

BONUS SCENE: Crowned in Bloom

Sera didn't walk into the heart of the forest.

She was carried.

The Thorn King held her against his chest—bare, milk-damp, glowing with residual heat—while vines curled beneath his feet, parting the moss as he descended into the Grove's forbidden root-chamber.

It wasn't a cave.

It was a **womb**.

A cathedral of pulsing stone and breathing bark, where the floor wasn't earth, but **living root-flesh**, and the air tasted like wet nectar and night.

She shivered.

Not from fear.

From how **ready she still was**.

Her cunt twitched, already swollen again. Her womb pulsed in soft echoes. Her belly was tender, her thighs soaked. And still—**still**—the vines curled toward her like they *knew her name now*.

The Thorn King said nothing.

He laid her across a cradle of twisting branches and moss—a **throne grown for her body**. It shifted beneath her as she exhaled, vines pressing between her shoulder blades, coiling behind her knees, lifting her thighs wide as a **root slid beneath her ass and rose between her legs**.

It wasn't stone. It wasn't wood.

It was **living bloom**.

The root was **thick and warm**, and when it pressed to her slick folds, it **opened at the tip**, unfurling like a flower just before it entered her.

She moaned.

Hard.

And the forest around her **moaned back**.

Every vine in the chamber writhed in rhythm. The Thorn King's eyes flared gold.

"You are not my offering," he said. "You are my bloom."

And then he knelt between her thighs—just as the root **pushed up into her**.

Slow. Hot. Intentional.

Her pussy opened with a wet gasp, her back arched, and her **milk squirted from both breasts** as the throne impaled her slowly from below.

It wasn't just penetration.

It was **planting**.

The root pressed higher. **Filled her. Twisted inside her.** And her womb—**already softened, already marked—tightened around it like it was *welcoming it home*.**

Her belly began to swell.

Just slightly. Just enough.

And the Thorn King—still watching, still reverent—finally unwrapped the vines from his hips.

His cock hung thick and wet, still dripping from last time.

And he stepped forward—

To crown her from above.

The root is already deep inside her.

It pulses like a living heartbeat—**broad and slick, blooming inside her pussy** with every slow grind. Her cunt is stretched wide, her lips soaked and open, and her womb is already **responding**, clenching in slow, sacred waves around the **coiling flower-shaft inside her**.

But now—**he joins**.

The Thorn King's cock slides between her thighs—**veined, hot, divine**—and presses at the edge of her already full, stretched entrance.

Her gasp breaks into a moan.

Because he isn't replacing the root.

He's **joining it**.

The god presses inward.

And her body **gives**.

Her cunt blooms open around both—the root and the cock grinding together inside her, **stuffing her full in perfect opposition**, forcing her walls apart until she's split so wide she sees **petals behind her eyes**.

The pleasure isn't just heat.

It's **growth**.

The vines beneath her wrap tighter, tilting her hips upward. One slides between her breasts and coils around her chest—**squeezing until milk spurts**, thick and glowing, splashing across her belly. Another vine curls around her throat like a collar made of green fire.

She's no longer lying in a throne.

She's **rooted to it**.

And the Thorn King begins to thrust.

Slow at first. Heavy. Intentional.

Each time he moves inside her, the root twists upward to meet him. They **grind together inside her**, pulsing against her womb from both sides, **wringing her open** with every motion. Her belly pulses, her clit throbs, and her breasts begin to **leak in rhythm**.

Her moans turn into **whimpers**, then **shattered cries**.

And the forest responds.

Overhead, the roots begin to **bloom**.

Thick vines burst into flower—**petals unfolding with every scream**, colors bright and dripping with golden nectar. The Grove drinks from her body like it's **worshiping her moans**, vines curling tighter, milk spilling faster.

And her body?

Her womb is **glowing now**.

A golden pulse beneath her navel, a rune emerging across her skin—**like her body is being rewritten by the forest itself**.

The Thorn King groans, eyes burning with reverence, and places his hand across her belly.

"You were never meant to be given," he growls.

"You were meant to bloom."

And then he thrusts—**harder**.

The altar root curls higher.
Her clit explodes with sensation.
Her body jerks, milk **spraying**.
And her **first orgasm detonates—**
not in her cunt, but in her womb.

Serah isn't moaning anymore—
She's chanting.

Every breath is a whimper. Every exhale, a prayer. Her body trembles against the living throne,
held wide and high by vine-wrapped limbs as the Thorn King slams into her from above, and
the root altar pulses inside her from below.

She's so full.

Too full.

Her cunt stretches around both, **gaping and twitching**, lips glistening with sacred slick. Her ass
clenches. Her belly is swollen now—a **visible curve of divine pressure** just beneath the
glowing rune etched above her womb.

And the forest is responding.

Each time she moans, **a bloom opens**.

Each time her breasts leak milk—a **vine drinks**.

She's not just being fucked.

She's being **used**.

Fed into the Grove.

Her milk is nectar. Her body is altar. Her womb—a **sacred bloom on the edge of detonation**.

The Thorn King thrusts harder.

The altar root matches him stroke for stroke, the two of them **grinding against one another**
inside her, twisting her walls into sacred overstimulation. She screams again—voice high, milk
spraying from her tits as **another orgasm hits**, so hard her thighs shake uncontrollably.

The vines cradle her tighter.

The altar pulses.

And then—he **comes**.

The Thorn King buries himself to the hilt, growling low and inhuman as his cock **erupts** inside her, flooding her womb with divine seed. At the same moment, the root inside her pulses and **pours into her from below**, thick sap-like fluid spilling directly into her **already glowing core**.

She gasps—

Her belly **swells again**.

Rounded. Crowned. **Glistening**.

Her womb pulses **visibly**—clenching around the double flood, twitching as her insides are soaked with god and forest alike.

Her mind snaps open.

Her back arches.

And she **blooms**.

Not metaphorically—literally.

Her belly glows with light, and vines curl around her ribs, her hips, her neck—**sprouting flowers across her skin**, each petal the color of her moans. Her cunt clenches again, then leaks glowing sap down her thighs. Her nipples overflow.

The forest screams with her.

And she comes—**again**.

Writhing. Glowing. Drenched.

Her womb doesn't push anything out.

It **pulls in**.

Accepts it all.

Holds it.

Becomes it.

Because she isn't a woman anymore.

She's **the Grove's core**.

Serah isn't lying on the altar anymore.

She **is** the altar.

The vines beneath her pulse with her heartbeat. The roots inside her have woven into her womb—**not filling her anymore, but blooming through her**, wrapping her from within like a sacred core. Her belly is glowing, stretched and **etched with divine veins of gold**, crowned in a ring of light.

The Thorn King kneels before her, his cock still wet, his hands reverent on her thighs, eyes wide in awe.

She's **overflowing**—but not collapsing. Not breaking.

She's **thriving**.

Her breasts still leak thick, glowing milk down her belly. Her thighs are soaked with divine seed and sap. Her clit pulses visibly in the air—**still swollen, still sacred**. She's twitching from one final, silent orgasm that hasn't stopped rolling through her.

And above her, the Grove shifts.

The ceiling parts—not violently, but reverently—**splitting open to let moonlight pour down in a perfect white beam**, illuminating her throne.

Vines lift her higher, hips tilted, belly crowned, legs still parted and glowing.

The altar is now a **living throne of bloom and root**, curled perfectly to her body.

And the final vine rises from the Grove.

It's different from the others—thicker, warmer, ending in a blossom that unfurls slowly, revealing a crown made of vine, bark, and golden petals.

It doesn't hover.

It **lowers gently onto her head**.

And the moment it touches her scalp—

Her back arches.

Her mouth opens.

And she **blooms one last time**.

Her cunt clenches. Her womb contracts. Her breasts spray milk in twin arcs. Her belly pulses and **crowns inward**—not with birth, but with **power**.

The Grove moans.

The Thorn King bows.

And Serah smiles—slowly, sweetly, like a woman who just fucked the divine and **took its place**.

Because she is no longer the offering.

No longer the bloom.

She is the **Root Queen** now.

Crowned in ruin.

Thriving in worship.

And the Grove will never stop **growing through her**.
