

Franklin looked up at the waterfall and grinned. It was more than twice as tall as the reddish-brown coyote was, but pretty asymmetrical, with rocks poking out of it here and there. Overall, the view was actually pretty bad for a waterfall, the flow splashing down into steep and jagged rapids that no one could possibly raft down. That meant he could only look at the falls from an awkward side angle that made it totally un-picturesque, framed by lots of haphazardly grown trees and ferns, with branches hanging out over the water that blocked his view. That was all fine, though, since Franklin wasn't here to take pictures, and he was [i]glad[/i] there was pretty much no reason for most people to come out here.

He double-checked his texts, skimming past most of it. 'Take Moose Pond Road to the end,' Gage's messages had said. As soon as Franklin had mentioned that he was interested in caving, Gage had told him about a secret spot that even an amateur could visit safely. 'Park, get out. To your left is the pond. Like 100 feet forward you'll see Moose Creek. Stay on this side, follow it north. You get to Ermine Creek, follow it right, east. Walk about an hour, bam, waterfall, complete with secret cave.'

Mostly, Franklin was interested in the instructions that followed. He read them twice, then stuffed his phone into his pocket and carefully trekked his way closer to the irregular cliff face beside the waterfall. He had to push and duck past branches and watch out for slippery rocks, and soon enough he was standing at the base of the falls, looking up, a fine spray of water making the air damp. Even from here, looking straight at where the cave supposedly lurked, he couldn't see it. "Guess he was right," Franklin murmured to himself, grinning again.

The climb was surprisingly less treacherous than he thought it would be, thanks to one protruding rock that blocked a lot of water spray and thus made the branches and roots that he climbed up less slippery than the ones at ground level. Just as instructed, he went up to the base of the double tree trunk, hooked around it, and found a hole that he had to get down on his hands and knees to enter. He crawled through, stopped, and let his jaw drop.

To his left was the back of the waterfall, which let in a decent amount of sunlight while totally blocking his view of the forest. Right up against the falls was a crystal clear pool of water about the size of a backyard swimming pool, part of it constantly foamy thanks to an arm-thick stream of the waterfall that landed in the pool and then drained back out on the other end. To his right, just as promised, was the cave itself, and Franklin immediately pulled out his phone and turned on the flashlight. It was a couple of feet taller than him and more than twice as wide across, made of layers of brownish grey rock he didn't have any chance of identifying without a book.

Franklin didn't bring any books, though he'd followed Gage's suggestion to bring two towels. Now that he saw the pool, he understood the advice. He'd worked up a decent sweat on the hike here, and he'd never met a pond, lake, or river he didn't want to jump into. Also, far more importantly, he remembered Gage's other order, the one he made Franklin swear to obey before giving the directions: solo spelunking is super dangerous, so Franklin wasn't supposed to go anywhere that required him to crawl around or squeeze through gaps. If he just went mostly straight ahead, there was over half a mile of cool rock formations and jagged stalactites and stalagmites to admire. 'Don't try this at home, kids,' Gage had texted, linking to some true horror stories of spelunking gone wrong that Franklin had taken to heart.

Still, Gage said this place was legit, as long as Franklin wasn't stupid. And what better way to clear his head and chill before doing some exploring than to go skinny dipping in a cave pool? First, though, he had some serious business to take care of.

"Hello!" he shouted into the cave, rusty ears perked as he heard his voice echo off the walls a few times before the constant white noise of the waterfall drowned it out. "[i]Hello!/[i]" he tried again, louder, listening to the sound layer on itself even more before it faded off. Promising himself he'd try that again when he was deeper, Franklin took off his backpack and quickly wiggled out of his clothes, plopping his belongings in a neat pile against the cave wall. He tested the temperature of the pool of water with his toe, shivered at how cool it was, shrugged, and carefully stepped down into it anyway.

The floor was smooth, like someone had carved it out and sanded it down, slick enough that he slipped further forward than intended. He gasped and turned his snout up as he suddenly fell deeper than he'd intended, the bottom further down than he thought thanks to the magic of watery optical illusions. He froze with his head totally above water, then chuckled at himself. The water ended below his neck. He was fine. He took a deep breath and suddenly dunked himself, then popped back up and shook out his short red-brown hair, adding a little more water to the constant mist around him. He glanced at the pool, then dropped under the surface again and opened his eyes, blinking them a few times. His underwater, "Heh," let out a collection of bubbles, which he could clearly see through the water, along with the striations of brown and green stone in the walls of the tiny pond.

After getting a good view, and spending not nearly enough time marveling at the glorious, geological beauty found in this simple natural pool, Franklin ruffled at his fur for about a minute and then hoisted himself up and out. He shook a bunch of the wetness out of his fluff, then scooped up the towel he'd prepared nearby, working at drying himself off enough to want to put his clothes back on. He stepped a bit further away from the waterfall and its constant spray while he finished toweling off, surprised at how smooth the cave floor was even this far inside. He'd imagined caves as being more rough and pointy; then he remembered that lots of them were formed by running water, so they'd probably have a lot of smooth parts.

None of those idle thoughts compared to how his heart beat faster as he stared into the darkness of the cave, standing naked at the edge of the lit area. Anything could be thirty or forty feet ahead of him and he'd have no idea. Like a good horror movie, the inky blackness left Franklin equal parts spooked and excited. Still, as inviting as his little adventure seemed, he wasn't going to go any further without his phone or clothes. He turned around.

Then he stopped and looked to his left, at the cave wall. There was a glint of something there, which he'd automatically assumed was just a naturally slick rock wall on his first way by. Now, with his eyes more adjusted to the dim light, he could see that there was something dark green on the wall that was even shinier than the surrounding stone. There was a decent sized patch of it, a little taller and wider than he was if he held his arms out. It had to be moss, he decided, just a darker variety than the bright green type he'd seen growing right up against the waterfall.

He reached out as if to feel it, assuming it would be soft and fuzzy and knowing he could rinse his hand off in the pool, but then he second guessed himself with his hand halfway there and stopped. He didn't know the first thing about moss, and maybe there were poisonous kinds, or at least ones that would irritate his-

The instant he'd started to pull his hand back and turn away, part of the forest green patch on the wall surged out to meet him. He caught the motion out of the corner of his eye and gasped, yanking his hand back like he'd touched a hot stovetop. He wasn't fast enough, and a wet, viscous lump about as big as his forearm slapped at his wrist. Franklin quickly backpedaled, eyes wide, tail frizzed out, and it definitely didn't help him calm down when he discovered that the green muck was stuck to his wrist!

"What the [i]fuck?[/i]" Franklin hissed, tugging on his arm, watching the cord of shiny moss stretch thinner. He planted his feet and held his breath, pulling hard sideways, and nearly tumbled into the patch a second later when he was met with major resistance that rebounded, like he was pulling on a rubber band. "C'mon!" he growled, turning to face the wall so he could grab his elbow with his right hand. He set his feet again, more evenly balanced, and slowly, firmly, pulled straight back with both arms and all of his body weight. The tendril connecting him to the wall grew thinner, and thinner...

The real problem was that his efforts weren't the only reason it was thinning out. The goo was getting less viscous, and he felt a tickle of movement over the back of his left hand and thumb, [i]and[/i] along his forearm. He yipped when he saw why: the moss was flowing onto him, wrapping over his hand and covering more and more of his arm! It had been so slow at first that he hadn't noticed, but now that the moss was getting more fluid, more energetic, he only had about ten seconds of warning before he needed to pull his other hand away from his elbow to save it from getting stuck, too. Franklin stared at his arm, unable to believe what he was seeing, a shiny, smooth, opaque layer of green making a perfect second skin over him. Luckily, he'd opened his fist in time to make sure it didn't get stuck that way. Less luckily, his thumb was still pinned to the side of his hand, making it into a mostly useless wedge.

Least lucky of all? His feet slipped forward a few inches. He looked down, then back up, another discovery making him let out a whine: it was reeling him in. The mass on the wall was shrinking inward slightly, centering more of its mass on the point where its connective tendril stuck out toward Franklin, and there was a slow, steady, throbbing waver running through it, moving toward it, drawing him an inch closer each time. He leaned back harder, panting from exertion and shock, toes lifting from the floor. He pulled too unevenly, though, too quickly, and the rubbery moss rebounded, pulling him another couple of inches inward. The hungry muck took advantage of this, swiftly shortening the tether, then going back to reeling him in nice and slow.

By this point, the glossy greenness was covering Franklin all the way up to his shoulder, and he recoiled, turning away from it so he could hold his arm as far from him as possible, giving up even more footing in the process. He looked around rapidly, ears tilted back. His backpack was way out of reach, so the small knife he was carrying was useless, even if it [i]might[/i] work. His clothes were even less helpful, and placed just as far away. Absolute darkness reigned in one direction, and in the other, a small but potent waterfall, blocking his view of the world, and the world's view of him.

"Help!" Franklin shouted, even though he knew the odds of someone hearing him were basically nil. "[i]Help![/i] Is anyone out there? I need help!" His voice bounced back to his ears over and over, taunting, sending a shiver down his spine.

Or, was that shiver from the creeping gunk smoothly engulfing his sensitive nipple, which was perked up from the chill and adrenaline? Some tiny part of him did note that this stuff, whatever it was, felt kind of nice wrapped around him, wherever it touched. The panic-inducing fact that it was touching more and more of him helped keep that to a background thought, basically unnoticed compared to how the

rubber organism was spreading up his neck, toward his belly, and across his other shoulder. Franklin raised his other arm up, again trying to slow the spread. Some part of him hoped that maybe, just maybe, it would run out of mass before it could pull him in and... do whatever it had in mind, if it even [i]had[/i] a mind!

His neck had less surface area to cover, so it rushed toward his head faster than it moved downward, and Franklin turned his face to the ceiling, trying to keep his head above the surface for the second time today. This time, the "water" in question wasn't going to take no for an answer, and it continued up past his throat and the base of his skull, heading straight for his snout and his ears. "[i]Help me![/i]" he tried again, adding, "I'm in the cave behind the waterfall!" He forced his ears to perk and held his nose as high as he could, eyes stubbornly remaining open as he felt the goo almost tenderly coat his ears, cheeks, and the base of his snout. He pinned his lips shut as tight as he could, waiting, feeling his feet slide another few inches toward the wall.

He winced, expecting it to invade his inner ears, so when it [i]didn't[/i] it was a tiny bit of relief in this real world horror movie moment. Still, that didn't really mean anything for his overall safety, and he whimpered in concern as the stuff made it more than halfway up his snout, approaching his lips and nostrils. If it blocked both of those, it was game over! Heart pounding, he reached up for his face with his free hand, that arm only covered up to the elbow for now. He cupped at the upward flow of liquid, trying to stymie it, slow it down, block it, [i]anything![/i] Instead, it swirled around his fingers [i]and[/i] covered them, turning that hand into another useless wedge of fingers right as his lips and nose were blocked!

Then, with a single whining gasp, his nostrils were free, and he panted for sweet, sweet breath. Yes, he had to snap his eyes shut, and the opaque covering over them had totally robbed him of all sight, but at least it wasn't going to suffocate him! He-

His ears and nostrils not being invaded made the sudden surge of liquid between his lips all the more surprising, his jaws spread inches before he could even think to resist. "[i]Whaa![/i]" he shouted, a sound that was muffled halfway through as a sudden protrusion spread into his mouth, smooth and dense, a thicker, rod-shaped chunk of the solid outer layer. It touched his tongue and tasted oddly nice, earthy and faintly sweet, and then it swelled a little larger, pushing gently in every direction, spreading his jaws a bit further open.

That taste redoubled as something squirted onto the back of his tongue. He flinched, his first reaction being to gag at some horrible monster-moss spraying him with its fetid digestive juices. Then his senses caught up with his fears, and he found that it tasted even better than he'd realized before. He swallowed without thinking, then shivered all over, an almost alcohol-like warmth spreading in his throat and chest. It felt [i]good[/i], unwinding the uncomfortable edge of tension in his shoulders like a massage. Another drop landed in his mouth, tickling near his gag reflex, and he swallowed it automatically, the warmth getting more smooth and even as it spread out into more of his body. When it reached his crotch, his sheath twitched with a mind of its own.

He didn't have time to process that before his attention was [i>fully[/i] drawn down there. The tip of his cock peeked out just in time to meet the downward swell of rubber moss, and it was engulfed like all the rest of him. Down here, where he was most sensitive, he could feel how intimately it cupped his flesh, perfectly covering his malehood as it slipped up and out of his sheath, not resisting, letting him grow hard. At the same time, his hand gently made contact with the wall.

That's when it hit him, and he felt like a total idiot. What was he doing?! Why was he getting turned on, of all things? Yeah, it wasn't suffocating him, and sure, it hadn't poured a gallon of goo down his throat to digest him from the inside out, but it was still some sort of hungry creature out to devour him, right? What else could it be?! It was too late to put up much of a fight, though, because his hand was utterly stuck to the wall, not able to budge more than an inch or two from where it was. The moss, however, [i]could[/i] reposition it, and it did, moving his arm one way while using an anchoring tendril of itself to pull his shoulder closer as well, drawing him blindly backward toward the wall. "Nnh! Nnh-nnh!" Franklin shook his head, reaching out for the empty air with his semi-free hand, trying to ignore his cupped balls, the way his rear was being gripped, his legs and tail disappearing, his fully hard cock...

It was hard to ignore the latter when the rubber there swirled, eddies churning across his flesh in every direction. His length bobbed at the same he squeaked in shock, and then it did again when he swallowed another drip of fluid and more heat reached his nethers. His shoulders bumped back against the wall at the same time the back of his tail and his rear end did, right as he gasped from the tickle of moss grazing across his pucker without invading.

Then the rubber over his dick moved again, this time in a more concerted way, flowing up his length, then down without exposing any flesh to the air. It didn't feel as intense, but it felt more right, more in line with what his body wanted. It made it harder to fight against the constant pull toward the wall, his arms being spread out, his feet swiftly coated. He was fully covered at the same time he was lifted from the floor, and he gasped, then again louder when the gentle tightness over his body got a notch more snug, squeezing him lightly all over, pulling him straight back.

Franklin groaned and squirmed. He was practically vacuum sealed to the wall, arms up and out with a partial bend in his elbows, legs straight and spread just past shoulder width, tail pinned down. No matter how he twisted and yanked, he couldn't get any part of his body more than a couple of inches away from the wall before he was tugged back into place; more specifically, the "suit" that had grown over him wouldn't part from the extra layer of itself that was glued to the wall, anchoring him there. He was almost spread eagled, stuck fast, and no amount of wriggling helped, the dull tips of his claws doing nothing at all.

So, Franklin slumped. This was it. He was trapped. Solo spelunking had been his downfall. Everyone said not to do it, and as soon as one person had told him there was a "safe" place he could try? He'd gone right for it. Now some sort of mutant muck no one had ever heard of was going to pick his bones clean in a remote cave, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

Except moan, apparently, which he did, surprising himself. He couldn't help it, because the rubber over his cock had rippled in the most incredible way, a tight, slick feeling that swept down and up like a taut orifice. A shiver ran through him, and before he could recover it came again, just as good, and he tried to arch into it reflexively. He couldn't, not really, but he could move just enough--and feel the strain of trying just enough--that it felt good to try.

Franklin snorted. How in the world could this be happening? A creature unlike anything he'd ever heard of had caught him, was [i]feeding[/i] him sap or something, and now it was giving him a blowie? Panting through his nostrils, his tongue slid up against the swollen lump filling his mouth, surprised all over again by how clean and pleasant the taste was. He wondered how something like this could just naturally evolve, at the same time he grunted and rolled his hips again. The sleeve over his length had

started up a rhythm, nice and steady, and there were no pauses between the waves of stimulation anymore.

Fuck it, he thought. If he was going to die here, why not go out with a bang? If he somehow survived this, at least he'd know he was one of the few people to... To join the opposite of the Mile High Club. The Mile Underground Club? The acronym MUC seemed particularly appropriate.

Franklin's toes curled, thighs tensing in building delight. The pressure of the "mouth" over his malehood was a little tighter than before, in all the right ways, and each time that it pulled all the way back there was a bonus: a gentle squeeze of his balls, courtesy of the rubber cupping his sack. That was just a side dish compared to the entree, slippery suction pulsing up and down his cock, over and over. Franklin groaned and pulled at his arms, and the tension, the restraint, the helplessness, all added a little something, too. He couldn't reach down and help or hinder, couldn't shout for help or call it off. He was being played with by something that somehow seemed to only have one thing in mind: making him cum. And he couldn't do a thing about it.

That thought lingered in his head, giving him a feeling not entirely unlike the warmth that surged in him with each new drop of mossy liquid that trickled down his throat. All of those internal feelings ramped up to nearly overwhelming levels as he raced toward the edge of orgasm, fingers trying to curl, chin angling up and back the tiny bit it was allowed, thighs straining, his knot swelling up tight and providing yet another source of sensitivity that the moss was perfect at massaging and coaxing toward release...

"[i]Hnnngh![/i]" Franklin shouted, loud enough that even through the layers and gag his voice still echoed off the walls. He came hard, totally out of control, thick jets of seed blasting straight into the suckling "maw" of the moss that had claimed his body for its own devices. His balls, taut to his body, twitched again and again, feeding more and more of his essence to the thing, and Franklin moaned repeatedly, suckling on the shape in his snout as he instinctively sought out more of the lovely liquid it was providing. It followed through, giving him more, all the while milking his orgasm out powerfully, never pausing, unrelenting. It made it the best release Franklin could ever remember in his life.

At least, until post-orgasm hit, and it was [i]still[/i] pumping up and down at a feverish pace. "Hnn, nnh, ahh," Franklin panted and groaned. The sounds quickly changed, becoming more heated, concerned, "Nnh! Ahhn!" noises. He was so sensitive, and it was still going, gliding along the tip of his cock, cupping and stroking at the most delicate nerve bundles, where he would never touch right after cumming! Except, he didn't have a choice, and he whined and twisted, struggling harder than ever, as the moss continued to milk at him. His knot was still swollen tight, keeping him nice and hard, so his body couldn't possibly escape by going soft. If anything, having that taut, sensitive bulb of flesh gave the moss even more to toy with.

Finally, his climax was over, and not a drop more was going to come from it. The moss didn't care, its phantom mouth driving up and down, suckling with an unnatural greed. "[i]Ahh![/i] Nnh-nnh!" Franklin's pleading fell on no ears at all, his hips wriggling furiously, now trying to pull [i]out[/i] of the grip rather than thrust into it. The solid rock wall behind him made it incredibly futile, and he could do nothing but whimper and wince, fingers and toes trying to splay and grip, the smooth backs of his feet and elbows grinding harmlessly against the flat stone. The overstimulation [i]was[/i] fading away, but it was taking seemingly forever to get there!

It took several minutes, but eventually Franklin was able to hang there and pant, only twitching once in a while rather than in constant struggle. He wanted to take a moment, to reevaluate the situation, to try to figure out if there was something he could do or at least chide himself for giving in so easily to the dumb plant's manipulations.

He found it hard to focus, though, with the warmth still dribbling down his throat, and the endless pleasure attacking his cock. It had been difficult to realize it while he was so oversensitive, but now that his nerves were more settled, he was shocked to find that he was already about halfway to cumming again. He shuddered, amazed. He usually needed a break, the normal refractory period basically [i]everyone[/i] had between climaxes, usually waiting until his knot had shrunk down again before he was ready. This time, though, either from what the plant was feeding him, or thanks to the unprecedented milking it was giving him, he was helplessly being dragged toward the edge again.

The tight tunnel slurping and gripping over his cock felt like it was perfectly designed for him, like it wanted nothing more than to make him feel wonderful. Franklin was used to normally feeling a bit desensitized so soon after an orgasm. That wasn't the case this time, and he couldn't help but wiggle-hump toward the strong sensations. It felt just as good as it had minutes earlier, when he'd been getting close to the edge the first time. Hell, it might have felt even better the second time! The closer he got, the more convinced he was that it did, indeed, feel better than before, in part because his knot was getting lots of attention it usually didn't. Not only that, but now he'd found himself getting into a new habit of sensually squirming in his flexing bondage without quite noticing it, tingles going through him at the way that it gripped and pulled him back into place, making him suckle over the drippy gag again.

"Mmh, hnn," he moaned, panting harder, caught between disbelief that he was about to cum again, delight that he [i]could[/i] again so quickly, and amazement at himself that he was so horny in a trap like this. How would he escape? He had no idea. But, it could wait until he had orgasmed again, that was for sure. It would [i]have[/i] to wait, since it wasn't like he had any other choice. He tensed, eyes shut so tight he saw brightness behind his lids, brow furrowed, teeth harmlessly biting down on the rubber gagging him, hips pushed out as far as he could manage. His knot got tighter than he'd ever felt it before, and the pressure around it tug-tug-tugged on him powerfully.

"[i]Nngph-hnn-nnh-hnnph!" Franklin howled, balls once again pulsing in time to his cock's bounces. Despite his previous release, he produced another big meal of coyote sperm for the ravenous moss, spurt after spurt radiating intense pleasure through the core of his being and out to every last inch of him. Being helpless, blind, and gagged left him with nothing to focus on except how incredible it felt, some part of him trying to replace the mental image of the moss with something else, but he was unable to even imagine the face or body of whatever celestial being could satisfy him so perfectly while holding him all over. On and on his climax raged, and his body almost ached with his titillated struggles, fortunately so bound that he couldn't bounce the back of his head against the rock wall.

He had only enough time to gasp and pant twice for breath before he hit that break point again, the point that he should have been dreading: the aftermath. He yelped and tried to shrink backward as the moss continued its milking without hesitation, and this time he was even more oversensitive than the last. "Nnh, snnp!" he tried to shout, legs stretching down hard as they sought to find the floor so he could push up and away. He couldn't do any of the above, always pulled right back into place, right where the moss wanted him, cock hard and knot harder, exposing him to intense sensations he'd never dreamed of.

Except, as he kept whining and struggling, his left arm actually [i]moved.[/i] Then, before he could process it, so did his left leg, quickly followed by his right foot. He was able to get three whole inches away from the wall, then with another sharp yank of each it was more like six. As less and less of his body was attached directly, he started to slough downward, rubber squeaking and creaking against itself as he tore free. The milking quickly slowed down, giving three last firm squeezes and tugs.

He landed on his hands and knees, the impact slow and padded enough that it didn't hurt. Still coated and totally blind, he instinctively dragged himself away from the moss, panting, shivering, focusing on getting further away before it changed its mind. What if the stuff on him decided to pull him right back? Could he resist? Only once his cheek bumped harmlessly against the opposite wall did he stop and slump against it, trying to catch his breath.

Franklin laughed, the sound muffled by the mouth filling mass still in place. That didn't really matter much now, because he was free! The rubber moss-suit was motionless, apparently dead now that it was detached from the main body. Had it let him go? Something like that couldn't make [i]decisions[/i], he assumed, so it must have been his struggling, right? He'd tired it out and fought his way free? Still mulling over his thoughts, Franklin brought his smooth hands to his face and felt over it. He moaned softly, the lingering fluid warmth in him and post-orgasmic bliss making it impossible for him to ignore his thought: this stuff felt good on him. And it felt good to feel over it. He touched his chest, stroked his belly, and-

He stopped and shook his head. Yes, he was still hard thanks to his knot, and still sensitive for a variety of reasons he couldn't identify all of. That didn't mean he was going to play with himself. Surprised he was still turned on enough to even [i]consider[/i] it, Franklin pawed at his face again, focusing on getting out of his comfy green outfit.

It took him a solid ten minutes of effort. Feeling over different parts of his body with smooth-on-smooth contact was a pleasant distraction that yielded no fruit. Only by using the tips of his claws to saw together back and forth through the thin double layer of rubber, pinching the inert rubber tight between them, was he able to finally make a tiny hole over a claw. That let him make another more easily on the other hand, and eventually he managed to use his claws to catch the gap in the rubber at his nostrils, then pulled outward. He tore a partial hole over his snout and grunted as he stretched the rubber enough to pull the gag out.

The gag suddenly snapped back deep into his mouth, the tasty mouthful pushing his tongue down! Franklin both yipped and shivered in response, momentarily sure the suit was back to life! But, no, the gag didn't move anymore, and the rest of the suit stayed still. It had been a little accident on his part, his grip on the moss slipping for a moment. He chuckled at himself and got back to work. Soon enough his whole head was free and he was blinking in the dim light. He looked across the cave and saw the patch of rubber moss there, just as large as it had originally been despite giving up so much mass to make his suit. Franklin watched it carefully as he put some more distance between himself and the naughty hazard, waiting until he was near his bag to tear the rest of the rubber off.

He looked into the dark depths he hadn't visited yet and thought about it for only a few seconds before he shook his head, wading back into the pool to rinse himself off instead. He'd had enough of caving for one day.

Enough of caving for one [i]week[/i], it turned out.

It had only been about a thirty minute encounter with the moss, and yet it totally dominated Franklin's thoughts for days. The more he pondered, the more he was certain that nothing like that could be totally natural. It captured you, let you breathe, [i]only[/i] invaded your mouth, kept you hydrated, pleased you, and then let you go? The only thing that made sense, as crazy as it was, was that the conspiracy theories were true: there really were ancient wizards who had left behind all sorts of supernatural phenomena that most people don't really believe in. There were websites and forums about this stuff, but Franklin didn't find a single report of [i>anything[/i] close to what he'd experienced. And he wasn't about to be "that guy" who posted online about the alien plant that beamed him up and probed him.

Luckily, there was one other person who knew about the cave: Gage. Not that Franklin wanted to just come out and admit what had happened to him. So, Franklin beat around the bush when he texted him the next day. 'Cave was cool, never thought I'd skinnydip in cave water, nice'

Gage replied in about a minute. 'Yeah, great place. Cave of Wonders.'

Franklin hesitated before he replied. 'U ever see anything weird there'

'Hope you didn't get into any tight spots ;)' came around fifteen seconds later.

Franklin stared at it. Tight spots like tunnels he should have avoided, or tight rubber that wouldn't let you go? The text had come in during that nebulous grey zone, where he wasn't sure if it was a second reply to his previous message, or a wink-wink, nudge-nudge, knowing response to the question about "weird" things in the cave. Franklin typed three different things out and deleted all of them instead of sending them, until minutes had passed, and Gage still hadn't replied. That meant it was [i>more[/i] likely Gage had been replying to the second message, that he was teasing him about probably bumping into the moss, right? Right?

Franklin had only known Gage for about six months, as a friend of a friend, and he was a good guy, pretty witty, and smart and reliable enough to trust him when he said he knew about a safe caving spot. That didn't mean they were close enough buddies yet for Franklin to spill the beans about his sexy one night stand with a plant monster. So, he dropped the conversation for now and went back to reading online.

And then he jacked off to the memory of how good it had felt to be caught, coated, and made to cum. Which didn't help his embarrassment about the whole thing.

The week went by, and his imagination for the fine details of the experience was starting to lose some of its resolution. He couldn't [i>quite[/i] remember what it had felt like to have his fingers coated, wasn't [i>exactly[/i] sure how firmly the gag had spread his jaws when it swelled up and gave him his first taste. There was one way to find out, though, to refresh the memory, and to maybe put some closure on the whole thing so he didn't spend his whole life masturbating to mossy musings.

That's how Franklin convinced himself to hike back out to the waterfall. He was already half-hard by the time he was walking up to the rubber patch, still right where he'd left it. Anxieties came to mind: what if

it didn't let him go this time? What if it had been pure luck that his nostrils weren't plugged before? What if...? Franklin's arousal led him on like a leash, right past all his little worries. He turned around and carefully stepped back into the wall, arms spread, grinning. The moss was only too happy to wrap him up, stuff his mouth full, haul him up off his feet, and get to work on his dick. It didn't start with swirly feelings this time, going right into the full-blown stimulation that Franklin had already grown to miss.

It felt just as good as he'd remembered, even when he was playfully struggling rather than fighting as hard as he could. Just like before, it got him off twice before letting him go. And it did the same thing when he visited again the next week, and the next. [i]That[/i] weekend he visited it on Saturday [i]and[/i] Sunday, and thanks to the wondrous nectar it fed him he was up to the challenge of providing just as much semen as the day before.

He didn't tell anyone about it, of course. What would he say? That he'd harnessed the power of some wizard's pet plant to be his personal jizz removal service? He didn't ask Gage anything about it, either, and he'd only seen him in person one time since. He was meeting some friends for lunch, and one of them asked what he'd been up to.

"I've been doing a lot of, uh, hiking," Franklin said.

At that moment, Gage walked by. Franklin hadn't seen him in the restaurant, but Gage had already finished a meal and was bringing his tray to the trash. As he passed by, he gave Franklin's shoulder a little shake and said, "Getting a real workout out there, right?"

"Uh, yeah," Franklin said, suddenly blushing. Gage's smile had looked really genuine and neutral, but maybe there had been a hint of a grin? [i]Maybe?[/i] By the time Franklin realized he hadn't said hello or goodbye, Gage was already gone.

Of course, none of that awkwardness stopped him from going to the cave again that weekend. What it [i]did[/i] do was reinforce the reality that he hadn't actually gone further into the cave yet! That was the whole original reason he'd wanted to go there, right? He decided [i]this[/i] time he'd actually do some caving.

Besides, maybe he'd find something even more devious than the moss in there...

That night, fantasizing about what else he might discover, about the other delights that a wizard who made moss like that might [i>also[/i] design, Franklin came up with something he wanted to try. Something to do before he delved deeper. A new way to play with what he'd already found. He wondered what it would feel like, and the need to know built and built, all the way until Friday morning. That's when he decided that he couldn't wait until Saturday; he would go there that night. He could go again on Saturday and properly explore [i>that[/i] time.

That's how Franklin found himself standing in the cave on a Friday night, naked, hard as a rock, looking at the moss, a simple plan in mind. The first step? Business as usual. He turned around and fed himself to the green blob, his mouth half-open in invitation. The living rubber was already turning liquidy by the time he got close, so as soon as he bumped into the wall it rushed up over him, sending a familiar, delightful shudder all through Franklin's body. He closed his eyes and pulled casually on his arms, "resisting" how it was spreading them further apart before it anchored them in place. He moaned twice

in a row, first at the rubber around his balls and sheath and over his eyes, then again as it covered his cock at the same time it filled his mouth.

And then he was right back where he wanted to be, hips rolling into the rhythmic pumping over his length, maw suckling softly on the sweet, energizing, nutritious sap. He'd come to realize that he didn't get hungry or thirsty until the next morning after these trips, and while it really was quite a workout, he still felt pretty peppy afterward. Weirdest of all, he didn't end up needing to use the restroom until at least a full day after his visits; that one had taken him a few weeks to figure out.

That meant he felt absolutely no reservations about gulping down the liquid that had only a month earlier made him worry he was being digested alive. The delicious warmth spread through him, rushing down to the base of his malehood, and he let out another wanton moan, louder, the thick bulb plugging his mouth only making the sound seem more erotic to the willingly trapped coyote. He playfully twisted at his limbs again, starting a pattern of thrusting the tiny bit he could into the moss's manhandling.

It was only a matter of time until he had another orgasm, and despite how normal this had all become to him, it was still one of the better ones. Maybe because he knew he had something extra special in mind this time? He didn't really have the concentration to think about it much in that moment, toes curling and uncurling, thighs twitching, belly tight. Nor did he think about it much as the overstimulation hit him, and he groaned in mixed lust and distress, truly squirming for the first time since he'd been caught. This part was still harsh, yet he fantasized about it, too, and had found plenty of tasty videos online featuring post orgasmic torture of bound guys who made even more crazy noises than he ever did.

Things progressed in their natural way, with Franklin's sensitivity dropping off, his body hanging mostly loose for a minute as he panted and recovered. The pleasure went on and on despite that, and Franklin smiled around the gag, licking at it at the same time he started to hump again. He'd tried to recreate these feelings with masturbation, and not only could he not overstimulate himself willingly without pulling his hand away, he also couldn't manage to get himself properly aroused to start building toward a second climax for at least fifteen or twenty minutes. The moss had no such problem, and he wasn't sure if it was just the arousing properties of the sap he was drinking or if it was also applying some directly to his bits, to heighten things at the source.

He didn't need to know, though, and really didn't care as he built up and up yet again. The way that it gently squeezed his sack and knot every time the taut pressure pulled all the way back was always the perfect enticement, readying him for the way the sensations would sweep down to engulf his entire cock again. Sucking and releasing, bobbing up and down, always in motion... [i]That's[/i] where Franklin's mind was, aside from the part eagerly waiting for step two of his plan.

He didn't have to wait long, his second orgasm of the day almost as good as the first. He started struggling earlier than usual, to try to escape before the moss's routine would usually allow... But, then he changed his mind. No, something [i]else[/i] would work even better. He forced himself to push his arms and legs back against the moss, even as the overstimulation rose up again.

"Hnn, nnph," he grunted, shuddering. He couldn't stop his hips from wiggling about, its constant attempts to pull away from the intense milking making him bounce in place. Also, each time a particularly sensitive bundle of nerves got teased, an arm reflexively yanked at the wall, trying to reach

down, to soothe the sensation somehow. Other than that, though, he managed to [i]mostly[/i] tame his reactions.

Normally by now he'd be giving in, squirming hard, tearing himself free. It was really hard not to, since the second orgasm always left him even [i]more[/i] sensitive than usual! This time, though, by putting himself through this, that meant the milking went on and on longer than it usually did, the feelings only slowing down a little. That meant he was still mostly in contact with the wall when the overstimulation faded away back into just pleasure again, and even after [i>two[/i] big orgasms he could feel that he was already starting to build toward a third that he was eager for!

Perfect.

He finished step one, finally, by twisting and yanking his way free, before he could give in to the urge to just lean back against the wall and have another normal orgasm, which might make him [i>too[/i] satisfied to want to try out his idea. The moss didn't seem to change its mind about letting him go despite how aroused he was getting, so it only took about ten seconds of firm wiggling for Franklin to tear free and land on his hands and knees, panting as he crawled a few feet away. Not too far, though. He didn't want to lose track of where he was.

Kneeling there blindly, covered in rubber, tail slowly wagging, cock gently twitching beneath him, Franklin smirked around the gag. What a sight he must be. Maybe he should have set up a camera to record this. A camera that didn't connect to the cloud, though; it would make quite the jaw-dropping nature documentary if the video somehow leaked to the rest of the world! If his idea felt as good as he hoped, he'd try this again someday soon, and maybe he'd find a camera by then.

In the meantime, step two awaited. By now, Franklin would usually be starting up the task of struggling his way out of the suit. Instead, he did the exact opposite: he crawled straight back toward the wall. He held his breath, unsure how the moss would react. Did [i>it[/i] have a refractory period of some kind? Would it ignore him because he was still coated in inert rubber? If his "made by a wizard" theory was correct, was this something the original creator planned ahead for?

Franklin gasped inward, sucking down hard on the gag, as the moss painlessly slapped at his cheek, stuck in place, and swiftly began to spread.

"Mmmph," he moaned softly, nuzzling into the sensation. The thick, strong appendage of rubber felt like it was stroking his face. No, even better; it was stroking the suit [i>over[/i] his face, a smooth, slick, squeaky sensation that made his tail wag back and forth. More and more of the material poured onto him, making the rubber muzzle over his snout a little tighter, caressing his shoulders as it ran down his arms, a vague pressure felt over his nipples as it passed. It reeled him in as it worked, and he shuffled closer, right up until his cheek hit the wall. Then, like normal, the connective cord shifted position, pulling his left shoulder closer, then his upper arm. Using that as an anchor point, it began moving him around to pose him the way it wanted.

Except, from this angle, his shoulder was going up and his snout was going down! "Rmmph?" Franklin wordlessly asked, blinking in the darkness. It took him a few seconds to catch up, and by the time he did, he was already facing the floor more than the wall, lifted up awkwardly onto his feet. He tried to resist, to twist around so that he slid his back into the wall in the upright position. All he ended up doing

was helping the moss along, giving it more of his body to grip as it rotated and lifted him. Moments later, only his toes were touching the floor. And then those weren't, either.

"[i]Nnph!/[i]" Franklin shouted, a burst of topsy-turvy panic hitting him as he hung upside-down over the floor! He was sealed to the wall along his entire upper back, his shoulders, and his upper arms, but his legs bicycled in the air, straining to touch something. A burst of cool, refreshing flavor against his tongue made him freeze, then moan quietly and suck, quite a bit of his tension melting away. He didn't mind at all when he felt the gag swell a little thicker, spreading his jaws a bit more, nestling more against his tongue.

His newfound calm wasn't just the fluid's impact on his body, either. The moss had somehow reconnected with the base of the gag and was feeding him, which was a very solid reminder that it wanted to help keep him alive, not hurt him. Second by second it was reclaiming more of his body with a new layer, just as planned, and all the while it was sealing him to the wall, holding him tight to make sure he wouldn't fall down and smack his head. It lifted him higher, putting his arms "over" his head, which left them closer to the floor. That meant that when he tore free later, he'd be able to support himself and not crack his skull open.

Everything was fine, even upside down. He could just chill and enjoy the results of his little experiment.

Enjoy he did, moaning at the pleasant yet muted sensation of more moss spreading over his cock. It made the sleeve feel a tiny bit tighter, which did feel particularly nice for his knot, but as for its normal amount of slick friction? That was significantly weaker than before, even after it started milking him, coaxing another moan from him. The differences let him focus on the pressure more, on how it felt like a wide, snug, rippling ring of rubber was slipping up and down his malehood, rolling back and forth over his knot every time it passed by.

It was less intense, but perfect for him to lie back and luxuriate in, panting softly. He giggled at the differences in all of this while hanging inverted, like the odd physics of slurping and swallowing the nectar, how it felt to struggle and roll his hips, and even the way his balls felt heavier against his body. He wondered if that was just gravity, or if the aphrodisiac in the moss's liquids was making him produce tons of extra seed for it to eat. He [i]was/[i] drinking down more of it than usual today.

He shook his head the little bit he could, clearing his mind. He didn't want to think about silly minutia right now. He wanted to focus on the pleasure, as dampened as it was, gently rolling his hips every second or third time the wave of pressure bottomed out against his sheath. The moss didn't seem to know or care that its prey wasn't feeling the same things as usual, suckling just as hard and fast as it would any other day. This time, though, Franklin's progress toward orgasm was taking much, much longer.

He didn't mind, not at first. Franklin almost felt bad for the moss, wondering if it really was hungry, if making it work extra hard to get him off would feel like a tease for it. The thought faded away on its own as he soaked in the attention, his hips speeding up over the minutes of build-up, reflexively sucking harder on the gag's fluids to help get his arousal as high as possible. It gave him an extra burst of flavor and wetness, and he swallowed it without hesitation, giving a breathy groan as he shuddered and humped harder. He hadn't noticed at first, when he was moving more lazily, but now he could tell: he was sealed a little tighter to the wall this time, not able to squirm or thrust quite as far as before. Franklin didn't mind, [i]enjoying/[i] it, feeling even more claimed and stuck than usual.

That didn't help him get any more pleasure, though. He craved more, and he [i]was[/i] building toward climax, he was sure of it, it was just slower than he wanted, especially with this much juice in his system. Being caught, needy, and uncertain about when he'd be able to cum was giving him another kind of rush that made him whine and wiggle greedily; for the first time since his first visit here, he was feeling a sense of real helplessness again.

Soaking that in and loving it, Franklin struggled, his body arching in waves from chest to knees. His hips were out of sync, bucking with a mind of their own. He didn't do anything about that, continuing to squirm, to reinforce how the plant would toy with him however it wanted until it let him go, how he was just along for the ride.

All of that, those mind games with himself, hearing his own muffled whimpers and moans while he bucked at the air? That [i]did[/i] help build him up, focused his world down to the square inches of rubber that intimately slid up and down his cock, milking plenty of pre from him on the path to orgasm. He was getting closer to that goal by the second, though he still wanted it to go faster, losing track of time in the dark, slick, hanging prison he'd arranged for himself. Franklin panted furiously, right up to the point that he held his breath and grunted in the back of his throat, his whole body going tense.

"[i]Hnnnggk![/i]" he yelled, waves of lust and rapture crashing through him as he came, and came, and came, each of the first four jets of his orgasm feeling like another smaller climax in and of themselves. His balls tightened and relaxed repeatedly, and he felt a faint tightness beneath his perineum as his prostate was milked harder than he'd ever experienced in his life. Long minutes, over half an hour straight, of getting the same methodical stimulation, had built him up so far that he nearly blacked out now, arms and legs jerking about as he struggled to grab onto [i]something[/i] while he instinctively bucked his hips. Despite the extra layer of rubber, the moss seemed to collect his sperm just as well as usual, not a drop was left behind.

Franklin hung there, tingling, shivering all over, weak, seeing stars, unable to process much. He was floating in a sea of darkness, with someone very nice caressing his bits affectionately. A little more than affectionately, he realized as he started to come to his senses. He felt a vague mix of happiness and disappointment that the usual overstimulation torment was almost nonexistent with inert rubber in the way, only getting a few minor twists and wiggles from him. That was enough for him to discover that the moss was already letting him go, either because it hit a time limit, it was weary from its work, or it had gotten enough from the one huge orgasm to decide it was done with him for now.

Franklin didn't try to argue, grunting softly as his hands touched the floor. That helped rouse him even more, and he carefully supported his weight with quaking arms, guiding himself down onto his side as he was lowered. He dragged himself away a few feet and then flopped right there on the floor, panting, a bit of a grin hiding behind the two muzzles he wore. His little experiment had gone pretty well, if he did say so himself. Under any other circumstances, without all that aphrodisiac and the constant squeezes around his knot, he'd be totally satisfied, maybe even for tomorrow, too. It was almost jarring for Franklin to feel that he was [i>still[/i] kind of horny. He put that aside as something he could deal with later tonight. For now, he had to escape the double-suit.

Sitting up, he brought his hands together, and as his very blunted fingers felt one another through the rubber, Franklin swallowed hard. [i>This[/i] wasn't something he'd planned for. One thin layer of the durable "moss" over each hand had been difficult enough to tear through. Now, as he pushed the tips of

his claws as tightly toward each other as he could manage, he barely felt any give at all. He wasn't digging into it in the same way, not even close, and he gulped again. This could be a problem.

The coyote shook his head at himself. Getting panicky wouldn't help. Worst case scenario? He could find the wall and follow it all the way back to his backpack, rummage around for the knife, and carefully use it to poke a hole. Visualizing his stuff where he'd left it really helped. He took slow, even breaths through his nose as he sawed his fingertips back and forth, twisting them, trying to find some angle where he would catch on the material and start to shred it...

Franklin mouthed at the gag, moaning under his breath. If he was feeling things right, the outer layer was stretching and moving. That meant almost none of his elbow grease was making it down to the first suit, so he wasn't digging in at all. His cock tensed a couple of times in a row as he realized the truth of the matter: he'd accidentally gotten himself super trapped in this rubber suit. His only shot was to use his knife with blunted hands or to find a random sharp stalagmite tip. As much as he tried to tell himself to stay calm, he wasn't even a hundred percent sure which wall he was facing by this point. He'd been upside down for half an hour, after all. With the two layers of rubber covering his ears, the sound of the waterfall was more of a random white noise than a helpful beacon. He'd probably need to go a good ten feet in one direction to get a proper sense of direction.

The worst part of all this--or maybe the [i]best[/i] part--was how horny all of these facts made Franklin feel. He sucked on the gag and blushed. "Ffk."

Instead of doing the sensible thing, Franklin gave in to his urge to squirm, more out of self-indulgent arousal than out of panic. He purposely revelled in his slight anxiety, putting more effort into grinding his hand back and forth along the cave floor, trying to peel away some of the rubber. When that didn't work he futilely pawed at his own body, rubbing over his packed snout, his supple throat, his smooth chest. His hands worked their way downward, claws doing nothing, and then he wasn't using his claws at all, squeezing his cock between both hands. He groaned and rocked into the feeling, then playfully told himself to get it together and try to "escape" again, then telling himself he couldn't, then trying again anyway, almost roleplaying it out in his mind.

Wiggling around, fighting the rubber, Franklin eventually did the one thing he really shouldn't have: he tried to reach out for the wall, to find some kind of rocky outcropping to try to scrape free.

A pseudopod of moss smacked onto his wrist and pulled his arm closer.

Franklin yipped and tugged on his arm, his dick tensing at the feel of taut rubber stretching and rebounding. Thanks to the two layers blocking his sense of touch, the only way he could track its spread was by a wave of extra tightness growing, pressing over his palm and fingers, moving toward his elbow. He whined in indecision, leaning backward, his heart racing again. Part of him was sure that this was a dumb idea, that he couldn't just let this thing have him [i]again[/i], he needed a rest, and what if the suit got too thick for him to cut? The other part of him, though, the one that was twitching between his legs, said it wasn't [i]that[/i] bad of an idea...

Plus, it self-indulgently reminded him that he probably didn't have a choice anymore.

He fought it, with some mixture of really attempting to get free and play-fighting to indulge his newfound kinks. "Nngh, hhph," he grunted, on his knees, straining backward, fighting up onto one foot, then

another. There he stood, a shiny green coyote, with enough rubber already on him that he was rendered anonymous, leaning back and wrenching on his arm almost enough to make his elbow and shoulder ache.

And then he got a [i]lot[/i] more rubber on him when his double-bootied feet slipped on the floor and he tumbled toward the wall. His instincts got all tumbled up, not wanting to smack face first into stone but also [i]not[/i] wanting to plunge his other hand deep into the muck he was supposed to be fighting against. He spun to the side and thumped hard into the wall backward, letting out a yelp more of surprise than of pain.

There [i]was[/i] no pain, because the moss was there, ready and waiting.

Franklin gasped and jerked away from the sensation of it squeezing up around his sides and thighs. He was already way too glued in place to move more than a few inches in any direction, and he could feel the suit tightening up around him everywhere. "Mmn, nnp!" Franklin bit down on the gag and twisted his arms fiercely, which only helped the moss reposition them up over his head as his feet left the floor. He could feel his cock bouncing with his movements, and then it got even harder than before when the first new drop of nectar landed on his tongue and he slurped it up, warmth radiating through him.

He went slack, panting hard, giving a resigned, "Hnnph." Franklin was caught, and there really was nothing he could do about it now. He shifted his mental gears, away from the momentary panic of accidentally feeding himself to the moss again, moving on to the perverse delight of getting [i]another[/i] layer of his suit "against his will." He moaned muffledly against the gag as it swelled a smidge larger, another reminder of how helpless he was, and then he moaned again much louder when he felt the rubber tightening up around his cock. The fun was about to start...

There it was again, the pressure, like a big hand, or a tight hole, or a set of huge, suckling lips. It slid up and down over [i]two[/i] layers of rubber, and even through all that he could still feel it, especially when it squeezed his knot and his tip. He indulged his desires, thrusting up toward it, whining quietly at how much more limited his movements were this time around. He wasn't utterly immobilized, but he wasn't bouncing as far anymore, really feeling like someone or something was pinning down his hips to only let him make the tiniest little humps in the air.

The trapped feelings turned him on more, but that didn't compensate for how very diminished the milking felt through the two sleeves already coating his cock. It felt [i]gentle[/i] now, especially compared to the gloriously intense bliss he was used to. It was still good, a nice feeling, teasing him more than enough to turn him on, especially with the sap he kept swallowing down, tongue sliding back and forth along the underside of the gag.

The only problem was that he wasn't sure if he was building up toward orgasm or not this time. And the longer he hung there, constantly taunted with only a fraction of what he normally got, the needier he became. "Nnngh," Franklin moaned, his fingers trying to curl into fists and finding it even more futile than usual. His elbow and shoulder worked, hardly shifting, nowhere near able to reach down and help the sensations along. He humped and humped and humped, panting and gasping, a stray thought that he probably shouldn't drink so much sap tossed aside when another drop landed on his tongue and he sucked down the tasty, hydrating, arousing treat.

"Nngh ghhd." Franklin grinded the back of his head against the wall, losing track of time again. It already felt like he'd been up here an [i]hour[/i], though he was sure that logically it had only been a few minutes, right? This creeping crawl toward the edge--which he wasn't even sure if he was feeling--was taking its toll on him, and he whimpered, toes bobbing up and down, his tail barely twitching when he tried to wrench it around to brush against his needy malehood.

It didn't help. Nothing helped. He was trapped and at the mercy of an amoral plant that would never stop teasing him until he came. Feeling it over every inch of his body and knowing it to the core of his being fed him another big surge of arousal, and he grunted and whined mindlessly, his thrusts losing all rhythm as the tip of his dick bobbed and twitched in the air.

Minutes later he had to stop and hang there, panting harshly, trying to catch his breath and calm down. He could only relax so much, though, so much of the aphrodisiac in his bloodstream that his thoughts kept circling back to how good it would feel if he could cum, how much he wanted it, almost [i]needed[/i] it. His knife would help... so he could touch himself. Maybe the moss would give up eventually... so he could make himself cum. Maybe he would [i]eventually[/i] cum on his own?

"[i]Nnngh![/i]" Franklin groaned hard, struggling and humping again without any lead up to it, another crazed surge of need blanking out his thoughts for long seconds. He [i]was[/i] getting closer all this time, he decided; between the chemicals swirling through him and his muffled senses it was so tough to tell, but now he was sure of it. The rhythmic squeezing and releasing of his knot was just enough that he was going to make it, going to climb to the peak of that hill and leap into an endless pit of bliss!

He got to the hill, yes, and quite far up it... But that's where he stopped, a foot short of the summit, mere [i>inches[/i] away. He whimpered, then howled, throwing his body weight in every possible random direction as he sought to find some way to thrust harder into the phantom grip around his cock. It didn't help, nor did the surge of lust from realizing he was trapped on the edge with no way to reach down, or the next drop of sap on his tongue.

It wasn't enough. Without the aphrodisiac, the muted suction wouldn't be enough to get him even this close, but working together they got him right to the edge... They just weren't enough to push him over. On and on the moss milked him, and Franklin couldn't possibly know if it was delighting in tormenting him or was mindlessly doing its job, like it would go on doing for... For how long? Hours? Days? [i>Forever?[/i] He had no idea. Was his cum really feeding it, so it would eventually get tired and let him go? Or was it powered by magic, and it didn't do anything at all with his sperm?

He'd give anything to feed it some cum and find out the fun way! "[i>Nngh[/i] mmh [i>cmmn![/i]" he shouted, pleading, followed by a half-dozen rapid fire whimpers.

The moss didn't obey its triple-trapped captive, sucking and slurping and stroking and milking endlessly, giving Franklin more than enough nectar to keep him healthy and "happy" for as long as it took to properly accomplish its mission...

(**NOTE:** NSFW reference image below)

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/26492604/>



