

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*Sometimes Emily gets the salad; sometimes the salad gets Emily. The sequel to "[Adventures in Horticulture](#)".*

Emily had a secret. A discovery both tantalizing and at the same time super creepy and it occupied her every waking thought. For the past week, she had been engaging in a clandestine affair with a lover whose very nature made the relationship a dark perversion she dare not reveal to anyone. It had been an awakening for Emily in both mind and body. A liberation as the vicarious lust she used to derive from romance novels was utterly displaced and cast aside by a material sexual outlet that enticed her flesh like nothing she had ever known. It was on the preceding weekend she had stumbled upon a tremendous sexual discovery in the adjoining greenhouse of her neighbor, Professor Masterson whose house she was asked to watch and maintain while the professor was away. She dared not utter this new secret to anyone because her new sex partner was not a man nor even a beast... but a vegetable.

An insentient, green, earth-bound, herbal love machine that had chemically aroused her to near delirium and then fucked her to peaceful repose. Quite by accident while innocently reading one of her lady-smut novels she was overcome by the intoxicating fragrance exuded by a towering flower stalk the professor grew in the corner. Within a matter of minutes, Emily was induced to strip naked and masturbate at the base of the large flower. What transpired after that was a slow progression of events that culminated in Emily getting the fuck of her life with orgasms so powerful they eclipsed conscious thought. It was a startling revelation but an experience Emily could not help but to relive every opportunity she could as long as the professor was away. What the plant gained from their exchanges she could only guess. What harm the plant might be doing her she tried not to think of.

Over the period of the following week, profound changes manifested themselves in Emily. Something awoke in her. Something that was always in her, stirring just beneath her calm, quiet demeanor, but dormant and obscured by her professional countenance, was turning her into a sexual being. The change was sensual, strong and tied firmly to her libido. It was discretely personal at first but quickly burst from her in ways that were obvious to everyone about her. The changes started on the morning after that first tryst with her plant lover. She shaved her entire pubic region bare. She did it to give her new paramour simpler access to her pussy. She also did it so she could better feel all of the subtle sensations the plant's gentle petals and hair-like feelers swathed over her skin.

Her outward appearance also changed over the course of the week, starting with her hair. She usually kept it pinned up and out of her way, but she now let it down to flow over her shoulders and down her back. She found that she loved the feel of it on her neck and indulging her senses was becoming a priority in her life. The reading glasses she always wore now became an item she only donned when necessary. She stopped buttoning her blouse all the way to the top button and forsook her prim cravats and scarves in preference to an exposed neckline. She began wearing those form-fitting slit skirts her sister was always buying her. She found she liked the way three-inch heels, which she never before wore to work, tensed the muscles in her legs and accentuated their shape. She liked even more the way four-inch heels made her butt pop out, but that was overkill for a work environment. Her voice became softer and she embraced a new skill in making men nervous with just a casual, even gaze.

She was always pretty. She had a round face with mostly small features. Her mouth was narrow, her nose tiny, though her eyes large, brown and innocent-looking. The reliable, bookish brunette was now an undeniable office distraction. She became in all ways a sensual being and she owed it all to her strange new lover.

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Today was Friday and Emily sat in her office. Last night was her last meeting with the strange paramour. Tonight her neighbor, Prof. Caroline Masterson, would be returning home from her seminar and stand permanently between Emily and the sex she longed for. Yet she couldn't stop thinking about it, though. Every spare moment of her day had been spent on thoughts about the plant and what her next encounter with it would be like. And now her mind struggled with an urge to take the afternoon off and race home for one last encounter in that magical greenhouse. Just one more last passage into that delirious, opiate dream induced by the plant's overwhelming aphrodisiac cloud. Just one more exposure to the delicately tickling fibers dancing around her entrapped pussy. Just to have a few more minutes of those embracing petals around her ass as that delightful stigma fucked deeply into her. To have one more encounter to remember by and keep forever was calling to her through all her senses. But that was madness. Her neighbor could come home at any moment and she would not recover in time. Desperation leads to horrendous tactical blunders and she needed to control herself no matter how strong the lure.

And it was happening again now as she sat at her desk. The hollowness of an idle moment was allowing the recall of her experience with that wonderful plant to float to the top of her consciousness. The narcotic effect of the mysterious plant's overpowering pheromones replayed in her mind. Along with it, the sensations on her skin replayed. The tingling caused by the plant's sap drooling over her upturned ass alone was ecstasy. It was a foreplay to the wet, firm grasp of the petals sliding over her butt cheeks and slipping between her upper thighs. And best yet, the pistil with its lightly groping anthers at the tip exploring their way into her delicate folds, making way for the soft push of the pistil gaining her intimate depths. The suck and push of the petals squeezing their grapple about her crotch to impel the firm implement in and out of her.

As her mind kept drifting over the sensuous details of her erotic trips into her neighbor's greenhouse, her hand strayed under her desk, to her knee, up the inside of her thigh in response to needs she could barely resist. Lust was calling her to encroach upon that epicenter of pleasure that was even now dampening her gusset. Her hand moved under her desk, crept up her skirt, and slid aside her panties to tease her dewy moist crevice.

With all pubic hair gone, her finger easily slid over the bare skin and found her inner labia. She parted them and groped between. She needed the slick secretions to aid her assault on her yearning clit. She pushed her finger into the deep open well of her vagina. Deep to the first joint, deeper to the second joint, pushing hard she plunged her middle finger in almost up to the knuckle and stirred it round. Oh, those were the sensations she craved. She felt her nipples harden against her silky camisole. She curled and twisted her finger to relish the sensation and push her arousal higher.

Her clit was calling for attention. She knew a very nice orgasm was waiting for her and this was the time to seize it. She raked her finger against the roof of her cunt to stroke her G-spot on her withdrawal. Slickly primed, she slowly traced the labial vale upward, circled her urethra a couple of times and then encroached upon her delightful pleasure button. Her finger lightly touched over the ridge of the hood and she braced herself for the avalanche she was about to trigger.

There was the usual abrupt click from the intercom and the voice of her secretary came through, "Mr. Soetoro to see you."

Emily almost screamed in frustration. Nothing could kill a sensual mood worse than Barry could. Barry was a tall, intrusive dork with a pencil neck and protruding ears. He had a nasal voice and affected a downhome accent with an air of being erudite. Her day shift supervisor had gone out on a date with him once and had commented 'If he even has a dick, I'll bet he doesn't know why.' Emily already knew what this impromptu meeting was about. "Send him in, please."

He poked his head through the doorway first, "Catch you at a bad time?"

"Not at all," Emily lied. She felt like throwing something at him but she calmed herself, slowly drew up the finger that she had just been pleasuring herself with and slipped it between her lips. She lackadaisically sucked on it and wrestled her annoyance into submission as she watched Barry settle himself into a chair opposite her desk.

"Aaaah'll get right to the point," he started with mortgaged importance. "I was denied a priority advance for my sales projection project. Shannon told me she couldn't accommodate me and said I would have to wait until system resources became available."

As her tongue casually cleaned her finger, Emily showed him a concerned frown and waited for more (there was always more). She took off her glasses, folded them, and hung them through the top of her open blouse. She lowered her chin and gazed evenly at him under her level brow.

"Aaaah told her, those sales numbers are crucial and aaah had to have them uh... by, by Monday." He paused to let that soak in. "' told her I'd take this directly to you and then to Don."

The threat to go over her head to her boss was not lost on Emily, but contrary to her usual mousey countenance, she did not feel like getting pushed around today. She quickly pushed her skirt down with her other hand and then abruptly rose to her feet and looked him squarely in the eye, startling him. "This isn't a service station, Barry," she emphasized her position by slamming her palms on her desk as she leaned over it. "Our resources are limited and priority is assigned by first come, first served basis AFTER all scheduled essential commitments."

Leaning over her desk forced Barry to choose between looking at her face and looking at her cleavage. Foolishly, he chose her cleavage. When he noticed that she had caught him at it, his eyes began to dart around nervously as he realized he had just handed her a sexual harassment hatchet. "If the folks upstairs don't have my figures by uh, uh... Monday... they, they might have something to say."

She could have let him off easy with a simple comment about his habitual procrastination, however her blood was up and she had him on the run. "This weekend is not only Month-end, it is Quarter-end," she stated as she slowly walked around her desk. "These functions are not only crucial for the stockholders but for the IRS, as well." She stopped in front of him and then pushed her butt up on to the desk. She felt the fabric of her skirt hug her hips and she smoothed it down to accentuate her curves. "Everybody knows that, including... the folks upstairs." She crossed her legs enjoying the feel of the stockings climbing her legs. She bounced a leg, daring him to stare at them. He did. After she caught him the second time, he began squirming in his seat and desperately searching for anything to look at instead of Emily.

She was obviously intimidating him with some hidden power she never knew she had. This was an awakening for her and she was enjoying it. He had come to browbeat her with threats to go over her head and she had turned it back on him by simply being herself, or at least by being what she had become. She could tell that he did not want to be there anymore.

"Well," he said in a petulant tone. "If... uh, if that is your last word."

"It's not my word," she clarified and then pressed her chest outward, pressing her nipples into her blouse. Once they caught his attention, he really began to fidget. He stood up and turned to the door, almost stumbling over the chair. Then she added, "The Month-end is paramount and we all need to plan our work around that schedule." She did not want him to go away mad, just to go away.

"This will be... be brought up at the weekly meetin'," he added before stamping out and slamming the door.

"Maybe he's not gay," she said to herself. Emily knew they would just tell him the same thing and if he wanted to call attention to his own procrastination that was his affair too.

'What kind of asshole puts a padlock on his outhouse?' her dad used to say about their quirky neighbor up the road. Emily did not know what made assholes tick but since leaving the farm she had become a magnet for them.

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The long day wound down and Emily had to work late. By the time she got home, it was 7:30 and she was dog tired. She fixed herself something to eat and tried turn her mind to anything but her last week's escapades.

She was craving it again. Her second glass of Scuppernong and a long shower hadn't helped. She stood in the dark at the sliding glass door to her patio looking longingly over the cedar fence and dark hedge that separated her from her neighbor's greenhouse. She knew sexual release like she had never known before was waiting there in the dark but now out of reach, probably forever. She felt trapped and wanted that sweet release. Almost of their own volition, her hands went to her nightgown and pulled it open. Buttons tore and snapped as the light garment opened and fell from her shoulders. One hand went to her breast, the other slipped into her mons while her mind relived her nights in that arboretum.

Suddenly, light broke through the roof of the glass structure just over the hedges. Prof. Masterson was home and visiting her garden. Emily's adventure in horticulture was truly over. A deep sadness fell upon her pining spirit.

She stopped kneading her breast and stirring her pot to throw open the sliding glass door and she stepped nude onto her patio. The stifling dank air crowded around her and her skin reveled in the boundless sensation. She knew the darkness guarded her from prying eyes but for the moment, she did not care if the whole world were watching her. She drifted silently onward, drawn to the greenhouse and the secret treasure within. She walked until she met the rough cedar fence and pressed herself against it. Her finger went back to her pussy cleft as she relived in her mind the absolute titillating joy she experienced at the touch of her secret lover just a few feet beyond the fence, the hedge, and the glass wall of the greenhouse. She dropped to her knees and pressed the side of her head to the fence while two fingers of her one hand gently rolled her clit between them, three fingers of her other hand plunged deep into her pussy, trying to recreate the wondrous release she had felt with her green lover.

Her hands seemed a poor substitute for the experience shrouded in the darkness a mere few yards away yet they were all she had. She worked her pussy almost convulsively yearning for release. A climax finally struck her and it brought some relief but shy of what she longed for and she bowed her head in frustration. Suddenly, her phone started ringing. 'Damn,' she thought. 'That dweeb Barry had weaseled his sales job in to the month-end batch and locked up an AR file.' Her wonderful week had truly ended in ruin. The anxious ring urged her to her feet and pulled her zombie-like into her gloomy house to appease its alarm.

"Hello," she spoke into the receiver.

"Hello, my dear," replied the voice of her neighbor, Professor Masterson. It was a clear steady voice with an elegant British accent, always formal and prompting respect. "I am so glad to catch you at

home. I hope I am not disturbing you."

"Oh, not at all. I'm so glad you made it home safely. How was your conference?"

"Splendid, my dear, thank you for asking. I trust you had no difficulties while I was away."

"None at all. It was a breeze." Emily was desperate to remain the most obvious choice for house sitter for the professor. It was the only way she would ever have to get back into that greenhouse and enjoy that wonderful flower again.

"Thank you again for looking after things for me. You were such a dear. Are you sure, nothing happened? Nothing... extraordinary... in the arboretum, per se?"

A jolt ran through Emily. 'She knew,' she thought. 'How? I was so careful.' Her heart pounded and adrenaline dosed blood surged through her head. Shame was unavoidable, but she needed to keep her cool. Fear stabbed her and her mind poured over her daily adventures in the arboretum. Did she put everything back correctly? Did she cover all the evidence? "No, nothing at all. It was so easy it barely made a bump in my day." Emily's heart jumped at the persistence of her neighbor's concern. It meant that she knew. In spite of Emily's careful precautions to cover up all evidence, the professor knew she had interactions with that plant.

"My dear Emily," spoke the professor in a much graver tone than before. "I dare to say... you had an encounter. A..., I apologize... a sexual one." She took a long pause that was like molten lead on Emily's heart. "An encounter... that I greatly fear, may have caused you serious bodily harm."

Emily's heart pounded, her vision clouded over and she felt faint. Not only was her naughty encounter laid bare but her sex with the plant had, indeed, dire health consequences as well. It was no use trying to deny it. The professor certainly knew about the sexual nature of the plant and what effect its blossoms had on a woman. Emily needed to confront this new revelation. "I... I don't feel... ill in any way," she forced out of her suddenly dry, contracted throat.

"If you're sure. Just the same, I would like to see you as soon as possible. I... I have a concern about... your exposure and I believe it is crucial that I see you right away."

Dread was nearly curdling Emily's blood. She remembered wondering at what the plant gained from their exchanges and now fantastic horrors filled her mind at what she might have foolishly subjected herself to. She was about to be confronted with the most embarrassing indiscretion of her life. "Well, it is kind of late right now. Would tomorrow morning be okay?"

"We may not have time." The professor paused, which amplified the gravity of the situation. "I'm afraid I will need to see you immediately."

"I'll come right over," Emily said very flatly, trying hard not to sob. She was terrified. She thought the plant must be toxic and her excursions into absolute delight would now be the death of her. Almost in tears, she quickly got dressed, left her house to stand at her neighbor's door. Before she could ring the bell, the door opened and she found Prof. Masterson standing before her and looking very concerned.

Emily's brows knitted, her chin knurled, her lip protruded in a pout, and her knees got weak.

The professor put a comforting arm around Emily and ushered her in before closing the door. Emily broke down. Dr. Masterson hugged her and guided her to a seat. Kneeling before Emily, she offered a tissue and in a soothing voice said, "It's not too late, my dear. I fear you may have been implanted

and if we can get you into surgery, there may still be time."

"Surgery?" Emily cried as loud sobs consumed her. "What happened to me?"

"If my assumptions are correct, that you were penetrated, a seedling may have been deposited in you. It would be fatal if not removed in time. But we have time. You will be alright my dear."

"I'm sorry," sobbed Emily in her distress. "I... just wanted to read,,, and.. and... then... something just happened to... to me... and I never knew... I'm so ashamed. Please... please don't tell anybody... how I died."

"My dear," said the professor. "I would truly be the vilest of hypocrites if I were to let you flounder in shame." She leaned forward and clasped Emily's hands in her own. "Many are the times that I myself succumbed to the delights of those wonderful blooms. I have already contacted my associate. She is a medical doctor and she will extract the seedlings before they penetrate beyond your uterus. No one will need to know."

"But I don't have a uterus," balled Emily. "Please don't let my mom know I pervey with a plant."

There was a long pause and the empathic tone dropped from the professor's voice when she said, "You don't have a uterus?"

"They took it out a year ago when I got cancer," Emily replied in stark counter to her previous devastation. "Why?"

Prof Masterson melted into a relieved smile and hugged Emily to her. "Good child, if you have no viable uterus then we have nothing to fear." Still bracing Emily's shoulders, she looked into Emily's eyes and continued with a smile. "If you have no pre-menopausal uterus, he could not have implanted you."

An ocean of dread withdrew from over Emily and she asked in relief, "Who is 'he'?"

"We call the specimen Caelibem Istud. It means Stalking Bachelor," she continued. "It caused quite a stir when we first discovered it. That was until we discovered its lethal potential. It cost the life of a brave and brilliant young colleague." She paused a long time as if recalling something from long ago. "We kept our discovery tightly under wraps after that, I assure you."

"Are you sure?" Emily sputtered. "We got it on... We did it... We were quite prolific in our devotions." She was still wiping away her tears and desperate for affirmation of her safety.

"Prolific, my dear?"

"Uh... ," Emily began. She felt reluctant to admit the whole truth: that she and Dr. Masterson's Schtuping Butler had bonked the hell out of each other, but she would probably find out anyway. "It was a bit more than once." Emily bit her lip when the professor's eyebrows raised, then let her have it in a whisper, "Every day."

"Every day?" the professor asked in unrestrained shock.

Emily felt a twinge of shame again about her excessive urges and if she might have over-utilized the poor thing. "Twice on Sunday," she admitted with a bit of a grimace.

"Twice on Sunday?" Prof. Masterson intoned with even deeper astonishment. When she saw Emily



look downward in embarrassment she added assuringly, "And why not? My, you are a healthy girl, aren't you, though?" She patted Emily on the wrist, "We should make sure. I should like to take you to the university in the morning for an examination." She saw Emily blanch. "I know, my dear, an intrusive inconvenience. But it would put my mind at rest to know you have not suffered any ill effects."

"Well, I didn't have anything planned exactly," Emily admitted still sniffing and swallowing goof balls. "I guess it would be okay."

"Right. Well then, I will make arrangements with my colleague, Professor Ernholm, and we will see about that examination in the morning. She has a medical degree, you know. Nothing to worry about, my girl, just to make sure. You'll be right as rain."

"Can we..." Emily started. "I'd like to keep news about my... little adventure... to as few people as possible."

"Now, don't you be ashamed," the professor assured her with a smile. "She has had her own encounters with the Caelibem... in the name of science, I assure you. We are all alike in that respect. I'll have you know, our experiments with this species is privy to my colleague and I alone."

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"Twice on Sunday?" said Dr. Gretchen Ernholm with a frown of consternation and a trace of Swedish accent. Her eyes were wide and brow furrowed. The professor's shocked silence was for awe of Emily's stamina more than contempt for her unquenchable libido.

Emily's eyes strayed away and she felt embarrassed. It was Saturday morning and they were at the university in the office of Prof. Masterson's associate Dr. Ernholm in the Hall of Botanical Science. Emily sat on a chair before the two scholars fidgeting with the hem of her blouse and her feet tying her ankles in knots. It was hard to face an inquisition on her sex life even if she knew good and well that both women had engaged in the self-same herbal debauchery as she. "Well..." she offered, "He kind of sweeps a girl off her feet." The comment garnered a chuckle from Prof. Masterson.

"Young lady," Dr. Ernholm added in a flat even tone. "Do you know how dangerous it is to plunge into unfamiliar encounters in an uncontrolled environment?"

"Gretchen," Prof. Masterson asserted. "You know very well the vulnerability of being exposed to the nature of Caelibem."

"Just the same," Dr. Ernholm continued, "for the sake of your well-being we shall need to check for damages. I'm afraid we will need to conduct a gynecological exam."

"Now? Right here?" protested Emily.

"You may disrobe behind that screen where you will find a clean gown," instructed Dr. Ernholm.

"We must, my dear. It'll be alright," added Prof. Masterson.

Emily never liked physical exams. They were always so intrusive and impersonal. And scientists or not, these ladies were almost complete strangers. She undressed quickly behind the screen and neatly folded her clothes and placed them on a chair before donning the awkward cotton gown.

She emerged very embarrassed and vulnerable to find both professors waiting for her beside an



examination table. Dr. Ernholm sat on a stool at the foot of the table and a cart of clean instruments at her side. Prof. Masterson stood beside the table with a sonogram ready to go. "Climb up, please," she said as she patted the table.

Emily mounted the table and placed her feet in the stirrups as she had dozens of times and then laid back. When Dr. Ernholm got her first glance, she gave a sharp gasp. Emily knew it was for her bareness and hoped she wouldn't ask questions.

"Gretchen?" prompted Prof. Masterson, discretely out of view.

"Nothing," came the reply.

Next came a copious application of surgical jelly (cold, of course) then the insertion of the speculum (even colder). Emily wondered if they had to keep those things in a refrigerator for some reason. The doctor pushed, twisted, and stretched open the jaws only to utter an occasional uninformative "Hmmm".

"Well, Gretchen?" said Prof. Masterson when her companion stood up.

"No tearing, bruising, or foreign matter. The cervix is closed. We must look deeper."

Emily felt more cold goop on her navel and Prof. Masterson handed Dr. Ernholm the probe. The sonogram screen fluttered to life as a grainy flurry of images emerged and undulated across it. There came a cold tingle as the doctor pressed and slid the probe over her belly from hip to hip. There were more vague "Hmmm" responses from the doctor before she abruptly handed the probe to her colleague and began removing her rubber gloves.

"Nothing," she said. "Our young friend is safe."

Emily felt great relief but knew she now trod on thin ice if she would ever get another chance to see her lover. She sat upright and next expected a lecture in the vein of 'Let this be a lesson to you'. "I guess I should be more faithful to scientific method next time," she said in hopes of appealing their sense of team spirit as she pulled her legs from the stirrups, lowered her gown and towed off the goop.

"Alas, if we only had your youthful vigor we could ..." Professor Masterson trailed off as she slowly turned her head to her associate with an expression of wondrous enlightenment.

"Eremita?" said Dr. Ernholm as the same illuminating thought reflected in her face. "Dare we ask?"

"If young Emily is still brave enough. We won't have another opportunity like this for a year," Prof. Masterson affirmed.

"Ask what? What opportunity?" chirped Emily. She was feeling like the little sister shut out of a big secret.

"My dear, we have another specimen in our lab, Prensantem Eremita, very similar to Caelibem. We have been... hoping to find a suitable... partner," said Prof. Masterson as she kept exchanging sideways glances to Dr. Ernholm as if searching for guidance.

"What does Prenstan Ermita mean?" said Emily, a bit bemused.

"Prensantem Eremita, my girl," corrected Prof. Masterson. "It means Clutching Hermit."

"This specimen is susceptible only once per year...", started Dr. Ernholm.

"Wait. Clutching?" injected Emily in an apprehensive tone.

"... right now, in fact," continued Dr. Ernholm, oblivious to the interruption. "And if we had a suitable supplicant..."

"Emily," Prof. Masterson quickly overlaid, "we have been lacking a fit enough subject who is invulnerable to impregnation that we could offer to Prensantem Eremita as a... sexual affiliate... while we conduct our research."

"In the name of science," Dr. Ernholm enhanced.

Emily nearly burst with excitement at the idea but was able to compose herself. She thought she really should play hard-to-get, but... (Are you kidding?). Yesterday she thought she would never enjoy plant sex again and now all of a sudden she had a golden ticket. "I'll do it," she exclaimed perhaps a bit too eager. "I'd be honored to contribute."

Next ensued a battle of challenges to her resolve fortified with many warnings and questions about her commitment, but Emily remained firm for she was really thrilled about a new encounter and their forebodings only piqued her curiosity. The two scientists produced a waiver for her to read and sign along with a departmental employment form (Yes! She was going to get paid for it, too!). All formalities out of the way, they gave Emily a lab coat to put on over her gown and they escorted her surreptitiously through the vacant hallways to an elevator. On the top floor, they emerged into a lab that ran half the length of the building. Past a secured door, they brought Emily into a smaller, glass-roofed lab that opened into several glass-domed alcoves on both sides.

Prof. Masterson patted the top of a gurney and said, "Hop up, my dear. Dr. Ernholm will prepare you."

Emily did as she was told. She watched Prof. Masterson climb into what appeared to be a hazmat suit and began to wonder what she had signed-up for.

The professor parted a plastic curtain and disappeared into one of the alcoves while Dr. Ernholm stoically set about attaching electrodes for an electroencephalogram about Emily's head followed by a hair net. All set, she said, "You will need to remove the gown, young lady."

Well, it was their party and if she came to have sex, nudity would have to play a part in it at some point. She bravely removed the coat and the gown and then feigned detachment as the doctor placed electrocardiogram tabs at strategic spots around her left boob. As a final touch, she pushed a sphygmomanometer cuff up Emily's right arm.

Emily was ready for launch but it was Dr. Ernholm who donned a space suit. Prof. Masterson emerged from behind the curtain and came to Emily's side.

"All ready, my dear?" the professor asked with a pat on her shoulder. She had to raise her voice to be heard through her suit's helmet.

Emily nodded and the professor pushed the gurney toward the alcove. As they proceeded, they passed another alcove and Emily noticed through the curtain some pale green mound writhing in the center of the floor. "What was that?" she said with a modicum of alarm.

Without hesitating, Prof. Masterson replied, "That one is for some other time. You would need a bit

of rest before you go in there, dear.”

Emily’s eyes went wide with the possibilities that entailed. The gurney stopped before the doorway that the professor had been in. She could not make it out through the curtain but some big purple object waited for her at the other end of the room.

“Very good, dear. Just relax,” said Professor Masterson to Emily. She gave Emily’s arm a comforting squeeze.

Fully encased in plastic, Dr. Ernholm approached from the other side. She lifted a hose attached to an oxygen tank under the gurney, she fixed it to the hair net from behind, and then offered the cannula to Emily to fit to her nose. “You must rely on the oxygen, Emily. This will help you keep your consciousness,” said the doctor. “Are we ready?”

“Ground Control to Major Tom...” Emily muttered to herself.

“What’s that, dear?” asked Prof. Masterson.

“I am if you are,” Emily said, trying hard to disguise her nervousness. This was it. Emily felt like she was a Christmas turkey being wheeled into a dining hall. As the gurney was pushed into the adjoining greenhouse, the plastic curtains parted before her and revealed what she had only barely seen before. It was a secluded lab off the main greenhouse but with heavily frosted glass to disguise its contents. A short desk was on one side with a multi-layered shelf opposite. At the end of the room, Emily beheld for the first time her new lover.

“Gulp,” she said aloud. Before her at the end of the greenhouse stood what looked like a stocky palm tree. It was a glossy purple with horizontal ridges across the trunk from top to bottom. It was three feet thick at the base but gradually narrowed to about two feet at the top. From the top, a thick growth of 2-foot fronds emerged like a wild, green clown wig.

Emily stared at her unassuming suitor with wide eyes, wondering what treats awaited her. In spite of having an audience, mild arousal simmered in her. Both professors busied themselves with attaching wires to the sensors they had placed on her. The wires were bundled and then fastened to the gurney with plenty of slack to allow for free movement. They switched on the equipment and Emily heard their muffled affirmations through their face masks.

“What are her vitals Dr.?” asked Professor Masterson over her shoulder.

“100 over 65. 75 BPM” came Doctor Ernholm’s response.

Wired and ready to go, Prof. Masterson squeezed Emily’s hand and Emily turned to her and nodded. She spread her knees wide and the two scientists pushed her soft supple form up to the base of the fat tree like a sacrificial offering and then stepped back.

“Hi, big fella,” Emily said in her best seductive tart voice. She turned to look at the doctors. They shrugged. ‘Do I climb on him or does he climb on me?’ she wondered. Knowing her carbon dioxide always triggered her other plant-lover, she pulled the oxygen cannula from over her nose. She took a deep breath and blew on her somber partner from its base to its bushy crown. The effect was slow to start but a soft, deep gurgle issued from inside the trunk and then the leafy fronds on the top began to lightly quiver. The quiver turned into a shudder and a faint cloud lightly fell from them and slowly wafted down over Emily. She recognized its fragrance immediately. It was that intense aphrodisiac she had enjoyed from her other green boyfriend. Both professors came forward with a screens they swept through the air and suction devices to collect samples. She flashed Prof. Masterson a quick

smile before she tilted her head back and inhaled deeply. The effect was almost instantaneous as her mild arousal erupted into a vigorous orgasm. She shuddered as the lust storm surged through her, warming her skin to a blush and moistening her depths for what they were surely about to receive.

She scooted her butt to the edge of the gurney, to get closer to her lover and avail it of her charms. The narcotic effects of the plant's pheromones were working vigorously on her senses. Her arousal was rising to bubble over, her skin was tingling in anticipation of the carnal assault to come. It was everything she remembered from her rendezvous in Prof. Masterson's greenhouse and she badly needed it.

In her encounters with Dr. Masterson's giant flower, she had always been aware of the sexual advances on her body. She had felt the cool tingly sensations of the plant's secretions falling on her naked skin. She knew the plants large, fleshy petals were spreading over and clasping firmly and gently about her upturned rump. She was certainly aware of the large firm pistil penetrating her, reaching her depths, and urgently thrusting into her as tiny feelers teased and tickled about her bare pussy. There was no denying she had gotten a stupendous fucking, but she had never really witnessed what was happening to her body. This time she would not only get a thorough screwing but she would get to watch the whole wickedly engrossing event.

She reached out to the trunk with her feet and felt the rough surface as she slowly pushed upward with the balls of her feet. She spread her knees wide and then drug her arches downward in a taunting caress. She reclined backward onto her elbows and poised her soft, delicate form for her lover's attentions. Her paramour was slowly waking to her allure. The long fronds on top were sweeping the air, tasting it for signs of Emily, and how to access her. It located her and the trunk elongated and began to bend toward her. It stooped lower and lower. The fronds on top began to swell, becoming less like leaves and more like fingers. A number of orange-colored vines emerged from somewhere among the fronds and dangled from the writhing tangle. The vines, with round leaf-like pads spaced evenly over their surface dropped down further and further until they came into contact with Emily's legs. As soon as any vine touched her, it came to life, curling around and entangling each of her legs. The pads flattened over her skin and secreted a slick glaze to seal a sucking grasp. With their new grasp of her, the vines pulled to lift her legs higher and to draw the undulating head closer to her body. The fronds began secreting their own gooey glaze to drip upon her body in preparation for the impending merger.

Again, both scientists swept in to collect fluid samples from varied locations into vials. They were careful to avoid contact with the tree and did not interfere in any way with the merging couple. Just as quickly, they faded back into the sidelines.

More of the thick, slippery sap drooled onto Emily's skin, paving the way for the impending bond. The plant reached for her, anxious and in a need as great as the want it was fueling in Emily. The two creatures were set upon in their yearning to unite.

A party was about to engage in her pussy and Emily wanted to stoke her party mood. She slid her butt closer to the trunk and thrust her hips up to the reaching fronds. She lifted the oxygen cannula from her nose again and inhaled more of the intoxicating fragrance. She shuddered from the immediate orgasm the hit induced.

"Careful, my dear," Prof. Masterson warned.

"One seventy over one-O-five," Dr. Ernholm intoned. "Pulse... one sixty eight." Both scientists continued to collect samples of the surrounding air and snipped tiny bits of leaf and vine when an opportunity presented.

Emily had never had sex with a pit crew standing by. She had almost forgotten they were there. She returned the oxygen tube to her nose. Her head cleared a little and she continued to watch with wide eyes her erotic entanglement. More vines found her and wound around her thighs, ass cheeks, hips and waist. They lifted her hips off the gurney while pulling her thighs apart. Her pussy was being held open and accessible to the writhing mass of green tentacles poised over her. As the bushy green head bent lower toward their target, the fat fronds engaged her thighs, crept over her skin to hold her in their own slimy grasp. Reaching, pulling, spreading, the mass of tendrils swallowed her into its carnal embrace. Emily could tell she was about to be clutched real good.

The green head pushed its way between her knees. Emily aided it by wrapping her ankles around the upper trunk and embracing it with her feet like any enraptured lover would do. She thrust her hips toward it in eager anticipation of their union. Meanwhile, both observers were consumed in gawking fascination at two beings transfixed on joining to form their sexual bond.

Emily was rapt with fascination as she watched her body slowly claimed by her strange paramour. The slick green fingers had now reached her pussy and excitedly explored it. A sick chorus of tiny slurps and plops filled the room. They licked up and down the length of her slit and the opening of her vagina, which they tantalizingly teased but never broached. To her clitoris, they swiped by but never dared to linger. It was enough to drive Emily to a fit of anticipation. She inhaled deeply and another pheromone induced orgasm hit her just as gooey green tongues enveloped her ass, her hips, and up to her navel. Every square inch of her they consumed, they treated her to a maddening frenzy of pleasure. Emily thought that, surely, she would be consummated with penetration but as the fog of her climax passed, not a single tendril had entered her.

The tendrils and vines worked in conjunction to pull her upward and then surged over her for better purchase. Now Emily found herself devoured up to her waist in a tangle of slick green fingers all caressing her as they held her ready. She found out why when the swarm of green parted just above her pussy and a thick, pale protuberance pushed itself slug-like from the center of the mass.

Astonished, Emily glanced toward Prof. Masterson with a curious frown. The professor just patted her shoulder and she felt reassured. Watching intently, she saw this thick muscle bump firmly up against her vulva and then it opened. Like a big, blubbery, thick-lipped mouth, it spread open further and stretched outward until the entire maw had engulfed her pussy from taint to clitoris in a possessive, wet kiss.

The scene was brief because a tide of tenderly groping foliage swallowed it in their ever-reaching grasp of Emily's pelvis. She was now the only witness to the congress taking place within. She pulled out her elbows from beneath her and dropped her head and shoulders to the table. The clustered chorus of slithering green fingers surged over her lower body, capitalized on their purchase, and lifted her ass up off the gurney. The sexual exchange was now entirely controlled by the hulking purple herb. Emily simply closed her eyes and let herself be had. It was all calm on the outside while inside the wrestling embrace of plant life the mouth spread and seated itself firmly against her bare pussy. A question mark hung in the air as to what was transpiring between the two beings and then, "Oooooowwwoooo!" Emily shrilly erupted, surprised by a new development.

"What is happening, my dear?" asked Prof. Masterson.

"Ssssuck... ing," replied Emily. That was as descriptive as she could get in her present state. The sensation was wonderful. It intensified the contact and at the same time increased the sensitivity around her pussy. She could have been completely satisfied with this alone and she was about to lift her oxygen tube to take another dose when something within the mouth slowly surged into her and she gasped.

"What is it now?" pressed Dr. Ernholm.

"Ent-ring... me," was Emily's breathless reply. It was getting hard to keep her focus. A long, thick tongue was pushing its way up her vagina, twisting and probing as it explored her depths. A thrusting penis was nothing like this. The feeling of something alive moving around within her, no matter how gently, was expanding her sexual awareness to unimaginable levels. She wanted to embrace her talented lover and return pleasure. Her hands reached down and pressed over the tangle of tentacles writhing around her pussy. The licking green tentacles engaged her fingers in a slow dance of exchanged caresses.

"Can you describe it, dear?" asked Prof. Masterson but Emily was in no condition to respond.

"One ninety eight over one hundred seven," Dr. Ernholm added. "Pulse... one hundred eighty five." She looked at Prof. Masterson with an eyebrow raised in concern.

Emily began twisting and pumping her hips into her lover. She became aware of a new talent her lover possessed. That one thick tongue that entered her proved to be several tongues. They struggled against each other and her vaginal walls to attain their goal in her depths. The onslaught of sensations tugging and teasing her awareness were now driving her to near apoplexy. Hungering for a release, she freed a hand to pull the cannula from her face and she sucked in two big puffs of pheromone-charged air.

"Emily, careful!" exclaimed Prof. Masterson.

And with the ensuing climactic rush, a towering tsunami broke on Emily's shore, sweeping away with it her last grasp of consciousness and landing her in the soothing bliss beyond.

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She came-to very slowly, like emerging from a restful sleep. She noticed she was lying on clean sheets with a warm blanket tucked around her. She recalled her last awareness and her hand reached toward her muff, looking for her plant partner. Her vulva and outer labia felt swollen and they were sensitive to her touch. Emily stretched and with the head-rush, lapsed back slightly.

"Caroline, she's coming around," said Dr. Ernholm. And both women came to Emily's side. The doctor seized her wrist and looked to her watch to gauge Emily's pulse.

"Can you hear me, Emily?" Prof. Masterson asked as she gently squeezed Emily's arm.

"Mmm... hmm," Emily slowly replied.

"Are you alright, my dear?"

"Mmm... hmm," she replied again. Her muscles were so tired and her warm nap so hard to relinquish. She struggled weakly when Dr. Ernholm pushed open each eyelid and shined her pocket flashlight into Emily's pupils.

"You are a very strong and courageous young lady," Prof. Masterson confided.

"Not very scientifically grounded, though," Dr. Ernholm added. She rested the back of her hand to Emily's forehead an instant to assure herself there was no fever and walked back to her desk.

"No one is perfect, Gretchen," retorted Prof. Masterson. She tucked the blanket around Emily's

shoulders and then spoke softly, "You are very fit, brave, and I admire you."

"Not... sci... tific," Emily groggily corrected with a yawn.

"That's alright, my dear. We'll work on that." Prof. Masterson continued. She leaned close to Emily's ear. "I have been thinking. I am old and tired and I have grown beyond playful pursuits. I think my Caelibem specimen belongs with a young woman who can appreciate him and care for him when I no longer can."

"Hmm hmm... Cae... li... bem," Emily smiled.

"Yes. Well, if you are willing, I would like to consign him to your care," the professor continued. "...after a sufficient environmental chamber can be constructed, of course."

"'f... c'rse"

"You think about it and we'll talk later." She patted Emily's head and returned to her desk.

Some very pleasant notion passed through Emily's mind but it got lost like some bobble in the chaos of torn Christmas wrappings on the floor. Her mind was drifting in a soothing bath and it was hard to pull herself out. She could find loose threads. The threads led to words. If drawn together the words formed a thought. That thought was a very happy notion that she hoped was real. With a burst of awareness, she bolted upright on the gurney with blinking eyes. "I'll call him Lurch."

The sudden outburst startled both of the scientists from their cataloguing of samples and they spun around to look at Emily just in time to see her eyes roll back and then she crumpled backward on to the gurney.

"Obtuse sentimentality," commented Dr. Ernholm. "Humph." And she turned back to her desk.

"Quite," added Prof. Masterson as she resumed her work. After they settled back into the comfort of routine she lackadaisically added, "I already named him Wooster."