chilling honesty that Jessica desperately tried to not acknowledge. But now that Tira was of the same mindset too, no matter where she'd turn, no one would ever consider her a real adventurer.

“Leather is great for when you're embarking on some minor explorations and slaying quests, but...” she awkwardly smiled as if it made things any better. “Grass is a bit more docile...”

Jessica quietly stuck her fingers at the various buckles to her leather padding, first losing the elbows, shoulders, chest, and finally knees. Now she wore nothing more than her shirt, diaper, and diaper cover. Had you seen her now, you wouldn't think twice about writing her off as an adventurer. Even if she showed you her official card, you might think it's forged, considering most adventurers know how to keep their pants dry without a little extra help...

“Please don't be sad, Jessica, I really want you to feel better.” As she tried her best to console, she still helped Jessica put the dress on, who was stuck in her own kind of trance.

The straps came over her shoulders, as the dress fit unfortunately nicely as well. With each step she took, the skirt to the dress swayed to-and-fro. There was an odd emptiness between her diaper and the outside world now, as Jessica glanced at a nearby mirror seeing the skirt cover her backside in full. That was the one relief, she supposed. But still, she didn't see an adventurer anymore. All there was now was a small, errand girl that kept her missions on the more peaceful side of things. She wore no armor, had no weapon, but did she really need them? No. By this

point, she was clearly just trying to overcompensate for something else; her lack of dignity, maturity, and capability.

“You look great!” Tira pulled Jessica in for a hug, who weakly hugged back. “And if it’s any help, I’ll hang onto these for the time being...” She bent over to collect all of Jessica’s leather gear, who almost tried to stop her, but was too afraid of Tira being truthful once again. Her gear was whisked away and hidden behind the desk. Gone for who knows how long.

“Oh, and there’s one other thing...”

There was more?

“The town alchemist? She’s my sister, actually. Well, I’ve been really honest when I say she really appreciates the work you’ve been doing for her. So much, in fact, she’s really starting to see how much she loses out on when she puts the job through the adventurer’s guild.” Jessica was unfortunately too smart to know where this was going.

“So...if you were interested, instead of taking the job through the guild and getting a minor fee subtracted, why not work for my sister directly?”

There wasn’t anything wrong with the idea of helping out a person, but what hurt Jessica the most was the indirect effect of it. It was yet another degree of separation from the adventurer’s lifestyle she longed for. Already she’d lost her weapon, armor, modesty...potty training, but now she was going to lose the guild, as well! The alchemist, Tira’s sister, was probably going to outsource the job on her own regardless of Jessica’s answer, so once she does leave, what would be left for Jessica to do at the guild? Anything other than gathering grass was too unstable of a workflow, and unfortunately, she couldn’t handle any other sort of job... Did she even have a choice?

“O...Okay...”

“Really?” Tira smiled a wide grin. “That’s great! Really! I’ll be sure to tell her tonight. And even better, not only will her profits go up, but yours too! She’s even willing to offer you a room, if you’re serious about becoming her assistant! Oh...and...” she leaned a bit closer, as if for a whisper. “I already talked to her about your diapers...she doesn’t mind changing them, if you were worried about that.”

Jessica did her best not to react, but how could she not when the woman that changed her diapers just outed her secret to someone? Well, not just anyone. It would be the next person in line to



change Jessica when she didn't do it for herself... And was it even a secret anymore? Surely not with this clothing. Maybe once she stood still, but what if the diaper sagged too much? Actually, maybe that was a plus for the diaper cover; now it may not sag so much... But what happens when she gets on her knees for the grass? Something told her the skirt wouldn't be able to do its best job then...

"I'm sorry I won't be able to see you as much, anymore," Tira hugged Jessica once again. "I promise I'll try to find the time to visit you. Truthfully..." Now she sounded a bit embarrassed, which was bewildering, considering the circumstances for Jessica. "I think I'm gonna miss being able to change you, like this..."

Jessica didn't know how to react anymore. That steep slope she was already sliding down was just about a vertical wall by this point. Trapped in freefall, she couldn't afford to look back on the things that came whizzing by, otherwise she'd miss the next thing right around the corner.

"But! I'm sure I'll have a day off at some point, so don't forget about me, got it?" She puffed out her cheeks. And Jessica, although weakly, genuinely smiled, hugging her back. It was a warm hug, but not warm enough to overshadow the even warmer feeling forming in the front of her diaper.

"Good thing I went for the booster, huh?" She smiled, and Jessica merely blushed, looking away.

"Okay, I can clean everything else up here at the end of the day. You just enjoy yourself for the rest of the day, okay? My sister should be ready for you tomorrow." The pair re-entered the hallway, as Jessica felt a strange sensation. For once it didn't come from her diaper area. Instead, it was from the room they just left. As if, as if she'd just left behind something important. Something essential to who she was as a person. But it was gone now, because she no longer had a reason to be here. Now, she was simply the grass-collecting alchemist assistant, working for a measly amount of silver along with a diaper change as needed. At least she got a free room...

"Sorry about that!" Tira apologized to the lounging pair of adventurers, Faris and Veronica. "We just needed to freshen up a little."

Jessica tried to look away when the pair were sizing her up, probably noticing the distinct change in apparel, as well as any indication of being an adventurer.

"It looks cute," Faris spoke simply, and her basic tone was enough for her partner to start laughing.

Jessica was in such a rush to leave, her little jog unfortunately caught an uneven floorboard, which had her trip forward face-first.

“Ouch...”

“Jessica! Are you okay?” Tira nearly ran over, already moving around the desk, but Jessica was already getting up.

“I’m...I’m fine...” she was doing her best not to cry. The fall hardly even fazed her, but she’d taken a much heavier tumble this past week. That was what she was feeling the brunt of the most. All she could hope now is that she’d finally hit rock-bottom, and that’d be it.

“Um, excuse me?” it was Veronica’s voice. Jessica against her better judgment turned her head to her, to see she was extremely close to her. Before she could even figure out what the woman wanted, a tug on the back of her dress’ skirt was enough of an answer. During her fall, her skirt must’ve fallen out of place, exposing her diaper for the other two veterans to see. Not like she had anything to prove, though. After all, they just saw her filling her pants... But...maybe they didn’t see this time?

“Sorry about that...” Veronica apologized. “Your...your diaper looks cute, though?”

Maybe being an adventurer just wasn’t for her.