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Blanket?

Check.

Picnic basket?

Check.

Wine?

Check.

The lovely and delightful Clarissa Mayur?

Roy Ambin stole a glance at the gorgeous blonde in the passenger side of the car, her yellow sundress flattering her figure as she gazed at the scenery flashing by. He grinned.

A very big check.

Which meant the only thing needed to make this the perfect picnic with his betrothed was a gorgeous meadow in which to spend it.

And lucky for him, that was a check too.

He turned his attention back to the road, shifting in his seat, nodding with confidence and satisfaction. He didn't know why he'd been so lucky as to have Clarissa return his affections, but he knew that he was going to do his damndest to show her she'd made the right choice. And today, that meant bringing her out on a picnic, right when spring was at its most blooming, to a secret spot he'd found a week ago and just knew she'd adore.

He drove up onto the shoulder of the road near an old wooden gate and parked. Springing out of the car, he rushed to her side and opened the door with a bow. "My lady," he crooned.

Clarissa giggled and got out, yawning and stretching as she took in the overgrown wooden fence and the path leading into the tangled forest. "Mmm. It's here?" she said.

"But of course, my most darling beloved," he said, picking up the picnic basket from the backseat. "The perfect place in which we might retire for a lovely spring morning."

"Wow," she murmured, peering about. "What's that say?"

Roy glanced at the old sign, so overgrown it was barely legible, though the red *DA...ER* *ALR...UNES* could just be made out.

"Nothing important, my darling," he said, sweeping back alongside her and taking her hand. "And now, my delight, if you would do me the immense honour of joining me."

Clarissa giggled and took his hand, letting him guide her to the gate. It gave with a creak, the lock having long ago snapped off, allowing them to pass through and make their way down the path, budding flowers opening on either side, the wind sweeping across the grass like waves of blades bowing their way up towards the shade of the forest.

It was old forest which grew there, their roots nearly consuming the narrow path, their leafy boughs whispering above and letting in only a speckling of sunlight to guide their way. Roy had been uneasy at first about the area. This close to the Wire Woods, fey and other magics tended to leak out now and then. But it was probably fine. Certainly he'd seen no sign of beastkin, goblin, or other magic creatures when he'd wandered through, the last bits of snow still melting on the ground. He felt again a trill of excitement and tamped it down. This afternoon was going to be perfect!

"Is it much farther, Roy?" Clarissa said.

"Only a bit more, my treasure. Ah! Here we are!"

He stepped aside, and the soft gasp from Clarissa made all of his work so very worth it. Not that he was surprised. He'd had the very same reaction when he first came upon the stunning scene. A glade

nestled in the heart of the forest, with beds of flowers gathered around a small mound of grass. Orchids, wild roses, and fluffy dandelions carpeted the floor. The branches of the surrounding trees dappled the sunlight in thin rays among which glowed motes of pollen from the flowers ripe in their blooming.

"Oh how lovely!" Clarissa cried, clapping her hands.

"Almost as lovely as you, my delight," Roy said.

Clarissa giggled and batted his chest. "You! I swear. Come! Let's set up quickly!"

"Allow me," Roy said, drawing out the blanket from the basket and casting it upon the ground. Clarissa settled herself on the checkered fabric as Roy hastily unpacked their lunch, laying out the strawberries, sandwiches, wine and all the rest. Soon enough, two glasses were filled with sparkling red, and Roy merrily clinked his glass against Clarissa's.

"To the most beautiful woman in the world," he said with heartfelt earnestness.

Clarissa giggled. "Oh stop," she said.

"How can I?" Roy said, taking her hand in his and gazing adoringly into her eyes. "You are the loveliest creature I've ever seen. Your eyes are like the deepest pools of blue. Your lips the red of freshest roses. Your hair like spun gold."

"Flatterer," Clarissa breathed and took a sip of her wine, her lashes fluttering flirtatiously.

Roy hardly felt that he was. She truly was that beautiful. At least, to him. And she seemed even lovelier at that moment in the dappled sunlight, as if the grove were bringing forth every aspect of her charms even further. Motes of pollen seemed to dance around her like globes of light. The perfume of blooming flowers filling him with every breath. Every slow, heavy breath as he gazed at her, adoring her so much he felt lightheaded.

"Oh my," she breathed.

"Darling?" Roy sighed.

"Feeling so... so happy, Roy," Clarissa said dreamily. "So lovely and... and wonderful."

"I know, darling. I know," Roy said, his voice sounding strangely muffled. His head muzzy and body heavy. Hot. A warmth that thrummed in his veins like alcohol. Perhaps it was. But... had he taken a sip of the wine?

No matter.

He could get drunk on her beauty.

"The loveliest woman in the world," Roy said.

"Mmm," Clarissa murmured as she eased back.

"She is pretty, isn't she?"

"So very pretty."

“So wonderfully gorgeous.”

Roy nodded along. But... his brow knit a little in confusion. But those voices... those voices weren't in his... in his head...

He felt something touch him. Gentle hands that stroked his arms and legs. He groaned softly, arching as pleasure zinged up him.

“Such a pretty couple, sisters.”

“So sweet.”

“So darling.”

Roy watched in amazement as Clarissa eased back, her expression dazed but happy as she slumped, his beloved lifted gently up so she was cradled among green strings. No. Not strings. Vines of some kind. How... how strange...

Roy blinked again.

Again.

The muzziness in his head had grown heavier. His vision seeming to swim and shimmer. He shifted, feeling like he was growing lighter. Like he was floating.

Oh but...

But he was...

He looked down and saw the ground bobbing beneath him. He looked at himself and discovered leafy vines wrapped delicately around his arms and legs, holding him in the air. Hands were again touching him. Easing him back. He felt his head rest against two soft pillows, and he looked up.

A face was framed above him. Beautiful. Gorgeous. Skin of lushest green and eyes of brilliant glowing yellow. Hair soft and gold and fluffy as dandelion puffed around her head as she smiled down at him. Beside her, sandwiching him between her breasts, was another woman whose hair was speckled white and pink like the petals of an orchid.

Who...

Roy lifted his head and the haze in the air grew thinner for a moment. He saw Clarissa lounging back, cradled in vines as well, another woman with her, as busty and green as the two behind Roy, and just as lovely. She had wild pink roses woven in the thorny brambles of her luxurious hair

Roy stared, his mind struggling to comprehend where the stunning trio had come from, but then his eyes wandered down, and he saw their wide, green hips sinking into great bulbs that seemed to have pushed free from the naked soil, unfurling grandly beneath the gorgeous beauties.

Alraunes.

The name sprang into Roy's head like a flash of light. Alraunes. Plant girls. The fey of the forests. Sinister. Seductive. Playful. And... and there was something about them, he seemed to recall. Something

that should be alarming, though he was feeling remarkably calm. Oh, yes. Their perfume. Something about their perfume. That it... it made you relaxed. Made you pliable.

Made you feel... feel good.

An icy trickle of concern poured down his back. Roy blinked rapidly and lifted his head. "Wha..."

"Shhhh," Dandelion crooned behind him, her hands stroking his head, easing him back between her and Orchid's breasts. "Just relax, silly fauna. We're not going to hurt you."

"No no," Orchid cooed. "Not when you're both so... frisky. So... happy. So... lovely."

"Two lovers in our grove? How delightful," Rose giggled as she stroked and lazily stripped Clarissa, the moaning, flushed blonde rolling her shoulders, helping the beautiful plant women's efforts. "How pretty. How darling. How willing..."

Roy's heart skipped a beat as Clarissa's bodice came open, her firm, round breasts thrust out into the pollinated air, her bra cradling the swell of her tits as the young woman sighed in blissful relief.

"So rude to see her undressed and still be clothed yourself," Orchid giggled from above him.

"Oh how very naughty. How very unfair," Dandelion crooned.

Roy felt their hands on him once more, their teasing touches undoing his shirt and easing it off him, his breath coming in a sharp gasp as a hand undid his pants, his belt clicking open and the fabric sliding down, baring his underclothes tenting with his shameless arousal.

"Such silly things these coverings," Rose cooed as her vines propped Clarissa up before the plant girl, her green arms looping around the mortal's chest, massaging and squeezing her soft breasts. "So pointless. And you're so lovely in the flesh. So weak. So sensitive. So needy."

"Ooooooh," Clarissa whimpered as her bra clicked open, falling away. Roy caught his breath in a gasp as her full breasts were thus revealed, flushed pink, nipples stiffened points of needy desire moments before Rose caught them in her hands, massaging and bouncing the plush orbs.

"Mnnnn!" Clarissa moaned in ecstasy.

"Is it good, silly fauna?" Rose cooed.

"S-so g-gooooood," Clarissa whimpered.

"Of course it is. Such a good fauna. Listening so well to her body. But what purpose do these melons serve?"

"Oh those?" Dandelion giggled as she coiled a lock of Roy's hair around her finger. "I know this one. I saw some bovines in the field years ago. Yes. Those are her udders. She produces a sap from them. A most delicious one, I've heard."

"Mmm. But they do not seem to leak at all, dear sister," Orchid giggled as her hands stroked Roy's slack face. "Perhaps our sister is merely bad at milking her?"

“Oh no. She must not be primed,” Rose said. “But look at how small they are. So modest. Not like ours. She must merely be starved of the nutrients she so needs. Is that it, silly fauna?” Rose crooned, kissing Clarissa’s ear. “Does our silly fauna need to be fed... and primed... to pump... and spurt?”

Clarissa keened, her eyes foggy with lust and pollen. Drunk on pleasure and helpless ecstasy. “Mnnn! I... Oh... Ohhhh...”

“Do you want to be?” Rose continued, a wicked smile on her face as the air grew thicker with pollen. “Do you wish to be full? To be sensitive? To love and adore and rejoice in the pleasure of these melons of yours?”

Clarissa squeaked, her lashes fluttering, her red lips parted in gasping eagerness as Rose continued to stroke and bounce her breasts. “Y-yes! Want... want it so nnnn! Want... want...”

“Of course you do, sweet thing,” Rose hummed, her hands sliding to the undersides of Clarissa’s modest breasts. “Of course you do.”

Roy stared, barely comprehending the scene as two smaller flowers snaked up from the base of Rose’s bulb. Two roses opened like adoring lips, and Roy’s eyes widened as they fastened onto Clarissa’s breasts, covering her nipples.

“Ah!” Clarissa gasped, her eyes shooting wide open, a throaty moan escaping her as she quivered, the stems of the two flowers beginning to swell, pumping something up through them.

And Clarissa’s breasts began to grow.

Roy gaped in awe and amazement as the moaning Clarissa’s chest grew bigger. Heavier. Swelling and tinting a faint, vibrant green.

“What a lovely sight,” Orchid giggled from Roy’s side.

“We can see how you appreciate it,” Dandelion cooed.

Roy gasped as he felt something slide up along his leg. He looked down sharply to see his cock slip free from his underclothes. Full. Thick. Throbbing. His eyes widened yet more as he watched a vine slide around his quivering shaft, wrapping like a corkscrew around his length.

And then it began to pump.

His eyes rolled, a needy moan escaping him as he tensed in ecstasy, his sensitive cock quivering, yet his peak denied as the vine tightened around the root of his manhood, suppressing the sweet urge of orgasm.

“Watch, silly fauna,” Orchid cooed, propping his head up on her breasts.

“Watch your beloved, helpless mortal,” Dandelion purred as she joined her sister, mashing Roy’s head between their firm breasts.

Roy did, his mind struggling to comprehend yet making so little headway. Sensations pounded through him, scattering his thoughts and will. And it was so hard to muster up the strength to think. To resist. To do anything but lie back as the vines massaged his cock.

And his eyes devour the scene across the glade.

Clarissa was moaning, fairly mooing like a cow as her breasts swelled with heaviness. Sloshing like ripe watermelons. Rose giggled and made a shooing motion, compelling the two flowers off the girl's breasts.

"Away! Away you naughty things. Can't you see she's fit to bursting now?"

The roses pulled away with an audible popping sound, and even with the vine around his cock, Roy nearly came right there, a shock of pure lust shooting through him as Clarissa's massive breasts came free, bouncing, nipples leaking a pearly cream like dandelion sap.

"Mnnnn," Clarissa moaned. "S-so... oh... My... ah..."

"There we go," Rose giggled, cupping Clarissa's breasts, squeezing them. "Ripe with juice!"

Clarissa cried out, so sensitive even that light touch enough to push her over the edge. Her wail of orgasm rose, her legs straining against the vines as she came, her melon-like breasts bursting with pearly cream that splattered on the ground.

"Oh goddess. Such a productive fauna," Rose cooed as she bounced and massaged Clarissa's sloshing teats. "Such a pretty cow you are. Can you moo for me, darling? Can my lovely cow moo?"

"M-mooooo!" Clarissa moaned, shameless ecstasy written on her blushing face as her ripe green breasts surrendered in spurts to the massaging hands.

Heat flooded Roy's veins. His breath came in frantic pants that inhaled great clouds of the pollen. His skull pounded. Light as a feather. His head trapped between two pair of breasts, jiggling with mirthful laughter.

"Oh she did it! Such a productive fauna our sister has found," Dandelion cried.

"Oh so true, sister. So true! But what of ours?" Orchid said, smirking down at Roy's quivering cock and balls. "He does not seem half so full as his beloved."

"So right, my sister. So right! A shameful thing. Shall we aid him?"

"Oh let's."

Roy felt the pair shift beneath him, and he suddenly found them leaning over him, their breasts bouncing an inch from his stunned face as they fondled those firm, full orbs. Dark green nipples jutted for him, the two floral beauties smirking down at him with sadistic amusement.

"Now, silly fauna," Orchid crooned. "Time for your treatment. We are bursting with spring's bounty."

"Bursting to share," Dandelion giggled, the puffing yellow of her hair quivering with her amusement. "And we shall give it to you. So open wide!"

Roy looked between them, barely able to understand them. But as the vine around his cock gave another pulse, he gasped.

“Ah!”

And into his open mouth plopped a dusky nipple.

His eyes shot wide open, his mind struggling to think of what to do in answer.

But his body knew.

And almost at once, his lips gave a greedy suck.

Sweet sap burst onto his tongue. Rich. Headier than any wine. Thick as syrup. Roy's eyes rolled back as it coated its way down his throat and into stomach. Flooded his body with its heaviness. Going lower.

Lower.

Lower.

And finding root in his balls.

Roy groaned as he drank with greater urgency. Greater thirst. Pleasure buzzed through him. Weighed down his crotch. His body began to undulate, humping the air and the vines that stroked him, the heavy, wonderful pressure of his balls growing greater and stronger.

The breast at his mouth pulled back, leaving him gasping but a moment before another took its place, the sap a taste sweeter than the last. Sugary and thicker, but just as wonderful.

“Naughty naughty,” Orchid cooed. “Mustn't keep our plaything all to yourself, sister.”

“Oh, I meant to share, sister,” Dandelion whined. “I did! Honest and true! But he was just so thirsty. So needy. So eager to share in my bounty.”

“Mmm. I know, sister. I can feel how he needs it. How horny he is. Ohhh, what a delight, dear sister. What a treasure!”

Roy paid them little heed. All of his focus was on the aching, throbbing need in his cock. The urgency of arousal thumping in his veins, his helpless body straining in the vines that held him. Groaning as more vines twisted and flexed around his naked limbs and body. Stroking his achingly sensitive skin so wonderfully.

His thoughts were like a drowning man in a sea of syrup. Surfacing. Sinking. Struggling without avail. His body captive to the sensations that throbbed and ached and surged up him.

“Oh sister, I think he's fit to burst,” Dandelion cooed.

“Mmm. So right, sister. And what of the female fauna, sister?”

“Oh sisters,” Rose giggled as she milked and pumped Clarissa's breasts, the mortal woman beyond language, able to only moan and gasp and whimper in wordless ecstasy, her eyes foggy with lust, sweat beading her body like strings of diamonds. “Oh sisters, I believe she's ready. Are you, sweet thing?” Rose cooed, giving Clarissa's breasts another particularly cruel squeeze, her other hand strumming Clarissa's dripping pussy. “Are you ready to enjoy the true twitterpation of spring?”

"Y-yes!" Clarissa managed to gasp. "Gods yes! P-please! N-need. Need!"

"Mmm. I think she's ready," Rose cooed.

"And so is he," Orchid giggled, pulling her breast from Roy's mouth. "So very ready for his delights. Shall we offer them, sisters?"

"Oh let's," Rose cooed, her vines pushed Clarissa towards Roy. "Let's!"

Roy groaned as he was eased to the ground, the grass tickling his skin. Clarissa was settled atop him, her weight making him grunt. Instantly she had moved forward, moaning as her slit pressed against his throbbing length, her eyelashes fluttering like butterfly wings as she rubbed herself against him.

"Roy," she gasped. "N-need it! Need your... your c-cock!"

"Yes. Yes!" Roy cried, staring rapturously at her, her face framed in the dancing pollen like a luminous halo surrounded her, never more beautiful than at that moment.

With a look of utter ecstasy, Clarissa mounted him, his cock sliding into her silken depths, devoured in slow, luxurious inches.

Roy's head fell back in the grass, a groan of purest pleasure escaping him, and if the vines were not tight around his shaft, he would have cum right there.

But the vines were there.

And so he didn't cum.

He remained hard.

Hard.

So wonderfully, gloriously hard.

"Oh gooooods," Roy moaned.

"Roaaaaay," Clarissa whimpered, her thighs working, her body rising, falling, wringing his cock in the wonderful depths of her pussy.

Roy grunted, his hands grasping her hips, bouncing her on his lap, his eyes enraptured in the heavy orbs of her breasts as they bounced. Swayed. As he rutted up into her with feverish need to cum.

"Look how eagerly they mate, sister," Rose chimed.

"Oh my yes. Animals always are. So stupid. So driven by instinct," Dandelion giggled.

"But so eager, sisters," Orchid observed.

"Oh yes. So very eager."

The teasing words swam about him like a haze. Roy gasped and groaned as he frantically fucked his beloved. Desperate to cum. Desperate to reach his peak. But denied. Always denied no matter how hard he tried.

"N-need it!" Clarissa cried, her leaking breasts bouncing, splattering his face with her cream.
"Roy. Roy! Please! Need it. N-need your cum!"

"Ohhhh," Roy groaned.

He felt hands stroking his head, his very follicles tingling with sensitivity. "Do you really want to cum?" giggled Orchid.

"P-please!" Roy cried, nearly in tears.

"So badly? Have you no self control?" Dandelion asked sweetly. "Are you just a dumb, rutting fauna? Are you just a horny animal?"

"Yes!" Roy cried, uncaring of pride or dignity. Overcome with the sheer intensity of his need.
"Yes! Am! I a-am a s-stupid animal! Dumb beast! Dumb horny beast! Can only... only think with c-cock! Please. Pleeeease!"

"Oh, he seems to really need it, sister," Orchid cooed.

"And who are we to deny him?" Dandelion giggled as the vine gave another squeeze to his shaft.

"So true. Then let's let them. Fauna do need to breed. It is the season."

"Oh so true. So true. Then cum, silly fauna," Dandelion murmured. "Cum for your beloved!"

Roy felt the vine loosen around his root. His eyes shot wide open. A cry of pure ecstasy escaped him as his heavy balls tightened. Surrendered! Gave in at last to the blessed surge of orgasmic bliss.

"Ohhhh!" he cried as his cock spurted, stuffing Clarissa with great, heavy bursts of his thick cum.

"Looooove youuuuuu!" Clarissa wailed as she felt the heat of his orgasm surge into her. As her head fell back, her breasts quivering as she came with him in that wonderful high of blessed ecstasy, her own peak claiming her like a white star bursting within her, her jiggling breasts spurting her sap-like cream all over Roy's flushed chest and face.

Roy floated, his mind spent as his body, an expression of rapture upon his face. Clarissa moaned, falling backwards, their eyes looking skyward into the rustling canopy of the glade, and the dancing pollen that clouded their world.

The three plant girls laughed, crowding around the panting, insensate pair of mortals. Playthings of flesh for their whims. For spring was a long season, and they had such sport in mind for their new toys...