

Tendrils

A Touching Story



Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction and at no time were any cute, nubile, bright-eyed, tight-bodied college petites lured to a greenhouse to be snatched up and tickle-torture-molested by a horny, sadistic, carnivorous plant with a thing for perky, ticklish college gymnast girls

Rupert Tiggles-Teanes

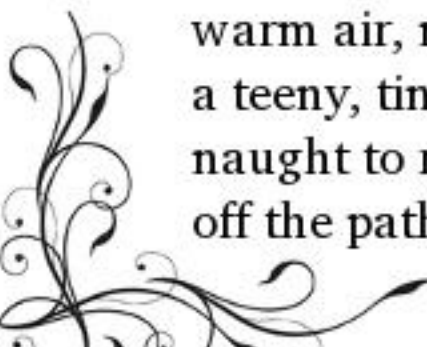


Oh, goodness, but Ms. Strumpfenfitz has really outdone herself.



I'm well taken care of, you know. I am watered regularly and the temperature stays comfortably tropical with a misting and ventilation system that keeps things luxuriously damp. A couple of weeks ago, she started to play music for me. I know there is some debate on whether plants enjoy music - most of us are stone deaf and possess no more of a nervous system than your average floorboard - but I just adore music in my greenhouse and I think I could become a sort of aficionado of several genres, given time and exposure. She noticed my affinity when she brought in a TV the other day so that she might watch a collegiate women's gymnastics program whilst attending to her collection of delicate little bonzai trees. Such lovely musical arrangements during the floor exercise. I couldn't help but that some of my tasting tendrils caressed the screen, tracing the contours of a cute little blonde who had caught my attention.

And a couple of days later, Ms. Strumpfenfitz brought me a delightful little delicacy: A most unsuspecting nineteen-year-old coed she'd hired through the university's local job board to do some light gardening. None other than the same adorable little acrobat from the program - in a pair of lovely little cut-off shorts and a tight white tee, hair up in the very same bouncy little ponytail as on the TV. A bit of a tease, though she didn't know it. Sweeping the path, then tending the orchids 'til lunch. A dainty little thing, hardly nibbling on her celery sticks and little crackers during her break as Ms. Strumpfenfitz chatted her up like a grandmother. Then about the hibiscus section before finally it was time for her to inspect the quality of my blossoms. She was a sucker for my pheromones, the sweet lure of my nectar wafting irresistibly through the damp, warm air, my blossoms held back from the walking path just a teeny, tiny bit too far for a cute little nymph of five-feet-naught to reach without tip-toeing in her worn little sneakers off the path, just a bit, just a *bit* more....



Prey usually notices the red blossoms first, but it's the hot pink ones, further in from the path, that lure the prey in just a tip-toe step too far...

I knew just how close she had to get - yes, down the little itsy-bitsy parts of an inch. Like a tripwire. A very *fine* tripwire. But there was no quick snapping up of my prey. No, there was just a most lascivious thrill up my main stem and my top-bulb rose swiftly but silently toward the greenhouse roof, stopping just short of the glass. It's always a most exhilarating rush of pleasure - the moment of no-escape - when you know you've got your little snack and it's time to *play with your food*.

That ponytail was just so easy a handle. I had six tendril-tips weaving through her pale-golden locks before she was fully close enough to take and she didn't feel them at all, nor hear them, nor sense them or the danger in any way at all. And then through the empty belt-loops on the back of her little cut-offs, silently, carefully, a sliding little sneak of tendril threaded around her waist once and again, not tightly, but loosely and gently so as not to be noticed, thin, wispy threads. And others gathered about in a ring before her, invisible in the shadow-mottled garden floor, not yet encircling, but massing nearby, shall we say? Yes, *assembling* in preparation for the *festivities*.

I curled the pointed tip of a tendril and drew it like a finger up the nape of her neck - a tickling caress. A single, smooth, silky stroke that says, "I've got something for that cute little treasure of yours, Miss."

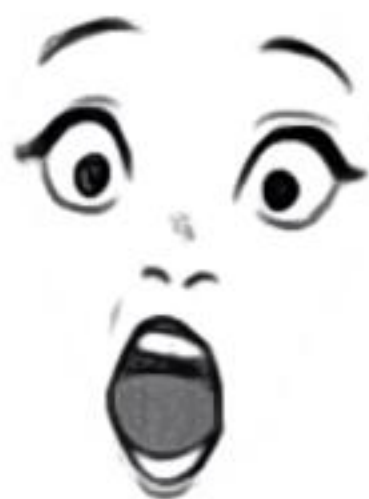


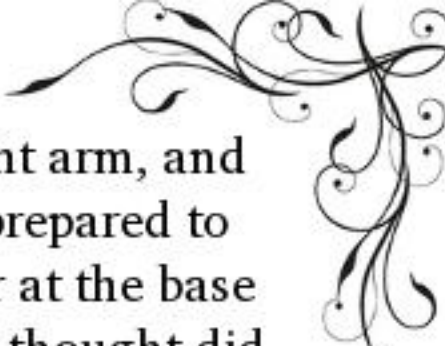
She raised her left arm to brush away the creeper, and I drew tight the threads about her wrist and coiled quickly but silently around, the thicker, more substantial trunk of the vines drawn down into the coil just as I pulled her wrist behind her head where the tendrils holding her ponytail slid in thicker and intertwined with the bondage round her wrist, binding it to the base of her ponytail. Simultaneously, I wound vines about her right ankle and drew it up behind her, bending her leg at the knee before slithering tendrils about her folded leg to hold it in the manner of a frog-leg and forcing it forward and upward toward the front of her body just as the belt of tendrils 'bout her belt-line circled round to become thicker and forced her hips rearward, arching her back.

I pulled my little morsel up from the mulched floor til she was kicking frantically with her free left leg.

"Ms. Strumpfenfitz!" screamed my little plaything, "Help!"

It was a sexy-cute voice. A college-teen voice. The kind of voice that uses the word "like" far too often and is just squeaky enough that you know the girl it belongs to is a bubbly little energetic petite - a barely-adult little Tinkerbell of a pixie. The kind of voice that quivers so innocently when you run a little feeler where feelin's really fun...and she kept calling out with that sexy-cute voice of hers as a tendril popped the button on her cut-offs and another threaded the little metal slider eyelet on her zipper and slid it slowly down, exposing her cute white cotton undies underneath.



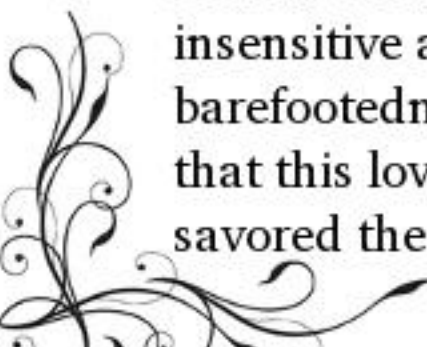


Meanwhile my tendrils were snaking round her right arm, and her wrist, and her forearm, and her elbow....and I prepared to draw it up so that I might bind her wrist to its sister at the base of her ponytail, but a most mischievous and playful thought did occur to me and I slithered a tendril up to the hollow beneath her shoulder and with its pointy tip, poked and wriggled gently, which prompted her to jam her arm down - too late - and no matter how hard she tried to close her arm down against her side, she couldn't stop the gentle wriggling in her ticklish underarm and I coaxed the first adorable giggle fit up and up and up to her lips, even as she jammed her eyes shut and scrunched up her nose and the tickle-fit burst right out as the little crow's feet at the corners of her eyes wrinkled up *quite* cutely.

The giggle-bursts interrupted her pleading to Ms. Strumpfenfitz, who responded with a most brazen nonchalance, "You know he's quite the fan of yours, Suzie. He picked you out himself."

I did indeed, you know, and I lassoed her kicking left leg and drew it out taut, in the manner of a sort of half-split, more ballet than gymnastics, I suppose, but in any case quite beautiful as a pose and leaving her open-fly pelvic region rather vulnerable and so I pulled her quite taut indeed, so that her leg was rather completely immobilized, pulled out good and tight except for her left foot, which waved about in a panic so that it drew my attention to it and there was nothing to do if not to enjoy a little game of footsie with my squirming little sex-snack. So tendrils snaked wispy about the laces of her sneaker and slipped the knot, and her own struggling did as much to loosen the laces of her little sneaker as anything and flippity-dippity-floppity, off that lil' sneaker did slip.

I know the *received* wisdom is that a gymnast girl is rather insensitive about her soles and toes on account of her habit of barefootedness in the practice of her sport, but I was of a mind that this lovely specimen was a little scribble-screamer and savored the satisfaction of being most completely corr-rrrect.



Nuban *carnivorous*
plants that only prey on
ticklish, petite, nubile
young women.
Counterpart to vegan.



Yes, gymnasts are
footsie-ticklish as
can be!

My little blonde's many corpuscles of Meissner did conspire with my tickling touches to trouble my little Tinkerbell to a *most* unbearably ticklish tizzy which was quite completely inescapable. And I do think her little footsie just *adored* its part in the conspiracy.

I know *I did*.

And all along, Ms. Strumpfenfitz continued in her oblivious oration, "He comes from the South Pacific, you know, from one of those island chains where they did the nuclear testing during the Cold War. [foot-note:1] He's a one of a kind. Some very interesting mutations, don't you think? His closest relative is actually the mango tree and there is a species developed by horticulturists in Australia which...."

Studied neglect was never so sensual as when showcased by Ms. Strumpfenfitz with the most suasive sincerity.

Suzie's sweet teen voice had faded to the silent scream of tickle-agony and I relented so that I might hear it again as I played with her, contenting myself with random little pokes and flits of tendril tips along her pink sole, as I began to slowly and deliberately draw loose the knot on her other sneaker.

"No..." cute Suzie quavered, "Let me out, let me go..."

Scrumptious little Suzie was, from head to toes. Sugar and spice and everything nice, as they say. Every tendril's touch sampled her sweetness. I drew a nimble tendril about her inner thigh, drawing gentle figure eights from knee to the very hem of her little cutoffs, to and fro, to and fro...

And the "noes" of Suzie's giggly protestations grew positively panicked as the stroking tendril slithered silkily along, drawing sensual symbols...



Oh, but yes, sexy little Suzie, my adorable little struggle-lee, yes, yes, yessssss! And the tendril that had been playing across her thigh slowed to a stop as a vine descended and swept smoothly down into her cut-offs *from behind* and flowed *sensuously* along, *rubbing* her cleft *through* the thin cotton of her panties, till it emerged in front and it's tip curled back and pirouetted about her belly button, tickling her tummy.

Which was nearly as ticklish as her little footsie, which I was still randomly poking and petting for the adorable little peaks and skips it produced by way of interruptions as she protested in that lovely little sex-teen voice of hers.

And Ms. Strumpfenfitz, *appearing* completely unaware of her little ungraduate's predicament, continued to lecture as she tidied up the little shelved area where the trowels and whisk brooms were stored, "...now carnivorous plants with which most are familiar typically use a cavity such as a honeypot or the sandwiching enclosures of the venus flytrap to digest their prey, whereas this specimen makes use of tendrils for a notably active means of consuming its prey entirely unique in the plant world, though fossils in sub-Saharan Africa suggest...."

And my wiggling finger of vexing vegetation had driven skittish Suzie to a crescendo of silent, screaming, ticklish agony which deprived me of the joys of her precious pleadings so I drew back the tip of the tendril and as she gasped to recover her breath, I diddled her fit, flat tummy here and there for little bursts of ticklish suffering that blossomed with high-pitched little squeals.

"...and it is possible that the same system by which photosynthesis is performed provides the basis for its visual capacity, evolved by a leapfrog evolutionary branch to..." yammered on Ms. Strumpfenfitz, as I played with our giggly guest.

Squirmosynthesis Process by which nuban plants derive sustenance from the ticklish and sensual distress of their prey for which reason these plants take their time enjoying their cute, perky, energetic little captives.



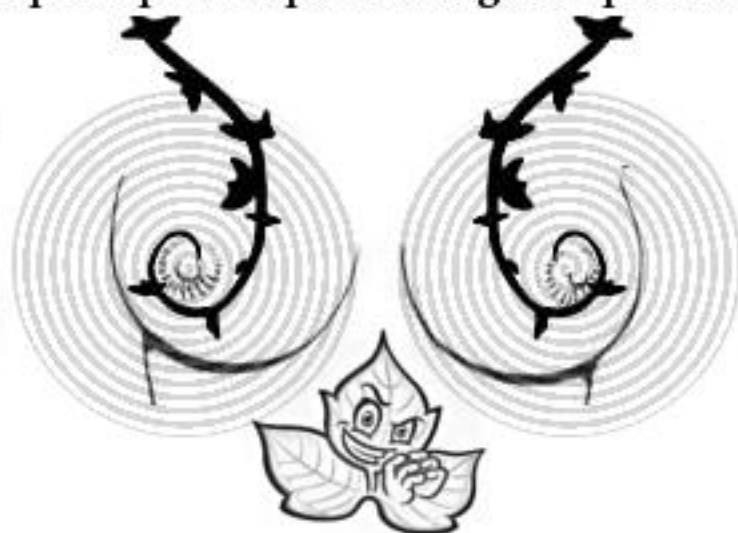


And vision, oh yes, I had noticed the pertness of Suzie's properly bauble-like breasts, petite but perfectly perky under her little white sports-bra and I drew her right arm up and lashed her wrist to the left, crossed over the ponytail and cinched her in a taut, back-bending arch whilst underneath her shirt a tendril with a thorn snipped her sports-bra with sharp, stinging "snap" pulling it off and disposing of it to leave her torso utterly exposed and vulnerable and I then beheld her teen-toned titties through her tee as the greenhouse misting system turned on and a fine cloud of moisture descended to gently soak her shirt.

And Suzie squirmed so scrumpitiously as she caught her breath in laboring lungs and considering fearfully what lascivious lechery I would inflict upon next upon her innocence. And with her every cute tug and twist I pulled her ever more taut 'til her tight teen body was *most* emphatically *immobilized*.

Creeping down slowly through the leaves above, a bulb began to lazily spin round as it came closer to Suzie, and closer, turning as it *swelled*, and Suzie strained in futility against my binding vines to evade it, but there was no getting away and I pulled her ponytail harder, forcing her head back before the rotating, *throbbing* bud burst silently to expel a cloud of hot pink pollen that fell with the water-mist to cover Suzie's breasts and the hollows of her straining arms, seeping through the wet cotton to ooze into the pores of her young skin. And as the opened bud now unfurled a lovely hot pink flower just like the one that lured her into my little patch in the garden, the pink pollen pervading her pores began to itch.

Oh, did it *itch*.





It itched all across the smooth hollows of her underarms, even as the water rivulets began to tickle her as they ran down the slopes of her ticklish, vulnerable hollows. Yes, a *devilish* harmony between the drip-drop from the leaves overhead pitter-pattering into her young tickle-pits and the *maddening* itching of the pollen accumulating there - a nails-on-the-chalkboard tickle-itching not unlike the torment of my earlier wiggling beneath her arm...

Oh, yes, my ticklish lil' Suzie...

It itched about the compressed, young contours of her breasts so that she pulled hard with her wrists against the binding vines that held them to the base of her ponytail...

Oh, but my sexy lil' Suzie's got an itch that she just can't scratch...stepped too many times in the snatch-me-patch....

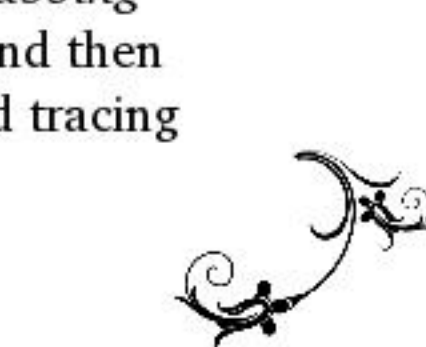
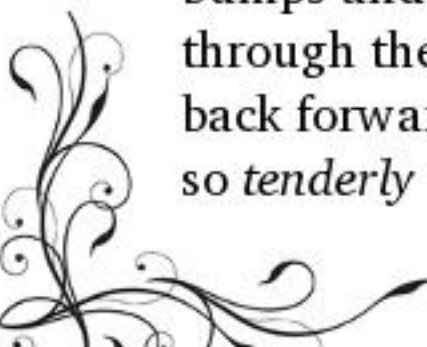
It itched about her nipples, erect against the wet cotton and with each breath, the cotton of her t-shirt moved across them and made the itching *maddeningly* worse.

Yes, yes, *yesss*, my helpless lil' Suzie...slow-itch...gets much worse with every twitch...

And now Suzie's eyes burned with anger. Oh, they were *red-hot* with rage. *Furious*, they were.

So *adorable* when she's angry, but I'm a firm believer that nothing turns a frown upside down like....

...running the tendril between her legs all the way back, so very slowly, a bumpy tendril at that, yes, riddled with lovely bumps and wrinkles, *sliding* along her little pussy, *rubbing* through the clean cotton of her panties as it went, and then back forward again, the tip of the tendril poking and tracing so *tenderly* across Suzie's taut tummy...



And cute little Suzie couldn't stand it *one bit*. What a little *blusher*, she was. Oh, but it gave her the kind of sensations she wasn't prepared to hide at all. Which made it so *deliciously* arousing to do it. (And I could do it for a good - *lonnggg* - time. So I did.)

As the very itchy Suzie suffered *sweetly* in her undies, I slipped off her right sneaker and began to tendril-tickle her right little footsie, which forced the most girlishly gleeful giggles that made Suzie's nipples itch and itch as her nipples rubbed against the pollen-soaked cotton with every cute convulsion rippling across her torso as the tickling commanded her lungs to ante up the air for girlish gigglings and it seemed there was only one thing to do...

Trace her *adorable* little nipples through the cotton with the daintiest of tendril-tips, round and round and round and round. And lil' itchy-Suzie suffered helplessly in the clutches of my tendrils as I performed a true tickle-*torture* that was as sexy as could be. I was careful, so that she might appreciate my talents with focused concentration, to adore my little plaything with affections in a strictly alternating arrangement - only one tickle at a time - *this* footsie, nipples, and *that* footsie, nipples, and this footsie, nipples, and *that* footsie, nipples...except for my molestation of her little joy button with the panty-rubbing vine - I kept that one going slow and sexy for the whole damn time.

I played and played with Suzie for several days. It takes a bit of time to cum when you're being petted with the patience of a predatory plant, but I found every last one of Suzie's 101 orgasms. And I had so much fun coaxing each one of them out against her will.

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Then today, Ms. Strumpfenfitz cleaned out the mulch about the path and took away the sneakers and the cut-offs and t-shirt, putting them a bag throwing them out with the trash. (I kept the panties - sweet little memento, you know.) And after lunch, she introduced a rather skeptical young thing, quite resembling the little hottie I'd pointed out during the balance beam event of Big Ten NCAA meet just yesterday, but she wore her hair down in a bob today, unlike the cute little ballerina-bun from the meet, wearing blue jeans over a *tight* black leotard top and sported a pair of *adorable* little black ballerina-style flats over dark nylon pantyhose.

Ms. Strumpfenfitz set down a chair for her on the path before me, where this little dark-blond petite perched herself with a sketchpad.

"Now, Gina, he absolutely *adores* girls like you," said Mz.Strumpfenfitz, "he was nearly blushing when he saw you on beam. I can't wait to see what kind of blossoms he shows you."

Gina was the a fine-featured, delicate little thing, with innocent Mediterranean youthfulness and an almost elfin, bright-eyed nymphish aesthetic. And as she sat, she dangled her flat from her cute little stockinged footsie. And as she admired my blossoms, I thought patiently on this little morsel and how I might *play with her* if only she would come closer.

Yes, *closer*.

fig 2. grasper-tickler tendril

Madame
Strumpfenfitz's
Perky-Pixie Plant Food

fig 1. stimulator tendrils

fig 3. precision-tickler tendril

FOR SLOW-FEEDING
PREDATORY
TICKLER-PLANTS



Closer, little Gina, *closer*, I thought. Oh, yes, what thoughts...

Gina did whet my appetite, she did.

Gina-gymnast, jumpin' bean...sexy little stocking-teen...tickle-tickle, twist-n-turn, I'll make your little skittle *yearn*...

But where the mulch floor of my space was a thicket of tendrils and leaves and creeping vines and such, where preparation of a pixie-pilferage was a simple scheme, the path was a neatly swept, nearly sterile strip of dark-gray concrete and I could achieve no snare or trap there at all for my tendrils and vines would be seen slithering and sliding and snaking, they would, and cute little Gina would see them and get away, yes, get *away*. And, oh, goodness-me, what fun would *that* be?

Mmmm, but Gina was certainly my type, as they say.

And sexy-cute Gina the gymnast teen sat before me, tempting me, dangling her little ballerina flat, sketching my pretty flowers as my trunk-stem slowly throbbed.

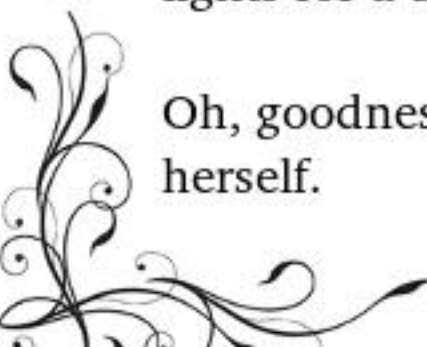
Yes, *throbbed*. Throbbed and *ached*.

"You know, Gina," called Ms. Strumpfenfitz from the doorway, "his flowers glow at night[footnote:2]."

"Oh, I bet that's neat," said Gina.

"Such brilliant colors! Oh, you'll be *tickled-to-death*, Gina. I know you're sketching now, but you really would be missing out on a very *special* surprise," said Ms. Strumpfenfitz, "It's absolutely *captivating*. Would you like me to turn down the lights for a bit so you can see?"

Oh, goodness, but Ms. Strumpfenfitz has really outdone herself.





Notes



1. Sears, S. Sampling uncataloged zoophilic angiosperm natives north Enewetak. Athens (GA): University of Georgia Press; 1999.
2. Bruce, G. Gargalesparthenes inhabiting nuclear atolls. Lincoln (NE): University of Nebraska Press; 2002.



Special thanks to women's sports in the American collegiate system and to women's gymnastics in particular for providing the most delectable inspiration for such despicably-delicious lechery as told herein.

Coochie-coochie-coo.

