

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: Weight Gain, Dark Themes

Tyriana and the Honeypot

The chance for Tyriana Inawenys, Huntress of Grestincoill, to show her quality was not during a hunt. It had not come when the golden-haired elf maiden finally convinced the High Council to let her venture out from the grove despite her youth. It had not come when the tall, elegant Fae met her first Men in the short span of her ninety-seven anums. Tracking down and slaughtering a nest of goblin bandits had not been a trial or temptation for Tyriana. The adoration and praise of the village she'd saved from the very same bandits had not tested her character, nor had the extravagant feast they'd held in her honor as thanks and celebration.

No, the elf's true test came in the wee hours of the morning, after the third night of feasting with mortals. A young man introduced himself to Tyriana, offering to demonstrate his hospitality in the form of rare human delicacies. Had the elf been more worldly, she might have known better than to follow a stranger into his home. Had Tyriana spent a few more decennium studying the mortal races, she might have known that humans tend to live in houses or cottages, not holes in the ground like halflings or dwarves. She might even have found it suspicious that the man was far shorter than any of the adult humans in the village.

But Tyriana knew and noticed none of these things. So when the handsome man who said his name was Eamon spoke kindly to the elf, flattering her delicate ethereal beauty, she was so enchanted that she followed him. She followed him out of the village. Followed him through the scraggly smattering of trees the humans called a forest. She let him lead her the way to a small round doorway at the base of a tree. The village innkeeper would never have fit through the narrow entryway, but slender Tyriana and diminutive Eamon slipped inside with ease.

The underground home was more spacious than Tyriana expected, with a large table and comfortable chairs. Eamon bade her sit, which she did. Then the pale-haired man brought out a kind of meat between small round loaves of bread. Tyriana had spent three nights feasting on human food; but the flavors that hit the elf's tongue at her first bite were unlike any she'd experienced in her young life. Elves do not ranch, eating mostly vegetables or wild game, so the rich, fatty taste of beef, mutton, and pork opened Tyriana's young palate to a whole new world of flavor. With her immortal body already stretched from three days of being stuffed with food and drink, Tyriana's feast continued at the eager hands of her new friend. When her flat stomach became swollen with new meats, bread, and cheeses, the handsome man whispered soothing words and massaged the elf's body until she drifted off to sleep.

In the warm candlelit coziness of Eamon's home, Tyriana was cut off from the signs of sun and moon; the hours blended together into times of eating and times of sleeping. Some 'mornings' Tyriana would wake with confusion, blinking at the darkened chamber around her. Her body began longing for the open air of the forest and the comforting presence of the moon.

"Good morning my dear, would you like some breakfast?" The sandy-haired man approached as Tyriana rose from the bed of cushions.

"I really must take my leave, they will be missing me at the Coill."

"Oh..." Eamon's look seemed genuinely heartbroken. "So soon? You've only just arrived!"

In truth Tyriana did not know how long she'd been in the subterranean home.

“You must have a farewell meal before you go, yes?”

Tyriana knew mortals put great store in hospitality, and the scents of bacon were already wafting toward her sensitive nose.

“Come, come...” Eamon urged the elf with gentle, friendly touches toward the table. His frame seemed quite small compared to her own, but Tyriana shrugged it off as humans being shorter than elves; ignoring the fact that it was now width, more than height, that distinguished the man from herself. The brief walk across the small home left Tyriana feeling a little tired, so she let Eamon direct her to the comfortable dining chair.

“Have some breakfast, please. You will need strength for your long journey, yes?”

Tyriana did not leave Eamon’s home that day. Nor the next. In the outside world, days passed into weeks, which became months; but in the constant twilight of the warm, comfortable dwelling, time meant nothing more than another meal or another nap.

The elf woke one ‘morning’ to find rising from her bed more difficult than usual. She felt as if something large and heavy was resting atop her form, pinning her to the pile of cushions. Curious, Tyriana reached her hands under the heavy blankets covering her to feel soft, warm shapes beneath her fingertips. Startled, she realized the shapes were *her*. Once so trim the hands of a male elf could almost meet around it, Tyriana’s waist had billowed out to rival the girth of her faithful mare. Where her tunic had covered breasts of a size to just fill her palms, the elf felt round masses larger than the waterskin for a three-day voyage. In surprise, Tyriana looked at her own hands, finding soft round digits like the sausages Eamon sometimes fed her, where fingers nimble enough to weave spider-silk had been.

A mild panic overtook the pampered elf. She’d been in the mortal world far too long; it was past time for her to return to the grove. As the neglected muscles of Tyriana’s legs and back worked to heft her newly-discovered bulk from the makeshift sleeping spot, the short man materialized at her side.

“What’s wrong, sweetling?” At the familiar sound of Eamon’s voice the elf calmed almost immediately, but she was still determined to leave this place. Had Eamon’s ears always been so long?

“I *-umf-* really need to *-hnnng-* get going...”

Eamon’s hand on her hammy shoulder made Tyriana cease her struggles; the elf relaxed back into the bed.

“You can’t leave now, in the middle of the night.” He protested. “How about some dessert?”

Some small part of Tyriana’s mind knew sweets were the *last* thing she needed right now. Yet given the two choices; wandering her way back to the village in the dark, and the square of lemon cake Eamon was holding out to her; the elf decided he was right. Apple-size cheeks that had once been almost skeletal in their elegant lines wobbled as she chewed. When Tyriana swallowed the last bit of the lemon square, Eamon was already holding another out to her. Leaving now would take a great effort, and traveling at night was perilous. By contrast, it was the simplest thing in the worlds to reach out her plump fingers and take each treat that was offered to her.

From that day on, Tyriana rarely left her comfortable nest of bedding. Whenever the urge to leave returned, Eamon was by her side to offer her food. When she felt too tired or full to eat, he fed her. When the simple act of laying back and chewing became too much, she slept. Until she woke and the cycle repeated anew. Really, she asked herself, what was so great about the world outside? Most of the Fae never left the Coill, and they all seemed happy enough. How was her situation any different? Hers certainly had better food. And beds. And tummy rubs.

As Tyriana drifted off to sleep, the warmth of a full belly making everything soft and hazy, she gazed up into Eamon’s black eyes and dark hair. The toothy smile on his ashen-skinned face wasn’t as comforting as it should be, but Tyriana was too comfy to notice.

In the morning, the subterranean home seemed even more quiet than usual. Tyriana's eyes — pinched to narrow slits by her chubby cheeks — darted around the room. It took a lot of effort to move these days, so she waited patiently for her friend to arrive with her breakfast.

But he didn't come.

The rumbling in Tyriana's vast belly finally prodded the pampered elf into motion. Laying a pudgy hand on the cushions to either side of her billowing love handles, Tyriana flexed what little muscle remained in her flabby arms to push herself into a sitting position. At least, she tried to sit up. Arms wider around than her waist had been when she left the Coill trembled; but the weight of a set of breasts larger than wine casks kept the elf pinned supine in her bed. The noisy need of her belly fought against her lazy weariness, so the golden-haired former huntress changed tactics. Swinging one plump arm in a wide arc, while sliding her ponderous breasts with the other, Tyriana rolled onto her side. Grunting with the effort and sweating with exertion, the overfed Fae slid one tree trunk leg and then the other to hang off the pile of cushions. Fat feet planted on the cold floor, Tyriana leaned forward, then back, then forward again. She let the weight of her billowing belly and bulging breasts bear her body forward, using the momentum to propel herself to her feet.

Unfortunately, Tyriana's elven dexterity had been buried under countless fortnights of lazy indulgence; and her clever plan very nearly landed the elf flat on her face. Of course had she fallen, Tyriana's face would still have been a great distance from the stone floor. The elf's massive thighs and drooping ankles quivered with the effort of keeping her bulk upright; but with a few slow wheels of her flabby arms— Tyriana was standing.

"Eamon!" The elf's voice sounded strange in her pointed ears. Once soft and delicate like a spring breeze through the willows, Tyriana's cry was deep and husky as it echoed in the empty underground home.

Absent her companion, Tyriana's mind regained some of its forgotten sharpness. She'd been planning to leave for a long time; and if Eamon was gone, she had no reason to stay. Carefully, with agonizing slowness, the obese elf lifted one foot, sliding it forward. Tyriana felt as if she were wading through mud as

her natural coordination and agility flexed long-atrophied muscles to carry her ponderous bulk. Nevertheless she moved, one slow step at a time, toward the small circular door she'd entered several seasons ago. In her mind it seemed an entirely different elf who had climbed down into this hole. How long had she been here? Perhaps the Council had been right; and she was too young to have ventured into the mortal world. As she thudded her way toward the door, Tyriana rehearsed the words of contrition she'd offer them when she got home. She was already dreading it.

A short ladder led to the entrance. Tyriana vaguely remembered climbing down them once upon a time. Focussing all her concentration on her balance, the elf gripped both rails of the wooden construction, straining with the effort of raising her foot so high from the stone floor. The first rung creaked as Tyriana shifted all of her weight onto it. Her fat knee prodded up into the overhang of her enormous belly as she lifted the other foot. The wood groaned, hairline cracks forming as it bore the elf's over-pampered form. It only took two more steps for her to reach the round door.

Gripping the handle in a pudgy hand, Tyriana swung the door open. Her face went a shade more pale as she eyed the small opening, but her success with the ladder had returned some of her old confidence. A pair of chubby fingers gripped the frame of the round door, pulling as she flexed the deep-buried muscles of her massive legs to propel herself out. Tyriana's head rose out of the hole to see that it was midday. Shoulders like sacks of grain brushed the sides of the entrance, and the elf repositioned her hands to push against the forest floor.

Then her progress stopped. Looking down, Tyriana saw nothing but pale cleavage staring back at her. The elf's rounded back and overgrown breasts were filling the small doorway to capacity and then some. Grunting and heaving, Tyriana tried to force herself through the opening like a cave troll trying to squeeze into a gnome's pants. Exhausted, Tyriana dropped her flabby arms to the ground with a flop and a deep sigh. Even if she managed to squeeze her breasts through, she knew her belly was even larger. Muffled by the mass of fat plugging the small door, Tyriana heard a loud *crack* of breaking wood. Shock filled her round face as the weight of her body bore the blonde elf back through the hole, where she landed with a soft *thump* on the stone floor within.

Biting back tears, Tyriana rolled off her enormous rump – which she now noticed was almost as large as her absurd chest – and worked her way back to her feet. The candlelight in “Eamon’s home” dimmed slightly, unnoticed by the elf as she used a nearby chair and table to heave herself upright yet again.

“There must be another way out.” She said to the empty room, as she got herself erect and resumed her slow shuffle, toward the back of the home this time. Tyriana left the sitting room where she’d spent the early days of her stay relaxing with “Eamon,” listening to his stories. She passed by her bed, glancing at it wistfully and wishing she was still lost in blissful slumber. She made her way toward the kitchen at the back, but was stopped short.

The table, where Tyriana had spent countless hours feasting on human delicacies, was covered in food. Cakes, pies, cheeses, meats, jugs of wine, and pitchers of milk and cream. It was a wonder the wooden table hadn’t collapsed from the weight of the feast piled upon it.

“Eamon’s” voice echoed in Tyriana’s mind. It *was* a long way back to the Coill, and she *would* need strength for the journey...

Faster than she had moved since waking, Tyriana rested herself in the chair. The cheeks of her massive ass hung over each side, and the spindly wooden legs protested their burden. Pressed into the table, the elf’s belly split into two more rolls as if it were eating the table. Tyriana stretched her flabby arms over the arc of breasts and belly to grab the first things she could reach. One hand found a honey cake, the other a donut packed with so much jam it almost burst in her grip. The elf’s double chin wobbled as she savored the honey cake. When Tyriana bit into the donut, a glob of bright red fruit goo spurted out to stain the tent-like dress draped over her pampered form.

The lights in the underground dwelling flickered, and a soft rumbling began to grow louder. But the hungry rumblings of her stomach made harmony with Tyriana’s whimpers and pleased moans as she ate. The short hairs on her nape stood on end as the subterranean home seemed to grow smaller; but the delights of sugar and fruit dancing across the elf’s tongue drowned out any sense of self-preservation.

Tyriana alternated bites from one hand and then the other, reaching for another treat each time one of those hands were empty. Breakfast first. She would finish breakfast, then look for another way out.