*-- In Sian’s room, not long after falling asleep while her friends got ‘busy’ --*

They slipped in through the window. Sightless, they largely relied on feel to find the best path, but other receptors helped guide them. For instance, they knew from scent that a female was just below. Based on the lack of air movements, she was either sedantary or unconconscious. It was safe to continue down.

Although, every vine was so thin they would likely avoid detection anyway. No more than a hair. Larger vines approached from the treelines, but it’d be some time before they reached the building. It was only thanks to a freshly discovered fount of life nearby that the flower could fill these out, however they could only move slowly to converse on energy. Still fortunate, as they’d likely be necessary for the task ahead.

Down the wall, they found soft cloth wreathing the female. A quick search found ways underneath from all sides. Hardly much protection, though the obscurement might be useful if another were to walk in. That was always a concern, however the vines continued undaunted. This was their best chance.

They grew across the surface and approached their target. She continued to breathe deeply, unware of their presence. The vines spread out around her shape, making an outline, always ready to move in case she did. But they were lucky and she remained still. With the encirclement complete, the highest hurdle loomed; physical contact. Where to start?

The last time it interacted with a human had been so long ago. And that hadn’t involved much contact, or at least nothing as intimate as this seemed to be. It had simply swallowed those girls and changed them into something to help the nice one. This was something else entirely. What a strange feeling. Simply having any at all was unique in itself, but the sense that it was about to do something… dangerous - that seemed like an adequate description - made the vines hesitate.

But that same feeling of danger gave way to something else. Anticipation.

It wanted to touch this human. She wasn’t like the others. She had matured. That was likely why she had such an interesting scent. One that had become increasingly prevalent since it entered the room. It had to make a decision. The upper body was dangerous, humans possessed teeth like most mammals and those could rip through its vines. Best to start at the lower-half. Restrict its movements.

The vines gently poked at her legs. Getting no reaction, they circled her ankles with more creeping underneath, coiling higher up. She was soft. Even more so than the ground she laid on. How strange.

And intoxicating.

The vines grew bolder, hurrying to secure these limbs. As they moved past the knee, they found she was even softer, but with a certain firmness that weirdly made it want to squeeze more. Having never dealt with such impulses, the plant had no control and did so. The girl twitched, breath hitching slightly. Every vine froze in place, waiting, deading what was to come. But she settled down once again. Actually, that smell of hers was stronger.

How curious. The vines continued their work on her legs, now moving in soft undulations, sliding under more cloth only to find a second barrier. It ignored that for now, continuing its rippling motions. The girl made more noises, each one giving the appendages pause. Eventually, they adjusted and simply continued. The aroma was almost overwhelming now. And a distinct, mugginess had formed further up.

It knew very little of mammals. Or any lifeform aside from plants, but intuition told it not to engage just yet. Instead, it focused the vines on the arms. They didn’t elicit as much of a response as the legs did, but the constant motions down there seemed more than adequate. With those bound, it moved onto the largest part, one that was protected in more cloth. Once again, however, it was easily ignored just by slipping below. It avoided the swells on the girl’s chest, certain they were dangerous. For now.

Not until it had a better hold. Vines wove across the girl’s stomach and under her back, forming strong patterns. Even thin as they were, with all of them united in the right places, they wouldn’t be easily broken. Despite their numbers, however, they definitely couldn’t move such a large creature. A couple of tests confirmed that.

The last step was her neck. It twined around her, feeling her swallow and the occasional vibration of vocal chords. Much as it should worry over if she was waking, the sounds were pleasant, so it continued.

Every core part was coiled in its vines. That didn’t assure success though, not with the stronger ones still a while off, so it coiled around her other limbs. The short stubby ones at her feet and the longer, slender ones on her hands. They didn’t seem particularly strong, even moving under its limited power.

Now what? The others were still a ways off, only just creeping up to the structure. If only it had another source of nourishment, then they’d have been first on the scene. Its vines continued squeezing the human’s thighs, finding endless enjoyment in their suppleness. Perhaps there were other parts to enjoy in the meantime? With that in mind, it began massaging other parts.

The slender digits on her hands didn’t get a response, but further up, near the shoulders made her sigh pleasantly. They weren’t nearly as enjoyable as her thighs, though still nice. Her belly was next, covered in subtle ridges that offered little give. They were fun in their own way as it pushed between them and flowed along the path of her ribs. It still avoided the swells, even though it could sense they were the softest part by how they reacted to her breaths. That didn’t stop it from venturing above them.

When the vines began work on her shoulders and back, she let out a shuddering sound. It was different to the others. Deeper and slightly rough. The muggy heat between her legs got stronger, creating a subtle layer of sweat on the deliciously squeezable thighs. It didn’t know why, but those sounds emboldened it to massage her neck and head, weaving vines under her jaw and into her hair. She seemed to like that, even it clenched a little too hard and she jerked. Still not awake.

Did that mean… it could go further? Reinforcements were halfway to the window. Surely it had plenty of time. Even if they didn’t arrive before she awoke, the current ensemble should be enough to hold her just long enough. Or maybe prove they were unnecessary. The girl seemed receptive, though it knew mammals’ guards were down when unconscious.

No, it would wait for now. Okay, maybe a little more exploration. Surely touching the squishy mounds was fine. They couldn’t be *that* sensitive. They only had one barrier, whereas the other part had two. Tentatively, the vines circled the mounds. A sudden inhale swelled them up and into the touch. It was right! They were much softer than any other part thus far, though it had to explore everything. But it would. If there were other delights like these to find, then it would stop at nothing.

Since that touch didn’t alarm her, the vines wove higher and gently dug into them. They had so much give, even its weak vines were enough to press in. The other vines continued their assault, coaxing out more of those wonderful sounds. It didn’t fully enclose her mounds, instead leaving gaps in its weave and moved to the precipice. A small, but turgid bump sat in a slightly raised circle. How curious.

“Squeeze…”

The vines froze. She spoke! Even the larger set outside went rigid. Should it retreat? But if she was awake, the time it needed to unravel would reveal itself anyway. No, it needed to go for more.

“Squeeze… boobs,” the girl mumbled. Wait. Her breathing was still regular, her pulse only slightly elevated. She was talking in her sleep? Humans were such strange creatures. Though it had sensed other mammals make noises in their slumber. More importantly, its words; ‘squeeze boobs’. Did it refer to the swells on her chest? Something in the back of its mind recognised the word ‘boobs’.

Yes! Yes, it knew that. The knowledge from those humans years ago was finally coming. It was so long ago and it was so knew to… awareness that it never thought to, well, it never thought at all really. It merely acted. Like how it chose to expand itself throughout the forest. That was merely a whim.

The vines closed around her breasts, but left the nipple. They were highly sensitive, too risky to touch just yet. All this new knowledge would be so helpful, now it could identify what to prioritise. For the moment, it continued its usual motions, undulating against her body, making sure to ease out any and all tension in her body. Even in her unconscious state, she appreciated it, letting out gentle sighs and the occasional moan.

It paid close attention to the boobs. They weren’t just a delight to play with, but as it did so, the mugginess got even stronger down below. Which was perfect. As the girls panties got warm and wet, it could siphon that moisture, feeding it into the larger group just outside the window. It might just be enough to assure its success.

A surge of strength took it by surprise. The vines raced into the room, joining the others and about to strike until it regained control. If the vapours of the girl’s fluids was that potent, then the actual substance must be incredible. Vines crawled up to the final barrier and slipped underneath. It had knowledge of vaginas now, but nothing like this engorged, slippery amalgam of what resembled lips. Yet they were equally as intoxicating as the rest of her.

It wove into every crevice around the folds, always listening for changes to the girl’s breathing. She sucked in a sharp breath as it applied pressure, then released it in a moan when the vines slipped between her lips. They were soft in a different way to her boobs and thighs, but were covered in a slippery layer. One that it absorbed directly.

The first notion of ‘incredible’ fell flat. This was pure euphoria. How had it survived all these years without it? Worse yet, how had it not known about such a thing? Instantly, the thinner vines swelled up, doubling in size. Which wasn’t much overall, but allowed it to cover and squeeze more of the girl. Who certainly seemed to enjoy it as the vines worked over her boobs with renewed vigour.

It worked more vines between the folds of her pussy. A strange term for a vagina, but it didn’t care. The more it touched, the more it wanted to feel. The girl reciprocated, if unconsciously, hips squirming against the vines. More juices flowed out, coating the vines and fuelling their endeavours. It was enough, even, for them to finally secrete some fluids of their own. Only a tiny drop here and there, but sufficent.

The girls breathing picked up as her skin was lathered in its secretions. Her pussy flexed, almost seeming to invite the vines inside. It had little to no worries of failure now. With this new source of strength, and its larger vines on standy, it had everything it needed.

That didn’t stop it from wanting more. Delicately, more vines slipped between the girl’s folds, with others remaining outside to massage the entire region. She was mostly bald down there, with only a tiny crop of hairs that only made her lips all the more inviting. As it explored, it confirmed its second-hand knowledge, finding two separate holes nestled within. Only one actively provided fluids, but the other had potential.

It slowly worked some vines into the main orifice. She was tighter inside there, no less soft, but also strangely bumpy. That somehow made it even better for the vines as they explored the first inch, waiting to see how she responded. Very favourably, it seemed, as she arched into the slight penetration, sucking a deep breath that made the vines dig into her breasts even more. She let out a long, airy moan.

Her mouth didn’t close that time, instead leaving it open to softly pant under its ministrations. Vines crawled over her cheeks now, bolder than it expected of itself, and slipped over her bottom lip. Her mouth was just warm as her pussy, but had those dangerous teeth. She wasn’t intent on using them, simply allowing more vines to come in. Her tongue, however, did explore them in return. It offered a different, though equally nice feeling to her pussy.

Vines crawled over her ears next. A memory told it those could be sensitive too. All it did was stroke along the ridges and sqeezed the lobe, but that seemed to increase her enjoyment. Her juices flowed faster, heavier by the second. It took everything into itself, using a portion to produce more of its own fluids.

Soon enough, the girl was covered head to toe in vines and their sticky secretions. Completely at their mercy. The time for hesitation and patience was over.

Its stronger vines moved in. The thinner moves removed themselves from the breasts, leaving small lines in their wake, and were immediately replaced by their stronger brethren. Likewise, they took over the mouth. They were still too thin on their own to properly gag her, each barely the size of the girl’s smallest finger, but that was solved by simply weaving multiples together. Soon, it had something fit to stifle any noise.

Unaware, the girl continued panting and moaning, hips moving to encourage a deeper penetration. It obliged, exploring more of her pussy as it wrapped her thighs in the much stronger appendages. They were more sensitive than the others too, transmitting even more delight at touching and squeezing her supple legs. As it reached a barrier inside her, the larger vines found her panties. They pulled them up and to the side, more limbs holding them in place.

It didn’t recognise the strange wall in its way. This was something outside the knowledge of those girls from before. So it explored, familiarising itself with the oddity. A tiny divot sat at its centre. Another opening?! Ah, but wait. It knew something about this. Being so deep inside, it wasn’t far from the womb, right? This was an entrypoint. But it was so small.

Perhaps for a human. Vines adhered to the barrier, massaging it. The technique worked to relax the girl, so it should work there. Even if it didn’t, it simply had to shrink its vines once more, then tease the opening. Just a little. A tremor ran through the pussy and the entry opened just slightly. One vine darted inside.

“What the hmmmph!”

The girl was awake.

-- Sian --

Sian looked around the darkness of her room for whoever was attacking her. The moonlight did jackshit for her eyesight. Her phone. She needed her phone.

The girl went to grab it from the nightstand, to get a look at her attacker. It was probably one of the girls, but they *were* in the middle of nowhere. That plan fell flat as she barely moved a foot, before something pressed her arm down into the bed. She fought back, but found it much stronger than herself. She kicked, only for the same thing to happen.

More importantly, those weren’t fingers holding her down. It couldn’t be. She felt their touch on every corner of her body, from head to toe. The thing in her mouth, what she would’ve assumed was a penis, had a very different texture. It was mostly smooth for one, with only the occasional tiny bump, and had three sections that moved independantly. Like… like tentacles.

She’d adjusted to the moonlight, if only slightly, and could make out dozens of tiny limbs creeping in through her window. This couldn’t be happening, could it? A cabin in the woods, five hot high-school graduates in said cabin, and no cell service. It really was a horror movie.

Or a hentai.

The initial panic numbed her to the plethora of sensations all across her body. She felt slimy and sticky, not unlike after a long night with any of her friends, but that was secondary to the sheer relaxation she felt. Sian hadn’t enjoyed a massage in a long time. Or ever really. The closest was some attentive foreplay from Clare some months ago. But this felt like a legion of professionals working on every inch. Her feet, her calves, thighs, back, hands, arms.

Though she doubted any of them would massage her tits or pussy like this. A sigh escaped her when the many, many things moved around and inside her. They were in her pussy, all the way at the back. It reminded her of a tongue, only so thin she wouldn’t have noticed if not for their sheer numbers. Or for them rubbing someplace that shouldn’t have been.

The fact she was awake didn’t seem to bother whatever it was. The many limbs squeezed her from top to bottom, paying special attention to her tits and pussy. Oh fuck. Freaky as the situation was, she felt good. It was like they’d already figured out her most sensitive parts, and even paid attention to her thighs. Too often, her partners got fixated on her other parts, but she truly loved a good massage on her thighs. But this thing didn’t have the problem of focusing on one or two places.

It was everywhere.

She even felt it tickling at her ears and gently conforming to her cheeks and jawline. The strangest thing, of all the craziness thus far, was she felt safe. Aside from the gag and inabilty to move, she was unharmed. Even then she kind of liked it. The fact they were touching the most sensitive parts of her pussy certainly helped.

Whatever this was, it didn’t seem intent on actually hurting her. Actually, the way it was moving seemed almost like it wanted her to relax. Would it attack the instant she did? But why wait? She was at its mercy, arms and legs completely bound, unable to move more than an inch.

It could do whatever it wanted to her.

Sian moaned, pussy convulsing around the many, many tiny appendages inside her. A stab of discomfort elevated the mini-orgasm, while she felt multiple somethings moving *deep* inside her, way further than her vagina should allow. She relaxed, or tired to, yet the things in her mouth wouldn’t move. It didn’t seem eager to risk her making too much noise. In that case, she should get acquainted with her gag.

She gave a tentative lick, unsure what to expect. Definitely not something sweet. It resembled something baked. Like a cookie, only with a tart undercurrent that only made her more interested. Now that her mind wasn’t racing, she noticed a similar aroma in the air, but the tanginess was more prevalent. Like on the hike, when they all got horny. Was this thing responsible?

She wasn’t given time to contemplate that as one adventurous tendril found her clit. Not just found, but wrapped around it too, firmly squeezing the tiny nub. These things were so damn small. She almost laughed at the thought, given the fact her whole body jerked up. It responded to her by stroking her clit, treating it almost like a dick of its own. Sian sputtered around the strange gag, unable to breathe as her body was overrun by the sensations.

Something it noticed and settled down. Sian took a deep breath through her nose, the odour even denser now and tinted with something musky. The sound of something slick and wet sent goosebumps down her back, because she knew where they came from, feeling a much thicker limb rubbing along her pussy lips. It wasn’t anything impressive, but still a huge upgrade from the others.

Oh fuck… if that thing penetrated her too, she’d definitely cum again. She wasn’t even sure what to focus on anymore. The creature - or creatures - chose for her, as a pair of tendrils spun around her nipples. They weren’t content just to squeeze her, instead rippling along her nubs, pulling them out from her breasts, which were similarly handled. Sian gasped around the gag, breaths coming heavier now. She clawed at her bed, but the tendrils held her hands down flat, as if afraid she’d harm them.

The rubbing of her pussy didn’t stop either. They understood not to overwhelm her, but that didn’t stop them from maintaining a constant stream of pleasure. Did they feel good from her body too? She had to imagine they did. What would be the point otherwise?

In that case, Sian could at least return the favour a little. She couldn’t move much, but her tongue was still active, swiping along the phallic shape in her mouth, then she lifted her head slightly, before it was pulled back down. The cords around her throat tightened. Not enough to hurt, though it still made it harder to breathe. The warning was clear.

Sian moved again, this time slurping as her head was pulled back. The various limbs stiffened for a second, then she felt the bonds relax around her neck. She moved again, not being forced down this time. As she sucked, a distinctly musky flavour leaked onto her tongue, one that reminded her of licking pussy. And one that encouraged her to go even harder.

Being gay meant she didn’t know much about sucking dick, but she’d had some experience with Penny. Not that they seemed bothered by her inexperience. They even began thrusting against her bobbing head, brushing the entrance to her throat. Her goal worked though, as the rest spread across her body got even more active. Especially the ones around her nipples. They must’ve started leaking the same stuff, because now it felt like several tiny tongues licking her.

Another limb joined the rubbing of her pussy. The sounds got even louder and wetter as another fluid mixed with her own juices, while her clit was treated much the same her tits. All the while, every nook and cranny of her pussy was explored. When the rubbing tendrils poked into her hole, the others pulled her thighs apart. They dipped in, moving in small circles and pressing on her opening.

Just when she wondered if they ever would, they thrust into her.

Sian came. It wasn’t the smaller orgasm from earlier, or even like the ones she was used to. Those were like diving into a hot bath, feeling her body heat up all over. This, on the other hand, was like getting struck by lightning several times at once. Her ears and mouth, boobs and nipples, even her thighs felt like they were shocked. But it all converged on her cunt, which clamped down with all its might and squirted for the first time in her life.

She didn’t move at first. Her body just went tight, feeling the limbs explore deeper into her pussy. Like her mind couldn’t comprehend at first. Then it all caught up. Her legs jerked up, trying to squeeze together and make her pussy even tighter. The limbs held her down, making her strain even harder, which just made her orgasm even better as she was reminded of her helplessness.

When her throat clenched to release a scream, the gag surged forward and down. Her eyes rolled, nose flared as she tried breathing around the obstruction writhing around in her oesophagus. The coils around her throat clamped down as well, though she couldn’t make a sound. It was just doing it for its own pleasure then, as she felt them bulging out her neck.

She thrashed about in their grasp, unable to control herself in her climax. It really was like nothing else. They didn’t slow down in the slightest, pumping her pussy, milking her tits, massaging her thighs. Not even the tickling of her ears settled down. Her abdomen convulsed as some of them dug into her navel, causing another jet of squirt to fly across the bed. A third tendril darted into her cunt right as the pleasure ebbed, causing her whole body to jerk once again. This time with enough force to move the bed.

It slammed into the wall. Definitely loud enough for someone to hear. Briefly, Sian wondered if her friends would come and save her. Everything went still for a moment. Nothing moved, save for Sian’s chest and she desperately sought oxygen. A couple of knocks at the door made her heart race, then Clare’s voice asked for her. If she came in, would that be the end of it? Or would her arrival turn the tendrils violent? Maybe it would just take them both?

Sian’s mind conjured an image of her and Clare, bound together as their pussies were plugged up with giant tentacle cocks. Fuck, her friend would look so hot. Sian shook her hips, releasing a pitiful whimper, hoping Clare would walk in and be taken as well. She focused on the door, as if to will it so, and saw the faint shadow of someone standing there. Then they walked away.

Damn. Oh well, more for her.

The various limbs shuddered as the threat of discovery passed and Sian came down from her high. She supposed they were being safe, waiting in case anyone else came along. That was proven wrong as dozens more suddenly snapped around her limbs. Sian moaned in confusion, then choked as the gag thickened, slowly filling out until it cut off her air completely. She gagged in desperation, hoping the things would understand, only for a pair to dart up her nose.

The next thing she knew, she was breathing. Except, it wasn’t her doing it. These things were feeding her air. That wasn’t even the craziest part as her boobs were strangled as well, then her nipples were released. Just for the limbs to reappear and shove themselves against her ducts. Sian forced her eyes down, seeing in the faint glow of the moon, as her nipples were pushed down into her breasts repeatedly. Until her teats gave in.

She wailed around her gag, but it just flared out to choke off the sound. A fourth and fifth tentacle jammed into her cunt next, before they all fattened up to match the ones in her throat. The ones in her navel did the same thing. Then everything started thrusting. It wasn’t the tentative, exploring strokes from earlier. These were hard, fast and brutal. Powerful enough to bruise her cervix and likely leave her aching for weeks after.

And she loved it! Sian jerked about in her bondage, feeling the various limbs bite harder now, as her pussy trembled, rearing up for another squirting orgasm. The jerking of her clit turned equally violent, as if it were trying pull her nub out into the open. More tendrils joined in, tugging her lips in every direction. As if to invite the others into reaming her even harder.

Which they did. Harder and harder and harder and harder! Sian gagged, spewing spit onto herself, and succumbed to another violent orgasm, only now they were even more relentless. Her nipples ached terribly from being stretched. Her navel felt like it was being beaten by a champion boxer over and over. And her pussy would definitely be a gaping mess after this.

She hoped so.

Her whole body slid along the sheets now as they pounded her. A mix of their various juices coated her from head to toe, leaving her a slippery mess. Her eyes rolled in their sockets, unseeing, face completely slack. Yet she never failed to thrash about as she made to cum again and again. Some part of her was still conscious, trying to adjust to the brutal tempo. Maybe if it did, she could think of a way out.

That notion lasted all of two seconds. Like the creatures read her futile intentions, they sealed her fate. First, the tickling of her ears turned to them squirming into her canals. Sian never admitted it to anyone, but she didn’t hate getting wet-willed as a kid. It was a weird feeling, but not a bad one. Though that was immediately overshadowed as her spraying urethra was suddenly plugged by a wrist-thick member. Her bladder was invaded right as another legion of the thinner ones targeted her ass.

Shades of her first moments came through as they explored her tight little knot, before diving in and pulling her open. Sian clenched instinctively, but it was hopeless. They overpowered her, plying her anus open until not one, but two fat tentacles darted up into her.

No more. Sian thought as she came yet again. Even as her mind faded and begged for a reprieve, her body continued to respond emphatically for more. More more more!

Then the pummelling slowed. She felt the many limbs tremble inside her mouth, ass and pussy. It’s about to cum, she thought, unsure what to feel. Relief that she might be let go. Dread over that same possibility. Hope that she’d be dragged away to this things layer.

All speculation died when she felt the first bulges in her pussy. They stretched her walls even further, scraping along her insides in ways that made her moan in joy, before crying out in shock as something inside of her was yanked open. When something was deposited inside of her, a slight, but distinct weight settling in her abdomen, her mind shut down.

-- the vines --

It should’ve done this sooner. Aside from the fact human fluids turned out to be far more nourishing than anything it’d encountered thus far, it also felt amazing. It hadn’t even considered ‘feeling’ good, only seeking to complete its goal, but there was no way it could ignore this.

Then it sensed someone nearby. For a moment, it feared discovery, that it would be attacked or killed. Even so, it couldn’t bring itself to retreat, too infatuated by the female’s body. And when it heard that voice again, something switched inside it. What exactly, it couldn’t begin to even fathom. Everything was so new. All it understood was that yearning to penetrate this female turned into a *need*.

So it acted upon that need. Using the abundance of nourishment, it used a level of strength it never thought possible, railing the girl until she became little more than a font of nourishment and pleasure. It didn’t know what its ultimate goal was anymore. It only wanted to continue until it was satisfied, the feeling of which arrived sooner than expected.

Such an odd sensation. It was used to satisfaction after a long day absorbing the sunlight, drinking water and simply existing, but this reached a whole other level. Something rapidly formed inside its thicker vines, bloating them up from within. Ah right. It was still a plant, so of course it needed to leave seeds. Strange, since it had no recollection of doing so before. Then again, it never fucked someone before.

It understood so little of itself. But, maybe with these girls’ help, it could learn more. Although, it wasn’t so worried about that. It only wanted to understand that one girl more. To know who she was. To be with her.

And if pumping its seeds into one of her friends got it closer to that goal, then it would do so as often as necessary. Maybe even more so. It did feel outregeously wonderful. Though a problem arose as it tried moving the human. Fucking this human, or perhaps making these seeds, had drained of all strength. Even with the abundance of nourishment available, it just couldn’t do it. But, perhaps that was for the best. Something told it this would bring them closer.

It finished dumping its progeny into the girl, making sure to leave her womb and stomach and rectum nice and full of seeds, then retreated from the room. That said, it didn’t leave the cabin. It knew its aroma had an effect on them. Leaving its vines behind to constantly inundate them with its scent just made sense. For now, though, it needed to rest and consider its next course of action.