

If she'd have known that druidic magic had those sorts of side-effects, she probably would've avoided going into it with as much energy as she did... either that, or would've probably invested even more. It'd be disingenuous to claim that what she was experiencing was altogether *completely* bad, even if it was so bizarre that just trying to come up with an explanation, or even any way to make it seem to have the slightest amount of sense, made it easier to just not even try. Really, how was the bun going to tell anyone that she had a literal food baby growing inside of her? Sure, stranger things had happened to those who delved into those kinds of magics, and it wouldn't be the first time a druid was accidentally germinated and turned into living substrate, but the particulars of Ruth's case were enough to leave her feeling both incredibly embarrassed about it, and yet simultaneously oddly aroused at the prospect... which only led to the awkwardness increasing the more she thought about what was actually happening to her. To think, it started with such a perfectly normal night out; she put on her best robes, she went to visit the nearest tavern, then came back home with a hung stud and the two had plenty of fun experimenting with fertility and virility spells, even if they weren't put to use where the proverbial seed might take root; the bun wasn't so crazy that she would do something like that, and earnestly believed that if she were to just *swallow* all that jizz she was being given, then it'd be absolutely fine. It would bloat her belly out considerably, absolutely, and it'd eventually settle on her thighs like it always did, but nothing beyond that; there was no indication that the dangerous and volatile mixture of spells and incantations that were slung with abandon during her night of passion would've left Ruth with an entirely different problem on her hands, though now that she had to deal with a bunch of very grab-happy vines and a body that believed it had suddenly developed a late-trimester pregnancy, she didn't know whether to despair or kick herself in the head for having been so reckless. Wild magic was fun, and it certainly had its uses, but she was a fool for thinking she could control where it went and what it did; perhaps it was for this exact reason that she was stuck where she was now, with the fates having conspired to give her tale a cruelly ironic twist. The bun looked at herself in the mirror, as she had several times already since waking up and finding her bed empty; the latter wasn't surprising, but the strangely overwhelming sensation of fullness certainly was. Ruth had assumed that a good night's sleep would've been enough to get that cum gut back down to where it used to be, even if that meant having to sacrifice yet another size or two on her waistline, leaving her stunned beyond words when she pulled the sheets back and found that her belly was *larger* than it had been before she fell asleep! Even worse, it wasn't the same degree of pliable that it had been when stuffed with spunk, but rather rock-solid, taut, stretched out and feeling like *something* solid was inside of it. For a few minutes, the druid panicked, going through her mental catalogue of curses and adverse magical effects for anything that might've caused such a thing, only to come up short... assuming she hadn't tapped into some dark, forbidden arts during her most lust-drunk moments the night before. Getting up from bed didn't help either, as not only did it make the *weight* of her gut all that more obvious, but it brought to light that it wasn't the only thing that had changed either; though the effects weren't as noticeable, her breasts had swollen as well, and judging from the way her buds were openly leaking with small white droplets, it was most likely as a

result of *filling* rather than just growing additional mass from nowhere. This brought to mind a variety of different questions, none of which could be easily answered, and all of which would inevitably require her to tap into her magical power to try and fix whatever the problem was; needless to say, the last thing on Ruth's mind was using even more of her druidic powers to combat what they had most likely caused to begin, *especially* since she had no idea what that bump even was... and part of her didn't dare try and find out. It took a significant amount of willpower for her to waddle her way over to the bathroom, with it feeling as if her body was waiting for her to wake up before saddling her with the worst of the transformative process: not only did her seemingly-gravid belly start bloating even further before her very own eyes, but the bun had to contend with her tits filling up even further! She could practically feel the thick milk building up inside of them, the pressure building within their core for a few moments before expanding outwards to crash against their soft surface from within, pushing it out just a little bit more each time, inch after inch, until those udders were looking about as back-breaking as they felt. Once she reached the bathroom, however, the bun wasn't left in any better state, as nothing in her body seemed to indicate that anything was technically wrong, not even when she stripped naked and, at great cost to herself, twirled around a couple of times while keeping her eyes firmly glued to her mirror. Her ass was plumper as well, that much was expected, as were her thighs, but really, it was the inexplicable baby bump and the seemingly-solid mass inside of it that left Ruth so confused that, for a brief instant, she actually considered calling her old druidic instructor and asking what she was supposed to do, before realizing just how awful of an idea that was. It was around this time that the *thing* inside of her first made itself known, though in a sneaky enough way that the bun didn't notice it until it was far too late to do anything about it; she had her phone in her hand, staring at the list of contacts and wondering what she should do going forward, when suddenly her whole body felt... odd. It was a difficult sensation to put to words, but if she had to try, it felt as if there was something else *inside* of her, and not in the obvious way either. It was at once a discomfort, yet oddly soothing, mostly because the possible solutions to that particular dilemma involved a great number of lewd and scandalous things that made Ruth's cheeks burn about as brightly as her need to go away and pretend like none of this had happened. Conflicting thoughts raged in her mind, until her ability to resolve them was taken from her hands, and quite literally so; the bun was far too concerned with trying to compromise between the different players inside her head to notice how something had been snaking up her back and around her side, something stiff to the touch, yet also somewhat soft as it crawled over her, approaching her shoulder, coiling around her arm, and then finally shooting forwards and grabbing her phone, taking it from her hands before the bun could even so much as yelp in fright at the sudden intrusion. When she did, the druid was left so flabbergasted at what she was seeing that the scream died midway through her throat, cutting off as if someone had muted her; she expected some sort of creature to have appeared beside her, maybe even the stud after they revealed that they were some kind of demon and she had become their newest consort. Instead, what she saw, dangling her phone at eye-level, was... a vine. It had no leaves to it, but it was clearly a vine: thick, its vivid green indicative of a very healthy plant, coming from somewhere

just out of sight behind her. Part of Ruth's mind put the pieces together almost immediately, but she still insisted on manually checking; better to be sure than to make any hasty conclusions, after all. Sadly, the more she turned around, the less the bun managed to find where the vines were coming from, it looking like whenever she tried to, they evaded her careful gaze and found some other, nondescript place to emerge from where she couldn't tell. This charade carried on for a couple of minutes, after which a *second* vine emerged and unceremoniously began wrapping itself around her left breast, after which all fight was immediately sucked out of her. With a sigh, Ruth saw everything fall into place: the fertility spells, the virility ones, the fact that she had swallowed a great amount of "seed", her chosen career as a druid, and now that big mass in her belly and the tendril-like, autonomous vines emerging from somewhere the sun didn't shine. She couldn't possibly know what *sort* of plant was growing inside of her, only that one *was*, and her body had for some reason decided to use that as an excuse to make her act as if she were pregnant, with all the changes that such a thing implied. Perhaps the worst part of this realization was knowing that what she was experiencing at that moment was just the beginning; if the bun remembered her druidic lore well enough, the first several hours, when she was mercifully asleep, were the incubation period for this new, exotic form of life growing inside of her, and everything else going forward was going to be the actual "pregnancy" itself, sped through in fast-motion until such a time as she... well, best not think about that too much, lest her body temperature rise too high for her own good. The one certainty she had was that her belly was only going to get bigger, her tits were only going to become fuller, and the amount of vines snaking their way through a very conspicuous part of her female anatomy would... most likely go up as well, but she couldn't be certain about *that* bit. It was hard to think when she had two of those things already getting busy with some extremely sensitive parts of her body; if it wasn't enough that they were emerging from where they were, one of them had taken to wrapping itself around her midriff while hanging her phone just close enough that she could try to reach for it, but too far for her to succeed, the other had taken a shining to one of her tits... and, soon enough, was joined by an exact duplicate, stretching her out further with a whimpering moan as the third vine joined the second in coiling itself over and around the bun's right breast. For a moment, she believed herself to be in the clear; as far as Ruth was concerned, that was it, she was just going to be on the receiving end of a constant massage; of course, this couldn't last for much longer, not when she had *those* things attached to her, and a few seconds after the third living appendage was in place, she could only watch as its tip, as well as that of its twin, moved closer to her nipple buds. The bun knew what was going to happen, especially since she'd already felt a couple of stings along the surface of her bust, accompanied by a slight increase in the sloshing noises coming from within it; along with the permeating sense of warmth spreading throughout her chest, it was obvious that she'd been injected with *something*, and as the tightness in her breasts steadily climbed, what that something was became evident, even if the druid couldn't name the exact compound. Obviously, the vines didn't want to force their way in; seeing as they were most likely being used to feed whatever was inside of her, it stood to reason that they should seek out nourishing, life-giving milk, and if there wasn't enough of it... well, they'd just

*make* more. After all, Ruth was a druid, thus, if she needed to boost her productivity to levels where it would actually *matter*, then she could very easily do so; if not, then the chemical being pumped into her tits via the myriad of tiny needles along the length of the two cream-seeking vines would just have to do. As for the bun, her cooperation was no longer required; with the weight only increasing as time went on, and the sheer burden of having to carry whatever was inside her belly becoming harder to bear with each passing moment, the one thing Ruth could think to do was make her way back to her bedroom and plop her ass down on her bed, hoping perhaps that if she just lay on her back and let things happen, then things would go faster and with far less of a hassle. Granted, it was conspicuously harder to consciously move anywhere now that she had two vines constantly tugging at her slowly-engorging nipples, the heft of her bust becoming insurmountable with each second she spent trying to grapple with it, a vicious cycle if there ever was one. Taking a single step took her close to a minute, with most of the intervening time spent trying to keep her balance amidst the storm of hormones and confusing emotions raging through her, all while her hands had to be actively pushed *away* from any part of her body that might remotely elicit the smallest amount of pleasure on her part. All the while, the two green devils snugly wrapped around her bloating tits kept poking and prodding at the teats capping them, very clearly capable of doing so much more, yet for some reason refraining from doing so. Her udders were swelling, her belly seemed to harden with each step she wrung out from herself, and by the time she reached the door to her bedroom, goodness knows how long after deciding to do so, she could barely even fit; unbeknownst to Ruth, her growth had accelerated quite a bit, though not enough that her overtaxed mind would've been able to pick up on. Though her belly still fit snugly in the doorway itself, even if the bottom of it came dangerously close to the ground, her two breasts, being pushed apart by her gravid womb, made it difficult to cross the threshold; in fact, the only reason Ruth even succeeded at doing so was *because* most of her bust size came from its liquid contents, affording them a certain measure of malleability that the bun would've been thoroughly lost without. Even so, she didn't so much lie down as *collapse* onto her bed, being forced to physically drag herself over a creaking, groaning mattress; it was here that her true weight became apparent, now that gravity had nothing better to do than push it down on her torso, making it difficult to even so much as breathe. Ruth was left sweating profusely, her eyes unfocused and her mind hazy as her fingers dug slowly into the sheets beneath her; with her muscles tensing, her body felt like it was ready to pop, but rather than crossing this line and diving straight off the cliff, it instead just... kept going. Her belly continued to bloat, her tits carried on swelling, and eventually, the two vines responsible for the latter decided that enough was enough, and unceremoniously dove straight into the two leaking buds they'd been mercilessly teasing for what felt like hours. The knowledge that the insides of her breasts were being drained dry directly, as well as the *sight* of it and the physical sensations that came along, was enough to *break* the bun's mind in half; she wasn't thinking anymore, and in fact the only reason her back didn't arch forward reactively was because she had that colossal gut of hers keeping her firmly pinned down to the bed. Instead, she screamed; she screamed loudly enough for her neighbors to hear, loudly enough that they would know exactly what was

happening, loud enough that whoever might be in a position to do anything about it would know better than to do so. She screamed, but she didn't ask for it to stop; quite the contrary in fact, hence why everyone else in her housing block was instantly beset by a sudden case of the blushes. A select few individuals would even go further than that, since, after all, the druid still had her friends, and her friends happened to be saved on her phone, and her phone happened to be in the possession of one of the vines that emerged from within her. One would think that an autonomous plant-like appendage wouldn't know to operate technology like that; sure, they were clearly possessed of some manner of animal-like intelligence, judging by the way they went about teasing and stuffing the bun up even more, but surely they should be unable to unlock her phone via the security code, navigate to one of her messaging apps, and then start taking a variety of pictures of Ruth from above, showing the druid's body off at the most obscene angles possible, making sure to make it clear where the three vines had originated from. Surely they couldn't deliberately ham it up with a barrage of emojis, nor could they react to eager suggestions by adjusting the chemical formula being pumped into the bun's bloodstream; and surely, they couldn't keep going long after the point where Ruth herself had climaxed and gone quasi-catatonic, her body near-shutting down in preparation for the next round.

Surely not, hence why the druid had nothing to fear from those things.

Apart from her bed breaking in half, that is.