

Good Neighbors  
Nymph III  
by Quixerotic

Crystal trailed her fingers up and down Steven's stomach as they rested beside one another. Steven had drifted off to sleep after their fourth session of lovemaking that morning. His eyes fluttered open when he heard a banging noise coming from the apartment below. After a moment to make sure it hadn't all been a dream, he brought his strong arm up behind Crystal and pulled her naked body closer to him.

"What about all these roots and stuff? What do they do?" he asked, scanning the room. At first he had believed that the Seed had spontaneously grown into the massive sprawl that covered his apartment, but he'd noticed the growth was still changing. Vines that had barely reached the kitchen that morning were now coiling into the pipes beneath the sink. The roots closer to the main pod had grown even thicker, now as large around as a human leg.

"They do what all vines and roots do," Crystal replied. "They absorb sunlight and pull up nutrients from the earth."

"That explains the leaves on the outside of the building, but we're several stories up. The roots can't be reaching ground."

Crystal considered it for a moment, "No, but they can find water in the pipes. And it's just getting started. This is the center of our new forest. The Seed can grow to cover many miles. The old forests were huge."

"Won't it be strange when a massive forest grows and replaces the suburbs of a major city?" he asked, somewhat worried.

"You think too much," Crystal said, her hand getting closer and closer to his cock. Finally, she took hold of the thick rod. "You should use that big brain to figure out who our new playmates should be."

Steven enjoyed the feeling of her small hands wrapping around his shaft and lightly pulling at the skin. He looked down at his cock and saw that, just as Crystal had promised, the green color had spread up his shaft. It wasn't a sickly color, but robust and alluring. He quite liked the change, but still doubted how functional he could be if people thought he was painted green all the time.

Another crash came from beneath them, followed by angry shouting. The Savels, Jennie and Chris, lived beneath him. Steven suddenly had the answer to her question. He got up abruptly, "What do you think about men who hit women?" He didn't know if he was asking the Seed or Crystal.

Crystal answered, "I don't understand. Human males can be beasts of course. Many of my sisters were women who fled from their homes, terrified of drunk husbands. We would take them in sometimes. Others we couldn't help."

Steven was at his closet, picking through clothes. He found some loose gym shorts and

pulled them on. The gray fabric did little to conceal his cock, but at least it wasn't hanging out of the pant leg. "What about the men? The ones who would hurt their wives. What would happen to them if they came to your forest?"

Crystal looked nervously at the Seed. "The Seed protected us," she said resolutely. "What else could we have done? Where are you going?"

He tossed a pair of pajama bottoms over to her. "I think those will fit you. We're going downstairs. I've listened to that guy threaten his wife for a long time now. Seems I suddenly have the chance to do something about it." He pulled on a t-shirt and threw another one over to Crystal. "Don't worry, you probably won't have them on very long."

Crystal detested clothing, but Steven's sudden purpose and determination thrilled to her. She worried about how well the Seed's methods would be accepted by Steven. The rules of her world had been very different, and she didn't want her new mate to know about what they had done. Violent men were not uncommon in her early days, and human bodies contributed to ecosystems whether or not they continued living. She resentfully pulled on the clothes, already cursing the abrasive way they rubbed against her.

Steven's shirt barely fit, but glancing at himself in the mirror he was mildly surprised to see an incredibly attractive man looing back at him. He turned and spoke to the Seed. "We're going to go meet the neighbors."

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Jennie Savel stood at their kitchen sink. The tap created a loud whirr of flowing water. She passed a towel through the cold water and brought it up to her eye. Jennie had a pretty face, a sort of mid-western wholesome look noticeably youthful for her age. The damp, cold cloth pressed against a small cut just below her right eye. The skin around the cut was inflamed and bright red. It burned as a tear leaked into it.

In the other room, Chris Savel sat on their couch eating a bowl of cereal. He was slightly older than his wife, wiry, and dark around the eyes. He knew his wife was crying in the kitchen. The sound of running water and her quiet sniffing prodded at his anger. *You've told her a dozen times to not forget to buy milk*, he reminded himself. Chris learned his skills as a husband from a long line of Savel men. If he had been a more philosophical or self aware man, he may have wondered if the tendency to use the back of his hand as a solution was learned behavior or something more innate. Maybe his callousness was baked into his blood, and it was not something that he could stem or avoid. But, Chris was not a learned man.

The two of them were high school sweethearts. Jennie had fallen in love with his strong personality, which probably should have been an indicator of their future marriage. He cheated on her, naturally, but Jennie did not have many prospects. Neither of them were particularly successful in school, so when school ended and they looked out toward the real world it seemed a lot more conquerable if they worked together. Jennie's parents were happy to unload her onto a husband as soon as possible so they could focus on the rest of their litter. Chris's father, his

mother having abandoned the family years before, was proud of his son for locking down “such a nice piece of ass”.

They found jobs in the city and moved away from home, much to the relief of both. Chris took a job as an orderly in a hospital, and Jennie was hired in a call center. Neither of them felt rewarded by these professions. Jennie did enjoy the opportunity to leave the house. She knew she should leave her husband, but did not believe the police or the social workers when they told her it was as simple as walking out of the front door and not looking back. She kept the pamphlet from the women’s shelter in her winter coat pocket. Some days she would pack a suitcase only to unpack it right before Chris came home.

She still believed that Chris loved her and that they could work through their problems. He was young and frustrated by his job. The world had not been kind to them or anyone they knew. All that frustration had to go somewhere. In the end, he helped provide for her, and he was often very sweet. She did have a tendency to forget things, after all. Then again, that was partially Chris’s fault as well. The bruises drew attention from the neighbors. Jennie would get flustered and so embarrassed that she would let things slip her mind. She had fumbled the mail one day and some letters fell down a heating grate all because the guy in the apartment above them tried to talk to her. The cable bill went unpaid and Chris was so angry when he got home and couldn’t get the football game on.

*Maybe all marriages are like this,* Jennie thought as she turned off the water. A knock came from the front door, jarring the thought out of her head.

“Christ, what is it now,” Chris barked from the living room. “Jennie! Did you call the fucking cops again? For that fucking knick? Jesus. Get the fucking door and tell them to piss off.”

Jennie wiped her face again, smoothed out her shirt, took a deep breath and went to the door. She left the chain latched and opened the door a crack and peered out into the hallway. “Yes?”

“It’s Jennie, right?” came a resonant, calm voice. She opened the door to the full length of the chain, and she could see a tall, slightly familiar man. He was gorgeous.

“Yes, I’m Jennie,” she replied. “Did you need something? Is the television too loud again? I can ask Chris to turn it down.”

“No,” said Steven. “I’m here to see you, actually. It’s me, Steven from upstairs. Can you open the door?”

The cut below her eye twinged, “No, no, I don’t think I should.” She spoke in a whisper. “Please, just, go back upstairs. It’ll only make it worse.”

A second, cheerful voice came from behind Steven, “No sweetie, we can make it so

much better!”

Jennie peered around the door a little more. She could see Steven but no one else, and Steven looked different. He was taller and in better shape, but he was dressed strangely. She had never seen him outside of his apartment unless he was on his way to work, but now he was wearing gym shorts and a t-shirt she could see a six pack through. Her eyes lingered on his shorts and the substantial bulge contained within. She could smell flowers and fresh cut grass. “Please go,” was all she could whisper back.

She began to close the door, but Steven’s hand shot through the gap, and he lightly touched her arm. The feeling of his skin was strange and wonderful. He said in a calm, kind voice, “What if I could make everything better? What if opening the door meant you could be happy and taken care of and never have to worry about being hit again?”

Jennie felt the warm sting of tears again. “How?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“Open the door,” came the female voice. “We’ll show you.”

Jennie looked back down the hallway to where Chris would be. The glow of the television bounced on the hallway wall. She turned back to Steven’s form in the crack and nodded. His hand withdrew and she silently closed the door, undid the latch, and opened it once again.

Steven’s powerful figure strode into the apartment. The smell of him made Jennie’s stomach flutter, but the sight of Crystal brought her back to the strangeness of the moment. “Why is she green?”

“Why not sugar?” Crystal replied with a wicked grin.

Steven was looking at the roof of the apartment when he felt Crystal tug at his shirt. He turned his attention back to Jennie, realizing she had backed up against the wall out of fear. He stepped back enough to give her some room. Looking closer, he saw the cut on her cheek and the tear stain beside it. Without thinking, he brought up his hand, and dried her cheek before self-consciously pulling back. “Look, I haven’t worked out exactly the best way to phrase this \_\_\_”

“We’re magical nymphs beginning to create a forest for eternal youth and sex,” Crystal said. “We’re looking for new members, you’re young, hot, and probably hate your life. Seems like a perfect fit. He has a massive dick that will make you cream.”

Steven and Jennie looked at her with absolute incredulity. Steven was embarrassed because he wanted to explain it much more delicately. Jennie was alarmed because a green lunatic just said a crazy thing and mentioned Steven’s dick which given the proximity of the evidence, Jennie did believe to be massive.

“Um,” Steven said after a long pause. “Yeah, kind of that.” He shrugged. “Oh, and she looks like that because the magic plant was watching porn while I jacked off.” Crystal smiled and nodded, kissing Steven’s biceps. “Look, I know that sounds insane, but for a minute believe that it’s true. If it were true, would that be something that you would want?”

Jennie considered her situation and desperately wondered why she had opened the door. With the polite tone of voice used almost exclusively to placate lunatics she replied, “I would do almost anything to change my life, but I’m not interested in joining any weird cults thanks.”

Crystal sighed, “That’s close enough right? She’s on board with the idea, just thinks we’re crazy. We could show her the Seed, that might help convince her.”

Steven shook his head. His gaze moved up to the ceiling. The walls groaned and pipes creaked. Several bulges appeared above them. “I have a better idea,” Steven said and headed to the living room. The two women gave each other a suspicious look before following.

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As they entered the living room, Chris stood up, “Who the fuck are you? Jennie what the fuck are you letting people into my apartment for?” Chris moved toward his wife, but Steven blocked his path.

“It’s not your apartment any more,” Steven said, smugly. The creaking grew to a volume that was impossible to ignore. Steven kept his eyes on Chris, but the other’s all followed the sound up to the ceiling. A final snapping creak brought a pregnant silence before plaster rained down from the ceiling. Vines burst from the walls and floor. They spread rapidly through the room, snaking around furniture and between the human’s legs. Jennie screamed and Crystal laughed with delight, letting one of the smaller tendrils curl around her finger before setting it back on its path along the wall.

Lacking the emotional capacity to handle the situation in any other fashion, Chris did the only thing he knew how to do and attempted to throw a punch at Steven. The taller man easily grabbed hold of the oncoming fist and pushed it away, sending Chris sprawling towards the wall. Chris hit with a thud, cracking the drywall. He didn’t have long to assess his pain as more of the bizarre vegetation poured out of the break in the wall. The vines curled around his arms and wrapped around his legs. He pulled, but they were much stronger than they looked.

As suddenly as the growth had begun, it stopped. Bound by vines, Chris was suspended an inch or two above the floor, his eyes zooming back and forth in pure fear. The vines had pulled away a giant hole in the center of the ceiling. The plants seemed to be dissolving and redistributing the various materials that separated the apartments. During the eruption, Jennie had tried to run, but Crystal held her in place, more for the human’s safety than anything sinister. Steven had just watched the pure destructive power of the seed with a mild interest. He could feel the creature’s strength and encouragement. At a much slower, relaxed pace, the vines continued to grow and wind their way throughout the Savel’s apartment much like they had in his own.

“What the fuck are you people?” Chris said, panic stricken.

“Like I was telling your wife,” Steven said, “we are nymphs. I’m also your upstairs neighbor who has listened to your domestic abuse bullshit for way too long. I was the guy who watched the cops come and go and you keep on living here while she went out in the summer wearing a scarf to hide the bruises your little dick energy left on her. So, I came to offer a deal. Not to you, just to her.”

Jennie was still shaking from fright, but Crystal did not need to hold her any longer. “What kind of deal?” she asked.

“You’ve seen what we can do,” Crystal said, softly. “This is real. You can be like me, a nymph. Happy and lucky in all your life.”

She didn’t necessarily believe them, but seeing her husband tied up by a plant was enough to entertain their questions. “What do you want from me?”

Steven blushed. The sheepish demeanor contrasted sharply with the commanding voice he’d used a moment earlier. “It’s more of what you want to do really.” He pulled his shirt off revealing his perfect body. Then, without ceremony, he hooked his thumbs into the edge of his shorts and pulled them down. Jennie gasped audibly. Chris’s eyes went wide with further confusion.

“Fuck, Jennie, run! Get outside and scream for help for Christ’s sake! These people are nuts!”

Jennie didn’t move. The only penis she had ever seen in real life was her husband’s. She’d suspected that he was small based on what she had seen in porn, but now she had proof standing in her living room. Steven’s cock was still limp and it was twice the size of her husband’s. Also, it was a deep shade of green.

Chris continued to babble, “They’ve got some kind of infection. It’s probably messing with their heads. Oh shit, maybe we’re already infect — ah...ahgughhh” A thick vine curled over Chris’s mouth silencing him other than muffled protestations as he watched his wife step closer and closer to Steven.

Jennie’s small hand rose away from her, trembling as she reached toward Steven’s pulsing member. He was getting excited, she knew, anticipating her touch and imaging the feeling of her small cool hand wrapping around that thick veiny appendage. She stopped and looked over at her husband. “What will happen to him? He would love to be like you. I don’t want that.”

Crystal once again spoke softly in her ear, pressing her warm body close to Jennie, “Don’t worry. We have a different plan for him. He gets to learn what it’s like to be a woman,

first hand. But not before he gets to see his wife taken care of by a true man.”

Chris whined and yelped desperately from behind his gag. The vines around his midsection pulled at him, dragging over his clothes and tearing at his pants. Jennie watched her husband, trapped and afraid, but she did not feel any pity for him. She thought he deserved it. “What do I have to do?” she asked.

Crystal smiled, “Just what comes naturally. Here, I’ll get you started.” Crystal slid past her, deftly undressing. Despite his precarious situation, Chris gawked at the unbelievably luscious form of the nymph. His cock stirred as the green woman bent over and wiggled her ass, giving him just the shortest glimpse of pink pussy lips. Crystal knelt down in front of Steven, looking up at him with inviting eyes, making his cock rise by virtue of being close to it.

Jennie felt herself getting wet as she watched. Steven’s head leaned back as Crystal bobbed up and down the length of his shaft. Crystal’s hourglass form looked so incredibly beautiful, her ass resting on the tops of her heels and the sides of her massive tits ballooning out from her slim frame. Crystal let Steven’s massive dick slide out of her mouth with a slurp. She looked over her shoulder at Jennie and patted the floor beside her.

Tentatively, Jennie walked closer to the pair. After a moment of consideration, she pulled her t-shirt off, revealing a pair of small, round tits with no bra. Steven smiled at her, reached out and cupped her breast, giving it a playful squeeze. Crystal took her hand and pulled her down beside her. The smell of him was powerful, filling her head with dizzy wonder. The cock bobbed between the two girls as Crystal leaned over and kissed Jennie, swirling her tongue into the smaller woman’s mouth. Pulling out of the kiss, Crystal grabbed the base of Steven’s shaft and held it in place. Without hesitation, Jennie took the head into her small mouth and let her tongue massage the ridge of his glans. Somewhere, a million miles away, she could hear her husband’s muffled wails of confusion and anger.

The taste was sweet and intoxicating. Jennie felt warm hands wrap around her body and begin to play with her breasts. She wondered if they would turn green or grow fat and heavy like Crystal’s. The cock felt wonderful in her mouth. She could feel it swell and pulse as she licked and did her best to stroke as much into her mouth as she could. Her hand naturally moved up to feel his balls, and she could barely fit them in her hand. As she closed her palm around them, she felt them sharply contract. Her confusion doubled as her mouth flooded with warm cum. It surprised her. The taste wasn’t bitter or salty, but pleasant and sweet. His cum was delicious, and she gulped it down as it pumped into her throat. Wave after wave spurting into her mouth and she slurped his cock as vigorously as she could to hurry it along. She needed more. Finally, the last drop squeezed from the tip of his cock, and she sucked it down with an unsatisfied whimper.

Crystal climbed on top of her as Steven backed away. The green woman pushed her back to the ground, and Jennie fell happily cooing and writhing in drunk ecstasy. Her small hands desperately pushed and clawed at her jeans. Crystal obliged by unbuttoning the snug fitting pants and helping her wriggle out of them. Jennie’s musk filled the room and excited both of the nymphs. White cotton panties were soaked with her juices as Jennie slid her hand inside her



underwear to sink a finger into her gooey slit. She let out a long satisfied sigh as she pushed two more inside of her pussy before pulling them out to stroke her outer folds.

Eager to participate, Crystal pulled down the panties and tossed them aside. Making sure she was still giving Chris a full view of her upturned ass and dripping pussy lips, she bent her head between Jennie's thighs and began to lightly tease the woman's clit with an expert tongue. Crystal remembered the taste of pussy fondly and let her tongue flatten out against the other woman's lips, making long, slow licks up the slit.

Jennie looked over Crystal's shoulder at her husband. Her eyes were wild and violent, "Your cum never tasted that good. Look at your little dick, straining against nothing. You're weak." Her voice was cold and dispassionate. Her body shook, and her thighs pressed against Crystal's head. "This feels amazing," she taunted. "His cum sloshing around in my belly, the taste of it still on my lips. I want more. I want to suck his cum until his balls are dry. I want it splashed on my face and my tits. I want to feel it sticking to the walls of my pussy. And I want you to watch, silent and helpless, desperate for someone to touch that little red prick of yours."

Her words were enough to get Steven back to his full girth. He moved over and knelt down beside Jennie, stroking his long cock slowly as he watched Crystal eat her out. Noticing him, and desperate for more of his cum, Jennie pulled Crystal up and gave her a long kiss, tasting her own pussy on the green woman's lips. "Your turn," she said. "I want to eat your snatch while he fucks me from behind."

Smiling, Crystal reclined back on the floor, her massive tits slowly rolling into perfect mounds on her chest. Her green thighs parted to reveal the bright red pussy lips, glistening with arousal. Jennie gave her a playful lick as she moved into position. Steven had to bend his knees out a little further than was comfortable, but he was able to pull her into position in front of his cock. The massive head pressed against her engorged pussy.

"Are you watching, Chris?" she taunted, sounding nothing like the girl who had been weeping in the kitchen half an hour before. "Are you watching your wife about to fuck this stranger? This monster cock that might actually satisfy me for once? Put it in, slowly, so he can watch each inch of it sink inside of me."

Jennie's sadistic vengeance against her husband delighted the nymphs, and Steven obliged by letting his cock slip into her one agonizing inch at a time. Her pussy should have been too small for him, but as he continued to impale her on his length he knew that her body was changing to accommodate him. His hands took hold of her ass. It was small, but round and soft. He squeezed as he pushed another inch into her. The two women moaned in front of him, one stuffing as much of his cock in her as she could and the other enjoying the novice tonguing of a nymph in change.

With half of his length buried inside of her, Steven knew that to go any further would require a hastening of her conversion. Somewhat unsatisfied, he began stroking in and out of her mainly using the first four inches of his cock to fuck her. He could feel his orgasm building and

wanted to finish. He pulled out of her and let his cock rise up and slap between her ass cheeks. Invoking the Seed's cooperation apparently came with consequences as his cock had changed to a brighter, verdant green. It did not change how wonderful it looked to see it wedged between the pale orbs of a woman eager for his cum. He took it in his hand as she mewled in protest from the sudden empty feeling inside of her. With a few quick, expert strokes, he brought himself to orgasm. The first blast of cum overshot his target and splashed on Jennie's back, dripping down into the bend of her spine. The next wave arced over her ass cheeks, running down into the crack of her ass. Quickly, he sheathed himself back inside of her and she gasped in surprise. She felt his cock wedge itself between her pussy lips and another gout of cum splattered inside of her causing her mind to explode in orgasm as her body spasmed.

Jennie could smell fresh fields. She could see a large, dark forest and hear whispers in the trees. They echoed words that she could hear in her own head. She managed to open her eyes and look down at her body. Her small, round tits were now three times their former size. They bounced up and down on her chest as her flesh replicated itself. She could feel her ass swelling, growing rounder and rounder with each passing moment. Her fingers slipped back inside of her pussy, filling her emptiness only slightly but encouraging her body to change. She wanted to look like Crystal, to have the body of a sex goddess. She wanted men to desire her to the point of madness. If she were naked in a room, a man's cock should be hard to the point of discomfort, and a simple whiff of her scent should make him cum in his pants.

Her body stopped shaking, and she was able to assess herself. Crystal had crawled over to Steven and pinned him to the ground. She had somehow managed to get his cock back inside of her already and was happily rutting against her mate. The new and improved Jennie stood up, adjusting to her new measurements. She brought her hands up and hefted her big tits. Reaching behind her, she pulled her ass, admiring how electric it made her feel just to have it touched. She stretched and turned her attention to Chris.

The vines still held him in place, but he had managed to free one of his hands. He had watched the entire lurid spectacle with desperation and madness. Jennie smirked. His tiny cock was still rock hard, but a thin drop of cum hung from the end of it, suspended over a small pool of spunk. "How many times did you cum while you watched your wife get fucked?" Chris couldn't meet her eyes, but he could stare at her new tits. "I bet you always wanted me to have fat titties like these. I bet those girls you would disappear with sometimes would let you fuck their tits. If you could manage to get that tiny little prick to fit."

She stepped closer to him and could feel his rapid heartbeat through the vines. "I can hear it now," she whispered to him. "The Seed. I can hear it talking to me, telling me about you. All your little secret trysts and long nights at work. I should be so very angry, but I'm not. Do you know why?" Chris continued to stare at her body rather than make eye contact. "I'll tell you. It's because Chris is going away. That's what you get. Your mind and your body are going to be repurposed by the Seed. Maybe you haven't noticed, but each time you cum those little balls of yours shrink just a bit. And that tiny prick loses another inch. Pretty soon it'll be just a little nub at the head of a brand new slit. Look, you already have little tits growing in." She moved her hand up to her husband's chest. She cupped the budding flesh behind his nipples and

gave it a squeeze. Immediately his body shook, and his cock eked out another few drops of cum.

“Oh, not much left now. Then you’ll be a girl like me. That nasty old Chris will be gone and you’ll be Chrissy. I’m kind of jealous, you know. My first time had to be with this insignificant little cock. Your first time will get to be with Steven. You’ll feel his fat cock slide between brand new pussy lips. You’ll feel his cum spurt inside of you and you will love it. And no part of you will remember the life we had before this.”

He finally looked at her. Pleading desperation in his eyes. She smiled at him, “Oh, don’t be sad.”

He tried to speak, but the vine stopped him. Jennie turned to her attention to the binding branch and lightly stroked it. The vine curled away and Chris was able to talk. His voice cracked as he spoke, “I’m sorry. Please make it go faster.” The hair had fallen off his face and his chest had gone smooth.

Jennie waved her hand and the gag returned to its place. “Sorry Chrissy, you have to wait your turn. Chris has to watch me be fucked a few more times. Hey, Steven, have you tried titty fucking yet?”

