

Green Lady

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Green Lady: Blood MelonDonations

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The Green Lady was a woman in her forties, living in a small two-story house in an almost blissful silence. Her house rested at the end of a dirt road, almost just peeking around the tall pine trees that lined both sides. A massive garden surrounded her house, filled with more love than any human could even consider, yet somehow retained a sense of being wild despite the clean line of the picket fence and an organization of every single flower to some hidden rule of magic.

The sense of raw nature grew stronger in the back, away from the casual eyes of anyone driving down the road. The picket fence continued the line of elegance and control, but it disappeared beneath a mass of green and leaves. Elegant perfection faded quickly and the knotted mass of the backyard would have rustled in amusement if anyone thought it was trimmed with clipper and shovel.

And that was the way the Green Lady and her garden wanted it.

Inside the house, the Green Lady sat down in her library. Like every other room in the house, the walls were dripping with vines and flowers, scented with a complex perfume of hundreds of different petals. Underneath the living green, her books rested in unusual safety, not even the acidic tendrils of the creeping plants brushed against the ancient leather and more modern bindings.

She smiled to herself, flipping the page of a modern day romance, the bright blue cover almost as bright as a flower that tickled her ear. She brushed it with her idle fingers, pushing back the dirty red hair behind her ear. She smiled as her fingertips brushed against the petal's surface, feeling the feather-like touch against her senses.

In the distance, a truck roared. She cocked her ear slightly, a play of curiosity shimmering in her eyes as she turned toward the noise. The truck revved even higher, then a violent clanging noise as it almost bottomed out at a ditch right near the third rank of trees.

Moving with unhurried grace, she carefully folded the corner of the page and set it down next to a steaming cup of tea. Groaning, she pushed herself out of her chair, a sliding rocker that still smelled of the store she bought it from, years ago. Joints cracked with age as she padded toward the door of her library, her bare feet slapping gently against the bare wood floor. Unlike the chair, there was no stain or polish on the floor, just rough-hewed wood that smelled of centuries. Ahead of her, the door of the library clicked softly and swung open, untouched by her or anyone else's hand. A digital lock flashed next to it, but she ignored it as she swept into the entry hall.

Outside, the unknown truck came to a rumbling stop, skidding on the gravel before coming to a sputtering halt. Moments later, the sound of heavy boots came tromping up the stairs, shaking the front door with a determined stride. Inside, she paused for a moment, a frown ghosting her face, fingers inches from the front door handle.

Her visitor pounded hard on the door, swearing softly when he didn't find a doorbell. A second later, another round of pounding. Wincing at the sound, the Green Lady grasped the handle and twisted the door open.

Sunlight poured into her house, leaving spears of golden light and motes of floating pollen dancing in the wind. Outside, a large man glared into the house at her. His beard rustled in the faint breeze behind him and he was wearing leather from head to toe, including a wide-brimmed hat across his brow.

Her eyes scanned him carefully, noticing the roughness of the leather, the crisp edges of his outfit. The smell of leather, lots of leather, rose up from his body, filling her entry hall with the scent of chemicals and skin. His outfit was new, very new. Her dark green eyes flickered down to his boots, at least a size too big, then back up to his eyes. He looked around at the road, then back at her. His eyes flickered down and she followed it, to a huge duffel bag at his feet.

He grunted, "So... I heard..." He tried to speak roughly, disguising his voice, but she could hear a softness to it, the hint of a city

accent, up north from what she could tell. Everything about him spoke of fear and nervousness and she felt a strange prickling at the back of her neck. Fear.

He was frightened, a caged beast. His body trembled with a need to do something and she felt him struggling with his own emotions. Taking a deep breath, she leaned against the door frame and ignored the bag below.

“Yes?” Her voice always sounded different to her, days or weeks of going without speaking made her own sound a stranger’s.

He looked back down at the bag, “I heard... I heard that you take ‘donations.’”

The prickling intensified as she looked down at the bag. It was beaten and worn, the edges curled from years of use. Unlike everything else on this man, this bag was used. She could almost sense a familiarity with it but the feeling of fear continued to grow inside her.

“I have taken many, but the reason is more important than just dropping off a bag.”

Fear flashed in his eyes and he glanced down at it again. The bag twitched, then something pressed against the inner edge. From her view, it looked like an animal was inside it, a drugged or sluggish one at that. She let her eyes slowly rise up to his as he looked at her with complete and abject fear.

“Listen... I need to get rid of he-” he stopped abruptly, “Look, will you take it or not?”

She said nothing, feeling that was the proper thing.

He stamped his foot for a moment, looking around nervously.

“Look, I can pay.”

She raised her eyebrow and just let her thoughts drift back. Random thoughts drifted through her mind, images of someone else’s life. She could see the truck in the back her mind, standing in a bar. Another flash of image, of him walking up to it from a dark road, carrying nothing but his bag. The fear grew inside her, but she let her thoughts drift until a number rose up into her consciousness.

“One thousand, nine dollars and fifteen cents.”

He paled instantly and took a step back.

“How did you-”

She repeated herself, focusing a serious gaze on him as he sputtered, holding up his hands. Then, he scrambled as he yanked out his wallet. Crumbling bills every bill inside his wallet, he tossed them at her as he stumbled off the stairs. Fumbling with his pocket, he threw down the change he found before turning around and sprinting toward his truck.

“Look, just take her... it!”

He threw himself into the black truck and slammed the door shut. Roaring the engine violently, he spun the truck in her front yard, crushing the delicately planted flowers before racing down the dirt road in a cloud of dust and rocks.

The Green Lady watched the truck growing smaller and the prickling of fear remained dancing along the hairs of her neck. She sighed and reached down. Ignoring the shifting bag, she picked up a tiny petal from one of her crushed flowers. Sighing, she picked it up and stood up, ignoring the ache in her back.

“He’s going to be trouble, isn’t he, my little one?”

She released the petal and watched it flutter to the ground. The random images in the back of her mind rose up again, of him driving away, of police finding him as he crossed the state line. Then, that horrible image of police coming down her dirt road, looking for her and whatever was in the bag. The petal finished fluttering down to the wooden planks of her porch and rested in the crack between the boards. The Green Lady sighed sadly and shook her head.

“I cannot let this happen.”

Her voice was hard and bitter as she shook her head again.

“I’m sorry this has to happen, stranger, but no one ruins my garden and lives.”

She turned toward the house and started to whisper something. The words came out in a dance of sound, filling the house with the voice of power. Along her skin, green color started to spread out, forming the shape of tendrils, vines, and ivy across every inch of her skin. Even her cheeks were lined with the intricate flowers. Her whisper grew louder, echoing down the hall. The flowers that lined her walls started to twitch, turning to face her like she was the very sun itself.

Deep inside her house, the very depths of her basement, something stirred. Heavy doors cranked open, releasing some creature back into the world. She could feel the ground vibrating as her pet crawled out of his basement cage, made his way up a narrow passage into her backyard. She gasped as a weakness sapped at her strength and she had to clutch to the door to keep standing. She managed to turn around to see the flash of her pet, her companion of many years, come storming around her house, sprinting down the road after the truck.

He looked like a dog, but he was large as a bear. Spittle splashed down as the bear-dog raced after the car, leaving a cloud of dust of his own as the howl scraped against her senses.

The Green Lady winced at the sound, but just watched him disappear. She looked down at the bag and bent over to pick it up. She only used two fingers, curling around the strap. Without even trying, she picked up the bag as if it weighed only grams, and carried it into the house.

Behind her, there was a screech of metal and a scream of pain, then the sound of a car being torn apart by enchanted teeth. She walked into the entry hall and the front door closed behind her. Ignoring the sounds outside, she carried the bag up the stairs into a bedroom. The room was quaint, done in the style of century old antique rose. There was a single-sized bed, covered in a slightly dusty quilt and tipped with a single fluffy pillow. Rosewood pillars rose up from the four corners, with a gauzy white sheet hanging over all four from the ceiling. At the far end, there was a dresser made of matching wood, right next to a narrow window viewing the wild of the backyard. On the other side was a door into a small bathroom.

Underneath the layer of green leaves and flowers, rose and gold wallpaper glinted in the bright light of the sun. The entire room smelled of the tiny tea roses that grew out of the walls, filling the room with more gold and red and the hint of orange-tipped white.

The Green Lady easily hefted the bag and set it down on the bed, pausing for a moment to watch pollen and dust rise up in a cloud barely visible in the light. The door to the bedroom slowly swung shut, clicking softly as it latched.

She whispered to herself as she reached for the zipper.

“Let me see what I just got...”

The zipper was loud in the room as she pulled it around. The duffel bag split open, spreading out to reveal its contents. She made a soft gasp as she peered inside, at the half-dressed woman tied up and gagged. Bleary, red-rimmed eyes looked up at her and she felt a sudden well of compassion for the captured woman.

With shaking hands, she pulled the bag further apart. The woman inside was only a slip of a woman, around 1.6 meters in height and rather thin. Her blond hair was tossed and twisted, catching on the thick teeth of the zipper. It frame her body and clung to her clothes. From appearances, the woman was wearing a sport's bra and workout shorts. Her feet were bare, but the Green Lady could see where she tore at toenail trying to escape. Her wrists were tied up with the plastic one-way strips, they were so tight they left bruises on her wrist. A makeshift gag, made from what looked like a windbreaker, was twisted into her mouth, gagging her and keeping her jaw almost painfully pried open. Drool dribbled out of the corners of her mouth, soaking the bottom of the bag.

The stench that rose up from the bag was powerful, almost blurring the air. It was the smell of someone trapped inside for days, if not weeks. There was something disgusting on the bottom of the bag but the Green Lady was used to far worse smells in her life.

Moving quickly, she helped the woman out of the bag, ignoring the smears she left on the quilt, and into a standing position. The bag slumped down to the ground, but the Green Lady's efforts were helping the woman remain standing, atrophied muscles refusing the work for long moments of pain. She could feel the woman's agony from the efforts, her firm hands holding against sweaty skin until the violent spasms stopped and her visitor managed to remain standing herself.

Pleading eyes looked at her and the Green Lady smiled into the broken gaze. With steady hands, she reached up and worked the gag out of her guest's mouth. Her guest groaned as it was pulled out, a rasping noise of someone who screamed her voice out.

“B-Bathroom.”

She turned her visitor around and snapped the plastic ties with her fingers as easily as a knife would cut through it. The woman staggered forward, whimpering in the pain, then headed straight to

the door leading out of the bedroom. The Green Lady watched, saying nothing as the blond tugged at the handle, twisting it a few times before looking back with fear and terror. The older woman gestured to the bathroom. For a moment, the blond did nothing, then the fire sputtered out of her eyes and she limped into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

The older woman didn't even spare a glance for the bathroom as she picked up the bag. The bedroom door clicked as it swung open, still not touched by any hand. She carried the bag out of there, wrinkling her nose at the smell. She came back to haul the quilt out of there and wipe down the floor. It only took her about ten minutes, but by then the shower was running full bore, the steam wafting out of the cracks around the door.

With a ghost of a smile, the Green Lady went down to make some tea. Introductions

Toni stepped out of the shower, water dripping off her naked body. Everything ached as she leaned against the sink in the bathroom, trying to regain her balance as a sudden wave of dizziness struck her. Her fingers sparkled with pain as she clutched the porcelain edge, the fingernails almost ripped raw from her boyfriend's... no, the bastard who betrayed her, and his bag. That black bag. It used to be where he kept his camping gear, but it was her prison for over a week. A week of being stuck in the back of trunks and thrown into pickup trucks. He barely let her out twice a day to go the bathroom, each time not even giving her a chance to escape; he kept the plastic binds on her wrists and ankles, wiping her himself with a hardness she never thought he had.

Now, she was standing naked in some stranger's house. Gasping softly, she stood up and stared at herself in the foggy mirror. Her breasts were starting to sag, but they still had a nice shape to them. Below, her stomach was covered in bruises and was much thinner than she wanted it to be. A week of starvation and being abused had done nothing to the body she was barely happy with.

Her fingers brushed against a large bruise on her side, then down to run her fingertips through the tight patch of curls at the V of her legs, the light brown curls still dripping with water. Her eyes, the color of brown haze, drew down, to the large purple and yellow bruise spreading on her right thigh.

“Damn that fucker.”

Her gaze focused on the window in the bathroom. Padding over, her bare feet slapping on the wet tile. The window was fogged over like the mirror and she wiped it clear with her fingers. Out in the back, it looked like a jungle was growing right in the middle of a field. In the back, a tree rose up in the far corner, a jagged, rotted opening in the side of it. She frowned as the light caught it, it looked light crimson was dripping from the splinters and cracked wood at the opening.

Tearing her eyes away from it, she stared at the lock of the window. It was a simple one, just a twist and she could be free. Even naked, there had to be a road somewhere close. With a trembling hand, she twisted it and pushed open the door. Warm summer air rushed into the bathroom, displacing the humid air almost instantly. The window and mirror cleared up and she had a crystal clear view of the backyard.

Glancing at the door to the bathroom, she pried the window open as far as it would go. Peering outside, she saw that the entire outside of the house was covered in vines, thick bolts of green easily strong enough for her weight.

Letting out a tiny squeal of triumph, she started to put her leg through the window opening when movement froze her. From around the corner, the largest dog she had ever seen in her life came around. She gasped, frozen in the window, as the dog looked up at her. It was huge, like a horse or something even larger. Its muzzle was crimson, dripping with drool and blood, splashing down on the ground. Toni began to shake as she found herself staring at a leather boot caught in the back of its teeth.

Growling, the dog looked away from her and down at a wooden opening into the basement. To Toni's surprise, the vines along the wooden surface tightened, pulling the door open. The massive beast shoved itself into the opening and disappeared from sight. The wooden doors closed behind it, but Toni couldn't make herself crawl out of the bathroom window.

Instead, she crawled back into the bathroom and closed the window with a shaking hand. She caught sight of herself in the mirror and shuddered from the haggard woman that looked back.

She considered putting on her dirty clothes, but the idea of pulling them back on made her physically sick. Looking around the bathroom, she tried to find something to wear, but there was only a few small towels, not even large enough to wrap around her body.

Frustrated, she decided to see if there was anything in the bedroom. Creeping forward, she stared hard at the door leading into the bedroom. Her hand reached out, shaking again as she felt the cool brass in her palm. Twisting it, she pushed open the door.

She was surprised to see the woman sitting on the edge of the bed and let out a little shriek. The woman in green just gave her a smile and held out a tiny china cup.

“Tea?”

Pressing a hand against her breast, covering it, Toni shook her head.

“Um... sorry, I wasn't... I wasn't expecting you.”

The woman spoke with a Southern accent as she cocked her head.

“I understand, but I think you should have some tea.”

Toni's stomach rumbled as she looked around for something to cover her. Seeing none, she grumbled softly.

“I'd rather have some food.”

A strangely sweet smile from the lady with the tea, “I wouldn't recommend it. With everything you've been through, I think eating right away would make you sick. Tea will help you adjust.”

She offered the tea again. Feeling self-conscious, Toni crept closer and reached out for the tea. Her naked body felt more than naked as the woman handed the tea over. Toni brought it to her mouth, breathing the unknown scents before sipping at it.

It was unsweetened, but the most delicate tastes she had ever had in her life. The soothing heat eased down her throat, caressing the soreness from her constantly screaming. The tiny cup managed to fill her stomach just a little and the rumbling below stopped.

“I... I'm sorry.”

“It is okay, with the trials that you've been through, I was half expecting you to try crawling out of the bathroom window.”

Toni blanched, feeling the blood draining from her face. The woman noticed it and giggled softly, refilling Toni's cup with the strange tea.

“Don’t worry, more than a few women have entered through my front door.”

Toni froze for a moment, hearing a pause in the sentence.

“And...”

The woman shrugged, sipping at her own tea, “None have escaped.”

There was a coldness to the woman’s voice and Toni felt a shiver crawl down her spine. She clutched the tea cup so hard it rattled as she glanced over at the window and the door. The image of the dog in the backyard gave her only one choice: the bedroom door.

Feeling her heart pounding in her chest, she forced herself to sit down on the edge of the bed, disgustingly aware of her nakedness in front of the strange woman.

“I don’t mind to ask... but who are you?”

Her hostess looked surprised for a moment, then set down her tea on a small plate balanced gracefully on her knee.

“Please forgive me, I am known as the Green Lady.”

“Green... Lady? What kind of name is that?”

The Green Lady shrugged again, “Its the same I’ve been known for at least the last decade.”

“D-Don’t you have another name?”

“Do you?”

“Oh...” Toni blushed, “Toni Belafuse.”

Her hostess bowed her head, “Welcome to my house, Ms. Belafuse.”

“Um... a pleasure, I guess. Do... do you think you could give me some clean clothes and show me the way out?”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t.”

“No clothes... or,” Toni didn’t want to think about the other condition. The Green Lady looked sympathetic as she shook her head.

“No to both, I’m afraid.”

Toni bolted to her feet, dropping the china cup on the ground. It shattered, leaving a few droplets of tea to splash against the hard wood floor.

“What!?”

The bitch of the house shrugged, “I’m sorry, I have rules.”

“Rules!?! What kind of fucking rules!?! Fuck it, I’m getting out of here!”

Toni screamed out and stormed to the door. She grabbed the door and twisted it violently. No matter how she twisted it, the portal refused to open. She shook at the door, trying to pull it out, but it continued to refuse to open. Tears burned at Toni’s eyes as she kept on trying, feeling the Green Lady standing up behind her.

She spun on her heels, her damp hair whipping around to slap her in her face.

“Listen you damn bitch! You better let me-”

Toni wasn’t sure what happened, but the Green Lady just reached out and brushed it. Then... her muscles lost all of their tension and she collapsed to the ground, barely able to breath much less speak. For a moment, she struggled with the comprehension of what happened then realized she was staring at her belly button from only centimeters away. She tried to push herself up, but her body refused to move. Instead, she just felt a tightness in her chest, like her body had just crumbled on itself. With growing fear, she realized that her lungs weren’t working. She wanted to scream and twist, to clutch at her throat, but her body continued to refuse to move.

Toni felt fingers wrapping around her hair, then the disgusting feeling of her head being lifted up despite every effort of hers to resist. The Green Lady’s face swam in her vision. She spoke in a soft voice, tinged with a hint of amusement.

“Listen, Ms. Belafuse, you might be wondering why you can’t move or breath.”

Toni tried to speak, but her lungs were struggling to give herself enough air. She felt panicked, but she still couldn’t convince her body to move. Everything felt rubbery, except for the pain of being held up by her hair.

“Listen, don’t worry about breathing, in this condition, you don’t need air, you just need me.”

Her captor stared into her eyes and Toni realized that even the pupils looked like tiny vines. The face that stared at her impassively for a moment before she spoke again.

“It isn’t permanent, but if you refuse to obey, you’ll find that this can be a lot more uncomfortable than you realize. In fact, if the signs are right, you might just find that out, Ms. Belafuse.”

Toni wanted to scream, but only a gasp came out.

Lady Green wrapped her fingers more around her hair and lifted up more. Toni’s body limply followed and she felt a soft hand grab underneath one arm as she was dragged across the room. With surprising strength, the older woman picked her up and dropped her limply on the bed. Toni wanted to curl up, cry, do anything, but her body just refused to move.

The Green Lady pulled her arms and legs on the bed, arranging her in the center. Toni felt helpless, feeling the hands stroking across her body. She could only stare up at the ceiling, eyes not even blinking. The soft hands stroked along her arms and legs, lining them up.

“You know, Toni, you are a very beautiful woman.”

That single sentence sent a cold shiver down her spine. Then, she felt the hand sliding up her inner thigh. She tried to whimper, tried to claim that she wasn’t into women, but the hand kept on sliding up until knuckles brushed against the curls of her pubic area.

“You know, this spell does have some interesting traits.”

It was a casual grace to her voice. Toni was consumed by the feelings, of the knuckles against her labia, the questing fingers that started to work her nether lips apart to tease at the softness inside. She strained to gasp with the feelings, more intense that she could even comprehend, somehow her helplessness magnified every iota of sensation coursing through her body.

The Lady’s voice was a purr, “You probably felt the sensations, they are stronger. Also, your bones become flexible, enhancing the traits already there.”

Toni felt the fingers sliding up the bones in her hips, then a slight pressure. To her surprise, her pelvic bone started to spread apart, a strange sensation of being widened. It was like she expected from childbirth, but there was no child inside her, just an empty, barren vessel of her womb.

The Lady’s purr grew louder as she released Toni’s hips,. Toni had the distinct and slight uncomfortable sensation of her hip bones creaking back into place. Toni wanted to crawl away, but her body

continues to refuse to move. She felt tears forming again in her eyes, dripping down along her face as the woman finally pulled her hands away from her sex.

“But, my dear Toni, I’m not going to take advantage of this body at this point.”

Toni felt the Lady brush her fingertips from her throat down to her belly button. In a sudden wrench, all of her muscles regained their tension, pulling bones and popping them back into sockets. She let out a tiny shriek as the muscles spasmed hard along her entire body.

Then, it was over. One terrible bolt of agony and her body was once again under her control. She raised an arm, relishing the actual control she had, but feeling a soul-searing weakness in every muscle she tried to move.

The Green Lady reached over her, her head hovering over Toni’s for a moment.

“Rest well, Ms. Belafuse. We’ll discuss your future at dinner. You’re body will recover in a few hours and I hope to see you there.”

The older woman surprised her by leaning down and kissing her softly on the lips. Even though Toni had the ability to resist, she didn’t, still shocked from everything going on.

A ghost of a smile crossed the Lady’s face.

“And don’t worry about clothes, you don’t need them in this house.”

Toni was left alone, her body quickly dragging her into a deep sleep. Her sleep was filled with terrible dreams, of being twisted around massive wooden wheels and the screams of thousands. Tasks and Chores

The Green Lady paused over her stove, holding a large brass tea pot over the blue gas flames. The young woman’s questions brought a few memories of years past, but they felt like centuries away. She carefully set the pot down on the cast iron grill and listened to the first hisses of the water evaporating along the outer skin.

Upstairs, she heard Toni as she crawled out of bed, slumping down on the ground with a groan. She smiled and opened up the white-painted cabinet, pulling out green glass jars filled with homemade teas. Selecting a slightly dusty one, she pulled out large pinches of the tea and dropped them into a large ceramic pot.

The door to Toni's room clicked as her visitor came out of the room, hesitantly padding down the stairs. The Green Lady slowly turned around, watching the tanned leg moving down the stairs, stepping around the larger flowers that grew right on the steps. A smile crossed over the older woman's face, watching the gently up-swept breasts come into view, then the frightened but curious expression of the blond.

Toni paused at the stairs, finally seeing the Lady in the kitchen. Her hand rose up to cover her breasts, the pink tips of her nipples and one over the patch of hair at the junction of her legs.

"I... um... is it okay?"

The Lady smiled and gestured to a tiny kitchen table, barely enough for two. It was painted bright white, but the nicks and scratches showed its age. Toni walked quickly over, dropping herself into the table and hiding behind it, watching the Green Lady with wary eyes.

"I... why did the door work?"

The Lady smiled, "Will."

"Will?"

"Yes, the door opened because you wanted it to."

"Just like that? Because I wanted it?"

"Yes."

"But, I wanted to leave before."

The Lady chuckled softly, focusing her attention briefly on the oven, listening to the hissing of her pot as the water gathered more energy.

"Yes, but you weren't ready to leave."

She could see annoyance rising in Toni's eyes, "That's bullshit!"

"Why? Did the door open?"

"You locked it then, there has to be a reason."

The older woman smiled, "As you wish."

"What!? What kind of answer is that?"

On the stove, the tea pot started to whistle like a train. The Green Lady slipped over to the stove and pulled it off, pouring the steaming water into the ceramic pot. It steamed gracefully, brewing slowly as she set it down on the table along with two cups. Toni stared at her in shock and anger, but the older woman said nothing.

With practiced grace, she set herself into her chair and watched Toni with impassive eyes.

At exactly three minutes, she moved to some hidden signal, she poured both cups of tea and pushed it toward Toni. The blond stared at it for a moment.

“What is it with you and tea?”

A chuckle, the Green Lady always found amusement in her tiny human quirks.

“It relaxes you.”

Toni stood up, sweeping the cup on the floor where it shattered. Rage burned in her expression as she slammed her fists against the table. The table cracked, one leg showing the dusty wood underneath. She pounded it again and the leg collapsed under the pressure, the entire table spilling out. The Green Lady’s hand held her own cup but the tea pot exploded in steaming water and tea leaves.

The blond spun on her heels and sprinted for the front door. Her bare feet slapped against the hard wood surface, skidding to a halt at the front door as she yanked the handle hard. It refused to move and she yanked at it again, screaming in rage and frustration.

When the door refused to open, Toni ran for the front window, just next to the door. With a double fist, she slammed into it, but the stained glass refused to even budge. Instead, it felt like solid steel cracking into her hands.

Even in the kitchen, the Green Lady could hear bones breaking from the force of the blow. She sighed and slowly stood up. Stepping around the shards of pottery and ceramic, she padded into the front room where Toni was pounding her shoulder against the glass, a stream of red against the glass and droplets splashing down from her ruined hands.

Toni turned on her.

“Let me out of here! I want to go home!”

Sadly, the Green Lady shook her head.

“I’m sorry, there are rules.”

“Fuck your rules, I want to go!”

When the Lady didn’t respond, Toni slapped hard against the glass, ignoring the crunch of bone easily heard in the room and ran around her. The Green Lady turned to watch her run to the back

door, pounding on it for a few seconds before coming back. She stopped in the hallway, near the kitchen doorway.

“I want to leave!”

“You... can't.”

“Why not!”

She hated trying to explain something that couldn't be explained. She just shook her head, “I'm sorry.”

Toni's head snapped back and forth, then she stormed into the kitchen. The shards of her pot crunched on the ground, then Toni came back, wielding one of the broken table legs like a weapon.

“I'm going to kill you!”

She held the leg in her hand, squeezing tightly as bright red blood dripped down on the wooden floor. The Green Lady felt a shiver of something primal radiating from the girl. It was fear, fear and terror, but underneath, there was a sense of power. Raw and unbridled, Toni almost glowed with the intense rage that rose up from her, a burning sensation that sent the flowers around her shivering in fear.

“Do not do this, Toni.”

The Green Lady drew on her own power, the delicate flowers that surrounded her, the power of earth and nature. The sense of her garden. She saw Toni hesitant, seeing something beyond just an older woman in her house.

Then, the blond attacked, screaming out as she charged, holding up the stick as she brought it down in an overhead slash. A great sadness filled the Green Lady as she raised one finger up to the wooden weapon.

In Toni's hand, it twisted violently, the wood warping instantly to avoid the finger. Toni's wrist cracked from the force as the wood twisted around, wrapping around her waist as Toni's momentum carried her forward and the Green Lady's finger brushed right up against her forehead.

Fear exploded in Toni's eyes as her body collapsed, the muscles growing slack. With a wet thump, Toni dropped to the ground at the Lady's feet, her body shaking as the last of her muscles spasmed before going still.

Kneeling down, the Green Lady reached out with both hands, holding Toni's face and bringing it close. Frightened eyes stared into the Lady's as she brought the limp girl closer.

"Toni, I'm sorry, but no wooden weapon could ever harm me."

She watched as Toni tried to speak, a trembling of muscles but no sound.

"That was my favorite pot, Toni, one that I made myself almost a century before."

Eyes widened in fear.

"Don't worry, there is no money you could give to me, but there is something... something inside you that made you a donation in my home. I've only had two. Only two of them since I took Lady Silver's place."

Now there was confusion, but the Green Lady refused to think about that. Slowly, she picked up the limp body, like a rag doll and slid it over her shoulder. Bonelessly, Toni just rested there, naked and helpless, as the Green Lady carried her out of the house through the back door and into her garden.

It was evening, the buzz of insects rising in the air. No light shone across the darkness of the garden, but the Lady knew every flower, rock, and blade of grass inside the garden. Silently, she carried Toni into the center of her garden, to a patch of vegetables that... just felt right to her. She carefully set down the naked woman, spreading her legs and arms out among the flowers.

Kneeling down in the ground, she ran her fingers through the flaxen hair. Smiling to herself, she let her fingers trail down to the swell of Toni's breast, to the nipple that hardened in the cooler air outside.

"You are beautiful, Toni, but you can't leave this house until you are ready."

Fingertips trailed further down, caressing the taunt stomach and down into the valley of her legs. It was warm and damp down there, growing hotter for just a moment before she pulled her fingers away.

"Now, my wonderful guest, its time for you to enjoy the night."Two Seasons

Toni tried to wake up screaming. The summer morning was bright on her and she couldn't move. Her body was heavy in the

ground, the hard dirt below her digging into her delicate flesh. Above her, the morning fog was swirling above her.

She gasped, or tried to gasp, but nothing come out. Instead, she was helplessly pinned to the ground by nothing but her muscles refusing to move.

Something crunched near her, something heavy. Her heart pounded in her chest as she heard the snuffling along the ground, the smell of primal animal, then the large dog creature loomed over her. She tried to whimper, but nothing came out as the creature sniffed at her, soaking her in drool, then licked her face.

The Green Lady showed up next to the dog.

“This is the second, you know. The second woman who was ever brought here for no reason. The first was the tree, the one in the corner. Both of them just showed up, just appeared at my door.”

There were tears in the Green Lady’s face, “I’m sorry, but this is where you are going to spend.”

Toni wanted to scream out, “How long!?! Why!?!” Only silence came out. The Green Lady sighed, as a tear splashed down on Toni’s face.

“I’m sorry, but I’m sure you’ll live through this.”

And then she was gone. The dog followed after a moment, leaving the helplessly limp woman alone. Toni’s mind screamed out in frustration and agony but no one came back. Hours passed, the hot sun beating down on her skin. She could feel heat searing at her skin as the hours passed by. Somewhere else in the garden, the Green Lady was tending to it, digging up a small plot to set down a new set of flowers.

And Toni remained there, suffering.

The dog checked her out a couple of times, then ran around the garden. It felt like forever until the sun finally began to sink in the horizon, the sky turning orange, then red with the brilliant of a summer sunset.

The Green Lady knelt down next to her, just as the sun was lighting up her hair in a brilliant red aura. Toni frozen, staring up at the woman who suddenly looked like a goddess.

Toni was ready to get up, to be able to move again. But, the Green Lady had other plans. She lowered herself, soft lips brushing against hers in a kiss.

“Good night, little one.”

Good night!?! Toni was frantic but the Lady was gone, leaving her alone in the night. She felt tears burning in her eyes as the sunset turned to night and the insects began to buzz around her. Mosquitoes landed on her, piercing her skin, but she could do nothing. Tears splashed down her face, leaving burning sears before splashing on the ground.

An hour passed and she was covered in bugs, stinging and biting, tearing at her burning skin. It went on for hours and hours, tearing at her sanity as she felt every second of every minute of every hour passing with the slow, painful click of reality.

Morning came and she watched the mist rise up from the ground. She felt the sun reaching the top of the trees, then down on the ground. Sun touched her skin and she started to cry again as the second day started. The Green Lady came again, talking to her like flowers in her garden, working the entire day before kissing her good night and going back into her house.

The third day came, then the fourth. A week passed, then two, then three. She felt every inch of her burned skin in the sun, the tightness, but the time was blurring as she experienced day after night. Every morning and every night, she cried to herself, but soon she cried for the morning to come, for the night to pass, for time to be a master she felt with every inch of her body.

She felt the plant growing sometime near the end of summer. It was just a touch of grass against her inner thigh, but soon it continued to grow, parting her legs slightly. She knew it was a different plant, something unknown, as it twisted away from the sun and toward the very slit of her being, her sex. She wasn't sure when it entered her, but it was a week-long thrust of a lover entering her, more delicate and gentle than anything she could understand.

And still the days passed.

She started to call the plant her lover, her friend, as it entered her, the tiny slipping inside her, the filling her up as something on the end began to grow. It felt like a finger at first, but it swelled inside her, filling her like no lover could have ever. First the size of a small tomato, then even larger. Her limp, boneless body took the swelling. She could almost imagine feeling a heartbeat inside her,

the soft skin of her lover pressing against her inner walls, filling her like a vessel she could never be.

She cried for it. She cried for the morning and for the night, she started to feel the tears when she felt the pulse of the garden around her, vibrant and powerful, but not her own. She was just a flower in the Green Lady's garden. She was something growing, just as her lover was growing inside her.

She felt her skin cracking, sunburned and dirty, as her lover continued to grow, filling her, swelling her. Her stomach started to bulge out, but it was just a small progression in her own growth.

And then... she cried for herself.

Not as a woman, not as a slave, not as a victim. But, as the flower she was becoming.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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