

Sundari Ras

(A Gender-Bending Tale of Reunion with Nature)



By Bewci

NOTE FROM AUTHOR

“Sundari Ras,” which means the nectar of the beautiful one, is an erotic-horror short story with elements of gender-bending, bondage, and such that minors shouldn’t read. If you’re below 18 years of age, it is my advice that you delete this file immediately.

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“Professor! Don’t!” That was the last thing I heard before my fingertips touched the anomalous portal in the air. I felt a strong suction throughout my body, and before I knew it, I was on the other side.

My name was Prof. Walter Terrence, and I was a physicist working at SCP – Secure, Contain, and Protect. It’s a foundation built to do as its name suggests, to secure and contain anomalies present around the world and protect the people of our planet. My job is to study anomalous objects that do not adhere to the physical laws of our universe. This portal was one of them.

I travelled thousands of miles across eight countries to visit the site of this anomaly – Mansarovar Lake, India. I was amazed at the hovering bluish-glowing light at the lake’s centre. This place had been reported to have religious importance and a hotspot of UFO sightings. I was ushered by a group of specialized army personnel to a boat that took me to the portal. It was freezing out there at -19 F, but as we got closer to it, we could feel the radiating heat. The captain accompanying me showed me that the radiation levels were slightly elevated but nothing hazardous. But he failed to mention that the portal pulled in anything with which it came in contact, like me. Maybe he thought I wasn’t stupid enough to do such a thing.

After getting pulled through the portal, I woke up on the ground, surrounded by dense grass and thick trees. I had never seen such beautiful flower vines or species of trees. I looked back, and the portal was gone. I stood up and looked around. The sun was setting on the horizon. A rush of panic coursed

through me as I was alone in a jungle, and it was soon to be dark. I ran for safety, but night loomed over the sky, engulfing the entire forest in darkness. There was no moon, and the thick canopy shunned the stars. My heart palpitated as my eyes yearned for light. Not too far from where I landed, I tripped on a tree's root and screamed in agony. Then I saw her.



“You shouldn’t be here.” Her voice screeched into my mind, bringing me to my knees. I dared to look at her and was mesmerized by her beauty. She was naked, her entire body coated with gold and decorated with golden ornaments. She walked with her ample, taut curves exposed with confidence. “I am Sundari, the goddess of this realm, and it’s prohibited for men!”

I shuddered with sheer terror, feeling her powerful presence and wrathful gaze into my soul. “Please! Don’t kill me!” I screamed.

Her terrifying expression melted into a cunning smile. “I don’t kill my trespassers, dear. I’m quite merciful! After all, this realm rewards everyone with eternal fertility and pleasure! You’ll bear the fruits of this forest, and it will be your new home!”

“I-I don’t understand. What do you mean?!” I was pleading for mercy when something wrapped around my ankles and dragged me from behind. I screamed and bawled in tears while my torso got bruised and cut from rough pebbles and twigs on the ground. Soon, the torture stopped, and I was enshrouded in a sweet aroma.

My aching wounds vanished, and the bruises melted away as I took a deep whiff of the vapours. “Mmm,” I moaned in ethereal bliss. My vision was impaired by the dark night, but I could feel the caress of the forest slithering on my body. I knew I should have tried to stop whatever was happening to me, but it felt so good. I couldn’t stop myself from releasing my clutches. My skin was slathered with lubricant, making me

squelch as I convulsed. My heart skipped a beat as my hands brushed past my hairy chest, and I realized all the hair was gone! My nipples were sore and titillating to the touch. They felt so sensitive! My digits traced to my arms and thighs, and I noticed how plush the flesh had become. As if I was touching a woman!

The creeping vines tightened their grip around my limbs and stretched them apart. My heart sank in anticipation as emotions, unlike anything I had ever felt overwhelmed me. A chill ran down my spine as I felt a bulbous shape prod at my anus. My reflex urged me to tug against the tendrils, but a part of me felt excited. My asshole kept stretching as it pushed deeper into me. "Ahhh... Ohhh... Mmm," My voice broke to a higher pitch every few moments as I moaned without any shame. "Oh, God!" Soon, I sang sweet nothings like a canary while the girthy vine ravaged my guts. A thin pair rolled around my nipples and squeezed and pulled them. It was surreal what was happening to me. I was a forty-five-year-old scientist yesterday, but now I was being a submissive slut. And I loved every moment of it.

The wild vines kept stimulating my senses while I throbbed in buzzing ecstasy for the entire night. The things they did to me bring me shame to describe them all. When the dawn broke, I saw my morphing self for the first time. I had lost so much muscle and fat which I couldn't shed after years of dieting. My tummy was toned, except for the protruding vine in my abdomen. My cock was reduced to a hyper-sensitive nub of nerves desperate for ejaculation but had no hole to release. As a result, my brain was mush, filled with thoughts of pure carnal desires. I gazed at the green phalluses taking care of me, and I

couldn't help but feel a deep attraction towards them. My bald patches in the front were gone, and I had grown an entire scalp of thick hair cascading down to my back. My nipples were humongous, cushioned with active mammary glands and ample fat. I would say they were solid C cups. But I was not done, and neither was the wild vines.

I opened my mouth, inviting one in while another rubbed against my fissured ball sacs. It was flat as a board, letting me know I had lost my masculine jewels forever. But they had been replaced with something far more tantalizing. A vagina. I couldn't describe how good it felt when the fat green vine submerged into my slit, tearing through the virgin canal and stretching me to new depths. The vines had been preparing me for this moment since last night, granting me the gift of



being a mother. My womb contracted, and the muscles squeezed hard against the vines as I experienced my first orgasm after hours of constant stimulation. The euphoric waves were so intense I kept fainting and returning to my senses repeatedly. I couldn't control my erratic shakes that jiggled my supple curves for what felt like a lifetime. The vines expelled something warm into me while I squirted fluid from the edges. Finally, I rested under the sunlight, panting in exhaustion while the vines pulled out and rested themselves.

My eyes darted onto the flower beside me and noticed that it had only male pollen stalks. It was the same case for all flowers. These vines didn't reproduce like plants on earth. Instead, they were parasitic, needing a flesh womb to fertilize and produce the seeds. It was fascinating and confusing, but I welcomed the pregnancy without any qualms. The seeds in my womb were fertilized within three hours, and I quickly pushed them out, about forty-two cute plant pods carried away by the father vines for plantation. And then, I was ready for the next batch.

It's been months since I found my way to this paradise. I couldn't be grateful enough to the mother goddess who takes care of my health and visits me from time to time. She is proud of me as I have helped expand the realm's boundaries with the repopulation. I have gone through my fair share of growth too. My breasts have grown to DD cups, which the vines love grabbing and playing with. My butt, my hips, and my thighs have all become child-bearing sizes as I have plopped countless plant pods out of my pussy. My libido has notched

up instead of lowering, keeping me engaged in the breeding process. It's a miracle that I still remember my past life. I had a wife, and she loved me very much. I'm sure she would be sad watching me like this. But I don't regret it or feel any guilt for enjoying this.

I know you think it's an accident that you're here, but it's not. Soon, the rest of the world will join us. And you'll witness it along with me. So, no, there's no point in running. Mother Sundari keeps an eye on all of us. Like the rest of humans, you have forgotten to live in harmony with nature. But I have been guided back to my roots, and now it's your turn.

