

Spirit Slugs Korra and Asami

The Spirit World was supposed to be the breath of fresh air needed to reinvigorate Korra after facing Kuvira and everything else that came with being the avatar. However, relaxation was the last thing on her mind as she pushed through the thick foliage in front of her with liberal use of her water bending. Knocking stray leaves out of her neck length, black hair only succeeded in having them tumble against her brown skin. Various scratches and scuffs littered her blue top and brown pants, increasing her frustration with each passing second. Gritting her teeth at her growing rage, she momentarily let flames flicker in her palm as she considered burning down everything in front of her.

Korra's anger was snuffed out as she felt a familiar set of hands on her shoulder. Turning her head, she was immediately calmed down by the sight of Asami's green eyes and silky, black hair tied into a neat ponytail. She was sure her girlfriend's intention was to try to ease her nerves, but the sight of sweat going down Asami's light skinned cheeks and onto her black and red outfit revealed a hidden exhaustion that only fired Korra up more.

"Stupid spirit vines," Korra said, managing to keep some of her anger in check as she resumed slashing through the foliage.

"Maybe we should stop and take a break?" Asami suggested.

"I will once I get a find a place to sit down," Korra replied.

"Charging forward is only going to make us more lost," Asami pointed out.

Korra paused for a moment, only to continue thrashing through the brush. "Come on, there has to be somewhere relaxing nearby. We came her for a vacation. I'm going to find us a nice place to settle down and take in the fresh air if it's the last thing I-"

Extending forward to break through a tangle of branches left Korra on the very edge of a steep drop. Seeing her girlfriend tip forward, Asami rushed to try and catch her. Unfortunately for the both of them, Asami's efforts were proven futile as part of the ground crumbled beneath their feet to send them rolling down a steep cliff.

The two of them felt every bump as they rolled down the dirt slope. Enduring the various crashes and impacts led to them still clinging to one another as they neared the bottom. Their blurred vision showed a foggy swamp below, thick with trees and waist high water. A single rock near the bottom eventually split them apart, leading them to make separate splashes as they landed in the muck.

Pulling herself out of the mud, Korra spat out a mouthful of liquid sludge. Wincing at the various aches and pains afflicting her body, she barely paid attention to the strange green glow on the surface of the swamp water. What she was concerned about first and foremost was finding Asami.

Not seeing any sign of her partner, her eyes immediately fell upon the collection of bubbles a few feet away. Trudging through the muck as fast as her legs could carry her, she plunged her hand beneath the surface. Upon feeling a set of fingers clench her own, she pulled up to allow Asami to spit out a mouthful of swamp water as she wiped off the mud completely covering her body.

"Are you alright?" Asami asked, holding onto Korra for support.

"A few bruises here and there, but I've been through much worse. What about you?"

"I'm just-MMMPH!"

Asami winced as she tried to take a step. Grabbing her by the waist, Korra lifted her up to see her leg had gotten badly beaten by the fall. Spotting a small patch of dry land risen above the water, Korra carried Asami over to it and laid her down next to a tree.

“It’s broken, no doubt about it,” Korra said, very carefully examining Asami’s leg. “You wait here. I’ll head back up the cliff and try to find some clean leaves to wrap it with.”

Sprinting back through the mud, Korra arrived at the slope and attempted to use her air bending to leap out of the water. Though she managed to get some height, she was only up for a few seconds before she came splashing back down into the water. Picking herself back out of the muck, she attempted to raise up the ground with earth bending only to accidentally splash herself in the face with more mud. Similar failure met her as she attempted to move around with water bending only to have the sludge rise up to slide down her back. Holding out her hand in curiosity, her attempt to ignite even the smallest flicker of flame for fire bending resulted in little more than a puff of smoke.

“There might be something in the swamp disrupting your bending,” Asami suggested, forcing herself to sit up against the tree.

“What else am I going to do then?” Korra asked as she walked back over to Asami.

“I’m sure we can figure something out,” Asami replied, her pain being partially remedied by Korra rubbing her forehead. “Maybe we can cut down some of the trees around here and make a-UUURRRP.”

Asami turned silent as a blush of red shined through the mud on her cheeks. Looking back at Korra, she winced as she watched her wipe the green slime that had been sprayed onto her face. “Sorry, I don’t know where that came from. A gas bubble must have slipped inside of me during the fall.”

“It’s fine,” Korra replied, waving away the lingering rancid smell of Asami’s burp. “Just more of a reason for you to take it easy and rest.”

“If you BWOOOORRRP say so,” Asami said, wiping off the slime that had dribbled onto her chin.

Stepping away from Asami in search of materials for a makeshift shelter, Korra noticed a splotch of green goo still clinging to her arm. Wiping off the spot, she was confused by the sight of another blob appearing shortly after. Rubbing it over and over again failed to rid herself of the sticky mess. Coming to a stop, she swore she saw a black bump emerge from the goo.

Attributing the sight to a hallucination brought about by her own worry and exhaustion, she turned her attention towards the task at hand of taking care of her wounded girlfriend.

What little experience Korra had with the Spirit World beforehand did little to prepare her for an extended stay. No matter how long she and Asami were stuck in the swamp, the sky remained a dingy grey that gave the murky, glowing green waters a near constant, unsettling aura. The only way Korra could tell that time was passing was by the need to feed herself at regular intervals. Running out of rations left her to scavenge the area for something edible, only to settle for the usual staple of their Spirit World diet.

Clinging to the roots of a tree sticking out of the water were patches of sickly green-looking moss. A single scrape of the stuff was enough to coat Korra’s fingers in a layer of pungent slime. No sooner did she grasp a handful of the mystery fungus did more grow back to take its place. The way the vegetation squirmed on its own accord should have been enough to dissuade her from taking anymore. However, her need to continue providing for herself and

Asami alongside a growing fondness for the green goo made got her to collect the moss despite knowing what it would do to her.

Gathering up the fungus was made easier by the plumpness that had begun to form around Korra's fingers. Similar chub extended towards her arms and legs, making it more difficult to slosh through the swamp water with each passing day. Her disheveled clothes did a poor job at obscuring her prominent potbelly and cabbage-sized breasts, not that anyone besides Asami was around to see her. Though the added heft was bad enough, a rumbling sensation around her chubby butt cheeks reminded Korra of another unpleasant side effect of devouring the moss for every meal.

Beginning the arduous trek to return to Asami, Korra winced as a puff of flatulence forced itself out of her rear. The rank odor added to the aura of stink Korra had begun to accumulate from not being able to properly bathe herself. Further stinking herself up with a belch that jostled her extra chin, she tried to keep her attention focused on the hut in the distance and not the line of black bumps she could see peeking out around her belly button.

Squeezing herself into the cobbled together hut made of branches and twigs, Korra was greeted by a familiar stench of rot. The smell was coming from the bed of leaves in the corner that acted as Asami's bed. Not being able to move much on her own, the side effects of her lack of activity was obvious.

Upon seeing Korra enter the hut, Asami tried to sit up and place her pudgy back flab against the wall. Her position let Korra take a gander at the globular gut resting between her thick thighs that was mere inches away from bursting apart her raggedy jacket. Though she tried to stand up, a momentary wince of pain in her legs brought her right back down on her pudgy

rear. The resulting impact released a small puff of gas that shined a bright shade of red across her face.

“Sorry,” Asami said, resting her meaty fingers on her engorged bosom.

“It’s fine,” Korra said, forcing herself through the lingering gas cloud as she approached her girlfriend. “I think I’m getting used to it. Now eat up. You need your strength to recover.”

Pulling out a handful of the moss, Korra lifted it up to Asami’s mouth. Wrapping her lips around Korra’s fingers, Asami gently sucked up the goo to sate her rumbling tummy. Leaving Asami to chew on her serving of moss, Korra helped herself to a portion. As disgusting as it was, she had to admit that her taste buds had acquired a liking to the strange taste. Trying not to linger on the idea that she was getting used to eating the gunk, she instead focused her energy on continuing to nourish Asami and herself.

Before Korra even realized it, her fingers reached into her sack once more only to find the slimy residue of their meal. Pulling back her hand, she wiped the lingering slime along the surface of her further stuffed stomach. The small prod was enough to push out a squeaky fart from her body. Reeling back from her own gas accidentally led her to bump into Asami’s own belly. The shove led to a prolonged BWOOOOOOOORRRPP parting from Asami’s lips. As the burp petered off, Asami quickly wiped off the slime clinging to her lips and lowered her head.

“Sorry,” Asami said, becoming even more embarrassed as a tap of her gut sent out a loud PHHHRRRTTT from her rear. “You’re out there scavenging in the mud while I sit in here getting fatter and gassier.”

“It’s fine, really,” Korra said, powering through the odor for Asami’s sake. “You took care of me after Zaheer and I intend to pay you back. Anything you need, just tell me.”

“Anything at all?” Asami asked.

“Anything,” Korra replied, showing off a wide grin to ease some of Asami’s fears.

Following a few moments of silence occasionally interrupted by post-meal gas, Asami finally turned towards Korra. “Would you mind giving me some...’relief’ down there?” she asked, pointing a sheepish finger towards her nether region.

Korra smirked back. “Don’t have to ask me twice,” she said, grasping the edges of Asami’s pants and dragging them past her thickened thighs.

Pulling away Asami’s well-worn panties, Korra steeled herself for what was to come. With nothing left in its way, Asami’s womanhood was free to show off the green wetness covering her labia. The sight was more than a little worrisome to Korra, a similar series of changes to her own genitalia making her concerned about what their prolonged stay in the swamp was doing to their bodies. A single glance at Asami’s look of wanting was enough to convince her to ignore her lingering fears and focus on helping her girlfriend relieve some stress. Opening her mouth, Korra leaned forward to take care of Asami’s needs.

Korra managed to guide her tongue where it needed to go to get Asami to squirm. The slime that met her at every turn had the same taste as the moss they had eaten mere moments before. Rather than dwell on the side effects of their diet, Korra continued to push forward until she was momentarily stopped by an abrupt fart from Asami. The disgust that began to fill her head as she sucked in the rancid air was swept away by a soft moan from Asami. Once more pushing forward, Korra upped her efforts to try and give Asami the pleasure she sought. The finale came as Korra focused her attention on Asami’s clit; the excess slime coating her groin making for a perfect lubricant. Feeling her partner quiver as she got closer and closer to release, Korra only had a fraction of a second to dwell on the added size of Asami’s clit before a barrage of flatulence and a splatter of slime momentarily blinded her in the wake of the resulting orgasm.

“I’m BWOOOORRRP sorry,” Asami said, her chest heaving up and down as she recovered from her climax.

“It’s alright,” Korra replied, trying in vain to wipe her face clean of Asami’s juices. “I take it I’m still more than satisfactory?”

Asami grinned. “More than that. It was excellent. Do you want a turn?”

“No thank you,” Korra replied, picking up the empty sack and heading out the door again. “One of us has to go out and replenish our food supply. Maybe we can do it later.”

“Be UUURRPPP safe out there,” Asami said, waving Korra off.

Once more splashing her way into the muck, Korra took notice of the slime clinging to her arm. Though she began to reach out to wipe it away, she lowered her hand back down in defeat knowing how much messier she was about to get. Momentarily looking up to stare at the cliff where they had fallen, she once more waded through the water to collect moss and give herself time to think about when or if they would ever be able to escape the swamp.

Korra’s nerves were starting to get to her. She and Asami were still trapped in the Spirit World swamp with no way of knowing how long they had been stuck living amongst the muck and mire. Making matters worse, Asami had begun to shirk away Korra’s help, constantly asking her to give her privacy. As much as Korra would have liked the comfort of her girlfriend to help her through the ordeal, she was sympathetic to Asami’s desires considering what their time in the swamp had done to their bodies.

Stopping midway through her chore of collecting moss to feed their ravenous appetites, Korra hazarded to glance at her reflection on the surface of the water. Though the image was far from clear, it gave a good enough view of the hundreds of pounds of green flesh that had been

packed onto her body during her stay. Sliding her fingers along the exposed portion of her belly peeking out from her tight clothing, she winced at the feeling of the numerous black bumps that were scattered across her skin. Pulling her hand away left behind a line of slime that slowly dripped into the water below. Making good use of the little amount of material that still clung to her heaving bosom, she attempted to wipe off the gunk. The motion of her pudgy wrists bumping into her mammaries had the unintended side effect of sending a burp rolling up her throat to jostle her three chins.

Wading through the muck to get away from the odor led to her feet tripping over a hidden root. Splashing her fat rear down into the muck, her gas further stunk up her unwashed form as a fart came spurting out to bubble the surface of the water. As she sat there with her obese, gassy form simmering in her own stench, she winced at the realization that she had become accustomed to the awful odor. However, that paled in comparison to the fact that the sight of her green, tentacle-like hair dangling in front of her face was something she had gotten used to over the course of her body's degradation.

Heaving herself out of the sludge, Korra quickly picked up her bag and headed back to their base camp. Winded from the effort of lifting her bulky legs through the water, she rolled onto the heap of dried land they called home to catch her breath. Sucking in her heavy aura of filth and flatulence, she summoned up the strength to push herself to waddle into the cabin she had made. As much as she would have liked to collapse upon the pile of leaves she called a bed, her exhaustion seemed to disappear upon seeing the state of Asami.

The similarly fat and fragrant Asami was huddled up in a corner with a mass of leaves partially obscuring other mass of green skin covered in unsightly, black bumps. The foliage was just about the only thing large enough to cover up the gigantic girl, her clothing having been

ruined by her girth and the swamp's influence a few days prior. Getting a closer look, Korra watched as heavy droplets of slime caressed her girlfriend's chubby cheeks to make her completely drenched in the sticky substance. Taking another step closer, Korra paused as she spotted something sticking out of the makeshift blanket. Noticing her trying to get a better look, Asami lunged forward to cover herself up again, in the process releasing a pungent fart.

"Are you okay?" Korra asked, pushing herself through the noxious fumes.

"I'm UUURRRP fine," Asami replied, her shivering body doing a poor job of hiding her obvious lie.

"Asami, if there's something wrong you can tell me," Korra began. "You've been acting distant lately and I can't help wondering if I'm the root cause of it. It was my idea to go to the Spirit World and my stupid temper tantrum that got us stuck here."

"No, it's not you," Asami replied. "It's more of a...sensitive topic."

"Please, tell me," Korra said, pushing aside the tendril-like hair in front of Asami's face to get a good look glossy, black sheen that had taken over her eyes.

Asami paused for a moment, letting the expulsion of slime and gas from the various bumps around her body fill the silence. "Do you love me?"

"What?"

"Do you love me? Even if I'm not...who I used to be?"

Though she was more than a little confused by the question, Korra managed to clench her fists and look Asami in the face once more and reply, "Of course I love you. Nothing is going to change that."

After a few more moments of hesitation Asami grasped handfuls of her leafy covering. "Then could you help me with this?"

Asami tossed off the collection of leaves to leave nothing to obscure her lower body. Korra stared awestruck at the pudgy, slime-slicked tail that had taken the place of Asami's legs. The longer Korra stared at the appendage as it lazily swayed back and forth, the more she realized how closely it made her girlfriend's body resemble that of a slug.

As Korra continued to survey Asami's lower body, her eyes locked on to something lurking around her groin. Hazarding to press her body against Asami's tail, Korra slowly brought her face up to the protrusion hanging above Asami's womanhood. It was a long, girthy penis covered in the same emerald tones and black bumps as the rest of Asami's body. Occasionally the tip would dribble out slime to splash across Asami's crotch and seep into her labia. Giving the shaft the slightest of touches was enough to make the cock twitch. More than a little confused, Korra turned her head towards Asami's for answers.

"How long have you had this?" Korra asked.

"A while," was Asami's response. "I've been trying to hide it from you. I took care of my urges when you've been out gathering, but I don't think I can do it by myself anymore." Reaching out, Asami grasped her penis between her fingers. "Do you think you could give me some...relief?"

Korra was left in a state of stunned silence as she thought over the offer. Glancing between the rigid cock and Asami's face filled her with a mix of emotions. What eventually prevailed was a sense of wanting to ease Asami's stress, alongside a collection of her own, pent up libido itching at the back of her mind.

Placing her fingers around the shaft of Asami's cock, Korra began to slowly stroke it up and down. Her reward for the assistance was the feeling of precum slipping out of the tip and drizzling across her knuckles. As she continued to increase her pace, she could hear Asami let

out a series of moans interspersed with guttural belches. Continuing to pump away at her girlfriend's dick, Korra became too obsessed with her task to avoid getting a face full of slimy semen as Asami ejaculated.

Reeling back from the abrupt spurt, Korra accidentally swallowed up some of the slime. Managing to wipe the gunk off of her face, she was able to gaze at the look of ecstasy on Asami's face. Enamored by her girlfriend's expression, she barely paid any attention to the tingling sensation in her lower half. Feeling something slide up against her inner thighs should have gotten her attention, but her mind was somewhere else as she watched Asami's manhood become rigid again. Her breath became haggard, a warmth spreading through her body making her pudgy fingers reach out to tear away what little clothing still remained on her body. Dragging her way towards Asami once more, Korra let herself give into her well of desires.

Wrapping her lips around the tip of Asami's cock, Korra swallowed up what she could of the girthy member. Her reward was even more atrocious gas being pushed out of Asami's ends, alongside getting a direct feed of the slime across her tongue. Increasing her pace took away most of her self-control, leaving her to release similar bombardments of flatulence as she vigorously sucked on Asami's dick. After a few more repetitions, Korra's cheeks puffed up to contain the massive load of slimy cum gifted to her by her lover.

Once more pulling back from Asami, Korra put her thick neck to good use to swallow the entirety of her liquid meal. Releasing a satisfied belch, she turned back towards Asami to see if a second helping was possible. Gazing over Asami's still throbbing member and the slime coating her body inevitably brought her eyes towards the two antennas sticking out of her forehead. The sight of the feelers waving about from one of Asami's burps reminded Korra of their predicament and finally got her to survey her own body.

Though she tried to stand up, Korra was momentarily distressed to discover that she had lost the use of her legs. Rolling her obese form over, her glossy, black eyes went wide as she got a good look at the enormous slug tail that had taken up the majority of her lower half. While it was now very apparent that she and Asami had been transformed into slug people, there was still something that garnered more of her attention.

Reaching out with her sausage-like fingers, Korra slid across the bumps lining her penis to give it an experimental flick. She let out an involuntary moan as the shivers of pleasures spread through her new manhood. That little amount of stimulation was enough for droplets of pre-cum to leak from her tip. Just as she was about to reach out to further explore her new genitalia, she was stopped as Asami climbed up on top of her.

“Would you like me to BWOOOOORRRP give you a turn?” Asami asked, pushing forward to have her vulva grind up against Korra’s cock.

“Go UUUURRRRP ahead,” Korra replied, far past the ability to worry about what the two of them had become.

Heaving her hefty form forward, Asami easily slipped the entirety of Korra’s penis inside of her. Reeling from the mere act of insertion, Korra was given an ample amount of time to deal with the surge of new sensations coursing through her body. Sitting herself up to look into Asami’s eyes, she nodded her head to move onto the next step.

Putting her body’s weight to good use, Asami began to move herself back and forth. The squishing sound that accompanied each insertion brought a strange tingle of satisfaction to the two slug women’s ears. Though the going was slow, the pleasure felt from each thrust was something neither of them had felt before. Gas and slime began to seep out of their bodies, further riling up their libidos as Asami hazarded to increase her speed ever so slightly. Driven by

the look of lust in Asami's eyes and her own, corrupted form, Korra decided to take things one step further.

Grabbing hold of Asami's arms, Korra heaved herself forward. Pinning Asami beneath her, Korra remained silent as she stared into her eyes. Through the sounds of gas seeping out of their flesh, Asami managed to catch on to what Korra had planned. Receiving the head nod she had been looking for, Korra unleashed the full power of her unbridled lust.

Moving surprisingly fast for a slug, Korra shoved her cock into the deepest parts of Asami's womanhood. The first thrust came with an explosion of gas from both of the slime-covered slug women's ends. Bodies shaking from their shared intimacy, they two came together once more to take the final step.

Korra began to vigorously ram her member inside of Asami, going harder and harder with each repetition. As Korra continued to lose herself to pleasure, Asami was there to hold onto her torso to keep her on track. The constant shaking of their fat rolls sprinkled the floor with their sweat-like slime to ensure their musk filled the cabin. While Korra continued to put her manhood to good use, she could feel Asami's own, erect member bouncing against the black bumps across her belly to leave behind a stream of cum droplets. Their minds became a flood of ecstasy as they got closer and closer to their final release. When their orgasms inevitably came, it was alongside a splatter of slime inside of Asami's womanhood and across Korra's torso.

Slumping against one another, the two slug women took their time to bask in their lingering euphoria. Summoning up a meager amount of strength, Korra pushed herself forward with her own pair of antennas dangling in front of her face. Meeting eyes with her beloved, Korra pushed back the tendrils on her head to come together in a deep kiss. Embracing each other in a tight hug, the two of them reveled in one another's bodies; slime, gas, and all.

What was once a major obstacle in her day to day life in the swamp became a breeze to Korra once she had fully accepted her new self. Though her legs used to constantly get stuck in the muck, the same problem barely fazed her bloated, slime-slicked tail as she slithered through the water. Her new form of locomotion was even capable of ascending up the very cliff where they had fallen from in the first place. Not that she had any reason to leave.

The smells that used to make Korra gag were now quaint in comparison to the various odors that permeated from her own body. Gas seeping out her pores and orifices kept her in a constant aura of the noxious fumes that she had come to adore. Digging out a few clumps of moss from between her engorged, beach ball-like breasts, she stuffed the delectable gunk into her mouth between a series of echoing BWOOOOOORRRPPSS. Pulling her mass of green pudge covered in black bumps onto the closest thing to dry land, she surveyed ahead with her glossy black eyes. With a twitch of her bulbous antennas, she spotted the only thing in the swamp just as large and gassy as her.

Moving at astounding speed for a creature her size, Korra collided her mammoth gut up against Asami's slightly larger, boulder-like belly. Showering her near 1000 pound wife with a plethora of slime-slicked kisses gave Korra more than enough opportunities to savor the feeling of Asami's heaving chest and numerous fat rolls. Taking a moment to carefully set aside their collection of moss, the two slug women immediately locked into a kiss. Sliding their fingers through their tentacle-like hair was all a pretense to the ritual they performed multiple times throughout the day.

Making sure Asami was tightly grasped within her arms, Korra fell backwards to let the entire weight of her wife push down on her. After a few moments of squirming, Asami managed

to slide her rigid member into Korra's waiting hole. Very much used to what one another's bodies wanted, Asami wasted little time chugging her massive mass of green flesh along to fulfill the lust they had been saving up since their moment of intimacy mere hours before. In very little time the swamp became flooded with the sounds of gas and euphoric cries emanating from the two women as they basked in their unrestrained indulgence.

The culmination of their paring came in the form of sludgy semen spilling out of Asami's member to fill up Korra's pussy. Releasing the last few globs of cum, Asami slid back down to slurp up the remains. Considering they were already both carrying enough eggs as it was, they could afford to save some of their sweet slime to satisfy their own appetites.

"Couldn't even UUUURRRP wait until we were inside, huh?" Asami teased as the two of them sat back up.

Korra smirked as a billowing fart erupted from her rear. "Can't help it if I have the sexiest thing in this swamp as my wife." Taking the lead, Korra began to slither towards a collection of recently built huts and cottages. "Besides, I want to BWOOOORRP get as much alone time with you as I can before the kids come."

"I see your point," Asami said, deeply inhaling Korra's intoxicating odor as they entered their cottage. "We're going to be really busy once our bellies decide to UUURRP pop."

Upending her sack, Korra spread her moss across a makeshift table. "Then let's BWOOOOOORRRPP enjoy these moments together while we can."

Nodding her head in agreement, Asami joined Korra in scarfing down the moss. The slimy gunk would be the perfect fuel for their hyper active libidos and preparing them for the arduous task of raising an entire population of slug people. At the very least, they took solace in the fact that their precious swamp would be there to provide everything they would ever need.