



Speed Write: Flower Hunting
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Vivian wandered through the forest clearing, searching for a certain plant. The light grey wolffess stood out against the vivid green flora, but otherwise looked quite at home. She wore nothing but a loin cloth and tribal paint, as was her village's tradition. She was on the hunt for a medicinal flower that only grew in this area, and she knew she must be close to it.

She gasped as her paws sank down into marshy loam that shouldn't have been there. She wasn't lost, having traveled this way many times before, and the only marshes she knew of were days away. Despite her confusion, she continued searching in the hopes of finishing her expedition before nightfall. Wolves were high on the food chain, but not at the top in these parts.

An odd scent filled the air as the marsh thickened. She sniffed rapidly, trying to figure out what it was or where it was coming from. Whatever it was, it smelled wonderfully earthy, like Alpha's musk. Her nethers burned as the cloying aroma worked her mind, sending her into a premature heat. Her nipples hardened in arousal, the tips poking through her thick fur. It only got worse the longer she hung around.

In fit of lust, she tore the cloth from her hips, exposing herself to the strangely empty forest. Her hand drifted to her swollen treasure and toyed with her exposed clit. Her fingers thrust into her aching cunt, the resulting pleasure nearly toppling her. She leaned against a tree for support as she frantically worked herself towards an orgasm, her goal of finding her plant totally forgotten. It only took a minute or so before her honeyed channel rippled around her fingers, milking them for seed they couldn't provide.

Vivian slumped to the soft earth, exhausted and momentarily sated. Before the panting wolffess could catch her breath, her heat returned with a vengeance, not at all pleased with her substitute for a male. She whined and buried her fingers between her soaked thighs, but it only stoked her fire hotter. Fluids spurted across the ground with her second orgasm, but she found no relief. She had to find the source of that musk before she lost her mind!

With a primal need, she hauled herself up on shaky legs, and set off. She wandered through the trees, her hand never leaving her crotch. It didn't take long for her to lose her bearings, but she hardly cared about where she was. Only where she was going. Her whines and whimpers filled the clearings as she followed her feral urges.

The delicious aroma grew thicker as she approached a thicket with a large flower growing in the center of it. The flower was at ground level with a stamen sprouting up about six feet in the center. The whole thing was brilliantly colored and beckoned the wolffess as it

swayed in the breeze. Vivian came again as she approached this miracle (or abomination) of nature, the full force of its scent warping her fragile animal mind.

Her eyes glazed over as she stepped into the bowl of its center, and ground her sex against the plant's shaft. The stamen was textured in little nubs that rubbed her in all the right ways and drove her to orgasm within seconds. She howled in pleasure as she coated the plant with her copious fluids and reveled in post orgasmic bliss. She could still feel the fire in her belly, but it was finally starting to relent.

She panted and lazily ground her sodden vulva against her floral obsession, riding out the echoes of the best orgasm of her life. The plant began to stir beneath her as it drank in her pleasure. Vivian paid no attention to the twitching petals, too busy licking up the nectar the stamen produced. Without further prelude, the petals closed around their prey, trapping her in a large bulb.

Vivian paid no mind to her new enclosure, too far gone to care. Thick vines emerged from the spongy floor and worked their way towards the helpless wolfess. In a matter of seconds, the vines coiled around her, binding her body and mind alike. With practiced care, the tendrils molested her bare form and coated it in a thick layer of nectar. Vivian moaned out as the vines handled her, relaxing and offering no resistance.

She yipped in pleasure as a particularly thick vine found her drooling pussy, and moaned as it buried itself within her. She threw her head back as penetrated deeper than anything she had taken before (even Alpha). It was almost painful, but it felt too good to hurt. The pointed tip met her cervix, then muscled its way into her burning womb. Her mouth hung open in noiseless bliss as the tentacle writhed inside her, working her to rapid-fire orgasms

Another tentacle lodged itself in her throat, then smoothly slid into her belly. Her eyes rolled back as it pumped something into her depths. She whined around the intrusion as she bloated up, praying the plant would keep going. Whether it sensed her desires or not, the tendril filled her until it had nothing left to give. It withdrew from her, leaving her trembling with rapture and stroking her pregnant-looking middle.

She felt the vine in her pussy flex with renewed vigor as a melon-sized bulge moved through it. Her abused hole contracted in anticipation as the lump stretched her further. The tentacle was relentless, resorting to short, quick thrusts to get its seed inside her. Vivian blacked out in exhausted pleasure as she crested the seed's widest point and felt it start the trip to her most intimate chamber.

Two days after she left, Vivian stumbled back through the gates of her village naked and covered in dried nectar, clutching her massive belly. A few of her fellow tribesmates rushed to her aid, praising the gods she was alive and bombarding her with questions. She waved them off, claiming she needed to rest, and went back to her hut for some well-earned sleep.

She rose from her bed in the middle of the night, her eyes glassed with lingering sleep. She lumbered to the center of the village, somehow avoiding the eyes of the night watch. The possessed wolfess stopped at the communal well, and crouched down behind it. With a spatter of fluids, she clenched her belly and began birthing the seed. She struggled to hold back her cries of pleasure as she discovered that pushing the massive object out felt almost as good as taking it in.

Her ordeal was over in moments, and soon the glossy orb sat between her spread thighs. She picked it up and tossed it down the well without a second thought. Her trance would last until she woke the next morning with no memory of her little trip. Only time would tell what she had set in motion.