

Mission in the Marsh

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A Patreon Request

A fledging adventurer is sent on a mission to figure out why so many of their peers have gone missing. Despite the danger, they're sent into the wilderness alone as a test to prove themselves. Will they succeed or will they learn first hand what happened?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a NB Kobold, A Predatory Plant, Soft Vore, Vines/Tentacles, Bondage, Pheromones, Anal Penetration, Cock Milking, Sap Inflation, Partial Plant TF, Acceptance.

The sharp crack of a snapping twig sounded through the trees, stopping the kobold in their tracks. Suso froze mid stride and scanned their surroundings, not daring to move a muscle until they were clear. A few tense, empty seconds passed, and with a deep exhalation they relaxed. The fledgling adventurer flagged as their surge of adrenaline waned, and their pulse calmed as they placed a claw over their chest. The reptile closed their eyes and took a calming breath, recentered themselves, and let it out once more. Their racing imagination slowed, and the speculated dangers of the forest vanished one by one. Though they had been sent to investigate a series of disappearances, whatever caused them was not there. Specters of towering direwolves and wicked witches fled the evening shadows, and their breathing finally returned to normal. With their composure regained, Suso steeled their nerve and continued their journey deeper into the wilderness. Their footsteps filled the open air between towering trunks, and they peered up through the canopy to check their position. The brightest of the constellations were only just visible against the purples and pinks of the sunset, but they gathered enough information to find their bearings.

Though the entire forest had its fair share of missing adventurers, a suspiciously large portion had disappeared around Suso's destination. The kobold stowed his map in his pack and fetched his quest orders once again. To their relief, the nature of their quest had not changed since they departed the guild. The ink on their orders remained exactly in place, and their mission was still one of gathering information. All the kobold needed to do was discover the fate of their peers, and if possible, rescue who they found. Resolving the issue would be left to a more experienced team, much to Suso's relief. Still, they couldn't help but clutch the icon of their god dangling from their neck and utter a prayer for protection. Even on the best of days, the forest harbored several dangers. Radiant light filtered from between their fingers as their deity heard their plea, and the kobold's restless mind eased. They let the glow of their divine focus light their path, and their paw moved to the hilt of their mace as they traded stealth for speed. The distinct crunch of leaves crushing under their feet filled the woods and clearings alike as Suso rushed for the core of the forest, hoping to finish their mission and return to civilization as soon as possible. Their footfalls muffled as the ground softened, marking the gradual change from forest to marsh. The air grew thick with humidity and fluttering motes of light, rising from the muck as they disturbed fireflies and glowing moss alike. They trudged to a stop as the mud strengthened its hold on their boots, and they turned their gaze to the sky once more.

Suso's breath caught in their throat when they found themselves on the map. They were in the heart of the targeted territory, and their muscles tensed in growing apprehension. The kobold ran through a mental list of known local aggressors, tuning their senses for each. They salted their boots to spoil ambushes from mud slimes. They doused their clothes and scales in a dull powder, masking their scent from direwolves. Finally, they watched the ground at their feet with unwavering attention, vigilant for reed-anglers. They took another deep breath to steady their mind, then ventured forth, ready for anything. Their boots sunk deep into the muck and slowed their careful pace, drawing out their agonizing search. The rhythmic splorching and squelching more than spoiled their attempted stealth, and after moments of failed sneaking, they threw that aspect of their approach to the wind. They

fetches their packet of quest information from their bag and skimmed it once more, until they found the list of missing adventurers. The marsh rang with their voice as they called out each name, followed by long stretches of silence as they hoped for a replay. The kobold's hopes dwindled as each yell returned without an answer, and their panicking imagination eagerly filled in unknown details. Suso expected every footfall to land in a pile of bones or discarded gear as the moon arched over the horizon, but they persisted in their search regardless. Even if rescue wasn't a main objective, they still needed answers. The reptile pressed on until their legs burned with exhaustion and they caved into their need for a break.

A fallen log on the edge of a lake presented itself as a suitable seat, and the kobold wasted no time taking advantage of it. The aged tree subtly sank into the mud as they settled atop it, though they paid it no mind. They placed their pack next to them and leaned back on their arms and let out a tired breath. As silence settled in around them, the strange beauty of the marsh emerged. A chorus of crickets and insects filled the air in the absence of their labored stomping, and the glowing fauna of the shore emerged in the soft moonlight. Luminescent reeds and cattails danced along the shore with the waves, swaying and signaling to the fireflies. Frogs croaked out songs and partook of the glowing banquet, snatching lights from the breeze with their own glowing tongues. Amber lights dangled beneath lily pads and illuminated the muddy seabed, making for a scene that almost made the trip worth it. The display almost won Suso over, but a subtle sound stole the landscape's beauty away before then. It was a faint noise, like a grunt from several rooms away, but distinctly out of place in the unpopulated wilds. The kobold snapped to attention and donned their bag, then drew their mace and prepared for the worst. An unsettling quiet followed their shuffling preparation, but the noise repeated itself and convinced the reptile it wasn't simply imagined. They closed their eyes and strained their ears, and when it sounded off a third time, followed its direction.

Suso crept as silently and as carefully as they could, both to remain hidden and avoid obscuring the aural trail. The gentle lapping of waves was nearly enough to throw them off on its own, though the sound grew more clear as they approached the lake. Their brow furrowed when they determined the soft grunts came from the water, and they opened their other senses to double check. The kobold's eyes narrowed as they scanned the lake, but they found no signs of boats or bandits. That meant they could rule out slavers and their vile business as the culprit, but it brought many more questions than answers. Suso then focused on what was there rather than what was not, turning their attention to the lily pads dotting the surface. Many harbored frogs and other marsh residents, whose subtle movements sent silver, moon-lit ripples across the glassy water. The kobold brought a claw to their chin when they noticed the empty pads created the same tiny waves, drawing the plants to deeper scrutiny. The reptile picked one and watched it intently, and their curiosity piqued when they spotted subtle shifting in the light beneath. Something inside was moving, and deep in their core, Suso knew they needed to investigate. Chances were it was just a fish caught in some predatory plant's trap, but they couldn't move on in good faith until confirming that. Reluctantly, the kobold kicked their boots off and stood, then waded into the shallows and grabbed the closest lily pad.

Suso's footing slipped and they nearly threw themselves into the lake when they tried to lug it ashore, caught off guard by its considerable weight. Upon closer inspection, its mass should have been obvious. The floating leaf was wider than the kobold was tall, and its thick, waxy structure kept it rigid in their splashes and waves. The light source on its underside most have been just as large and filled with fluid, bringing the kobold to wonder if they had the strength to beach it. They resolved to solve that problem when they reached it and kept pulling. The grunts of splashes of their effort no doubt alerted anything and everything in the marsh to their presence, but subtly was the farthest thing from their mind. It drifted even farther when the lily dragged across the lake bottom, instantly eliminating their momentum. A grunt of frustration tumbled from their muzzle each time they tried to free it, until their stamina flagged and left them exhausted. After a moment of consideration and recovery, Suso decided it would be best to simply turn the colossal leaf over. They grabbed it by its lengthy stem and heaved with all their might, gradually turning the pad over until it rotated passed its center of mass. A heavy splash announced their success and sent a large wave across the lake, though the kobold paid little mind to that. Instead, they were transfixed by the revealed glowing pod.

The kobold beheld their reflection in the amber dome before the figure within came into focus, stealing their breath away. The swirling ooze surrounding them obscured any identifying details, though the person inside was almost certainly one of the missing adventurers. Suso drew their knife and raised it to cut them free, until a familiar groan stayed their hand. The sound was louder than ever, obviously coming from the captive fur. The tone of the sound surprised the reptile far more than its volume, however. A faint warmth filled their cheeks when another cry of ecstasy rang out. After an empty moment, they decided it would be best to examine the pod before cutting into it, lest they harm who they came to save. Suso wiped the mud and moss from the bulb and pressed his palms to its surface, then peered within as well as they could. Constant shifting and writhing stirred the pool of ooze within, making it remarkably difficult to make out details. Still, there was evidently something else in there with the fur, and the thought of sharing such an intimate space with that something sent a shiver down the kobold's spine. They shook that thought from their head and found the captive's silhouette in the back-lights, then reached for their blade again. Confusion crossed his brow when he found empty air where its handle should be, and dread welled in their chest as they groped around and failed to find it. That dread turned to panic when something long and thin coiled around and snared their wrist.

Without hesitation, Suso yanked their arm back to break free, only to find their strength far outmatched. The tendril retained its firm grip, even as they struggled to break free again and again. Their heart raced and their arm smoldered as they burned through their stamina, and they only stopped after expending the last of their energy. The kobold turned to face the vine and take a swipe at it, but found their natural weapons equally bound. A second tendril struck from the lake and twisted their wrist into the small of their back, disarming them with frightening ease. Another pair gave their ankles the same treatment, leaving them bound and helpless on the moonlit shore. For a moment, the plant seemed content to keep its catch in such a state, giving the kobold a chance to truly appreciate their

predicament. A few weak twists and turns proved to be all the resistance they could offer, until a thought popped into their head. Suso closed their eyes and forcibly cleared their mind, finding their center in the tense moment. An ancient force welled up in their core as they called upon their ancestors, bringing their draconic heritage into play. They lunged and chomped onto the nearest tendril as acid filled their maw, causing the vine to squirm in agony. Their plan only slightly worked, however. While the bitten tendril recoiled, the other three tightened, spoiling their best shot at escape. The plant ensured they wouldn't get another and bound their jaw with a fifth member. Suso wracked their brain for options, but unable to even call upon their god in such a state, there wasn't much they could do.

The kobold's situation grew all the more dire when something lumbered from the lake bed and hauled itself into the shallows. From their position they couldn't see it, but the splash of waves and the sound of shifting mud betrayed its scale. Their struggles renewed when it reached their feet and nudged their toes, earning an attempted recoil from the kobold. Their binds held them in place however, until that thick trunk split at its tip and engulfed their heels. The reptile yelped and struggled with their remaining might and motivation, but the plant's strength proved insurmountable, even after its supporting tendrils pulled away one by one. Slimy sap slathered Suso's scales as the snake-like trunk climbed up their legs, effortlessly claiming their calves and thighs. Thick, rippling motions tugged them deeper into its grasp inches at a time, dragging them through the marsh's mud. The tightness of the thing's gullet kept them from kicking or slashing with their feet, and the hopes of finding salvation in their backpack were dashed when one of the freed tendrils tossed it aside. The creature even had the foresight to deprive them of their divine focus, leaving them truly on their own. Acceptance of their fate crept into the kobold's thoughts, and their eyes drifted to the heavens as the creature climbed up their chest. They beheld the beauty of the stars once more and found a modicum of peace, even as the trunk's petals closed over their head. A deep sound reminiscent of a swallow announced the plant's success, and it retreated into the waves as Suso's bulge lurched underwater. Copious amounts of slick sap and relentless ripples sped their descent, ushering them toward the the plant's underwater core. Dwindling moon and star light gave way to internal luminescence, allowing them to experience the plant's intent with all of their senses.

Time lost meaning to Suso as their journey dragged on for a short eternity. Each peristaltic ripple threatened to steal their breath away, and each relaxation flooded their pocket with nectar. Light pooled around them with the ooze, granting them the privilege of watching their clothes melt away. Leather and metal alike lifted away from their scales and dissolved in the slime, though the hide beneath remained thankfully undamaged. That's not to say it had no effect, however. Suso wiggled and squirmed in the confined space as the sap seeped between their plates, soaking into their skin and heightening its sensitivity. Their head swam as the stuff leaked into their thoughts as well, gradually painting their predicament in a warmer light. The kobold grew to anticipate each swallowing ripple as their decent leveled off, relishing the unknown pleasure of such a strong full-body embrace. They rolled their hips against the chamber wall and enjoyed the bumps and grooves along its surface, especially when their spire peeked from its protective slit. Suso added their own lustful fluids to the surrounding pool, first by errant drops, then in eager spurts. Their

writhing reached shameless levels as their journey finally slowed, and they hardly noticed the puckered gate at their feet when they stopped. The kobolds rapturous moans and groans echoed through their chamber as they fully embraced the plant's pheromones, giving themselves over to desire. As if waiting for that cue. The entrance at the bottom of the trunk opened and slurped them through, depositing the reptile in a slightly more spacious pocket. Amber light filtered in from all angles and illuminated their verdant prison, though they hardly cared until the walls stirred to action.

Numerous vines peeled away from the chamber walls and descended on the kobold, brushing and exploring their slicked scales and relishing their texture. Suso arched their back and leaned into the exploitative touches, guiding them to their most sensitive regions by reaction. It didn't take them long to find the adventurer's reptilian length, and once they did, they wasted no time acting on the discovery. A thin vine coiled around their throbbing spire and gingerly squeezed, drawing a rapturous cry from the captured kobold. Several more joined in and swiftly brought them to the limits of their carnal endurance, evidenced by the ropes of need that arced across the pod. Still others wrapped around their bucking hips and coiled about their muscular thighs, spiraling and teasing toward the spot between their cheeks. Suso's breath caught in their throat when the first vine circled their clenching entrance, covering it with slippery sap and preparing them for the next moment. The kobold's toes curled as the tendril's rounded tip pressed beneath their tail, spreading them with the gentle touch of an experienced lover. Another surge of pre splashed against the pod's roof when it passed over their prostate, and they throbbed with boundless need as it slid deeper into their core. It burrowed more than deep enough to control the speed of their thrusting, and it did just that as the plant continued its intimate exploration. The kobold panted and moaned as a bundle of tendrils painted their sap across their chest, slowly working their way to their open maw. Suso gave no resistance as the bravest of the bunch slithered across their tongue, lining its tip up with their throat before plunging down into their gullet. Suso gagged and sputtered when the vine filled his throat and barged into their stomach, and to their great relief, it did not deprive them of breath. Instead, the adventurer leached everything they needed from the thick sap, and with that supply of air came another rush of pheromones.

Suso's eyes fluttered shut as the intoxicating fluids suffused their core, slowing their thoughts and maximizing their pleasure. They burned the last of their carnal stamina as they ground their hips against the writhing wall of their pod, pushing themselves over the edge as a tendril swallowed their member. Its rippling embrace dragged their climax out well beyond their typical limits, lashing them with blissful waves of pleasure until it drained their reserves of virility. Each suckling pulse burst stars before the kobold's eyes, dashing what little reservations they may have retained. Their hips relaxed as they tendril slowed its rhythm to a more sustainable pace, drinking down Suso's lust as it rapidly restored. The pod rocked as they synchronized with the carnal beat, breaking loose from the muddy lake bed and gradually rising. The noise of flowing water mixed with their regular moans and groans as faint starlight shined through the amber pod, bringing a brief instant of luminous clarity. In the back of their mind, Suso pieced together both the origin of the lily pads and the fate of the missing adventurers, though their mission was at that

point a distant memory. The vine in their mouth bulged and swelled as their chamber inverted, sheltering it in the shadow of their personal floating leaf. They glanced about and tried to count the other lights of the lake, though a tingling in their stomach drew their attention. Thick, warm fluid pooled in their belly as the plant filled them with its sap, swelling their middle until it eclipsed their legs. The other vines massaged and rubbed the hide between their parting scales, earning a drawn out moan from the kobold and meticulously mixing the viscous fluid. Time lost its meaning as Suso melted into the plants ministrations, surrendering themselves entirely to its whims.

The surrounding underwater lights lost their luster as the moon sank beneath the horizon, making way for the sun to rise. Fingers of morning rays reached through the canopies of trees and bathed the lake with patterned shadows, signaling the end of the night. Despite being curled in the shade of their leaf, the kobold felt the distinct warmth of the day's touch. It filled their chest with an intimate warmth, relaxing them into a deep trance. They felt the intermittent shadows of passing clouds and heard the natural noises of the shore, tuned into the plant's searching senses. Still, it lacked the hunting instincts showcased the night before, and its lethargy was contagious. Suso's middle firmed and swelled as they lazily took in the sun's rays, processing the plant's nectar into dense, honey-like sap. Their body shifted the better accomplish the task, taking on distinctly botanical features. The hide between their scales softened and took on the fluid's amber hue, and their scales took on the texture of bark and the color of chlorophyll. Their thighs thickened with maternal curvature, and their hips widened to better accommodate their growing middle. Suso idly rubbed their middle and explored their changing shape, finding satisfaction rather than apprehension. They knew that was likely a side effect of the plant's influence, but they found it hard to get stuck on that detail. The kobold's commitment to their new role redoubled when night fell once more, waking the plant from its day-time slumber. Anticipation welled in their chest and between their thighs as the pod's vines stirred, lavishing their swollen figure with affectionate rubs and nudges. Suso offered no resistance as the vines squirmed their way to their intimate passages, and they moaned with glee as they entered once again. They expected another vigorous night similar to their introduction, but received a much more gentle treatment instead.

The vines slithered over their lips and under their tail with lazy ease, worming their way to the kobold's stomach as a third tended to their spire. A day of daydreaming about that moment brought them to their full length in an instant, and a groan resonated in their chest as the milking tendril took them to the root, then rippled and swallowed with need. A low, constant orgasm rolled through their form as the vine hit its stride, siphoning off their processed honey-sap. The strange sensation of fluid swirling in their core pulled them from their blissful haze, until a burst of nectar from the tendril in their belly pulled them back under. They basked in the manifold ministrations of the plant as it kneaded and massaged their middle, squishing dense, viscous sphere of honey into their lower reaches. Unprocessed nectar pooled atop it and kept the kobold firm and round, which seeped deeper and deeper into their anatomy. The insides of their arms and thighs turned translucent with the amber treasure, and their tail thickened considerably with the same effects. Despite their growing mass, the pool of sap kept them suspended and weightless,

leaving the tendril's tender touches some of the only sensations to focus on. The kobold's sensitivity heightened with the changing fluid, plunging them deeper and deeper into their rapturous trance. They bucked and rolled their hips as the moon rose high in the sky, which granted a glimpse of their hybridized form. Another surge of pleasure rushed through them as they embraced their new anatomy, though they harbored a single regret. Suso wished to invite others to embrace the pleasures the strange plant could bring.

As the moon set and the sun rose once more, the plant slipped back into dormancy, granting the mental space for an idea to form. The guild was waiting for them to return. There would likely be a search party sent for them, which meant they may get their chance to mitigate that sole regret.