

Big, Blooming & Wild: Sapped

Celia Kyle

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Her name described her to perfection. Beautiful as a newly blossomed flower covered in dew and as prickly as a cactus dried and dying in the desert sun.

Calla Thorne.

Bryant's one true, above all others especially Lily, love. He'd imagined himself in love with Lily Atkins (now Lagun), but he'd been mistaken. Yes, Lily was beautiful and truly shined with Trace's love, but she wasn't his Calla.

Bryant sighed. Well, he shook his leaves in a tree's imitation of a sigh, anyway. Calla didn't even know he was alive. Okay, she knew there were trees along the path leading to Trace and Lily's cabin, but she didn't know about him or the fact that he'd give just about anything to touch her beyond a passing stroke of his leaves against her hair.

Of course, whenever he did touch her with his leaves she ran screaming down the path, yelling about green things touching her. Damn but she reminded him of her cousin, Lily. It'd figure that all of the women in the Atkins-Thorne clan were bristly about nature.

Then again, it didn't matter since Bryant couldn't really do anything about his attraction to her. Two years ago, when Trace and Lily had found one another, Bryant thought he'd been close to pollisexation. Thought it was finally his time to shift from tree to man. He was wrong.

Two years. For two years he'd watched his brothers reach the critical stage in their development and leave him. Now, Bryant was one of only a handful left in the grove. A fact he lamented... daily.

A soft whimper and snuffle caught his attention from up the path and he pulled free of his pity party to focus on the human approaching him. He extended his senses and watched through his mind's eye as the human approached.

Calla!

Almost as if his thoughts conjured the gorgeous woman, she appeared. Disheveled, with leaves littering her hair and smudges of dirt on her white top, but coming down the path none the less. As she drew closer he realized she was also soaked to the skin, her clothing sticking and molding to her body and exposing her shape to him. If he'd been a man, he would have sprouted wood. No doubt about it.

Curve after curve after curve met his perusal. Large, ripe fruit adorned her chest. Breasts, Trace had called them during lessons one day. Breasts.

Her trunk bowed in, oddly so, but then it flared wide before splitting into her legs which held their own abundant curves. Trace had called the curve a woman's waist, followed by her hips and legs. Bryant didn't care what they were called as long as she was his.

The tempting human woman shuffled past him, upset about something, but gorgeous to him regardless. He wished, not for the first time, that he was able to shift to his human form and cradle the delicate Calla in his arms.

She paused near in front of him and leaned against his trunk.

Ah! She's touching me! What I wouldn't give to hold and stroke her.

Her tearful voice pulled him away from his own selfish thoughts and back to her. "Why?" She sobbed and pounded on his trunk. Bryant didn't mind the tingles of pain if it helped his little flower. "Why are men such bastards?" She rested her forehead against his bark and blew out a deep breath. "Why am I good enough for a quick fuck, but not quite good enough to take home to mom? Huh?"

She sniffled and Bryant's heart broke for the sensuous Calla. Gorgeous inside and out (even if she hated nature), he couldn't imagine someone, some human, treating her like anything other than the goddess she was.

Calla sniffled once more and pushed away from him, tugging the bottom of her top to her face, she wiped the remaining tears away. "It doesn't matter. He doesn't matter. I'm going to listen to Lily and spend some time alone. So, take that asshole."

Bryant prayed he wouldn't turn into an asshole, whatever that was.

* * *

A tingling of electricity woke him in the night. Almost like a baby bolt of lightning the sensation coursed through him from root to leaves and back again. He prayed this wasn't the precursor to an actual lightning strike. He'd seen what the white hot bolts could do to a tree and he didn't want that happening to him.

His limbs shivered uncontrollably, shaking and swaying without the help of the wind. Shit. Had he contracted some foreign lightning-feeling-shaky-tree disease? What the hell was he going to do now?

Nothing.

Trace! Thank God! I'm dying! Help me.

Trace sighed in his mind. Sighed. Like his death meant nothing. *You're not dying, you idiot. You're changing. The first time is always a little rough, but I'm here for you.*

Changing?

Yes.

Now?

He sighed. Again. *Yes, Bryant, now.*

And just like that, like the twinkle of a star in the midnight sky, Bryant's body shifted and changed. He morphed from his usual form as a Mangrove tree to that of a man. Seconds ticked by as his limbs and leaves receded to form his head, shoulders and arms. His roots shook free of the ground and separated to form his legs while the bark covering him from head to tow smoothed and lightened to create his skin.

He'd really done it. He'd gone through pollisexation. Finally.

Now he could go to her. Go to his sweet Calla and make love to her like she'd never been loved before. Man, he hoped his earthen form wasn't that of an asshole. If only Trace were here to look at him and tell him if he had turned into one...

Bryant!

I didn't do it, I swear...

Trace sighed. Maybe the man had some sort of breathing problem. *Bryant, listen carefully. You are not going to Calla tonight.*

But --

No. You are going to stay in the grove until I get there with the boat and then I'm bringing you to my home. I'll be there in an hour. Do. Not. Move. Trace's presence disappeared from his mind and Bryant slumped to the ground, sinking into the soft dirt he'd recently vacated. *Oooh! Lot of fun being a human is.*

Bryant flopped onto his back and stared into the midnight sky and thought of all the wonderful things he'd do to Calla, with Calla, just as soon as Trace told him he could. He'd already seen too many other Botan's punished for not listening to the Elder Wood, so Bryant resolved to do as he was told.

As always, his mind drifted to Calla. Her pert nose and full lips always had him wishing he'd been able to shift. Now he could.

Bryant closed his eyes against the twinkling stars and imagined what he'd be doing with the prickly Calla Thorne if she were with him right now. Since he was fairly certain he hadn't taken the shape of an asshole, he thought Calla would be happy to see him. Aroused even, by his form.

Calla would touch him, stroking his new skin as she'd stroked his bark before. With soft touches, she'd discover every inch of his new body. She wouldn't be afraid of his alien nature, she'd embrace it. Her hands would drift over his body, tweaking the tiny buds on his chest and slip over his trunk until her fingers wrapped around his manroot.

Bryant followed his imaginary Calla's path with his own hands, groaning into the silent night when his hands took hold of his manroot, his cock. He hissed and

moaned with the contact. He'd seen other men and Botan's take themselves in hand before.

He stroked himself, from trunk to tip and back again, shuddering as the faint lightning coursed through his veins. Again, he repeated the caress, sure that his petite flower would continue until he spilled his sap.

Again, he slid his palm over his cock, groaning at the sensation of his new skin shifted over the hard wood beneath. Never before had he felt as if he could fly away with the birds at any moment.

Bryant writhed on the damp ground in which he'd been rooted for so many years. And now, now he shared the same air as his Calla as she stroked his cock, urging his sap to rise.

Faster and faster she'd stroke, slipping her hand along his limb with increasing pressure. Then, ah then she'd twist her hand near the tip, milking droplets of sap from his manroot. He groaned and shuddered.

The lightning increased, shooting sparks through him from head to toe as he writhed on the ground. He cried out, searching for relief yet not knowing how it would come.

The lightning centered around his manroot and Bryant wondered if he should stop. If he didn't, would lightning truly strike his cock? But the pleasure, the heaven surrounding him wouldn't let him cease his movements.

Up and down he stroked. Harder, faster, softer, slower. The endless variations of his hand continued until... Sap spurt from the tip of his manroot, coating his trunk with the searing fluid. Back arched, he roared Calla's name into the night, her smiling face the last thing he saw in his mind before drifting to sleep.

Moments later curses and yells reached his ears, but Bryant didn't care. At least, not until Trace loomed over him, face red and brows creased in anger.

"Trace..." He reached for his Elder Wood.

"Bryant, what are you doing?" The man stared at him, eyes moving over his body from head to toe.

“Hmm... I was thinking of Calla. She’s so pretty, Trace. And then... then I sapped.”

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