

The day had been full of surprises. The first came when Joe stepped out of his spaceship and into the dense jungle: the familiar voice that was his exosuit's AI dispassionately proclaimed "Planet habitable," a phrase rare enough to make him freeze. How long had it been since Joe had heard that? He looked at the computer embedded in his multitool just to be sure, and the readings of the atmosphere confirmed it. He afforded himself a soft smile. Finally, a planet he could truly experience.

The foxtaur sat his massive ass on the ground and ran a few more scans with his multitool; no harmful microorganisms, no cell-annihilating radiation, no weird energy fields or what-have-you; just a sunny, flora filled planet. Fantastic colors, in shades and shapes Joe had never seen before, swaying gently in the wind before him. With no danger to be found, Joe took off his helmet and walked deeper into the jungle.

Engineers sure loved to talk about how a well-maintained exosuit helmet was just as clear as your normal vision (for some ridiculous reason, some even claimed it made your perception *better*), but the foxtaur was not fooled. Nothing came close to letting his head, uncovered, take in every bit of the world around him--not just for the sake of his vision either, but for the sounds and scents as well. As soon as the "kshhh" sound of his helmet depressurizing finished his beautiful mane and big ears were freed. His nose sniffed, and his eyes got wide.

The most curious noises were all around him. The jungle was alive with rustling, darling little whistles and whoops, soft clicking clacks. The sounds were so playful and energetic it seemed as if the fauna all around him were playing games and enjoying themselves as much as he was. Which is why Joe was especially surprised, and for the second time that day, when his exosuit informed him that there were none.

"Long range scan complete. Fauna not found. Flora populated planet exclusively." Joe raised his brow and made a few quick checks on his multitool once more. To the foxtaur's shock, his suit was right; there was not a single organism with a lysosome in its cells on the entire planet. Joe's head whipped back up and he looked around, finally realizing where those sounds must be coming from.

The vines he had seen shifting gently were not being shuffled about by animal movement--they were climbing up that tree, almost like a sort of serpent. The swaying leaves weren't dependent on the wind at all, and upon closer inspection were constantly shifting themselves towards whatever shafts of sunlight appeared through the equally animated canopy above. Joe couldn't determine where the clicking and clacking noises were coming from *exactly*, but he was pretty sure the answer to that, as well as every further question along the lines of "What is doing _____?" was the same: the forest was alive, in a way much less metaphorical than he originally thought.

Joe was ecstatic! As an avid lover of plants, the foxtaur was happy to discover any new flora, and these were some of the most beautiful and lively he had ever seen in quite a few systems. Trees swayed back and forth, bumping into each other like raucous partygoers. Roots pushed out from the ground and pulled in fallen leaves the

very moment they hit the forest floor, hungry for nutrients. A couple of bulbous orange plants emitted happy little cooing sounds and Joe could not figure out why, which made him squeal with delight. It was a paradise of pleasurable new sights and sounds.

Joe stomped through the jungle with joy, his fat ass and tail (well contained by his exosuit) bending and destroying much of the thick vegetation around him. The whole time his head whipped to and fro, desperate trying to absorb as much as he could. There were flowers that were several rings of starbursts, each new layer a different shade of some alien color. Walking sticks, *actual* sticks that somehow slowly made their way through the underbrush. Bloated, juicy fruits that just begged Joe to grope and squeeze them. A big flower that--woah, no, this flower was huge. Joe skidded to a stop at the edge of a small clearing, his eyes growing wide.

Taller and wider than the foxtaur (the latter being the far more impressive feat), an orange and yellow flower with purplish spots undulated gently in front of him. It sat in a small clearing with many little, similar flowers near it, all connected by a tangle of vines on the forest floor; a sight to behold, if there ever was one. Also the source of Joe's next surprise of the day.

The foxtaur made sure to scan the plant thoroughly before taking any step further--not carnivorous, or toxic, or venomous, or poisonous in any way, at least as far as his up-to-this-point peerless multitool was telling him. No, it wasn't going to invoke some sudden nervous system failure or allergic reaction, it said, and no, the structure itself wasn't strong enough to chew him up, or choke his neck. After he finished scanning the flower for every avenue of destruction it could possibly visit upon him and got nothing, Joe took a single confident step forward, moving into the sea of smaller flowers surrounding it.

And that was more than enough. Reacting to Joe's movements, the flower immediately closed up its leaves and took on a teardrop shape. Immensely curious over this development, Joe intended on walking forward to get a closer look, but unfortunately had no time to do so--after no more than a second it open right back up, shooting out a cloud of pollen that fell over the clearing like a curtain, turning the air a shimmering yellow green. Joe did not have enough time to react, the cloud of pollen enveloping him before he even had a chance to unclip his helmet from his belt.

Panic started to crawl up the foxtaur's massive back, but before it could get too far, he remembered that he had just taken a reading of this flower--it was non-toxic in every way, right? Right. He sighed, and his shoulders fell back down. Plus, it smelled nice; he couldn't deny that. Really, *really* nice. Very fresh, but thick? Powerful. Thick.

Joe's knees buckled, and a smile pushed across his face. His body felt good, really good inside of his suit. The skintight nano rubber clung tightly to every inch, pulling against his fur with every new delicious breath. He wagged his tail harder than normal, causing his hips to sway dangerously back and forth, groaning at the immense pleasure of it as he did so. His body felt **so** good, so distractingly good, enough to allow

a not-quite-thought to surface and tell him that he needed to stick around, this place was his new favorite place. He nodded, though he forgot why the moment he did so.

The foxtaur wasn't dumb, of course. He could tell immediately that something was going on, but his suit hadn't warned him of any danger yet, and it was well aware of his vital signs. *So why not enjoy it?* he mused, as another cloud of the intoxicating pollen fell over him. It felt like he smelled it with his whole head this time, and it reminded him a bit of lavender, but maybe sweat too. His head was warm, so was his body. All of it felt heavy and light at the same time, especially his backside.

"Maybe I'll take some of this with me," Joe wondered aloud, his dick straining against the skin tight material of his suit. It had pushed out of his fat sheath quite long ago, though he didn't remember it doing so... oh right, yes he did. There was a minute or two there where he was making humping motions into the air and howling, that just happened, actually. His body felt amazing right now. So stimulated. So relaxed too. His pupils were so wide, but his eyelids could barely stay raised. He waddled over to one of the large flower petals, just to lean against it. As he did so, another cloud fell over the clearing, and the sleepy-eyed fox took in a deep breath through his nose. He let all of his weight fall upon the flower, which strained audibly as he did so. One more deep breath, and it was time for the fourth surprise.

Funnily enough, he probably *shouldn't* have been surprised by what came next--he'd felt the vines crawling up his legs for a while now, it's part of why he was so absurdly, painfully hard. Nevertheless, he gasped in a far-off, dimwitted manner when the plant dexterously sliced open the crotch of his suit with a few well-concealed thorns, his dick spilling forth (balls too). As soon as the pollen came in contact with his cock his whole body seized up, his manic smile reaching its peak before he collapsed back down across the massive petal.

"Oh, maaaaan," Joe moaned, his dick throbbing so hard it was making his tush shake. Was he cumming already? It felt like he was already spurting across the ground, his hips clenching as long shots painted the vines that slithered beneath. Pretty sure. Hard to tell, but it didn't matter. His ass was buzzing, foggy head.

He was blushing so much, gosh. He felt so well attended to by this plant. It's like he was at a spa. Yes, that must be it--he was at some sort of plant planet spa. How lucky he was to find such a place, and get such royal treatment too! Of course he was going to let those long vines twine around his cock, the sensation was amazing. What a massage, it felt like his back half was melting. Top half too, but for a different reason; the little drips of liquid that blossomed across his lips like kisses were making everything sparkle. Where did those fruits come from, the ones above? Why was he asking such silly questions?

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh..." came the long, low moan, as the space age fabric covering Joe's ass suddenly began to expand. How, why, what? The sound of tearing nanorubber filled the clearing--his ass was bursting forth from the fabric. Great tears

appeared at first, pockets of heavy furry fat peaking out, but it wasn't long before too many met at once, and the whole back half of his exosuit just exploded. His titanic asscheeks, and the even more gigantic than normal donut between them, tingled in the evening air.

It felt bigger, so much bigger, and heavier too--his butt that is, and not just because of the thick vine that was already pressing against his asshole either. Maybe it was the fruit juice he was drinking, from the fruits bursting above him? Some sort of nutrient treatment, perfect! He could stand to put on a few pounds, especially when they felt *this* good.

That was just the beginning, too--by now, an odd vine had snaked out of the flower's inner reaches and slithered its way up to his face, tickling at his chin. As soon as he looked down, another blast of yummy pollen hit his face; more than enough of an argument to convince the fox to open his muzzle, and as soon as he did the vine pushed inside.

The yummiest tasting sap (Sweet, but not sickly so, almost savory?) began to fill his stomach, which was soon threatening to tear the last remaining shreds of exosuit between his lower legs. His metabolism also kicked into high gear, processing and incorporating the new proteins with incredible speed. Joe was, at this point, a little too far gone to fully appreciate what was happening, but he enjoyed the end result well enough:

His dick and his balls would not stop growing, nor did he stop leaking or cumming. There was seemingly no pattern to it, or at least not one that the foxtaur could figure out. Nevertheless, he knew he was orgasming often--seven or eight powerful shots of spunk that fried his brain, leaving him drunk on sap and the feeling of his bulging belly until the next build up began. Shot after shot of thick white cum, no longer wasted, hungrily sucked down by the flower that had enveloped his cock head. Constant hammering of his prostate to encourage more. More and more vines as his ass continued to balloon. It felt like it may never stop, and Joe sincerely hoped the answer was no.

For the briefest of moments that thought could still survive, Joe mused over whether he had perhaps found some sort of heaven or hell. The sensations were exquisite, but unrelenting. He was so fucking tired by this point, but he couldn't sleep. Every time unconsciousness almost overtook him, another mind-shattering orgasm had him howling around a thick bulb, and wanting more at that. The vine in his mouth didn't seem like it had any intent on stopping the flow of sap, nor did he have any desire to yank it loose. Goodness, all that warmth surrounding his dong felt so good. He could feel his balls growing behind him. They were cartoonish, but fun, wonderful, too much, dangerous? Joe decided not to worry about such things. Better to just keep fellating this big meaty vine, and letting his body do what it wants to do. He took in a deep breath

through his snout, and felt one more huge vine shove deep into his ass. His body quaked as he orgasmed.

"Aahahhhhh, aaahhhhhwoooooo!"

What was that sound? Joe didn't know, he couldn't tell. He couldn't keep his eyes open anymore, and his whole body felt too good for anything else to register. He could feel the pollen dance through his fur, and the sap coat his brain with new colors. It was overwhelming. Too stimulating. No more awake. Gone.

"Ah!" Joe said, shaking himself suddenly awake. He was on his ship... and he felt great! The massive, fucking *massive* foxtaur jumped up from his bed, his entire spaceship creaking when he did. He looked around with a big smile, and dilated eyes. He felt incredible.

"What a great planet. I should phone up a few of my contacts, they're gonna love this place!"

He bounded over to his comms station as quickly as he could, and started making the calls. They all went smoothly, except for the part where every single one of his friends tried to trick him by saying there were flowers in his mane. What flowers? They needed some relief even more than he realized, but that's alright--they'd get it soon. Enough about all that though, because...

"Time for a walk!"