

Natural Dominance

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(Late Inktober 2019 Prompt, Day 14: Overgrown)

Content warning: Degradation, violence, sexism, speciesism, cruelty, watersports, plant vore, digestion, cock vore, bladder vore, piss digestion, extreme pain, fatality, implied reformation

The large bull in a business suit frowned, arms crossed as he looked out over the lawn of wild green grass that stretched out behind his company's headquarters. His cold eyes scanned the distant treeline, a new and healthy forest that brimmed with life. Vines draped from the sturdier branches, moving of their own volition as they felt out their new home.

Morgan didn't necessarily have anything against nature. However, he was against things changing on his property without his express permission. And he didn't have a rear lawn or forest on his property yesterday. His city had been gleaming metal and hot concrete not twelve hours before, and now the buildings were completely consumed as if they were trellises. "Someone is responsible for this," he growled. He stepped out from his building's door, planted his foot on a flower amidst the grass, and ground the delicate petals under his shoe's sole.

"And just who do you think you are, crushing one of my flowers like that?!"

The bull looked up slowly, his face stony and stoic as he analyzed the figure walking towards him from the dark cover of the trees.. Olive green skin that shimmered with stem-like smoothness, a head of long palm-like leaves for hair, and a sleek body that reminded Morgan of a beauty pageant contestant or a supermodel, she had all the elements of an exotic beauty that the bull often desired. However, the plant-like nature and her words identified her as something else. "A dryad," he observed dryly. "This is your work, then."

"Of course it's my work!" she exclaimed, planting her hands firmly on her hips. "I am Mayra, and I am here to set right the natural order! You animals and your cities have done quite enough. It's time for plants to rule!"

Morgan's eyes didn't leave hers, but he watched in his peripheral some of his employees encroaching on the forest line. He didn't flinch when the vines snatched forward, openings on the green tendrils engulfing a careless head or two and dragging them in. He didn't move to help as they were swallowed down into tight bulging outlines of their formerly free selves, and he was unsurprised to see some of them fitted into tight sacks hanging from the trees, squirming and bucking as they were obviously beginning to be digested.

The dryad looked at the bull's expression, her own angry expression melting into that of confusion...then intrigue. "Hmm...you're not afraid?" she asked the stern brown eyes that looked down at her. "You don't want to save your own employees, Mister Bull?"

He looked up, over her head at the forest's line. Some people were fleeing screaming, and a couple seemed now to be drawn to large flowers that surely were carnivorous as well. All Morgan could do is shrug. "Natural selection, as far as I'm concerned," he hummed. "So why would I be afraid that the weak are getting pulped? It will not happen to me."

Mayra leaned backwards, bewildered by the powerful man before her. "Oh? And how are you so sure about that? You plan to fight it?"

Morgan looked back down to the dryad and smirked. His voice was even and cool, threatening without implying he was making an actual threat. "I don't need to. No matter what natural order you make, I will always be at the top." It was just a matter-of-fact observation to him, a given truth.

She couldn't help but lift her hands off her hips, marveling at the sheer inner strength of the corporate bull. Mayra couldn't help herself; she valued self-assuredness above all, and she had never met any animal so strong in the face of her flora's full onslaught. "...well then," she said, simply and softly.

"Well then," Morgan repeated, his tone matching hers in a way that made the dryad feel small, "what will you do? Do you deny me my rightful place? Or do you deal with that fact and deal with me."

She curled her lip in and bit it, a flush rising to her cheeks. He hadn't said anything, but she could feel how lowly he saw her from the sound of his voice. His body wasn't tense, and her golden eyes caught how his tail whipped behind him in irritation. And yet the only non-wild animals she allowed in her domain were ones just like him. "...I would like to work out an arrangement with you," she eventually relented.

"Good girl. You will follow me to where we can negotiate terms appropriately. You will address me as Master Rivend. You will not call me by my first name, and if you must shorten it, you will address me as Master or Sir. I will call you whatever I want, and you will respond to whatever I call you. These are not negotiable terms. Now say 'Yes, sir' and we can begin."

The instructions, rattled off without pause or thought, sounded merely like the bull was reading off a page of instructions for a child's toy. The sheer nerve made Mayra's chest raise in a deep breath, frustration building at such degrading and one-sided arrangements. Part of her thought about how easy it would be to urge the forest forward, to destroy him with her beauties. However, all she was certain of was her desire to have him as a guest in her mansion. The dryad was beginning to be convinced by his conviction that he was, in fact, naturally on top. She breathed out a refreshing breeze of oxygen and responded "Yes, sir."

For the first time since seeing her, Morgan's face settled into a relaxed smile, his posture relaxing ever so slightly. "Good girl," he cooed, leaning down towards the dryad and patting her

on the head, leaves shuffling beneath his heavy palm. “Now, follow me, Mayra, and tell me about your vision as we walk. Tell me where you’re from. Tell me what you want from me.”

The use of her name and the invitation to share her side first both filled her with gratitude. Her eyes shined with a sort of admiration that was usually best found in a puppy recognizing its master. “T-thank you!” she gasped, shoulders turning in even as her smile widened. “I will.”

Morgan spun on his heel and pushed his way inside, not even gesturing to the dryad or looking behind him to make sure she was following. He knew she would. She, after all, was beginning to recognize her natural superior.

The circuitous path the bull led his unexpected guest on wasn’t without purpose. The purpose was not, however, so that he could hear everything she had to say. No, he took the path to see just how focused she was on him. He led her on to test her stamina. He wanted to see how far her growing faith in his confidence would take her.

As they walked up stairways, passed through atriums filled with awards for his company and expensive art labeled as if they hung in a museum full of treasures, took elevators up and down various floors, and passed through cubicle-filled workfloors and lavishly furnished conference rooms, Mayra excitably rambled on. She talked about a natural order she envisioned driven by more base worth, how plants had the meticulous growth and steady focus so many animals lacked, how they actually respected the planet’s health and sustained their own conditions for survival... She talked about her living mansion where she threw lavish parties, her exotic beauties of plant-life that she spliced and bred, the perverse yet shameless entertainment she promoted, and the guests she loved for their compatible views. She wanted him to be a guest there. She wanted him to promote her growth.

Morgan filtered the important information as he walked and discarded the rest as meaningless noise. The noise that he listened for was the labored breathing of a girl who’d walked a brisk pace for hours without pause. He didn’t stop upon hearing it. He kept the pace up until she stumbled over her own feet, heavy breaths forcing her to take a break from speaking. That was when he chose their final destination, leading her to the door which he pushed open for her. “Thank you,” the exhausted girl wheezed, stumbling her bare feet onto the cool tile inside and taking the turn a small wall forced her to make.

As she caught her breath, Mayra looked around. Clean white square tile filled every inch of the room’s floor, and a line of sinks sat pristine and glistening, set within a marble counter and in front of a long, large mirror. Three or four urinals preceded a line of stalls with open doors and waiting toilets. “This is...a men’s bathroom?” she confusedly observed as Morgan stepped in behind her. “I thought we were going to...”

The bull's hand grabbed her hair-leaves harshly and slammed her face directly into the marbled counter, the **wham!** of a head meeting a hard surface partially hiding the faint squish as part of her nose cracked like a bent stem. Despite the pain, the dryad couldn't make a sound; there wasn't enough breath in her chest to fuel it. Her vision swirled and blurred as the bull shoved her body forward until her hips were flush with the sink's edge. "I said I was taking you somewhere we could negotiate terms *appropriately*," he said, his words dripping with derision. "If I'm to negotiate with a lowly slut, especially one who intruded into my territory thinking she might be better than me even for a moment, then this is the most appropriate place. In fact, slut, you should thank me for taking you to a clean bathroom; it's better than you deserve."

Mayra groaned as she heaved her chest for more air to filter, squirming her bare flesh upon the cold surface. "W-what? What do yo-"

Morgan didn't let her finish. He yanked her head backwards, one hand forcing her chest to remain where it was. Leaves began to rip at the base of her scalp, the dryad whining as her scalp burned from the tension. "I addressed you, whore. Thank me."

"T-Thank you, sir!" she groaned, her chin striking a sink's outer rim as he released her leaves and let her head swing forward once more.

"Good slut." These words were cold, carrying far less dignity than the ones he'd welcomed her inside with a few hours ago. However, her body still rushed with pleasure; she couldn't distinguish what was from the relief from pain and what was from subservience to such an uncaring bull. A dull thud and slap sounded beside her, coaxing her to look to one side. Her eyes widened. A massive bull cock throbbed in front of her, as thick as her arm and just a foot shy of being as long.

"This is a man's cock," Morgan said, tone sinking fully into a patronizing imitation of an elementary school teacher's. With his hand freed from her hair, he reached around her ass to slam four fingers into her exposed snatch. "Normally, I'd tell sluts like you that you're below any man's cock, but since I can assume from what you've told me that you've been riding any stamen that could stretch your filthy excuse for a gynoeceium back at your so-called palace, I'm going to also assume you secretly know to worship superior cock."

The bull smiled as he felt his fingers grow slick with juices. Dryad sluts weren't so different from the ones he used in his private office. "I'm going to keep it simple for you, cunt," he continued, "this cock is so far above you that you should be honored to be near it. Your life should be dedicated to paying me back for this privilege, and you should never live down the shame of being unable to pay me back for the affront of spreading your trash over my property."

Mayra moaned as her sex was spread, grunted as it was yanked, and squeaked as the bull's fist fully plunged into it with an embarrassing shlorp. Dizzy, exhausted, desperate for more, ashamed at how quickly anger and defiance fled her, and drunk on the bull's impossible

confidence, the dryad slowly let his words sink into her mind. "T-thank you, sir. I-I'm so sorry for my hubris!" she groaned, eyes locked on the cock that still throbbed alongside her.

"You should be, slut," he agreed, releasing the hand that pinned her back to hoist his shaft off the counter. "So do you know why you're here?"

"B-because I'm a slut for your cock, master," she answered, body shuddering as his fist shifted and **squealing** as it punched her cervix.

"I can have you worship my cock anywhere." Yanking his fist free, he sent her juices spraying across the tile floor below. "I'll give you a hint since you're a dumb slut. You call that place of yours a palace, but as long as you sit on that throne, you're just showing that everything you rule over is shit. There's only one throne you deserve, and you deserve to be *bent* over it."

Mayra whined, the sudden absence of his hot handling of her body making her feel the cold bathroom tile and counter all the more. "B-because I'm a toilet for your cock, master?" she asked, desperate to please.

Morgan simply nodded. One hand shoved his cockhead into the stretched dryad pussy, and another forced her head straight and forward, gripping her skull to let her see him in the mirror. He closed his eyes and sighed, and suddenly heat shot into her body. A stream of liquid, splashing against her cervix and spilling even deeper, began filling her abdomen, sloshing within her. As her plant aspects began absorbing it into her, she felt an acidic bite begin to spread through her body. How relaxed and pleased the bull looked made it all too obvious: the bull was pissing into her womb.

The bull opened his eyes as his bladder began releasing the second half of his acrid load into the slut. He watched Mayra's color change, the olive flesh and dark green leaves gaining a sickly pallor. Her face contorted as she began to groan in pain, his "watering" doing far more to hurt her than feed her. Her body shuddered, and her cunt hopelessly flooded with arousal. For the first time that day, Morgan felt pleased and soothed by nature.

As her abdomen began to stretch with sloshing urine and her snatch began dribbling yellow liquid it could no longer hold across the floor, Morgan pushed and urged his bladder to empty into her. "I'm almost done with your toilet-cunt," he breathed, a pleasant tone making a stark contrast with his foul words. "Do you have something to say to your superior?"

"Thank you for using me, m-master," she whimpered, body trembling as her body rushed with passion from the feeling of Morgan shaking his cock inside her to rid himself of the final few drops.

“Good slut, you’re a fast learner,” he mused. “Now stay perfectly still like the piss receptacle you are..” Slipping his cock free and giving only one glance to the potent liquid flooding her sex, he left the dryad and the room behind.

Mayra sniffled as the pain continued to spread, her body unable to resist drawing in more and more of the unhealthy animal waste. In the mirror, she could see her face adopting a similarly repugnant color, leaves shriveling ever so slightly. There was a chance she would die by sitting here, her consciousness ended until her tree created a new her. Yet she didn’t dare move, given to her role by the far superior confidence of the bull. Even as her eyes cast over to the faucet, actually healthy water a mere knob-twist away, she didn’t dare turn it on. She remained bent on the sink, ass high, waiting for her superior.

When Morgan returned, it was almost a full thirty minutes later. He had no shame in walking his own corporate headquarters, balls and cock still flopping around out of his unzipped fly. With the sudden encroachment, only emergency personnel were around anyway, and most of those knew how Morgan ran his business. Casually, he slapped two things down. One hand flattened a regional map onto the counter, while the other spanked a casually-made duct-tape seal over the urine-flooded sex of the shivering dryad.

“Didn’t even go for the water?” Morgan observed with a genuine smile. “Good slut. Very good. Might have even stopped me from snuffing your pathetic life out right here and now. Maybe.” Without dwelling on that observation, even as dread and thankfulness washed over Mayra’s face, he pointed to the map. “Point to where your so-called palace is.”

Instantly, the dryad lifted a finger. Thirty miles out from the city limits amid marshland. “I moved it there yesterday, sir,” she eagerly divulged, smiling despite the sickness she’d been flooded with.

The bull nodded. “Good. I own it now. My cock owns you, and I own it. You don’t ever get to sit on that throne again, got it?”

Something deep in the dryad crumpled, her pride in her living palace crushed by how casually she was separated from any claim to it. Tears ran down from Mayra’s eyes, but she nodded. “Yes, master.”

“Good slut,” Morgan laughed, taking pleasure in watching that sparkle go out deep in those amber eyes. “Now, march over to that urinal.”

Knees shaking, the dryad slowly raised herself off the bathroom counter. She felt as if she’d been there for hours, her every sensation that of either deep discomfort and weakness or shameful arousal and submission. Her hands cradled the sloshing weight in her womb, the area having grown numb to the pain. Fluid still seeped from the crack in her nose, but she did her best for her clear superior. Step by step, she stumbled her way to the urinal.

“On your knees.” Morgan watched her comply. “Close your eyes.” Her broken eyes shut. Reaching over, he pulled the lever and watched.

Water rushed in front of Mayra, tiny droplets escaping to strike against her face as the porcelain basin was flushed. As each drop soaked in, a soothing sensation radiated out from where they touched. Her breathing began to grow less staggered, her quiet sobs stilling.

“You really like that sound, don’t you?” the bull asked.

Mayra paused mid-breath. Surely, he knew it was the water that relieved her pain and not the sound of a urinal’s high pressure flush that gave her pleasure? The lever pulled again, more droplets sprinkling her flesh.

“Don’t worry, you’ve no reason to hide it anymore,” Morgan whispered. “You’re a proven slut now. You can admit how low and pathetic your desires are. How low and pathetic all women’s desires are. My opinion of you couldn’t be lower.”

The lever pulled again, and the water that could purify her body poured down the drain mere inches away. She squirmed, desperate for that relief. Even more, Mayra squirmed in deep shame at the cutting words from the bull. Was she really passionate for something so lurid? No, it was the water, it had to be the water...

Morgan stopped, hand still on the lever. “Come on, pissbucket. Praise the toilet. Worship that filthy sound, how it washes down piss better than you ever could. How it sends to the sewers waste like you so efficiently.” His smile didn’t budge. “If you’re honest right here, I’ll let you drink up all that water.”

Mayra’s desperation skyrocketed, unable to keep her eyes closed as they flung open with need. Whether or not it was the sound that made her tape-sealed cunt tremble, she needed that water. What was dignity in the face of relief? “I’m sorry, master,” she moaned, “I really do love to hear animal toilets flush! I want to be around them all the time! I don’t care if it’s filthy, I’m below such a simple object!”

The bull nodded and flushed, his other hand thrusting her face into the urinal’s cake. Water poured over her leaves, soaked into her stem-like skin, and spilled down her back. She opened her mouth, not caring as she lapped her tongue against the smooth white surface and slurped water down her throat. He watched her, a calm unflinching smile on his face, as her skin began to regain a healthy tone and her energy began to return.

Then, Morgan yanked her head back and slammed it into his cock. His cumslit gaped and engulfed the blissful expression in its still-moist urethra.

sChgLRP~

Mayra gasped in horror, her realization of what had happened—even with the sudden refreshing surge of fresh water in her system—coming only after the bull’s cock had gulped and sucked over her shoulders and forearms, hot flesh encompassing almost half her body within those first few seconds. A particularly wide opening of that cumslit gave a tiny sliver of light, highlighting the dark tunnel that rippled with eagerness to drag her in before darkness enclosed her once more. All the water served to do here was enable her to buck and squirm in pure instinct. She felt like she was being crushed by boots from all sides. Even worse was when the cock-throat slurped in and tightly squeezed her bloated abdomen, her womb and sex screaming with pain as the piss-load burned the sensitive, engorged flesh.

Morgan smirked at the sight of his duct tape seal bulging outwards, keeping all his waste inside her. “Mmph. I don’t really care if you were lying or telling the truth,” he confided as he lifted his cock, watching Mayra’s panicked squirmed cause her to bang her foot against the bathroom wall. “Saying you’re worse than a toilet with such passion? Such shamelessness deserves to be punished.”

His shaft slurped the dryad deeper, small yellow-green feet dangling from his cumslit. Seeing those toes curl filled Morgan with pride. “I was going to do this to you anyway,” he admitted with a rare chuckle. “A slut like you thinking herself a queen? Encroaching on my territory? You needed to learn you’re less in an agonizing, painful, and appropriate way. But if you’d surprised me with any sort of a backbone, maybe you wouldn’t have gotten that water. Just imagine how many more hours of torture you earned!”

phbllrPT-sqsh~

Mayra felt her toes closed over, completely sealed inside as her press began to press into an impossibly tight sack. Instead of musk and spunk, however, the things that immediately struck her was the smell of acid and the burning on her skin. As she curled in, forced to tightly ball into herself by Morgan’s powerful internal muscles and trapped in by sphincters confident she was where she belonged, she began to whine. Her toes slipped in, and her body was doomed.

The bull patted his abdomen, feeling the squirming shape play against his prostate and buck inside his bladder. “Listen closely, slut,” Morgan grunted, using a tone stern enough to force the sniffing dryad inside his body to still, “I know how dryads work. So while you cum yourself to death at the feeling of a proper bull showing your place, I want you to know that there’s no escape. The second you feel your tree trying to give you a new body, you shut it the fuck up. You’re going to remain liquid waste soaking wherever I dispose of you until I decide you’re worth bothering with. Until I stain your tree with my scent, you’re nothing but piss.”

Slowly, Morgan began to pump his shaft, the rock-hard length spurting pre into the urinal ahead. “Mmph. If you’re a good slut, you might get to keep doing your plant thing. With my permission, of course. Hhf, but if I find you up and about, I’ll snuff you and every one of your so-called beauties out. You’ll all die in ways that show you were absolutely right: you are lower

than a toilet.” His hands continued to speed up, feeling himself throb. “So, before you start screaming as I dissolve you into nothing, think about that flushing sound you love. Think about it flushing you away, spill your cunt-juices into the piss you’re filled with, and say ‘Thank you for teaching me my place as your toilet-slut, master.’”

The bull dropped his cock to place his hand on the dryad’s bulge. He felt it squirm and kneaded it back. He felt her sob and slapped her pinned ass in return. Even as his bladder began to churn, he felt Mayra tighten herself, twitch, and cry out. Then, muffled in a way only he could hear, a sound moaned out from his bladder. “T-thank you f-for teaching me my place as your toilet-slut, master.”

Morgan huffed in pleasure, thick spurts of cum pumping from out of his cock, fat wads painting the back of the urinal and oozing down to the drain below. He came from the pride of how impressive he was, heavy balls emptying themselves at the satisfaction of teaching another slut their place. As his smile settled, nostrils releasing one long breath as the last of his seed drooled out, he reached over and pulled the lever one last time. “Good slut,” he said, patting the writhing bulge. “Now, please scream and beg as much as you’d like. I’ll give you the attention you deserve while I generously kill you.”

Morgan slowly fixed himself, packing his shaft down into his boxers once more and zipping his pants. He straightened his tie as the dryad began to wail, urea scrubbing into her plant-like flesh and slowly burning holes through it. His bladder crushed and dissolved her painfully as he began instructing his employees on how to clean up for regular business the next day, crumpling her inwards with loud crunches and coaxing pathetic screams. Higher-rank men smiled as they saw the bull paying the muffled pleas and praise no mind, while others paled in keen awareness of their own statuses.

The bull, of course, heard everything with clarity. He simply gave her the attention he thought she deserved: none at all. Perhaps, if she was a good slut, Mayra would learn how lucky she was to get used by such a powerful and wise fauna.

About when the workday would have ended had the plants not encroached, Morgan strode out the rear door of his corporate headquarters. Calmly, he marched to the forest’s edge, pushing aside the skeletal shapes suspended in sucked-dry digestion pods and swatting away fat fruits formed from the slowly repurposed fools who’d been drawn to the flowers. Befuddled vines waved around him cautiously, observing the strange bull who’d strode so confidently into their domain.

He unzipped his pants and fished out his flaccid cock. “Hey, weeds,” he casually called out, “I’m your master now. Get the hell out of my city.”

As if angered, the vines reeled back. The bull didn't budge, aiming his cock at the base of a thick tree. Above, he could see where the vines tangled in cores, and he knew they wouldn't take long to understand. "Oh, and here's your pathetic slut of a former leader back."

A yellow stream spilled forth from his cock, and it didn't take long for the plants to recognize what it used to be. Pint after pint of pure liquid waste sprayed onto the vine cluster's home, and the entire forest seemed to shudder. Minute after minute Morgan relieved his bloated bladder, humming without a care in the world. With shocking speed, the wild grass behind him began to shrivel and die, the vines and mobile plants shuffled their way away, and the trees began to wither to dust.

Gallons of piss was all that remained of Mayra, and even the duct tape cunt-seal had been no match for his body. Wiping his brow, he looked around. The parking lot was back, the other buildings, while having broken windows and likely disheveled insides, appeared intact, and the streets slowly cleared of vegetation. Piles of bones and splayed skeletons showed the many who'd met their demise at the dryad's assault of nature, and he paid them no mind. Instead, he looked down at his work. The massive yellow puddle slowly drizzled off the curb and down the nearby street drain. Whatever didn't would surely evaporate on the hot concrete sidewalk.

"All it takes is a little natural dominance," Morgan mused, "and everything falls into place." He paused, then smirked. "Oh, right. Always end negotiations with a shake. I've said that in training videos before."

Taking his shaft in hand, he shook the tip, flicking free the final few drops of former dryad. "Good dealing with you, slut," he huffed, tucking his cock away and turning to head to where his car waited. Tomorrow would be another day of work as usual. However, he did tell his secretary to schedule a vacation for him. He didn't mind that his first opening was six months away. He was sure his slut wouldn't mind either.