

“This plan *suuuuucks*.”

Auna, still clad in Lyselle’s hoodie, swatted clumsily at a low-hanging branch after having nearly walked into it. The warm-hued forest thickened quickly beyond the bounds of the school’s campus, though a number of trails, both natural and deliberately-crafted, wove through the undergrowth.

“I’m sorry,” Lyselle quipped, carefully pushing aside the outstretched arms of some particularly ambitious shrub, “but *your* idea of hiding in the gym’s changing room was infinitely worse.”

Auna whimpered as she brushed a loose twig off her sleeve. “It’s got that good *boy* stink, though!”

Talia laughed. “Yeah, and that’s why it’s probably the first place Camilla went looking for you.” The half-elf was weaving through the trees in front of her companions deftly, demonstrably unbothered by nature’s crowding embrace.

The demoness scoffed. “So? What, you think athletes aren’t ‘genetically superior’ enough for the family lineage?”

“I don’t know,” the half-elf replied. “Is the athlete your cousin?”

“We don’t conceive with our *cousins*,” Auna sneered, visibly offended for just a moment before quietly finishing her thought with a much less enthused “They’re *second* cousins, at least.”

Talia snorted. “Amazing.”

“I can see why you’d want to branch out.” Lyselle took a moment to pluck a pair of orange leaves out from her hair, twirling the stem that they clung to between her fingers. “Your sister doesn’t seem very pleased, though.”

“My sister is *never* pleased.” Auna slapped a branch aside so hard that it snapped off of its host tree and loudly crashed into the bushes beside the trail. “Camilla can fuck right off. She’s bought so much of daddy’s bullshit that even half of our own gross-ass family isn’t good enough for her anymore.”

Lyselle frowned, flicking the leaves aside. “I can relate to that.”

“Can you?” Auna reached out, pulling another stray leaf from the back of the girl’s head and smugly holding it out like a prize. “You missed one, by the way.”

“O-oh. Thanks.”

It was uncanny, receiving any display of kindness from Auna Leltwick, even if the experience was being cushioned by the demoness’s typical displays of attitude. Camilla’s venomous words in the dooryard had provided a rare bit of insight into what made the younger sister tick, though Lyselle still wasn’t sure how she felt about it.

In fairness, Auna seemed uneasy as well, her brief show of pride ebbing quickly to embarrassment, as if comprehending the whiplash of her own previous behavior compared to now.

Lyselle sighed. “I *can* relate, yes. My brother has fully bought into our own family’s... *doctrine*.”

Talia looked up, having leaned against a tree while waiting for the other two to catch up. “Oh, shit! Are you a cousin-fucker too?”

Lys recoiled. “Ew, no!”

“Thanks for that,” Auna muttered.

“I’ve never slept with a cousin,” the Terran protested. She held another branch aside in her hand, trying to mask an uneasy hiccup in her stride with the motion as she glanced away and muttered, “or anybody else.”

Auna bolted forward in front of Lys, eyes wide as she shouted in surprise. “You’re a *virgin!*?”

Lyselle stared back at the Adorned, expression unenthused. She let go of the branch and let it swat Auna in the face.

Talia laughed again, lifting herself from the tree and placing her hands on her hips. “You know that’s easy to fix, right?”

Lys brushed past the pair, trudging deeper into the wood. “I just... want my first to be special, alright? Is that a problem?”

“Lucky.” Auna lifted the branch from her eyes, pushing it aside and holding it in place as she spoke. “Wish I’d had that option.”

Lyselle stopped in place, turning her head to listen. “What do you mean?”

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence, followed by a resigned sigh. “I *mean* that daddy dearest tried to arrange *everything* for

us.” The demoness looked at Talia and squinted with a bitter grin. “The ‘cousin-fucking’ wasn’t optional.”

Talia’s bravado dropped quickly. “You don’t mean...?”

Auna waved her free hand, dismissing the concern. “We were told that arranging pairs would help preserve the ‘purity’ of the Adorned. Me and the guy were both just doing what we were taught was right, even though neither of us liked it.”

The half-elf frowned. “I’m not sure that’s any *better* than what I was thinking...”

“I guess not.” The demoness thought for a moment, idly bouncing the branch against her hand as she chose her words. “It wasn’t all bad. He and I both agreed in the end that the family’s way of doing things wasn’t for us. We both hated it. It’s no fun fucking out of duty, honestly, and neither of us wanted kids, never mind with each other.”

Lyselle’s eyes were fixed on the ground, still facing away from her companions. “Auna...”

“So no,” the Adorned interrupted, releasing the branch and walking towards Lys while rolling her eyes. “My first wasn’t special. But~!” She clasped a hand around Lyselle’s shoulder, giving the girl a wink as she walked past. “I make damn sure that the rest are!”

Lyselle huffed out a soft chuckle, smiling weakly at the demon. “Even if it means your sister hunts you for sport?”

Auna laughed as she continued ahead. “Pissing off Camilla is a bonus. It’s what she *does* with that frustration that I’d like to avoid.” She waved back as she strode past Talia. “Hurry up, slowpokes!”

The half-elf rolled her shoulders and began hopping in place. “Oh, like hell I’m letting a pretty little *teacup* out-woodsman *me*.”

“W-wait!” Lyselle protested as the half-blood bolted forward.

It was no use. Talia had already pulled herself up into the tree she’d leaned against and scampered down its hefty bough. The pair could only watch as the woman vaulted through the branches overhead and vanished into the woods, the sound of rustling bushes and shaking trees rapidly quieting into the distance ahead of them.

“Okay, cool, you do that.” Auna tilted her head towards Lyselle as the Terran stepped up beside her. “She’s... *heard* about all the monsters and shit out here, right?”

“She has,” Lys answered. “There was a whole lecture about ‘vibes.’”

“Ah.”

The pair stood for a moment, listening as Talia’s movements faded even further into the distance.

Suddenly, something clicked with Auna, the demoness’s head whipping towards Lyselle as she barked, “Did you say ‘vibes?’”

Her thoughts were interrupted by a loud snap and the sound of Talia screaming in the distance.

“Oh, she is so fucked.” Auna held out her hand, manifesting a sparkling crystal wand. “Stay behind me.”

Light quickly built within the wand, streaming from its origin at the demoness’s palm and up to the crystal’s tip.

“Ajuegil!”

The command came alongside a quick flick of her wrist, and the energy in the wand was shot forward into the ground. The earth rumbled beneath them, the barely-maintained foot trail of orange and yellow grass parting with an earthen roar to reveal the root-woven soil below. As the gap widened, the bushes ahead pulled apart, branches and roots snapping and falling into the freshly-torn rift as the undergrowth was spread aside. Within seconds, a path forward was cleared.

In the distance Talia yelped, shouting something at her assailant.

“Come on,” Auna barked, rushing down the newly-carved trail with her wand still lit in her grasp.

“R-right,” Lys stammered, taking a moment longer than she’d have liked to convince her own legs to carry her forward. *Not that I’m going to be able to do much to help by comparison...*

The path opened by the demoness was long enough to match most of the distance the half-elf had so eagerly covered, and the Terran couldn’t help but feel intimidated by the seemingly effortless show of power. Auna didn’t seem interested in gloating or showing off, though; Lyselle had never seen the typically-haughty classmate display such immediate and serious focus and action before.

At the end of the tear, the path tapered into a veil of crimson bushes, and Talia’s cries could be heard from just beyond. Auna lept through the shrubbery ahead of Lyselle with unhesitant, wordless determination.

Lys winced in preparation to follow suit. “Damn it all...”

The Terran did her best to break through the undergrowth as confidently as her peer, though she wound up feeling much less graceful about her own attempt. The branches scraped at her bare shoulders and arms, her legs faring little better as she came stumbling out on the other side with substantially less confidence and momentum than she assumed Auna demonstrated in her effort.

As she found her footing, the Terran righted her glasses on her face and took stock of the situation. The Adorned stood less than a meter from her, feet planted and wand pointed at something overhead. Talia’s handbag was on the ground in front of her.

Lyselle’s gaze followed Auna’s outstretched arm to see the thing before them. An array of thick crimson vines wrothe through the air, and for a moment Lys was violently reminded of the great beast her former captors had employed in their desert prison. She felt in that instant as if the thing’s tendrils were grabbing for her again, moving to steal her away into another dimly-lit cage. This creature was shrouded in less darkness and mystery, though what the light revealed was of little comfort; the undulating vines met at a great maw like a venus fly trap’s, opening and closing in steady rhythm over a ring of red and yellow flowers at the plant-like creature’s root. The mouth was massive, several meters across and lined with spiked extrusions as long as Lys was tall, spaced in such a way that when the great maw snapped shut its prey would be sealed inside the digestive prison at their center.

Within the nightmarish thing’s twisting tendrils, hung aloft several feet overhead, was Talia Rosenblum.

“Oh, hey guys!” Her demeanor was oddly calm for someone wrapped in a monster’s grip. The vines holding her overhead pulled and prodded at her clothing like they were trying to get to the soft meat under a creature’s outer shell.

“T-Talia!” Lyselle didn’t know what to do, but knew she had to do *something*. “Hold on!” Her voice cracked as she spoke, her fluency in Demonic wavering under the pressure. The Terran started frantically scanning the landscape for some tool she could use, some means of freeing the elf from its grasp as her mind raced. “We... I... I’ll get you down! Somehow!”

Talia cocked her head. “What, and ruin the fun?”

“This is hardly the time for—!” Lyselle paused, shaken out of her emotional response by the juxtaposition of the half-elf’s words. “Wha... What!?”

Upon further examination, Talia wasn’t just calm; she was downright *cheery*. The candidate’s body squirmed and leaned against every touch the vines offered her as they moved against her, and she seemed to offer the furthest possible thing from resistance one could fathom to its efforts to peel away her clothes.

A heavy blush of realization flooded Lyselle’s face as a smiling Talia let the creature’s appendages pull down her panties, the tentacles hiking up the skirt of her tunic enough to fully expose her groin as they began to rub against her inner thighs.

Lyselle’s eyes shot away to the first tree trunk that could hold her attention, and her linguistic ability finally withered into flustered English exclamations as her knees slowly gave out under her. “O-oh! Oh my God!”

Auna was less than pleased, dismissing her wand back into the aether from which it came with an audible huff. “Dammit, Rosenblum! I thought you were fucked!”

“Oh!” A vine around Talia’s arm let go, leaving her to drape down by her legs as the floral beast started pawing at the corset holding her tunic in place. “Naw, not just yet. Hopefully, though, if things keep going according to plan!”

“Plan!?” Auna balked. “What fucking plan!? Did you drag a virgin out into the woods to get railed by a fucking writheweed!?”

“I mean, I don’t think the writheweed would mind.” Talia spun slowly overhead as her corset was flung to the ground. “Oh,” she cooed up at the vines, “that was fast! You’re a dextrous one, aren’t you?”

“But no,” she resumed as the vine undressing her wound its way into her cleavage and pulled against the final meager ties holding the fabric loosely in place, “the plan was to find one of these. Where did you think I was leading you?”

“Leading!?” The demoness’s white skin had gone violet with frustration as her shouting grew increasingly agitated. “How the fiery fuck were we supposed to know you were ‘leading’ us anywhere? You just hopped off through the trees like some kind of damned lemur!!”

“Excuse you,” the captive girl balked as her breasts spilled out from her increasingly ineffective top, “I hopped through the trees like a damned wood elf, thank you very much! On my mother’s side, for the record.”

“Who *gives* a shit!?”

Auna’s frustrations were met with the removed tunic being flung directly over her face.

“Oh! Nice shot!” Talia stroked the end of one of the undressing vines as if it were the chin of a cat.

A thought occurred to Lyselle as she looked over the beast. “Wait, that’s—!” She quickly took off her backpack and, after a quick rummage through its front pouch, pulled out the folded list of items Evenclire had prepared for them. She pried it open, her eyes scanning down the list quickly. “You said writheweed?”

“I said *fucking* writheweed!” Auna punctuated her response by flinging Talia’s top to the ground and making a dramatic gesture towards the monstrous plant.

Talia spun overhead, seemingly without a care in the world. “That’s what we’ve got here, yeah. It’s on the list, right?”

Auna hunched down with a loud groan of resignation before glancing over to Lyselle and speaking in a defeated – but still entirely perturbed – tone. “What list?”

“Scavenger hunt for Evenclire,” Lys answered. “And she’s right. The Magus asked for writheweed pollen and extract.”

“Bingo,” the half-elf chimed from above, petting the top of a vine in each hand. “You get the pollen, and I’ll get the extract!”

“And how do you get the extract from up—” The words caught in Lyselle’s throat as she looked up.

Talia had run out of clothing to cast aside. Stripped down to nothing but her boots, the woman’s lithe figure now hung half-cradled by the fondling plant. The elf bit her lip and hummed in delight as the weed massaged her pale skin with a singular attentive length that wrapped and slid around her. Her breasts hung nakedly over the fibrous appendage, jiggling and molding against its form as its length slithered across her naked body.

Lyselle couldn’t help but stare as the tendril slid over the other candidate. Talia’s body was turned into position in the air by the vines

as she dangled willingly at their mercy. The Terran's breath seized in her throat as she watched the tip of one vine contort and surge into shape, the end of the otherwise innocuous length of plant engorging into a bulbous phallus that began probing the tender space between its catch's legs. Talia let out a soft, rapturous gasp as the vine teased at her glistening entrance, and Lyselle caught herself quietly uttering the same breathless sound.

Auna looked from Lyselle to Talia, from Talia to Lyselle. "Uh... Do you wanna join her?"

Lys snapped out of her trance with a sharp, stuttering breath, her speech bouncing between English and broken Demonic as she tried to refocus. "*N-nope!* Job to do! Have a job to do! Gotta..." She turned shakily towards the opened pack, remembering the alchemic supplies she'd gathered the day before. "*Right!* The pollen! I'll gather the pollen!"

"Pollen's around the blossom," Talia instructed through a soft moan.

"*Oh, Jesus,*" Lys muttered. The half-blood's pleased voice seemed to wash through Lyselle's entire body, and the fantasies she'd so gleefully embraced that morning came roaring back into her mind. Her head was flooded with unwelcome wants and wishes as she pulled a vial and long metal prong from her pack's depths.

"It's easier to gather when it's—" A louder groan, long and lustful, interrupted the half-elf's speech this time as the creature's tendril finally pressed into her, slowly sliding up into her wet and wanting core. As it settled into her, Talia finally finished her sentence through noticeably heavier breaths. "... excited."

"Being excited isn't making it easier for *me,*" Lys grumbled quietly, hands shaking as she gripped her tools and attempted to mentally steele herself.

"How *ah!!*-bout you, Auna?" Talia mewled, her vocal responses to the creature's work becoming harder to contain as it began to rhythmically thrust into her. "It's— *ah!!* — It's pretty fu-*ah-uuuhn!*"

"Pass," the demoness stated bluntly. "Not my thing."

Talia just shrugged, letting the plant continue its exploration of her body. The creature slid in and out of Talia's elven canal steadily, taking its time as its girth pressed against the girl's slick walls. The



half-blood let herself melt into its touch, no longer concerned with conversing with her peers as her hips twisted eagerly against the vine's writhing motions in the air. Its length wrapped around the girl and cradled her neck, supporting her in the air as its motions left its form brushing back and forth across her body, gripping and loosening in rhythm with its thrusts.

Lyselle tried not to dwell on the show happening above her as she hastily made her way towards the ring of vibrant red blossoms circling the creature's base, but it was difficult not to give in to temptation. One glance upwards, and the sway of Talia's tits dangling overhead could entrance the girl long enough for the elf to notice. She *had* to glance though; once, twice, here and there, each time serving as a test of her will to look away as the sunlight breaking through the trees cast speckling patterns against the slender silhouette twisting amidst its rays. Each mote told volumes about the curvature and movement of Talia's muscle and skin, while also shrouding her in just enough glare to leave Lyselle wanting. On one glance, the glint of dew dripping from between the half-elf's legs caught in the sun, nearly overwhelming the poor Terran on its own. Even when Lys wasn't looking, the increasing sounds of the girl's pleased cries sent surges of heat through the poor girl's shaking body.

She sat on her knees and tried to focus on her work, brushing the metal utensil around the center of the writheweed's blooms to gather a dusting of its pollen before depositing the results into the vial in her other hand. A quick dusting, a quick deposit, another dusting, another deposit; direct, simple, and effective. To Lyselle's relief, the writheweed seemed happy to cooperate, doubtless because its own wants were being more than placated. To her decidedly more mixed feelings, the weed also seemed to be enjoying Lyselle's specific attentions as well. The flowers' petals spread open, their amber stamens stretching out towards the Terran, eagerly presenting themselves for her gathering tool.

Lys was hesitant, but there was a job that needed doing, and her partner was clearly too occupied to handle it for her. Besides that, there was a sense of obligation to prove Evenclire's decision to send the Terran along to be a wise one; the last thing she wanted was to demonstrate another assignment's optimal means of failure.

Gripping the bristled utensil tightly, she resumed gathering from the weed's blooms, trying to focus on the scientific necessity of the action through the shudders quaking of the flowers under her touch. For a brief time, her mind managed to free itself from the hold of Talia's evocations, focused on the work at hand.

... But only for that brief time.

As she collected the pollen, the attentive Terran couldn't help but observe a demonstrable pattern. With each brush of the tool against the plant's numerous stamina, the vines around it would tense, with the contraction then rolling up their length in waves...

And directly into Talia Rosenblum, who bucked and cried out lustfully with each swell of the creature's tension, as confirmed when Lys watched very attentively during one particularly experimental prodding at the bush's blossoms.

Her eyes darted away, that persistent tattletale blush returning even stronger than it had been before. Lyselle paused for a moment, absent-mindedly brushing the tool's bristles off into the glass vial as her gaze fixated on the twitching stamens before her. Her throat went dry as she considered what was happening.

*Every time I brush...*

Without turning her head, Lyselle's eyes shifted towards Talia. The sounds overhead had calmed, the half-elf's yelps and cries now reduced to contended moaning as the creature worked at her body.

*She's clearly having a good time,* the Terran conceded. Then, biting her lip as she pulled the brush out from within the vial, a devious thought crossed her mind.

*But I can make it better.*

Her hand shook as she lowered the tool back over the flowers, hesitation holding her back again as she questioned what she was doing. Her breath seized and her heart beat like a drum in her ears as she paused to reconsider.

*Don't be absurd! You just have a job to do, that's all.*

Then Talia's voice groaned out like an animal in heat. "More. Gods, that was so good. Why did you stop? Keep going, please!"

*She's talking to the plant,* Lyselle assured herself. *She has no way of knowing I was—!*

"Please," the half-blood whimpered. "Please, I was so close!"

Lyselle found her breath again, sharply inhaling as the whorish plea rang through her mind. A chill shot up her spine, sending a shudder through her body in breaking desire as her limbs tensed. Within that fit of reflex, her arm thrust the brush harshly into one of the plant's buds.

The great maw let out a guttural groan of its own as tension shot up its vines like a bolt. Almost instantly, Talia's voice rang through the forest again, a long, lustful cry bursting out of her as the plant's vine surged deep into her core. The tendril wrapped around her seizing body gripped tight against her, heightening the sensation as her restrained hips fought to buck and spasm over the girth penetrating her.

Lyselle paused, shakily exhaling a single breath as her actions sunk in. The heat washing over her was borderline unbearable, and again she felt herself internally divided over her own wants and actions. There was no real out, though; the utensil was still pinned into a trembling bud, its petals shivering in apparent pleasure against the girl's knuckle. Though it seemed incapable of speech, there was no question left in Lyselle's mind what exactly the writheweed wanted.

*Oh my God*, the Terran realized. *This is what she meant by vibes.*

Lys started to pull the tool back out of the flower, slowly, gently. The plant responded with a sound somewhere between a growl and a purr, the petals of its buds flitting in delight as its vines vibrated up and through its captive's body. Talia's voice yelped and then, after a brief pause, sounded as if she were melting in the thing's grip in response.

The apparatus shook in the Terran's hand, but the writheweed hardly seemed to protest the ticklish attention. Lyselle watched as a single, large bud extended out from the other flowers and opened wide before her.

An invitation.

She glanced over her shoulder; Auna was ignoring the entire situation, seemingly preoccupied plucking more loose foliage from her hair and borrowed sweater. She'd been covered in the stuff after her daring would-be rescue efforts, and visibly could not care less about what was happening overhead, never mind Lyselle's markedly less thrilling collection endeavors.

Lys looked back at the wanting flower and gulped down her nerves. In a slow, deliberate motion, she placed the bristled tool against the eager red petals before her. They responded quickly but gently, the

flower closing tightly around the tool and sucking its length down into the pistil at its center. The tips of the flower grazed against Lyselle's hand as if holding it, guiding her towards its desires.

The Terran's face softened as any remaining pretense of scientific necessity grew shakier by the second. She let the flower guide her movements, pushing the utensil down into the the petals calmly, steadily, and then pulling it back just as gently as they pushed back. The same tension rolled up the vines as before, but its pace, its *swell*, followed hers.

In and out.

In and out.

In and out, all while overhead Talia was left responding with eager approval.

It was improper. It was sinful.

It was *intoxicating*.

Lyselle closed her eyes, too embarrassed to look at her classmate, to risk being figured out, but eagerly listening to every vocalization, every cry and moan and wanting hum of the girl twisting in the vines, the girl begging for more, the girl who was deriving such pleasure from the actions of her companion here below.

The Terran's motions grew more confident and eager by the second, and the flower responded by taking her entire hand into its surprisingly firm grip. Images formed in Lyselle's mind, lustful fantasies of Talia making these sounds for her knowingly, wantingly, her pale skin bared in the moonlight as it poured through the dorm window next to Lyselle's bed. She thought about how her own body had felt under her hand, and wondered if a half-elf's slit and folds would feel the same. She wondered if she would even know how to pleasure another person regardless when she had barely even learned her way around herself.

Talia's vocalizations built even more, louder, faster. "Yes! Yes! Right there! Just like that!"

*Lys, I think it's safe to say you're figuring that out pretty well*, she consoled herself.

She could learn. She *wanted* to learn. Here in this moment, she felt herself giving in to a sick sort of pleasure, admitting that she *was*

learning, eagerly and happily, and not just with regards to giving the *elf* a good time.

In and out, in and out, in and out...

A lustful instinct guided her in response to Talia's building desperation. She could hear it; that same feeling she'd had in the springs, what she'd felt in her bed that very morning, what she had to fight the urge to let herself feel *now*: the swelling, fitful tension and heat of being on the cusp of a desperately-sought orgasm.

At that realization, a single thought shot through the Terran's mind like a bullet. *I want to do that for her! I want to make her feel what I've felt!*

*Talia!*

She leaned forward, intently focused on her task. As the apparatus plunged down into the flower below, Lys started experimenting, twisting the long device around as she thrust it within the plant's fertile tube, and gently brushing the flower's exterior with her other hand, the receiving vial long since set aside in favor of her deviant affair. The weed responded blissfully to Lyselle's efforts, its smaller flowers squirming at its base and begging for a similar touch, and in her heat the Terran gladly obliged, brushing her fingers over and under petals, across stymens and pistils, cradling individual buds in her palm as she grazed by them.

Something was happening. The writheweed bent and bucked at its root, the maw at its core clamping shut as it shook out another guttural purr. The flowers at its base trembled, the large bud pulling Lyselle's entire forearm into its grip as it throbbed. She grabbed at the stems beneath her in a fight to keep her balance, and her grasping sent a final wave of tension up the creature's vines. Talia cried out in a long, stuttering wail as the rippling tremors pounded into her, shaking against her inside and out.

Lyselle turned quickly, worried that she'd caused the plant to hurt her partner. Instead, what she saw was Talia Rosenblum, eyelids lilted in orgasmic bliss as her body shook in the plant's tense grip. Her pale legs twitched in the air as a thick, amber-hued sap poured out from between them, a clear stream of her own ejaculate shooting out of her as she and the plant came together.

Slowly, the writheweed relaxed, the tension in its vines abating into a careful slack as it gently returned Talia to the ground. As the half-elf came to rest against the red grass underfoot, the intruding vine moved to exit her body, only to be met with the tight grip of the girl's thighs holding it in place.

"Not yet," the elf cooed, her voice soft and warm. "Give us just a moment."

There was a quiet moment as Talia caught her breath, and Lyselle took that moment to regain her own composure, picking the vial up off of the ground and gently pulling the brushing tool out from the bud loosening around her hand. Feeling rude simply walking away, she gave the flower a gentle brush across its underside with her palm, scratching the petals lightly as she rose to her feet. The plant leaned itself into her touch until she'd slid away, and then the buds at the weed's base all closed slowly upon themselves as if going to sleep. The Terran felt herself blushing again, but not out of shame, even if she didn't want to think too hard about what she'd just done.

"Lys." Talia beckoned from the ground, still not having moved from where she'd been set. She wove towards the hiking bag that had been left on the ground at the clearing's edge as she spoke. Her words came out slowly, like someone who'd just woken up from a pleasant dream. "You brought a bowl or something, right? Could you bring that over here?"

"Uh... S-sure," the Terran stammered, brushing herself off in an unconvincing show of nonchalance before power-walking her way over to the pack, eyes fixed firmly on the ground the entire time. After a moment of rummaging, she found what Talia had requested, or at least something that would serve the purpose the Terran was realizing she needed it for: an alchemical mortar, one of a set, and the largest Lyselle felt comfortable cramming into a bag she intended to haul through a forest.

"Thank you, Lyssie," Talia sang at her classmate as she handed her the bowl.

Lyselle was already mentally elsewhere, eyes fixated on the curvature of half-blood's naked body; the movement of her chest with every recovering breath, the flush of her cheeks, the surprising strength

of her delicate-looking legs. She felt jealous of the writheweed gripped between them.

She wouldn't have to hold onto that jealousy for long. Talia lifted her rear, sliding the bowl under her as she parted her legs. The newly-freed vine pulled out of her sex, and with a soft sputter spilled more of its amber sap into the bowl on top of what was already pouring out from between the half-elf's curtains.

"Gross." Auna stood leaning against a tree, nonchalantly inspecting her golden fingernails. "You coulda just stroked it off, you know."

"And you could've fucked a satyr somewhere with fewer witnesses," Talia retorted. "Let a girl have her fun."

Lyselle stared at the mortar as it flooded over with the thick substance gifted to them by the writheweed, only somewhat distracted by the glistening vagina hovering above it that was covered in something so similar in appearance to sweet honey. She found herself equal parts agreeing with Auna and fascinated by the prospect of being in Talia's position. She quickly shook those thoughts out of her mind.. "That's... the extract?"

"You got it!" The half-elf smiled as she sat upright in the grass, giving Lyselle an accomplished smile. "Good teamwork, partner" she added with a wink.

"O-oh," Lys sputtered, eyes shooting back up from the bowl between Talia's legs to the half-elf's face. "I-it was nothing! I just got the pollen!"

"That you did," Talia cooed, "and our friend here *loved* it." She wriggled her shoulders, looking off to the side with a coy grin before adding, "As did I."

Lyselle stiffened. She felt as if her entire body was turning red. "Okay, er, *well*, uh—" She desperately looked around for something to distract them both with. "Clothes! Your clothes! I will get your clothes."

Talia laughed. "That would be sweet, thank you!"

The half-elf rested her arm against her knees, placing her palm against her face as she cheerfully watched the Terran scurry off to gather up the discarded wardrobe. She got a particular chuckle out of the sudden yelp Lyselle uttered upon realizing she was holding her classmate's underwear.

“Oh, you are gonna *break* that poor girl,” Auna said as she approached, also watching Lyselle’s flustered scramble across the clearing.

Talia rolled her eyes. “I would never.”

She slid the bowl of extract aside and began brushing her disheveled hair back into place with her fingers. Her expression softened as she watched Lys stop and look off into the trees, shoulders rising and falling with a single, intentional deep breath.

“If anything, I’m hoping for the opposite.”