

Tentacle sex vine

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They drag me violently through the white halls of some building, their hands bruising my poor arms. I guess it might be partly my own fault, the bruising I mean, since I *am* trying to groin the two men as they heft me through the hall and into a room that has two sets of pressurized doors. They throw me on the floor, and I fire a wad of spit onto one of their boots. Baring his teeth, he raises his hand to backhand me across the face, but a speaker in the corner of the room crackles to life just in time.

“Enough. Please secure the prisoner and leave the room.”

The man looks at me with hatred in his eyes, then none too gently lifts me onto a table, restraining my arms and legs with belts. Before he leaves however, he grabs my breast roughly, then rips my shirt off, tearing it into pieces, then leaves through the door.

“You little pecker!!!” I scream after him. “Come back and fight like a man, you bitch!” I throw myself against the tight Velcro belts, but they don’t budge. The door opens again, but this time it’s a man in a white doctor’s gown, the tail of which flows out behind him like a cape. Behind him appear to be two lap assistants.

“I hope I find you in good condition Kit,” smiles the man. “It would be a shame if you were to die, I hope to exercise many new ideas on you before you break. Do you still refuse to give us the information?”

I answer with the most ferocious scream I can manage, my hair falling over my face as spittle flies from my mouth. The doctor is standing at a safe distance from my fit.

“Good, very good. The first I want to try I think is my favorite, though the least painful I think.” He lifts up a tiny black seed, and one of the lab assistants rotates the table until I’m standing up. Then both assistants take a long rope from both walls to my right and left, and attach them to the cuffs on my wrists. After cranking them so tight that I’m nearly on my toes, they undo all the other restraints. I look down and see that I’m standing in a large patch of rich, soft, dark soil. Looking back up at the doctor I bark out a laugh.

“What are you going to do? Eh? Force me to watch grass grow?” I laugh and dance on the ropes, yanking hard on them.

“No,” he answers, and smiling broadly tosses the black seed onto the soil. It lands right between my legs. A sprinkler thumps on above me, and wonderful, warm water quickly drenches me. I toss my wet hair back onto my back and, still laughing, look down. The seed is already sprouting roots, and a tendril is snaking up into the air.

“This, Kit, is a new species never before seen by civilized humans. It was found deep in Africa, and the tribes there call it the sinful plant. It traps animals, and that includes humans, and forms a symbiotic relationship with them. It’s quite something to watch.”

The tendril from the plant has split in two while the Doctor was talking and wrapped around my ankles tightly. My feet are now solidly rooted to the ground, and the tendril spirals up my legs. I now have a good idea about what’s going to happen, and start thrashing about more violently than I ever had before. The now thick vines are all the way up my thighs, and have slid up my shorts, and now my underwear. I feel one up my front, and the other now at my rear, then I feel the very tips of the plant touch my two holes down there. The tendrils are slightly fuzzy, and very hard feeling, like wood, and in a few moments the front one slides into my pussy hole, and the rear one into my ass.

“Oh shit!” I exclaim, as the fast growing vine grows right up into me, the little hairs lengthening and gripping me tight. It goes deeper and deeper into my ass and vagina. I moan out in pleasure, and the bonds on my wrists are removed.

“I don’t think we’ll be needing these anymore,” he says.

I reach down and grip the thick vine at the base of where it enters me, and pull hard, but I only get pain. The hairs on it are now becoming painful as they starts to actually dig into my vagina, rooting themselves deep into me, and the vine continues to grow wider and deeper into me, and my pussy fills with heat, swelling with pleasure. The vine in my ass seems to be growing much faster, and it too is rooting itself to me. I can feel the one in my ass go farther into me than anything ever has before, and when it hits the first Bend in my large intestine, it just follows the path deeper, seeming to absorb all my fecal matter. The one in my vagina is now stretching me tight, and is the width of a baseball bat at the thickest, but tapers to a point at the end. The point touches the very back of my vagina, but doesn’t stop. I feel a sharp prick, and it pokes through my cervix with the ease that tree roots penetrate slate, but in fast forward, and then stops. It continues to thicken inside of me, but at the end of the vine in my vagina, deep in my womb, a bulb begins growing, and I can feel many long, thick roots sticking out of it. The roots dig into me painfully, and I grit my teeth to keep from screaming. The one in my ass has reached my small intestine, and is still growing just as fast.

My belly seems alive with snakes, and my womb is expanding as if I were pregnant, and going through the nine months at break-neck speed. The pain starts to dull now, as the plant seems to be injecting me with some kind of medicine to let me stretch like this, but it still hurts to watch, and the feeling in my pussy is still 100%. The vine in my ass is now stretching me wide as well, and is racing

through my small intestine until it enters my stomach, where it too stops and forms a bulb. The roots of this one start to take hold as well, digging deep into me while the plant grows thicker.

“OH Jesus!” I pant over and over. I’m going to orgasm soon just from the feeling of being so full. The vines are moving in a slight waving motion inside of me, and still thickening. My pussy stretches wider and wider, giving me no end of pleasure, even through the pain of stretching flesh. Somehow, my ass and pussy seem to be able to stretch to accommodate, which I blame on the plant, and soon both of my holes are stretched to nearly four inches in diameter. Looking down I see that my slit is completely filled with the vine. I try to sit down, but the vines support me and keep me standing. All the while the doctor and his assistants are taking notes on clipboards.

“Please,” I groan, my hand drifting to my clit, “make it stop.”

“You know how to make it stop, just tell us what you know.”

The plant beats me to my clit. What looks like a flower buds up right next to my clit, opens up, then clamps down hard on my love button. My knees buckle as the plant plays with my clit mercilessly, rubbing and twisting my clit while lubing it up with some hot liquid. I scream as an orgasm hits me, my pussy clasp the vine and my entire body becoming weak. The plant doesn’t stop though, and I start crying as my now tired pussy is still stretched, and my sensitive clit flicked and rubbed and twisted. I want so badly to lay down.

Then, the plant starts pulling me down. The vines outside me seem to be shortening, absorbing themselves into me, and I am pulled mercilessly to the ground until my butt and cunt lay nearly flat. Then, the roots disentangle themselves from the dirt and pull themselves up into me, and shakily I can stand again. The roots wrap themselves around my waist, forming a strong, and very tight, pair of living panties.

“Now, will you start cooperating, or should I continue?”

“Eat shit and die.” I spit, unable to get up. The plant is still teasing my clit, and the vines in my ass and pussy are still moving. Shouting out and arching my back, another orgasm hits me, and I realize that my cum is being completely absorbed by the plant. It’s feeding off my cum.

The doctor laughs, an evil, demented laugh that chills my bones.

“Very good, I have quite the battery of tests that, well, let’s say no one ever volunteers for. This is just the first, and I think I rather like this plant, don’t you? Let me tell you what this plant will continue doing to you. It will make you cum over and over until you need to eat. Then, it will let you eat and after you’ve eaten it will make you cum again and again until you need to eat and drink again. You won’t need to use the restroom, and any predators will be dealt with by the plant. It’s a beautiful relationship, don’t you think?”

He's met by my moaning and gasping, unable to answer. The plant is picking up its movements, and I'm left twisting on the ground, clutching at my pussy hole filled with the plant.

But I feel movement outside of me too, from the tough root's that have replaced my panties. I don't know what happened to my panties, I guess the plant ate them. Then, out from under my skirt snakes two pencil thin tendrils, spiraling up my lower abdomen, then my belly, then up to my chest. I try to rip them off, but like the rest of the plant the tiny hairs have rooted into my skin. The scientist and his lackeys gasp, then start scribbling notes, the assholes. The tendrils, with strength disproportionate to their size, force their wandering and waving tips upwards, as if looking for something. As the tendrils near my breasts, however, they suddenly break from their spiraling pattern and gently feel me up. The tendrils then savagely lash themselves around each of my breasts, tightening, and the tip of both tendrils swells into another flowing bud. The buds open up, and with powerful suction they both attach themselves to my erect nipples. I shout out as another orgasm causes me to spray my wetness all over the "panties" the plant has made for me, though it is all quickly absorbed. Despite my need to recuperate, the plant continues teasing me. Then, the sucking buds attached to my breasts bite me, as if along the outside of the little sucking mouth were rows of sharp teeth, but upon examination I see that they're actually tiny roots digging into the skin right outside of my nipples. I feel the roots branch out a little into my breasts to more surely anchor them, but they barely go skin deep. The heat in my pussy is immense, and my mound has swollen embarrassingly. I can feel my juices flowing freely, but the plant of course eats it all up.

Then I notice my breasts swelling slightly. I probably wouldn't have noticed were it not for my heightened arousal. As the plant continues sucking on my breasts with heavy pulses, I feel a little milk start to leak from me. My breasts continue swelling, and the amount of milk leaking from me becomes thicker and stronger with each pull from the plant. Meanwhile, the tendrils in my ass and pussy continue to move, and as I cry and moan and grunt pathetically I come to the realization that the vines have resumed growing inside of me. More tendrils now shoot down my legs, and several others up my torso as well. The vines from the plant are covering my body now, wrapping themselves down my legs and up to my chest, spreading out to my arms and up my neck, though leaving nothing to the imagination, especially when they start eating all the rest of my cloths. These vines seem more flexible, and even so the roots that form my panties seem to soften and limber up. Little heart shaped leaves start sprouting all over my body from the wirey vines.

"Interesting, it seems to be adapting," comments the doctor. I cry out as the plant tweaks my clit hard, and starts kneading my breasts, forcing out more milk. As I'm writhing there on the ground, I'm aware of several flowers budding then opening up all over me, and these actually look like real flowers. I'm being forced to cum again even as my breasts continue to swell when all of these bright-violet flowers seem to pucker, then spit something at the doctor and his lackeys. I realize with a start that they're small, black seeds, and that several of them go down the two lackeys' open mouths. Dr. Animal takes that as his cue to leave and takes one small step backwards before the doors slam shut.

Immediately the two lackey's freak and turn to the door, but their access cards no longer work. When the plant spit seeds into the doctor's mouth it probably put the room on lockdown.

The men don't have much time to shout though, as the plants seem to be growing inside of them. They start trying to make themselves throw up, but my guess would be that the seeds have already taken root. The nearest one takes off his white operating gown to reveal a bulging, wriggling, stomach and tendrils of the plant are obviously already forcing themselves through his digestive track. His belly seems to be alive with long, thick snakes making their way through his intestines, wriggling all over his belly. At first, the plants seem to know not to test out the esophagi (plural of esophagus) of the doctors, since that would surely suffocate them, but I'm suddenly shocked to see another tendril start to snake out of their mouths. The doctors are actually throwing up now, but they only accomplish dry heaves, since the plant probably absorbed all their food already. At the same moment a much thicker vine erupts from their asses almost explosively, though their pants maintain their integrity. I can't help but smile at their choked screams.

Their shouts quiet quickly though, as the vines in their mouths thicken rapidly, expanding their throats and cutting off their air, but quickly they start breathing again as two rows of six small holes appear in the same tentacle, some of them venting air and others drawing it in. The tentacle in their mouths reaches for the sky and branch's out, big heart shaped leafs sprouting all over it.

The vine in their ass splits into two branches, one drilling straight through their pants and into the ground in search of dirt and the other branch curves up between their legs, and judging by the doctors reactions, the nature of the plant, and the bulge in the pants, the second half attaches itself to their penis's.