

Mushroom Queen

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

“...I think it’s edible.” Andrew poked the mushroom lightly with the tip of his fingernail, making a small impression in the spongy body of the fungus. It sprung back as soon as he removed his finger. It was big, about as tall as his hand. It had a large cap, that started at a point and drooped slowly down. The stalk was thick enough that he’d only just be able to wrap his fingers around it. It didn’t look like any of the mushrooms in his guidebook of local fungi, but... it didn’t look like any of the *poisonous* mushrooms his guidebook warned him of, either. “You go setup a campfire.”

His girlfriend, Micca, sighed. “First of all, there is no way that’s edible. Second. Why do I have to do the campfire?”

“Because I’m going to be looking for more like this,” he told her. “And I’m going to be the poison tester, too. If I don’t die, we’ll know it’s safe for you to have some.” He puffed up his chest as he spoke, proud that he was taking the role of caretaker so seriously.

“...You know. We wouldn’t have to eat random mushrooms if you had taken some food out of the car, instead of that useless book. Or if you had a spare tire. Or if you hadn’t gotten us lost, while trying to find a ranger for help... all because you insisted the car could handle going off the path...”

He deflated, letting out breath in a defeated sigh. “Do you have to rub every failure in my face?”

“Just the ones that might get us killed,” she responded. “My sister might have the right idea about dating women... men are nothing but trouble.” She sighed. “...Do you really think it’s edible?”

Neither of them had eaten anything in almost a day. It was getting late, and they weren’t entirely sure how to get back to the car where the food was stored. They might really die, alone in the woods, if they couldn’t find a ranger or at least another campsite.

“I think we’re going to find out.” He gestured to the left. They’d found a clearing, there, where the trees had been reduced to stumps. “Go make a fire. I’ll pick this, and look for some other mushrooms like it.”

“Fine...” she sighed, walking off to leave him to the mushroom.

He waited until he was gone, before furiously checking the book again. He didn’t want to admit how nervous he was about potentially poisoning himself, but it was true they needed food. If only he could find something in the book, he thought, but there was nothing there. It didn’t list it under edibles, it didn’t list it under poisonous. Maybe that meant it just wasn’t native? Well, he doubted anyone would transport a poisonous mushroom to a new area, so maybe that meant it was

okay? At the very least, no one had thought to mark it in his book as something to watch out for.

Well, he supposed it was fine if he used himself as an experiment. They definitely needed to eat, and he hadn't seen any of the mushrooms his book actually listed. Sighing, Andrew reached down to grip the stalk of the mushroom, and began to pull. The spongy material stretched in his hand, the ground bulging underneath it. For a moment, the man thought it wasn't going to budge. He was close to giving up when it suddenly released its hold on the ground, thread like mycelium roots slipping free from the earth alongside the mushroom. He sighed in relief at getting it free, and grabbed the mycelium to pull it off the mushroom. It was still full of dirt, and he didn't need it in his meal.

Much to his surprise, the white threads grabbed back. They wrapped around his hands, the threads prodding at his flesh for a moment before drawing back and then striking out. It was like being struck with a hundred little needles, each of them piercing the skin of his hand, sliding into his body. He tried to yell out in surprise but his own hand jerked upward, shoving the body of the mushroom into his mouth.

Unable to pull the mushroom away, unable to speak, Andrew's eyes widened in horror as the mushroom cap exploded into more of the ropey fungus

roots, digging into his throat, shooting through his body. He could feel it, slowly working its way through his stomach, spreading itself through his system. It should have hurt. He was aware he should have been doubled over in pain. However, he felt only a dull tingling sensation, as if his nerves had simply fallen asleep. He was able to watch, fully conscious, as the white thread-like roots sprouted from his skin, overtaking the black body hair that had spread across his arms and legs thus far.

Slowly, new spongy flesh began to grow over the mycelium, overtaking his. As Andrew watched, soft and smooth skin grew over his own legs, a second coating of skin that completely covered the flesh that had come before. This skin was smooth, hairless, and soft. Without even touching it, he knew that it would have the same spongy quality as the mushroom he had indented with his fingernail before.

This flesh grew over his legs, thickening around the thighs. It expanded upon his ass, pushing out against the jean shorts he wore and causing the fabric to tighten uncomfortably around his waist. His fingers moved without his control, unbuttoning the jean shorts and hooking his fingers into his black boxers. Andrew tugged them down, allowing his fat ass to finish expanding in the cold air. One

hand slid back to slowly caress the growing butt, spanking it and letting it jiggle for a moment.

The other hand moved over to Andrew's cock, which was slowly getting encompassed in white threads. His lips pulled into an unwilling smile as his penis was drawn inward, his cock and balls forced into a central mass of dead nerves as new flesh started to grow over it. His fingers, outside his control, slowly prodded the new slit, pushing into wet and moist flesh that sent a surprising wave of pleasure through him. He could feel this new skin far better than his old form.

Andrew didn't fight it as his tee shirt was pulled off. New flesh was already gathering around his arms, slender and toned. His stomach was completely encompassed with a soft layer of mushroom fat, and his neck had been completely encompassed. There were only two areas left, now. His head and his breasts.

As his shirt came off, he could see the white threads spurting like milk from his nipples, new flesh gathering into hefty mounds. His fingers raised up to lift the spongy material, gently massaging the skin as new pink nipples formed into thick and needy peaks. When he pinched them, his back arched and a soft feminine moan escaped his lips. If this was the final sensation that he'd ever feel, then perhaps it wasn't the worst one.

He closed his eyes as the flesh of the mushroom consumed his head.

Altering his face to be soft, round and feminine. Altering Squirming over his eyes, and mouth, leaving behind full lips and golden brown irises. His lashes grew out, along with his hair. Both were thread like, and a pure white.

Drew's eyes opened to the forest, transformation complete. She felt... good. She felt content, and happy, and warm in her body. The hunger she had felt as a human male had disappeared entirely, replaced with a new sort of hunger. Her fingers drifted to her sex, gently pressing at the cleft, feeling the warm drippings of lust that awaited her there.

Her own fingers wouldn't be enough to satisfy her there, however. She wanted something more. Something wet and warm. Another of her kind. Another woman of her kind, to lick and play with her... and thankfully, she knew how to make one. Even better, she knew of someone feeling the same hungers she had been feeling, as a human male. As well as anger and despair. She would remake them. She would reform them.

Turning to the left, she found a clearing. A collection of loose wood had been gathered on the floor, and the woman was desperately trying to get her lighter to set it ablaze. "Hopeless..." Drew murmured, after watching for a moment. She felt affection for this one. Love, even. It was a remnant of her time as a human, but

Drew knew better than to discard it. After all, she was a blend of mushroom and humanity. She could not throw the latter away so easily.

Micca for her part, looked up. She had a look of shock on her face, as she stumbled backward and fell onto her bottom. A small smile crossed Drew's face. "Who are you?"

"Drew..." The mushroom girl whispered. "I have taken the name Drew." She stepped forward, smiling gently to try and alleviate the look of fear on poor Micca's face. She only looked more terrified as Drew stepped forward, and the mushroom girl felt. Sad. "Do not be afraid," she whispered, as her hair started to move forward, growing out. The white threads gripped her by the arm, digging into the earth. Pinning her to the ground. With a slice of her hand, Drew cut the threads from her own hair, leaving her with waist length threads again, while Micca desperately tried to pull her hand from the ground.

Even detached, the mycelium hair continued to obey the will of its owner. It slowly dug through the earth, keeping the arm pinned to the floor, and then sprouted again from the other side to catch Micca's other arm unaware. It tugged her to the earth as Drew stepped forward, pinning her hands to the ground.

"Stay still..." Drew whispered, licking her lips. "You will feel better soon."

“As if I’d listen to that!” The poor girl tried to get her feet under her, but more threads gripped her thighs and legs, pulling them apart until she was spread eagle on the ground. “How the fuck are you doing this!?”

Drew only smiled, leaning down to push Micca’s shirt up a little. Not enough to expose those pert breasts, but enough to reveal the flat stomach. She placed her hand on it, letting threads from her own body penetrate Micca’s flesh, and separate. Within moments, new skin was growing over old, a thick layer of mushroom fruit to cover her belly and spread between her legs. She whimpered, and pulled, but it was to no avail.

Soon she would be a white haired beauty. Soon she would be a mushroom love. Soon, she would have no need of food except what the earth’s nutrients could provide. Soon, she would be better.

“Please...” She whispered, as the mushroom flesh consumed her breasts, growing them from pert little bites to soft squishy melons. “Let me go...”

“Why?” Drew asked, as the mushroom flesh began to grow over her head, threading itself through her hair. “You’ll be better soon.”

She whimpered. Struggled. Pulled. Then went quiet, closing her eyes. She looked like she was embracing death, but a moment later her eyes curiously opened, staring at Drew. “I feel... good?”

She pulled her arm, experimentally, and the mycelium holding her receded at Drew's command. "Come to me," Drew whispered, and the new mushroom girl pulled her legs and arms free.

She crawled forward, tongue hanging out, eyes wide as she looked at her girlfriend. Her mistress. Her tongue darted out, tasting between Drew's lower lips, licking at her core. Feeling the tightness, the need of her body.

She wanted to alleviate it. She wanted to make this woman feel good. So she licked. Her tongue darting out, as Drew ran her fingers through the woman's long hair, of black mixed with white. She was a lesser mushroom. A girl created by the mushroom queen.

That would be enough for her. They would be absolutely fine in the woods, from now on.