Warm, humid, rainy, wet, buggy, green, green, green. There were really no words that could describe the feeling of being trapped, wandering aimlessly in the rainforest for months on end, forgotten by society as a whole.

The trouble had all started the moment she lost sight of the Jurua river, a large tributary of the Amazon, The expedition wasn’t supposed to have lasted this long, not anywhere near this long. She was supposed to have returned two months ago, a mere four months after touching down in Caruari, but apparently fate had one twisted sense of humor.

Michelle was never cut out to be an explorer; she was a doctor, a research physician at that, she had never expected herself to have become so lost so many miles from civilization. Things had started out well enough; she was down there as part of a research team, a dedicated corps of doctors and scientists attempting to find answers to some of today’s greatest medical problems in the heart of the Amazon rainforest.

The first week had been amazing; she had been whisked away from a freezing Maryland winter right into the heart of the Amazon, to a makeshift base camp in the small town of Caruari, by the bank of the Jurua. Some of the other researchers had been there for months already, and were making progress in determining the medicinal properties of some of the local herbs and medicines. She had felt so at home in the lab, and after only one week her fellow scientists had started to feel like old friends.

That all changed one particular Monday night; she had drawn the short straw so to speak, and was sent out to go canvass the local tribes on the opposite bank of the river. She would be going practically alone, with only a local guide to protect her from the terrors of the jungle.

Crossing the river in the middle of the night wasn’t the most pleasant of affairs; they had ended up far from their designated landing spot, and had found themselves beached in front of a veritable wall of trees that stretched up as far as the eye could see. They were going to make camp for the night and set off in the morning, visiting a selection of local villages and interrogating their local healers about their methods, then returned the next morning. At least, that’s how it was supposed to have happened.

“Correr! Correr!” Michelle was roused from her sleep to the sound of her guide screaming and brandishing a torch, pointing towards the jungle. She could hear a growling noise coming from somewhere nearby.

“Correr!” She didn’t speak Portuguese, but she figured that it had to mean ‘run’ and run she did, she heard the sound of her guide screaming once more as something bared down on him, but she couldn’t see anything, all she could do was run blindly into the canopy.

She ran, and she ran, and she ran, and by the time she stopped running it was daylight, the light taking on a green tinge from the filter of the canopy above. She leaned against a tree to catch her breath. All she could see around her was green, green, green.

Michelle was brought back from her recollection by the sound of something buzzing around her head, she swatted in the general area and the buzzing ceased, meaning that either she had killed the thing or it had found something else to pick on, which would probably pick on her in turn.

She sat down for a moment against the trunk of a nearby tree, pulling out a piece of dried snake meat from a tree snake she had killed the day before. She took a bite of it, it tasted like ridiculously dry trout mixed with chicken, but when you’re starving you can settle for a bit less.

She was still wearing the same thing she had been when she ran on that first night, a blue button down shirt that was now torn and missing several buttons, she had discarded her bra awhile ago after the hooks had become rusty and rather painful. Her pants were a set of long khakis, and she was eternally grateful that she had brought along a pair of hiking boots instead of the flip flops she had initially considered.

She took another bite of the snake. Her hair was long and golden blonde, although it was now matted, filthy and overgrown from the months gone by without showering or brushing it. Her eyes were large and blue, and her pale face had a sort of supple quality to it. Her breasts had shrunk since she had started her unintended odyssey, when she had left home they were somewhere in the large D cup range, but now looked like they could barely fill a C, and her rear end had suffered in kind, losing much of its mass to her recent near starvation.

Michelle finished up the snake and stood up again, she took a long swig from her canteen that she had, thankfully, strapped to her belt when she left the research camp. She had been wandering like this for quite awhile now, ever since the end of the rainy season a few months back she had been faced with everything from starvation to dehydration to nearly losing a hand to a crocodile, and until she found someone, anyone, it didn’t look like it was going to come to an end.

She began her trek once again, lumbering off in no direction in particular, originally she had attempted to head west, back to the town, but that endeavor had ended when the rains came, and now she was headed to no particular place in no particular direction, she could be heading in circles for all she knew.

The land in front of her suddenly began to ascend, while the foliage became less and less dense to the point where she could see beyond the sea of green that normally dominated her vision, and what she saw was a long incline into the distance.

Having nothing better to do and nowhere better to go, she continued to walk up the steep trail, the trees soon became much, much more dense, making heading on a bit difficult, but as she neared the end of the incline she could see that there was some kind of a light up ahead, and she was determined to make it through.

After hours of fighting with the trees Michelle reached a sudden break in the tree line, and what she saw took her breath away.

“Oh my god…” She was standing at the edge of a large, circular clearing at least 20 feet in diameter, completely blanketed in golden flowers, at the center of the clearing was a large, golden leaf that rose from the ground at a slight angle, and underneath it was a pool of what looked like fresh water.

Foregoing all caution, Michelle kicked off her shoes and began to walk slowly toward the water. The flowers seemed to move out of her way as she walked, almost as if they were bowing in reverence. She enjoyed that, she enjoyed that quite a bit.

Finally, she arrived at the pool, it was large and circular, probably around the size of the average kiddie pool. She reached down with her hand and cupped some of the golden tinged water into her mouth; it tasted so pure and nice, not at all like the filthy river water around these parts.

She sat by the edge of the pool for a good while, contemplating a crazy notion that had entered into her head the moment she had laid eyes upon the water.

“It’s been awhile since I went swimming…” She knew it was crazy, her scientific mind was screaming at her, telling her that it was stupid and unsafe, that she’d probably get herself killed, but at the same time…

Michelle had made her decision. She stood up and stripped off her shirt, letting her breasts hang down, sad reminders of the monoliths they once were, she reached down and undid her belt, her pants dropped to the floor almost immediately. She sighed, she could remember a day when she had trouble finding pants big enough for her, but now…

“Well, here goes.” She stepped into the water slowly, savoring the feeling of it on her feet, her legs, her stomach, her chest… And then, she was in. She laid her head back, enjoying the feeling of the water, the smell of the air, the meadow smelled so nice, it was like all of the best smells in her life jam packed into one little clearing in the middle of the jungle. And with that, she drifted off to sleep.

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Michelle slowly felt herself returning to consciousness. She didn’t want to open her eyes, not yet, she had slept better than she had in months, years even. Her body felt so relaxed all over, her mind was just so serene, it felt like she was floating.

She moved her arm a bit. She felt the liquid shift around her; she took a moment to wonder why it felt so heavy. On the other hand, she didn’t really mind, she was just so… Mellow. She wiggled the toes on her left foot, still there, still submersed in liquid.

She opened her eyes one at a time, relishing the feeling. Everything was tinged yellow, she could clearly see that she was submerged in some kind of large, yellow, liquid filled sack. But she was breathing, that was something at least.

“Fluorocarbons” She started to turn her head a bit, exploring her new aqueous home. The walls were a very deep, bright yellow. The sack was somewhere around 20 feet in diameter and 40 or 50 feet deep, around the same size as the meadow above.

“I must be stuck in some kind of pitcher plant” of course, that left many unanswered questions, mainly regarding the fact that she wasn’t digested, was breathing, and that pitcher plants don’t get anywhere near that large.

“Well Michelle, we should probably find some way out of…” She was momentarily distracted by her body. She reached both hands up and felt her breasts which, just moments ago, had been shadows of their former greatness. They were now larger, much larger, maybe even as large as they were before she had started the whole damn thing.

“Nope, much bigger than that,” she looked down again, they were definitely larger than they had ever been before, at least the size of basketballs, capped with areola roughly three inches in diameter and complete with a pair thumb sized nipples.

“And how about the caboose?” She reached down and groped herself playfully, giggling when she felt a layer of fat that definitely hadn’t been there before. She turned around and grinned widely when she found her ass to be comparable to her breasts in sheer magnitude; her legs seemed proportionately longer in fact.

She squeezed them together and pulled them apart, hypnotized by the motion of her assets, she pulled everything back around and splayed her legs out spread eagled in front of her, revealing thigh sthat would make Sir Mix-a-Lot proud.



Her hair was clean as well for the first time in ages, not only was it clean but it was neater, falling down to the middle of her back with all the former muck and grime removed from it.

She slowly began her ascent to the surface, relishing every glimpse she got of her now beautifully toned hourglass shaped body. She loved the feeling of her long, powerful legs propelling her to the surface. She felt renewed, invigorated, and downright sexy

Michelle felt her way to the top of the plant. Just as she was about to touch it, it opened, and in fell what looked like an idol of a local tribe. She reached down and lifted up the idol, which felt oddly light, although it had to made of some kind of dense, heavy wood.

“I wonder if I could use this as a dildo… Naah” She tossed the idol aside and began to make her ascent. She reached one arm out of the hole, then another, and discovered even more liquid on the other side. She kicked a final time, and squeezed her way through the hole, her voluptuous ass barely making it through the hole.

She began swimming her way to the surface, she could hear voices from up above, they seemed to be chanting rhythmically, singing almost. She could hear the patter of droplets on the water’s surface. It normally didn’t rain that hard during the dry season, unless…

Michelle froze mid kick. If it was the rainy season, then she had been asleep for at least… six months? Nine at the most? This. Was. Not. Good. However, she made the decision that whatever had happened had happened, and that she probably wasn’t going to have used that time for anything better in the first place.

She kicked and pushed her way to the top, retaining her composure as she began to emerge onto the surface world. She reached one arm up out of the water. She felt the cool air and the patter of raindrops. Another hand out, she put both her elbows on the ground, her head crowning the surface of the water as she pushed herself up.

In front of her, obscure by rain, were at least twenty people, maybe more, bowed over with their eyes closed, chanting something in a language she couldn’t begin to comprehend.

“Meh, might as well put on a show for ‘em” Michelle made herself unknown yet again, then waited for the chanting to stop. It lasted for quite awhile, she lost track of the time, she was too busy exploring her new-old body. She was enjoying the feel of every single crevasse, from her now overly gratuitous cleavage, to her titanic rear end, she had it all.

She was about to give in to her primal urges, when suddenly the rain above her stopped. The chanting followed in due course. It was time for her grand entrance.

She started by poking her head out. The man in front, who seemed to be in charge of the whole thing, was brandishing a staff of some kind and speaking in a voice that was vaguely reminiscent of preachers back home.

She started by reaching up with one arm and placing her hand on the edge. The rest of the arm followed suit, followed by her other arm, then she began the process of lifting herself to land in a manner as slow and dramatic as possible.

She flipped her hair back when her head broke the surface, which were quickly followed by her rather monumental breasts which jiggled and glistened in the air, spraying droplets of water everywhere. She shook herself, letting her hair fall and her breasts shake free; she moved one leg up, using it to bring her massive lower body up.

The people watching were already in shock of her, and the emergence of her divine behind only seemed to exacerbate the situation. She brought her whole body forward into the light and stood erect, feeling like an absolute goddess; she had a crooked grin on her face and a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

The people practically fell over themselves bowing to her, she could definitely get used to this.

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Michelle had figured it out now, she was their goddess, and they were her servants…. I’ll write it later.

She screamed and moaned