

Swampy Symbiosis

By Anima

Bog leech concept © Felpur

(Non-fatal M/F tail-vore. Sexual content.)

Alistair never thought he'd miss his 7:00 a.m. zoology labs, but slogging through shin-high water before dawn, he'd have given a lot to be sitting indoors in dry clothes. His eye-teeth, a limb, his collection of Beast Gladiator cards... Well, maybe not the cards, but he'd give a lot.

"Too shallow for a boat, no money to fly me out there, and of course a goat had to chew a hole in my waders," he mumbled to himself between sloshing strides. Still, the otter mused, this would all be worth it if he found his prize and collected data for his paper.

A loud squelch brought Alistair's thoughts back to earth, literally, as he glanced down to find the murky water had gradually turned to mud as he slogged. "In for a penny," he sighed and slogged on. The mud only grew deeper, sucking at his legs with every step. The noises tickled him at first, but as he tired, the entertainment value of the mud paled.

Abruptly, Alistair stopped and listened. His small rounded ears twitched. The buzzing of insects that had plagued him since he first set foot in this swamp had faded away. He looked down at the viscous mud that now threatened to engulf his knees and found it was suspiciously free of debris.

"Why would the mud be so clean? Unless something's filtering it, or..." He trailed off mid-sentence as a bubble burst the thick skin of the muck a few yards to his left. A faint disturbance in the surface of the mud suggested something was moving beneath the surface.

Alistair waited, frozen in place, but those telltale traces didn't approach him. He unslung his backpack and rifled through it, pulling out a black plastic box studded with some unmarked switches. It had the look of home-brew electronics, a crude prototype rushed out of the lab for testing.

Alistair edged through the mud towards the place he'd spotted the bubble, gripping the black box tightly. After just a few steps though, his foot slid down and found no support waiting. It just sank into deeper mud. Flailing, Alistair tried to correct with his thick tail, but his heavy pack ruined his balance. He lost his footing entirely and found himself swallowed up to his chin in the cool, slimy mud. He just managed to keep the box out of the mess, gasping, terrified to move even an inch lest he plummet deeper still!

Then he spotted a second bubble, just a yard away now, and felt the mud shift around him as something moved. Something large. The mud held and supported his body, packed in around him, but it parted easily enough to admit the bulk of whatever bumped into him next. When he felt its shape slide down his body to nuzzle at his feet, then begin to lip at them, his suspicions were confirmed. Alistair had hoped to be in a less precarious situation for the encounter, but he'd found his test subject at last.

Bog leeches. Illustrations from the texts he'd studied flashed before his eyes, showing plump but flattened bodies in all kinds of colors. Eyeless, noseless, their only visible orifice was a tremendous mouth rimmed with cartoonish, obscenely plump lips. While garden variety leeches sucked blood, bog leeches took a more holistic approach and drained their victim's biological energy straight from their

cells. To do so, the leech required very intimate contact with their meal, swallowing a limb or even an entire body if the specimen was large enough.

Alistair wasn't sure if this leech was quite large enough to turn him into a bulge and he wasn't interested in finding out, even if it would help him cut some citations from the paper to come.

"You slimy little vampire! Meet my bog leech discourager!" Alistair flipped one switch on his box and a blue light began flashing atop the device. A vibration made the box quiver, and a hum filled the air. The box began to grow uncomfortably warm.

Alistair did his best to kick at the leech while fiddling with his 'discourager' but every movement just drove him towards exhaustion while fighting the dense ooze, and certainly did nothing to disturb his assailant. The box had grown almost too hot to hold at that point, forcing him to bounce it from one webbed paw to the other.

"The power cell! I must have—nnf—get off! Must've grabbed the wrong box," he mumbled, before laughing in satisfaction. He'd finally managed to land a good kick on the leech and forced it to retreat a couple of inches.

Just as he felt the leech slide past his legs and begin nibbling its way up his tail, he heard an awful shriek right in his ear! He turned his head just in time to be buffeted by wings, blinding him.

Alistair felt the discourager leave his paws, pecked right out of them by his second attacker. The box hit the mud with a splat and a sizzle. The bird flew off, the flashing blue light that had probably attracted it now masked by mud. He saw steam rise from the muck around the box as it sank, even as the bizarre sensation of leech-maw engulfing his tail worked its way right up to the seat of his pants!

Twisting, writhing, Alistair bucked his hips and did all he could to dislodge the leech but it was well anchored upon his thick, tapered tail. Its fleshy depths flexed endlessly around him, sucking the mud right off and replacing it with syrup-thick drool.

"Trading one mess for another," he groaned, before the discourager began to whine. The pitch of the sound rose sharply, and as the otter jammed fingers in his ears, he felt even the leech's toothless gnawing slow.

The mud around the box was actually boiling now, the heat spreading rapidly towards Alistair. Wide-eyed, he tried to slog away from it, but the mud and the leech were a huge drag. "Oh crab shells."

Perhaps uncomfortable in the rising warmth created by the box, the leech released Alistair's tail, reversing itself to plant its own tailtip against the otter to shove off, desperate for some momentum!

The mud heaved itself up in an enormous mound, tremendous force propelling the sludge in all directions, revealing a blinding orange glare.

FWASH!

Professor Twang was not a happy swan. Missing students, even ones enrolled in her classes were a matter for the local authorities, not her! The department head was a smooth talker, but she never should've let her guilt her into this misguided rescue attempt.

"I ought to park myself in the nearest village and wait for a leech to hork the tardy brat onto shore." Yvette cupped the hot, humid air with her broad wings and executed a turn, moving on to another portion of her search grid.

She spotted something other than featureless mud in the distance, and encouraged by the thought of putting an end to all this and returning home, she flapped towards the one aberration in a flat expanse of viscous brown and black.

It was Alistair's pack, scorched and tattered, half-submerged in the muck. Yvette grew cold even in the miserable heat as she circled down and planted her long legs in the mud. Her broad feet vanished with twin sucking sounds, legs following until she found her shorts dipping into the mess.

She searched what was left of the pack but found no trace of Alistair in the way of blood, fur, or notes. Her frustrated honk rolled across the bog. Yvette fumed a moment, trying to figure out a way to take the pack with her without smearing mud all over her khaki vest. There was no hope for the shorts; their hem had already been baptized by the bog.

A 'pluk' of a bursting bubble attracted her eye, and Yvette nearly screamed when she found a head had surfaced a couple feet from her hip. As more of it emerged from the muck, her shoulders sagged, a metaphorical weight turned suddenly light as a cygnet feather.

"Alistair! You little punk, dragging me out here! You know I hate field work. That's why I became a professor."

The muddy otter grinned, about the only patch of white amidst the dark mess he was caked in. "To mold young minds, right? To stuff their brains, then make sure they absorbed what you threw at them."

Yvette scowled, digging in her pocket for her satellite phone. "What are you rambling on about? Do you have heatstroke? Have some water," she gave up on the phone for a moment to pull a small water bottle from her belt pouch. All her students made fun of her for wearing a 'fanny pack' but backpacks were not wing-compatible.

Alistair took the water with a smile and downed it in six swallows, gusting out a sigh as he finished. "That hit the spot. So, I go missing for a week and you're the one out here tracking me down?" He ignored her glare as he bounced the empty bottle from paw to paw. "I've heard of a teacher's pet, but what's it called when the relationship goes the other way?"

Yvette's largely-white face wasn't made to conceal blushes, and the otter didn't miss the rose color that bloomed across her cheeks. Before he could comment on it, she snatched the bottle from Alistair and stowed it in her pouch. "You're a hemorrhoid if you're anything, water weasel. Are you hurt? Why are you still out here, and...nude?"

Alistair rose further out of the mud, reaching his full height of five-foot nothing, and then continued to rise. Something lime green, bigger around than the otter's torso itself, pushed him up out of the mud. The sludge slid off of its well-lubricated hide, unlike the muck clinging to Alistair.

"I'm fine. Just hungry. But you're here to help with that, now." He giggled, his grin tilting his bristly whiskers upwards.

Yvette glanced up from the phone she'd remembered to fish out to find Alistair towering over her, balanced on the strange green column. It wasn't cylindrical exactly, but bulged in the middle, narrowing near either end. "Gah! Kid, what are you playing at?"

"Leeches never play with their food. I thought I'd show this one how much fun it can be." Alistair let himself fall forward, spreading his body out to let the surface of the mud support his body. A bare second later, a green bog leech exploded from beneath the soft morass, pillowy lips yawning wide!

Yvette honked in alarm, backpedaling, but her spindly legs made little progress. The leech's maw plunged down around her head with a rich squelch, saliva oozing down her shoulders and chest in a shining curtain. Bizarrely, the interior of the leech smelled faintly of fruit, and somehow, of wet stone.

"Well, so much for play. The poor thing's hungry, and therefore so am I." Alistair sighed in mock-regret, body cocked to watch over his shoulder as the leech went to work.

Yvette flung her wings out, spreading them to their utmost, every feather straining to present as huge an obstacle as possible!

"Tch. You didn't even have time to ask where I got my fabulous new tail. Of course, I couldn't really tell you. Strange things happen though when large amounts of energy are released in short time frames." Alistair reached out to stroke the slimy side of his leech-tail, mud from his paw mingling with the goopy secretions coating every inch of that green flesh. "You know the Big Bang. I guess this is more like the big...booty? Enh. I'll work on it."

The leech's huge fleshy lips flexed against Yvette's feathers, slobber soaking more of them by the second. Alistair clucked his tongue, shifting through the mud to bring his arms into reach of the swan. Though Yvette couldn't see through the bulk of the leech around her head, the seamless join between otter and leech was visible above the mud as he moved. There was no otter tail anymore, just a big plump leech anchored to his rear.

"Making such a fuss, and why? You're just minutes away from the most comfortable place you've ever felt, ever *imagined* even." His paws didn't bother trying to grab Yvette's wings. Swans were incredibly powerful birds, and a blow from those deceptively delicate-looking wings could snap his bones.

"I get the impression you might have a tiny crush on me. Don't you think this is the perfect opportunity to get closer?" His fingers found their way up beneath her wings, into the joints where they met Yvette's body, and squirmed into her soft, perspiration-damp down in firm tickling motions!

Yvette squawked into the leech's depths, getting a fat dollop of warm drool in her beak in the process. Her wings lost their rigidity, reflexively folding to try and mantle about her in protection. The leech lurched, messily sinking down over spit-slimed feathers, taking the swan in up to her slender hips.

Alistair sighed, eyes sliding shut, arms wrapping around himself. "Oh goodness... Professor, I wish you could feel this. I'm already getting a trickle from you. It's like someone's pouring warm syrup

straight into my brain! Ooh! Not just my brain,” he laughed, giving his hips a slow gyration, his sheath swelling. A paw wandered down his belly, fingers brushing against his unexpected arousal.

Inside a long pocket of slippery esophagus, (or was it already the stomach? Leech anatomy wasn't the swan's field,) Yvette felt the seduction of the leech's draining effect, urging her towards quiescence. Slick, supremely-cushioned flesh sucked at her body, flexed around her shape, molding to her every curve. She could breathe, but every breath was an effort, the hot and humid air seeming to weigh ten pounds per lungful. From the waist up her cells all whispered 'surrender,' while her legs, immersed in relatively cool mud, reminded her of the outside world and reality.

“Alistair, you call this thing off now! Ugggh, so slimy. I'll have you expelled, arrested--” Yvette sputtered, verbally scrambling for the worst consequence she could imagine for the otter. “I'll have your name stricken from last...season's...paper...”

Alistair grinned as the muffled tirade began to trail off, then groaned as his tail/partner gulped with a viscous sucking sound. The mud made a similar noise as it gave up a few inches of swan legs, and with more of the bird in the leech's clutches, a stronger wave of pleasure swamped the otter. His shaft throbbed freely in the sodden air now, the pulse pounding through his cock demanding a release. Alistair scooped a pawful of smooth, sticky mud from beneath his balls and pumped the mess along his cock. He couldn't remember ever having felt arousal this fierce, his shaft taut and straining, pre streaming from his tip.

Another messy, glorping gulp saw Yvette vanishing deeper into his tail, and through shared nerves he felt her listless squirms in the plush depths cocooning her body. Just her feet protruded between his tail's ample lips now, drops of drool tainted with mud oozing off her webbed toes. Keeping one paw wrapped around his aching dick, Alistair used his other arm to haul his leech-tail upwards, hugging the ungainly swan-bloated mass back against him.

Alistair's eyes crossed, feeling his tail bulge against him with the struggles of his professor within. Muffled by luxurious leech-flesh, he'd never know her identity if he hadn't seen her engulfed. Through the slime-coated skin of the leech, he felt its muscles work one more time in a determined series of ripples, greedily slurping up the last of Yvette.

The jump in energy absorbed from his prey, combined with the heady thrill of victory that came with completely engulfing such a prize pushed Alistair over the edge. His body shook, muscles quivering and locking into a delicious rictus. He lost his grasp on his tail, the leech plopping into the mud, while his muck-smeared member bucked in his other paw. Pearly strands of jizz splattered the mud before him, striping it with his bliss, a few misfired strands gumming up his already messy paw. The salty scent of his cum clashed with the cold earth-smell of the mud.

Just when Alistair thought his pleasure had peaked, he felt an indescribably soft, wet sensation envelop his squirting tip. Though it had plainly been a challenge, his tail had curled around his hip, forcing Yvette to curl with it, so the leech could wrap its luxurious lips around his shaft. The feeling and the renewed sight of his bloated leech-tail wrenched his nerves and triggered a second climax, wringing out his balls, forcing a harsh gasp past his lips!

Those lips were nearly as dexterous as his own fingers! A tiny part of the otter's brain, floating above the raging inferno of his ecstasy, marveled at the control and musculature of that mouth. The leech's fat, well-cushioned lips played his cock like a piano, exerting pressure that rolled in amazing gradients

along his length. Pressed against such sensitive flesh, he felt the faintest bit of texture to those plush lips: striations that surely helped the leech grip whatever it was intent on. It was using them to great effect now, letting its flow of saliva die down enough to really make the texture felt, then dragging those faint ridges along the bloated head of his cock.

When the leech exerted slippery suction upon Alistair's length, he nearly collapsed forward atop his tail, howling as his over-extended nerves both tormented and titillated him! In the otherwise-silent bog, wet sucking sounds and desperate cries rolled across the mud for a mile in every direction.

Yvette was senseless, drunk on the feeling of slimy muscle massaging her body from beak to toes, as if it could physically milk the energy out of her. All the tension from the last few days brought on by worry, frustration, and anger oozed out of her, while leech-slobber oozed into her, pressed through the fabric of her brief shorts and simple panties. She felt no shame, no concern, only pleasure.

The brief rush of heat she felt earlier over the reverse 'teacher's pet' crack and the confused tangle of arousal linked to it bloomed into pure animal horniness now, with no complicated thoughts to get in the way. Her mind felt soft and swollen, and the swan giggled to herself imagining she was one of those little capsule animals that expanded ten-fold when dropped into water.

In time she discovered she had just enough motivation left to knead the leech's exquisitely plump interior with her arms and legs, returning the favor of the massage. A plump ridge of flesh rode up between her thighs, and Yvette rolled her hips into that pressure urgently, flesh sucking at her body as air pockets were created and erased by her movements.

Before she could climax, the energy for even that tiny bit of movement was drained from her, and Yvette clacked her beak in drowsy frustration. Then she felt pressure from outside press against the tail, pushing that convenient ridge against her, nudging again and again at her sodden, cloth-shielded loins. It was just enough! She convulsed, fingers curling against the frictionless, blubbery stomach lining around her, a fresh heat boiling through her.

The pleasure seemed to wash back and forth through her for hours as she floated at the edge of consciousness, and she couldn't mark when she finally fell asleep, suspended in a gooey cocoon of oblivion.

Alistair licked mingled spunk and drool from the lips of his tail, arms wrapped around the leech and its snoozing contents, letting the last rays of the late afternoon sun warm him. He swore his leech-tail already felt longer and meatier from just an hour of feeding on the swan. Though the mud he was slathered in made it harder to tell, he could've sworn his balls had grown weightier as well.

"How about we try a periscope approach when we drop her off at the village, hmm? They'll see you, and it's just another day. Then we'll roll over, and I'll find us our second snack. Unless you think you'll be full?"

The leech grinned, and let slobber run from its lips in a very clear signal. Even with a big bird still draining in its guts, it was still ravenous. It was eating for two now, after all.

Alistair chuckled, and ground his hips idly into the rubbery flesh of his tail. Pre-leech, after that many climaxes he'd want a couple of days at least to recover. Now, he felt like he'd be up for more fun in a matter of minutes. "I'm with you. I can't wait to stuff everyone within a thousand miles into us.

They'll all get their turn. And if they stick around, well, I'm sure they'll get to ride again," he crooned, patting a vague swan-bulge when it twitched.

A beeping sound drew the otter's attention to the mud nearby. He wiggled his way lazily through the sludge and fished up Yvette's satellite phone.

"Hello? Oh, she's resting. Yes, this is the missing student. Oh, I'm quite well, and have made some fascinating discoveries about the local bog leech variant. In fact, I'm willing to co-publish if anyone's interested in joining me in the field. Ahh," he plunged a paw down deep into the mud a few feet away and eventually dredged up the melted casing of his discourager. "I also require the following supplies from the university's IC design lab, and JR Small's power cell prototype. Essential to the work, absolutely. I can hold, but keep in mind the window for this study is limited! Time is of the essence."

Alistair chucked his tail beneath its chin. "Never gave much thought to having a family, but suddenly it's risen quite high on my list of priorities. Your doing, I suppose?"

The leech just grinned, smug as can be, and flexed its body around Yvette, wringing a fresh wash of energy from the slime-caked swan. Alistair groaned and nearly dropped the phone.

"Nnnnh! F-far be it for me to deny these joys to my peers. Hello? Oh yes, excellent. Set up the airdrop at the village fifteen klicks north of my current coordinates. Mmhmm. Splendid. Oh yes, very exciting stuff! See you soon."