

Forbidden Fruits



A Short Story
for Adult Readers

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Forbidden Fruits
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A Commission for Rioku
Pita and Ken Belong to Rioku

A tale of space faring terror! A crew of three studies an alien plant, its abilities and effects largely unknown. The thing they understand for sure is the danger it presents. Still, the plant offers a potent lure, one that promises gratification at great expense. How much of the crew will take its trade?

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Short Story, (Rioku), Adult, Male, Gryphon, Lion, Cheetah, Berry TF, Blueberry, Juice, Swelling, Bursting, Bondage, Plant, Tentacle Sex, Anal Sex, Ball Expansion, Belly Expansion, Sounding

Muffled moans and groans echo from the lab's sterile walls, almost lost under the sounding alarm. The creak of metal joined in when the room's only occupant lumbered forth, straining the thin steel panels under his weight. Pita managed that feat on the average day, but the gryphon was anything but in the moment. Round and heavy with juice, his figure sloshed with a fluid payload. The white of his belly and teals of his body yielded to an alien purple, a clear indicator of his transformation. A thick shaft and swollen balls further impeded his movement, engorged with the influence of his study subject. Pita's bloated curves pushed his body to the limit, and the source of that filling only pushed him farther. Vines coiled around his figure in a makeshift harness and pumped into his every entrance.

The tendril in his broad ass mashed his prostate, fraying his concentration as he gathered it. Another wrapped around his hardened shaft and slid down its tip, spreading walls he never knew he had. His thighs trembled with a potent mix of bliss and dread, and the gryphon teetered on the edge of rational thought. A pulse from the tentacle in his mouth tipped that balance however, and his eyes glazed over as another load of juice sloshed into his stomach.

Pita's hips rolled and ground his length against the gravid swell of his belly, shocking his nerves with a bolt of bliss. His rational mind and baser desires battled between his eyes, and when the conflict resolved, he took a lumbering step forward. The vine at his head bound his beak and muffled his moans, muddling the distinction between fearful pleads and blissful moans.

Either with his gleeful consent or against his waning resistance, the vines spurred him out of the lab and guided him to the crew's quarters. The swollen gryphon narrowly squeezed through the doorway, checking its edges with his inflated middle and widened rear. The floor of the passage protested his weight, though the rising sounds of his sloshing overpowered that creaky voice. The vines reached deeper into his sensitive reaches with every ponderous step, progressing his transformation until he was nearly unrecognizable. His middle filled and swelled out, entirely purple, gradually eclipsing his limbs along the way. Pita's arms rose with that growing curve, and his thighs stiffened in its shadow. The changed gryphon could hardly move by the time he reached his friends, and it took all of his remaining strength to squish through the door.

As if waiting for that moment, Pita's alien plant harness pulsed in unison. Corrupting juice flooded his every passage, and his eyes rolled back in his head with mounting pressure. Gagged moans of pleasure and desperation battered the vine at his beak, though not a single word broke through. His friends and crew mates slept in their beds amid his quiet protests, oblivious to the gravity of his plight. Adrenalin surged through Pita with that realization, but the burst of strength proved useless. His limbs passed the point of flexibility moments ago, and his frenzied shouts were just as weak as his shameful moans. Sensing his resistance, the vines bound tight around his form and pressed him into submission. Juice leaked from the tip of his cock and the corners of his mouth with that

pressure, and with it came a pleasure that seared itself deep into his nerves.

The distinction of sensations snapped, and a long, languid groan flowed from the corners of Pita's beak, His head rolled back against the curve of his body as bliss surged across his nerves, swamping his sense of survival and self-preservation. Buried in the swollen arc of his hips, the gryphon's cock throbbed and bounced, fighting against the vine to unleash his lust. A trickle of purple juices escaped the sides of the plug, but most fed back into his swollen sac. Those twin orbs pulled tight with pressure and sloshed with as much weight as his belly, but failed to escape its shadow. To keep him on edge, the tendril in his ass wriggled against his prostate and burrowed deeper, assailing Pita's nerves until stars burst across his vision. Penultimate bliss sent tremors through his form at the edge of his limit, and a final pulse from the vines sent him tumbling into a rapturous abyss.

Pita's toes curled and scraped across the padded floor, a quick, subtle prelude to the thunderous boom that followed. The shock wave of the gryphon's broken limit rattled the ship and echoed through its hallways, setting off alarm after alarm. Aside from those flashing lights and blaring sounds, Pita left little in his wake. A thin mist of juice hanged in the air, back lit by patches of floating spores. The former settled quickly as a puddle formed and spread across the floor, leaving only the most dangerous contaminants on the artificial breeze. The alerts persisted regardless, waking the rest of the crew after a few short seconds.

Arnold was the first to stir, dropped from his dreams by the ship's piercing wail. Panic took him instantly, and he scrambled in his sheets to collect himself. Ken woke while the lion struggled to control his breathing, somewhat more on top of things than his counterpart. The cheetah swiftly blinked the sleep from his eyes and reached out for a tablet, where he checked the ship's status. Ken's

own breath calmed while he glanced over readouts, confirming the craft's critical components were intact. The source of the alarm eluded him after confirming their integrity, and his brow furrowed in confusion while he dug deeper. A shriek from Arnold shattered his focus, but the disruption came with the answer to his question. Ken's gaze flicked to the lion, where he spotted the terrified pointing at a puddle of juice on the floor.

It took the cheetah a split second to register the ID that rested in its middle.

That detail was only slightly less disturbing than the glowing spores that hovered above it. Shock gripped the lion once he put the pieces of that horrible puzzle together, rendering him a stammering mess. Ken mustered a more proactive response, lunging across the room and snatching an emergency helmet. Its collar fit to his neck and formed a perfect seal, and an internal air supply isolated him from the contaminated space. Ken's voice crackled over a speaker as he yelled for Arnold to do the same, but nothing shook the lion from his fear. The cheetah cursed under his breath and sprinted for the other helmet, only for something to catch his ankle. A heavy thump sounded out when Ken crashed to the floor with a graceless thud, followed by a sharp gasp.

The tattered tendril wrapped his ankles and bound his legs, tripping his movement as it slithered up his prone form. Ken looked to Arnold for help, though he fared little better. The lion's chest heaved with hyperventilation as a smaller tendril wormed up his chest, gliding through the fur of his chest until it coiled around his neck. A shout of horror spilled from his muzzle when it reared up, and its entry into his mouth silenced him. Arnold panicked just enough to bite down on the sinewy invader, though his fangs did little to its hide. He couldn't even slow the subtle flow of sap from its tip, a lazy pulse of fluid that spilled onto his tongue. The lion's eyes

rolled back and the terror slacked from his form, a worrying sign Ken took to heart.

The cheetah gathered the coordination to stand once the tiny tendril slithered under his shirt, granting him a precious moment to act. A small part of him wished to rush to Arnold's side and free him, but deep down Ken knew it would do no good. The only way to save his friend would be through an antidote, and in creating it, he may save himself as well. If such a concoction existed, it would be in the ship's lab, and that realization granted both a destination and the determination to get there. He rose to his feet and side-stepped the puddle of juice, then sprinted toward that experimental chamber. Ken's unwelcome passenger only allowed him a few steps, however.

It only took the tendril a moment to find the break between his pajama bottoms and shirt, and it wasted no time gliding under that fabric. It tickled the bottom of his pot belly and slipped under his waistband, then wrapped around him like a belt. If it couldn't breach his mouth, it would take full advantage of its other options. The cheetah stumbled when the vine's teasing tip found his sheath, a thick pillar of fur that concealed an impressive endowment. The fur on the back of his neck spiked as the vine coiled around his root, coaxing the tip of his length to poke free. Ken set his jaw and resisted the plant's ministrations, but only succeeded in reeling in his mind. His body acted on reflex while it teased the cleft of his substantial sac, kindling an arousal that couldn't be stopped.

A reluctant throb pulsed through Ken's loins, producing a pearl of pre at his emerging tip. The instant that lust gathered, the plant struck. Ken's step hitched and his breath snagged with its smooth entry, flooding his nerves with conflicting sensations. Walls he'd never thought of touching fluttered with new sensation, shorting Ken's thoughts and nearly stopping him cold. The vine thrust deeper and deeper into that narrow passage, winding through the

cheetah's inner workings until it reached its destination. A dry climax tore through Ken when the tendril coiled around his balls, and a growing flow of juice prolonged that sensation. His sac slowly swelled between his thighs and strove for his knees, interrupting his gait each time it knocked against his legs. Still, Ken's resolve remained unbroken and he dragged himself father down the hallway.

That resolve cracked when the tendril slipped into his ass, however.

The cheetah bit his lip and stifled a yowl when that vine invaded his pucker, sliding through his ring with ease. A coating of juice and sap lubricated its path, allowing it to swiftly seek out his prostate. The bulk of that tentacle mashed his pleasure button the instant it could, locking Ken's muscles with a burst of bliss. His legs went rigid and he gracelessly stumbled to reclaim his balance. The cat only just spared himself a painful fall, and his legs trembled with reluctance as he stood back up. The plant's corruption seeped into his form, and his body begged for his mind to give in. Ken's muscles thrummed with desire and every sensation multiplied across his form, whittling away at his internal resistance. The rhythmic pressure on his prostate dominated his perception, though Ken railed against it and turned it into the beat of his struggle.

The cat's tail lashed in time with his labored footsteps, which fell in time against the plant's ministrations. Every regular withdraw came with a pace forward, though every pump inward threatened his progress. The tendril did all in its power to sabotage his effort as well, gradually turning his figure against him. Ken's ponderous sac bounced and sloshed against his calves by then, and subtle patches of purples spread across its pelt. The tendril's grip on his shaft kept it within his sheath, though trickles of sap and juice leaked forth regardless. A similar mixture dripped from his squelching backside, and the familiar sensation of inflation gathered in his middle. Ken couldn't stop his hips from rocking in time with

the tentacle's movements, and it only gained more control from there. A hint of dread welled in his chest as the tendril gradually wove out from his waist, up his plush belly and down his trembling thighs. Its increasing hold backfired when Ken channeled it into a heroic burst of strength.

With perhaps the last of his waning grip, Ken threw himself through the lab's door and tumbled across its floor. The cheetah sloshed and wobbled as he stood up, and his gaze turned to the data terminal on the room's far wall. The hope that propelled him there withered at the sight of what was above it, however. Having breeched containment with ease, the plant's primary sprout gripped the lab. Its tendrils stretched across the ceiling and crawled down contaminated walls, leeching glowing spores into the air. The cheetah's helmet flashed a biohazard warning across its visor, flashing notifications of unknown infectants. That call of danger went ignored, however. Ken bit back his arousal and struggled to action, snatching a sample knife from a disheveled table. His tail flagged high and the vine redoubled its ministrations, but that trembling bliss failed to break the cat's stance. An empty instant hanged between them, until the primary plant lunged forth with its writhing grasp.

Ken gathered his nerve and let loose a battle cry, an outburst of might digitally distorted through his helmet. The thrill of the fight weakened the vine's blissful hold on his mind, though even in peak condition, the untrained cheetah stood little chance. An alien shriek roared forth when he slashed that under-sized blade to and fro, slicing a few tendrils in the process. Sap and juice spurted from the severed stumps and pooled on the floor, a lasting mark of his minor victory. Even an expert would have struggled to hold their own, however. Ken lasted only seconds before a thick tentacle snared his wrist, leaving him open for another to strike his helmet. The blow rattled the cheetah and shattered his visor, leaving him vulnerable to the plant's airborne influence. His lungs burned the first breath

after, an unpleasant heat that turned to a lusting warmth as he acclimated.

Ken's vision blurred and his muscles slowed with lethargy, rendering him an easy target for the other tendrils. They circled his wrist and ankles to bind him with ease, then coiled about the rest of his form. His plush belly squished around those sinewy vines as they hugged and tightened around his figure, ratcheting up to the border of discomfort. Any misgivings the cat had about that possessive clutch faded when the tentacles slithered into his mouth. They poked at the corners of his muzzle and coaxed him to open wide, then wiggled between his jaws and pried them apart. A thick vine glided over his tongue and held his mouth open with its girth alone, further eroding his resistance. The alternating flavors of its sweet sap and tart juice occupied Ken's clouded thoughts as it penetrated his throat, bulging his throat on its path to his stomach. A cool fluid spilled into him once it reached his destination, a stark contrast to the needy blaze in his core.

It wasn't long before Ken's body warped with the alien's transformation influence. Primed and worn down, his form readily drank of its juice and produced more of its own. Combined with his own pleasurable experience with being filled, the cheetah easily fell into a state of drunken bliss. He rolled his hips and groaned around that muffling tendril, slipping into surrender at a frightening pace. The cat's senses returned for just an instant along with a final rush of adrenaline, spurring him to spend the last of his strength. Ken growled and railed and struggled, but barely loosened the weakest of his bindings. Dread welled in his chest with the realization of failure, though the alien plant wouldn't let him have even that. The tendril in his mouth swelled with juice and shot it into his belly, twisting that dread into delight.

His member bounced and throbbed in the shadow of his belly until the tiny tentacle holding it back relented. Ken's toes curled and

his tail lashed as his arousal was allowed to bloom, grinding over his thighs and under the bloated curve his belly. His hips pumped without regard of his peril, determined to derive as much pleasure as possible. The plant kept pace with his motions and plunged into his tip, writhing against his most sensitive inner walls. It pulsed with its corrupting payload and tinted his sac with its hue, until the change took root and perpetuated itself. Ken's pre took on that purple shade, turning from clear to colored until it was indistinguishable from the juice. The vine in his ass massaged his prostate and ensured a constant flow, and the air grew thick with the scent of the cat and plant's mutual desire.

All the while the tentacle in his throat pulsed and pumped away, swelling his belly with a similar payload of fluid. Ken's middle sloshed, stirred into motion by those forceful shots of juice, and those sounds grew more muffled as he filled. The cheetah's pot belly spilled over his lap and squished around his length, stimulating him further with its fluid weight. The sounds of his filling softened as Ken reached his capacity, eliminating space for the juice to flow. Pressure in his middle mounted higher and higher while the plant persisted, heedless of its victim's limits. An ominous gurgle sounded out when the valve at the bottom of his stomach gave way, flooding his deepest reaches with fluid. Ken's eyes rolled back and his hips squirmed in place, until every inch of him was filled. The plant sensed this and slowed its ministrations, overfilling its catch just enough to keep him pleasantly pressured.

Ken's perception recovered in that slight lull, and his ears opened to the sounds of the ship. The alarms still sounded, a noise that should mirror the danger of his predicament. He picked up a distant sloshing in the silence between those blares, his only clue to Arnold's state. Every so often a faint moan followed a louder gurgle, hinting at the lion's mental state. Ken quickly and rightfully concluded he was on his own. A sense of self-preservation rose above the plant's indulgent danger for just long enough to remind

him to escape. A light wiggle proved the vines had not weakened their grip, and shift to the side made him question if he could support his own weight. The tendril in his mouth pulsed, and his eyes fluttered. Best to wait for outside help, and Ken didn't mind if they took their time getting there. A strained creak from his hide echoed that sentiment.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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a few places to find it

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