
The Dangers of Cave Exploration,
by Zennith Mehathvin

I have created an illustrated version of this story. If you would like to read this story with illustrations, please return to <http://www.zennith.net> and download the illustrated story file from my gallery.

The fox stretched in bed, the silk sheets feeling smooth and slick against his fur. Opening his eyes, he was greeted with a late-morning sunlight shining through floor-length white lace curtains, rustling in a light breeze. Waves could be heard crashing in the distance, complementing the dynamic sounds of the occasional passerby walking along the streets below. He pressed back against his wolfie, his love of four years, who had been cuddling with him through the night.

The wolf blinked with a yawn, stretching and then giving the fox a kiss on the back of his neck, rubbing at the fox's white-furred belly. "Hon, we should probably get up now." The wolf looked at the radio-alarm clock, showing 10:42. It seems even in the nicest of hotels one still can't escape the crappy radio-alarm clock with those interruptive, bright red numbers...

The fox nodded. "Yeah...we should, Tingo. When is that cave t...AHHhhwwww!!!" He yawned, and the wolf tickled his sides, making him squirm. "Hey, quit...teehee...st...st...stooooop!" The wolf pulled away and again kissed his foxxie, his sweet Danny, and let him finish his sentence. Daniel composed himself. "When is that cave tour again?" Tingo thought for a second: "I think at 12. We've got plenty of time as long as we don't sit on our butts about it."

Danny flipped around in bed and wrapped his arms around Tingo, giving him a tender kiss on the nose and then the lips. The wolf wagged his tail, sighing happily and returning Danny's loving kiss. The wolf pulled on the fox's lips with his own as they intertwined their tongues, pressing their bodies close and just enjoying each other. Four years, to the day almost, of them being together, and their passion for each other was as strong as ever. Danny pulled away, smiling, and nosed at Tingo for a moment before climbing out of bed.

He walked towards the bathroom across the soft, golden-brown carpet, stopping for a second to admire a real oil painting on the wall painted by a certain...T. Sanchez, if he read the name right. He'd never heard of that artist, but no matter...the all-too generic scene of a harbor with all manner of boats and seagulls was somehow truly romanticized, and about as non-generic as such a scene could be. The golden, flowered wallpaper and dark wood paneling on the walls, and the very comfortable bed with silk sheets...worth every penny, the fox thought. You don't get to go on vacations like this all too often.

Danny half-closed the bathroom door, sitting down on the toilet for the obligatory morning visit. He looked up and smirked as his wolf swaggered in to splash some water on his face, not quite having regained his sense of balance. Finishing his business, the fox got up and flushed, and half-assed washing his paws by running them through the faucet. The mates grabbed their toothbrushes and brushed their teeth for the morning, smiling at each other as they did so...or, well at least tried smiling at each other. The toothbrushes gave each of them silly expressions, and they both broke out in a laugh at the other.

Grabbing their bags, the wolf and fox padded out the room door, locking it behind them. They walked a few blocks to the south, passing old, pastel-colored buildings on the way to a shop with an old sign reading “La Cueva Viaja”...Cave Tours. A tour guide, a golden retriever, greeted them at the shop entrance, speaking in fluent English, albeit with a very heavy Latino accent:

“Hola señores. My name is Roberto. You are here for the cave tour?”

“Yes. What's the damage?”, Tingo said.

“Our price is 80 pesos per person, señor.”

“Very good”, the wolf said, handing Roberto a few bills totalling 160 pesos.

“Gracias, señor. El autobus...pardon me. The bus will be here in about 5 minutos.”

Roberto handed two tickets to Tingo, who took the tickets with a nod and a badly butchered attempt at saying “gracias” and sat down on a bench outside the store, next to where Danny was already sitting. There they sat for what seemed like no time at all; the warm breeze coming off of the Gulf of Mexico, the gorgeous, pale-blue sky with only a couple thunderheads in the distance...the peacefulness of the town, too...it was all just so relaxing.

Tingo twitched his ears, hearing a mechanical screech in the distance. He looked in that direction and was almost disappointed to see the bus coming around the street corner towards them; he would have been so content with just sitting there with his foxxie on the bench all day in the pleasant surroundings. He scarcely noticed the other furs milling around, either in the store or leaning against the shop's exterior, waiting for the tour as well.

As the bus, a rusted pale green and at least 40 years old at first glance, screeched to a stop in front of the shop, the doors opened and a few people from the previous tour got off. The bus driver stepped down last, leaving the bus running, and waved to Roberto, who would be the next tour guide. Roberto called to everyone, saying it was time to leave. The golden retriever climbed into the bus and sat down in the driver's seat as the tour group filed in after him, with Tingo and Danny getting on board last, in no hurry to leave the peace of their bench.

The drive took only about 30 minutes despite the questionable state of the bus. The group exited and the golden retriever got out of the driver's seat, cutting the engine as an afterthought before stepping out of the bus as well. Slipping to the front of the group, he clasped his paws together. “Bueno. Everyone, if you could be so kind as to follow me to the caves. They are right this way,” he said, pointing with a paw.

He began walking onto a trail, occasionally checking behind him to make sure that everyone was with him. This group would be hard to keep track of, though: almost 20 furs were in this group, more or less. He regretted not counting them, but oh well. There weren't any rascally kids, and everyone looked attentive enough.

Passing into the cave, the group was greeted with a cool breeze. “Everyone, if you could stay close please, and watch your step. We don't want anyone to slip on the wet floor.” Roberto kept walking, bringing everyone down a gradual slope sparsely lit with battery-powered lamps.

Walking through a few rooms and after seeing beautiful rock formations and cave pools, the group arrived in a large room with some red and blue spotlights illuminating the ceiling. “Everyone, this room is nowadays called the 'Cuarto Gigante del Muerte', or the Gaint Room of Death. Legend has it that the Mayas came to this room to make a rare sacrifice to their goddess of water and weaving, Ixazaluoh. What is that American expression...ah yes, 'try saying that ten

times fast!' All of this more or less ended circa 1500 CE, when the Spanish conquistadors led under Francisco de Montejo suppressed the indigenous peoples of the Yucatán.”

Everyone except for one or two history buff-looking types had blank expressions on their faces, and Roberto turned away and sighed, thinking to himself “Seems nobody ever cares about the history...”. He turned his head back towards the group, and said “Now, if everyone could please follow me, we have some more beautiful cave formations to show you.” He started leading the group towards the next room, though a long, low natural “hallway” between the rooms had to be traversed first.

Tingo and Danny padded along, still going slowly at the back of the group at their own pace. As the group was passing through the hallway, something attracted Tingo's eye. A small opening led off of the hallway, just small enough to crawl through.

“Hey, Danny, where do you think that goes?”

“I don't know...why?”

“Why don't we see, then?”

The fox wrinkled his face. “I don't think that's a good idea, sweetheart, what if we get lost?”

“We won't, silly. Let's just go see.”

“But I don't think...” The fox frowned and rolled his eyes. Tingo had already wiggled himself through the hole; it was a tight squeeze, but a couple grunts later it wasn't all that bad, and Tingo was in. Danny sighed and followed his wolf in; his thinner build made it easier for him to slip through.

Panting, the wolf reached for his fox's paw in the darkness. The fox wondered what was going to happen next, and was about to say they should get back to the tour group when he heard a click and a flashlight illuminate the path before them. The wolf smiled at his mate: “I always come prepared.”

They wondered through a dark, long passageway, the flashlight somewhat helpful but lesser-so than one would hope. It seemed like they had gone on for half a mile, and the air started getting cooler and staler, carrying a somewhat musty odor. The fox whimpered, muttering a question about what happens if they got lost, and about them having no idea how long the passageway is or when or even *if* they could reach the end of it. The wolf pulled him on for a little while but eventually tired of the exploration as well. “Okay Danny, when we get to this corner we'll turn around.” The fox smiled and nodded. “Finally...I hope we don't get lost on the way back.”

At that instant, rounding the corner the two were greeted with a huge room. The flashlight couldn't illuminate all of it; it was not powerful enough to do so. But a slight green glow lit the room instead.

The fox turned to his wolf: “That ceiling must be a couple hundred feet high! How deep do you think we're under ground?”

“Uhhh...I don't know, Danny. What do you think is causing that glow?”

“Ummm...probably fluorescent microbes in that small lake, if I had to guess. Goodness, that lake takes up the entire room, save for the ground we're on right now.”

“Ah. Well, let's rest here for a bit before we get back to the main path.”

“Alright, that sounds fair, darling.” He smiled.

The wolf smiled back at his foxxie. God, he was so cute even in the dim light, the wolf thought. He put his paws at the fox's sides, pulling the two gently together. Licking at the white muzzle once, he set the flashlight down on a knee-high rock, leaving it shining on them dimly. The fox licked him back, and pecked him on the lips. Moving a paw to the back of the fox's head, stroking gently, the wolf smiled at his cutie and gave him a brief kiss back. They both wagged their tails, licking each other's lips, then the other's tongues and eventually pressing their lips together. The wolf sighed happily and pressed into the kiss, the fox blushing heavily and gasping. Sitting down, the fox pulled at the wolf's paws, and they both laid down together. Wrapping their arms around the other, they pressed into the kiss heavily and passionately, grabbing at the other's lips, pressing and licking their tongues together...the wolf growled, and the fox whimpered, the wolf rolling on top of him, pressing more into the kiss.

The wolf pulled away, then edged downwards on the fox and licked at the his neck fur, pressing his slick, wet tongue firmly against his neck. The fox whimpered, the powerful wolf above him...he wanted the wolf to have his way with him.

Licking at his nipples now, then suckling, then nibbling, the wolf was making him want it even more. Licking at his belly now, he felt a hot blush go over him and wagged his tail, rustling some loose gravel around on the cave floor and sending a couple into the nearby water with a small splatter.

The wolf smiled, loving the fox's submissiveness, and unbuttoned the fox's shorts. A lick at his furred sheath made him moan, and caused his foxhood's little tip to poke out. The wolf licked and suckled on that, making him purr lightly. The teasing made his full length expose itself, the wolf wrapping his paw around it and stroking gently. He thought he heard his wolf licking at the wolf's other, free paw, and then rub the slobber on his wolf member, but he wasn't sure, because it was too dark to see clearly. The previously dim flashlight was completely out now, and the fox had a foreboding feeling in the back of his mind. The only light in the cavernous room was now exclusively that dim, green glow coming from the water.

The wolf bent down, kissing him on the lips and clearing his thoughts. Panting as his length was being stroked, he felt a warm heat flow into his body, wanting his wolfy inside him, to spread him open. The wolf pressed into the kiss more firmly, and he felt his wolf press the warm, slick wolfhood against his tailhole...he moaned and whimpered more, wanting it inside now more than ever. The wolf slid it in slowly, making him squirm and shiver, being teased with such a slow entry.

The both of them panted and moaned, the wolf hunching over from the pleasure of his fox's tight tailhole enveloping his rather respectable endowment, and the fox scrunching up and pawing at the wolf's chest despirately as the cock slid into him, pushing apart his anal walls. He wrapped his legs around the wolf's abdomen, wanting more, but the wolf took his time about it. Panting, the fox pulled himself down with his legs on the intrustion within him, hilding himself upon his wolf. A shockwave went deep through his bowels, and he shivered as the wolf doubled over, the fox's tight tailhole surrounding the wolf's member.

Growling and breathing deeply, the wolf nibbled the fox's neck and pulled most of the way out of the tailhole before him. He slipped his cock in again, the very same tightness pressing on and slipping down his length. Lost in the sensations, the fox now laid his head to the side and let his legs loosen around the wolf upon the second slow, teasing thrust. The wolf pulled mostly out again, a little quicker this time, and forcefully shoved his cock into the hole. The fox yelped lustfully, and pressed against the wolf, turning his rump into the air a little more.

Stroking gently at the fox's shaft, the wolf bent over him and pressed his cock firmly in,

hitting him. He slipped out a little bit and slammed into the rump, making the fox yelp again, the wolf growling and still nibbling at the foxy neck. Pausing there, the wolf wiggled his hips, sliding his cocktip around the insides of his fox, tickling his depths and pressing hard against his prostate, continuing to fondle the fox's cock before him.

Slipping out and pounding in, the wolf began building a slow, forceful rhythm of thrusts, rubbing at the fox's cock tip as well. The wolf sensed a knot growing at the base of his wolfhood, and he felt a knot growing at the base of his fox's length as well. The both of them moaning and growling, pleasuring each other beyond imagination...the dark ambience of the cave seemed to amplify the pleasure inexplicably.

Spikey, electric sensations grew deep within the fox's tailhole, the wolf's pounding driving him mad. The electric sensations melded into a warm heat growing in his balls, and the fox didn't have to say anything for the wolf to know he was about ready to climax; the wolf sensed he was close, and pounded into his tailhole faster, harder...but releasing his paw from the fox's cock, instead only pulling at the skin at the base of his penis. Whimpering, squirming, and panting, the fox tensed up, the heat in his groin now, tingling all over.

The wolf felt himself getting closer too; he bit at the fox's neck and growled aggressively. Pounding the poor fox below him, the carnal lust overtook him, pounding that ass for all it was worth. Fucking him hard, pleasure built the wolf's groins, the wolf needed release; he couldn't hold off anymore. With a grunt, he shoved his knot deep into the fox's tailhole, doubling over his fox and once again wrapping his paw around the fox's cock, gripping it firmly this time and stroking it hard and fast.

The fox scrunched up, and held his breath; he literally couldn't breathe the pleasure was so intense. He humped at the wolf's paw, making the wolf's cock inside slip around within him. He groaned and turned his head rapidly from side to side, humping at the paw desperately, and the electric heat built up even more in his cock tip. With one last stroke of the wolf's paw, the pleasure flooded the fox's mind as a jet of cum shot out of his cock, landing messily on his furred chest, and then another stream shot out landing in the same place, then another...

Biting the fox's neck hard, the wolf humped desperately into the fox, the tailhole convulsing around his cock as he reached climax as well. He clutched his little foxy under him, still biting his neck, as he felt hot streams of cum shoot out of his wolfhood, flooding the fox's insides. Stream after stream was jetted into the tight ass beneath him until, at last, it stopped.

The wolf collapsed on top of the fox, the both of them panting hard, catching their breath. The fox wrapped his arms around his wolf, and the wolf reciprocated, and met the fox in a kiss. They both lay there cuddling, with the wolf inside of his fox, for moments at first, then minutes, and drifted off to gentle sleep.

Danny awoke suddenly and eeped; evidently Tingo was tickling his side again. He poked at the wolf's sides forcefully with a half-chuckle, and half-irritated at being woken from his nap. Tingo, though, rustled some and smacked his lips with a yawn. "Good morning Danny...", he said. So he was actually asleep, then. He wondered to himself, "What tickled me?". He looked up at the ceiling of the cavern...it seemed brighter, now. Had his eyes adjusted to the dim green light?

The fox eeped again as something rubbed against the outside of his thigh, something smooth. He looked down to find something green glowing brightly near his leg, and illuminating

the ground immediately around it and casting a faint green glow on him and his wolf as well. Danny tilted his head, and Tingo got off of Danny's chest, kneeling between his legs, and looked at the green thing to their side. The thing started slithering towards them slowly; they backed away from it, towards what they thought was the exit, holding each other's paws. Danny looked behind him as they backed away, trying to watch his step but not being able to see much of anything. His footpaw felt something...water! They were backing into the lake!

"T...Tingo, we're backing into the lake! We need to go the other way!"

"I can't see shit in here! Where's our flashlight?"

Danny's stomach felt sick as he remembered the flashlight going dark as they were having their fun. "It...ran out of batteries."

The green thing inched closer to them, the tip leading the rest of it, with the green thing extending all the way into the water.

"Shit. What is that thing? A green snake? It hardly looks like your green microbes Dan!"

The fox clasped a paw tightly around his wolf's paw, shaking somewhat. His wolf never calls him Dan, unless he's really scared... "I don't know. Let's just be calm, though. Whatever it is, look how slow it is. It won't hurt us. Let's try to feel our way along the wall."

"Okay hon..."

A little splash attracted their attention behind them; the fox wrinkled his lips and shivered some.

"Tingo, there's another one!"

"Good god...run!", the wolf exclaimed.

The fox heard him dash off and oof a second later. He went over to where he heard the oof and looked around, squinting his eyes, trying to see his wuffie in the green darkness. He looked immediately to his left and found him, and tried to help the wolf up.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"You can't run in this darkness hon..."

"We need to get out of here. Look!" Tingo hoisted himself up and grabbed at Danny's face, pointing it in the direction of the encroaching green thing in the water.

They both looked over to where the first green thing was; it was closer still.

Just then, both of the green things rushed towards them. "HELP!" The fox screamed as one wrapped around his right ankle, the other around his left, dragging him quickly towards the water. Without even thinking the wolf dashed after him, grabbing the fox's wrists, but just being dragged too along the cave floor. Screaming and flailing, the fox felt himself being held upside down by his legs, and was pulled rapidly upwards and away from the ground towards the center of the lake. Tingo felt his grip on the fox's wrists growing weak as his mate struggled. "Danny, stop!", he commanded, not wanting to fall into the water. No telling what was in that water, or how deep it was...

Just then, two more of the tentacle things sprouted from the water, glowing green in kind with the first two. They wrapped around the wolf's ankles and pulled the wolf upwards. He wouldn't let go of his mate, not now! He held on for dear life, and for the life of his mate, screaming and grunting as the tentacles tried to pull him upwards and away from his fox.

Suddenly, the four tentacles slammed the wolf and fox into each other, knocking the wind out of Danny. They instantly clinged at each other, feeling cold from the fear of what was happening. Hanging upside down, they saw the water glowing a very bright green now. Four more tentacles sprouted from the depths, splattering water high into the air and instantly twisting

around their wrists. They struggled in vain, feeling their arms' grasp on each other being pried open, but within seconds the two of them were floating in mid-air, their arms and legs spread wide, upside down and facing each other. They just had time to give each other a brief, possibly last ever kiss, before several more of the green things churned upwards from the water, writhing and slipping around their bodies. Several tightened around their thighs, legs, and arms, pulling them away from each other by just under a meter. They could just make out each other's figure in the darkness from the ambient green glow emanating from the tentacles, with the tentacles themselves glowing brightly.

They called out to each other, fear in their quavering voices: "Dan!" "Tingo!", they cried, trying again to reach for the other but unable to move so much as an inch; the tentacles had them firmly in place. They were at the tentacles' mercy. For a few moments, they wondered if they were going to be stuck like that forever, just out of the other's reach, suspended upside down in a cave hundreds of feet underground, not even in their own country. Blood started rushing to their heads after being upside down for so long; and they started feeling faint, losing resistance.

A warm, green, fluorescing ooze began seeping from the tips of the tentacles, dripping down their fur. Progressively more oozed, only from the tips at first but then being secreted by the entire length of each tentacle. The fox blinked heavily, trying to fight sleep. He wondered why he was so tired...he had just taken a nap for Chrissakes! The wolf blinked as well, wondering the same thing, though finding the ooze...pleasurable somehow, absorbing into his skin beneath the fur. It numbed him, and made him yawn. The fox heard the wolf yawn, and contagiously yawned himself as well, and then found himself...purring, as the ooze seeped into his skin as well. It made him feel a tingly, pleasurable sort of numb, and ever more tired. They lost their will to resist, releasing all the muscles in their bodies. The tentacles and ooze were warm against their skin, warming them from their fear-induced shivers.

A small splash was heard from below as two more tentacles sprouted from the water. Still upside down, they both saw the tentacles as they emerged from the dark depths, not sprouting quite as fast as previously. After all, the victims weren't resisting any more...

The tentacles silently glided upwards, with one passing behind the wolf's back and the other passing along the fox's back. The mates both hung their quietly, somewhat numbed and with too little energy to move. They looked at each other, wondering what was happening now.

Tingo flitted an ear. He could swear he heard his fox moan a little bit, and listened intently. Just then, he gasped himself as he felt a slick, warm thing pressing at his entrance. A tentacle! He blinked some, trying to shake himself from his sleepy numbness, but quickly gave in again. The energy completely left his body, and the tentacle probed. The small tip slipped into his ass, secreting the same warm, green ooze as it went. He found himself moaning as well, the tentacle slipping deep within him now. He felt it pass through his rectum, wiggling its way up into his large intestine. He almost giggled, but that turned into a loud purr as the ooze took effect. It made his inner walls tingle and somewhat numb, though he could swear...he could almost *swear* he could feel things he never had before.

The numbness was giving way to incredible sensitivity; he moaned loudly, feeling tingles shoot through his entire body. The tentacles around his arms and legs were slipping back and forth ever so slightly, pressing and rubbing against his tingly skin, as that tentacle in his tailhole began slipping outwards and then inwards again as well. Tingles reverberated throughout... He couldn't do anything but exclaim a simple "OHHhhhh!...", and purred some more. He heard his foxie purring and moaning exactly as he was; the wolf smiled at the thought of his fox experiencing the same thing.

His thoughts were quickly extinguished as the tentacle shot into his ass again, hard, but only sending shockwaves of pleasure through him. His tailhole felt loose, as open as if he'd been slammed by some random dragon with a 12" long cock. He purred and shivered, wondering how loose he was back their now. Craning his neck, he was amazed to find something a full 6 inches across leading under his tail. Looking at his fox, and blinking, he saw a similarly girthed tentacle shoving its way into his foxy, and he blushed hotly. He looked at his groin, the green light showing off his glistening, stiff wolf meat. He wanted it, he wanted something, though he didn't know what, or how...his mind was awash with tingly pleasure as that tentacle probed and slipped smoothly into and out of his ass, sending those tingles all throughout his body, moaning as his now hyper-sensitive skin and anal walls transmitted the slightest rubs straight through him.

Two more tentacles slipped out from the water silently. The wolf and the fox looked at the tentacles as they slipped upwards, between the mates. One wound its tip several times around the wolf's cock, the other, around the fox's cock. The two of them purred, and leaned towards the other in a kiss. They hardly realized that the tentacles had brought them closer together now, with their green ooze-covered fur nearly touching the other's body; all they could think about was how their lips tingled as they kissed, how even their kiss was electrified; their lips, hyper-sensitive from the ooze that was by now in their blood stream. They pressed their lips together and intertwined tongues, then moaned and attacked each other viciously, chasing the other's lips and tongue, moaning still more as even their *tongues* felt the tingle.

The tentacles around their cocks seemed to be growing, squeezing their cocks tighter. The fox felt the tentacle around his cock press its tip against his, and shivered from pleasure, feeling the tentacle slip easily into his cock. The thin tip entered deep within him, pressing against his prostate as the tentacle in his ass pressed their too. He moaned so loudly, with his prostate being squeezed from both sides, that the cavern echoed. The tentacle slipped its way through his urethra into one of his balls...no, both. The tentacle's tip must have split into two. Or...no. The fox looked at his groin to find two tentacles now, stuffing his cock. He threw his head back, drooling and convulsing from the pleasure.

The wolf pressed his muzzle to the fox's, and once again they kissed. The fox moaned into the kiss deeply, feeling the tentacle in his ass swelling, and then pressing even deeper within him. The next thing he knew, he felt a desire to swallow instinctively, and tried to. Seconds later that instinct disappeared as his throat became a tingly-numb like the rest of his body had been, and then it became hyper-sensitive as the rest of his body was presently, sending a fire through his body. The tentacle had inched its way through his intestine, up his throat, and now out of his mouth...into his mate's. The tentacle sticking up the wolf's ass had done the same, and now both tentacles wriggled around the other's mouths along with their tongues.

The tentacles holding their arms and legs pushed the two of them together, and the two embraced tightly and rubbed against each other. The tentacles at their groins were pleasuring their cocks beyond comprehension, and when they pressed their cocks together, with the tentacles all around...they gasped and moaned, filling the cavern with sounds of lust, rubbing their chests, bellies, cocks, arms and legs together, and kept attacking each other with deep, lustful kisses.

The fox thought he could feel the tentacle up his ass thickening. Too caught up in all the pleasure to even look, he simply wriggled his rump at the tentacle and spread his legs, inviting the thickness in even though the tentacle's tip was already through his mouth. He could swear he could feel his belly stretch, and felt the wolf's belly stretching in kind, pressing against his. Taking a moment from the kiss to catch his breath, he looked down to find his belly unnaturally

swollen, and emitting green light from the tentacle deep within. He looked under his tail to find some monstrous foot-wide thing plowing into his rear, still pumping him and sending shivers through him. In fact, the thing hadn't gone any further through him; it had only swollen within him.

Meanwhile, the tentacles surrounding and invading his member had grown larger, the tips playing around inside both his balls. He humped mindlessly and furiously, at his mate's cock, or the tentacle: he wasn't sure which, though in fact it was both, with the tentacles allowing their ooze-covered cocks to hump at each other while being probed deeply by tentacles.

The wolf drooled and convulsed; feelings of hot electricity needing release coursed through him. His entire body shook with the pleasure: he thought that he had felt full-body pleasure before when he let his fox occasionally dominate him instead of the other way around, but it was nothing compared to this! His *skin* was afire with the ooze of tingly pleasure! He was being *split open* with an enormous tentacle not just in his tailhole, but practically skewering him, slipping into and out of his entire body, making his belly stretch and glow from the tentacle within. His mate and himself were kissing more passionately than ever, their lips and tongue electrified, and the tips of tentacles playing around with both their tongues. And his cock was being invaded by tentacles deeply probing through him, playing with the insides of his balls. The wolf grunted from pleasure, humping back as his fox humped his belly and cock, and trying to hump the tentacles within his cock as well.

Needing release, he growled deeply and felt his balls try to buckle, and seconds later felt his cock pulsing in climax, *but he couldn't!* Nothing came out, and a few moments later his wolfhood stopped pulsing. The tentacles were in the way, keeping his cum from flooding out. Looking down at his groins again, he found that the tentacles inside his member had grown to inch in diameter each. He could hardly believe his urethra was able to stretch that far, and quickly looked behind his stretched cock to find his balls were now the size of baseballs and growing visibly. The two tentacles invading his cock were pulsing, filling his testes with the ooze, making them glow brightly in addition to massively enlarging. Refocusing his attention from his scrotum to his wolfhood, he noticed something he should have noticed seconds ago: his cock was a foot long and growing!

The original green ooze covering his cock's length had mostly absorbed into his now glowing skin, though the tentacles were constantly secreting more. The glowing length was now almost two feet long and growing, pressing against the fox's own growing foxhood. The mates were once again humping at each other again, rubbing their glowing, enlarging cocks together. They squirmed and moaned from all the sensations, still ravaging each other with kisses, and then all of a sudden the tentacles turned the fox to one side, and the wolf facing the other way, and pressed them together.

In a split second, the fox greedily grabbed onto the tip of the wolf's now enormous cock hanging in front of him with his mouth, and sucked on it, and forced himself deeply onto it. The now two foot cock, huge, long, thick, glowing, and slickened with the ooze slid easily down the fox's enlarged throat. He moaned feeling the cock in his throat; the ooze from the tentacle within him made his very throat tingle, and even moreso now that the ooze-covered cock was crammed down his throat. He sucked on it and slid himself up and down over the wolf's length, the tentacles around his arms and legs helping him glide up and down his wolf's cock. The tentacles that were within the wolf's cock, filling his balls up with ooze, slipped out and the one large tentacle skewering the fox (with that tentacle's tip extending all the way up through the fox's throat and mouth) slipped instantly into the wolf's cock instead.

That tentacle, having grown by now to a full four inches around at its tip, was even thicker than the two that left the wolf's urethra. It pressed itself down the wolf's shaft and right up against the wolf's prostate, making the wolf squirm and overwhelming his mind with impossible lust, moreso than the wolf already felt. The wolf took the fox's cock into his mouth as well, taking it deep down into his throat and gliding up and down on its length, with his movement aided by the tentacles. The two tentacles in the fox's cock left, and were replaced by the large tentacle skewering the wolf up his rump clear through his mouth, similar to the switch of tentacles in the wolf's cock.

The mates sucked on the other's cock greedily, both of their minds blank from a huge need of release, as their asses were getting pounded by the huge tentacles skewering them. Their bodies quivered from the tingles going throughout their skin and their insides, and the enormous pressure in their groins.

Right then, the fox felt the tentacle up his tailhole swell and then shrink, swell and shrink again. He heard his wolf moan and saw the poor wolf's balls grow to the size of basketballs, right in front of his eyes, as he sucked on the wolf's cock. He sensed something was about to happen, and sucked harder and harder, and moaned feeling the cock slip up and down his throat. A few seconds later, the wolf squirmed, feeling the tentacle up his rear swell and shrink several times, and the fox half-threw his head back as felt his balls swell from the tentacle's ejaculating ooze filling him.

The fox felt the tentacle slipping out of his rump by a few inches, but it was oddly still swelling: slipping out, but swelling. A second later the tentacle left the wolf's cock, and the wolf convulsed as his balls were released. A flood of the ooze, an absolute *flood* shot out of the wolf's cock, and the fox did his best to swallow, though at that same time the tentacle began shooting out copious green ooze as well. The poor fox literally couldn't swallow it all, and the ooze drizzled at first, then flooded out of his mouth, as the wolf just kept cumming jet after jet, longer than he thought possible, and the tentacle shot gallon after gallon into him.

The fox felt the tentacle leave his foxhood right then, and tensed up and clutched at his wolf as he finally felt his long-trapped climax shoot out. The wolf's mouth flooded as the tentacle and the foxcock filled him up. The fox kept clutching at his wolf, shivering and moaning as his cock was released, his gigantic orbs emptying their contents. Minutes later, their climaxes subsided, their balls approaching a more 'normal' size as most of the green ooze had flooded out, though their balls still glowed green, and were still just under the size of baseballs.

Clinging at each other, still suckling lightly on each other's cocks, they felt the tingles on their skin and within their throats and intestines subside somewhat. The ooze's sensations were subsiding, though both the wolf and the fox could swear they still had much more sensitive skin than usual. The massive tentacle within the fox's rump slipped out with a wet 'schlop' sound, leaving him feeling empty, but very satisfied, as the tentacle within the wolf left him as well, making a similar 'schlop'. Those tentacles receded into the water, and the tentacles around their arms and legs were loosening their grip as well. The mates hugged each other's hips tightly, the fox letting the wolf's cock out of his mouth, and the wolf reluctantly doing the same, still nuzzling at the fox's now huge, flaccid, still slightly glowing cock.

Tentacle after tentacle slipped back down into the depths, and moments later, the wolf spoke: "Mmmm...that was..." He trailed off, simply murring. The fox nuzzled and licked once at the wolf's base and smiled. "Yeah..."

With one tentacle holding them up now, holding both of their torsos together, the fox's eyes grew large. "Uh oh..." he thought, realizing that tentacle would soon unravel too, sending

them dozens or maybe hundreds of feet downwards into the water below. He clutched tight at the wolf's hips, knowing any second they would drop. His tail, hanging limply, felt something though: solid ground! Soon the tentacle unraveled from their torsos, releasing them gently on the ground. The fox flipped around and clutched tightly at his mate in the darkness as the last tentacle receded into the depths, leaving them alone to cuddle and catch their breath.

After what felt like hours, Danny finally mustered the strength to say something. "Dear, we should probably be getting back now...", he said. The wolf didn't respond for a few moments, making him think Tingo was asleep before replying with a sigh, "Yeah, we should." The fox got to his knees and felt for Tingo's paw, and upon finding it, helped the wolf up. Looking down at the ground, trying to find his way, he noticed that his member was still swollen to a huge size, leaving his sheath stuffed with his withdrawn foxhood, and the tip was glowing green. He gasped, and looked at the wolf's equipment to find a similar glow on his wolfhood's tip, as well as within his balls. The glow faded out where the wolf's fur was thicker, and he surmised that their entire skin still glowed ever so slightly from the tingle-inducing ooze, but that the glow was hidden under thick fur.

Their eyes met each other. The wolf swallowed upon seeing his mate's eyes, and the fox blinked a couple times upon seeing the wolf's gaze: their eyes glowed slightly in the darkness. Indeed, that pleasure-ooze had pervaded throughout their bloodstreams, and it would now help them escape: from the glow of their eyes and exposed skin, they were able to slowly, carefully walk along the passageway leading back to the main cave.

At last, they saw light. They walked faster towards it, and were happy to find the main cave tunnel lit with those familiar battery-powered lights from what very well may have been days ago. They smiled at each other, and Danny crawled through the hole first into the main tunnel, with Tingo following him closely. They giggled at each other, realizing they had left their clothes way back in that tentacle-infested cavern, and walked towards the cave's main entrance nude. They walked shoulder to shoulder, wiggling their naked rumps and tails as they walked. Reaching the main entrance, they were met with bright daylight. They paused for a second, kissing each other briefly. Smiling at each other, and glad to be out of that cave, they also knew they would certainly be having some fun with each other when they got back to the room, with their skin's increased sensitivity, the tingle-inducing cum they felt in their groins, and most certainly their newly huge endowments. As that moment passed, they proceeded to walk back down the road to that small Mexican town where their hotel was.

Well, here ends the story. I hope that you have not only found this adventure deliciously erotic, but also satisfying on a deeper level. I certainly had fun writing it, and nothing would make me

happier than to hear you had just as much fun! Please comment and tell your friends!

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