

Lost Paradise

By Victor Waite

A raccoon finds themselves washed up on an uncharted island in the middle of the ocean. Their survival skills kick in, and they journey inland to find food and shelter. Fortune brings them to a massive tree adorned with strange fruit, which also harbors one of the island's curious natives.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a NB Raccoon, a Tropical Island, Water Inflation, Addictive Food, Gluttony, Overeating, Goo Inflation, a Tangle of Vines, Tentacle Bondage, Force Feeding, Hose Feeding (Oral and Anal), and Transformation.

The soft sound of lapping waves filled the salty air. A pleasant breeze blew over the sandy shore, kicking up eddies of dust and scattering them across the low dunes. Sea birds chirped with curiosity and circled over a prone figure, slowly mustering the courage to dive down and investigate. The first landed with silent grace beside the grey shape, then crept up to their head with caution and interest. The rest of its flock followed as it circled to the unconscious raccoon's ear, and they watched it clamp down on the their pointed ear. The bird squawked and flapped away when the shipwrecked sailor flinched, but dashed back when they didn't follow through. A second bite elicited a grunt of displeasure and an irritated wave, which utterly failed to discourage the third. The raccoon finally sat up and flailed their arms, scattering the flock back into the sky. The tattered sailor started to lay down and go back to sleep, though an errant glance around destroyed any hope of doing so. Adrenaline surged through them when they realized the walls of their cabin had vanished, and they jumped up on unsteady legs to get their bearings.

A stiff gust tugged at the tatters of their clothing, whisking away what little remained and leaving the pudgy raccoon exposed. They wrapped their tail around themselves out of modest reflex, but dropped it once they realized there was no need. The raccoon's ears folded to their head as the situation sank in, and they looked up and down the beach for clues and supplies. It didn't take much to conclude they'd been shipwrecked, but the lack of details concerned them greatly. Their last memory was of going to sleep, and everything after that was a blank. They recalled nothing of crashing, drifting, or washing up, and they only had a loose idea of their location. Those investigative thoughts sank to the back their mind as more pressing matters emerged, however. The grey clouds above parted and revealed the blazing sun, highlighting the raccoon's state of exposure. Their dark fur warmed in the tropical light, and survival rose to their top priority. The stranded sailor looked around once more, checking for anything salvageable or useful. Dread welled in their chest as they sifted through the remnants of their ship, gathering supplies and tools in a piece of torn sail as they went. The sun rose to its apex before they could finish however, driving them inland to escape its blazing presence.

Soft grasses crunched under their bare feet as they trekked from the shore, minimizing the consequences of losing their clothes and shoes. The gentle upward slope proved to be unexpectedly easy on their legs, and a modicum of confidence returned to the raccoon as the beach disappeared from sight. Of all the deserted islands in the world's oceans this was perhaps the best one to land on. Their streak of fortune prevailed they happened across a clear stream, which they rushed toward with all the speed they could muster. Splashes sounded across the empty plain when they dunked their head under its surface and basked in the brisk water. Their cheeks filled and emptied as they drank their fill and then some, only rising up for air when their lungs started to burn. After minutes of chugging, they surfaced for the last time and rolled onto their back, then offered their praises to whatever god or goddess delivered them to it. The uneasy sensation of being watched ticked the back of their perception with that, spurring them to get up and get out of the open. The raccoon's belly sloshed over their waist and plopped against their thighs as they departed, tugging them toward the ground and hindering their progress up stream. Fortunately, they didn't have far to go. Sparsely distributed trees grew more dense as they climbed up and over a

ridge, where a coastal forest greeted them and offered shade and shelter.

A sigh of relief and exhaustion tumbled from the raccoon's muzzle as they waddled under the forest's leafy canopy, escaping the worst of the day's heat. They leaned against a large tree and sank down onto their rear after a short distance, and their eyes drifted shut as they savored the temperate breeze. Unfortunately, their moment of respite was short lived. Their stomach gurgled and sloshed as it absorbed its contents and protested the lack of substance with a demanding gurgle. Their lengthy hike caught up to them with a vengeance, and ravenous hunger filled their middle. They wrapped an arm around their sagging belly and picked themselves up, then set off once more. Finding shelter was still their highest priority, but that didn't mean they couldn't forage for food along the way. The raccoon's gnawing hunger stayed in the back of their mind as they followed the creek into the heart of the woods, and their vigilance paid off in the form of an easy meal. Fruits of fantastic colors and shapes dotted the branches above, growing in size and density as they approached the end of the creek. The raccoon's pace slowed when they reached a massive tree rooted in its source, and their stomach gurgled in anticipation as they looked into its branches. The marshy ground squished under their feet as they rushed toward the first foothold they could find, which proved to be strong enough to support their weight after cautious testing.

The raccoon slung their makeshift bag over their shoulder and climbed into the tree's lower reaches, then stopped when they found a good place to rest. A group of branches came together and wove into a rough bowl just a little ways off the ground, and they filled in the open spaces with leaves. The arrangement proved to be quite comfortable when they reclined in its middle, and they sank into their improvised nest as the day caught up with them. The grip of sleep slowly closed around them, until a demanding grumble from their belly warding it off. The sailor grumbled over forgetting something so critical, then figured out the best way to resolve it. They scanned their limbs above and surveyed the ground below, quickly concluding it would be less trouble to climb the tree they were already in. The raccoon stood and plotted a route, then gathered their remaining strength and began their ascent. Their claws sank into the soft bark with ease and provided ample grip, greatly simplifying the task. Still, their arms and legs trembled with exhaustion by the time they reached the next supporting branch, where they took a break to reconsider their decision. Fortunately, the massive tree provided once again.

As the sailor looked up and analyzed the next leg of their climb, a bright orange orb caught their eye. They reached out and plucked the strange fruit, nearly tearing its fragile skin in the process. It was far closer to a water balloon than a typical fruit, and its contents were strikingly similar to honey. The ball of fluid jiggled in their palm as they inspected it, taking in as many details as they could before eating it. Their stomach eroded their restraint however, especially when its delectable scent wrapped around their muzzle. The raccoon breathed deep and basked in it, letting visions of a citrus paradise filled his mind. They poked a small hole in its translucent skin with a free claw and brought it to their lips, and nearly fell from their perch when the first droplet of its contents touched their tongue. Their eyes widened as impossible sweetness exploded across their mouth, vaporizing their

self-control. The raccoon grabbed the fruit with both hands and squeezed it directly into their mouth, flooding their cheeks with the thick ooze. Their eyes rolled back with delicious flare, and a narcotic high bloomed on their nerves and suffused their body. They gulped down all of its bounty at once, then reached for another fruit.

The raccoon retained enough foresight to gather as they gorged, dropping an extra fruit into their nest below with every extra helping. They were too lost in their gluttonous haze to care if any burst, however, and they could only hold their ravenous appetite back so long. Their eating grew messier as their inspired gluttony flourished, and they quickly forgot about their reserve entirely. Their stockpile stopped growing as they shoved the decadent treats into their muzzle two at a time, filling their belly with their gooey contents. A heavy weight built in their middle and grew more so as they feasted, swelling their paunch out and over their thighs. Their grey pelt stretched over the viscous dome and pulled tight as they gorged on everything in reach, and ominous creaking filled the air as they tested their perch's limits. The raccoon's branch sagged and dropped them out of reach, sending them into a gluttonous panic. They grabbed the limb and attempted to stand in a desperate grab for more, but physics had other plans. The sailor's balance faltered in an instant, and their arms wheeled as they started to fall. Regret struck in a moment of fearful clarity, and they prayed their makeshift shelter would break their fall.

The unfortunate sailor squeezed their eyes shut as their heels slipped, and the rush of gravity filled their senses. Their descent stopped much sooner than expected however, and they cautiously opened their eyes once they came to rest. A quick glance revealed they'd only dropped a few feet, and another exposed the reason behind their stop. A vine had lashed from the dense foliage and caught them, and more snaked out to examine their unexpected visitor. The raccoon froze as they brushed against their hide and traced their figure, sightlessly sizing up their catch. A tendril worming its way into their muzzle broke their fearful stillness, however, and they reflexively chomped down on the vibrant appendage. The vines trembled in unison as the one in their mouth shook free, loosening their grip and dropping the raccoon a few inches. Regret surged through their chest at the mistake, but it was too late to undo their mistake. Intentionally or otherwise, the vines unwound from their arms and legs and dropped them. The branches below rushed to greet them, and a bump to the head deprived them the experience of hitting the ground.

Hours passed before the raccoon woke, and when they did, they found unfamiliar surroundings. Smooth bark lined the sides of an open chamber, slick with golden, viscous fluid. It's scent hit them in their first breath, revealing it to be the same nectar inside their new favorite fruit. The sailor reached out to collect some on the tip of their finger, but discovered they couldn't. A set of vines tightly bound their arms and legs, suspending them above a mossy floor. The raccoon pulled their arms in and tested the vines' strength, which revealed nothing and only woke them up. The tendrils flexed and glided through the raccoon's fur, raising them up and laying them flat. The sailor's swollen belly sagged and swayed with every tiny movement, kindling a warm blush in their muzzle with just how

much they'd grown. That heat intensified as the vines squished across their soft middle and teased them with gropes and squeezes. The raccoon squirmed in their bindings as their arousal responded, gradually emerging from its protective sheath and throbbing in the humid air. The tendrils took notice and teased the modest length, but didn't pay their gut any less attention

Their exploration and groping spiraled in on their chest and belly, rubbing over the sensitive regions and gaging the raccoon's reaction. One pushed against their naval and thrust into their rolls as others latched onto their chest, testing the sailor's natural production. The raccoon let out an indignant growl and swatted at the curious tendrils, but their bonds tightened and stopped them cold. Capable of little else, the raccoon gnashed their teeth and clung to the notion they didn't enjoy be toyed with. Maintaining that idea grew increasingly difficult when a vine snaked to their muzzle and prodded at their lips, leaving a thin film of honeyed nectar. They resisted the urge to open their mouth for as long as they could, but they ultimately caved and slurped up everything in reach. The tendril seized its opportunity and struck like a viper, lodging itself firmly in their muzzle unleashing a burst of the amber ambrosia. A shiver shot down the raccoon's spine as delicious flavor slammed into their senses, relaxing their muscles and quelling their desire to escape. It faded completely as a steady stream of high calorie ooze filled their cheeks, and the fear of spilling even a single drop compelled them to swallow. Their stomach rumbled in gluttonous satisfaction as it filled and sagged, and carnal satisfaction washed over them as the slipped into the role of a storage tank.

The raccoon's acceptance didn't go unnoticed, and a second set of vies descended to assist with the filling. The tendril's round tip poked and prodded at the sailor's growing rump, until it found the crevice between their cheeks. The restrained sailor jerked when the slick dome met their flexing pucker, and a muffled moan resonated in their chest as it slipped in. Clear droplets of arousal fell from the tip of their cock as it probed into their depths, embedding itself several feet into their core before unleashing a tide of nectar. The vicious fluid flowed in thick bulges, only slowing when they met their stretched gate. The raccoon's hips rolled in time with the vine's languid pulses pulses, both easing their entry and multiplying their pleasure. Their stomach wobbled and grew with viscous each addition, dominating their figure more and more as it reached toward the verdant floor. Its expansion slowed in the trade off between surface area and volume, but each burst still struck with a flash of bliss. Their cock bounced against their taught underbelly, leaking a continuous stream of clear arousal, until a vine crept over their hips and took their length into its tip. Jets of honeyed nectar soaked their hips as the tendril attempted to fill them, inadvertently creating a perfect seal for when it reversed its direction.

The raccoon convulsed with blinding pleasure as the tendrils took their fill as eagerly as they gave it, driving them toward the most powerful climax of their life. Their breath tore through their nose in ragged pants and rose above the subtle slurks of the thrusting tendrils, growing increasingly erratic as their stamina eroded. The vines tightened their grips as tremors of pleasure thrummed through their captive's muscles, thwarting a perceived escape attempt. The vine between their legs rippled harder and faster as the

raccoon's lust filled its inner cavity, rushing to keep up and creating more to swallow. The sailor's fingers and toes clenched as they teetered on the brink of release, then forcefully closed when they tipped over the precipice of orgasm. A strangled cry of bliss resonated in the raccoon's chest as they came, briefly overwhelming the appendage milking their cock. Thick, milky bulbs flowed up its length and into the plant's core, seemingly inspiring a release of its own. Viscous nectar surged through the organic tubes and flooded the raccoon's already filled middle, ballooning them out to absurd proportions. Pressure built in their core and stretched their hide thin, thinning their fur and showcasing a web of stretch marks. The plant's grip faltered between the loss of control and growing force shoving it out, weakening its grasp on its guest until they slipped free entirely.

The raccoon dropped to the sloped floor before they realized they had fallen, and gravity took over before they found their balance. The bloated sailor splayed out in a vain attempt to stall their building momentum, but broke through the chamber wall regardless. Unfortunately, their journey continued well after they burst into the cool moonlight. Their groaning and sloshing filled the midnight air as they tumbled between trees and over shrubs into an open field, depriving them of any chance to stop. The raccoon simply squeezed their eyes shut and endured their extended tumble until the rolling grasslands gave way to flat sand, where they gradually slowed. They only dared to look around once they'd completely stopped, which included waiting for their sloshing middle to come to rest. The raccoon clutched the sides of their head and waited for the world to stop spinning, then clumsily picked themselves up. Their knees trembled with uncertainty while they recovered their balance, thrown off by their fluid middle. The taught globe of their belly sagged beyond their knees and threatened to drag them to the ground with every step, but they luckily adapted after a few moments of practice. The overfilled sailor waddled down the beach, no particular direction in mind, simply eager to get as far away from the plant as possible.

The narcotic nectar tugged at their thoughts while they waddled, calling them to return to the plant's embrace, but they steeled their resolve and pressed onward. Their lumbering pace slowed as their stamina drained, and they wobbled to a stop mere minutes after embarking. The raccoon hunched over and struggled to recover even a tiny amount of energy, but the soreness of the day's events set in and hindered their rest. After a few minutes of consideration, they decided finding a place to hide and recuperate would be best. The sailor mustered their strength and rose upright, then scanned their surroundings for leads. The rolling dunes offered little for protection, and rocky ridges extending into the ocean seemed equally unappealing, but closer examination gradually changed their mind. The top of the rocks looked flat enough to traverse, and bits of shipwreck littered the jagged waterline. The sailor acknowledged it was a long shot, but the chance of finding supplies outweighed the risks of venturing out. Plus, trying to go inland meant risking another encounter with the overly affectionate tendrils. The raccoon took a steadying breath, then willed themselves to move. Building momentum was an arduous task, which only became slightly easier once they got going.

The raccoon's heavy breathing nearly drowned out their own internal sloshing as they

went, but they held it together long enough to reach the rocks. They never imagined a climb of only a few feet could be so intimidating, and they spent a long moment planning out their path. The low moonlight only lengthened the task, but they eventually found a path of least resistance. The sailor winced as their footpads pressed into the rock's broken points, though their sting wasn't as bad as they expected. That sentiment changed as they shifted their full weight onto a single foot, and their careful ascent turned into a pained scramble. They fortunately climbed onto the jagged path without cutting themselves too badly, and their trek eased once atop the ridge. Still, the raccoon stepped with caution and took every measure to avoid popping on the natural spikes lining their path. Once confident in their balance, they peered at the waterline and searched for anything useful. Splintered planks and other debris stood out in sharp contrast against dark stones, but very little seemed worth reaching for. The sailor knelt down and collected what they could, until their salvation caught their eye.

A bright yellow box stole their attention, and optimism welled in their soft chest as they plucked it from the sea foam. The raccoon brushed the bubbles away and searched for its power button, and cried with relief as LEDs blinked across its face. The emergency beacon flashed when it acquired a signal, and its lights patiently pulsed while it waited to be used. The sailor wasted no time issuing a distress call, and they visibly relaxed as it cleared. Their priorities shifted with the knowledge they'd only be on the island for a few days at most, and they waddled back to the shore in search of a comfortable place to wait for rescue. The raccoon hummed in time with the rhythmic sloshes of their middle, filling the night air with the song of their confidence. They only paused while they carefully slid down the rocky ledge to the beach, though they didn't resume when they touched down. Something snagged the raccoon's foot and pulled them to the sand, sending innumerable ripples across their taught hide. They pulled their muzzle from the ground and whipped around just in time to catch a set of familiar vines emerging from the earth. The raccoon put up a token struggle as mixed emotions swept over them, but their desire to fight back melted the instant a tendril swept across their lips. Their eyes rolled back in their head as they latched onto the snaking length, rendering them helpless while the others lassoed their limbs.

Once secure, the vines picked them up and dragged them into the inland woods.

The bright ocean sun blazed overhead as a small boat ran ashore on the island. The avian captain cut the engine and tossed out an anchor, ensuring the craft wouldn't drift away in the tide. Once he checked its ropes and knots were secure, he pulled a satellite phone from his pocket and checked its signal. The distress beacon showed on his screen as strong as ever, and dread welled up in his chest. He fetched a first aid kit from the hold as a precaution, then hopped onto the sand and trudged down the beach to the signal's origin. It was only a short hike away, but that fact did little to ease his doubts. The bird's uneasiness deepened when he found the abandoned box, instilling the fear he was too late. He shook his head and began searching the area, entertaining the notion the mystery survivor simply dropped it. His hopes dwindled when he failed to find any signs of the stranded boater,

leading him to believe it had been there hours. With nothing else to go on, he expanded his search area and resolved to leave if he didn't find anything soon. His exploration brought him to the edge of the grasslands, where he spotted a curiosity. A grey monument caught his eye from a distance, and he ventured inland to investigate.

Confusion and curiosity swirled in his mind as he approached and only slightly diminished when he realized it was a statue. Details emerged as he got closer, revealing it to be a towering likeness of a vulpine being. Ten stony tails flowed from its shapely backside and fanned out in all directions, creating a backdrop for the rest of their form. Colossal breasts dominated its upper body, far beyond anything a mortal could obtain. A similarly large set of cock and balls obscured their thighs, emanating virility despite their stony composition. Its hips were more than wide enough to support such features, and its ass was thick enough to be a throne itself. A pair of chromatic jewels sat in its eye sockets, glittering with a watchful, divine presence. It stood on a pedestal with an inscription in its base, but the message carved into it was in a language he comprehend. Despite that, he easily concluded it was a tribute to a possibly forgotten god or goddess, and the thought of staying and kneeling before it wormed into the back of his thoughts. He shook his head and dismissed the uninvited urge, but still felt the monument was worth documenting. The avian retrieved their phone and took a picture, hoping it would interest some anthropologist somewhere. Once he took down its coordinates, he stowed his phone back in his pocket and decided it was time to go.

At least, until he turned around.

The bird squawked and stumbled back in the presence of the strange creature, who rose to roughly his height and glistened like honey. They resembled a living jelly sculpture of a chubby raccoon, jiggling and rippling with every little movement. The avian cocked their head to the side, a gesture the standing slime mimicked, then reached out with a finger and brushed it across their surface. The translucent raccoon shied away as if tickled and watched with interest as the bird sampled the substance. A shiver ran down his spine and fanned his tail feathers when it touched his tongue, and it took every ounce of his willpower to stop from pouncing the curious being for more. The oozing raccoon spoiled his self control however, swiping their finger across his beak before shoving it in and painting his tongue. The avian briefly resisted, but the narcotic flavors easily stamped out his willpower. His eyes rolled back in delight, and he hardly noticed the vines rising up from the raccoon's feet. The tendrils lashed out and bound him in an instant, and he continued to suckle the sweet nectar as the turned sailor escorted him deep into the woods. The bird offered no resistance, guided by the enchanted flavor to an ancient tree adorned with strange fruit. He only briefly hesitated before stepping into a hollow at its base, where a tangle of vines snatched him from the ground.

The oozing raccoon watched with a pang of arousal and jealousy, then set off for the beach, hopeful that the bird brought friends with him.