

Haru Mihama watched the landscape as pines still half-covered in snow whipped by the train window. Even after years of trips to visit his wife's family, the view of the French countryside was just as breathtaking as the first time he saw it in the seventies.

They had come to hike the thawing Alps, though they not gone hiking in years. Despite that, Maya insisted this is what she wanted to do for their twentieth anniversary. That they could stay with her sister Jules certainly made the trip a bit easier to plan, so he had a hard time coming up with reasons not to come and enjoy the sights.

Maya squeezed his hand in her sleep and he looked over at his partner. She had dyed her hair in the last month. Her once reddish-brown bob was now a deep red that seemed to shimmer as she dozed. The dye job was so vibrant, the color so uniform, that it looked natural.

He figured it was just her dealing with the spreading grays, but he would be lying if he said he did not like the recent change. The color made her look years younger, and she was acting like it too, as if she was trying squeeze out one last burst of youth before she turned fifty in a couple months.

The change in attitude had started around the holidays when her sister came to visit. His wife had been ramping up her athletic activity since then, but in the last month she had gotten considerably more zealous. A routine which had been just been a brisk jog in the morning had transformed, seemingly overnight, into a couple lengthy runs in both the morning and evening along with a full complement of aerobic exercises.

Those changes paralleled others. In context, most were small. She had made additions to her diet. Her wardrobe shifted to match her more active lifestyle. She was

sleeping less, but said that she felt better than ever. They were all things like that. Things that made sense.

What made less sense was the remarkable shift in how attractive she felt. She had gotten fitter, sure, but it was more than that. She smelled simply alluring all the time and she was constantly teasing him in ways she never had.

Partway through February, right around her birthday, she proposed making an effort to have sex every night. It had been months since they even had sex regularly at all, but her enthusiasm encouraged him to match her.

Like with everything else, she had gotten more intense since she dyed her hair. In the last few weeks they had fucked an average of one and a half times per day, twice a day in the week leading up to their vacation. Last night in particular had been a pinnacle of intensity as she kept going long after he had gotten tired. They had never had sex like that in the thirty years they had been together.

Thirty Years. It was hard to believe it had been that long, it felt like only yesterday they had met on campus for coffee and tutoring. They had been through so much together and he was looking forward to more. Maya snuggled into him and he stroked her hair softly as the train rolled on until he too, drifted off with her fragrance all around him.

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“I love the Alps at the end of winter,” Maya said as she and Haru stepped off the train nearly half a day later. A wind that carried the hints of spring warmth rolled down the platform, rustling her coat and ankle-length dress.

“I know what you mean,” Haru said as he stretched his arms over his head and then put one around her shoulder. “There’s just something about the edge of spring in the mountains.”

She took a deep breath in agreement and looked up at him to smile and nod. Like most of his family, her hubby had aged well through his fifty years. He still stood tall, his dark eyes continued to burn with the same intensity she had fallen for, his laugh remained as strong and confident as ever. Sure, there were shots of grey at his temples and some wrinkles on his brow and around his mouth, but he honestly looked pretty much unchanged from thirty.

Maya could feel that something had changed about her though. Ever since eating that jelly Jules had brought her for the holidays, she felt different. More alive. Younger even. The ruby-color preserves had been a pure sweetness that was just on the edge of being addictive. She made the first jar last a month and a half by only having a little on her toast each day.

As she did, she realized that she was steadily getting more in shape. Where a short jog used to wind her, at the end of January she could cover nearly twice that distance and not even feel exhausted. More than that, being active felt good and she felt her confidence rise each day.

When Jules sent her two jars for her birthday, she started putting it on all kinds of things. It took only a couple weeks to polish off more than half the jar. The changes to her body coincidentally increased and she loved everything about it. Working out felt so good now that it verged on a sexual experience and actual sex with Haru was indescribably satisfying.

The week before they left, she had dumped the rest of the third jar into what was an utterly divine smoothie. She told herself it was so the jelly did not spoil while they were gone, but she knew it was really so she could have as much as possible at once without just eating it out of the jar.

Even now, days later, she felt the powerful arousal that had her fucking Haru twice a day at the edges of her awareness. Something about that level of appetite made her feel sexy in so many ways and she was looking forward to speaking with Jules at length about getting more as soon as possible.

Off in her own world, she moved down the platform and into the station. Haru's hand found hers and their fingers intertwined. Even though there was a fairly large crowd, to Maya, it felt like they were the only two disembarking. That blissful feeling lasted until they met her sister at the bottom of the escalators and she had to let go.

"Jules! It is good to see you!" She exchanged kisses on cheeks with her older sibling, who then did similarly with Haru.

"How was ze trip, you two?" Despite living in France all her life, Jules had almost no French accent on her English, though the 'th' sound was forever a 'z'. Maybe it was from being an international banker.

As Jules stepped back, Maya could swear her elder sister looked younger than when she had visited for Christmas. Maybe it had been jetlag then, but her complexion was brighter now and her face seemed less gaunt.

"Good, for the most part," Haru replied as they started moving again. "The layover in Istanbul was rough, but overall the trip was pretty smooth."

“At least the hotel attached to the airport was nice,” Maya added. “The bed didn’t creak at all.”

Her eyes met Haru’s as she raised her brows and smiled mischievously. He blushed a little and then looked away. They both laughed nervously as they remembered how little sleep they had gotten.

“Zat’s really not something I needed to know. Zankyouverymuch.” Jules turned on heel and stalked towards the doors of the station.

The ride through Sallanches and then out to her sister’s place was oddly intense. Maya wanted to ask her about the jelly, but also did not want to let Haru know the source of her rejuvenation. She somewhat enjoyed it being a mystery to him and he certainly seemed content with how things were going. Not that she would not tell him if he asked or that she was purposely hiding it. After all, he watched her eat two pieces of toast slathered in the stuff every morning.

At the same time, she wanted to taste Haru again. They had not fucked that morning and she was sort of aching and after the hour plus of sex last night, she needed something to take the edge off. Soon enough though, they arrived at Jules’ vacation home.

“I figure you two will want to unpack,” She said as they hung up their coats. “So go do zat, take showers, get comfortable and I’ll cook us up some dinner.”

The moment they were in the guest room, she had Haru pinned to the wall. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down to kiss her. The way their tongues tangled confirmed he was interested. She started to nibble on his neck. His hands moved down her sides, pausing only as he went over her hips and felt no

panties. She grinned up at him. He bit her lip. She moaned into the contact and pulled his hair. His fingers pressed into her tight ass. Then, without warning, he lifted her up and carried her to the bed.

She hit the mattress with a gasp. His shirt came off over his head, revealing the graying patch of chest hair she loved to pet while they cuddled. He climbed on top of her. His lips were on her neck, then her collarbone. Button by button, he undid her dress as he kissed further down her body. She could not wait for what was coming, the anticipation alone had her buzzing.

“Oh yes, love! Use that amazing tongue of yours!”

And he did. For ten blissful minutes straight. In fact, Haru’s unflagging stamina was almost suspect. Was he starting to be affected by the jelly as well after he had eaten her out so much last night? Was his tongue getting softer? Were his lips growing more plush? Why did this feel even better than last night? As she began to reflexively buck into him and her fingers gripped his hair, her mind started to go blank. Everything felt...so good. So warm.

So perfect.

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Haru’s phone woke him at six-thirty and he stumbled to the water closet attached to their room. Much of the night was a blur of fitful sleep he blamed on jet lag. He remembered dinner. Jules had made grilled cheddar cheese on fresh sourdough and a savory potato chowder. After that though, he was kind of at a loss. Maya had sat up talking with her sister, no doubt catching up, but he could not recall her coming up to bed.

He turned to check that she was actually in bed then felt a startling pain as his morning wood hit the side of the vanity and he stifled a curse. Maya forgotten for a moment he glanced down at his penis and realized he was quite a bit bigger than usual.

“Haru, honey, everything okay?”

“Yes, yes. I’m fine. Was just startled is all.”

“Okay...come back soon...”

He waited until his surprising erection went down and then climbed back into bed. They whiled away an hour with gentle caresses and conversation about the day’s itinerary.

“Jules said that the beginner trail is already cleared,” Maya said, looking up from drawing shapes in his chest hair. “So we can tackle that today and make sure hiking is how we want to spend the next week.”

“No argument there,” Haru said as he ran his hand over Maya’s hip.

“I know you think this is silly, but--”

“I don’t think it’s silly,” he said moving to caress her face. “You’ve been working like crazy to be in shape for this and so I know it’s something important to you.”

“I...appreciate that.”

They lay there in the quiet for a moment. Maya’s smell was getting to that intoxicating point. He moved to kiss her and she sat up at the same time, leaving him to press his lips into her shoulder.

“Sorry, I just realized what time it must be. I hope Jules hasn’t been waiting on us.”

Just then there was a soft knock on the door. “Hey, you two up?”

“We are, yes. We’ve not missed breakfast have we?”

“Not yet, I was coming up to ask if you two wanted to go into town. I wasn’t sure if you needed things for today.”

“We could use a couple of things. Give us a moment?”

“No problem, just come down when you’re ready.”

They managed to get dressed without having sex. That this was an accomplishment made Haru laugh to himself. It was like they were on a second honeymoon from how easily they fell into each other’s arms anymore.

The market was more a like an arcade than once larger grocer. Stalls lined both sides of the winding hall and their goods ranged widely, from still living chickens to furniture.

“Hey, Jules, where’s a good place to get fruit?” Maya asked after they had been walking around for a bit.

“Oh, umm, Saurer’s has a great selection. I’ve been told he should have ze berries zat jelly I sent you is made from, too. Since zey’re local to around here.”

“Jelly?”

“Yeah, Jules gave me some for the holidays and it was really good, but I couldn’t find it anywhere in Akita,” Maya said before turning to Jules. “Which way is Saurer’s?”

“Over zat way, you can’t miss ze sign.”

Maya was gone before Haru could question further and Jules did not really have answers.

“All I know is zat a friend at work made ze batch and that my sister enjoys it. She asked for more for her birzday, but I figured she would have still had some left over.”

“I think she used it all. She was putting on every slice of bread and she goes through nearly two loaves a week at this point.”

Jules bit her lip as her brow furrowed. It was an expression of doubt, there for a moment and gone just as quick. By time she looked back at Haru, there was no sign she was concerned. “Well, she’ll be a bit, I’m sure. What roast would you like?”

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Maya moved through the crowd like she was stalking prey. Sliding around groups of people with a grace that surprised even herself. She was on a mission and nothing would stop her from finding the source of her miraculous rejuvenation. It was only after she had left that she realized she had no idea what the berries were even called, much less what they would look like. Turns out, the berries would find her.

As she moved down the hallway one over from where she left Jules and Haru, she heard calling. Figuring it was a particularly enthusiastic merchant, she paid it no mind until someone yelled about red hair.

She turned and found herself looking at a tall, thin man standing under a black wooden sign with the word Saurer’s scribbled on it with white paint. Next to the words was a seven-pointed star. His eyes were an erie golden-green. His well-groomed beard and tight high top were both streaked with grey. The booth itself was sparsely packed with fresh fruits and vegetables, though there were baskets that showed much more inventory could be stocked.

“Madam! Miss!” He yelled, his voice carrying through the crowd. “Viens par ici, regardez mes marchandises. Je pense que vous trouverez quelque chose à votre goût.”

“Pardon?” She said, walking over. “I didn’t quite catch that.”

“Ah, une Americane,” he said with a hint of derision.

“En fait, je suis un locuteur natif. I said I missed what you said, not that I didn’t understand you.”

“Mes apologies, mademoiselle. I was saying zat I might have somezing which interests you.”

“What gives you that idea?”

“Your hair. I bet et turned zat couleur ven you started ‘aving deux servings, non?”

Maya narrowed her eyes and reached for her phone. “How would you know that?”

“I ‘ave seen et, avan’ wiz mes copine. Most of zem became red-’eads after une mois of eating zis jelly,” he said, holding up a jar like the ones Jules had sent her.

“Give it to me.”

“Ow much is it worth à toi?”

“How much do you think I have?”

“Assez. Enough to get as much as you wan’. ‘Owever, I zink I can offer somezing mieux.”

Maya looked at him quizzically and he rolled his eyes before handing her a clear plastic box of fruit that looked like blackberries, but were far bigger. Almost the size of a fig. Something about them seemed alien and yet the scent was undeniably similar to her favorite condiment.

“Combien pour deux? How much for two?”

“I will give zem à toi, so long as you alzo achetez une case of zee jelly and give zome of et to vos amis.”

Had her sister had this same conversation months ago? Was that how she ended up pretty much addicted to the effect this strange fruit was having on her? Was Jules feeling the same changes? She wanted to be angry, but also had to admit she was enjoying the new her immensely.

“Can you ship to Japan?” She said finally. At worst, she could give a few away as part of a raffle or something.

“Oui.”

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It was getting close to noon by time Haru and Maya started their hike. It was much warmer than either of them had expected and they were each just wearing light jackets over long sleeved shirts. She had packed them a lunch to have at some point along the way. Jules had stayed at the house to roast a chicken and some vegetables.

“You two have fun,” she had said as she prepared the chicken. “Zis is vacation enough for me.”

Maya seemed more excited than ever to be out doing things. Her pace was a bit more than a comfortable walk for Haru, but he strove to keep up with her. The effort to keep up made talking hard, but she seemed content to carry the conversation as she spoke at length about what else she wanted to do for the next two weeks.

Haru was actually kind of happy that he did not have to contribute much, it gave him time to organize his thoughts about what had been happening. It all came back to when Jules had visited for the holidays. That was when Maya’s personality and energy level began to change. It was hard to believe that a spoonful of some fruit and sugar

was enough to effect what were actually pretty significant changes when not looking at them progressively.

He was fairly certain whatever Maya had gone to look for at the market was more of the same and he had conflicting feelings about that. From how his peers spoke, most men would kill to be dating a woman ten or more years their junior. So perhaps Maya's increasing vitality and libido were a chance to taste that forbidden fruit without infidelity. He certainly enjoyed the alterations to her personality.

On the same token, he was unsure if he could keep up her appetite increased much further. She had not wanted to go this morning, but that did not mean that a scenario like last night was not in the cards where she held him down against her until her strength gave out.

Although, now that he thought about it, he had not been exhausted in the least after all the sex this week. He wondered if that and his surprise growth were linked to the jelly. He tried to remember if he had ever eaten any of it, but could not recall any specific instance--especially within the last week.

After they had been walking for an hour, which put them around the halfway point, she said they should start looking for a clearing to sit and have lunch. Moments later, there was a sign which said there was a scenic overlook a mile up the trail. So they continued until then.

The picnic area was mostly empty when they sat down at a table a half hour later. She produced a loaf of bread from her pack along with a jar of the now infamous preserves.

"That's the jelly, isn't it?"

“Yup.”

Haru was unsure what to say and there was a moment of silence which was broken by the sound of metal scraping on glass as Maya twisted off the lid. Even outside and across the table from him the smell enveloped him. It smelled like Maya did, only more intensely. Her eyes seemed to come alight as the fragrance hit her, he could swear her hair got half a shade brighter.

“I want you to taste this, Haru,” she said as she pulled out a knife and began to slice the bread.

“It’s been changing you, hasn’t it?”

She spooned out some jelly and spread it thinly over a small slice. “It tastes so good.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“The flavors are so rich.” The slice was at her lips. The crunch of the crust was louder than Haru expected. Maya actually moaned as she chewed the bite, her face turning pink as she started to blush.

“Did you think you had to change for me?”

“It felt so good,” she said after a long, surprisingly sensual gulp. “I didn’t realize what was happening until recently, by then I was already in too far. It really is habit forming, or perhaps reinforcing in my case.”

Maya took another bite, then a third before all pretense was gone and she was cramming the slice into her face. Jelly was getting on her lips and cheeks, but she made sure not to miss a morsel as her fingers lovingly caressed her face.

“Do you want a slice or not?” She began to spoon much more than the first helping onto another piece before holding it out to him.

Haru reached for bread and then hesitated. Why was he doing this? Did he really think this jelly was going to magically make him younger? Even if he did, what did he have to lose? It was not like it had made Maya into some sex-crazed lunatic and if it made him feel a little better where was the harm?

The first taste of the jelly reminded him vaguely of raspberries. As he chewed, a warmth spread through him. The second bite tasted better than the first. Some of the sweet gelatin hit the back of his hand and he lifted it to his lips without a second thought.

Looking across the table, Maya was enjoying her own jelly heavy slice. Bright red drops were falling onto her t-shirt as she ate with a satisfied smile on her face. As Haru finished eating his slice, he leaned over the table and sucked one of the globs off her. She moaned even louder at that and actually stopped her assault on the loaf and jar to enjoy the feeling of Haru licking the jelly off of her.

She shed her jacket the moment she had finished her second slice and then lifted the hem of her shirt to pull it over her head. She was wearing a sports bra and it seemed like she was being squashed by it a little more than normal. Maya had never been particularly well endowed, but now lightly freckled boob was peeking out from either side of the shoulder straps as well as under the band.

In a panic, Haru got up and looked around, but the rest area was well and truly empty and where they were sitting was out of view from the trail. If anyone did come in their direction, there would be a moment's warning.

“What’s wrong, Haru-love? Didn’t you always say you wanted to do this?”

“I...that is...” He took a seat on the bench next to her. Straddling the planks of wood, he scooted closer until he was squeezing her between his knees.

Maya dolloped even more jelly on her third slice, not even bothering to spread it around as it jiggled on the bread. The red goo got everywhere as she took a bite and Haru felt compelled almost to stoop and lick it off her cleavage. The combined taste and smell made his body tingle from the overwhelming sensations.

She kept eating, dropping glob after delicious glob on herself and Haru was unable to stop from sucking it up. In the back on his mind, this was potentially disastrous. With how things had been, it would not take much for this to turn into a full blown, hour long session. Even as he continued to lick her sticky skin, he reached for the jar. It took everything he had to pick up the glass vessel and put the lid back on.

“Aww,” Maya pouted like a teenager as she sat back. “I was just getting warmed up.”

Feeling mischievous and bolder than ever, he licked a glob off the corner of her mouth before pulling her into a kiss. Their tongues rolled around each other and Haru relished the trace of flavor. As his fingers rubbed her back, he could swear her felt her hair tickling his knuckles, but that would mean it grew nearly three inches in the last twenty four hours.

He tangled his hands into her locks to confirm they were real and then had the idea to take advantage of her new growth. Pulling softly, her broke their kiss. Maya arched back as she leaned into the dominant move, which only made him pull harder.

She gasped and then moaned, putting her hand on his knee for balance. “Oh? Are you feeling dominant now? Just a little jelly and you think you can keep up with me?”

Haru grinned and bent down. His teeth brushed her neck, eliciting another moan.

“Yes, that’s it. Mark me, tell the world I’m yours forever.”

When had she started enjoying dirty talk? Regardless of the answer, it pulled at something within and he shifting his grip on her hair to his left hand. His right gripped her throat, his fingers pressing gently against her vein. “All in good time, light of my love.” He moved closer to whisper right against her ear. “Why don’t we go back and pick this up in the bathroom?”

“The bathroom? Not the bed?”

“We need to clean up after this, might as well make use of that huge tub.”

He looked down at the already half empty jar. How had they eaten so much of it? What was that going to do to them? He could feel the unfamiliar arousal tugging at him, trying to persuade him that fucking his wife silly in the park while choking her was a perfectly acceptable thing to do. He was acutely aware of how far down his thigh his hard cock seemed to stretch. “Do you have more of this back the house? I want to...use it for dessert.”

He could feel her actually shudder in response. “Oh, I have something better.”

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Maya could hardly contain herself as they walked back, she had never been so on fire as she was at that very moment. The jelly tasted even better fresh and there were those cartons of berries back at Jules’ place which she imagined would be like ambrosia.

And Haru! He had been all over her back there. Remembering the feeling of him turning the tables and dominating the moment for once made her clench in ways that made her bite her lip to keep from moaning. She had not missed the tent in his jeans when he stood up either. That was probably what he had shouted about this morning.

Which meant that, yes, she was to some extent exuding whatever about the jelly made her feel so WONderful. She wondered if it was a permanent thing or just a side effect from how much she had consumed recently.

The walk back was more of a jog as Haru kept up with her pace. She noticed more jiggle with each heavy step, and could not wait to get home to see what the seemingly magical fruit had done to her now. Their speed, combined with it being downhill, got them back to her sister's in half the time.

They were both panting as they sat to pull off their hiking boots, but Maya did not feel at all exhausted by what should have been a taxing day. Haru pinched her ass and she returned the favor by nibbling his neck. Was this them now? Adults in their late forties acting like a freshman couple?

Without warning, Haru swept her off her feet. She started laughing as she threw her arms around his neck and showered his face in kisses.

"I didn't expect you two...back...so soon." Jules had come around the corner with a ladle in one hand and a pepper shaker in the other. "Wow. Zat's impressive, Haru."

"I'm just as surprised as you are."

"Ah, right. Well, I realized I forgot somezing back in town. So, I'll be going zen," she said it with a wink and Maya chuckled. Her kid sister was always amazing, as was her

husband as he carried her upstairs. He set her down in the bathroom and started the water.

While she waited for the tub to fill, she stepped over the the mini-fridge and pulled out the cartons. Opening one, she popped one of the berries into her mouth. Almost at once she felt warm. The burst of flavor was so intense she could not even put words to it. Then she bit into a seed and the sweetness made her knees shake and her breath catch.

She pulled her shirt off with numb fingers and was taken aback by how much her bust had enlarged. Cupping them through the sports bra, they were twice as big as the small handfuls they had been. The elastic band barely budged as she pulled on the shoulder straps to slide them off and it took a lot of effort to get over her bust. Eventually though she got it off and her new tits dropped to her chest in a way that felt kind of good.

Her pants were tighter than she remembered, but not nearly to the extreme her boobs had been. As she pulled her panties down, she realized something was off. She could actually see her clit rising above her mons, like it was considerably swollen. Touching it made her gasp in pleasure.

From just that brief contact, something within began to change. The heat radiating through her body focused on between her legs. She could feel her labia begin to swell as her clit's length continued to increase. It was the size of her thumb now as it twitched in time with her pulse and her labia were so swollen it looked like she had balls, even though the growths were considerably more plush.

Haru's arms appeared around her waist and his teeth scraped the nape of her neck. She could feel his erection through his pants as it throbbed against her naked butt. Goddammit she wanted that cock inside her.

"So what was this thing that was better than more of the jelly?" He asked as his lips brushed her ear.

"See that basket?"

"Yeah, with the blackberries?"

"They're what make the jam and they feel even better."

Haru reached, pressing his naked chest to her back in the process. She realized her was breathing heavily as he lifted the berry. Though she knew he probably wanted a taste, her body moved on its own to arch against him so that he could drop it in her open mouth. Instead, he looked right at her as he took a big, juicy bite.

She could feel him warming against her. There was a subtle growing softness to his chest. His soft tummy throbbed as his abdominals began to contact. So he was changing, too! That was so exciting she let a particularly deep moan escape her throat.

"Oh? Did you want some?"

"Yes, please."

"Say ah!"

She opened her mouth and he dropped the other half into it. She felt her body heat up once more. This time however, it was more general and she did not notice any changes beyond the fact that she could almost feel the air moving around her.

"The bath's almost drawn. Why don't you bring those and we'll feast in the tub?"

“Not just yet,” she said as she turned around. She did not have to look up nearly as much to meet his eyes. “I wanted to apologize.”

“For what? Not telling me that you felt years younger because of something you were eating?”

“When you say it like that...”

“It’s all water under the bridge, love. I know now and, frankly, it was a great surprise. Now,” he bent and put his shoulder to her stomach. She knew what was coming and jumped into it as he lifted her over his shoulder like a duffel bag. The feeling of his shoulder muscles shifting against her as he adjusted his grip was almost as good as kisses. When had he gotten so strong?

Haru turned and she scooped up the berries. He carried her to the tub and set her in the warm, surging water. The sensation of the jet crashing into her body was almost more than she could bear.

As if hearing her thoughts, Haru turned them down so they were merely soft currents under the water. She rolled over the tub, relishing the feeling of her larger, more sensitive boobs rubbing against the smooth side. Crossing her arms on the lip, she watched him take off his pants.

His butt was surprisingly round as he slid his waistband down, the flesh mushrooming over the edge the same way her boobs had. Just how much had the mystical fruit affected him? When he turned, she gasped. He had to be more than seven inches long. She licked her lips in anticipation. However, instead of joining her in the tub, he stood over her with first basket of berries.

“I know you want these,” he said pointedly eating one while looking at her. She could swear his erection got bigger. His core a bit tighter and wider. “But I haven’t heard you say just how much.”

He ate another and saw his chest throb. His pectorals rising over the rest of his torso like a small cliff. He made a face after he finished chewing, his head tilting to one side like he was unsure about something.

“Haru-love, I would do anything for my share of those berries and I love you dearly, but if you keep them from me...I will hurt you.”

Her husband looked at the berries and then her. He knelt next to the tub, bringing the scent their juice closer. He picked up one of the berries and offered it to her. She went to reach for it when he pushed it between her lips. Then a second and a third. Her mouth was stuffed with fruit and two of his fingers. The sweet taste was incredible. Her eyes rolled back and her hips began to thrust against the jet blowing between her legs.

As juice ran down her chin and throat into the tub, she could feel her clit continuing to change. Its shape was becoming more and more like a penis with every second. It flopped with each increasingly more forceful thrust.

To his credit, Haru waited until she had emptied her mouth before pulling his fingers out. When he did, she realized his skin had a green cast to it, like the stem of a plant. In a weird way it explained her evolving hermaphroditism. After all, many plants had both sex organs. Granted, yes, the idea that she was turning into some plant person was absurd, but after everything else that had happened...

With her libido overpowering her want for more fruit, she hauled her upper body out of the water and attacked Haru's erect cock with her mouth. His skin was very warm and quite sweet. Almost like the fruit.

She ran two fingers down his length as she slowly swallowed more of him. He put the carton down and wrapped his hands into her hair like he had at the picnic table. He pulled gently, but firmly. Convincing her to go further. She went to cup his balls and realized that there was something else going on between his legs. Rising from his taint was a soft, squishy mound, almost like the beginnings of a vulva.

Tapping his hands to get him to release her, she pulled off his length with a satisfied sigh. "Haru-love. You should eat another berry."

"I don't know. I'm feeling really weird after those few I had already."

Her brow came down and she actually felt a growl in her throat. "Eat. Another. Berry."

"Make me."

She was out of the tub in a flash, surprising even herself. Pinning him to the tile took almost no effort. Had she gotten that much stronger? His wrists felt smaller in her grasp. Was she growing?

"Maya, what the hell is going on? Why do you have a cock?"

She looked down and realized the extent of her transformation. Rising against her pelvis was an average sized member with a bright pink head. She could feel Haru's much bigger, thicker shaft throbbing between her butt cheeks. Oh how she just wanted to slide back and impale herself on it, but there was something she wanted to do first. She had to know Haru was on board with this before they both ended up futanari.

“For the same reason you’re about to have a pussy, Haru-Love.”

With a little effort she wedged his arms under her knees and she twisted around to get the carton. Only a few pieces of fruit remained, but fortunately there was another whole helping on the counter.

“I don’t understand, why are we changing like this? What on Earth has the ability to do this? Are we hallucinating?”

“If we are, don’t you want to see how far the rabbit hole goes?” She shook the box, setting off a jiggle on her chest that Haru’s gaze was drawn to at once. His tip actually tapped the small of her back as he twitched, setting off a cascade of moans and a clenching that nearly crushed the plastic box.

Haru looked up at her with an expression that was a strange mix of concern and roguish mirth. Somehow she could tell he knew that her libido was on overdrive, but was still worried about what was going to happen. He wanted to fuck nearly as bad as she did though and that along with the berries’ effect was winning him over to her side.

“Well? Do you want one or shall I eat the rest and go on a trip by myself?”

“Okay fine, I’ll take one,” he said before sticking his tongue out. She dumped the remaining few into her mouth. He actually pouted about that and she could not help but lean down and kiss him as she chewed. The juice ran between them, rolling down his cheeks even as their kiss became more passionate. She freed his hands. They dug into her ass and lifted her up. The feeling of his tip pushing against her center was so desireable that she was quivering against him.

Slowly, inch by inch she worked him into her as their kissing became affectionate biting. She felt a surge run through Haru against her skin and before she knew it, he was on top of her.

Her cute little cock flopped against her pelvis as he began to fuck her. The feeling of him sliding in and out was stimulating the growths in her labia. With each thrust her pussy was more plush as her strange hybrid sex began to awaken.

With her arms around his shoulders, she took stock of how much he was changing. His hair had grown considerably in the last few minutes and it fell around them in a curtain of brilliant red. His chest had continued to swell and she realized it was not that he was growing huge pectorals, but developing breasts. A patch of red hair was nestled at the top of his deepening cleavage. It was a smaller area, but no less thick as she dragged her hands down his neck to grab hold.

The feeling of tits bouncing against her wrists seemed to excite both of them because he picked up his pace. She felt herself sliding over the tile. She put her hands out to keep from being rammed against the tub and ended up bending upwards. In that position, he was hitting the back of her with each insistent thrust. Her moans became pleading screams pleasure racked her body.

He was grunting and groaning now, his breathing ragged even as he continued to speed up. The sound of their wet flesh smacking together echoed loudly in the bathroom, creating a melody with his and her passionate noises.

Finally, he thrust into her so hard she felt something within slip around him. "My-my- cervix! You're penetrating my cervix! Ow!"

He stopped moving, but she could feel him throbbing deep inside. Unbidden, her vagina pulled on him, burying his thick length deeper. The stretching sensation became less and less painful the longer they remained pressed together. He drew back a little and then groaned as a particularly powerful throb traveled up his shaft.

“Maya...I...so close...”

Haru began to move again, but now the feeling of him slipping in and out of her depths was more of a dull ache than a sharp pain. Which is when she started to feel the tingle and a familiar warmth. Was his body secreting the fruit’s effects like her’s had? Was this her own altered juices making her change inside? Whatever the cause, his deep penetrations were suddenly, intensely pleasurable and getting more so with each thrust.

She could feel drool rolling down her face as she moaned continuously. For the first time she was starting to hate how good the fruit made her feel and yet she was enjoying herself like never before. Struggling against the slick surface, she wedged her arms up to the lip of the tub. Now she was sitting on his lap effectively, her heels hugged his hips tight as she wrapped her legs around him. His thrusting grew even more powerful as he let gravity pull her suddenly down each time.

Between them, her transformed clit was actually starting to get hard as their bodies rubbed against it. The twitching within grew more pronounced. Was she about to cum? Haru had to be close. They had been going for nearly fifteen minutes now, yet it seemed like the opposite was happening.

Every few moments, he would gasp and she prepared herself for an impressive orgasm. Only it seemed like he just swelled larger instead. Each time he stopped like

that, everything about him got a little bigger, a little more powerful. Maybe he needed more stimulation to make over the hump?

She cupped his handful of tit and sucked on his nipple. As if that were the key, his bucking became erratic but more powerful. They were moaning in unison now, both repeating the same half words as their over sexed bodies clamored for release.

He grabbed the tub and lifted her up onto the lip. Lifting one leg over his shoulder he plowed even deeper into her. This also put her within arms reach of the other box. Her lust addled mind reached for them and began to stuff them into her mouth. At once her sensitivity shot through the roof and she collapsed back into the tub, sliding off Haru in the process. She got her hands and knees under herself just as she felt Haru join her.

Leaning on the far lip, she offered her plump ass and he took no time in getting back to pounding her. Only now her cock was thumping into the side of a seat and her bigger again tits were sliding the side of the tub.

The carton was placed on her back. She could feel Haru grabbing fruit out of it with the same ferocity she had. With each smack of his lips, he spread her a little more. With each gulp there was more of him smacking into her ass. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew this was insanity, but the reality of them both growing was so...hot.

Haru finally let out a bellow that was following by the feeling of something shooting deep inside her. She felt her own shaft twitch and release. The water started to turn purple. She felt him pull out and tumble backwards. He remained seated and she did not blame him.

Relaxing down in the churning soup of their juices, she left her chin resting on the tub. She reached down to feel her new appendage and it was surprisingly stiff. She also

could only feel it with her fingers, it did not seem to have a sensation of being touched. Moving down to the base, she felt something snap. Suddenly her new shaft was breaking up in her gasp like it was powder. She stood up in a panic, brushing her exceedingly long hair back only to find her vulva exactly as she remembered it, if not a little more plush as it squished between her thighs.

Had her plant-based growth run its course? No, as she looked herself over it was obvious that she was still becoming even more plant from the leafy, scale-like growths that were starting to emerge on her hands and arms. There was a stinging on either side of her neck. Then a slithering feeling as multiple somethings began to grow from the base of her skull.

She reached back to grab one and it felt almost like a vine. Pulling it around she realized that was exactly what they were. Something about the powder had taken root elsewhere on her body.

“Fuckfuckfuck...”

Each tendril conveyed its own senses. Though she tried her best to shut them out, it was hard to ignore the feeling of warm water enveloping each of them. She started to gasp, like she was drowning and realized it was the vines. Unsure what else to do, she thought about them coiling up around her and they twitched. Coughing as the feeling of water in her throat became more evident, she tried again to lift them out of the water. This time, they rose to wrap around her chest, shoulders, and arms. There were nine of them and she had no idea what she was going to do now.

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Haru woke to Maya shaking him. They were still in the tub. His hands had not turned to prunes yet, so they could not have been in long. He blinked to adjust to the light in the room and then rubbed his eyes when he could not make out what was standing over him in the tub.

A woman who looked like a much bustier, much greener Maya was standing in the hip deep water. Her red hair was draped like a cape over her body. A cape long enough that several inches were floating on the water around her hips. Her cock was gone, which oddly made Haru sad, but it seemed like she had traded one oddity for several others.

It was not her hand on his shoulder, but a vine that looked a little like a snake.

“What the hell?”

“Haru, honey, something happened. I...I’m some kind of freak now.”

Despite his panic, he held out his arms and Maya sat down next to him. The tendrils shifted as they coiled around her, but it sort of looked like she was wearing some kind of costume. Was this really all just a dream or had the fruit’s effects been real?

“Just how much of the fruit did you eat?”

“I can’t remember. I...I kind of lost myself there for a moment. I just wanted to cum, to feel that release.”

“Okay, well, the effects can’t be permanent, otherwise you probably would have turned into this a long time ago from how much you must have eaten.”

“You’re right. I just have to spend my anniversary indoors as some planty medusa woman. Things’ll have gone back to normal by time we fly out.”

“The sarcasm isn’t helping.”

“I know, I just...”

He cupped her chin and turned her face to his. There was a haunting, otherworldly beauty about Maya now. Her brown eyes were now gold coins floating in a shifting sea of deep green, but it was staring at two perfect gemstones. Her lips parted and Haru kissed her. She still tasted like he remembered, though how much of that memory was the plant’s effects?

As their kiss stretched on, Haru felt his mind kind of going fuzzy. The fact that his wife had become some weird plant-woman was less and less of an issue in his awareness. His hand strayed to a tendril and stroked it like he would her hair. She made a noise that was almost a purr and pressed into him harder.

His penis twitched in the water and began to rise again. As his balls dragged against his crotch, he felt a tickling sensation. His free hand moved down and he found his fingers brushing a very tight slit. Even that discovery, which rationally should have caused panic was only a minor curiosity that made him make a confused noise.

“What’s wrong?”

“I seem to have grown a vagina down here.”

“Really?” Maya’s hand splashed under the water and her fingertips were touching him a moment later, probing his new entrance. He watched one of the tendrils move down her submerged arm. Something rounded pushed against him and Maya let out a moan not unlike the one that issued from his lips when he slid in for the first time.

“That feels so good...I kind of want more.”

Each of her vines uncoiled, their lengths moving towards him.

“It’s okay,” she said, as if trying to assure him that being restrained by your wife’s new plant tendrils was not a thing to freak out over. “I’ll give you more.”

They bound his wrists, his ankles, and his waist. As she lifted him out of the water, he felt the first stirrings of surprise in the last five minutes. How was she able to pick him up with just the tendrils? Were they not coming out of the back of her head? The one that had been pushing against his virgin center rose between her legs, looking far more phallic than it had a moment ago with a wide, flat head.

“Are you...are you going to be okay with this?”

“I mean, isn’t this just really freaky sex? How do I know I’m not still hallucinating and your sister is helping you put me in some harness?”

She moved closer and hesitated on the edge. “Because this is real, Haru. It’s real and I don’t know what’s going to happen. Even so, I’m excited. I’ve never felt so alive.”

Something cracked in his mind, something rational. Like the smell and taste had wormed into the cracks in his mind and pried it open. All of a sudden he was incredibly horny. There was nothing he wanted more than to feel his wife’s dick inside him.

“Maya...I...”

She started to pull away “I should’ve known-”

“No! I love you. Even now, I love you. I want you inside me. Make me yours...”

“Haru...”

“Please!”

“Okay, but I’ll go slow. I have no idea what this is going to feel like for me either.”

Maya pushing into him was the strangest thing Haru ever experienced. He had never even fathomed what this would feel like. She was already gasping just from having slid in two inches and there was much more to go.

The deeper she pushed, the more Haru realized how big around she was. It was the tentacle was thickening as it adjusted to being her dick. She had to be bigger across than he was now and who knew if she would stop growing?

“Ah! Yes! That’s it, stretch me out!” He was almost ashamed of how vocal he was being, but it felt so good to voice his pleasure. Each time he did, Maya’s eyes seemed to light up. One of her tendrils coiled around his balls and then up around his dick. It’s grip shifted up and down his length, like she was rolling her fingers.

“You know what? I almost hope this is permanent. I feel so good getting done by you.”

“Haru...uh...fuuck...” The force of her slow penetration increased, she was sinking into him faster now. She also seemed to be getting taller and more well built as muscle and curve alike ballooned. Her body was growing somehow.

A jet started to gurgle and he glanced over at the water line. Judging from the foam, nearly half the tube’s contents had mysteriously vanished. Though he had a hunch there all the fluid had gone.

There was a soft pop inside that made him see white. Apparently he had a uterus in there somewhere. He could see the shadow of her girth as his tummy began to rise around her. She was already so deep and that was only half her length!

“I don’t think I’m getting any deeper,” her voice was deeper, a little booming. “Are you ready?”

“I..I think so.”

Once she started moving, Maya’s pace quickly ratcheted up. He groaned loudly as the feeling of his insides being stirred gripped him. All the way in and out, her thrusts grew faster each time. His voice was getting higher. He could feel something running down between his cheeks, probably a mix of his juices and her pre. Whatever it was, it tingled both inside and out. The more she rubbed it into him, the better her thrusts felt.

“Oh, yes, Maya! Fuck me, destroy me. I want to be only for you.” Soon enough he was a gibbering mess. Half begging, half moaning as pleasure overran his mind. There was nothing besides the feelings of Maya thrusting into him and caressing his cock.

He did not realize her tentacles were lengthening, their coils growing to cover more and more of him. He did not realize the tub was drained or that he was three feet in the air. He could barely hear her own disheveled cries of pleasure.

When Maya began to come, his insides flooded and started to swell. His uterus expanded quickly, stretching his stomach out as veritable gallons of spunk were pumped into him by his wife. When she finally dropped to her knees, he looked like he was late term with twins, perhaps more. When Maya kissed him, everything felt perfect.

Then it was dark.

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When they awoke again. Maya and Haru felt a jarring sensation. As one of them moved, the other did as well. As he raised his hands to look at them, two pair rose to his face. Scrambling to get out of the tub, they somehow occupied the same space. They had to stoop to look at themselves in the mirror as the vanity only came up to their stomach. A strongly-jawed face with four golden yellow eyes and thick, deep green lips

looked back at them. Their skin was covered in a mottled pattern of light and dark greens.

“Are we one person now?” The voice that issued from their lips was two registers at once. A deep rumble and a light chime together, as if two people were speaking. “This is...certainly odd.”

As they tried to stand up, they felt their tendrils helping them to their feet.

“This is not right...we need to...to...”

“To what?”

The man from the market stepped out of a doorway made of flower petals that appeared from nowhere. Only now he had three pairs of thin gossamer wings. “Come now, as the avatar of Lady Brigid’s will I need you to get out there and usher in spring.”

“Are we-”

The faerie snapped his fingers and their lips stuck together. “Tut tut tut. Spring. Now. Questions. Later. Rest assured, your services will be repaid. Now come...”

He turned and another doorway of petals opened. This one big enough for them to fit through. Unsteady, they managed to cross the threshold and found themselves in the middle of a clearing. A spring bubbled to their left. There was only one peak above them to the right. A circle was cast on the ground, the dirt scorched into shimmering glass.

Outside of the circle, the faerie walked around them clockwise. He stopped every so often to mumble to a candle that then flickered to life.

“Okay! Come air, from the north. Bring with you the winds of inspiration to guide us.” The candle at the far end of the clearing roared up as a stiff breeze filtered through the trees.

“Come earth, from the east. Bring with you the wisdom of a life long lived.” The candle under the peak flared and the ground rose under it without breaking the circle somehow.

“Come fire, from the south. Bring with you the volition from the world’s center.” The next candle in the circle erupted and lava spattered the ground it. The hiss of the super hot stone made the still frozen ground hiss and pop.

“Finally, come water, from the west. Bring with you the first taste of life.” Fog drifted towards them from among the trees.

“So mote it be. By my will, the four elements join in the circle to form a universe of life and power. Mother, Gaea, lend us some of your power so that we may welcome my Lady.”

The circle began to glow. From each candle a curved line traced over the snow-covered ground. The quadruple spiral drew tight around them. As the lines of power touched them. A feeling of great purpose washed over them, taking with it the fear and doubt of what was happening.

The image of a woman with burning red hair appeared before them. A feeling of reverence rose from their heart and they bowed.

“Who art thou, mortal?”

“We’re Maya and Haru.”

“Mahayu? Well met and so mote it be.”

“No, wait-” Maya and Haru felt their awarenesses begin to merge. It took only a moment and then there was less us and more I. From the sea of their shared minds, a new awareness rose.

Mahayu blinked and then realized she was naked before her goddess. Her lush, hermaphrodite body on display even through the ankle length drape of her hair.

“Apologies, my lady. This evening was rather rushed.”

“You are a creature of the wild, Mahayu. I do not expect you to conform to civilization. Your greeting is all I desire.”

“If that is so, well met, my lady. Welcome home.”

“It is good to be home and yet, I must take my leave. There are many who wish to welcome me home. Farewell, Mahayu. May you be blessed as you welcome spring.”

“Farewell, my Lady.”

Like she had come, Brigid vanished, leaving Mahayu with the mysterious faerie.

“So what have you summoned me for, Puck?”

“I just need you to find release into the brook over there. Bring about spring, Mahayu.” He tossed a jar and she caught it. It was more nectar from the Spring Plant. She was almost too excited to open it. Finally getting the metal lid off, she swallowed down the mass of magical aphrodisiac.

Almost at once her vast shaft rose. She dropped to her knees next to the stream and began to stroke. Though she had done this before, the sensation felt new and intense. The first orgasm was only a small squirt a few minutes from when she started, but it was enough to get her body going. Just the smell of her seed was enough to activate the arousing nature of the fruit.

Her hands went to her hardening nipples as her tendrils began to attend to her shaft. The flow of her pre, mixed with her pulsing grasp was almost better than any mortal she could hope to bed. As she worked her nips, she could feel her breasts

bloating from the blessing of her Lady. Drops began to roll over her fingers, making her tweaking even better as she slick skin rolled between her fingers.

The vines not occupied with her cock moved to other places they could be useful. They coiled around her bosom, cradling her expanding endowments as they spread further down her body. The other two pushed inside her in an alternating rhythm. For how long she remained like that, gently bucking into her writing grasp as she pleased every inch of herself possible, she could not say. It felt like the night had wound on in that time. One particular thrust pushed her over the second time as she slipped out the far end of her chamber and the feeling of her head being squeezed was like a thunderbolt.

This release was far more explosive, her cock jumping upwards from the force. Her seed rained down on herself and the spring for half a minute, maybe more, but it was still hardly enough to wake the valley.

Starting to feel faint, she laid back and and cradled her shaft with her milky breasts. She bound them together with her vines and began to thrust even as she kept squeezing her base. The flow of her fluids was ever greater this time and she cloud not resist licking some of it as her motions brought her expanding cock ever closer to her lips. Eventually, she was bucking into her own mouth, her hands jiggling her boobs around her length as her tendrils teased and caressed.

She pushed one inside of herself, then two. They coiled around each other in her center. Her body was really heating up now as the jelly began to take effect. There was already so much of it in her system, that elevating her sensations took more time than it used to.

Suddenly four spasming tendrils were jerking her length as the other five fought for space in side both of her entrances. It was not long before she came again. She let go of herself as the first blast filled her mouth. This time she kept throbbing as more and more of her seed erupted from her body. Even through her release, she wanted more. Her masturbation grew furious until she bucked up as her body clenched, unclenched, and then clenched again. She got a blast in the face, but her tendrils soon had her pointing up again.

As she leaked juices from her center, the flow of milk from her breasts accelerated. All around she could see green starting to return. She struggled to remain conscious. She finally stopped cumming just as the sun rose almost ten minutes later. She could hear Puck undoing the circle as his footsteps moved around her.

“Good job, you two. Now, for that payment I mentioned...”

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At his doctor’s for his yearly physical, Haru worried what they would find. It had been six months since their wedding anniversary and the craziness that happened while they were in France. Puck returned them to Jules’ mostly back to normal. Maya’s hair was still red and showed no signs of graying. She had gotten a little bustier, not so much she had to buy new outfits, but enough that it was noticeable when she jogged on the treadmill at home. For his part, his hair was also remained red and he was probably as big as he had been that first morning. Like Maya, working out became a regular thing. They were both still incredibly horny for each other.

“Well, Mihama-san, it looks like everything’s great. In fact, I could swear you were ten years younger from how your blood work looks.”

“I had a really good vacation this year and life’s been good to me.”

“Well, keep doing what you’re doing then.”

“Oh, that’ll be no trouble for me.”

After all, they were no longer mortal. This was how they would be so long as they wanted to be. Puck had been so confused that they did not want to be younger.

“I thought humans sought youth like a drug,” he had said.

“Most do,” Maya had replied. “But there’s something to be said for maturity as well. It’s not like the springtime of youth has to end at a certain number.”