

GIRL HAS THORNS

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It seemed Iona had something of a *curse* when it came to fetch quests. More often than not they were so blatantly out of her way that she could only assume she was picking up the scraps other adventurers absolutely refused to commit themselves to. Case in point: this endeavor took her deep into an uncharted forest in search of a gigantic rose known as the *Rosetta*.

The forest was dense enough as is. At times it was a jungle, at times it was deciduous, and consistently it was full of all manners of creepy crawlies that made exploring it as gross as it was inconvenient. How many more giant spiders would she have to fend off before she stumbled upon her bounty. **“Royal Rose Nectar? Is it really all it’s cracked up to be?”**

According to legend it could heal almost any ailment, and the Viera wondered if such a thing could *really* be true. Every ingredient used in medicine had its strengths and weaknesses, there was no such thing as an ingredient as perfect as that.

Eventually she came across her bounty. It really was hard to miss, and completely matched the description she’d been given by the apothecary that requested it. It was so hard to miss because, well... It was a rose flower that was almost taller than all of the trees that surrounded. **“Whoa... But I guess this begs the question of how I get the nectar out?”** She didn’t know what the nectar looked like, much less the lay of the inside of the flower. Seemed like there was only one way to find out, too...

And so she began to climb. The rose was nestled in a cradle of trees that just managed to tower over it, which meant the only means of seeing inside would be to gaze down from the branches above. Fortunately Iona was a good climber (*it was something of a Viera specialty, really*) so it didn't take her very long to scale up to the lowest possible point of a great oak tree that overlooked the flower.

“That’s... not what I was expecting.” She'd been sent to grab a bottle of this flower's nectar, and considering its supposed potency Iona had expected it to be a rather rare commodity. Yet, the entire contents of the giant rose flower? It was like a sea of golden nectar, so much that she couldn't believe it. Somehow, something about this entire situation was feeling a little off. Almost like she'd been sent here on false pretenses-- **“AH!?”**

Before the woman could pursue this train of thought any further, her weight had wreaked sudden havoc upon the branch she'd been using as a foothold and she fell forward, scream instantly muffled as she plunged right into the pool of golden nectar she'd been suspicious of just moments before. It was cold and sticky, but fortunately wasn't deeper than only a few feet so there was no risk of drowning. It was still a struggle to pull herself up and out of the goo though, considering the viscosity of the amber substance. **“Well that’s just great.”**

**UFUFU! WERE YOU LOOKING FOR MY NECTAR,
DEAREST ADVENTURER? THEN I SUPPOSE YOU
CAN HAVE IT IN EXCHANGE FOR LETTING ME
SEE THE WORLD!**

No sooner than she'd begun to try and rub the sticky substance off her did a voice seem to reverberate all around her. No... It took Iona a moment of thought, but it wasn't really like she'd heard the voice at all. It had been echoing somewhere else: *inside her mind?* A very sweet, honey-like taste lapped around inside her mouth since she'd accidentally ingested some of the nectar during her fall, and that in fact was the trigger for voice to speak inside her mind.

It was clearly a woman's voice, and a woman more assertive and playful than the shy Iona was at that. **“See the world? What do you mEAN!?”** The Viera had been hoping for a reply to her question, but no sooner than she'd asked her piece did she stumble upon something very alarming: the feeling of her clothes falling from her body, caught up in nectar as it fell. The reason was fairly evident since she could see it in the tatters that were falling. Whatever this sap was made of, it had a property that dissolved cloth fibers, and so in a matter of moments the tanned rabbit was completely in the nude.

“I mean... are you the flower speaking? I can’t take a flower this size with m-- H-Hey! Why are you closing!?” No answers were given, and instead the opened rose petals had begun to lift upwards and fold over one another as if they were no longer blossomed. Darkness cast the Viera’s fate into uncertainty, but once the light of the sky above was completely obscured the golden nectar began to glow to illuminate the contained space.

Even closed, the space inside the flower was incredibly roomy. There was certainly enough land to build a small house there... not that anyone would. But the size was important to note because, for some reason, shortly after the light had been taken away Iona began to perceive the space as *lessening*. **“W-Wait, what’s going on here!?”** She’d been in the middle of the flower when she’d fallen, far too distant from the petals to reach out and grab them for support... but now she was only an arm’s length from the nearest wall. What’s more, she was standing up far more in the sap than she had before, lending credence to an almost unthinkable theory.

She was growing, and quickly. The top of the closed petals, the peak that had seemed so far away just moments ago was getting closer and closer to her face as she looked up. Had she doubled in size? Tripled? Quadrupled? Regardless of the amount, nectar that had once sat at her thighs now only sat at her ankles as she grew to fit within the flower’s confines.

Her body had been absorbing the nectar, pores opened to ingesting it the moment she’d actually tasted some through her lips. Becoming a blatant giantess aside though, there were numerous transmogrifications to her physical form that reshaped her into what Iona could only imagine was a vessel, for a playful smirk that came to cross her lips was not an expression *she* would typically make.

“My, we’re coming along nicely aren’t we?” These words, while spoken from Iona’s lips, were not made with Iona’s voice. In fact whether those lips were even hers or not became something worth debating, for they’d grown plump, red, and incredibly enticing. Their redness stood out against her complexion with even more emphasis than one might expect, for the tanned skin tone the Viera typically sported had *drastically* lightened like she’d grown melanin deficient.

Her coveted Viera ears, despite how big the woman became, never touched the top of the flower for one simple reason: they were basically the only part of her body that was *shrinking*. As her hair darkened to black and wound with subtle curls, her bunny ears grew closer and closer to her skull while a more typical Hyurian pair sprouted from

either side of her head in their wake. They weren't as keen as her old pair, but they were enough for Iona to understand the words that were coming from her mouth. **"I suppose we do need a few more finishing touches before we're ready however, hm? After all, I prefer a *much softer figure.*"**

The Rosetta flower was, of course, speaking to the Viera's - *if she could be called that anymore with the ears* - body tone. They were a *very* fit race and you almost never saw chubby bunnies hanging around, but chubbiness wasn't what the one possessing her was referring to. The more about her that changed, the more Iona seemed to understand the foreign presence that was reconstructing her. She was feeling bolder, more confident, almost like her own personality had been shoved into a blender with that of the flower. Regardless, Rosetta was referring to her curves.

A gentle plumpness found its way into thighs, a springiness applied to their tender flesh as creamy skin was stretched all the wider by additional fat. It was never too much to make her legs look obscene, as was the trend wherever new fat was applied -- it was only there to give her more of a mature elder sister aesthetic, as a jiggle in her quickly engorging breasts seemed to suggest. *One cup, two cups, three cups*; Iona's massive body had no choice but to lean forward from the added weight which, at her current size was surely heftier than a Malboro per tit.

The nectar that still clung to her oversized body from her earlier spill soon hardened, and as it did it began to take on the properties of clothing. A leotard born of rose petals that revealed her ample cleavage, purple tights that showed off her shapely legs and pronounced ass, sharp heels and a flower crown. She looked like a woman born of nature, and that wasn't a far cry from reality. Gigantic rose petals began to open once more and as they did, Iona's towering form was left to soak in the light of the sun that shone from above.

But could she even be called Iona anymore? **"Fufu! I thank you for letting me use your body, and I wasn't lying when I said we could take as much nectar as we'd like. After all, my body can produce it."** The Viera was still in there *somewhere*, but the dominant personality was that of the Rosetta. No, Rosetta was her name as a living person now! She'd just decided! **"Hmm... But I suppose if I strutted into a village at this size the humans would be upset, so..."**

Rosetta snapped her fingers, and once she had her body immediately shrunk down to a much more normal, human size. She was shorter in that form than Iona had been as a Viera, and her clothing even changed into an elaborate, black dress. A wave of her arms saw the nearby trees

bend down as if possessed, allowing her to step up and out of the flower that was both Rosetta and not Rosetta at all. This form would now be a vessel of sorts, allowing her to commune with civilization. But said vessel was still attuned to plant life and could command it at will. *She was the forest, and the forest was her.*

But what part of her was Iona?