

Dashi checked his phone for what felt like the hundredth time in the last five minutes. She had said she'd be here at six, and though he was at least fifteen minutes early he was still a little anxious that she wasn't going to show up.

Dashi was a handsome seahorse, with thin, shimmering skin in several shades of pale blue and dark green. He had dressed in what he hoped was a casual but cute look, a pair of slim fit jeans and a button up grey shirt. He wanted to look like he was trying, but not too hard. He'd agreed to this weird blind hookup thing, but he wasn't about to just roll over and let the lady have her way with him, at least, that's what he told himself. In addition to his phone, he was holding a single stem of water hawthorne, the agreed upon signal.

Someone waved from across the square, and Dashi looked up from his phone. And nearly dropped it. There, striding towards him with a cheerful smile on her face, was an absolutely ethereal jellyfish. Her pale body was tinted a faint pink and orange, her skin all slick and shiny in the afternoon sunlight. Her body curved like a work of art, and the cute summer dress she was wearing barely contained her ample bosom. Many thick tentacles propped up the hem of the skirt, making it flounce like a living petticoat.

"Are you Dashi?" She asked, as she neared. "Fugue told me you were cute, they didn't mention that you were gorgeous!"

Dashi found himself at a loss for words for several seconds before he managed to reboot. "Ah, yeah, that's me!" He smiled, hoping he didn't sound as awkward as he felt. This woman was stunning, he could hardly believe they had a mutual friend, much less one who wanted to introduce them. "And you're... Vanil?"

"Mhm!" Vanil smiled, reaching out to grasp one of Dashi's hands in both of hers. Her skin was smooth, almost slick to the touch, like a plum, or jello. "A pleasure to meet you, Dashi. I don't know about you but I'm so eager to get this started. Can we skip the pleasantries and head straight back to my place?"

Dashi's eyes widened, and he did his best to not stammer his next words, failing miserably. "Ah- y- yeah. If that's what you want."

"Great!" Vanil began to tug him gently forward. "Come on then. We'll be there in no time."

True to Vanil's word, it was only a short walk to her apartment. She made small talk on the way, cheerfully commenting on the weather, chatting about their mutual friends, and pointing out some local spots for good food. By the time she unlocked her door, Dashi's heart was going a mile a minute, and he did his best to look calm as he stepped into the spacious, clean space.

"Make yourself at home!" Vanil exclaimed, hanging her keys on the hooks inside the door.

"What's your preference, couch, bed, or tub?"

"Tub?" Dashi asked, tilting his head a little.

"What, you've never had tub sex? Oh man, that settles it. Tub it is!" Vanil said, clapping her hands together eagerly. She led the way to the bathroom, pushing open the door to reveal a luxurious soaker tub, which she walked over to and turned the knobs, starting the water. Then, without warning, she reached for the hem of her skirt and pulled the dress over her head, tossing it aside. She was wearing nothing beneath it, her breasts and slim pussy on full display. She giggled at Dashi's wide eyes.

"Come on, you don't want to get your clothes wet, do you?" She teased, sliding up to him and placing a hand teasingly on his chest. "Strip for me, there's a good boy." Dashi gulped and

complied, slowly undoing the buttons of his shirt and shrugging it nervously off. His jeans were next, joining his shirt on the floor. Finally, he tucked his thumbs into his boxer briefs and pulled them down, revealing a small but attractive cock which was already beginning to harden from the attention.

"Oh my, you're perfect." Vanil purred, reaching over to give Dashi's cock a small squeeze before pulling away, ignoring his startled moan. She leaned over the edge of the tub, testing the water temperature and simultaneously showing off her pale pink slit, just as smooth and slick as the rest of her, tucked in among her many tendrils. Dashi's cock twitched in appreciation.

"Mm, perfect." Vanil said, dipping a foot into the water and giving a contented sigh. She turned the taps off and slid fully into the tub, her tentacles drifting around her waist like a halo. "Come on in hon, water won't bite."

Dashi nodded nervously, and made his way over to the tub, stepping in and sinking into the side opposite Vanil, his knees tucked together. She giggled, and lifted herself off of the bench, gliding over to him and straddling his lap. Her tentacles floated freely around her, occasionally brushing over Dashi's cock, and he shivered at the sensation, letting out a small gasp.

"Mm, you like them, huh?" Vanil teased, wiggling her hips to cause the tendrils to rub back and forth against Dashi, eliciting a high pitched moan from him, which he rapidly covered his mouth to muffle. She raised a hand, tugging his away from his face and pinning it gently at his side.

"No hiding your cute noises, hon. I want to hear every moan." Dashi opened his mouth to object, but then one of her tentacles wrapped around the head of his cock, and any words he might have made were instantly covered with a ragged moan and a needy buck of his hips.

"That's it, good boy." Vanil hummed, one of her tentacles rubbing at her own entrance, teasing both of them with the slippery appendages. "Whimper and pant for me."

Dashi let out a gasp as a second tentacle joined the first, spiraling around his length and squirming against it. Several more brushed against his thighs, sliding along the inside, caressing and stroking. The sensations were intense, amplified by the heat of the water and the floating sensation, and he could already feel his orgasm building, embarrassingly fast.

"W- wait, Vanil-" He whimpered, his hips squirming desperately up into the contact. "I w- want to cum inside you, please-"

Vanil blinked, then laughed, her voice echoing melodically in the bathroom. "Oh sweetie. Pathetic dicks like yours don't get to breed me. Cumming from my tentacles is good enough for you."

Dashi shivered, her words almost enough to cut through the haze of pleasure. "What? N- no! I want to cum inside, please!"

"Nope!" Vanil leaned forward, her smooth breasts squishing against Dashi's chest. "You're gonna cum to my tentacles, like the cute little toy you are."

Dashi let out a keening whimper. He could feel himself getting steadily closer, the aching tingle in his balls and the base of his spine. But he struggled against the sensation. "Please! I n- need to-" He couldn't finish the sentence, his breath coming in desperate pants. He couldn't stop his body from fucking desperately into the sensations, his head lolling back and his fingers flexing uselessly against the inside of the tub.

"Mm, you're trying so hard, aren't you?" Vanil purred. "But you're gonna cum in my tentacles like the weak, pitiful male you are."

Dashi gritted his teeth. No, he was going to prove that he wasn't weak, or pitiful. No matter how good it felt, he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction. It didn't matter if every time she insulted him, he practically felt his balls pulse desperately. He wasn't going to cum, dammit.

And then something pressed against his hole. One of Vanil's tendrils squirmed insistently against Dashi's tight pucker, and the tip pressed inside. And Dashi's vision went white as his cock twitched, emptying itself into the water with spurt after desperate spurt of cum, his voice breaking into a series of high pitched whines. "Ah! Ahh! Hnnn!" He whimpered, collapsing back against the edge of the tub, his face flushed and his mouth slightly open in a silent needy moan. Vanil smiled, reaching up to pat Dashi's head. "Good boy. You came so pathetically for me." She praised, nuzzling gently at his exposed neck, even planting a small kiss to his throat. "Let me know when you're ready for round two."