

The brown spotted tabby Marzipan was lost, dangers seemed to lurk around every corner in these nightmarish woods. The monstrous denizens had cost him belongings, bringing him down to the shirt on his back.

Vicious winged creatures, small enough to seize in a hand had been the main perpetrators, jagged toothed faces laughing as they had harassed him earlier, scaring him off grabbing his bag and sending him at a run from the path.

Struggling free of the satchel had saved him from them, buying some time, only for him to run into sticking sap from a suddenly woken and dangerous looking tree minutes later. His footwear had been abandoned then, thankfully with only basic intelligence, the living flora focused on what was left behind, allowing him to escape.

He'd laid low, desperate for a break, having to hold his breath as he heard the gibbering tones of the malicious critters that had first broken him from the path.

They were active all over the woods, it seemed, though not actively hunting him. He waited until he heard their voices drifting away before he took a deep sigh, looking ahead.

At first he didn't notice anything due to how still it was sitting, but when a pair of watching eyes blinked Marzipan saw one of the horrible creatures looking directly at him, perched on a branch. It grinned, opening its mouth and taking in a deep breath.

The cat couldn't let it shout and call its kind, he leapt forward, a hand reaching out, grabbing it with a thumb over its mouth. "Shh- don't speak or I'll..." he hesitated, threats not coming too naturally. "I'll make you regret it!" He concluded.

He felt pressure and breaths at his thumb as the creature tried to chuckle and instead laughed through its nostrils.

"What's so funny?" Marzipan asked before he heard a rustling around and below him. Vines on the forest floor moved on their own, they'd stealthily crawled over the legs of his trousers and now he finally felt them as they brushed his ankles. His free hand hastily dropped, trying to hook a finger into the leafy green vines or pull on them to loosen.

Sensing his resistance the vines tightened, creaking as they pulled in the slack and with it, raised his legs up "Yaah!" Marzipan gasped before he fell face forward, balance snatched from him by the reeling foliage. The stunning impact was all the creature in his grip needed to grab his thumb and bite it, making him wince reflexively and release it. On fluttering wings it hovered above him, watching with a smile.

It had lured him here on purpose! He glanced up and around, hand reaching for a solid tree root and clenching on for his life as the vines started to pull up from the ground. "No, no, get off me!" He insisted, shaking his legs to detach them but they had a hold on his fur, there was nothing he could shrug out of.

“What are you doing? Stay back!” He said as he saw the creature fly to the tip of a vine. It stroked it with its hands, letting the plant coil its body and then pulling ever so gently downward. The soft motions seemed to let the vines extend, with the creature laying the frond over Marzipan’s gripping wrist. “D-don’t you dare!” He said, still not sure what it meant to do.

The creature cackled and untangled itself only to yank hard on the vine. It responded by lashing out, grabbing Marzipan’s exposed wrist and adding more pressure, he held on for dear life, his other hand unable to find anything sturdier than a handful of grass before the pressure was too much and he was snatched from the root.

“No!” He gasped, squirming around as the forest floor retreated from him, his legs were raised higher, then drawn together before the plant seemed to twine the vines, spiralling around to lash them into one.

Now the tiny winged monster was cackling loudly, its cries heard by its fellows who drifted closer to see.

The vine at Marzipan’s wrist curved outward, wrapping his arm before sliding it behind his back. All the leafy tendrils seemed to have a focal point they were pulling toward, which the flitting creatures rose to reach first. They didn’t want to miss the main event.

“What do you beasts want? Get me down from this thing!” He whined and pleaded. Hearing in response them mimicking his noises in a mocking way before laughing. One of them hushed the others, bidding them to focus, all the more eerie for the imperilled feline.

Marzipan felt it at his toes, something softer and more pliant yet still bearing that light waxy quality of plantlife. A tight band latched on, sucking to hold itself in place and then stretching out to match the width of his joined-together feet.

Thanks to the vine holding his arm, he wasn’t totally upside down, but he was also bent back far enough that he couldn’t twist to see clearly. The little part he could glimpse was blocked by flickering wings as an orange tinted and lightly shining plant stem rolled forward.

It inched along his feet, making it over the heel in a sudden gulp before squeezing slow and steadily once again.

The vines kept retreating, keeping his legs bound together but working away from the stretching mass. It pressed cold and squishy-wet insides over his fur, matting it and swiftly reaching his body heat from the exposure. The higher the vines pulled him the deeper the tube-like plant was able to suck him in. Soon he felt the vines were barely needed to keep a hold on him.

His legs tried to pull apart, to squirm, but there was too much resistance from all angles to do anything meaningful, only stretching the outside of the plant-wall around his knees, to the amusement of the winged critters.

“Please! Is there anyone out there!” He called, gasping as he saw the leg-snaring vines flop and fall all the way back to the forest floor. If it knew it didn’t need them... was he already doomed?!

The tightness increased as the plant stretched the same opening around his rump and then started crawling up his torso. He fought for all he could, hand tensing and trying to shake off the vine at his wrist, yet soon it had a grip over that. His body was pulled ever closer, his free hand waving in the air, not even a branch or bough in place to hold on to.

The squishing tension had coated up to his caught elbow only moments later. Not a single part of him was able to squirm outwards, the plant seemingly able to keep drawing in and in.

His loose arm flailed in panic, soon that too was at risk of being swallowed as the plant-tube reached his shoulders. The vine from his arm fell down now it was no longer needed, but to his absolute horror, it landed on his free hand. He looked up and saw why; the monstrous fae-like creatures had guided it.

With one arm stretched out behind his back, the other ended up pinned across his chest, swallowed inch by inch in the orange stem. It stretched just enough that he could see through it in spots, feeling the pressure in a way that made him all the more worried. “Please, I can’t get out!” He said to the creatures in a last bid for their unlikely mercy.

The lips of the plant covered his shoulders and pulsed up his neck, and there finally it seemed to have reached a limit. His skull and jaw were too wide relative to the neck, it slurped and sucked but didn’t seem to get any further up! With a voice quivering he finally let out a soft sigh of relief.

Suddenly he felt something lower down, repeated feelings as the creatures swarmed the tight tube around the cat, kicking it, prodding it, even biting and laughing. They were having a riot of a time while the helpless Marzipan could only take it. The plant was thick enough that none of it hurt, it just simply humiliated him, making his ears droop.

He bit his lip, holding his tongue, hoping the creatures were just cruel pranksters. That they’d release him when they got bored. If so, he’d just have to hold on and bear it.

Twisting and groaning, the only motions he made worried him further. The plant still pulsed every now and then, and with each shake it pulled the arm folded at his chest a bit straighter, a bit more flat to his side.

Already it was of little use, but if it was stuck away from his reach his situation would be even more imperilling.

The kicks and prods started to subside, with one even lying on the crook where his thighs met his rear. Could it be that the monsters were finished?

One of them gibbered to the others, pointing at Marzipan's head.

Together the creatures took up a loose formation, before in a discordant chorus they said "Bye bye!" Waving their hands.

"What? No! Don't leave me up here!" He said, surprised when the majority drifted closer, forming a circle around his neck. His spine tingled and he tensed as he felt their tiny clawed hands press against the fur of his neck and under the plant line. After a cry from one of them, they all pulled while those who hadn't joined flew into Marzipan's face, pushing on his head and snout!

They were stretching the plant wide! Helping it swallow the last chokepoint it hadn't managed on its own.

"No! No please, please don't!" He called, but it wasn't stopping them or even making them hesitate. The plant had woken up too, slurping and licking, the ring of its opening pulling up the back of his head, over his ears, turning to run under this chin. "Please!" He yelped once more before it had covered his eyes and tightened over his nose.

"Mmmh! Mmmmmmmh!" He groaned as the chittering creatures delighted in watching the definition of the cat soften behind the stretched plant walls.

The lips closed tightly, just letting a bit of air in and out, laced with his muffled grunts.

For the creatures the fun was over, they'd meant their goodbyes, a few gave him a last poke or pat on his head before they left. Marzipan felt fear welling up, there was nothing he could do, and now he was being left behind.

The plant sucked the cat in closer and closer until it stopped abruptly. A tension below Marzipan's feet seemed to choke the plant to the point it couldn't pull past. Having almost given up hope, he thought he hallucinated as he felt light flicks around his body followed by a terrifying sudden drop through the air. Something soft and springy caught his fall. A hand traced down his back and far side. "My my, another lone wanderer almost becoming plant feed?" His unlikely rescuer cried. "Tell me, helpless creature. Would you rather end inside a flower's belly? Or would you like a chance to serve something greater."

Marzipan whimpered. Giving everything else he'd met in the woods he already knew this creature would be trouble. But there was only one logical choice. "Mmmh... mhhh-mhhfph."

"Well chosen." His rescuer said to her newest little project.