



# TRICKY MARSHES



Koby hated the night shift. The young bolgan male took a deep breath before he threw away the papers of the Super-Skirran Candy dragees and lit his e-torch. „*Stupid Zirrans*“ he mumbled to himself while he watched the slowly setting sun on the horizon.

His partner Sally, a quite lively Zirran was afraid of ghosts since a bunch of Skirrans had sneaked inside the sugar factory last week and almost burned down the whole place in their revel. Koby sighted – Sally had almost ruined their reputation as a security-guard team back then... as if it wasn't hard enough already to compete against the way more intimidating Ferons or Tizzian merchenaries.

Koby moved the chair to the side and sat down to watch the rather boring landscape. The factory was located not far outside Tinora right next to an old Ketoran fortress the Necra had chosen for their cult. He squinted his eyes. In some nights, it was possible to see Necras casting their magic inside the fortress, but tonight, it seemed to be all quiet.

Bored like most nights, Koby leaned back and put his feet on the small table before he checked the screens in front of him... nothing special... again..

„*If there would only be a ghost here somewhere*“ he mumbled as his view wandered over the screens and outside the window. Not far away, the thick fog of the flat marshes started to gather, creating a thick, white carpet that seemed to slowly crawl all over the dark ground.

What was that? A light? Koby rubbed his eyes. He was sure he saw something in the fog out there! Maybe a burglar that had just switched off his flashlight? Thrilled and driven by the thought of restoring the reputation Sally had ruined, Koby grabbed the e-torch and ran outside.

„Hellooo?!“ Koby carefully stepped through the muddy waters of the swamp. The light of his torch was lighting up the area around him – nothing was here, not even footprints! „*Damn, these Narioks did it again!*“ The light of his torch hit a few barrels that were buried deep into the mud. „*Why can't they just keep their shit underwater and pollute their own cities?*“



Suddenly, something touched Koby's right leg. Alarmed, he turned around and saw that one of the barrels was broken – the ground around the Bolgan started to move... whatever had been inside that barrel had mixed with the wet mud under his feet.

Koby dropped his torch and wanted to run but a cold, wet mass had curled around his foot. The ground around him seemed to move, as the mud tried to form tentacle-like arms which collapsed under their own weight over and over again. „*What is this shit?*“ Koby screamed, as the muddy substance started to crawl up his leg.

With a smack, he pulled his other leg free from the cold dirt, but his other leg was now almost completely covered in layers of filthy mud. „*Get away from me! HELP!*“ He screamed, as Koby saw that the thick muddy substance was not only acting like a predator consuming him... it was also digesting his clothes!

„*Ewww!*“ The wet viscous mass had started to curl around his waist. The smell of brackish water, moss and wet dirt was soaked into Koby's nose with every breath. „*Whats happening, stop it, noo!*“



With a loud farting sound, the Bolgan was pulled to his knees. More and more mud was crawling over his legs. His clothes had almost disappeared into the muddy pool or been dissolved by the mud itself by now as the vile substance reached his crotch. „*Gahhw!*“ The substance carefully started to cover up his cock with its dark, brown color. Suddenly, the mud was not feeling cold at all anymore, like it had adapted to the Bolgan’s own temperature. Koby felt the mass curling around his slowly erecting penis, as the creature started to stimulate him.

Dazed by the feeling of weird lust, Koby was breathing heavily as he saw his cock being stroked by the living, warm mud, until he finally released a load of hot semen into the pool he was kneeling in. He hadn’t noticed the two huge bulges of mud that had travelled over his tights and towards his upper body until it was too late: In horror, Koby could do nothing but watch, as the first grotesque-looking mud-tit sucked tightly on his chest.

„*What are you doing to me?!*“ He screamed, as the second plump breast travelled upwards to create a massive, muddy cleavage.



*„Stop it, please No!“* The mud had reached his face and started to cover him up completely. His new, massive tits had become even bigger and had developed huge, warty areola.

In panic, he tried to pull the vile muddy stuff off his face, as Koby saw what had happened to his feline cock: A wet, warty trunk was drooling a weird mix of brackish water and cum, as Koby felt his testicles slowly merging with the brownish ground. It seemed like his real cock was covered in this new abomination of a cock which was milking him over and over, pumping every drop of cum out of his trapped penis.

*„Hmmpf“* Aroused and scared at the same time, Koby tried to scream, as a huge gush of mud pushed inside his mouth to transform him further.



Runnig made no sense anymore. Koby felt how his insides were slowly merging with the pool of mud, as he started to „feel“ the whole puddle around him. He had become the mud, he -was- the mud now. His disgusting, warty cock was still drooling viscous liquids that formed strands between the massive organ and the mud below. „*Fuuuck!*“ The former Bolgan moaned, as he looked over his new, soft body.

He was able to control and manipulate the mud around him now. His snout had turned into an almost human jaw, except it was made out of vile mud that dripped on his impressive cleavage every now and then. The blue of his former hair had turned into a mossy-green, that was even growing at the root of his new, massive and steamy mud-cock.

„*Fuu... Ugh!*“ Kobys mind was in a daze, simple thoughts of mating with a female started to dominate him, as his hand slowly rubbed over the warty, hot cock, that supported that thought with a gush of even more, thick cum.

„*Muuud*“ broke out of the new Golgons mouth, as the insides of the former Bolgan had completely turned into wet dirt. Koby felt that something was travelling up from his stomach... something that wanted out very fast. With still a tiny rest of him aware what was happening, Koby felt his mouth stretching as a hot, damp mass slipped out of his throat symbolizing that his transformation into a mudgirl-herm had been completed.



Shivering and in disbelief, Koby looked over his new body and what the pool of vile mud had done to him: A giant, warty cock rested between his tights, drooling a thick brackish cum into the wet ground, while hot damp emerged, spreading a musky, male odor.

"Dirty muuud!.... soo dirty..." It was like his voice had turned a few pitches higher as he moaned out the words in a feminine tone, not able to form complex sentences anymore.

His new tits looked disgusting with their giant, warty aerolas, but touching them just felt so good. Small slimy tentacles of mud emerged from the pool like additional hands, fondling Koby's new, swollen sack that rested in the dirt below his throbbing cock.

He needed to find water... a weird itch started to form all over his body... It was like an urge to get clean and be freed from the mud.

Moaning and dripping, Koby slipped deeper into the pool of mud that had become his home now... hopefully, someone would come and clean this dirty pond one day...

