

Mini Story: Way to Plant, Ann! (Plant-Girl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Alan is an ordinary hiker enjoying a stroll in nature. Unfortunately for him, a gorgeous dryad notices his strong connection to the environment, and decides that he would be the perfect human to transform into an attractive plant woman in order to help nature remain strong.

Way to Plant, Ann!

It was another beautiful day out in nature for Alan. He was only in his early thirties, but he still felt like he had seen so little of the world, and wanted to see yet more. Ever since he was young, Alan had been obsessed with nature, and as he had grown, he had gone to increasing lengths to become close to it, to feel like he was one with it. This initially translated into long walks and local hikes, but these days he travelled across the country, seeking out the most distant trails in various protected national parks, doing his best to appreciate the wonders of the environment while off the beaten track.

Such was the case now, as he hiked across a long forgotten trail through thick forest and splendid views. As he took a drink, he gazed longingly at the horizon, saddened to see the loss of old growth forest there; even out in the sticks, one couldn't get away from logging companies or the evidence of man's tampering.

"If only there was some kind of power strong enough to kick them out and keep this place in pristine beauty," he said to himself.

Alan had no way of knowing it, but his words carried upon the wind all the way to a spirit of the first, a dryad who kept her residence in an immense tree near the centre of the forest. She slipped out from the tree, literally disentangling from its wood as if phasing out from it, and tried to sense the location of the mortal who had said those words. This dryad, whose name was Kaleris, was fascinated to find a like soul. After years of waiting, the beautiful woman of the forest, with her skin like bark and her hair like leaves, had found what she'd been patiently spending her years looking for: a mortal who could help restore the forest and maintain its natural beauty.

She crept up to Alan several hours later. He was still making his way up the trail, but out of the corner of his eye he saw movement.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" he asked. He readied himself, in case it was a bear and he needed to run, but instead a beautiful naked woman appeared from behind a tree, one with bark-like skin - albeit incredibly smooth - and tree leaves for hair.

"Oh my God," he muttered.

“Not God,” the woman replied in an ethereal voice. “I am Kaleris. I am a dryad of this forest, its caretaker. I heard your voice, young mortal man. Is it true that you would wish for a power to keep this forest preserved and pristine?”

Alan was still taken back by the appearance of this strange being, and yet it did not surprise him as much as it should have; he had always viewed nature as deeply magical, in a way. Besides, his response was automatic:

“Of course,” he said. “I wish that I could have some way to help this place.”

The dryad nodded sagely. “In that case, all you need to do is consume this bud I offer you, and you will be given a connection to nature far deeper than any mortal could possibly know. In doing so, you will be gifted with the power to save this forest.”

She held out a little bud, a collection of green seeds in her smooth wooden hand. Hesitant at first, Alan gathered his confidence. Clearly, nature had chosen him to be its defender. He took the bud, and swallowed it whole.

“Good,” the dryad said. “Follow me and find the right place.”

He did so, wondering what this power and connection would be. She took him on a great walk up the bank, far away from the track, until they reached an impressive glade with a calm stream and healthy grass. Alan paused, frowning.

“This . . . I don’t understand it. But this feels right.”

“Excellent choice,” Kaleris said. “You truly are the one, Alan. But that shall be your name no longer. I believe that a close female equivalent would be Ann, yes?”

Alan cocked one eyebrow in confusion. “Um, I suppose so. Why do you say that?”

The dryad smiled. “Because you are about to plant, Ann.”

But then it happened, faster than Alan could act. His toes suddenly extended, shooting into the ground digging deep, dividing into numerous roots that began to drink up the nutrients and water in the soil. More tendrils sprouted from his feet, and soon he was literally rooted to the spot, taking in what he needed from the dirt below.

“What the -!? What’s happening to me?”

“Just what you wished for; a connection to nature and power to keep this place sacred.”

Alan groaned as the changes made its way up his legs. They combined together, fusing into a single, somewhat bendable trunk, like it was a single limb made of floral life. His shorts ripped away and fell away, and his genitals pulled back into his body as his legs turned green, like that of a plant. This change cascaded up his skin rapidly until he was entirely green, even his arms and hands, which rapidly slimmed down to take on feminine, dainty proportions.

“Oh G-God! It f-feels so strange! Why is my voice going higher!?”

"I told you," the dryad said, even as Alan's face began to shift and change, taking on a feminine appearance, his hair sprouting gorgeous flowers as it extended down his back. "A female version of Alan is Ann. Only a womanly presence can restore *mother nature*."

Alan realised then that he'd gotten in way over his head, but there was no stopping it: his chest bloomed - literally! - growing two large breasts that bounced and jiggled with his movements. His waist pulled in taut, while his hips flared at the top of his root-like lower half. Small flowers of vibrant colours sprouted around it, and the same was true down his back, while large petals extended outward from the bottom of his more humanoid hips. A female opening parted between them, a literal *feminine flower*, and it made him moan with ecstasy.

Made *her* moan with ecstasy. Her mind sprouted like a plant's, emerging from the seed of manhood to become fully female, as was appropriate for her incredibly voluptuous shape. The bliss reached its highest point, and the now-beautiful plant-girl erupted into a sweet song of purest pleasure.

And with this delirious series of sensations, came a connection. Alan - now *Ann* - felt her roots extend further into the ground, linking up with the vast network of trees and plants and ecosystems all around her, extending well beyond the horizon. She was rooted to the spot, now a gorgeous but immobile plantgirl, and yet she could see in ways she could never imagine, feel things far distant from herself, and grow - *grow!* - plants and trees. She urged them to erupt around a logging yard, knocking over machinery and causing tens of thousands of dollars in damage, making the tracks to this region utterly impassable. She bloomed hundreds of flowers in the fields surrounding herself, and extended vines near walking paths where litterers and polluters often travellers. The new woman-plant sighed in relief as she brought this place to pristine condition, untouched by man, and open only to those who would visit in good faith, loving nature as she did.

"Wow," she said, exhaling deeply. "I feel so in touch with it all."

"Just as you wished," the dryad said. "And now I must go."

"You'll leave me here, all alone?"

"Not at all, my beautiful plant. You have all the forest to keep you company. You must continually protect and preserve it, allowing fire to spread when necessary, as is nature's cycle, but also preventing excess damage, so that it may always regrow. The creatures of the forest and birds of the sky are also yours, and in time you may even learn to commune with them, as I do. You will find them welcome friends, particularly if you ever wish to consume wildberries and honey, which you still have the power to do. But all you will ever truly need is sunlight and water, and the land will provide. I promise you, Ann, you have never known pleasure until rain falls upon your skin, which shall drink it up."

Ann shivered just at the thought of it.

"And, if there is ever a handsome male hiker who sees the world as you do, well . . ."

Despite her greenness, Ann blushed.

“You don’t mean?”

The dryad grinned, beginning to walk away. “I do indeed. Something to think about; I have often enjoyed such relations, and now you can too.”

Ann imagined it, and to her own surprised, the notion seemed quite tempting indeed in her new form. It seemed she had planted herself well.

The End