

Juicy Fruit

They say the trees here are alive. More than they already are. Within them, life nestles in every crevice. The forest is magical, the forest decides the fate of whoever enters, the forest... happens to make no logical sense.

At least that's what the old women and gullible idiots back home say. To Cobbler, the forest represented an investment, a chance to make it big where he came from, to show all of those who doubted him to see the error of their ways, and for those who expected success would feel that success right along with him. A few special seeds that were rumored to create some of the most highly sought after produce in all the known lands. The blue furred Hyena giggled to himself, this was a good plan, this was a *very good* plan.

He wore khaki shorts with a teal vest that showed off his chest and much of his fuzzy azure fur. A necklace dangled, the medallion it was attached to lightly tapping his front as he walked. A triumphant tail bounced just as much as he entered this supposedly strange forest through the same trail he'd been using for some time now. It did not take long for that trail to become more and more diminished as the environment he was leaving behind was overtaken by the abundance of this rumored grand and mysterious forest.



The sun was nearly blocked out as the canopy was thick, the natural colors of vegetation shifting from green to something more turquoise. What were once wild oak trees and humble bushes became familiar to the Hyena who had spent time in Southern jungles. Although there was something more alien about this place, especially as so much of it glowed... *blue*. The vines descending from the trees on the next layer had a vibrant color to it, and wherever his paws walked on had the grasses do the same. Blue, blue, and more blue.

It was fantastical to the young man, who couldn't stop smiling as he looked around, no longer caring at how he was quickly losing his sense of direction, unsure of which way was north, south, or wherever was home. His eyes reflected the sights, capturing his attention in a place he knew was not safe to linger in. Still, the view was magnificent, and the flora were of things he had never seen before. Though, in the back of his mind, he had hoped he could find these seeds before any *mysterious* fauna found him.

However, there wasn't much of a need or worry to rush ahead, in fact, being in such an odd place would only put him in more danger in rushing ahead. Cobbler was experienced in all things except probably common sense, but in a way, examining these new plants and environment was another method in keeping himself calm. But the mysticism here matched few other exotic and unique occurrences. It was like the time he had witnessed a solar eclipse, just a fundamental change of how the Hyena thought



the world worked. Benign spores and honey-sweet smells entered his snout, the sounds of life flowed into his ears.

Venturing into this forest was one of the best choices Cobbler ever made, and now, after everything, he wasn't sure if he wanted to leave.

And the forest *knew* that. It would *play* on that. It wanted him here, **forever**.

A sudden pop at the blue Hyena's paws made his head snap in that direction, discovering that the terrain he stepped on was no longer grass, but vines clumped together in strands like rope, similar to a mangrove swamp but without so much water. The destruction his pads had done was of some peculiar blue fruit a bit elongated like an eggplant, its blueberry colored juices now soaking into his fur.

"Heh? What is that all over my foot?" he murmured, plucking another one nearby from its vine to examine it more closely, "it's full of juice." Cobbler held it near his nose, sniffing it, getting a similar scent to traditional blueberries, although there was something so sweet about this. He just didn't know how or why. He let it fall to the floor as its frame squished around like a more rigid water balloon. The Hyena moved on, not noticing a few ***much*** larger vines dangling down from above, now behind him, curiously eyeing his tender rear as their floral nozzles eagerly leaked cobalt liquids.



It had felt like hours since he began his journey, seconds and minutes passing by one in the same. Every eyeful of wonder being slightly different than the last. It's then that the Hyena saw it up ahead, a small grove that was lessened in foliage, something serene and almost... holy. Cobbler stepped out into the glade, a single light shining down from above onto a ring of oblong, glowing objects that looked to be the size of one of his claws. Of course they were glowing blue, but before examining them, he gazed up at the canopy above, wanting to know why this gleam felt so... targeted. Like a spotlight almost. It was the color of the sun, and it seemed to have no origin other than simply — up.

With an unsure grimace on his face, he turned his neck to look down at the vibrant pebble-like things on the ground, their shape ovalish and... appealing. The adventurer didn't know why, but he could tell that these were the seeds he was looking for. The seeds that, for some reason, he couldn't exactly remember the purpose he wanted them for. He knew he had to take them... somewhere, and that's why his brain hadn't even registered the action of picking them up. The Hyena didn't even notice he was simply staring at his paw, the palm pads nestling a few seeds. He was holding them, *taking* them, but... where, where were they supposed to go? How long had he been here, staring, or even been in this forest to begin with?

To take... take... take, to take them, to scoop them up, and plant those seeds *right* into his mouth. That's what he needed to do. To let the little seeds of goodness spark



against his drooling tongue, to crunch them between his sharp teeth, and to let those gooey juices flow down his yearning throat. He wasted zero time.

His hand slammed against his snout, emitting a loud slap that only gave him a twinge of pain before it, and a few other anxious nerves settled in for the ride of a lifetime.

The taste was unlike anything he'd ever had before, the sweetness richer than honey, more savory than any meat conjured in the imagination, the quenching of his thirst better than a pristine oasis after days of being parched in a desert. It was filling the hunger in places that he didn't even realize he was hungry for, it healed him, made him whole. The closest thing to heaven, *ambrosia*, that one could ever experience.

The Hyena's eyelids lowered ever so slowly, another seed being popped into his mouth as he crunched on it, shell and all. "Why do these taste so good!? I feel like I could never eat anything again without it ever being compared to these amazing seeds!" He spoke almost like he was advertising to anyone close by to join him, consume these crunchy pods with him.

The biological substances were their magic, giving him a euphoric high that could repair the most emotionally stunted people. Inside his body, his red colored flesh was being dyed in a blue hue, matching his fur as the shades of aquamarine and turquoise



were all becoming the same color. It was dazing him not in confusion, but making the world appear more slow, making it easier for things to approach him, to find their sweet spots.

Cobbler never did feel what was coming as the vine thicker than the circumference of his asshole slowly slid its bumpy, tubular form down the back of his shorts. Another vine appeared before his eyes, his expression changing to one of wonder as he noticed the thing staring at him, it's mouth, or what could even be called a mouth, oozing out a sludge of blue, getting closer and closer as he felt enough cohesion to back up slightly.

The problem was, he backed up right into the invasive creature behind him, giving the thing enough leeway and force to **pop** his pretty anus open.

The Hyena's eyes went skyward as he let out a shrill moan, the gushing rush of ropes of gooey, flavorful slime seeping into his rectum as his surprised mouth made the perfect hole for the nozzle in front of him. Cobbler wasn't allowed to scream for more than a few seconds before being forced to groan in a muffled fashion, the seal of the vine protruding past his lips was only partially secure, allowing glob after glob to fly out of his maw like precum from a cock head. His hands dropped the remaining seeds as they went forward, grasping the vine as he tried to pull it away, only for it to dig further in



as for every pull, it pushed, and it only took him a few seconds to realize he was doing nothing but helping it fuck his face.

The Hyena then decided it would be best to run, well, run as best as he could with the excessive chugs of liquids entering both ends. He shuffled his feet towards the nearest exit of the glade as he felt his body already becoming lumpy, a few good gallons of excellent tasting and clumpy, clogging juice letting his belly peek just a tad from under his shirt. He did not know why he ran with his arms out and in a hobble, as if his gravity had been turned up to be much higher. It soon made much more sense as his toes left the ground, all of his limbs flailing as if he was falling, but in fact, he was being lifted up by the two vines. Cobbler felt his ass cheeks increasing in size as they widened, allowing more of the vine to enter him as his asshole was stretched beyond belief. There was no pain and even if there were, the cooling sensation of the fluids increased the glee of being violated, both numbing any uncomfortableness while making his face red hot from the embarrassment of how much he was enjoying this.

The adventurer's face cheeks were bulging as two trickles of liquid leaked from his blue nose, his body now suspended in the middle of the air as more vines came from all directions, wrapping around his shoulders, his thighs, tearing off bits and pieces of his clothing. There were many more than just two now, and each was testing just where they could fit in him. While the main two were the largest, pumping him full, making him bigger, he could do nothing but squeal and wiggle his hands and feet from



the other, smaller vines' humps. Two tinier ones attempting to see if they could slide past his ear drums, squirting little spritzes of aerosolized blue mists to slide deep into the canal with no success. All it did was plump up the parts the wet vapors hit as they sunk into skin, diffusing, and getting inside as if his skin was merely the cell wall of a blubbery, single-celled organism.

Speaking of blubber, Cobbler's entire body was inflating in a steady but sure rhythm, the vines that were in him bulging as their liquids came through the hoses, and out to paint his insides. His body was being reshaped, remade, redesigned for the forest's needs over his own. Bodily organs were pelted with the juice that flowed into all parts of his form, being painlessly reduced in size as each atom was repurposed for the life of a single, plain fruit. The Hyena's white sclera shifted, adopting the same blue color that the rest of his body now had, his vest, shorts, necklace, all popping off as his body was more orb-like than anything else. He didn't ever think in his life he'd be able to see the horizons of his neck as the flabby skin swelled like the gullet of a bullfrog. Even the tone of his voice, the squelching moans of chokes that turned solemn with him no longer needing air to breathe made him sound like a fuzzy giant.

A vine smaller than the main two, but larger than those which attempted to enter his ear shuffled around his stomach, coiling and smoothing itself around like a curious snake until it found a crevice it could stick itself into, pushing further and further and further until a snap allowed its nozzle-mouth to sink into the stuffed Hyena, attaching



itself to his belly button as a third entrance was made. It didn't take long for a fourth to find his crotch, pushing deeply into his genitals as a crack settled his brain. He gave one big twitch and then relaxed, letting his fingers and toes unclench as so much juice was pumping into him. He couldn't do much with the lower three, but with the fourth, the one in his mouth, he sucked on it like he was being nursed.

Like he was... being nursed... It was easy to just sit there and take it, to let it all come into him. His fingers were sausages about to burst, no bands or creases to speak of, as if the bones had never existed at all. His feet were like blue-colored pancakes, just layers upon layers of fluff and fat that seeped down onto the next level until becoming nothing like the silhouette of a foot, but the garbled flab deposits of a limb unrecognizable. Even still, the flaps and folds were still filling with liquids, rounding out to form one solid sphere that would eventually merge with the leg, or what was left of it. For they too were becoming nothing more but simple shapes to merge with the main balloon, a balloon that was not so much a ball but... a peculiar and familiar eggplant structure.

The vines flipped Cobbler upside down, his head and eyes now forced to stare at the glade that was so far away now as the vines carried him up and into the canopy where all the unknown beasties and critters of this realm hid. His mouth fused with the nozzle plugged past his lips, his skin now as fuzzy as a peach permanently making sure that the only way the changing Hyena could be taken from his new *home* is through



something strong enough to quite literally **pluck** him from his vine. Although he wasn't sure if he'd even have a mouth anymore if he were taken from the vine, or whether it'd just be a hole that... leaked juice until the end of time.

In fact, the bloated blob wasn't sure of a lot of things ever since the juice had made its way into his brain cavity, the liquids massaging his brain, leading it to its own defeat as if everything was mentally telling Cobbler that he didn't need it anymore, that he should just let it collapse and fully adopt the mannerism of a *real* fruit. Where it stayed where it was all day and didn't think at all. Whether it'd be a blessing or a curse, the synapses of his brain cells were still alive and abuzz in his head, swimming in the juices and going all throughout his body as all barriers inside him were washed away in his conundrum, reshaping everything to be just like one of the fruits he had stepped on earlier.

He couldn't see anything other than blue. Cobbler had become so much like his own name, going as far as even thinking of himself that's not Cobbler, but *Cobbler-fruit*. So many parts of his face were sinking into his body, matching how his arms and legs were no more than nubs that needed just a little more girth before they were nothing but smooth skin, so he would look like just any other fruits of the forest. His clump of hair that made him look so alive had abandoned him, the strands either becoming more peach fuzz or falling back to the glade that looks like it was miles away from him. Darkness had enveloped him as the vines receded from their holes, applying a good



amount of blue gel to make sure they were all sealed. Of course the vine connected with his mouth, or the remnants of his mouth, stayed there, as it was now an important part of it. He never realized it, but the vine almost looked larger than his width, his beady eyes locked and trained to always be staring down that vine that was no longer giving him juice, but an orange viscous material that was his food supply, his needed lifeblood that was integral as oxygen used to be for him now.

Although... Cobbler-fruit didn't really feel like so much of a he anymore. It was more of an object now, *wasn't it?* From where it could look from left to right, it could see other fruits nearby just like it, each of them attached just the same as it was. Someone walking by could even view his eyes as seeds, for they were simply the same color and the same filled disfigured orbs that the fruit had munched on not even ten minutes ago. It didn't know where it was. It did not know how it looked personally other than seeing the other fruits nearby. It did not even remember the glade that caused all of this. It had one responsibility, a one track mind if one could even call it a mind anymore — to ripen, and hold all of the juice it was given. It was a part of this big vine, which in turn was just one appendage of the bush the other end was connected at, a central organism that was automatically computing all the things that needed to happen. Even then, that bush merely obeyed the instructions it got from the forest itself, one enormous ecosystem that works in tandem, with harmony, and without waste. Only a few seeds had to be spent to create the ginormous produce that Cobbler-fruit was now.



However... the living juice container felt its body shake like water in a glass, an enormous quake that repeated itself again and again...

The canopy broke to reveal so many familiar sights. The fruit was hugging various vegetation as its body was still pulsing with life that was yet to be turned inanimate. It got a clear view of the forest, something that did not make any sense as nothing like this should even be up here! Up was down, down was up, the direction of everything messed with whatever perception he had left. The fruit looked up, seeing something that shocked it to its core while it still had the ability to even feel shocked....

It was a giant paw, with red fur and black pads. It was stomping around, uncaring of what was below it as it smushed against the forest floor... or the forest canopy or... it made no sense!

Yet... that didn't matter anymore. That paw was humongous, it was the ceiling from its size when compared to the scale of everything. Whoever it belongs to did not care that it was directly above Cobbler-fruit. It moved so slowly, like a giant asteroid in the sky slowly coming down to wash everything away. What was left of the fruit's face collapsed in on itself from the transformation as its eyes and smile curved into an expression of an ambition accomplished. The foot was coming down on to it, and it could feel nothing but the most extreme, euphoric pleasure and happiness when the rough leather soles finally made contact.



To the crimson furred fox, the collision was barely felt, but the juice made its mark. The creature could only say the same thing that all Invaders did before the beginning of the end — “What is that all over my foot?”

