

Andy jogged in place at the fork in the path, trying her best to resist the desire to stop for a rest. She had long since learned that stopping just made it harder to keep on going later, and she needed to be able to go as long as she possibly could. That was why she took the three-mile “Blazing Trail” marked on the park map, since no matter where along the trail that want hit her she could tell herself *I’ll finish up this circuit and then take a break* and still feel like she had gotten some good practice in.

The good thing about this so-called “Blazing Trail” was that it still followed the paved sidewalk even as it twisted and turned through the deeper forested portions of the park, but here she stood – jogged in place – with that sidewalk shattered and torn up behind caution tape hung between tree trunks down one path, and then recently cleared but still untamed raw wilderness following the other fork. The sidewalk, though it made her feet sore after long weeks of cross-country practice, provided a stable and solid surface so that she could slip away from the task of running and pay attention to the music playing through her headphones. That was how she had trained herself in endurance, by pushing away the exertion and exhaustion and focusing on the music, the wind in her hair and clothes, the rhythm of the run. And, as stated by the coach back at school, sore soles were much better than an ankle sprained or, worse, broken from an unseen dip in the forest floor or unstable footing.

Still, though, it seemed she had no choice here. Still jogging in place she reached over to the armband near her other shoulder and turned her music down, though only for a second; she had to start moving again or else that desire to stop would overtake her determination. *What a time for construction...* she thought, rolling her eyes as she headed down the new path. It cut its way straight through the trees and brush that previously squeezed in along the sidewalk, the ground covered with flattened plants and woodchips. She maintained a slow pace at first to test the bounce and give of that covering and then, finding it suitable, resumed her carefully-established rhythm – this spot was only one mile into the trail, and it wouldn’t do to tire herself out so quickly.

The change of scenery was quite welcome, too. This “Blazing Trail” had been named as such for the way it attempted to wrap and curl along through the natural, untamed portions of the park, the sidewalk following the bank of the river in places, and turning into shallow ramps or even stairs along the low rolling hills, and then extending into plank bridges across the ravines. Before long Andy discovered that this side trail, this “temporary detour” as denoted by the sign beside that caution tape, did much the same yet to a greater degree.

She turned her music back up and settled back into the familiar pace and rhythm, actually enjoying the slight squish and springiness of the more natural earth beneath her running shoes. It even smelled like nature too, like the damp warmth of fresh-cut wood and grass, the faint tinge of wildflowers, and the general cloying weight of the deeper forest slowly wrapping around her and squeezing in along the thin trail. Before long, lost in her running and her music, Andy lost track of where the original trail should have gone; when she brought herself back into the real world and looked around she realized she had no real idea where in the depths of the park she could be.

Still the trail wound on, on through the tall, leaning trunks and low-hanging branches and vines, everything seeming to cluster closer and closer to the trail itself as though already reclaiming the swathe. Normally she ran into some other runners, too, especially on Saturday mornings like today, but as Andy went on she still found herself totally alone.

That was alright, too. A small smile touched her lips as she lifted her water bottle to her mouth, briefly slowing her pace to take a quick series of sips – that was something she had learned, too: small, brief

sips instead of single long gulps. It helped ensure the water lasted for the entire run, and also kept her from getting sick on these longer practices. *Learn by doing.*

Normally she had to *pretend* she was on her own, normally she had to sink completely into her music and keep her eyes off to one side to watch the trees go by while still able to follow the trail, but... today she tilted her head back, looking up at the clear sky through the slowly intertwining canopy of the trees; she pulled in a steady breath, tasting the verdant richness of the deeper areas of the park and of the cool spring morning. Andy turned her music up a little bit further again, syncing her pace to the beat of the song, and then reached back with that same hand to adjust the hair tie keeping her hair out of her eyes.

Around the next bend the trail abruptly fell away through one of those ravines, cut into rich earth from a long-forgotten and long-dried tributary of the main river weaving its way through the heart of the park. This time Andy slowed to a complete stop to plan her path around it, not wanting to disturb the fallen sticks and leaves along the ridge and tumble all the way down to the base of this ravine.

*Learn by doing*, she thought, *again*; the first and last time something like that had happened to her had been her first year in high school when she had just joined cross-country. She had come out from the whole ordeal extremely lucky in that it had been her wrist that had broken instead of an ankle. It still clicked when she rotated it, sometimes.

Carefully she made her way down the slope, feeling that faint *click* again upon reaching out to grab the base of a thin tree that had started to sink down as well. The woodchips and debris spilled down as well, a gathered pile at the base of the pit showing that some others had come this way as well; a crumbled section of the opposite wall made her think that someone hadn't been as careful as she in making their way down. Near the bottom she lost her footing, cursed, and nearly threw her water bottle against the wall, though managed to twist around just in time to land on her rump.

The shock and sting vibrated up her back and rattled her teeth, with sticks and leaves clinging to her socks, her shorts, and poking into skin through fabric. After a second she pulled herself up, brushed off, looked around to make extra certain that she were still alone, and then looked up the opposite rise. Her music continued playing in her ears, though she took a second to slip her headphones back into a more comfortable place, and then started forward to climb back up.

*Maybe I'll just do one circuit today*, she thought. *It's Saturday, and there's group practice tomorrow anyway. I need a break.*

As soon as she moved to begin her climb, though, her foot caught beneath a fallen log and tugged, and she scrambled forward to brace her bare hands in the slick, cool surface of the wall. The fall hadn't been far or fast enough for her to pull anything though, so still holding herself there she looked back, frowned, and started working her foot free of the catch. The song playing through her headphones changed to one she didn't recognize, one that opened with slow, deliberate speech, but she ignored it as she worked. Soon she came free and shifted to try again... and then promptly felt her other foot caught as well.

This time it was a clinging vine that had wrapped around her ankle, the plant thin yet strong, and thankfully free of thorns. The broad leaves tickled as she strained against it, reaching down with one hand to tug it free. This one wouldn't suffice so she tried to pull her other away as well, then found that

one stuck in place too, sinking into the wall of the ravine suddenly much softer and stickier than before, thick mud grabbing and squeezing over her fingers and the back of her hand.

This put her in quite an uncomfortable position, with her legs splayed and body half-bent over, one arm reaching out towards the wall and the other hanging down towards a foot she couldn't quite reach. Yet again she tried moving her other foot, and of course found that one stuck in place as well.

The voice on the music continued: *"...should not be here. Moving and removing, claiming and destroying. Always changing, too fast, too fast. Wholly separate, wholly-"* Frustrated, Andy reached up with her free hand and slid her headphones down to her neck. It was the best she could do: the armband holding her phone was up on her free arm, and she couldn't reach over to turn it off that way. Yet again she looked up to the sky through the trees overhead, the splotches of blue seeming to have dwindled the further along the path she travelled.

*I kind of wanted a break, she thought, and now I've got one. Great.*

*"You invited yourself into nature, and with nature shall you stay."*

Angrily she reached up to knock her headphones off, then remembered that she had *just* done that. Confused she swallowed, touched the plastic and metal cups where they rested around her shoulders, tried pulling away from the wall again... failed.

*"Yes,"* the voice went on, *"you can hear us. Few are able to. Will you listen, though?"*

It sounded as though it came from inside her head, as though it were something of her own thoughts magnified and expanded to dominate everything else. It made it hard to think about anything else, actually. Now that confusion started to meld into panic, with her glancing around in her restricted view and repeatedly trying to free herself from the various bits of nature keeping her rooted in place, and of course always failing.

Andy felt the mud sink in over her wrist. *"Will you listen? You do not belong here. This is our territory."* The vine around her ankle continued creeping up her leg, the leaves tickling at her skin as it went, grip tightening as the vine itself thickened near the base. *"You are trespassing here, just like all of the others. We awoke when the metal monsters first clove through our woods and built your paths and parks and trails, and have been waiting for you to come closer."* Soon she became aware of a slick, sticky, cool *something* wriggling in against and around her fingers, feeling the shape of her hand and palm and sliding out towards her wrist and revealed arm. The same happened with the vine along her lower leg, too: Andy yelped and squirmed, imagining those things to be snakes writhing up her body, but still couldn't come free. *"Here you are, now, disrespecting us, believing you belong here. This is our territory."*

The voice strengthened in her head, and that combined with the squeezing and writhing had sapped her energy. She swallowed and let her limbs relax a bit, tottering forward towards the cool wall of the ridge. *How did I get myself into this?* she thought, watching as those snakes burst free from the mud. Not snakes at all but thick, wet, green-greyish tentacles of sorts, leaving slick trails along her skin where they slithered. The one that had previously been a vine around her ankle and calf now steadily worked its way up, slipping beneath the fabric of her shorts, sliding up further until the sensation turned from unpleasant to ticklish, and from there to something else entirely.

"Just let me go," she managed to mouth, "please."

Another tentacle began up her other leg, this one climbing straight up instead of curling around. It slid beneath her shorts and panties beneath, curled in around the waistband, came back down to come up her leg again, and then tightened there, hitching her shorts uncomfortably between her legs. At the same time the smaller ones coming out of the wall had continued up over her elbow and shoulder, quickly and easily writhing in underneath her shirt. The sensation made her twitch and wriggle and gasp, the unpleasant sticky coolness of the things raising goosebumps on her skin.

"No." Displeasure and discomfort started to bubble together with embarrassment at the trail of those tentacles. The one that had wrapped itself in around her shorts tightened and pulled, with the one along her other leg doing the same; Andy felt her panties tighten against her body, painfully for a second, and then start to split. Her shorts did the same, pulling apart along the seam. *"You did not let us go. We begged and pled, we prostrated and we demanded, and you did not listen. You did not hear."*

"I didn't do-" The embarrassment strengthened. With another fierce tug Andy managed to pull herself free of the wall, though promptly gasped and violently shook her arm out in an attempt to then free it from the clinging tentacles, like more vines, squeezing and suckling along her skin up her shirt. The cool air of the spring morning tickled along her now-bared thighs and waist, and a moment later, along her back and chest as well. Her shirt, tattered, fell limp across a few of the tentacles and then dropped to the floor of the forest, with her bra hanging loose off one arm. "-any of that, I'm just-"

*"You're just one more of them."* The tentacle that had curled up her leg now tickled in between her thighs, causing Andy's knees to buckle inwards beneath the sudden weight of embarrassment, carnal pleasure, and further embarrassment at that pleasure. Cool slickness slid up along sensitive skin, matted down short pubic hair, curled back down, kissed between her lips... and then the tapered tip of the tentacle angled, felt, pressed, and started to push up. She gasped and tightened around it, though it just pulsed and squeezed itself further into her. *"Just like all the others."*

Her body shook and shuddered with the sensation, then even more when the ones along her arm squeezed in along her revealed breast and towards her nipple. They felt like so many little tongues swirling and lapping and licking over skin cool with sweat suddenly revealed to the morning breeze. Andy squirmed and gasped as those tentacles found her nipple and focused there, another line of the thick, slick appendages slowly wrapping around her breast from beneath to squeeze it forward.

"Please," she managed, through gritted teeth. Another shudder racked her body, and her legs tightened in towards each other again. Had this group of tentacles not been holding her up by the arm, the sudden shock of deep pleasure that vibrated through her would have sent her to her knees. It was more embarrassment than anything, now: she was thankful that at least this had happened in a dip from the trail, though if anyone else were to take this route... "I just need to go home..."

"No," repeated that voice, still sounding as though it came from inside her own head. Steadily the tentacles tightened around her body, wrapping around her waist and up her back, draping over her shoulders and coming close to her face. They smelled of wet earth and rich wood; one began to wrap around her throat and revitalized her struggling, though it remained loose and just barely touched her, tickling, sending steady waves of goosebumps down her shoulders with each little wriggle.

*"What you need is a little perspective."* The tip of that one lifted up, hung between her eyes for a moment, and then squished gently against her forehead. *"You need to see the world as it should be seen."* It pulled away with a wet *smack*, as though it had placed a cool, hungry kiss there; before Andy could form her response though, it trailed down along the side of her nose to her mouth and forced its way in, just as the first had done between her legs.

Immediately the fluids began. She felt it, thick and cool and sticky, pulsing out across her tongue and filling her mouth until the slick tentacle pushed down into her throat to empty that liquid straight down into her belly. Andy gagged and struggled but found herself held tight in the wilderness's grip, limbs pulled taut by the tentacles holding her in place while the others continued teasing and pushing and feeling. Those pulses of thick, viscous liquid continued, so that she could feel it drip down her throat and fill her from inside – just the same as it pressed up between her legs, writhing and pulsing and wriggling, steadily increasing the cold pressure from the inside of her abdomen.

She tried to scream but couldn't, around the thick appendage keeping her jaw open and throat full. Again and again she pulled against the tentacles in trying to free herself, and again and again she failed. At one point she even felt her bad wrist pop, followed by her other shoulder briefly slipping out of place and then painfully sliding back in. She stretched and kicked her legs until they ached, already pushed close to that point from her run, and then went on further – and they popped and grinded in their sockets as well, the tentacles tightening dangerously close to painful.

They wouldn't stop, though. Andy felt herself become sluggish and slow from the sheer mass of the liquids pumped into her, each pulse between her legs making her shudder and each thick drip down her throat half-pulling a gag from her chest. The force of that gagging made her start to double over, and she found that the tentacles did not restrict this: slowly, carefully, she pulled her arm down beneath the weight of the thing's grip to grab at the fallen log at her feet.

What she had thought of first as progress soon turned out to be the exact opposite. As soon as she made her way down the tentacles tightened again, this time forcibly bending her limbs and popping her joints, her winces muffled around the thick pulsing mass between her lips, pushing out against her teeth even as she tried to bite it off. The spot where it had kissed her forehead throbbed as well, first in small rhythmic pulses like the emptying of the slime down her throat, but then strengthening into something that felt almost like a physical force. Then that force grew further to a pounding, debilitating headache; Andy squeezed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth as best she could, expecting the tentacle to pop and seethe like an overfilled water balloon at any moment, yet only just squeezing it more tightly between her lips.

It was changing her. She realized this a moment too late, once the pumping stopped and the tentacles relaxed. Her joints still ached, her bones creaked, her skin writhed on her flesh. That point on her forehead felt as though it started to bubble and then split to either side, the skin moving and shaping, the front of her skull tightening and pulsing, pounding, pulling – until she felt the flesh and skin split painfully over the protrusions suddenly forcing themselves out, growing where nothing had been before like two naked branches from the trees overhead.

She screamed again, yet it did not make it out of her chest. That, too, was changing, pulling forward beneath the weight and grip of the tentacles still kneading and suckling at her breasts and pressing along her spine. It was an odd discomfort pain from that squeezing, not so much as to literally squeeze the breath out of her yet still enough to make things tight: each movement, no matter how slight,

caused a creak and a pop from bones beneath the skin, and she felt that skin sticking to the slick surface of the tentacles as well. The pulled and squeezed and pressed and forcibly reformed her as though her body were made of the same clay that stuck to the bottom of her running shoes.

She had managed to brace one arm against the cool, dew-wet surface of the log to keep herself up, though now that arm could hardly support her weight. The muscles felt the same way as those in her legs after the group practices, but this time they didn't stop, shivering pulling, tightening and relaxing against her will. Her arm pulled itself close to her body, causing her to fall down against the leafy forest floor; the rest of her body tried to curl in as well, the tentacles briefly untangling and uncurling from her to allow her to do so.

Andy lay there for a moment, able to feel the thick liquid leaking from between her legs and the corner of her mouth, shivering from both cold and the feeling of *otherness* that had started to vibrate through her body. Still those protrusions grew from her forehead, long branching antlers thickening and broadening as she watched them; still her arms squeezed and shook against her chest, still her legs kicked, still her chest heaved with surprisingly shallow breaths.

For a moment the tentacles pulled away from her body, but right as she felt them fall away from her breast, her throat, her shoulder, and her thighs, they started wrapping around her body as a whole, briefly cocooning her in a slick, sticky, cool embrace. The muscle spasms strengthened and increased until she felt herself kick and writhe there on the forest floor and then, suddenly, every limb in her body straightened out to its fullest, so quickly that the joints popped again. Then all of her skin, all over, tingled; tickled; itched; and finally stung as though from a rough shaving.

Andy screamed again, this time the sound actually echoing out through her open mouth and into the trees above. She felt the fur as it grew from beneath her skin, a thick pelt pushing its way out from somewhere inside her body to coat every inch of revealed skin. Moving her head felt strange and different with these huge antlers protruding above her vision, but soon she had to squeeze her eyes shut as well beneath the sharp pain of the front of her face pushing out, flesh and muscles forcing the bone of her face to crack and deform, to meld forward into a lengthening muzzle.

Again she gritted her teeth, grinding them against the shivering, echoing discomfort and pain of the forced change – but soon her jaw forced itself open as well, flat teeth in front lengthening, strengthening, growing into the sharp fangs of a feral wolf, while her back molars broadened to those of a wild deer. The tentacles had resumed sliding around her body, wherever they touched beginning its own change as well: her arms cracked and jolted and bent backwards, each movement sending a blinding shock of nausea and pain into her system while the bones knitted themselves into new shapes, fingers drawing back into her palm, nails extending into sharp claws, knuckles tightening and flesh strengthening into thick paw pads. The same happened to her legs as well, now digging ruts in the moist floor of the forest from the spasmodic kicking. Her knees pushed backwards, popped, and broke, then just as quickly tightened back into place there, thighs stretching into haunches, feet lengthening as well into hindpaws, toes rearranging and adjusting.

When she next opened her eyes Andy looked saw through them as a different entity, a different beast. Her vision had changed at once subtly yet greatly, so many things just barely different, so few others wildly changed. Her nose, shortened in line with her muzzle and now soft black velvet, picked up all of the nuances on the spring morning breeze: the aroma of the flowing river somewhere to her left and the thick weight of the moss on its banks; the blooming flowers throughout the woods; the scent of ferns

and vines and bushes and bark; the thick, cloying smell of earth; and then the so-similar yet also different tang of the tentacles, now writhing and wrapping around her lower body, molding the human stomach and abdomen into the arched, agile shape of a wolf's lower half.

They wrapped down and around as well, one curling at the base of her spine out of which her tail began to sprout, pushing through the flesh and skin like her antlers in a way that flattened her sharp ears and made her lower her body close to the earth, shivering with the pain. At the same time as that tentacle pulled her tail out of her, another two slid up between her hind legs, one sliding between the lips of her still-human sex and the other again pushing up inside of her, yet again reviving that bright, pulsing pleasure in her loins. Just like every other sensation rippling through her this one sharpened and strengthened the deeper, the tighter those tentacles went.

*"Relax,"* the voice instructed. Hearing it helped to shake Andy back to herself, and again she tried to resist... yet again felt her hind legs shiver and buckle beneath the burgeoning pressure and pleasure, that thick fluid still sloshing and swirling around inside of her. *"You are almost there. You are almost with us."* Each time it felt like she was about to lose her hold and squeeze some of that fluid out, though, something else about her changed and tightened and clenched back around it, flesh molding, changing, morphing, nerves constantly firing and tickling and pulsing, nearly driving her loins into the ground beneath the weight of that relentless pleasure.

Soon her downward grinding turned to forward thrusting, and with a glance between her forelegs the wolf-stag realized what was going on. Where had originally been the smooth, soft slitted lips of a human female positioned beneath the carefully-cultivated little tuft of pubic hair now hung a half-formed sheath and sack of a wild canine. Those pink lips drew down and pulled, bulged, swelled into the shape of the balls, with the fur-coated skin of her loins smoothly drawing over to encase them just as that tentacle retreated out of her, though the pleasure remained; the other one tickled up beneath her clit and pressed against it, sending another shock through her body and then yet another as the flesh there started to shift as well. The little point of flesh deepened in color and lengthened, broadened, pulsed... twitched, throbbed, throbbed again, and again, the skin continuing up around the base of the bulging shaft, wrapping in behind her knot as it grew and swelled. The tentacle caressed that sensitive spot for a moment and then came up to the tapered tip, briefly angling it down before it smoothly slid inside, most of its girth pushing back along the tentacle to allow it in.

Andy tried to grunt, or groan, or beg it to stop again, but found the only sound to come out to be a wild animal's low growl. Broad chest, hind legs, and forepaws still held in place amid the low brush of the woods, she could do nothing but strain and squirm as that tentacle slid its way further inside of her pulsing, twitching cock. It was an uncomfortable and brightly hot feeling, yet at the same time each little pulse sent another shiver through her hind legs and caused her newly-developed balls to tighten up against her body in the beginning signs of an approaching orgasm; this time when the tentacle began writhing and pushing it was to empty out a number of slick little pill-shaped things inside of her, draining them out one after another so that she could feel them slipping and wriggling deeper into her body, settling into the thick fluid still inside of her, wriggling and eventually settling still inside of her.

*"Perhaps now you will appreciate the world around you,"* that voice went on, the tentacle starting to withdraw from out of her length. Andy felt the weight of her full belly pull her down towards the ground, and she struggled on predator's legs to keep herself up. Another glance showed that she indeed looked heavily pregnant, with a closer look revealing the little slug-like gyrations beneath the flesh. The tentacle came free with a wet *pop*, that last flick providing what little was needed to push her over the

edge – and she did so with her hips thrusting down towards the ground, canine cock pulsing and pushing forward with each forceful spurt. Again and again she painted the mossy floor of the forest and this fallen log in front of her.

Panting with the residual pleasure of the change and the finish, the male wolf-stag – Andy, human girl, cross-country runner – lifted her head and looked around at the woods around her. She sniffed the air, tasting the moisture of the river, the soft weight of moss, the cloying aroma of fresh earth and wood, and the brighter, fuller, meatier tang of lupine arousal. Belly heavy she glanced down, sniffed at the little writhing slug-like thing that lay in the pool of emptied cum dripping down to the ground, then stepped over it and continued down the ravine. The tentacles wrapped around her forepaws and hind legs released her as she went, sliding smoothly away from fresh, warm fur.

*“Go on, little beast,”* the voice rumbled in her head, a soft, comforting presence. It seemed to come from the rest of the forest as well. *“Go perform your role and spread your young among the other beasts. Invite them to join us as well. We will wait here, for another.”*

Andy had not been the first visitor or victim today. The spray of woodchips from the trail along the bottom of the ravine had showed that, and had she looked closely enough, she might have been able to see the boot prints that had sunk into the mud a short distance away. She had not been the first, and she would not be the last: as the sun rose towards its zenith overhead there was a rustling from the other side of the shallow ravine, the sound of someone walking along the newly-cut trail through the untamed wilderness of the deeper wooded section of the park.

The greyish tentacles retreated and resumed their camouflage: a fallen vine, a leafy shrub, a collection of moss on the wall, a slug sitting on the side of the log in a puddle of its own slickness. They waited.