

Zaiva's Vacation, Part 1 of 2 - "Welcome to the Grove"

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Weight gain, intoxication kink, bimboification kink, brain-drain/intelligence-drain kink, mild coercion, psychedelics, group sex, polyamory

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Zaiva Nixux had spent many years climbing the ladders of power. Now the part-Demon Drow was finally at the top of the food chain, a mighty and powerful Queen of the mortal realms. Her former adventurer friends had gone on to other forms of glory, and Zaiva had governed in smug satisfaction for a while... before she found the truth, that being Queen kind of sucked. It was lonely at the top. And *stressful!*

She had long hungered for authority, but now that she had it, the whole thing seemed like a chore. Her vast palace, awash in luxury, felt like a cage where she paced every day, demonic scorpion-tail swishing behind her. Always busy, always dealing with some diplomat or other, some trade official, some random ambassador from a place she'd never heard of.

Her advisor and lover Zari, a slender drow half her size, was forced to spend most of his time with her forcing the Queen to sign various treaties, pieces of paperwork, and other royal responsibilities. And with a long Drow lifespan ahead of her, Zaiva had hundreds of years of this tedium to look forward to...

How dull, she often thought. How smothering! She couldn't stand it.

She needed a break from these constant responsibilities—this endless parade of royal requirements. Zaiva needed a vacation... And she knew just where to get one.

Some time ago, doing magical research on the Outer Planes, she'd found an anomaly. A demi-plane, a pocket universe that didn't appear on most charts. Information on it was limited: apparently the place was some kind of twilight-realm, ruled over by a benevolent Dryad. It was rather innocuously labeled as the "Grove of Twilight" by planar explorers.

It was said that "all pleasures" could be found in this mysterious place, all lusts satisfied. It was referred to as a "palace of sin" by most tomes, a place of "temptations dire" that could ensnare the unwary traveler with enchanted food, drink and drugs... There were plenty of warnings about the perils of "drinking too deeply" from the magical delights. *Blah, blah, blah.*

To Zaiva, a powerful sorceress who had battled gods and tamed ancient demons, it sounded like a great place to party. Nothing more, nothing less. Lots of these mystical realms were overblown, after

all—she'd once journeyed to the Plane of Cake only to find that it wasn't made of cake after all, just had a really big one in a large room. She didn't want to get her hopes up for the Grove, only to have them dashed again.

Luckily, the ritual to enter the demi-plane was simple. All you needed was a piece of ancient tree-bark from that plane, cultivated and imbued with several kinds of Fey magic. Zaiva had acquired the tree-bark and had then put aside a special chamber for this Gateway spell, a room of her castle that only she and Zari had the keys to.

Inside, there was a mid-sized tree growing from a small patch of dirt, in the center of a large magical circle. This humming circle of eldritch power would, ideally, help her open a gateway to the Grove... and finally get some relaxation.

She waited and waited for her chance to use it. And then, one week when the pressures of running her realm grew too extreme, Zaiva told Zari to cancel all her appointments for the weekend. She needed a little relaxation, a little respite. It was time for a break.

The only problem was figuring out what to wear, to this little pleasure-realm. Zaiva had forgotten that in the years since she'd taken the throne, her figure had... changed.

Stripping down in front of her full-length mirror, the white-haired drow examined herself, tucking her long braids over her shoulder. She was still *sexy*, of course—no one could deny that. Her full bosom and ample hips were fetching enough to snag a handsome courtesan whenever she wanted—and with her libido, she wanted them *often*. But she couldn't deny she'd gotten a little... Softer, after taking the throne. Her demonic scorpion-tail lashed in irritation as she regarded the changes to her body.

Her once-flat stomach had bulged out into a paunch, fed by an endless amount of royal wine and delicacies from the palace kitchens. Zaiva had a tendency towards snacking when she was under stress, and being queen was *very* stressful. Barely a minute passed without the Queen snacking from some bowl or platter... and it wasn't just her stomach that had grown, either—it was *everything*.

Her arms had grown soft and pillowy, a double chin suggesting itself under her jaw. Her bust had grown almost comically large, her heavy double-E rack requiring an enormous bra to contain all of Zaiva's soft, gray titflesh. Her ass had suffered a similar fate, going from a taut and well-toned pair of cheeks to a huge, inflated, jiggly caboose. She was over two hundred and fifty pounds these days, her adventuring body long-gone, replaced by a soft indulgent frame accustomed to lounging around in a castle.



But she was still sexy. That much she was certain of. The great Queen of the land was not *fat*, could never be *fat*, that was ridiculous. When questioned about her weight, Zaiva’s maids always assured their mistress she was still “fit as a fiddle, the very picture of health.”

In fact, getting this reassurance from the maids had become a bit of a habit, for her. She basked in their praise every morning as they did her hair for her, massaged her and helped her prepare for the day. No, she was not *fat*, the very idea was absurd. But she had undoubtedly put on a lot of... Stress weight, doing her job as Queen.

A little vacation will help me get back to goal weight, she thought, heading for her closet. I just need to relax for a change. Once my stress is gone, I’ll lose this chub in no time...

Consoling herself with thoughts of six-pack abs and toned glutes, Zaiva tugged on her best party tube top. This old standby was just a *little* too small—her expansive bosom oozed out from the top, plump flesh threatening to spill out.

And, well... *So what*, if it did? Her research told her the Grove was a party zone. She might as well show a little skin... What was the harm in that?

Next she chose a leather miniskirt—not exactly typical spellcasting garb, but she wanted to look *good* when she arrived in this pleasurable, fey netherworld. Unfortunately the skirt wasn’t in the mood to cooperate—she had outgrown it roughly a dozen pounds ago, and now it refused to go up past her ample, wobbling thighs.

“Damn it... Just... Behave!”

She used a fair bit of magic to re-size the thing, growing and shrinking it until it was just right. Even once it fit, Zaiva had to struggle to heave it over her tubby rump, cheeks jiggling as she jumped up and down, trying to pull up the squeaking pleather fabric.

Eventually, she managed to squeeze herself into the skirt. More than a little irritated by the process, she indulged in a few royal glasses of wine before she finally went to the ritual chamber. Tipsy and with her stomach sloshing with wine, she grabbed her spellbook and huffed and puffed her way up some castle steps to the gateway chamber.

The magical energy she'd imbued into the space was already swirling around the piece of bark, which had grown into a small tree. Its translucent, glowing leaves rustling in an unseen breeze as Zaiva entered.

The runes she'd drawn were still in place, pulsing softly with magical power. Motes of energy floated in the air—the power of the outer planes, condensed into tiny hovering glimmers of golden light. It was a strangely beautiful sight... and dangerous.

Zaiva knew from experience what could happen, when untamed planar energy got loose. She would have to be careful with this ritual—especially because she'd never visited the target plane. Research aside, she had no idea what she might find, over there.

Settling into a cross-legged position outside the circle, Zaiva began to chant. The ancient Elven words rolled off her tongue with ease, though she took breaks occasionally to sip her wine. By the time the ritual was nearly complete, she had a pleasant buzz going. Zari always told her not to do magic while drinking, but what did *he* know? He was always so buttoned-up. She was a queen—she should be able to cut loose a little, when she wanted to.

Finally she spoke the last word of the ritual, and the runes flared to life, magical energy spinning and swirling around her. But as the letters in the circle rose into the air, they took on a distinctly reddish and infernal hue, crackling with sinister flames.

Zaiva took a deep breath, trying to calm herself—the magic was drawing power from her demonic essence, something that often happened during ritual castings of her various spells. Her demonic blood was incredibly strong—so strong, in fact, that its energy had to be vented via magic periodically, or she began to grow more demon-like, lustful and feral.

Over the years, she'd learned to control this “spillover” of demonic energy, even harness it for her own use. But it was always a risk, especially during big spells like this. She had to calm herself, stilling her mind, before she could proceed with the spell. As she practiced her breathing exercises, the runes faded from bright-red to the old, comforting blue tones.

There... That's much better. Nice and calm. Not demonic, not filled with an endless lust that could drown worlds. Just... Calm.

She spoke the final word of the ritual, and all the supernatural essence in the room seemed to flow into the bark of the tree—the circle itself faded, its magic spent, and now the tree itself glowed with a

warm, almost comforting energy. With a soft creaking sound, the base of the tree stretched itself to form a small “door” at its base, the archway leading away into extraplanar darkness.

Zaiva frowned at the sight—she had expected an entrance with a little more, uh, *maneuvering* space than this. However, it made sense: the Grove was a realm of the Fey, after all, and most Fey were small-ish types. Pixies, gnomes, and so on. Shrugging, she set her wine glass aside... and prepared to enter the unknown depths.

There was just one problem: the door was a *little* too small for her bounteous frame. Her head, shoulders, arms and torso passed through easily—but when it came time to squeeze her hips through the gap, Zaiva found with frustration that her impressive butt couldn’t fit through.

“Dammit... *Mmf!* Why do I have to be so... seductively curvaceous?!”

She wiggled, squirmed and kicked, an absurd sight to see. Her hips and butt wobbled as she struggled to get through—and finally she did, tumbling through the gap with a soft *plop*. The thick layer of plumpness on her body cushioned her against the fall, although she did bruise her ass a little on the hard stone floor.

Zaiva looked around to see a replica of her ritual room... But this one was overgrown with vines, and the light was *different*, somehow. More ethereal. There was a soft sound of singing coming from beyond the room...

Passing through the exit, she found herself in a massive space, at least the size of a sports field. It was dominated by a huge tree that rose nearly a hundred feet into the air, stretching towards a ceiling that was covered with dangling stalactites. A soft, bluish light dominated the area, cast by luminescent flowers and strange, glowing neon-colored vines. It was a place of unearthly beauty... and her arrival had not gone unnoticed.

All around the grove swarmed a variety of Fey creatures—small, scantily-clad pixies, satyrs in loincloths playing lutes in distant corners, and Nymph women bathing and washing each other’s hair. The energy was similar to a bath-house boudoir Zaiva had once frequented; everyone here was relaxed, and more a little intimate. She saw several Nymphs making out with each other under low-lit waterfalls, and nearby two Pixies were kissing inside a large clay bowl full of wine. It was a decadent atmosphere, debauched... and exactly what Zaiva had been hoping for.

The whole cadre of Fey glanced over at her as she entered, seeming fascinated... and then converged on her, conveying warm greetings.

“A mortal! It’s been so long... Welcome to our Grove!”

“Welcome, welcome!”

“Such a *pretty* visitor, too... Aren’t we the lucky ones...”

A handsome Centaur looked her up and down, turning away from the nude painting he was making of several writhing Pixies.

“Here for business, or pleasure, miss? Mmm, looking at you, I hope it’s pleasure...”

“Oh! Hello there,” said Zaiva, backing away slightly as they surrounded her. Everyone here was... Very aggressively naked, except for a few loincloths on the Satyrs. And almost all of these Fey were *very* well endowed. Impressive bosoms and bulging packages abounded! It was very distracting.

For a moment she was shocked into feeling like an awkward schoolgirl. But she soon recovered, squaring her shoulders and winking at the centaur.

“Wow. Right down to brass tacks, huh? Y-yes, I’m here for... Pleasure, if you will. You could say, pleasure *is* my business. Heh-heh.”

There was a smattering of pleasant laughter, and two Nymphs pushed through the crowd, each one taking Zaiva by a hand.

“Come then—if you’re here for pleasure, you simply must meet the Great Dryad! She awaits you under her tree...”

Swept away by the warmth of her reception and the soft insistence of the two Nymphs, Zaiva followed them down a trail of cool moss, passing under a number of glowing vines.

At the borders of the wide cavern were ancient Greek columns and a few ancient marble buildings; as they passed one of these, the high notes of someone’s impending orgasm hit Zaiva’s ears. Erotic whimpers, gasps and moans made her blush as the group ascended a series of marble stairs to the vast tree in the center of the chamber.

The tree looked ancient, its sides covered in long, twisting vines and strange dangling fruits. Peculiar runes and graphic, highly sexual pictograms were etched into its trunk.

From a gap in the trunk, a slender wooden hand covered in tiny leaves emerged... and the Dryad pushed aside the wood of the vast tree like it was a curtain, emerging into the light.

She was tall, graceful... and well-endowed, her titanic breasts putting even Zaiva’s to shame. These were modestly covered with a bikini of leaves, and as the woman moved, her wooden-hued flesh jiggled and wobbled just like a mortal woman’s. She towered over Zaiva by several feet, clearly no mere spirit of the woods, but a queen among them. Atop her head was a crown of flowers, around her wrists, garlands of vines. She wore nothing aside from the tastefully-arranged leaf bikini, and this seemed to be only clinging to her skin by the virtue of sticky patches of sap.

The dryad’s “hair” was a series of intertwined vines that gave the impression of long dreadlocks, and her gaze was soft and affectionate, her amber-colored eyes gleaming in a cherubic face. But it was difficult to focus on her face. Zaiva’s eyes couldn’t leave that vast cleavage; she felt strangely childlike in the face of this entity, as if it were some ancient, maternal spirit she’d once known and then forgotten. A

sweet smell surrounded the Dryad as she embraced Zaiva, the elf's face momentarily thrust into her massive bosom.

“Greetings! Zaiva, of clan Nixux, our first visitor in decades. It's an honor to have you. Come, sit with me...”

Zaiva wasn't sure how the Dryad knew her name, but it was best not to ask with elemental entities like this. Old and powerful, they were not to be trifled with or crossed. She would need to be polite in order to truly plunder the riches of this spirit's realm.

“Of course. It's a pleasure to meet you, miss...”

“You can call me Matron. Matron Viridia. Come, sit.”

The dryad smiled, gesturing at the stones around them. A chunk of smooth, eroded marble rose from the earth, vaguely suggestive of a chair, and Zaiva sat down in it, surprised at how well it fit her posterior. The marble was warm, as if it had laid in the sun, and overhead the motes of Fey energy sparkled and shimmered around the tree. This place truly was designed to relax her... She felt her muscle tension beginning to fade as she leaned back.

“Matron... Your realm is so beautiful. Have you dwelled here long? I really love what you've done with the place.”

“Oh yes, we've been here for many aeons... But few are clever enough to find us. It has been long since a mortal graced us with their presence... You will stay a while, won't you? Let down your hair with us, a little...”

The Dryad beckoned, and a Pixie flew over, carrying an elaborate glass device. Zaiva, no stranger to intoxicants, recognized it as a bong and couldn't help but smile as the Dryad offered it to her.

“There are probably things we should discuss first... The terms of my stay, how long, the cost... Things like that.”

“Cost?” The Dryad laughed, with the sound of wind passing through wind-chimes. “Child... There is no cost to enjoy the Grove.”

“Wh-what do you mean? Surely there must be a price...”

The Dryad shook her head, dreadlocks swaying, looking amused.

“No price. You have done your part in finding the clues to our ancient realm, for walking the path of pleasure to our doorstep. You bring us all great pleasure, simply by being here...”

The elemental lit the bong and took a long pull, leaning back for a long while and then exhaling, letting the smoke fill the air above them and cast everything in a blue haze.

“And in turn, you are welcome to enjoy *all* the delights of our Grove, for as long as you like. We do not know pain here, nor hunger, nor thirst... All mortal appetites are provided for here, as much as one can ask for, and more. This is our way—the path of pleasure. Twilight never ends here, and neither does our revelry—we are eternal in our bliss.”

Zaiva nodded... and this time, she took the bong when the Dryad offered it, sparking the bowl with a flame cantrip and breathing deep as the water inside the device bubbled and frothed. When she exhaled, she coughed heavily... and grinned, feeling the drug hit her system.

Damn, this Dryad had good weed! Which... made sense, really. Given that she was a plant elemental, and all.

“I... guess I could stay a while,” Zaiva said, her hesitation fading. “I have *really* been in need of a vacation. And some partying. Not too long, though—I’ll have to get back to my world, sooner or later..”

The Dryad nodded, taking another hit from the bong. Now the air around them was thick with smoke, and the sparkles above them made Zaiva grin and giggle. What a wonderful place...

“You need not hurry home, dear,” said the dryad gently, her voice wafting through the smoke. “Time passes differently here, than it does outside the Grove. A week here is but a few moments, back in your realm. So you needn’t worry about your troubles, or your responsibilities. Your palace, your kingdom... All will remain just as you left them. You could stay here for ages, I think, and return nearly as soon as you left. So relax. There’s no need for formalities—you and I both know why you’ve come. Tell me your desires... and we’ll see what we can do for you.”

Zaiva nodded slowly. At last, she could put aside her pretenses. She could be *honest* about her needs. She fumbled for words, trying to explain her problem, the endless hungers inside her.

“Matron... The truth is, I’m never *satisfied* out there. I’ve bedded hundreds of men, and almost as many women. None of them can keep up with what I need. I always end up wanting more than they can possibly give me. There’s no creature alive, outside an incubus or a shapeshifter, who can possibly hope to satisfy me—and it’s becoming difficult to fill those needs, as Queen. That’s why I’m here—to try and get a little... You know. Satisfaction.”

The dryad chuckled.

“Is that so? Then by all means... Let us begin.”



Staying in the Grove wasn't just pleasurable. It was *blissful*. It was everything Zaiva had ever wanted, and more. It was lewd, it was depraved, it was hedonistic in a way she'd never experienced before. She couldn't get enough of it.

Outside the Grove, there was a constant need for Zaiva to hide her lust, to keep the reins on avarice. Back in the material plane, she was forced to keep her ravenous hunger for pleasure enchained... But here, she could indulge in any depraved activity she wanted. And she did, trying to take advantage of every moment.

As an "introduction" to the Grove, the Dryad presented her with a number of Satyrs. When asked which one she wanted, Zaiva simply said "All of them." She wondered if there was a dating process here, or some sort of courtship... but there was no such delay in the lands of the Fey. Lust had to be satisfied, at once, whenever it arose.

Eager to please the newcomer, half-a-dozen Satyrs bedded her one-by-one, on the floors of a great marble orgy-house. The handsome hirsute men with goat's legs kissed Zaiva all over her body, eating her out and finally plowing her with a vigor and lust she'd been searching for in all her mortal partners, for *years*. It was... So deeply gratifying, to have partners who didn't beat around the bush. Who knew how she liked to be held, how she liked to be fucked, almost intuitively.

Her birth-protection spells allowed her to enjoy them bareback, exactly how she wanted them, and before long she'd grown accustomed to regular creampiees. Feeling her lovers cum inside her, that delicious warm sense of being *filled*, was addictive.

And this filthy excess was only the beginning. After the Satyrs had thoroughly "introduced" themselves, there was a feast brought in her honor—charcuterie boards, fine cheese and meats, and of course, plenty of wine. Zaiva feasted with a lazy, languid delight, the Satyrs ferrying cheese and grapes and cups of wine to her lips—pampering her, the way she'd always known she *deserved* to be pampered. It was like the whole Grove knew her desires, inside and out, without her needing to speak them.

And then after the feast, another orgy, this time with the Satyrs passing her around, filling her womb with their seed until it was practically squirting out of her. And then, a long smoke session with some of the Dryad's prized weed... And then, more sex. And more wine. More of *everything*. Again and again, until the room spun and the slow, ravishing orgasms seemed nearly constant.

Again and again she found her lovers more than willing to mount her, ravish her, praise and worship her. They never seemed to run out of stamina, only taking breaks to eat, guzzle wine and sleep. They were relentless, passionate, obsessed with her soft frame, and desperate to please her over and over until she nearly lost her mind with ecstasy.

Zaiva was ecstatic. This was the bliss she'd been missing in the outside world—the filthiness of their lust together, the endless pleasure and caressing and rutting. All thoughts of home, of responsibility, even of her lover Zari vanished in a slow tide of bliss. She didn't need to think in the Grove, she didn't even need to speak other than demands for more food, wine... and more Satyr cock.

It was pure, flawless, sybaritic perfection. Zaiva felt gratified, fulfilled in a way she'd been seeking for a long, long time. Time itself, though, was a slippery thing in the Grove. In this eternal half-light, she had no way to track how long she was spending there... much less how that translated to "real time," back home.

She merely ate, and fucked, and smoked and slept... then was awakened by the kisses of her lovers, prodded by rising cocks into sloppy post-nap sex. After a few climaxes, they would pamper her with more rich foods. Then, more sleep... and eventually, awakening feeling rested and refreshed, with a goblet of wine already being pressed to her lips by a chiseled Satyr man.

This cycle repeated until she'd grown utterly disconnected to how much time was passing. Before long, Zaiva was measuring time in orgies—had she done that drinking-contest with the Nymphs four fuck-sessions ago, or five? Or maybe it had been *six* fucks...

Anyway, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered in here but her appetites, her needs. She was free to be perfectly selfish, as slutty or lazy or gluttonous as she wanted—her lovers didn't mind if she guzzled wine while riding them, or smoked a bowl whilst they sucked on her clit. Soon she was gobbling chocolates while they fucked her, shoving them into her mouth by the handful, licking the sticky residue off her fingers while a Satyr boy made her moan through the mouthful of sugar.

"Mmmf... Glmph, gulp... mnch... Ffuck yes urrp, fuck me you stud, fuck me harder!"

It was like the whole plane was designed around her exact set of twisted lusts, and Zaiva drank deeply from its pleasures, greedily and desperately, like a woman starved for all her life. But eventually, the idea crossed her stoned mind to visit the Dryad again, to thank her for all this "hospitality."

Reluctantly bidding farewell to her lovers and stumbling through the Grove, she made for the tree at its center... but she grew distracted several times, on the way there. A Satyr plowing a chubby, freckled Dryad in a small cave beckoned her to join them, which she eagerly did... and after that, a swarm of drunken Pixies ambushed her from a bathing-pool filled with wine. Eagerly crowding around her erogenous zones, the fairy-women overwhelmed Zaiva with their affections, delaying her further. Finally, a pair of buxom Centaur women offered to share a drink with her, just as she finally found the base of the marble stairs.

"Come on, have a few, you look like you could use it..."

"That's it, drink up, girl! Woo, party!"

Finally, after several wineskins had been emptied, Zaiva drunkenly slurred and stumbled her way to the Dryad's boudoir, her hair and tube-top askew and her skirt slumped around her knees. Flopping into a marble "couch" overgrown with moss, she belched and kicked off the skirt—it was more of a hindrance around here than anything, and she wanted her new lovers to have easier access to her plump, lightly fuzzed loins.

At last, Matron Viridia emerged from the tree, and Zaiva noticed she was looking a bit... rounder, her belly swollen and her breasts even more huge and engorged. In fact, Zaiva saw some sort of milky

tree-sap leaking from under the Dryad's leaf-bikini. Poor woman, she looked like she was ready to burst with that stuff... Was she with child, perhaps? Weird, she hadn't been leaking like that before...

"Greetings, dear. I trust you're enjoying your stay?"

"You bet—*hurrp*—betcha!"

Zaiva grinned drunkenly as she stifled a hiccup, lounging in the chair, her tail lashing lazily at her side. Admittedly, she did feel a bit *heavy* from all the rich food she'd been eating, but it was worth it—her waistline was the least of her concerns, over here. Besides, it wasn't as if she'd let herself get *fat*, or anything. She wouldn't be here long enough for that to happen.

The Dryad loomed over her, leaning down to kiss Zaiva's cheek, running a soft wood-hued hand over her visitor's cheek... and pinching it briefly, like an affectionate aunt, noticing new chubby flesh in the increasingly plump roundness of Zaiva's face.



"Mmm, you are finding my revels to your liking, sweet mortal? Is there anything further you desire that I may give you?"

Zaiva licked her lips as the Dryad's huge, buxom cleavage dangled in front of her. She had been about to ask a question, but... That canyon of cleavage was so distracting. To a bisexual nymphomaniac like Zaiva, dangling tits like that in front of her would distract her from just about *everything*.

"I... Was wondering... You look, *hic*, a little different. What's that about?"

The Dryad straightened, her bosom bobbing, and ran her hands down her fuller, softer frame.

"There is an energy you exude, my dear... It seems to fill and satiate me, that is all I know. It is quite a pleasant sensation..."

Zaiva nodded sagely as her drugged, tipsy brain worked its way through this information. Finally she belched and wagged a finger at the Dryad, affecting the most serious tone she could, under the circumstances.

“No no, we can’t have that. That’sh my *demonic energy* bleeding off into your realm... I can’t shtay here too long, I don’t want to... Lose control of it.”

But her eyes were drawn back again, inexorably, to the Dryad’s chest. Gently rising and falling, those vast breasts shone with a thin sheen of sweat in the moonlight-colored glow of the Grove.

Matron Viridia noticed her staring and smirked, tugging down one corner of her bikini to reveal a huge, dark nipple dripping with sap.

“I can sense your desires, darling... You can have a little taste of me, if you like. My sap has certain qualities that enhance revelry, while you’re in my Grove. But beware—it is quite intoxicating, in large amounts.”

Zaiva nodded mindlessly, focused on the massive globular breast that the Dryad was dangling over her face. She had enough mommy-issues to be *completely* down for this level of weirdness.

“Mmm, yesh please, gimme...”

Delighted, she cupped the enormous mammary in both hands—the flesh overflowing her fingers—and licked and suckled at the sap, its sweet herbal taste lingering on her tongue. She guzzled like an oversized infant for a few moments, before the Dryad gently pried her away, tittering with laughter.

“Such a thirsty thing! Easy, my dear, easy... You shall have more in the fullness of time.”

Zaiva licked her lips, feeling a strange tingling sensation roll through her.

“**URrrrRP**, sorry. So how long does the sap take to... kick in... *Oh, my Goddess.*”

The hallucinogenic sap hit her like the proverbial ton of bricks, Zaiva’s pupils dilating and her mouth going slack as the beauty around her seemed to transform into an orgasmic tornado of hypnotic lights, sounds and colors.

Utterly transported, she slumped in her chair and stared in wonder at the Tree above them, soaking in the strange new delight coursing through her body... and then her hand found its way into the cleft of her legs, and Zaiva began to masturbate frantically, tripping out of her mind even as she drove herself towards a brain-shattering climax.

“*Unngh... Sh-sho pretty... Pretty lightsh... Hic!*”

The Dryad nodded, pleased with the results of her milk on their visitor. She leaned in to give the unresponsive Zaiva a kiss on the lips... then whistled to a flock of passing Pixies, who alighted around the pair.

“Darlings. Our guest needs more food... Fetch her some cakes and pastries. And wine—lots of wine. I don’t think we’ve ever had a more *eager* plaything, in our realm... Such passion inside her. I’m half tempted to keep her here... She’s clearly happier here, than she was out there.”

The Dryad sighed wistfully as she stood over her new charge, bathing in the demonic energy radiating off Zaiva as she moaned and writhed. The mortal was so full of this infernal essence, *overflowing* with it... and it had begun to leak out into the Grove. The Dryad had noticed the Satyr’s cocks were hanging lower since Zaiva had arrived—the Nymph’s breasts were more fulsome, the Pixies more booty-licious. Even the blue light in the Grove had begun to taint, turning purple in places...

Viridia knew she was the protector of this realm, and should draw boundaries with this dangerously toxic mortal, set limits on her stay. But that addictive, infernal energy tasted so *good*... And there was nearly a limitless amount of it to feast on, with Zaiva here.

The Matron was determined to soak up Zaiva’s magical essence for as long as possible... Consequences be damned. After all, consequences didn’t matter in the Grove. Only pleasure mattered. Pleasure was the whole of the law.

And Zaiva’s desire for pleasure was the greatest she had ever seen...



Outside the Grove, in the royal palace...

“Zaiva? Hello? Where are you, babe?”

Zuri peered into the royal chambers, frowning. The opulent four-poster bed that dominated the room, on its dias of slate stairs, was empty. The plush, gilded hookah-couches on the far end were unoccupied. And no hourglass-shaped frame was lurking behind the changing screen. Where was his lover?

He hadn’t been able to find her for hours. Even since noon, Zuri had been trying to find her in order to get her to sign a treaty with her former drow clan. He’d checked all the usual places—the wine cellar, the feasting hall, the concubine chambers—but she wasn’t there. Usually when she cancelled all her appointments, he’d find her unwinding in one of those three places. She was nothing if not predictable, in her vices...

But she was nowhere to be found. He was out of clues until one of her usual playthings, a rather buff palace butler, told Zuri that the Queen had gone upstairs to one of her sealed chambers.

Zuri found this rather odd—Zaiva hated stairs, seeing them as an inconvenience to her royal personage ever since she'd put on a few royal pounds this year. What was she doing up in the towers?

Heading up the stairs and going from room to room, Zuri found one of the Queen's summoning chambers had a door ajar. Strange blue-purple light spilled out from it, seeming to soak the floor in a kaleidoscope of weird colors.

Curious, Zuri stepped inside... and saw the gateway spell still active, the runes humming as they floated in midair. On the far end of the circle the magical tree still stood, its trunk stretched wide enough to accommodate several travelers through the portal. Or one very plump, buxom one...

“Dammit, Zaiva...”

Zuri found Zaiva's spellbook open on the floor and flipped through it. Research notes on something called “The Grove” were penned in Zaiva's flowing, spidery script.

Wincing, Zuri noted the phrase “**ENDLESS ORGIES?**” scribbled in the margins, with “**HELL YEAH**” written underneath it. Several passages on the specifics of Fey sex were underlined and notated. A section on the size of Centaur cocks even had a bunch of hearts doodled around it.

“Very classy...”

Rolling his eyes, Zuri tucked the book under his arm... and cast a divining spell, analyzing the portal. He was not surprised to find the portal was *roiling* with seductive magic, its gap beckoning him to enter the glowing realm beyond. He was, in fact, very curious about the Grove... but he wasn't stupid enough to go in there without protection.

It was common knowledge among spellcasters that Fey realms could seduce the unwary. Only a fool—or someone with a *massive* ego—would enter such a place without proper magical precautions.

Murmuring softly, Zuri cast a basic protection spell on himself, the magic weaving around him and encasing him in a pale-yellow aura. He would now be protected from the seduction of Fey magics... at least for a little while. Long enough to go inside and get his errant lover, who had *very* clearly decided to take a jaunt into the Fairy realms without telling anyone. Or protecting herself..

It was time to bring his pleasure-hungry girlfriend home... Assuming she even *wanted* to come back. And after seeing her notes in the spellbook, he wasn't so sure she would.

Grumbling a little, Zuri bent on hands and knees... and crawled through the portal, on his way to rescue his buxom, lascivious partner.

~*End of Part 1*~