

Conservation Science

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 1: Poisonous)

Content Warning: Poison, dubious consent, plant bondage, breeding, body modification, hole-stretching, humiliation, and lactation.

"Did we get samples from those *Deinacanthon urbanianum*?"

Ciera knew the answer, but she couldn't help herself from checking her bag anyway. With it being so hot, she couldn't be too careful. "Yes, what we could without risking too much damage at least."

"Good enough," the fox said with a nod. "Hopefully one of the other lab teams can get some in different soil conditions. They're going to be useful as a comparison species if we find any new plant life."

The pair trudged their way through the rainforest, gingerly stepping around the plant life where possible and avoiding the large mounds of tunneled and disturbed dirt that were the home of millions of tropical ants. The fox looked like a regular explorer, wearing a thick khaki shirt and pants with a matching wide-brimmed hat helping to support a fine insect-proof netting around his head. Ciera, however, looked anything but. Tight shorts, a tank top, a heavy backpack, and a sweatband were the main things she'd brought, leaving most of her skin exposed to the hot, moist air. Perhaps the only reason the teplian got away with it was because she'd absorbed a decent amount of insect repellant thanks to her uniquely adaptable skin and because she was uniquely vulnerable to complications from the sweltering heat. Even if her kind was capable of clear thought in such an oppressive environment, she wasn't used to field work like this.

"Sorry about pulling you for this trip, Ciera," her boss said, using his booted foot to testingly press down on a tree root. "I know it's not your natural element, but I trust you to be thorough with the work even when impaired."

"It's alright, Mr. Herit," she said, wiping another course of sweat off from her smooth forehead and reaching back to knock her ponytail away from her soaked neck. "Can't say I'm happy doing it, but the work needs to be done. We get too many of our non-synthesizable chemicals from biodiversity like this. Refusing conservation projects would be foolhardy." As the fox's grey eyes looked back, she offered a smile. "Besides, what sort of teplian would I be if I didn't appreciate adventure?"

"Appreciate you putting a positive spin on things," her boss chuckled, turning back to look at the path ahead, "but we both know you're not the most adventure-giddy girl. You'd not have taken a lab position of your definition of 'adventure' wasn't a little more loosely defined."

“Ugh, fair. Is it really my fault I find biochemistry and new reactions exciting?”

“Yes, but we love you for it.”

“Dammit.”

Ciera shrugged her shoulders, the backpack already laden with plenty of rainforest plant and soil samples among her other tools. With small knives, trowels, syringes, a label printer, a pH meter, extra ziplock bags and extra sample containers, a luxmeter, a digital watch, a camera, an emergency survival kit, and a GPS locator, it hadn't exactly been light from the beginning either. Her back ached, but she'd begun to grow accustomed to the weight. She wasn't accustomed enough, however, to not groan at what she heard next.

“We're running a little behind, so I think we should split up. I'm going to follow the river up to the less canopy-dense areas, you head inwards to the lower light areas. We'll ping on GPS at the end of the day for our guides to come get us. If you can get near the river, do so. If you don't ping, we'll send for the night crew. That alright?”

“...fine. Yeah, I can do that.” Grumbling, the teplian stumbled off into the denser brush, not being able to help herself from stepping on a few choice plants on purpose. Common, non-endangered ones, at least. She wasn't a monster, after all.

The afternoon drug on, but Ciera could barely tell it was afternoon. Only the faintest beams of light managed to penetrate the dense canopy, casting a shadowy gloom on her surroundings. There were only so many orchids and shrub samples one could gather without getting bored, and Ciera was beginning to grow impatient. She hadn't come across a single species in the wild that was useful to her, and her interest in the study waned. She found her eyes wandering hours before she could even justify putting out a ping for the guides to come get her.

Then, something caught her eye. A large tree, far thicker than many of the surrounding ones, with a glistening surface. The trunk appeared as if many smaller trees had weaved themselves together into one singular plant, flowing shapes fused into each other as they climbed towards the canopy. The ground was devoid of surrounding plant-life, leaving a rare look at the thick soil. It was discolored, though, compared to the surrounding material; Ciera guessed it must've been from a lack of nitrogen and other nutrients. That meant that no growth had occurred around this tree for years; it was only due to the decay of existing animals and plants that rainforest soil stayed rich, after all.

Her curiosity finally piqued, Ciera stepped into the clearing, stepping around the unusual tree's roots and approaching that broad, woven trunk. Huffing, the teplian shrugged off the backpack to set it down on the ground. She rolled her shoulders, enjoying the moment's relief

before stepping next to the tree's base. The bark glistened, a pale brown oozing a clear substance that clung like sap. "What...are you?" she hummed aloud.

The next few minutes, Ciera zoned in, concentrating on careful measurements and collections from the strange plant. A small root sample here, a bark sample there, and soil samples were all standard practice. Photographs of the strange trunk's shape, its far-up canopy, its roots, and the surrounding environment also were expected. But Ciera was focused on the sap most of all. Taking a small knife, she scraped a modest amount of the ooze off the trunk and slowly deposited it down the opening of a small vial. Then, she sealed the vial with a rubber stopper, printed a small label with an identification number, and stowed it away.

Stepping back, she looked over the mysterious tree with a sense of wonder. With the work behind her, she could marvel at the strange sight, and the shade did not make it an unpleasant spot to stay a while and observe. It was, however, in that moment that something disturbingly warm dripped onto her exposed forearm.

Looking down, Ciera expected to see an unfortunate white splatter. However, what she spotted made her heart skip a beat. A clear splatter of something she'd just spent some minutes carefully extracting now sat upon her skin, quickly disappearing into the smooth flesh's pores and being absorbed by her body. This time, however, she had a feeling it wouldn't simply soak into her and produce a discouraging scent like her teplian-safe insect spray did. Unlike then, her species' adaptability would not serve her well.

Within second she felt her body ache, groaning as she fell to the ground with pain. Her head began to burn with a powerful fever, the rest of her body trembling with a chill. The conflict in body temperature quickly dizzyed her, and the poison pumping through her veins didn't allow her any semblance of control. With minutes, she was left sick, groaning, writhing in the dirt, every single part of her uncomfortably malfunctioning while her body rushed to defend only the most critical functions. Her hand didn't even get within a foot of her bag. Ciera didn't fear dying from a poison; nobody could survive toxins like a teplian. But, trapped as she was, she knew she would be in extreme distress for at least a few days, waiting for her body to adapt or her company to track her GPS locator later that night.

Her tank top smeared with dirt as she squirmed, gasping out with tears in her eyes as her nerves were on fire. The fever, however, slowly melted away any coherence of thought. Ciera's awareness was trapped in sensory hell. Yet, after only another few minutes, Ciera marveled at the sudden shiver that ran down her spine. Surely, she hadn't adapted so quickly? No, instead, the poisonous sap seemed to confuse her nerves. And, slowly, Ciera's sobs quieted. What grew to replace it were moans, her body sending signals of pleasure that matched the potency of that previous stinging and stabbing pain.

"Oh my, you're in quite a state, aren't you?"

Ciera's eyes scoured the area from her prone position. Instead of spotting the source of the sing-songy voice, she only could see darkness and dirt. When the voice spoke up once more, the trembling, disabled teplian forced her head to roll back. What she saw was something she'd never seen before.

"You know," the pale-faced girl hummed, a lightness in her tone that matched her appearance of youth, "most animals just die from the initial shock of pain and the attack on their bodies. The ones that don't go catatonic from the pleasure as it rewires their brain." The head above Ciera tilted and grinned. Her hair seemed to be made of large, long leaves and her skin shimmered with a smoothness that was even more exotically smooth than Ciera's own. It looked to the biochemist like an Amazon angel. "But...you're the second living thing I've seen that's not done either from my beauty here! The first, of course, was me."

Ciera's eyes turned hopeful, coaxing a laugh from the being that had discovered her. "Oh my! Is that a 'please save me' look? You are just *adorable*!" the girl giggled, walking over towards where Ciera's bag laid. As the girl bent over to fish through the bag's contents, her nude form was displayed in full view, not a trace of equipment or gear on her despite there not being civilization for miles. "Oh? Ooh! You're one of those conservation people, aren't you!" the girl giggled, lifting out a small ziplock bag filled with orchid samples. "Well, honestly, that's not a bad way to win a few points with a dryad, I guess. Doesn't get you off the hook for all you animals thinking plants are beneath you!"

Ciera trembled, fingers digging into the soil as the girl sat down with a soft thud next to her. "So! Tell you what," the fair-faced girl sung. "Normally I'd feed you to one of my beauties and giggle as you vanish into plant food, but you're pretty intriguing and might actually have your heart in the right place! I like that. I like you. So I have a little proposition, dryad to drooly." Ciera's eyes darted down to the ground next to her face, noticing that, for quite a few minutes, saliva had been and still was pouring from the corner of her mouth to dampen the ground beneath. "No, not that drooly hole, silly." Ciera's eyes clenched. She didn't need to look to feel how her shorts and briefs were sopping wet with 'drool' from her now poison-swollen and hypersensitive mound.

"So, drooly, here's what I'm going to do," the dryad began. "My beautiful tree here has a hard time getting seeds out there without poisoning potential carriers. Which is a pity, because plants so rarely get to be top of the food chain because of your kind's insensitive trampling of anything you deem a threat to your oh-so-fragile superiority. So...I'm going to put you in the tree as a nice little incubator! A steady flow of poison, seeds soaking in your body until you wash off the poison and let them germinate, a nice little time gaining some respect for plants as your betters! Your friends are inevitably going to come along. If they hurt my beauty here to get you out? I'll make you all into fertilizer. If they help? I'll consider you all friends of the forest! Sound fair?"

Ciera's face was one of alarm, but her hands were tucked down to the crotch of her shorts, feeling the fabric squish from being slathered in arousal and moaning helplessly. Any attempt at words or thought was hopeless. However, her eyes remained on the dryad, wide and brimming with begged forgiveness. "...I'm going to take that as a 'yes please, make me your dirty animal slut, Mayra!'" the dryad snickered, standing up. She walked out of sight for a moment before returning, one hand cupped with something in it. Even distracted, Ciera realized what it was.

Mayra leaned down, slapping the cupped hand over Ciera's face. The huge store of poisonous sap splattered against her gasping features, the dryad's fingers smearing over her cheeks, down her nose, into her mouth, over her lips, atop her tongue. Her body, already accustomed to the poison, resisted the pain. However, the teplian's body failed to see pleasure as a threat. Her fever skyrocketed, thoughts melting away. Whatever coherence remained was obliterated by the sudden gush of pleasure. Reduced to a panting, moaning animal, drooling from both holes, the last thing Ciera was mentally able to process was the giggling face of the dryad that now began to disrobe her.

"Ooh, what a thankful animal! Watering me so happily~"

Ciera's materials helped Mr. Herit and the other researchers greatly. With them, they were able to make a great number of discoveries about this spectacular new genus—perhaps even a new family—of tree without endangering the organism. The grey fox was overjoyed at the results, and he immediately set up a new base camp at the nearest curve of the river to the tree's location.

After a few days, it became clear to Mayra that their intentions were good and that no harm would come to the tree. Catching Mr. Herit alone led to a fruitful conversation and a few polite agreements. The dryad gave the fox a beautiful purple leaf as a sign of their arrangement, leaving him to his work until the determined endpoint of their experiments.

Ciera slowly regained coherence, head burning with her body's attempt to slowly purge the attacking, foreign element. Her vision slowly cleared in time to spot her boss conversing with a weasel who'd come aboard as a documentary filmmaker. As she mumbled dizzily, the grey fox's ears perked, leading him to wave smile and quickly ended the conversation. He walked towards the waking Ciera.

"Oh, Ciera! Welcome back," Mr. Herit cheerily greeted. "Wonderful work on the species find. The sap is incredible, and I'm sure you'll have so much more insight into how it works once you're ready to return to the lab. Surely, something that works on the nervous system this effectively must be useful as a vehicle if not as a direct pain-pleasure switch!"

Ciera looked down at her boss, groggily trying to form words. Instead, she found her mouth and nostrils wedged open with something solid. It was unpleasant, dry and bitter on the tongue. Despite her nose being filled out, she found herself not burning for air, her chest only moving on instinct. She knew she wasn't taller than her boss, too. The confusion from her position was clear in her brown eyes, coaxing the grey fox to grin.

"Oh! Your position? Don't worry, it's symbiotic," he assured, fishing out of his pocket a small square. "Turns out the sap isn't actually without nutritional value. You'll still be healthy by the end of the month when we fly back home." Lifting the square to her face, Ciera flushed at the realization.

The entire conservation team kneeled at the base of the tree, small canopy set up to protect them from any stray drips of sap. Mr. Herit was smiling, holding up a fluid-covered seed the size of a fist with a small sprout peeking out from a crack in its outer shell. Where he'd gotten from was clear: just above him, Ciera's nude body was embedded inside of the tree's trunk, woven bands of bark having entirely contained her arms and legs to the point where neither limb was visible. Her head was penetrated by more solid bands, stuffed into her mouth and nostrils. Her mound was also penetrated by a particularly large branch, but an open space was visible where her sex gaped and had clearly pressed out something large.

"So far you've produced five germinated seeds in a week! One of them we're taking back to the conservatory for our uses, but the others we're planting for Mayra in some more distant areas of the jungle. Turns out your sex just soaks up all the poison and lets them safely sprout and be transported for planting! And to think all your body needs is a diet of sap and a supply of fresh oxygen" Ciera's eyes rolled upwards, a deep grunt expressing her discomfort. "No no, it's a very important job! We'll be giving you an extremely large bonus for your efforts. You'll also get a large finder's percentage for any biochemical products we create from this tree's materials...in addition, of course, to your normal percentage if you're the one that makes the product happen."

Ciera looked back at the photograph, associating the aches and penetrations into her body with her image. Spotting something strange, she looked more carefully. Was that...a spigot coming out of her left breast? Catching the teplian's glare, her boss shrugged. "Your body thinks it's pregnant. Why let fresh milk go to waste?" he excused. As if to prove his point, his hand went up to her right breast, wiping up the small dribbles of white liquid and giving the tender nipple a playful tweak. Ciera grunted, squirming in her plant prison while the fox licked his fingers. "Oh! Though that reminds me, you'll also get a cut from any sales or ad revenue off the video. It's not good for the conservation documentary, but there's apparently some adult sites that are going to absolutely love it."

Ciera's tongue began to feel a stinging sensation, a slimy fluid beginning to dribble into her mouth. "Oh! Looks like it's finally gotten back to making more sap," Mr. Herit observed. "It occasionally cuts out while it's putting more seeds in you. You have fun! Only two more weeks

to go, dear!” Instinctively, Ciera began to suckle at the flow of poisonous fluid, her body responding as it had learned to the previous week. Her body began to fire on all cylinders once more, nerves sending pulses of confused stimulation to her brain. Her fever addled brain began to spike in temperature once more, but the growing heat didn’t prevent her from feeling her breast suddenly tweak and get squeezed. Her boss closed the spigot’s valve, taking a drink from the cup he filled with milk. As Ciera looked at him, he gave a sheepish smile before walking off, leaving her body to squirm and leak before the camera.

The last sensation her brain registered before losing conscious thought altogether was how the flood of arousal dribbling down to the forest floor and tree roots below began to wash out another seed, freshly cleaned and ready for conservation. How silly Ciera would feel on the flight home; she’d been perfect for a conservation science project after all!