

Victorian Delight

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Damned stupid plant. I would have wrung its leafy neck if it weren't already dead.

The single seed had cost twenty dollars -- more than some fully-grown orchid plants -- and now the heirloom squash, Victorian Delight, looked like steamed spinach. Despite the fact that I'd planted the thing in its own bed in the center of the greenhouse, given it the best organic potting soil and fertilizer, and watered it religiously, all the leaves had wilted. The catalogue, Wild and Woody, had said it needed expert care. What did it want? Bodily fluids?

Just one protuberance stuck up from under the ruined vegetation. I pushed a few of the huge but limp leaves aside and couldn't help but gasp. It was a squash fruit, all right. Green, long and thick. And shaped exactly like a penis. Whoa.

Aside from the color, the squash cock looked exactly like the real deal, at least in the jumbo size. It had to be at least eight or nine inches long and plenty thick. Tools like that invited touching. And licking. And fucking. Just looking at it hooked into some wicked fantasies. I had to touch it.

I reached down and stroked it, and damned if it didn't feel like a real cock. Fleshy and firm. Then, things got even weirder. The plant's leaves quivered. Just the tiniest bit, but they seemed to revive, perking up a little. I ran my fingers down to the base and up again and got a stronger reaction. What in hell was up with this plant?

I pulled the seed packet out of my pocket and read the description of the squash again. "A favorite of Victorian ladies for the size and shape of the fruit."

No shit. That couldn't mean what I thought it meant, could it? Victorian ladies, repressed, not supposed to like sex, grew this plant? Picture the celibate Miss Whimpledimple sneaking into the garden late at night, slipping out of her pantaloons, and doing squat-thrusts on the squash. That could count as delight, all right.

Come to think of it, my own sex life hadn't been all that hot lately. And, green or not, the squash did put my last few lovers to shame in the endowment department. If the plant was good enough for Miss Whimpledimple...

No, too weird. Sex with a squash? Still, I had paid twenty bucks for one dumb seed. I might as well get something out of it. I'd raised it organically. No pesticides or petro-chemical fertilizers. It couldn't hurt me.

I glanced around, which was pointless. This was my greenhouse, attached to my house. No one could get in, and no one would see me. I shucked out of my shorts and panties, lowered myself between the wilted leaves, and grasped the green penis. That got a big response from my friend, the plant. The leaves grew more turgid and swayed as if in a breeze.

"You like this, don't you?" Great. Now, I was talking to vegetables. "You want to fuck me."

The penis moved, thrusting upward. That sure looked like agreement. What was I waiting for? Slinking lower, I guided the gorgeous, green cock between my pussy lips and impaled myself on it. Damn, but it felt good.

The plant really came alive now -- the leaves whipping around and the huge dick thrusting up into me. My eyes unfocused with pleasure as I rode it for all I was worth. My pussy got wet, and soon, I'd taken most of its incredible bulk inside me. Victorian ladies knew what they were doing, obviously, because this was one of the best fucks I'd ever had.

While my arousal grew, the plant's leaves got into the act. They fluttered all over my body, from my thighs, up my torso to my chest, and even over my cheeks.

Awesome. I tore out of my t-shirt and bra as fast as I could, and soon the plant was stroking my breasts, teasing the nipples.

“Oh, God, yeah,” I crooned. “Fuck me. Harder.”

Who the hell cared if I was talking to a squash? It worked. The leaves kept caressing my flesh, and the cock slammed up into me like a guy about to come. Only now, something played over my clit, too. A tendril -- the fleshy curlicue the plant used to climb. It climbed all over my hot button, flicking and tweaking. Holy shit. One of the best fucks? The. Best. Fuck. Ever.

I closed my eyes and let the plant have its way with me. The whole plant was making love to me, leaves at my breasts, tendril all over my clit, and squash deep inside my dripping pussy. I was going to climax. Massive orgasm time. My breath came in ragged gasps and cries as I hit the limit and soared past. Now. Oh, man, now!

All hell broke loose inside me as the tension mounted and then broke free. My pussy gripped at the cock before exploding all around it. I screamed, and the sound bounced off the panels of the greenhouse. Manohmanohman.

After several seconds of heaven, I finally floated back to Earth. Still struggling for breath, I found enough strength in my limbs to pull myself off the squash and sit in the dirt beside it. “Thanks, pal.”

Now fully restored, the leaves didn’t stop moving. If anything, they got more frantic, as if a hurricane were whipping at them. The cock kept moving, growing even bigger. It swelled up to double its size and then burst open. Seeds flew out of it, landing everywhere, even feet away on the brick walkway. The squash had had its own orgasm, and that had given me something, too. Seeds I could sell for twenty bucks apiece.

I loved this plant!

Finally, the leaves sighed. There was no other word for it. They fluttered softly and fell back into place. I now had a healthy, happy Victorian Delight squash plant. As its final expression of joy, several blooms appeared, nearly covering the plant with yellow flowers. Those flowers could only mean one thing.

More squashes.

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