



REVOLUTION IN FLORAL APOTHEOSIS

*An Erotic Story By
Clara Emiliana*

The page is framed by a decorative border of white flowers and leaves on a dark grey background. The flowers are stylized with multiple petals and detailed centers. The leaves are elongated and pointed. The border is continuous and wraps around the central text area.

FOREWORD

I originally wrote this story with the intent of submitting it to a erotic horror anthology. It didn't make it in but despite that I still felt really personally drawn to what I had written here. Despite having to fuss over word counts and constant revisions and so on I still wanted to write something that would be exciting for me, not just in the sexual department but also in the setting, culture and characters as well. I come from the Caribbean (Dominican Rep.) so the constant clashing between my culture and my transness has always been the background radiation of my life.

My goal here was to write a fun erotic romp into what it would be like to be accepted by the (fictionalized versions of) indigenous gods of the culture I keep clashing with. Magual isn't real, but the constant clash between culture and queerness is.



CLARA



Brothers Marcel and Jeremiah Laine, have been touring for just shy of a decade now, selling their trinkets and holy services. “The Brothers of The Divine” is what they call themselves. Standard Televangelist gritters who visit gullible small towns to spread the good word deliver us savages from sin. Where The Brothers Of The Divine are different however, is that their brand isn't based on Christianity. They realized that selling the supposedly holy objects of the gods of forgotten or unknown cultures is an untapped market that plenty of others have neglected. That's why these are here in Pelun, a Caribbean nation no one has ever heard of and birthplace of the Magual religion. They want to proselytize to us, The poor





huddled indigenous masses yearning to be torn from our cash in exchange for cheap trinkets with our religion's name on it.

Today, their sermon is held in my town's amphitheater. It starts with their usual introductions followed by them peddling their new products, cheap trinkets based on our gods: A wooden comb belonging to Florentina, Goddess of Flora and Fauna; A ceremonial Dagger belonging to Xelemisa, God of Rain and mist; Oh, and who could forget the toothbrush of Ser'lito, God of cleansing. I really thought my fellow Pelunians would wise up when I saw the brothers advertising the toothbrush but sure enough people like my parents opened their hearts, their wallets, and then their mouths to receive the mythical toothbrush of the gods.

"Now, there is a skeptic in the audience who challenged us." The Laines finally acknowledge me after all the preamble. My body's nervous rise from my seat is met with shocked gasps from the audience. My parents, long time fans of the Laines, know my plan to challenge the Laines. They vehemently disagree, but they wouldn't share this with the neighbors. It's not the usual gossip they can laugh or commiserate with them about.

I take my place next to Marcel Laine on stage. He's holding the microphone. I can see a sea of Pelunian faces staring back at me. Yesterday, I was one of their neighbors just like any other: dutiful follower of Magual, responsible neighbor, upholding all the





traditions. Now, I may as well be a green-skinned monster, sneered and looked down upon. All because my gender doesn't fit. A round peg in a square shaped world. I only took what feels like an inch, but despite my fear and nerves I'm here on stage to claim my rightfully earned mile.

"My name is Manuel. And these men are charlatans." the amphitheater falls quiet. My parents' disappointed faces may as well be a light piercing though pitch darkness. I point behind me at the poorly covered cave opposite the crowd. It's cute that the Laines tried to cover it with a structure that looks a bit like an outdoor curtain. It's obvious to any Pelunian that the amphitheater was built with the stage pointing to Florentina's cave. "I'm going into Florentina's cave. I'm bringing her out here to tell all of you just how credible she thinks these men really are!"

No one in the audience stirred. A shared pregnant pause finally broken by Marcel, "Well! Those are some strong words!" Jeremiah grabs my thin arm and squeezes it, trying to feel my bicep muscles. "For a man dressed in his Te'llon!" Laughter. The painful sounds of ridicule from my neighbors, prompted by outsiders to our religion. My body wants to shrivel up and die from embarrassment.

The Laines know enough about Magual to know our traditional dress, the Te'llon. A white one piece with an over the shoulder bodice and maxi skirt featuring elaborately embroidered patterns paired with straw sandals. They however don't know enough about me to





know that despite my masculine appearance, this is what is right for me to wear. I wish my community saw this as well.

“Son, Why are you dressed in a Te'llon? Don't you know that's for women? Did you sneak into your mom's closet when she wasn't looking?” Marcel asks derisively.
More Laughter

“Why are you here in an expensive suit, flaunting your wealth?” I shoot back, a flash of anger sparks in their eyes for an instant.

Jeremiah turns to the crowd, “Ooh! This lady is feisty!” More laughter. Each round of laughter feels like an eternity. My parents aren't laughing or saying much of anything. Their expressions are a mixture of anger and disappointment. Marcel rests his arm over my shoulder and gets in close to me “So lil lady, How do you plan to bring Florentina out to us? Been practicing your horticulture?” He says condescendingly. The crowd laughs. My confidence reaches its limit. I fight back tears.

Jeremiah joins Marcel in getting close to me. His arm on my other shoulder, “No pressure lass but Florentina doesn't come out for just anyone. But if you bring her here, then I'm sure she'll be able to clear up any misunderstandings.... Like what to wear to her ceremonies!” he concludes, pinching at my Te'llon.

The crowd bursts into deafening laughter. It feels like the sickening howl of a demonic hydra taunting me. I steep in the humiliation of the crowd. The Laine





brothers' touch, the laughter, and my parents' disappointed faces, all wash over me like sewer grime being poured on me by my neighbors.

I bathe in the public's hatred.



At first, I felt trapped inside of the cave. I felt claustrophobic knowing that I didn't want to be in here. Knowing the pretenses under which I placed myself here. I don't really believe that I will find Florentina. I'm not naive. But I'm hoping to be able to leave here faking some pious, holy revelation. Scam the scammers and be rid of the Laine's brand of televangelist bullshit. The more distance I put between myself and everyone else by walking through this damp, dark cave, the more I realized the duality of being here. On one hand, I'm in for a hell of my own making if I can't prove to everyone that I'm some eccentric prophet like the Laines. On the other hand, being here is a small mercy in its own way: for now, I can revel in the temporary distance I've granted between myself and all the humiliation that awaits me. Truthfully, I'm not a big believer in the Magual tradition. But I took all the classes I was supposed to, went to all the ceremonies and did everything everyone asked of me. I was a "good" member of my community. I was nice to everyone, I did what I was supposed to do





and I contributed where I could. But it took me wearing a Te'llon one time for everyone to forget all about those deeds and ridicule me like some outsider. The irony in the Laines being more accepted by followers of Magual than I am, is not lost on me.

I sense my saplings have gone astray.

What was that? I “hear” it in my mind, but I didn't physically hear it come from any particular direction.

They regard you as an outcast, sister. How foolish.

There it is again. It resonates and reverberates in my mind, but I don't see the source of the sound. “Hello... .?” I say out loud, but there is no response. I try to keep walking but my whole body stiffens in place when I hear it again:

You are their kin. I bore you all. Yet they discard those they see as different. Truly foolish!

I freeze. I don't say or do anything. I'm too scared.

There is no need to be afraid, sister. You know who





I am. Whisper my name in your mind.

Florentina...

Precisely. Continue forward, Sister.

Further along the path, I see a small spark of light resembling a distant star. As I approach, the light gets bigger and the source comes into view. I now stand in a cavernous, oval shaped chamber. I've been in this cave plenty of times but I've never seen this. The path is just a linear tunnel. How did I end up here?

Bioluminescent plants are abundant on the edges of the chamber where the “floor” of the cave meets the “walls.” These plants create abundance of light in a variety of cold hues. I feel at ease, despite my lingering confusion. The center of the chamber holds a small pond, also bioluminescent. On top of that body of water rests a large leaf resembling a lily pad, and on top of that is a giant mass of roots that look like a tree in winter, devoid of leaves. The roots seem to come from the ceiling and end at the base of the lily pad. At the base where the roots meet the surface of the Lily pad is the lifeless body of a slender woman. She has green skin reminiscent of a Plant's stem.

Sister. I welcome you to the heart of my domain.





Many of your human-kin claim to have visited me,
none of this era truly have. Every era has had those
such as you, different and mind, soul, and body.
Yours is an era where physicality, above mind and
soul, is said to be the most important to those around
you: Skin color, hair texture, eye color, reproductive
organs....

*You're right. But I have so many questions. I am not a
true follower of Magual and I doubted your existence
and that of the other gods. I simply followed the
motions my community told me to. Are you here to
punish me?*

You honored your family by being a dutiful daughter.
Trusting them despite your mounting doubts.
Further, I am not so capricious as to punish one
mortal for their lack of understanding of the
spiritual realm. Especially when so few of your kin
truly understand it: Even those who proclaim
themselves to be followers of my kin and our
traditions.

Then... were the Laines right? Or my parents?

Ha! No sister... no one is "right." These "Laine
brothers" are charlatans seeking material wealth
just as you have predicted, nothing more. Your sires





mean well, however they are mere saplings being led by the promise of dew, not realizing that this promise comes from other saplings with no means to deliver their promises. Human-kin are saplings: recently birthed and low to the ground, myopic to the grander perspectives this universe has to offer. Their worship is appreciated but unnecessary. My kin, those you regard as “Maḡual ḡods” have different views on human-kin. My perspective is that your kin are to be faithful stewards of Earth. In this endeavor, your kin have failed.

I'm not surprised to hear you say that. Most haven't seen you, Florentina. So why come to me? Because I'm “different?” I find it hard to believe that you would reveal yourself to a deviant like me.

Your mind swells and swirls with the doubts and humiliations your community have inflicted upon you.

You need not worry about the judgments of saplings, for I am here to reassure you, Sister. It is precisely because you are different that your kin have enacted the cruelty of humiliation upon you, despite your efforts to correct their trust in these “Laines.” I seek to rectify this cruelty, with one condition. I am in need of an avatar. I will have you continue your kin's work as stewards of Earth. She is our sister and our home. She must not die.





How will you “rectify this cruelty?”

There is no response. Not with words at least. But the body on the Lilypad comes to life. The slender woman opens her eyes, bright luminescent turquoise orbs that pierces through the darkness. As she stands, I drink in the image of her body. It's perfect. Radiant. Her “hair” consists of long strands of weeping willow leaves that extend through the length of her body. At the top of her head are various pink and purple flowers in full bloom. These flowers are also present on her shoulders and upper arms. Her lips, nipples, Navel and vulva are a similar pink hue to the flowers that adorn her. She is adorned with thorns arranged like modest devil horns on the sides and middle of her forehead. Her chest, above her pale green breasts, and her lower body, on the sides of her hips and legs, are also adorned with thorns. Like most humanoids, she has two legs but where there would be feet are two masses of roots unfurrowing outwardly.

She strides towards me. My heartbeat quickens. I think I'm blushing. She's stunning, I can't take my eyes off of her. I can hear her audibly for the first time, “Sister, I will rectify the cruelty enacted upon you, by sharing my power with you...”

“H-how?” I was so focused on her visage that I almost forgot to respond.

She smiles, “If you are willing, Sister, sup of the godly jelly from whence I have birthed the flora and





fauna your kin have taken for granted.”

My mind races with questions but manage to ask, “H-how do I go about doing that?” She responds with a smile. With a single dainty finger she gestures for me to approach her.

I dip my body into the bioluminescent pond and make my way over to her. With a gentle hand she helps me up to the lily pad, my Te'llon soaked with the glowing water. I'm not particularly sure what's going to happen. She wants to give me power? But I'm not fully sure, how or why? Florentina simply smiles back at me. She places her delicate hands on my shoulders. The thorns on her wrists dig into my skin but it doesn't hurt.

“Sister, worry not. I am not an ill-bargaining devil, nor do I take on slaves. What happens next is something I desire, but it must also be something you desire as well.” I respond to her words with a meek “ok” that struggles to leave my body. With that, her hands gracefully guide me down to my knees. I look up at her feeling like a helpless lamb. Her smile unbroken, she moves forward, with her legs on either side of me radiating warmth. Her two slender legs converge just an inch above my lips. Does she want me to...?

In any other setting this would be cause for concern. But in this scenario: in the cave of our Magual goddess of flora and fauna, with the goddess herself... She is the only person who hasn't laughed at me or





attempted to humiliate me. She affirms me with her title for me, “sister.”

I hesitate for a moment, but I look up at her, anchoring my hands by the broadest part of her thigh just below her butt. “Florentina, you want me to-”

She interrupts, “Yes, sister. if you are willing,” I stare deeply at the lips between her legs. They resemble pink leaves, folded into a familiar yonic shape, with a hood at the crest above slightly covering a pistil. It's similar to those found in flowers, complete with style and stigma at its end.

Burying my face in her leafy folds feels good. As I begin to lick each of these leaves I'm surprised to encounter a sweet taste. I pull back and see a thick white goo similar to honey, slowly spilling from her. Some of it is on my face already. I'm not complaining, it's delicious. It looks like royal jelly. The same stuff bees feed their queen candidates.

“My goddess, is this the godly jelly you mentioned?” I ask, still mesmerized by her stunning form.

She strokes my hair gently and whispers “yes, sister.”

Well... I'd rather not keep my goddess waiting.

I bury my lips into hers as deeply as I can and greedily lap up the syrupy honey. It flows onto my tongue and into my mouth with ease. I drink every





ounce, each with a satisfyingly sweet gulp. I'm running out of breath but don't stop. I can keep going forever and it does feel like an eternal bliss, but I come out for air once the honey stops flowing. I use my hands to wipe the excess of white honey from my mouth and chin and hungrily lick it off my fingers. And when I'm done with my fingers I like off the lily pad's base as well, noticing some trickled down from earlier when I was too trepidatious to do what my goddess told me and sup from where it is all birthed. Florentina looks at me giggling.

I look around. The room's colors are more vibrant than before. The cool hues emanating from the plants by the chamber's perimeter are so much more vibrant and colorful. I'm seeing colors I've never seen before, I'm smelling scents I've never smelled before, and every sensation is enhanced. I do feel a bit of a high coming on but I do believe these new sensations are more than that. The honey has definitely changed me, but I don't know the full extent of it quite just yet.

Florentina kneels in front of me crouching into a squat and tilts my chin up so that my eyes can meet hers. I'm on all fours, I must look like a hungry dog eagerly being fed by her master. She doesn't treat me as such. She takes my lips into hers and slips her slick, glossy tongue into my mouth. My tongue feels about as abrasive as a cat's tongue compared to hers, struggling to keep up with the wriggling dance of her tongue as it makes its way towards the back of my mouth. I can feel myself slowly choking, but I welcome this at her hands.





When she finally pulls away I pant breathlessly, still resembling a dog on all fours. She simply stares back with curious contentment. I manage to whimper “thank you” through a high pitched version of my voice.

As she rises from her crouching position I attempt to rise, but her gentle hand on my chest stops me, “No, sister, stay.” I obey like a good little bitch, frozen in place once again on my knees. I would gladly bark if she told me to. “Thoughts of gratitude swirl in your mind, Sister. But we have not yet finished.” Her light touch compels my body to lie on my back on the base of the lily pad. She ends up straddling atop my hips. Her hands are on my chest but it feels different than before. I have breasts!

They feel soft and round and they squish ever so gently in her warm hands. How can this be? Is this what the jelly has done for me? I run one hand through the contours of my face, chin, nose and forehead. It's all foreign. Smoother, softer and less pronounced than before. There is no longer a lump on my neck. Florentina smiles back. She can read my mind; She knows what my exploration means. She preemptively nods sagely before I can question if any of this is real. It's obvious at this point but I'm still in awe.

“Just as you have dutifully supped of me,” she says, kissing and licking me, each new landscape of my body she discovers, she does so while ripping the treads of my Te'llon. By the time she makes it to her destination my Te'llon lies torn open revealing my





breasts, bellybutton, and genitals for both of us to see. But the genitals weren't what I was expecting. Just below where my now-nonexistent cock once lied, is a freshly birthed vulva similar to hers. The target of exploration. She finally finishes her earlier thought, "I shall reciprocate in kind. After all, Goddess and Avatar both must share of each other's essence." Her face now an inch away from my new cunt.

I can feel her lips and her tongue work their way up my inner thighs. Inch by inch she kisses each bit of flesh around my newly christened folds without yet reaching them. My body grows hotter with eagerness and anticipation as she does. She bestows a few long licks on the skin just a few millimeters away from my folds. My body can't help but let out a pathetic "Please my goddess, please..." her teasing is driving me mad, Until all I can focus on is the sensation of her slick tongue against my shuddering skin.

"I must admit" She begins, ever so lightly caressing her jelly's new creation with her finger, "I do so enjoy this aspect of forging a new avatar." Her finger moves to my Pistil, where a clit would normally go. She caresses it with the same feather-light gentleness. "Please do forgive your goddess' teasing, this union is a rare pleasure for one such as I." she continues, shooting me a devilish grin. I can only respond by fruitlessly attempting to tighten my grip on the lilypad and curling my toes, my pelvis slowly beginning to buck towards her fingers. My body is physiologically begging for more of her.





When she finally wraps her mouth around my lips and her tongue at last begins its work on my leafy cunt, tears well up in my eyes from relief. I try not to melt for the heat of her mouth pressed upon me but my mouth betrays me, letting out a loud satisfied moan. I'm enraptured by her tongue's clever dance around my leafy cunt, slowly working her way up to my delicate pistil. Each stroke of her tongue is met with pulsating waves of ecstasy from my helpless body. How could I resist the wiles of a goddess at work with her own creation, Intimately servicing the engine she brought into this world with all the joy and pleasure she could muster? My mouth is too busy with its moaning melody so my flowing tears are all I can muster at the moment to show Florentina how honored I am for her intervention.

My pelvis begins to buck harder and faster against her tongue, so Florentina holds me down with one firm hand on my pubic area. The other hand she uses to introduce me to a new sensation: She reintroduces her finger to my folds but this time she enters me. I convulse under the hand she's using to hold me down, moaning and screaming with each pump she delivers with her finger. I'm losing my virginity to the plant goddess that made me. The goddess that validates me with her referring to me as "sister," Made me her avatar then proceeds to make me hers, all the while introducing me to sensations I would have no chance of experiencing without her. Her introducing a second finger inside of me is the only thing interrupting these thoughts, making me orgasm in this form for the first





time ever.

She keeps going though. Her once gentle fingers have slowly graduated to quickly pounding me while she slightly curves them upward inside of me. "This is an exquisite expression to behold sister." She says wearing the wicked grin I expected she would have. I must be a drooling, lascivious wreck. But I'm happy anyone could bring me to this point. Let alone my own goddess.

Florentina's other hand stops holding me down and pulls me up until I'm sitting on top of her, legs open, straddling her, my head resting on her shoulders. She continues to finger me without skipping a beat, paying no mind to my pussy drooling its sweet nectar all over her thighs.

Would it be absurd for me to tell you that the second time I came is when she stroked my hair and called me a good girl? Well, that's what happened. I moaned loudly into her ear, desperately communicating my pleasure unto her while I rested against her body feeling like a helpless baby being carried by her mother.

"M-my... My goddess," I manage, panting as a result of her hard work. She leans her head against mine, gently caressing me. "I... You..." My brain is scrambled, I can't think straight. All I can do is nuzzle closer to her and breathlessly whisper a satisfied "Thank you." She continues to stroke my hair responding with a contented "Of course, sister. It is my pleasure as well. Of that you can be certain" Her words are occasionally





interrupted by her occupied tongue eagerly licking her fingers to taste me. I would feel embarrassed if I wasn't so content.

I could fall asleep on her. She is warm and smells like a field of flowers. A million picnics, a million strolls through the wilderness, and a million flower beds would easily pale in comparison to the sensation of cuddling against mother nature's gentle form.



I'm not sure when, some time definitely passed while in her gentle embrace, but Florentina eventually asks me, "Sister, what is your name?"

I slowly unbind from her embrace. I'm stunned. Given everything she already knew about me, I thought she knew my name. "Manu-" I try to respond but her finger on my lips interrupts me. She shakes her head and speaks more emphatically this time, "No, sister. What is your name?"

At first I'm confused but I take some time to truly consider the question. My body is different. I am different now. And now that I'm looking at myself more closely without my post coital haze I realize that I too am green. My skin is smooth and green much like a plant's stem. Much like Florentina's skin. There are thorns all over me and accompanying them are gentle flowers: lilies adorn my shoulders and collar. My hair now consists of pink delphiniums flowing like flower-saturated vines up to my shoulders. I am now one of





the fauna like her. But more than that, I was never Manuel. That never felt right, and I kept seeking to embody something closer to who I truly am. The ire and jeers of my community once prevented me from achieving this goal. Florentina, a goddess I didn't fully believe in, has become the only person to support me in a way literally no one else could. Her boon single-handedly allowed me to finally feel like myself. She's right to ask: What is my name?

*I am Yazmin. Queen of flowers, gift of my goddess.
It's my honor to make your acquaintance, my
Goddess Florentina.*

I respond telepathically. The same way Florentina started her communication with me. It once scared me but now I see I am no longer a follower of Magual. I am a Magual goddess. I curtsy to Florentina, My torn Te'llon being held only by my shoulders and the fingers I used to pinch the skirt.. It's my first time being allowed to be dainty and soft, but it suits me.

*I too am honored to make your acquaintance, sister
Yazimn. I pray that your stewardship of our sister
and home, Earth, brings about her rescue.*

We hug, our naked bodies pressed up against each other. I've never felt more joy in my life. But a loose





thread remains. And I know what I must do.



Florentina and I step out from her cave, hand in hand. Our bodies still stained with each other's cum. We're greeted by gasping faces with mouths agape, frozen in horror. There are so many things that could have caused the gasping. My new feminine form is a solid guess. My dark green, cum-stained skin could also be a factor. Of course, this is the first public appearance Florentina has made, probably ever. Having a crowded amphitheater full of followers of Magual witness her could be a factor in their shock as well. It could also be that I used the roots and vines that Florentina taught me how to control to slowly dismember and disembowel the Laines in front of this crowd. Staining the grass and the nice clothes this crowd wore for the event.

I suppose that folks in this audience would skitter in horror while the sound of wet tearing flesh and gurgling throats covered reverberated throughout the amphitheater, the amazing acoustics carrying the sound to everyone's ears as efficiently as possible. And I do suppose I would be pretty upset if the flesh and blood of opportunistic charlatans also stained my Sunday best.

Something about ascending to godhood makes all of the disrespect I endured in this town slide off of my smooth, plant-like skin the same way, say, a piece of





Marcel's brain would slide off of the shoulder of my exalted goddess onto the floor. Staring at humanity with a newfound detachment, knowing that I'm free to do as I please, hits different. Even my parents' horrified expression means nothing to me anymore.

Despite their cruelty towards women like me, queer women, trans women, I don't hate the Mahagualy people. It all feels so small and so distant now. These saplings don't know just how beautiful they, or the rest of their kin, are capable of being. I suppose it falls on me to show them and I gladly accept this work. With a smile, I command a vine to hand me the mic previously being held by the Laines and speak into it with confidence,



“My name is Yazmin. Next to me is our Magual Goddess, Florentina, and we’re going to be making some changes around here.





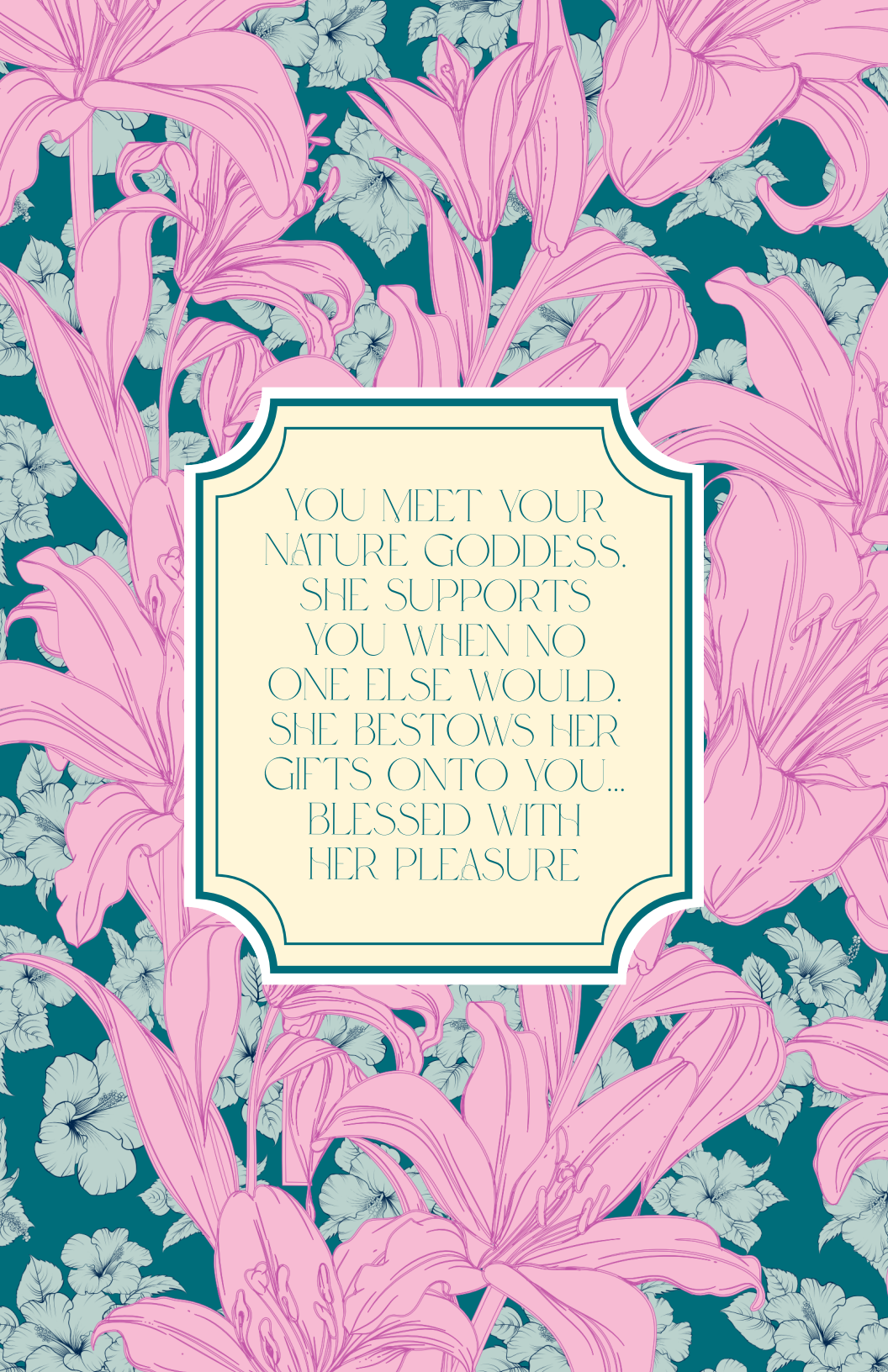
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Clara Emiliana is a trans woman born in the Dominican Rep. And raised in Bronx, New York before moving to Japan then settling in Portland, Oregon. People say she's smart and while she never refutes that compliment she would tell you that the truth is that she is a gigantic nerd who is always neck deep in several rabbit holes. She loves horror stories, video games, and lying on grass to ride out her various existential crises.

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YOU MEET YOUR
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