

Cinnamon Essentials

by Maven Treecat

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Commissioned by [Guttser](#)

Content warning: Unwilling to willing prey, fatal plant vore, sexual content, detailed melty digestion, and bones.

Fresh air, a brisk walk, and natural surroundings...those were exactly what Hutts thought he needed after a stressful few days. He'd set the time aside, thrown some jambalaya in the slow cooker, and cleared his mind. All he needed to concern himself with this afternoon was a white tank top, some boxers and shorts, phone, keys, and a water bottle. Today was all about the essentials: just him and nature.

He'd been told about the old bike trail that led into the nearby forest from his gym buddies, but the green-eyed coyote hadn't gotten the chance to pay it any mind until today. At first, it wasn't anything to talk about: an overgrown dirt path amidst the occasional tree too gangly or deeply rooted to bother clearing for further development. However, as he strode along the old traces of bike tires and new strands of vegetation that threatened even more adventurous bikers from reviving the trail, Hutts began to marvel at how dense the trees began to grow. The dirt path vanished into patches of brush and grass, and soon Hutts' brisk pace dropped to an awe-inspired stumble.

"Wow, it really grows thick out here," the coyote marveled, a hand brushing through the black tuft atop his head. He reached out with his other hand to press against a nearby tree, feeling the rough bark and how the huge trunk almost felt flat against his hand from how gradual it curved. It took a few more minutes of walking, breathing air that was increasingly earthy and damp, before Hutts even thought to look behind him. There wasn't a trace of path left.

Hutts fished out his phone. "Well, I've still got two bars of signal," he observed, "...aaand GPS is still working. Huh. I'm only a tenth of a mile from the trail and it's already this dense?" He glanced up from the screen, looking at the midday sunlight streaking through the branches above in slanted beams and how they revealed the bright shades of green and color amidst the shady forest. "...well, it'd be a waste to stop now."

Amidst the unrestrained environment, the coyote found his shoulders finally beginning to unclench, the muscle at the base of his neck tingling from the sudden lack of tension. As he explored, glancing between bright expanses of wildflowers and mossy stones nestled amid the trees, Hutts allowed himself a chance to breathe. His pink nose twitched before letting in each deep inhale, and he let his jaw droop to release each steady exhale. Damp soil, fresh vegetation, and whiff of a particularly sweet floral accent...all of these scents he welcomed to tickle his nose and fill his lungs.

Hutts wasn't thinking about where he was walking, only focusing on not tripping on the terrain and on enjoying the moment. But, as he walked, he noticed the flowery aroma growing more and more potent, as if he'd instinctually homed in on its source. The natural perfume didn't sting or offend like the cloud that frequently surrounded a perfume kiosk in a mall or department store. Instead, it only further soothed him, piquing only his curiosity as to what sort of flower grove could possibly provide such a potent smell in the fresh forest air.

His jaw dropped as he began to catch glimpses into a large clearing. Having secured the soil for yards around itself from the forest's usual giants, a massive predominantly pink flower sprawled atop a green bulb in the middle of its own patch of sunlight. If it had a stem, it must have been buried beneath the bulky growth's immense weight; each of its five primary petals looked almost as thick as Hutts' arm and was three or more feet in length, and the bulb beneath it almost appeared flattened against the ground. Its heavy tilt left part of one of its petals to droop on the forest floor like a carpet.

"I've never seen a flower like this before," Hutts murmured, stepping into the clearing as he took even deeper breaths of the heavenly aroma. He focused almost entirely on the plant, marveling at how the petals faded to a yellowish hue towards the center, tracing the strange, thin green strands that spilled out from its base amid the thick grass with his eyes, and letting his lungs full with more and more of its scent. Every rise of his chest made him stagger ever so slightly, lazily staring at the strangely thick flower and its strange details: the way it shifted in the wind that pushed through the clearing, the strange lack of any pistil or stamen within the dark hole at its center, the glistening yellow strands of sticky fluid that stretched and smeared among the petals, the skulls and worn-down bones at its base, the way it seemed to breathe and undulate as he stepped closer...

...wait, what?

The brief moment of confusion stalled Hutts' approach, his last step solidly on top of one of those wirey green tendrils. Before the coyote could breathe once more, he felt a sharp sting as the long strands of the plant whipped out and snugly caught his wrists and ankles. Instinctively, he tugged back only for more to sharply catch around his body and squeeze. He yelped only for his muzzle to be coiled over and seized shut as well. He tried to step forward only for the vines to bring his ankles together and allow him to tip forward. Hutts shut his eyes, expecting the impact of ground against his face, only for his chest to catch on a thick wrap around his chest.

Then, he began to rise into the air. The thud of his water bottle against the ground drew Hutts' eyes to his pockets. He slowly brought his hand down to his hip, looking cautiously at the vine that encircled his wrist and wrung into his cinnamon fur. He heard the jingle of his keyring falling away to the ground as well, and his heart began to beat even faster. Adrenaline rushing

to his head, feeling the rectangular object shift in his other pocket, Hutts jerked his hand down, barely catching his phone and...

No bars? But...

The sudden hopeful motion coaxed the vines to clasp his wrists together suddenly, wrapping them anew and together in a firmer bind. Hutts tried to keep hold of his phone, but he looked up; suspended in the air belly-down, bound in the plant's grip, his face now hovered feet away from the massive flower. He watched its center twitch and pulse before it seemed to push something up its bulb; a rush of air huffed across his face. His nose tickled and his chest ached. The coyote took a deep breath in, and the vines around his chest seemed to slightly relax as he did.

Bliss. Pure, unadulterated peace. "Hh...huh..." the coyote dizzily moaned from his pinned muzzle. Every muscle in his body began to shudder and let go. His nostrils tingled from that sweet, tantalizing expulsion of scent in front of his face. *Can...flowers even belch?* he dopily mused, his mouth gently falling into a smile. He didn't even notice as his fingers loosened, dropping his phone to thud into the grass just before the exotic plant.

The flower took its time, breathing natural perfume upon its catch as it slowly drew in its vines, slowly swinging the coyote's legs forward. As it lowered him, Hutts tried to put the pieces together; should he be concerned? He was pretty sure he was supposed to be. But he'd gone on a walk to relax...and he'd never felt so relaxed before in his life. *It couldn't be all bad, right?* he thought, looking down at the grim scattered bones about the plant's base. All he could manage was a light squirm, drawing in more and more of that lovely smell until, with a fleshy *squelch*, he was kneeled within the flower's center.

The petals below were moist but soft and cushiony, denting in with his weight. The strands of yellow slime smeared against his clothes and flesh, warm to the touch and drawing out a tickled giggle from the increasingly pheromone-drunk coyote. Whatever the dark pit at the center was, Hutts could feel a pinched valve of some kind supporting him amidst the flower. He wiggled on his knees, the seat of his pants flat against his paws, as the prehensile vines kept him thoroughly pinned.

However, as if recognizing his reason for being here, the vines slowly shifted from restraining Hutts to massaging him. The coyote shuddered as the smooth, stem-like surfaces snaked around his body, kneading into his flesh with small circles and pressing deep into his fur. "Hmmmph..." the coyote sighed, shoulders slumping at first. The only reason they tightened at all was from surprise, suddenly feeling that thick, pliant tendril snaking up his boxers and beneath his tank top. Caressing his chest, squeezing his package, all while the bulb beneath regularly spewed more sweet smells up and over his body...it was little wonder that Hutts began to moan and squirm into the teases.

Watching the twisty outlines of the vines underneath his clothes, embarrassed at being fondled in such a public-feeling environment, Hutts almost didn't notice something else changing. But he looked up, as if scanning anxiously for someone who might possibly catch such a lewd moment between person and plant, and noticed: gradually, the petals were starting to curl upwards. Insistently, the vines groped harder and tugged Hutts lower. The coyote didn't even second guess the non-verbal instructions, hunching just slightly more as the plant's attractive pink bloom slowly began to revert into a closed bud around him. *It's okay*, he couldn't help but think as he watched the forest slowly disappear from his view and be replaced by the interior of a pillowy plant prison, *this feels too good to be wrong*.

The petals kissed above Hutts' head, enshrouding his world in a faint pink glow as the only light available filtered through the flower. As it pressed together, more of the sticky yellow nectar slathered his upper half. He was increasingly sure of what this chamber was the equivalent of, even despite the haze flooding his bind, but the coyote was single-mindedly focused on the now throbbing length that bulged along one leg of his shorts. The vines continued their groping, sliding and squeezing at his balls, rubbing in the sandy fur of his belly, squeezing up and down his shaft. He whimpered, gyrating his hips at the molestation, closer and closer, tongue lolling from his mouth, green eyes rolled back. "I'm...I'm going to..."

Hearing his own voice aloud might've given Hutts pause, but his thoughts were immediately interrupted by the tendrils suddenly ceasing their caress. Quickly, without a second thought, they slipped their way backwards, withdrawing through the top of the petals with a long *slrrrrrrp!* "W-wait! I'm so close!" the coyote whined at the retreating green lengths. The last tips popped free. Hutts reached after them, hand stretching towards the star where those petal tips met.

Then the vines squeezed from the outside, first tight around the opening, firmly letting the coyote know he was right where the plant thought he should be, and secondly around his entire bulging form. They slowly rolled and tightened the flower around him, a full-body vice squeezing his entire body in a firm, possessive claim. His hands and feet pressed out in alien bulges on the plant's exterior, Hutts momentarily uncertain what to think of this mashing. But as more of that warm slime leaked from the petals and rubbed into his clothes and fur, and as the air became more and more dominant with the bulb's pheromones, the coyote eventually made up his mind; he began to adore his place, grinding his hard-on in what little humps of his hips he could manage.

Unmuzzled, he let go of his anxieties and panted, whined, and moaned away, the sounds only half-muffled by those thick petals. Perhaps, had the coyote been more restrained, he might have found rescue from his impromptu plant diving. Lewd noises of pleasure emerging from a grim, shifting person-shaped bulge of a strange plant didn't particularly make the passing deer girl feel comfortable to stick around even long enough to snap a photo for her Instagram. Instead, as she fled with the full intent of trying to write off the encounter as a weird dream, ignorant to the tempting scent now locked inside that strange flower she'd narrowly avoided, the

plant squeezed out more and more of that warm slime upon its catch with firm, steady, and lazy motions.

Hutts felt increasingly warm as the yellowish middle of the pillowy pedal continued to take his limited humps, softly slipping against his cock's head. Amidst the sticky noises of yellow strands slathering all over him, he heard the soft tearing of fabric. The feeling was immediately different, his entire shaft now unrestrained and free to feel the soft, sticky walls squeezing flat against it. In the filtered light, he barely pieced together the remnants of his boxers and shorts, both looking as if the fabric had been partially dissolved before being torn through by the throbbing of his confined member. His tank top was even spotted with holes. And, as the flower squeezed more thick fluid upon him in lines and smears, he was beginning to feel his skin tingling.

"I'm...going to be plant food," Hutts groaned, a smile still stretched on his face as every breath refreshed the deep feeling of relaxation that coursed through his body. Perhaps there were more dignified things to say just before emptying one's balls, but those were the words Hutts chose. White, hot-blooded spurts painted the smooth petal walls and the sandy-colored belly above, the coyote whining as he felt every surge of seed pump through his length. The plant did nothing different, content to massage and squeeze its prey in a mindless yet pleased manner. Its catch was going to be its to use whether it orgasmed so passionately or not.

Spent, the coyote couldn't help himself. The growing warmth, the satisfaction of a strong nut, and the ever-present kneading and pheromone-dosing all called for an afternoon snooze. Blinking slowly, smiling contently to himself, the plant food let himself curl just a slight bit tighter, the walls squeezing in approvingly, and let himself drift to sleep.

When Hutts' eyes fluttered open again, every outer edge of his form now felt the undulations of a flower bud practically sucking over his pinned form. His clothes had long worn away, and now the plant's squeezes felt as if the petals were pushing more into his flesh than he into them. The chamber was darker, the sun obviously beginning to slip down below the trees at the edge of the clearing. For hours, he'd dreamt only of the plant, his brain detailing the clear consequences and yet unable to conjure any objection to it; in fact, Hutts found himself hard once more from the pleasant embrace of those dreams.

His chest heaved, body having long allowed its addiction to the flower scent to become dominant, and he smiled. He slowly stretched, pressing against the petals in curious prods. The vines seemed to have long since relaxed, no longer squeezing the petals or tying its opening shut, likely back to sprawling across the ground and conserving energy. All the coyote had to do was stand up and the flower wouldn't have the strength to keep him sealed in.

The realization added no urgency to the nude, suckled coyote's motions. He was far too distracted by how pleasant it all felt. His soft flesh made every touch more potent, and every touch tingled in a pleasing way, as if a firm warmth radiated out from every place the plant squeezed. *Why bother escaping when being plant food feels so good?* he thought, wiggling his toes and feeling the thick floral material press back against his pads. He shifted, and the flower gave a possessive clench back. "I'm yours," Hutts breathily agreed, shivering at the sensation that rolled through his entire body.

With its prey no longer fighting its fate and the sunlight declining, the monstrous plant began to shift. Even as Hutts repositioned to slip a hand down to his groin and languidly pump over his cock over the long minutes ahead, he could feel his confines begin to shift in subtle ways, the petals folding closer together as if priming to spring open once more. The flower seemed to swish, repositioning its thoroughly seduced meal, and then...

shlr-SHLUCK!

The valve below Hutts opened, and the flower began to invert. The pink bud "gulped" its food bulge down into the thick, shiny green bulb below and folded inside after it. Briefly, the bulb shuddered, tightening its puckered top once more, before it too slowly squeezed down. Inch by inch, wiggling its way through, the plant folded itself into the ground and effectively vanished from view, leaving only a mess of vines atop its burrow to hide its existence. Then, they grew still, leaving no visible trace that there was a squirming, living coyote anywhere to be found.

Squeezed into the thick, stem-smooth chamber, Hutts found his sticky body awash in a new fluid. The underground living pod that now contained him was filled with a oily liquid, sloshing about with his every limited squirm and shift. The pliant walls allowed him only that much movement, almost form-fitting his shape otherwise and ensuring almost every inch was submerged. All that poked up in the limited air was a pink nose, a black bridge of fur just behind it, and two wide green eyes trying their best to collect any trace of light in the lightless chamber.

As the minutes passed, Hutts managed to wiggle his hand back down to his hardness and calmly squeeze himself in lazy self-pleasure. But, as he jacked, he began to feel that slick fluid getting to work. As befitting a plant, he was masturbating within a bath of incredibly slow acids that had the single-minded purpose of gradually melting him down into a mere nutrition for a carnivorous plant. But, rather than burning with pain...the coyote found his cock throbbing as he began to experience a full-body ecstasy he never thought possible.

Glr!g...glrrrn...glrp!

The fluid drained and refilled in a steady, automatic process, ensuring Hutts was getting only the freshest and most potent mix of secretions. In a slow, methodical manner, the pod ground its walls against his form, a rolling squeeze that started around his head and cheeks and rolled down his body all the way to his toes. Each wave took almost a half minute to make its

way over him, and the first one—once it reached his shaft, at least—shocked him so much with pleasure that he couldn't help but open his mouth to moan; he only succeeded in gargling plant juice and gulping down some of the digestive fluids.

In that moment, Hutts realized two things. First, he had succeeded in bringing that overwhelmingly arousing tingle to his insides, a decision he did not regret in the slightest. Second, the taste of the fluid was pure, sweet, and slick. His sinuses flooded with pure bliss, and his nostrils flared at the scent that now reached them the other way around. The source of that wonderfully relaxing scent that clouded his mind and allowed him to accept—no, now it was “to need”—his role as fertilizer for a lowly plant...he was now being gradually melted within it.

Gllrrghh, churrrn, shlrk...

Between the waves of peaceful bliss he got from occasionally drinking down that perfumed fluid and breathing that murky air, the disorienting flood of endorphins from the acid's slow work on his body, and his own increasingly passionate submerged humps against his hand, Hutts slowly lost the capacity for thought as he unintentionally edged himself. Orgasm always felt just one pump away, or maybe it was just one noisy squelch of smooth plant insides grinding over him away. But then he'd gurgle and gulp down another dose to fill his own belly, or he'd breathe just a little deeper, and then his shaft would calm just enough to prevent that climax. All he could think of was how amazing being reduced to fertilizer was.

Gllrrg-SQULCH, slrrsh, brrbl-glorp, glrrrn~ Hff...

Minutes turned to hours, and Hutts lost track of time entirely in the dark gut of the plant. He could feel himself softening even further, the most exposed bits beginning to drip away and slowly thicken the mixture that glorped and washed around him in those slippery walls. Anywhere that slowly began to melt away or squish just a little further in rewarded him with another rush of ecstasy, making him throb harder and harder against his hand and the chamber's slick sides. He tilted his head back and stretched against the chamber, bringing his mouth from beneath its level to gasp and whine and vocalize his extreme pleasure. “Ahh...hh...s-so close...just a little...more,” he panted.

Thff...thhff thff...

His ears flicked forward. Behind the noises of his languid churning was the soft sound of footfalls. A couple of people were walking in the clearing. Buried as he was, snugly packed away as plant food, they must've been close.

“...weird vines. Barely noticed in this darkness. This place really has grown over, huh?”

“Yeah. Definitely not for bikes anymore. I can see why they were talking about it as an impromptu nature trail, though.”

Thff, thhff, thff, thff...

“Yeah, and you’re sure Hutts said he was going to check it out?”

“Positive. Though maybe we should’ve brought flashlights?”

Two of his gym partners and friends. They’d followed up on him. Hours must have passed for the sun to have set deep enough to hide his water bottle, keys, and phone amidst the clearing’s grass nearby from the two’s eyes. Freedom once again, so incredibly close. All he had to do was say something...

He *could* have said something, at least. If Hutts could barely hear them, maybe they could’ve barely heard him. *But then how would I get off?* the coyote had thought. *I wouldn’t get to be plant food...* So, against the tiny voice of self-preservation buried in the back of his perfume-drunk mind, he remained quiet, trying his best to suppress the whimpers and whines as the plant continued its automatic process without a single care. He squeezed his cock, huffing through his nose as he waited.

GwrRGL-GLORP! Sqlch, shlrk, gwrrrk~ *Whiiiiine*

“Hey, you hear that?”

Oh no...

“Yeah. Probably me, sorry. We are looking for Hutts, after all!”

“From him or his cooking?”

“Does it matter?”

They didn’t know. Mere feet away, they didn’t know he was hours into churning into nutritional slurry for a mere plant with so many more hours to go.

“Hah! Good point. Well, if we get back to his place and he’s still not there, I think we can treat ourselves to some jambalaya.”

“Sounds like a plan!”

Too addicted to imagine any other future, the coyote’s heart jumped. They weren’t going to rescue him. They’d walk away without ever knowing their friend was getting turned into goop so close by. The adrenaline, the excitement, the feeling of his body gradually losing cohesion...Hutts whined in delight as finally his member pulsed in his hand and spilled into the digestive soup fresh pumps of cum. Even with how soft the sensitive flesh was growing, it was the hardest climax of his life. “Take me...” he moaned into the plant’s sack.

The plant, of course, didn’t do anything differently. Unthinkingly, it simply was resting and letting its body work down the meat it had caught and overwhelmed. It didn’t muffle any noise, speed up or slow down any churning, or squeeze any differently. Safely hidden below-ground, it just digested. Minute after minute, hour after hour, throughout the entire night.

Hutts didn't have any time to bask in his orgasm. Even after the last spurts loosed into the mix, his body continued to fire bolt after bolt of pleasure with every squeeze of the chamber around him and every slosh of the slow-working acids around and within him. With such an active process working him into a blissful and ecstatic state, there was no getting back to sleep either. He was in for the whole ride.

GRRGL-shlrff, brllrb, glrrrrrn. GWORP-slrs-shsqsh...

It took a few more hours of bliss, brought back to the edge of orgasm and sent into a wiggling frenzy, before Hutts made a minor mistake. He squeezed his had a little harder around himself in a desperate desire to milk just one more climax out of this fatal paradise.

SqIRCH~

The coyote only added to the growing soup, humping futilely even as more and more details of his softened. The smooth bulges that occasionally appeared in the underground bulb of hands and feet slowly stopped appearing, and, hours later, the pleasure-drunk coyote whined as he began to feel even his body begin to slosh with a growing mush inside of him. Hutts just kept wanting more, to sink deeper in the increasingly thick slurry and lose himself in ecstasy. The lurid sounds and strange feeling of being reduced alive into a broth of plant food—his relaxed and eased mind shamelessly took them and rewarded him with good feelings from head to...whatever was still the most solid towards the bottom.

The walls didn't let up once. As he compacted and shrunk, the walls clenched in closer and firmer, now beginning to drain away what Hutts had already surrendered for its own use. Happy, squirming meals were ideal for the exotic flower; their movements only aided it in breaking them down. It was evolved to bring its prey heaven even as it consumed them for every ounce of nutritional worth they had. But even it had its limits.

Gwrrsh...glorble-shlrff...brllbl, slorsh,

Had it been eight hours since he'd been gulped? Ten? Twelve? It didn't really matter. Hutts had already lost all coherence except for a single-minded repetition of his new role and the pleasure it gave. *Plant food...I'm plant food...* He was barely able to even wiggle, gargling on the plant's wonderful fluids, and more goop than solid. His surroundings were more painted with the colors he'd allowed to be melted off of him than any color the plant naturally kept, and his own smell now mingled with the perfume of the flower.

He felt his tight confines close in tighter, and he readied himself for one more delightful churn. Yes, yes, yes, ye-

ClrNCh-sloooooosh...

The last of Hutts sunk amidst the rest of him, mushing down into a slick goop that only continued to break down in the slick fluids and drain, bit by bit, down into the base of the plant to be absorbed and utilized. The soil shifted as the buried bulb slowly adopted its perfectly round, regularly sized shape. But still it peacefully burbled and sloshed with more and more prey soup, not the slightest bit rushed in its use of the former coyote. It wasn't until most of the stars had vanished from the sky and the black night was beginning to tint purple that the bulb finally emptied of the slurry, once more a pool of aromatic acids. However, there was one small addition; in comparison to how slowly it had worked down Hutts, the addition grew quite quickly over the hour and change it had until the first rays of sunlight touched its vines and coaxed its flower to bloom once more.

In the dawn light, a pale olive-colored hand, smooth and flecked with dew, stretched out against a tree trunk, a mossy patch seeming to grow instantly as its fingers drifted against its bark. "Not a person or animal in sight this morning...how lovely," a light voice mused, clearly pleased with the quiet grove it neared. "I so wish we could do without them, but...nature will always require all kinds, of course."

A similarly-colored bare foot stepped into the clearing's grass, toes wiggling to let the blades rub between them before its owner skipped into the open area; the grass passed through them as if the foot were that of a ghost. Hair of broad palm leaves bobbed atop her head, and a pleasant expression crossed her face. There was no hesitation in her stride; she skipped with the confidence of someone walking through the hallway of their own home.

"Where's my little upstart beauty?" the dryad cooed rhetorically, a large bloom of pink petals open and basking in the early morning sunlight. The vines momentarily stirred, but, as if recognizing Mayra's voice, laid back down across the ground once more. "*Theeeeeeere you are~*" she sung, throwing herself down to the flower's level and hugging the bulb.

Hurr! CLACK-klk-clatter!

With the lightest squeeze, the flower twitched and huffed, a small collection of objects expelled from the plant's center to loudly fall on the ground nearby. The dryad released the flower to glance over her shoulder. "Clack? That's too loud for some silly bones to make hitting grass," she hummed with a disturbing familiarity with the subject. She made sure to give the bulb a comforting pat before investigating. "Good flower, eating up all those tasty people~"

The skull and various bones that had survived their bath were clearly a coyote's. But the source of that initial clack was decently obvious: one of the disparate bones had landed atop a small phone, its screen now cracked slightly at the point of impact. The dryad lifted the device up and clicked it on, instantly checking out the photos and comparing the coyote in a few selfies with the acid-washed skull. "Oh, he looks like one of those boys that probably just *loved*

nature...well, at the end, anyway. This is why you're such a good ambassador for this city, my beauty!" the dryad giggled.

"Hmm...just in case," Mayra hummed as she gathered up the coyote bones and arranged them equally as messy but closer to the flower. Stepping back a few times, she raised the phone up. "Aaaaand...smile! Oh wait, you already are~"

Snap!

"There, a perfect photo. Oh, and you can even save captions on the photos now! They really do invent fun toys when they're not screwing things up. Let's see..." she mused aloud. "...Had the time of my life digesting in this beauty! Back to nature, just the bare essentials~" A quick tap to save, and Mayra tossed the phone back into the grass. "A little reward if they ever manage to find that. Gotta spread a positive message!"

The dryad picked up the water bottle, popping it open and taking a long drink as she walked back to the flower. Her eye caught on the flower, though, and she slowly lowered the drink from her lips and swallowed. "Oooh. You must have *really* had fun, my naughty beauty," she said, reaching out to gently touch the new growth. There, from the center, emerged a thick bundle of stamens. While the fauna-attracting floral scent was still there, there was a new scent that wafted from the tops of those long pollen-producing strands.

Her nostrils twitched as she sniffed, smiling at the pleasing mix. "Cinnamon? That is a very nice addition to your bouquet of aromas. I wonder if I shouldn't concentrate it and keep that scent around for personal use..." Mayra pondered, tapping her chin. "But...that'll have to wait. I'll go arrange for some pollination. You keep welcoming whoever you like, alright?"

With that, the dryad skipped off. Sure, a few more missing and she might have to move her beautiful flower to a new location, but for now...that new perfume filling the surrounding forest's air would be there to welcome anyone hoping to get back to the essentials...or at least it would have them being broken down into essentials. Either way, those stresses would surely melt away.