

Spore Whore

By TheSpiralledEye

A hardened soldier finds herself at the mercy of seductive alien plants and slowly transformed into a willing servant to them.

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It had only been a year since the Verdonians first invaded; or at least, a year since their invasion became common knowledge. Scientists had theorised that they had actually been on earth for decades, maybe even longer. Slowly watching us, studying the enemy before finally springing their trap.

I'd been separated from the rest of my squad; the rainstorm had caused a flash flood and in order to get to safety I'd climbed a nearby ridge. I was safe but even after the torrential rain stopped I was stuck on the other side of a raging swell I had no hope of crossing. My only hope was that I could find my way back to base camp safely.

I'd been trained extensively on how to survive for long periods of time alone in the rainforest; but that didn't make it fun. I was exhausted after hours of trekking with my heavy pack and clothes; clothes that chafed terribly thanks to being soaked through. The damp air ensured that even with the extreme rainforest heat I wouldn't be drying off any time soon.

I was sorely tempted to strip off, just for a moment, to properly cool down and maybe hang my clothes up for a bit but I knew better. If one of the Verdonian's found me in such a state I would be in big trouble.

A sound pricked my ears; a moan, deep, guttural and *human*. An injured combatant perhaps? I ran for the sound, it was easy to follow since it seemed to just keep going. As I stepped into a small clearing though I did not find what I expected. There was a human alright, but not an injured one.

The woman was trapped in one of the Verdonian's most dangerous traps; a plant snare. Shaped like giant flowers, the snares blended into the ground till they were almost invisible, then when somebody blundered into them, SNAP! They closed up like a venus fly trap, leaving the person trapped from the waist up inside what appeared to be a giant flower bulb. Just like this woman.

She moaned, her body jolting every few seconds as her eyes rolled back; not in pain, but in ecstasy. The plant was pleasuring her, filling her body with all sorts of hormones to

make her horny and addicted. Only when she was thoroughly fucked, would it stop and let her go.

By then it would be too late though, she could be carrying the spores of the Verdonians'. Even if she could resist spreading their seeds she would still leek nectar from her nipples and be hopelessly addicted to the plants. She would infect other people with sex before returning and finding a Verdonian mothership where she would willingly enter to become yet another breeder for their kind.

I swallowed nervously, I could see shimmering pollen in the air and quickly fumbled for my gas mask. Those spores were what drew people in, they would wander toward the traps without even realising it; likely what had happened to this poor woman. She moaned again, eyes finally rolling back and she spotted me.

“Ahhhh...H-help, I haven't...h-haven't cum yet! If you get me out I-I aaahhhhh...”

Orgasm was the moment they got you, or so it was theorised. When the mind was totally blank and filled with endorphins the plant pumped you full of the drugs needed to reprogram your mind to associate pleasure with Verdonians. I wanted to help this woman, really I did, but I could tell she was close and the petals, while looking soft and delicate, were hard as iron. There was no way my chemical spray gun would melt through them in time.

“P-please I just...oh...oooooh, oh fuck it's so good.” She groaned, I could tell by the way her torso moved she was grinding down on something. “Oh fuck oh fuck yes Don't free me, I changed my mind! Oh oh OOoooooh!!”

She was cumming, I could tell and my own pussy moistened in response. I'd never heard anybody make such sounds; what pleasure she must have been experiencing. I couldn't help but want it a bit myself.

It was then I realised that in my distraction, I'd never actually put my mask on. It was still sitting in my palm. Icy horror flooded me; I didn't bother saying any apology to the other woman, I simply fled. I had to get out of here before the spores drew me to one of those traps, doubtless there were others nearby.

I ran, jumping over logs and running blindly, fleeing the sweet smell of spores. I could figure out where I was later, right now I just needed to get away from the traps and that woman and her delicious sounds that were still echoing through the trees.

Just as I thought I was safe that same sweet smell hit me like a wave, I barely had a second to think before-

SNAP!

A vice-like grip took hold around my waist and I was suddenly held in place. A giant flower enclosed around my lower half like a giant hoop skirt. I'd run right into a Plant Snare.

"Oh no, no no no!" I cried, kicking my combat boots wildly inside the bulb.

It was no use, despite their heavy duty build they didn't even dent the petal walls. I couldn't even see any sign on the outside that they were doing anything; I may as well have been kicking a brick wall. I fumbled for my spray gun, yanking it off my back and dousing its entire payload over the bulb. The plant sizzled and for a moment I thought it was weakening only to heal over a few seconds later.

Desperate I began stabbing the butt of the gun into the plant in tandem with my kicks but it did nothing. No matter how hard I struggled, I was stuck and the trap was beginning to respond.

I could feel thin vine-like tendrils twisting their way around my legs, seemingly coming from the petals themselves, or perhaps the ground, it was hard to tell. It didn't matter really, what matters is that despite their small size, they were there in numbers and they were strong as the petals themselves. While I managed to rip a few, each time I felt one give, two more took their place until my legs were essentially immobilised, forced apart and still by the trap.

I tried to twist myself free but it was no use, I could already feel something warm and slightly sticky clinging to my skin as the vines began to secret some sort of acid. It didn't hurt or burn me at all but I could feel my thick army clothes beginning to disintegrate; even my combat boots.

"Oh god, not long now..."

I'd learned about these traps in basic training; they had gone into excruciating detail so I knew exactly what was coming. Soon the acid would melt everything away so I was naked inside the flower, then the thicker vines would come, coating in the drugs and spores that would make me unbearably horny before plunging deep inside me. Oh fuck. I had listened to those lectures with glassy eyes; I never wanted to admit how wet they made me. And even now, despite my terror my body was betraying me. No drug had entered my system and yet, I was wet.

“Get a hold of yourself Chloe.” I breathed, “Just...don’t cum. If you don’t cum then you might be able to resist the programming. Just trick the plant into letting you go. That’s all you need to do.”

Saying the words aloud helped me focus; if I couldn’t escape, resisting the mind altering pleasure was my only shot. I steeled myself ever as I felt a thicker vine begin to press against my now exposed folds. It extended right from the middle of the flower, where my body had been perfectly poised, legs apart.

The appendage was slick and slightly textured; the thin layer of slime felt almost like lube as it was spread along my folds. I bit my lip; the vine was stroking me, slowly spreading my own wetness along with its own. I knew from my training that mucus coating was filled with aphrodisiacs and drugs specially designed to make me as horny and susceptible as possible.

I focused on drills, running through them in my head but it got harder and harder to concentrate as the drugs slowly seeped into my system. I almost felt dizzy, slightly sleepy as warm tingling spread through my whole body. Despite the heat and dampness of the rainforest I felt perfectly comfortable now. The plant was wiping away all discomfort; making me feel like no position could possibly be more natural. All while it continued to stroke my folds.

Back and forth. Back and forth, it pressed against my clit once or twice, swirling over it till the tiny nerves there ached. It felt so good, I could see why that other woman gave in, I refused to though. I would not cum. I refused.

“You can’t brainwash me.” I hissed, “Y-you won’t make me...ooooohhh...”

A second vine had joined, small, more delicate. While the first continued to stroke the newcomer focused solely on my clit. It coiled itself around the tiny bundle of nerves until it was totally covered and then, slowly, began to vibrate.

“Ooohhh fuck...hahhhhh...hahhhhh.”

I focused on breathing, in and out. Anything to distract me. Lower pleasure was building in my lower stomach now and I felt my pussy quiver, a small squirt of juices escaping.

“Don’t cum. Don’t cum.” I chanted to myself.

It was getting so hard to think about anything but the pleasure though. I tried to count leaves on the trees but I kept losing my place. The thicker vine was growing more insistent; I could feel a small hole at it's tip producing more of that warm fluid filled with medicine. Drugs, I reminded myself, not medicine, drugs.

Drugs I definitely didn't want. Ones that made me horny and hot and sleepy...and weak...and...and...it was getting hard to think. The thick vine pushed itself inside my entrance and I groaned, futile trying to squeeze myself shut but it was no use. I was too wet, it glided up into me with ease, filling my passage and swelling till I was totally impaled. I could feel wetness flowing into me; the vine was so thick inside that none of it could escape. My body absorbed it all, eagerly and my head started to feel light.

'Pleasure...pleasure...'

It was the only thought in my head. The thicker vine began to thrust, in and out of me while the vibration around my clit increased. My breathing turned shaky.

"D-don't cum...come on Chloe ju-just don't c-cum!"

It was so hard, it felt so good and my body seemed to have a mind of its own. My hips bucked slightly, pressing against the vine. Once I'd started I couldn't stop.

"Oh...Ohhhhh!"

Something was sliding up the vine on the inside, stretching me even further. The seeds, oh fuck the seeds. Small, round, silky smooth balls that would gestate inside me until I was forced to lay them like eggs. I'd force them out and they would grow into more Plant snares just like this one.

The first seed moved up the vine, being forced up into my womb and I cried out; it felt so good.

'Seeds good...I want seeds...'

I didn't want to think it, but I did. Another was already coming, and a third. I was getting closer and closer to an edge. I couldn't cum, if I came I'd be lost. I'd be a plant spore drone. Obsessed with Verdonian's wanting nothing more than their touch, their pleasure, more pleasure just like this. A life of nothing but this...this good feeling right here...fuck, that didn't sound so bad.

“I don't want it.” I moaned desperately, trying to convince myself. “I won't cum for you plant I-I...I wo-won't...I...cumming oh fuck, I can only think about c-cumming...!”

I tried to hold back, but it was no use. I felt another seed deposit itself in my womb and my eyes rolled back. The vine began thrusting madly inside me as I came, making the pleasure go on forever. I felt my mind go blank, filled with nothing but awe and ecstasy. The plant was the most wonderful thing I had ever experienced; nothing, no human or toy could ever give me this level of bliss. Of that I was sure.

For a moment everything stilled; my pleasure dimming to a low, satisfied thrum and then...the vine began to move. I felt a stretch, another seed being pushed into me as it continued to thrust against my G-spot. It was so painful it almost hurt.

“Ahhh I can't cum again.” I whined, “P-please stop, I can't take it!”

But of course the snare kept right on going. That tiny vine around my clit vibrated as it thickened, taking on a slightly rough texture as it moved back and forth over the little bundle of nerves. It felt almost like a tongue, licking and sucking on me as the thicker vine continued to fuck me.

“Oh fuck oh fuck, yes...yes! More, more, more!”

My mind was clouding over, I couldn't think of anything but how good it felt as how close my next orgasm was. I was trying to fight but it was hard to remember why. Why would I ever fight this? The second orgasm washed over me and I felt yet another seed press into my womb. I was starting to feel full but they just kept coming; and so did I.

It was hard to tell where one orgasm ended and the next started, they were almost constant, coming with every seed deposited within me. I was exhausted; my body completely wrecked from so much fucking. I could barely speak anymore, language had fled. Even moaning was hard when I was so tired.

Finally, the vines retreated and I shuddered as the snare's petals opened. I felt empty without the vine, incomplete. As soon as the vines disintegrated I fell to my knees, my legs too weak and wobbly to hold me up. I was naked from the waist down; coated in sweat and some sort of sticky, viscous liquid.

There was no way I could hide what had happened to me; if I went back to camp they'd likely lock me up, maybe even kill me as a possible threat. What was I supposed to

do? A wave of exhaustion washed over me and the choice was taken as I fell asleep right there on the remains of the snare.

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There was no way to know how long I slept. When I finally opened my eyes the sun was high in the sky and my body was damp from the humidity. The memories of what had happened rushed back and I jumped to my feet in terror. The snare was still there, on the ground. It was shrivelled now, totally used up. I swallowed nervously.

What surprised me though was how normal I felt. I wasn't filled with some urge to go serve the Verdoanians or even find another snare. The pleasure had been...unreal, magical even but not enough to betray my entire planet to have again. I was filled with disgust for all those who had turned to the Verdonian's after falling for such a trap. Were most people really so selfish?

Not me. I was going back to base to get these seeds taken out of me and then I was going right back to spraying the ever living crap out of these damn plants. Even if I was exhausted and looked like a mess. I wasn't going to let these Verdonian's rot my mind like the others, I refused to be their pawn.

I'd been walking for an hour or so when I first felt it; a slight cramp in my gut. After all the exercise yesterday I figured it was probably just my muscles complaining, so I ignored it. But then it came again, harder, and again. Only this time it wasn't just painful it felt...good. Like a small orgasm, not quite as satisfying but pleasurable all the same.

“Nghhhh...”

I grunted and groaned, my pace slowing as I started to stumble each time a new cramp hit me. Surely it couldn't be...the seeds? They hadn't been inside me that long right? Another cramp, only this one forced my entire lower half to tighten in contractions, pushing down hard.

“No...I won't...”

It was useless though; my body was acting of its own accord and bore down once more. It felt glorious, wonderful even and I moaned, falling to my knees as my back arched. I felt something moving inside me, stretching my passage open as something moved from my womb to my inner walls. It was bigger than the vine, wider, round and slightly rough so that it stimulated my passage.

Wetness flowed from my hole and another contraction forced me to squeeze around it, pushing it further down.

“Oh fuck....Oh fuuuuuuuck.”

I came, feeling the seed fall from my pussy and onto the ground where it promptly buried itself. It seemed to almost have a mind of its own, tiny vines digging into the soil so that it was gone in a matter of seconds. I'd meant to catch it, to try and destroy it before it could take root but it had all happened so quickly.

“One seed...that's not so bad. I...I have to keep moving.”

The base wasn't far away, I had to get there. They would be able to stop this. But after only a few minutes of walking the contractions started again. This time I leaned against a tree trunk, wailing with pleasure as my body bore another seed, I placed a hand between my legs but it fell through my trembling fingers before I could think.

'Keep moving...' I thought, *'I must keep moving.'*

Every few yards I stopped, laid another seed and came, sometimes twice. Each time the pleasure got stronger and my mind foggier. I didn't bother trying to stop the seeds from burying themselves; there was no point.

Instead I found the most pleasurable way to lay, sitting with my pussy on the ground, on my knees slightly so I could grind against it. That way, when the seed pressed against the earth I could feel the tiny vines brushing my pussy lips as they buried themselves.

'It feels so good to lay seeds. God it feels so good.'

I was almost at the base now, I had no idea how I knew that though considering I was barely paying attention to where I was going. All I knew was every few steps I would be rewarded with another wave of pleasure as another seed made its way down my passage.

I cried out, feeling the very final seed leave me and gasped, that empty feeling from last night was now almost a pain. I'd never felt so bereft in my life. As sick as it was I missed the seeds, I missed the feeling of them stretching my stomach, filling me and especially the feeling they gave me as I laid them into the Earth like a mother.

Only now, that I was finally barren did I realise just how thirsty I was, hungry too. It had been at least a day since I last ate, it was a wonder I was only just now feeling it. My

throat was parched and I began desperately looking around for a river. After all the cumming it wasn't surprising that I was dehydrated after all. I blushed, feeling the juices running down my legs. I'd wipe them away if I could but I didn't want to soak my hands as well.

Something sweet drifted on the wind and I followed it; it didn't smell like water but I felt something else driving me. Some instinct told me my thirst would be quenched if only I followed and obeyed. Yes, obeying these urges felt right. Just like laying the seeds. I wanted to lay more. More. more...

I shook my head, only just now realising I was mumbling those words out loud. My brain had filled with fog again, the same kind that I had felt while in the snare. Remembering the trap made me shudder with want. That's what this feeling was! I was being conditioned to willingly step back into one of those things! My body was aching to be fucked by it again, so I could lay more seeds and...oh fuck.

Water. I needed to find water. Once I wasn't so thirsty I could think straight enough to fight these urges I was sure of it. I stepped through the trees only to stop when I realised I had been walking for hours, laying seeds, without ever tracking where I was going. Yet at the same time, I felt so sure I was heading in the right direction.

It was hard to spot amongst the thick rainforest trees at first but then I saw it. A great, organic ship. It was made from some sort of plant material that was grown rather than built, but it was a ship nonetheless; a Verdonian ship. Had I come here on instinct without even realising it? Terror filled me; I thought I had been aware of the programming but it had never occurred to me to fight my sense of direction.

This wasn't a war ship though, it was much smaller and I couldn't see any Verdonian's around, despite the fact that there was what appeared to be an open hatch leading up into the ship. My feet moved on their own and a strange dizziness came over me. I felt compelled to look inside...for recon, of course. Perhaps I could pretend to be under their power if I got caught, who knows what sort of useful information I might be able to glean from inside one of their ships?

The organic corridors felt strange on my bare feet; like walking on thick moss. It was oddly comforting and I followed my instincts down the corridor, taking in the sights with a mixture of wonder and disgust when a voice called out to me; a human voice.

I turned, it was the woman from before. The woman I'd seen enraptured with the snare, the one that I had fled from and in doing so ended up caught myself. She was totally naked, allowing me to see every inch of her smooth skin; and the green veins that pulsed beneath it. Her eyes were glassy, a placid smile on her face; the one I had been trained to avoid.

"Oh poor thing." She cooed, "Were there no feeding flowers near you?"

“F-feeding flowers?” I stammered.

“Yes, to nourish you with their sap. You must be so thirsty.”

I was. My dry tongue licked over my cracked lips. So thirsty.

“Here, I have already drunk my fill, why don't you drink from me?”

My breath was getting shorter, now I could see how stiff and swollen her breasts were. She cupped one gently and a dribble of liquid, like golden milk, dribbled out of her nipple. My whole body lurched forward before I could stop myself.

“Once you drink, you'll make it too.” She smiled, “It's so wonderful. We can use it to show other human's how wrong we were about the Verdonian's and, we can use it to help fuel their ships.”

“Their ships?” I whispered.

“Yes, I will show you but first, *drink*.”

The word hit me like a truck; making me dizzy. I felt that fog descending over me once more, my legs felt weak and my thirst painful. That golden liquid looked like ambrosia to me and I wanted it so badly. I forced myself to still, I had to fight this, this programming; the more I gave in the harder it would be to break. But I couldn't make myself run, I was frozen with the woman slowly approaching me, fill breasts in hand as if to offer herself on a silver platter.

Her weight was too much, she was straddling me, crushing me beneath her as she forced her nipple between my pursed lips.

“Suck, darling.” She whispered and my hindbrain seemed to kick into gear.

I didn't want to, but my deeply programmed subconscious overwhelmed me. I sucked and warm, delicious liquid coated my tongue. The dryness disappeared and I moaned a little in relief. The woman above me moaned as I continued to suckle. I wanted to stop, I needed to stop; but it just tasted so good and the feeling felt so right.

I sucked in huge mouthfuls of the sweet liquid and swallowed it all down whimpering as the flow began to slow.

“Shhhhh...There is more, don't worry.” The woman cooed, gently removing one breast and placing the other in its place.

I continued to feed, feeling that warm, relaxing feeling fill my whole body. This was so good; why was I fighting it again? I couldn't remember; I just knew that I had been and that the reason, whatever it was, had been good. At least I thought it was a good reason at the time. I couldn't see how now. The woman above me shuddered in pleasure and I was rewarded with a thick stream of the sap.

When she pulled away I felt drunk, the world around me shimmering and moving in slow motion. It was like relaxing in the sun on a warm summer's day; there was no stress, so worry, nothing but relaxation and pleasure. If only I didn't have that empty feeling between my legs everything would be perfect.

“Come, you can serve now.”

I followed without hesitation, my body felt strangely heavy, especially my chest. I looked down, somewhat confused to see green veins beginning to spread across my skin. That was bad; it meant I was becoming a Verdonian drone but...but why was that a bad thing again? My chest ached as the woman led me down deeper into the ship, to a room where others like me all knelt against the walls, moaning and sighing in pleasure. The air stank of sex and I shivered; want filling me.

“Here.” She whispered, kneel.”

The order flooded my brain and I obeyed without thinking; it felt so good to obey. Two round flowers were before me, attached to long vines; instinct took over before I could fight it and I leaned forward so that the flower petals encased my swollen breasts. Almost immediately they moulded to me, becoming firm before tightening around my tits.

“Oooohhhh...”

The suction grew stronger; my whole body shuddered as I felt liquid draining from me. Sap, just like the woman who had fed me. It was being drained, milked from me into the ship to power it. And it felt wonderful. I stayed there, on my knees painfully wet and wanting as the

ship drained me. Each suck I could feel the sweet liquid being drained and the programming setting more and more into my brain.

It was hard to think of anything but how good it felt to serve the Verdonian's with my body and how much every other human was missing out. I tried to fight back but each time my resistance mounted, it flowed away again as I was milked dry.

By the time my breasts were empty my entire body was tinged pale green and I was painfully horny. Hungry and thirsty too. I looked around and saw other humans, man and woman alike being milked and I wondered how we were to sustain ourselves. Hadn't that other woman mentioned something about feeder plants?

I shook my head, no, I needed to leave. If I stayed here, letting this ship milk and feed me I would never be able to resist again. I'd turn into a hopeless slave to the aliens which...was bad, yes, it was very bad and I didn't want it. No matter how much my body ached.

It took some serious strength, both physically and mentally to remove those suction plants but somehow I did. Getting to my feet and swaying slightly; the exit couldn't be far; I'd been dazed when the other woman brought me here but I was sure I could find my way out. Ignoring the ache between my legs I walked, searching for a window or any kind of escape from the strange, plant based ship.

I stumbled, barely remembering my goal at all. I had to get out, but why? I was so happy here, it felt right being here, amongst the plants, letting them pleasure me. A sound reached my ears, a sort of trilling that had once bestowed the greatest fear but now felt like the song of angels. Without hesitation I followed it down into a deeper part of the ship to a small chamber that was dark as night, yet somehow I had no issues seeing.

A Verdonian; an alien creature with a vaguely humanoid body but thinner, with much longer limbs. Its body was covered in masses of vines that twisted around its torso and limbs, whether these were part of its body or clothing was impossible to tell. I could see its face though, deep emerald skin with empty black eyes like that of an insect. Those faces used to terrify me but now, it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

It seemed to notice me and waved its hand, beckoning me closer. Spores floated in the air and I was suddenly aware of them filling my lungs, I took deep breaths, each one filling me with a relaxing, low lying pleasure that made obeying easy.

The Verdonian trilled and a long vine with a puckered end descended from the ceiling. There was some sort of plant bulb attached and from it I could see leaking more of that golden sap. No, this was different from the liquid I or that others were producing. I could smell it from here; sweet and inviting. Whatever it was, it was stronger than the stuff I was producing.

I quivered, I'd never seen that stuff before but my body craved it on an instinctual, primal level. Like a baby knowing it needed milk. The Verdonian trilled again in that beautiful, melodic language and somehow, I found I could understand what it was saying.

"Come, feed, you'll feel better."

I knew what they said was true, my feet stumbled forward and then stopped and I tried in vain to fight my new instincts. My mouth was already open, panting and desperate. The vine moved forward, almost like it had a mind of its own.

"No...I don't...want..."

"You want."

"I want..."

I reached up and took hold of the bulbous head, pulling it to my mouth and placing it against my tongue. The residual taste of the liquid filled my mouth with sweetness, like honey only not as sickly. The Verdonian's long, spindly hand stroked along the back of my head, it's pretty voice praising me.

"Now suckle."

I obeyed without thinking and once I started I couldn't stop. I sucked and drank down every drop of liquid. Feeling it fill my throat and belly with warm pleasure. The Verdonian's spindly, vine-like fingers stroked down my naked body and made me shiver. I wanted to moan but that would mean I would have to stop drinking.

"Good hips, wide, this one may work as an incubator."

Incubator? The second Verdonian began speaking, it was hard to make out the words, I was so focused on sucking down the liquid until the vine ran dry. I knew the Verdonian's were monosex, how they reproduced had never crossed my mind but now I shivered with the idea that perhaps, they used other species.

"That's a good girl." The Verdonian praised as I finished up all the sap.

I groaned, I could feel something inside me shifting, instinctually I knew whatever I had just ingested was preparing me to carry the Verdonian's young and the idea gave me such pleasure. Serving them was the ultimate gift, using my body to bring another of their kind into the world was a treasure.

The Verdonian who had been stroking me opened their arms in an almost welcoming fashion and I willingly stepped into them; letting the alien hold me close to what would have been its chest. The vines there shifted and moved, revealing a red bulb of some kind, not unlike the ones that fed me.

“Suckle,” it ordered, “It will prepare you.”

I whimpered, latching on without any hesitation, to feed from one of them directly, it was like a dream. The honey-like substance that flowed into my mouth was delicious, almost ambrosia. Without a doubt it was the best thing I had ever tasted and every swallow made me wetter and more horny.

I felt more vines shifting around me, uncurling from the alien's body to wrap around my torso, my limbs, my hips, wrapping me up tight and safe so that even if I wanted to I couldn't pull away. I almost felt as though I were merging with the creature. I moaned, tiny, mini orgasms rocking through me as I swallowed more and more, feeling myself being held tighter and tighter against the alien body, almost fully enveloped by it.

Then, something brushed against my inner thighs. This wasn't just another vine, I could tell it was something special. Thick and stiff, it pressed into my hole and I welcomed it. It was so thick, it stretched me impossibly wide to the point that I knew it should have hurt, but it didn't. The sap had prepared me, the pain was replaced with pleasure and I writhed as much as the iron grip allowed.

It did not thrust or retreat at all, simply kept sliding up into me until I could feel the tip pressing against the deepest part of my vagina, right up against my womb. I was panting, unable to drink from the sheer overstimulation. I gulped in huge lungfuls of air, breathing in the spores that wafted off the Verdonian's body like an addict.

I didn't think I could stretch any further but then I felt it, something sliding up the tube that was impaling me. Something round that forced the rough edge of the vine against my inner walls. I came, hard as the seed slowly ascended into me. I went back to drinking, desperate and moaning until finally, I felt the seed push up into my womb.

I was crying out, the vines were leaving me, placing me gently down on some sort of soft surface. I couldn't tell though, my eyes were open but I couldn't see, perhaps they had rolled back into my head. All I could do was cum, over and over. The perfect reward for my compliance. The seed inside me seemed to radiate pleasure and I gave into it, lapping up

every last wave of bliss until finally sleep took me and the last vestiges of my resistance crumbled away.