

# Trifeggta - The Past

By Abe E Seedy

It was always easier to slip away than Alice feared it would be. With the work of the day done and the main meal eaten, there was ample time where the folk of the settlement were content to sit back in their homes, smoking their pipes, drinking their terrible attempts at beer, and generally lulling themselves to sleep. That fug of smoke and drunken stories had forced Alice's escape after their first season here, until slipping out to find her solace in the wilderness was an almost nightly activity. She'd rambled over the nearby foothills, watched the sun set from the boughs of the tallest tree in the woods, and swum in the ice-cool waters of undiscovered lakes. As magical as all of that was, it paled in comparison to her latest discovery. Because now, just as she had for the past few weeks, Alice was heading to the Cave.

The townsfolk didn't know about it, of course. If you couldn't eat it, mine it, or preach to it, they didn't care. They barely noticed Alice, at least not after she'd rebuffed the last batch of their propositions. Her scrawny bookishness let her play the part of impending school teacher, apparently provided by Providence in advance of the settlement having any children to teach merely for future convenience. There'd been some remarks about her 'filling out' recently, as the wagging tongues put it, but it was easy to dismiss that as the frontier life being good for her. They didn't need to know the specifics. Not yet, anyway.

Slip under the fallen log. Squeeze around the half-buried boulder. Dig through the underbrush for the concealed path. Alice could do the route in her sleep by now. Indeed, it was increasingly hard to keep her mind on the practicalities of it - two days ago she'd caught her dress on an unseen thorn, and had to keep her hands folded on her lap just so to conceal the tear until she could mend it. So now she hitched up her skirt as soon as she was out of sight of the settlement walls, trusting her legs to deal with the challenges of the path far more than her coarse-cut clothes.

Rounding the final corner, Alice realised it was hard to remember exactly what the Cave had looked like when she'd first seen it. Thrilling, definitely, but only because it seemed mysterious and dangerous, something that seemed almost laughable now. Crouching down as she made her way through the tangled mess of stalactites that clustered like teeth at the mouth of the Cave, Alice could barely suppress a grin as she made her way inside.

It only took moments for the beauty here to start to reveal itself. Dim and dripping rocks gave way to iridescent moss, a dozen unknown types of flowers glowing brightly in the warm, still air. The welcoming stream from a hot spring swept the dirt from her feet, and a flat stone shelf provided the perfect place to deposit her clothes before she made her way deeper inside. Such a catalog of natural wonders that she could still scarcely believe it, even now that she'd become intimately familiar with them all.

The light dimmed as she moved forwards. Soon she was guided only by the dull glow of red from up ahead, the air so thick and warm it felt like a blanket laid comfortably over her. Then her outstretched hand touched stone, and she'd come as far as she could. Sitting down in a cradle of soft, moss-coated rocks, Alice watched the fissures in the wall in front of her, waiting for movement in the dim red light. As ever, it wasn't long until her patience was rewarded.

He unfolded himself slowly, like a petal opening after a bitter winter. The light around her grew as more and more of him emerged, a half-dozen slender red tendrils slipping through the cracks and moving ever closer.

Alice took the closest one in her hand, raising it up to her lips for a tender kiss. "Hey there big guy", she said with a grin. "Miss me?"

In response, the tendril lifted itself gently up out of her grip, moving to press its slightly damp tip to her bare forehead. "Oh, feeling talkative today, are we?", Alice asked, closing her eyes in anticipation.

There was the feeling of unpleasant cold, then unpleasant heat; an icy wind blowing through the snow-wrapped forest before being chased away by the glaring, merciless sun. Behind it all was the feeling of curiosity, a questioning tone that somehow pervaded feelings and images.

Alice laughed. "Yes, yes, the temperature is fine. You always ask and it's always fine."

The feelings changed. Now it was the sensation of growth stilled, and the image of bones arranged in strange, artificial ways, a sight that never ceased to be confronting.

"Uh, yes, the settlement is fine", Alice answered. "Dolores fell in the well again. We're starting to think she's doing it for attention. But anyway..." She reached out with one hand, dancing her fingers along the length of one of the other tendrils and encouraging it to settle over her shoulders. "I don't visit you to talk about them..."

A sudden flurry of images rushed through her head, a cavalcade of forest creatures... getting together, making Alice throw up her hands defensively. "Mercy, please, okay", she stammered, shaking her head clear as the images retreated apologetically. "Remember how I asked you to find a more... delicate way to convey that?"

There was a pause, and then the idea of springtime, of bees flying from flower to flower, of rabbits hopping in pairs into their burrows in the welcoming earth.

Alice smiled. "Thank you, that's much better. And to answer your question - yes, I think I would like to do that, if you would too."

A flash of approving warmth, and then another series of images; a forest clearing, with sun-lit paths radiating out in all directions, the sense of boundless potential and possibilities.

"You want me to chose, do you? Hmm." Alice paused for a moment as she considered carefully, then, fighting back a rising blush, said, "well... there was a holiday back at the settlement today that reminded me of the uh, thing we did a little while ago with the... uh, eggs? I think..."

She took a quick breath, letting the reservations that had been so long bred into her melt away in the warmth of his embrace. "I think I should like to do that again", she finished.

The stalks in front of her dipped downwards, a motion Alice had learned to interpret as something between a nod and a respectful bow. Then they swept forwards, a tide of slick red tendrils emerging from the wall to surround her completely.

As always, the beginning was startlingly gentle. She felt herself lifted carefully from the rock she'd been sitting on and lowered down slowly until she was lying almost flat in their embrace. He spent a few moments circling the tip of one tendril around her clit, and her legs slid open in eager anticipation as his slickness started to mix with her own. Even so, there was another flash of warmth and an image in her mind, a small bird standing at the edge of a nest, looking around nervously and contemplating the jump.

"Yes, I'm ready", Alice answered impatiently. "Go ahead."

There was movement. Alice couldn't help but gasp as the first tendril slid inside her, the size of it making her entrance stretch just so. Then came the sensations, intense and undirected. This wasn't about communication, this was the two of them being connected, and his lust in this moment flowing freely into her. She leaned back, feeling the absolute bliss wash over her. Even without anything else this would be worth it; it was like being in heat, an insatiable, delicious lust, an all-consuming itch that felt so good to endlessly scratch. But it was more than just his feelings. Their connection meant it was all somehow circular - she felt his need and satisfaction as he pressed himself into her, mixed together with her own satisfaction as she was so wonderfully filled. It was like fucking and being fucked at the same time, their pleasure combining and feeding off each other's reactions.

In such a situation, all she could want to do was let herself sink down utterly, letting herself be nothing more than an object to be taken, filled and used. Because she wasn't just becoming an eager pet for him, she was becoming one for herself; she felt the satisfaction of having a needy, obedient servant submitting to her needs as keenly as he must have, but when she followed those feelings she found herself at the other end of them, and somehow that made it even better, the fact that she was willingly, eagerly fucking herself into wanton abandon.

"Yesss", Alice hissed, her mind racing as she tried to keep up with her tumbling perspective. "She's ready, we... we need to give me our eggs."

From the depths of him, she felt the pressure collect. She goaded it onwards, letting it build up slightly more than it had last time, teasing the both of them into attempting a more indulgent challenge. "Look at her", she whispered, "I'm so slick and needy. We need to *fill* her with eggs, I need to feel them pressing into my slit, we need to show her what it feels like to be *claimed*, to be bred and mated with by us. We *need* to."

Release. The first egg slid slickly into her pussy, and Alice pressed herself face-first into his enfolding tentacles in eager, submissive bliss. "Yes!", she gasped. "I need more! I need to fill me! Please! I - uhnnn! I can feel the eggs coming! I can't stop! I need to fill, need to lay, need to be filled, pl-please!"

They came in an urgent, unending rush, one egg after another pressing deep inside her. Words dissolved out of Alice's mind as she shuddered with orgasm, leaving her with just a dream-like satisfaction as the tendril slid out from her, smiling dazedly at the image of her own body dripping with their combined fluids.

Almost apologetically, another image began to encroach, drawing her out of her relaxed haze. It was a scene of a river fork, with one branch leading to a peaceful, relaxed lake, where the water flowed slowly onto a warm beach. The other path, however, led through some dramatic rapids, where the water became exciting and intense.

Eventually, Alice found her voice. "Another choice? Relaxation or something more intense?" She took a moment and stretched, enjoying the way she could feel the eggs shifting inside her. "Well, I think I could go for something more, yes. Uh, as long as it's not more eggs", she added quickly. "I do believe I'm full."

A tendril in front of her bobbed up and down quickly in approval, then the whole mass of them around her closed in. There was a brief gasping panic as Alice worried she was going to be crushed, but instead they stopped at wrapping her up tightly, the lines between each individual tendril somehow fading into a slick cocoon around her. Then she felt herself being lifted upwards, going from relaxing on her back to hanging suspended in mid-air, the red glow of the cocoon around her increasing in intensity as it grew warmer.

Before she could focus on that though, another tendril detached from in front of her, pushing between her lips and settling inside her mouth. Soon it began to pulse, and a flood of thick, rich fluid pumped down her throat. She could feel it dripping down inside her, filling her up in almost the same way that the eggs had, but this time, there wasn't the same feeling of overwhelming lust and need coming from her partner. Instead it was a feeling of... tenderness, somehow, the impression of patient care as she was being taken slowly through something. What that something was wasn't readily apparent, at least not until Alice felt her body respond.

It was just more warmth at first, only this time it was starting deep in her chest and radiating outwards. It was an oddly liquid sensation too - it felt like the heat of it was sloshing back and forth inside her, making her body twitch and quiver as it built up. Soon it had become overwhelming, but with the tide of fluid still pouring into her from the tendril in her mouth there was no outlet for it, and Alice could feel herself almost stretching to contain it all. Finally, mercifully, there was a sudden, juddering release, as she felt her body give.

It was as though water had been stored in a paper bag, and all at once it burst its bonds. She felt her skin soak through; warm, wet slickness dripping from every part of her. That granted her some release, but there was still far too much energy pent up inside her. She felt it start to flow upwards, like water crashing through a stream after a storm. When it reached her head she felt it... push, her mouth stretching and changing around the still-pulsing tendril. It shifted outwards, while at the same time her ears slid up the side of her head as they too stretched and lengthened. Her nose twitched, forming the tip of her new, slight muzzle, and she felt her front teeth lengthen, leaving awkwardly little space in her occupied mouth.

Having hit the top of her head, the wave of energy crashed back, expending the rest of itself down the rest of her body. She felt her fingers thicken slightly as her hands became more paw-like, a short, cute tail flopping out behind her. Finally it hit her feet, stretching them outwards into great, hopping paws, sliding her ankles upwards as she was left to stand on three thick toes. And then, with a sudden gasping breath, she was released, the tendril withdrawing from her mouth and the cocoon opening around her, spilling her panting onto the floor.

Alice didn't try to get up off the floor right away. After she spent a few moments just breathing a tendril laid itself gently over her shoulders, giving her a feeling of warmth and support.

"I'mmbhluh", Alice coughed, smacking her tongue around in her mouth until she could clear it enough to speak. "I'm okay, thank you."

She stood slowly, on shaky legs. Part of that was merely the intensity of the experience she'd just been through, and part of it was the dawning realisation that her legs were somehow less solid than they'd been earlier. Looking herself over, she saw that her whole body was made of a dull red... goo, looking like the stuff that the tendrils were made out of. On top of that were the rabbit-like features she'd felt growing in earlier; the paws, the tail, the ears - she somehow felt like an animal that had been selectively bred from a rabbit, her old self, and... some sort of goo creature.

It was quite a lot to take in.

Once again, when he noticed that Alice was struggling with the situation, a comforting tendril reached out to her, stroking her softly on the cheek. Through the contact she felt another image - that of snow in the midday sun, a fun diversion for the moment, but not long to last.

"It's... it's temporary?", Alice said slowly.

There was a quick, emphatic nod from the tendril.

"Oh", Alice answered blankly. She looked down at herself again, feeling the slickness of her body as she slid her paws along her chest, and the way her nose twitched cutely with every stimulation. Soon she noticed something else, a growing feeling deep down, the eggs inside her starting to press outwards with a delicious urgency. One paw was already at her slit, she realised belatedly, and the feeling of massaging her slick, viscous clit with thick fingers was surprisingly entrancing.

"Well then", she mumbled, sinking reflexively into a squatting position on her new feet, "this sounds like my new favourite way to spend the evening. It beats fishing Delores out of the well again, certainly."

There was the brief image of a fish, a person, and confusion.

Alice shook her head impatiently. "No it's- a figure of speech." Her eyes widened suddenly as the first egg slipped through her, making her whole body tremble as it pressed against her newly-stretchy insides. "Ah, ahh! Could you just- ahm! Forget about the conversational difficulties and fuck me?"

That, fortunately, he understood clearly.