

CONSTANT GARDENER PART 1

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

"Well shit" David said, startling Maria as he suddenly threw open the car door and sat back in the driver's seat. "Looks like you were right. This isn't just a normal traffic jam."

Maria looked out over the line of 20-something cars stretching out in front of them, before a turn in the hill road took them out of sight. "No kidding. So what's the deal then?"

"Some pretty epic crash up ahead." David shrugged. "I couldn't get a good look with all the people around, but it seemed like some sort of industrial transport truck totally wiped out, blocking the whole road. Apparently they're getting a crane in, but it's going to be awhile."

Maria sighed. "Well, shit."

"I know, right? No way out or around the gridlock here either." He sighed too. "At least it happened at the *end* of our holiday, I suppose."

"Yeah", Maria countered, "but that means we're not going to get in 'till really late. I might be off work at the moment, but you've got to get up early tomorrow, don't you?"

David nodded ruefully. "Yeah. That's gonna suck."

"Well, not much we can do about it I suppose." After a short pause she shrugged, undid her seatbelt and opened the door, "I guess I may as well take the opportunity to stretch my legs."

"Good plan. I'd tell you not to go far, but I don't think we're going to be moving any time soon." He leaned in to give her a quick kiss on the cheek, then sunk back down into his own seat. "I'll call you if anything happens."

After a brief wave goodbye, Maria set off. She started out walking along the edge of the road, but eventually she spotted a slight path down the side of the hill. On impulse she decided to head that way, the gentle grass-covered slope quickly making for better scenery than an endless line of cars with pissed-off occupants. After a few minutes she made her way around the bend, finding herself in a sort of slight gulch about 10 feet below the road itself, where she saw something weird.

There was a barrel lying in a patch of long weeds up ahead. It looked almost comically stereotypical for hazardous materials - dull grey metal sides liberally plastered with bright yellow warning signs. It must have come loose from the crash and rolled over the side of the road, winding up caught here,

just out of sight from the road above.

The crash had been several hours ago now, so no one must have seen this here since then, probably being too busy with the accident to account for all the cargo. Maria considered the issue for a bit, then decided her best course of action was to report the problem. Not only would that be the 'good citizen' thing to do, but it also might get her close enough to hear what the people in charge were planning, and so find out how long exactly they were going to be stuck for.

The route that the barrel had taken on its roll down seemed like the path of least resistance, but on starting out Maria found it more difficult than she'd expected, and before long she was having to scramble on her hands and knees to make progress. She was just about to give up and go the long way when a clump of dirt came loose in her grip, throwing her off-balance and sending her tumbling back down the slope.

It wasn't long to fall, but it was enough to knock the wind out of her. She rolled into a heap at the bottom of the gulch, the metal of the barrel stopping her with a dull thud. Maria lay there for a few moments, more dazed than hurt, and berated herself for taking the shortcut when she was going to have to be here for hours anyway. Slowly though, she became aware of a wet feeling underneath her. Had... had she cut herself?

She looked down and checked hastily, and for an instant she was relieved to see that it wasn't blood. No, instead it was an almost glowing green goop that was dripping out of the barrel and - she soon realised - forming a large puddle concealed by the long weeds around it, which she was now lying in. Very quickly she went from relief to panic as realisation dawned - toxic waste! She was lying in toxic waste! Oh god!

Her legs skated as she flailed for purchase to stand up with, but before she found it one of her legs abruptly caught on something. Looking down, she saw that she'd gotten in tangled in the weeds around the barrel, so much so that some thick vine had become wrapped around her left ankle. She pulled at it, but despite her best efforts she remained stuck tight.

Feeling uncontrollable panic beginning to rise, Maria forced herself to take a breath and remain calm. How she'd gotten herself this tangled up she didn't know, but it was a problem easily solved, so long as she kept her head. All she needed to do was reach down and untangle her foot, then get back to the road and report for decontamination, or whatever. Okay.

She went to sit up and bring her hands down to her ankle, but again she found herself unexpectedly stopped. She bit back rising panic but this time it was clearly justified, as in looking about she saw that both her hands and now her other ankle were all caught by a loop of vine. This was- this was not good.

Suddenly all the vines pulled tight and Maria was slammed back against the ground, her arms and legs held uselessly spread-eagle. It was all she could do to avoid hyperventilating as she lay helplessly on her back, watching as this great mass of green pulled itself upwards before her.

It was a plant, that much was clear, but it was unlike any plant Maria had ever heard of. For a start it was visibly moving; the barrel was pushed to the side as a thick bundle of vines pulled itself up from the long grass. In the middle rose what had to its main body; a thicker, less agile stalk, topped with... something, some sort of seed pod or obscene flower, but it looked somehow like nothing more than a thick green cock. If it was a flower, then very soon the intent was clear as it bent slowly towards her, and the vines holding her legs pushed them further apart. Apparently, some detached part of her mind noted, this thing went about pollination rather more forcefully than most.

As Maria stared at this thing unfolding in front of her, her brain suddenly caught and she realised that she was, at most, 20 feet from a whole bunch of people that were doing nothing but waiting impatiently. All she had to do was cry out, and *someone* at least would come and save her.

She opened her mouth, but got no further than "h-uk!" as the plant whipped out and thrust itself down her throat. Whether that was the plan all along or if it had just taken advantage of the opportunity was impossible to say, but with her mouth completely plugged there was no chance of calling out now.

As much as she shook her head and struggled it was in far too deep for her to spit out, and all she could do was reluctantly taste it as it squirmed over her tongue. It was... it was coated in something - a taste that Maria couldn't place accurately. Whatever it was it dripped thickly over her tongue and down her throat, and after a second or so the effect was surprisingly calming. She had no idea what about some sort of bizarre botanical blowjob was calming exactly - maybe it was because it seemed at once so unreal and yet also quietly familiar - but whatever it was, the depth of panic in her began to die down.

The sense of relaxation, such as it was, did not last long. Suddenly she felt the thing inside her stiffen up and begin to spurt a steady stream of liquid down her throat. Despite everything else, there was a part of Maria that couldn't help rolling her eyes. Wow, not even some weird tentacle sex plant could manage to last a little while, huh? Soon though, her eyes began to widen at the sheer amount of it, which she supposed was one area where it *did* manage to distinguish itself.

It was endless. She could only make little "Glk! Glk! Glk!" noises as she was forced to swallow wave after wave of the stuff, and even then some still burst uncomfortably through her lips as the sheer volume defeated her best efforts. Slowly, she began to realise that she was swallowing out of more than just mere necessity. She wanted to, she wanted to take all of this and let it fill her, to swallow as much of this weird plant cum as she possibly could. The taste, somehow, was sinking into her, and she couldn't help but want more of it.

Finally there was one last sustained surge, and then following that came a noticeable bulge, something that pushed her cheeks apart unexpectedly as it too was pushed between her lips. It was an odd, sticky mass, something solid that was deposited inside her and then slithered down her throat. Vaguely Maria knew she should be alarmed, but suddenly she just felt tired, worn out mentally and physically, and when all the vines withdrew back to lying inconspicuously amongst the grass it was all she could do to stand up. There were... a lot of important things, things she really should be doing and needed to do, but right now what she needed was to sleep in safety. So she walked unsteadily back to the car, unthinkingly licking her lips clean as she went.

"Woah, are you alright?" David asked as Maria finally approached the car. "You look like you've been in a fight."

Maria absently waved off his concern. "I'm fine, I just slipped in the grass is all."

She opened the door and settled into the car seat beside him. Without warning she slipped her hands to the crotch of his pants, making his eyes widen in surprise.

"Uh, baby? What's... what's up?"

She'd unbuttoned his pants before she bothered to answer him. "Shhh" she said simply, pushing aside his underwear and bringing her face down to his suddenly free cock.

"Are you okay? This isn't how you normally - uhm!" David's objections were quickly subdued as she wrapped her lips around his cock, and soon began to enthusiastically lick up and down the shaft. He panted, eyes darting up and down the long line of cars around them, but everyone else seemed to have settled in enough that no one was paying them any attention. A long slow lick from Maria caused his eyes to roll back in his head before he could put much more thought into it, and soon he'd concluded that her suggestion really did seem like a good way to spend their time. "Fuck it" he said finally, sinking down a little further into his seat as he started to thrust slowly along with her movements.

Despite the weirdness of the situation, David couldn't deny that it was hot, and with provocation like that it wasn't long until he tensed up and came. He breathed out slowly in one long satisfied sigh as Maria diligently swallowed all of his cum that she could, even going so far as to lick his shaft clean before withdrawing her lips.

"Not that I'm complaining", David said as Maria finally sat back up, "but what brought that on?"

Maria shrugged, seemingly completely unconcerned. "I was thirsty." With that she pushed her seat back, and settled in for a nap. "Wake me when we get to my place."

David nodded absently. "Sure, sure." After a few moments, he realised with a start that his pants were still down, and he covered himself quickly while shooting furtive glances out the car windows. "Thirsty, huh? Ain't that the truth", he muttered to himself.

They got back to the city, eventually. David had very nearly driven them straight to the hospital due to concern that Maria's persistent sleepiness and weird behaviour meant she had a concussion, but after a frantic check of her head revealed no visible damage he relented to her assertion that the walk had simply taken a lot out of her, combined with the fact that maybe she was coming down with an innocent cold. Why she didn't say anything about the barrel and her encounter there Maria couldn't really say. For one, the whole thing just seemed so impossible and dream-like - saying anything to anyone about it just seemed like an invitation to ridicule. And plus, it didn't seem very pressing. Sleep, sleep was important now, everything else could wait.

David left her at her home alone only under protest, and with explicit instructions that if she felt any worse she should call a doctor immediately. The concern was touching, but Maria waved it away from her position nestled deep in her bed. She just needed more time to relax, is all. Whatever this was, she just needed a little more sleep, and then everything would be fine.

At 12:51am she was up. Instantly she was fully awake, all trace of tiredness absolutely gone, and in its place was immense hunger. She hadn't eaten since before the car journey yesterday she realised, and though it hadn't bothered her at the time, now it felt like all those missed meals were coming back with a vengeance. She unfolded herself from the bed and padded her way into the kitchen, but on reaching the refrigerator she realised - she wasn't hungry. The craving was certainly there, but she couldn't think of a single food that she actually wanted right now. And underneath it was an undercurrent of... horniness? She drank some milk. She was thirsty, at least.

She went back and lay on the bed, turning her head to the side to check the clock again. 1:03. Still far too early in the morning for her to be this awake. Then again, she did get a lot of sleep in the car, so maybe it made sense? Still, she shouldn't be this wired, Maria thought, this tense and wound up to do... something, even if she couldn't exactly figure out what. Well, she thought, there was *one* thing she really felt like doing.

Her hands were already drifting down her body without any conscious input on her part, sliding down her waist to dip inside her panties. Somehow the feeling had come on suddenly while at the same time having been in her head ever since she woke up - she was *desperately* horny. She'd never been woken up in the middle of the night by sheer desire like this before. There was an edge to it too, some sort of thirst that made her confused about what exactly she was feeling. But then her fingers brushed against the entrance to her slit, and instantly she knew just what she needed to do.

She was already wet - whether she'd been like that since she woke up or if the enthusiasm of the

past few moments had somehow worked her up enough already she could no longer tell, but her fingers slid easily inside herself as she gave in and indulged. Normally it took longer, normally she needed some sort of stimulus to get going, but this time the absolute driving need was such that she'd already gotten most of one hand inside herself before the other had even had time to pull her panties away.

Gasping loudly, Maria pressed her hand deeper, shuddering eagerly each time her flailing thumb brushed against her clit. It was great, but she wanted more - she cast about desperately for something else; there had to be something around, something that could fill her, that she could push inside and fuck herself with, something that would be the right shape, anything, please. Her eyes fell on the small water bottle she'd left on her bedside table. Biting her lip to suppress a whimper, she withdrew her right hand from her pussy - god, how was she already so wet? - and reached over to grab it. Bringing it quickly down to her crotch she paused only to make sure it was angled correctly, then with one long gasp she pressed it inside.

It felt good, *god* how it felt good, the feeling of being fucked and filled in equal measure. She couldn't fit it all in obviously, but it didn't stop her from trying. She rolled over onto her stomach, thrusting her hips frenziedly into the bed to continue the pressure, which freed her up to dedicate one hand to working her clit, while the other did its best to hold the bottle steady.

She'd worked herself up enough that her moans had become audible, each thrust making her gasp "fuck! Yes! Fffuuck!", so loud that her neighbours could probably hear. Her body convulsed with one last great thrust and she came, throwing her head back in a long wordless cry as the orgasm hit her. Normally that was enough, especially one that powerful, but this time her hands barely even paused.

She wanted more, she needed more, she needed to cum hard and endlessly, but more than that she wanted to be filled, she wanted cock, not this poor, awkward substitute. She wanted something that could cum inside her, something that could slide down her throat deliciously and leave her whole body coated in sticky wetness. She'd never been one for that sort of thing, but the mere thought of it now was enough to make her tremble with another orgasm; god, that was exactly what she wanted, she wanted to be cummed in and on and all over, like, that plant-

At that realisation her whole body tensed with an orgasm the likes of which she'd never experienced. She was lucky she was face down on the bed by this point because without the pillow to muffle her cry she would have undoubtedly woken her neighbours. She came, desperately riding the orgasm as her pussy pulsed and clenched around the bottle, her own slickness coating her hand and a good part of her bed. She'd never been so productive in the past, but god it felt *good*, and she thrust and ground herself absently against the mattress to prolong the sensation, reveling in the way that each thrust made her cum just a little more. Finally, when absolute exhaustion managed to outweigh the pleasure, her hands relented, and she rolled over to drift off to sleep.

She woke up at around noon. As her eyes slowly drifted open she came to realise that she was still lying in the wet patch she'd made, but to her surprise she found that no amount of rolling made any difference. Wherever she lay on the bed, the area around her waist felt startlingly sticky. She sat up, flicking the bedside lamp on and going to inspect the damage, but as soon as her hand reached her lap it came away more than just a little damp.

Somehow, her groin was still dripping wet, literally. She could have sworn her dreams weren't especially erotic, and given the enthusiasm with which she'd taken care of things last night Maria knew she should be fine now, but instead her pussy was slick, and still noticeably producing even more. Examining it between thumb and forefinger as it clung to her hand, her cum seemed more viscous than normal - thicker, stickier, more... potent, somehow. 'Distilled', was the word that came to mind for some reason.

In the midst of all this she noticed that there was a similarly odd feeling coming from around her mouth, and she made her way to the bathroom mirror. There she saw what she had suspected, her lips were coated with the same liquid, and it was continuing to leak from the corner of her mouth. Inspecting further, she could see that it seemed to have replaced her saliva, but even more so - her tongue was fairly swimming in the stuff, and as she touched it with a finger even more of the sticky fluid was produced, like squeezing a damp sponge.

It was like lube, she realised, some sort of natural lubricant, meaning that she was always ready to suck or fuck any cock at a moment's notice. All of this was bizarre and alarming, but that single thought made her have to catch herself on the sink as a wave of lust and arousal swept through her, her slit moistening so much it actually began to drip on the floor. There was a long, slow moment as she just stared forward, and found that she had to forcibly remind herself that all of this, being wet and slick and always ready for sex - that it was weird and unusual, and not just an unexpected benefit. Even then though, she still couldn't begin to fathom how to deal with it.

She left the bed as it was, not yet able to face the sheer amount of cleaning that would take. Instead, she went out. It was like she couldn't stay inside any longer, like she was driven out and away into the world to fill the desperate craving that had come back with a vengeance when she woke up. She walked aimlessly, not entirely registering where she was going, her thoughts a random surging mix of longing, need, and constant, desperate, driving arousal. She called David from a street corner, her legs crossed awkwardly as she rehearsed how to tell him that he needed to come home and fuck her right now; that she was on the corner of Ellis and Mayfair, and perhaps he could meet her there and take her zealously against this brick wall. He didn't answer. She managed not to leave a message.

Within the space of minutes, Maria looked up to find herself in the seedy part of town. She wasn't entirely sure how she'd gotten there, standing outside some large establishment with a lurid light show flashing out from within. It was two o'clock and by the sound of it the place was going full-tilt. Perhaps it was servicing the lunch crowd. Without really realising it, Maria was inside. The bouncers didn't challenge her, as an attractive single woman no one even asked her to pay the cover charge. She simply walked in, sat down, and watched a selection of lithe women dance naked around poles. And inside, something clicked.

Derrick looked up at the knock on his office door. "Yeah?", he said.

"Someone wants to talk to you boss", came a voice. "Lady with... something to talk to you about."

Derrick sighed. Probably another campaigner. There goes the next hour. Someone should do something about people like that. But, better to have them bothering him than downstairs disrupting the shows or keeping people from coming in. "Fine, let her in."

The door opened, and in walked a young lady. She was more attractive than the ones they normally got; long brown hair hanging down to her back, elegantly tanned skin with bright green lipstick, and deep, green eyes. He generally went out of his way to avoid cataloguing the women that came in here for this as a deference to their cause, but in this case he couldn't resist giving her a quick up and down. Cliche or not, he found himself thinking that it was a pity she was a crusader - she could make a lot of money here.

"Take a seat, miss..."

"Vasquez" she answered, folding herself into the proffered chair. She seemed anxious, looking about everywhere, but occasionally locking eyes with him for a few intense seconds before looking back down. After giving her a few moments to get settled in and her still failing to say anything, Derrick took the lead.

"You... wanted to speak with me?"

She nodded, and finally brought herself to maintain eye contact. Damn, those eyes...

"Yes. I was hoping that you would let me work here."

The breath caught in Derrick's throat, it was only by the barest of margins that he kept his strangled gasp of surprise from being clearly audible. "I'm sorry? You want to be a dancer here? I don't... I don't normally take care of the hiring here, I mean, there's a process..."

She cut him off with a raised hand. "I know, I know. It's just - I don't want to be a stripper here. You have a back room, right?"

This time Derrick's incredulous gasp was clearly audible. "Excuse me?"

"This is a big place; successful, popular..." She'd kept eye contact this whole time now, just drilling into him with those great green eyes of hers. "There's got to be a back room where people can do more than just watch." She paused, her eyes losing focus for a second as she crossed her legs quite deliberately and a slight shudder ran through her. She swallowed emphatically, licking her tongue across her shining wet lips before continuing. "I want to work in there."

For several seconds, Derrick said nothing. Finally he exhaled, not even having realised he was holding his breath. "Right, okay, this is entrapment or something. Well, no miss Vasquez, you can't work in a room we haven't got doing services we don't offer." He started to stand up then quickly thought better of it, the desk keeping his crotch politely out of view. He covered his brief up and down motion with an awkward cough and added "now if you'll excuse me-"

Again she cut him off, but now with a sort of desperate resolve. "No, please, I... look, what if I suck your cock? Right now. I couldn't do that if I were a cop or something, could I?"

By this point, Derrick was all out of noises. He simply sat motionless for a few seconds while his brain tried to catch up with what was happening. Eventually, he remembered to exhale again. "There are security cameras in here" he said, pointing to one behind her. "They've got sound too, so they'll record all of this. So, this will be on the record - that you propositioned me, with no hint of coercion or anything. You understand?"

She turned and looked at the camera, then to the ground briefly, then back at him. "Yes. Yes I do. I, god, I don't even think I mind. So, can I suck your cock now?"

Derrick stood, now rather beyond caring about decorum. "Lady, you're one hell of a negotiator."

Walking out of the office on unsteady legs, Maria could barely believe what was happening. She'd never done anything like that with some random stranger before before, never so much as even considered it, and now she'd just eagerly sucked some stranger's cock just to be allowed to suck more cock in future. And what was worse, just thinking about that made her so turned on she had to steady herself briefly on the wall.

Sucking cock was exactly what she felt like doing, all she felt like doing. She wanted to enjoy herself, to use up an endless supply of cocks, to feel the cum spreading slickly along her tongue, sliding down her throat, filling her up. She'd never thought much of the taste either way before, but now it was perfect, the best thing, exactly what she needed to fill her desperate craving. If it hadn't been for this place, she realised, she was just a short time from jumping random people in the street. God, it was like she was in heat or something, except instead of just sex it was this desperate thirst for, well, cum. As much as she could possibly get her lips around. Was this even a thing? Was this some fetish she didn't know she'd had until it suddenly broke on her so heavily she couldn't think beyond wanting to indulge it? She felt distantly like it wasn't, but the recollection of her past opinions were across such a vast gulf that it might have been a different person entirely. Of course she wanted to suck cocks and swallow cum. Even the thought of it was unbelievably hot. If she ever hadn't wanted it before, that didn't really matter when she so desperately did now.

After passing through several locked doors with the escort the man in the office had granted her, Maria finally came to an unmarked door at the end of a long hallway. "Boss said to put you in this one", he said as he opened the door. "Said you seemed to be a natural."

Inside was a small bare room, practically just a cupboard, with a linoleum floor and similarly unadorned walls. The only feature of the room was a series of small holes at about waist height, that - oh.

Maria's heart leapt. She was on her knees naked in front of the first one before the man had even closed the door behind her.

She spent the next several hours in some version of insensate bliss. An endless succession of cocks presented themselves through the holes all around her, and she serviced each one with an almost frenzied dedication. Soon she was coated; loving the feeling of every inch of her bare flesh dripping with cum, but more than that she was filled by them too, hardly a moment going by where she didn't have at least one cock inside her somewhere.

She drank seemingly gallons - there shouldn't have been enough customers to even produce that much, but some small part of her thought that maybe word of her had gotten around and drawn more people out, which somehow just turned her on *more*. On top of that it seemed like every person she serviced was able to produce significantly more than would normally be possible, the sweet nectar of her own that she coated them with spurring them deeper into powerful lust. She took them fearlessly from all angles, focussing mostly on drinking from them, but eagerly pressing them into her pussy or ass when her mouth was otherwise occupied.



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The hunger that had been growing within her had finally been unshackled and it was a powerful, wild thing - she needed this cum inside herself, any way she could get it, needed to suck and feed and take until her belly sloshed with the results. All the while she could feel a quiet sensation of something pulling inside of her, something deep within her drawing on all this energy somehow, and it felt so unfathomably good to feed that as much as possible.

It finished at 5. Whether the customers dried up or the manager simply called a halt for some reason Maria wasn't sure, but regardless from that point Maria was left soaking peacefully in the afterglow, filled on the inside and dripping wet on the outside. When it occurred to her after a few minutes that that was it she began cleaning herself off, drawing her hands slowly along her body to gather up as much of the loose cum as possible, then licking her fingers clean of the sticky mass before going back for another lot. As she was first starting there was a noise at the door like it was about to be opened, but that was suddenly interrupted with a muffled thud, and Maria was sure she could hear someone hiss something starting with "I swear to god Tom..." before the door emphatically failed to open. Maria looked up directly at the camera mounted on the ceiling in the opposite corner of the room and grinned, then went back to her cleaning.

When she had finally demonstrated to her satisfaction that there was nothing left for her to get, she stood and walked over to the door, which opened before her. Standing on the other side was the man from the office and her escort, both of them looking at her with an expression somewhere between respect, lust, and awe. With a visible jolt the office man remembered to say "your pay!", holding a wad of cash out for her.

"Keep it." She licked her lips slowly before collecting her pile of clothes from the floor and walking nonchalantly past them. "I work for the tips."

As she left, the one who had escorted her turned to the man from the office and asked, "what... what the hell was that?"

"Porn angel" Derrick replied, nodding sagely. "The legends are true."

"What? Really?"

"No you idiot, she's just some hot woman with an extremely marketable fetish. Which, to be honest, is pretty much just as good."