

Tuuwa made his way along the trail they'd used week after week, their destination was a peaceful place, a secluded little glade that caught the light well while still being shaded from the worst winds. The only other feature of note in the otherwise tranquil spot was the natural brook that stirred the water. The short length between the glade and the water's source was still untouched by technology and industry, leaving it as pure and clear as nature could make it.

It was always his first stop when visiting the glade as the ascent was rough, even to a quadruped that could pass where bipeds would have to struggle. The coyote approached the clear water, yet as he drew near he spotted something different, something quite unlike he'd seen on any of his prior visits.

An oily black stain shimmered on the top of the water, originating from a viscous and soft looking puddle that had landed on the edge of the pool. The stain only extended a few inches from the blob, not contaminating more than the immediate area, even the waters that flowed past seemed unable to pick up a visible residue, but the coyote was not pleased with the thought of it spreading, nor of lapping up whatever it was.

He strode over to the pool, giving it a delicate and wary sniff. The surface rippled in response, making him step back in surprise, still, whatever it was had a gently chemical odour to it though not noticeably dissimilar from other plastics.

"Get out of here." Tuuwa told it as he pushed a forelimb into the water and scooped towards it, flopping it an inch away. The mass rolled before starting to slide back to the water's edge. "I said out!" The coyote snapped, shoving with his paw and this time connecting with the mass.

Rather than flopping away, his paw broke the surface, claws submerging within. It moved from the water yet it clung to his paw, making him yelp as he tried to shake the hand away. The rest of it still seemed stable and plump, solid despite the ease with which he'd sunk into the wetter part.

His other paw came down on the firm part of it, pinning it and trying to slip his hand out of the mass. It ballooned under the pressure, it was working, a stretching strand seemed loathe to give up his paw but he was able to pull away for a bit- until the pressure vanished like a gel-pod popping, his pinning paw felt motion as the liquid gave way and splashed over the top.

The liquid spilled out and then seemed to ripple back again, that solid and thick looking surface returning. His immediate thought was to bring a back paw to scrabble but he managed to stop himself before that served to make everything worse.

Instead his forelimbs flailed, trying to shake the mass off. The weight was deceptive, slapping him back to the ground before he could really rise to shake. He looked around desperately, perhaps a rock, or a tree to scrape it? The answer struck him, water, to wash it off and rinse it away.

He turned on his heels, dropping his front legs deep into the pool. To his horror, the mass spread flowing back up to the surface and catching his legs every step of the way, well up to the shoulders! “No! No no! Get off, wash away!” The coyote was panicking. From how little the blob had seemed to react to the water before, he was sure it was a safe bet, yet now the spread was stark, rapidly turning the pool from clear water to solid inky darkness.

Tuuwa staggered away from it, his back legs hastily retreating, but as he tried to pull from the water’s surface it pulled back, creaking and groaning, the stretchy mass seemed heavier, as though it had absorbed the water itself. With a loud creak and groan Tuuwa found he was digging his claws into the ground, yet even that wasn’t enough, loose stones and soil kicked away as it overpowered him, dragging back to the surface.

As his grip was overcome he saw the mass shift, breaking from the water and curling up above his head. “Oh no-” He gasped before it plunged over him like a maw, washing over his shoulders and then pulling him in. He tumbled head over heels into the former pool feeling the buoyant press on all angles, enveloped in darkness as the mass fully engulfed him.

It felt like it was churning him within, almost chewing as much as an amorphous mass could, and it was with a sinking worry he started to think it wasn’t some chemical spill but a living organism. The churning press coated him all over, squeaking and creaking to cover over every inch of his fur before, like a bag of air being punctured, it deflated around him, the thick gooey mass compressed down.

Tuuwa’s legs and arms were plastered along his belly, his tail was pulled and pinned up behind his back and his neck bent downward as from outside the coyote became a rounded out mass with softened edges writhing and undulating.

“Mmmhh!” Tuuwa groaned, the gooey coating squeezed his maw shut at first but then seemed to prod and poke at his lips, narrowly pressing into it! His tongue felt a rubbery taste then it was squeezed down as the goo swelled up to fill the shape of his mouth. He felt a further squish, down his back and sides as the ripples seemed to be flowing and looking for something; something it found under his tail. He let out a soft yelp, the same tickling and thin press inserted itself and then also thickened into a solid plumbing lump, stretching his tail ring.

For all his resistance and fear of the situation his body felt the tickle as pleasant, making his rod poke out from the sheathe between his legs. The blob grasped back at his own pressure, rolling in a way that could only be called teasing.

It cloyed to his skin, pushing to fold under the curl of the tail and his limbs, working to make sure that none of his body touched itself, even pushing on his jaw to raise his head up. The seemingly liquid push hardened to that odd tension he felt before, with the pressure growing without feeling heavier. The mystery explained itself as he heard a louder surge of squeaks and creaks and felt the very definite sensation of rising upwards. As the pressure grew the layer in

front of his eyes became slowly more translucent, a dark grey faded into a stark white as he was gradually allowed to see once more.

His muzzle extended from his eyes, in the same colour as before but with a lustrous shine that bounced the light, furthermore it was tense to his fur, rounded at the edges like- Like a pool toy!

He gulped, regretting the motion instantly as the mass in his maw took the extra distance to stop it up. His arms and legs stayed bent but a false inflated limb extended from the bends, to sit out in front of him, while his legs were stuffed into overly large thigh-shaped pockets. Meanwhile his neck was stretched and held backwards so his head was held as though merrily aloft.

The blackness had disappeared entirely, leaving behind a creaking seamless rubbery coyote that imprisoned the very live one inside. The joints inflated further, to the point that beyond loud creaking there was no indication of anything amiss, Tuuwa was unable to move on his own!

Instead the world was slowly moving around him as the gentle current of the water proved enough to move the inflated thing he had become trapped inside. Yet he could barely pay attention to that as the filling mass at his rump and the tightness around his length both worked actively, moving and squeezing.

He whimpered and shook, trying to deny it, trying to hold back but it felt good, even with his desperation on the rise, it was undeniably stimulating and satisfying in the weirdest of ways. It also quickly made itself clear that it was happy to keep edging him. Even if he didn't want to react in such a way, the firm yet sensual kneading eroded his resistance, stealing his thoughts from struggling toward trying to swing his hips in time with it. An eye twitching surge pushed as the mass embedded in him started to tickle a sweet spot.

While it thrummed and pulsed, he also felt pressure at his front and sides, caresses, looking for anything to further his immediate joy, centering inside his thighs and slowly working up to the waiting and hungry shaft. A flick made him moan and twitch, before the goo snapped to it like a magnet, rolling with more pushes in a repetitive and alluring manner, gently vibrating with the current of the water. As it turned from a brush to a certain tug and thrum it proved more than Tuuwa could ignore and with that he yielded to the euphoria for the moment.

The living mass quivered itself in anticipation as if it too was getting close to something primal, mere seconds later and Tuuwa stopped holding back, letting the feeling rock over him. The mass was unrelenting, working him hard, squeezing him until he was done and even then it gave some inquisitive pulses, probing and checking the maximum he could endure from multiple angles. As his lidded eyes snapped back to the present, the pleasure leaving him as quickly as it had come, he saw a vast vista in front of him before the water fell away, reaching a stomach dropping burst of speed.

He hurtled down along smooth-rocked waters, jostling his view. Despite the thick coating, he felt the stone as though he was physically brushing over them. His head spun from the disorienting rush, caught off guard as he came to an abrupt halt by something that, just like the rocks, reached through to feel like it was on his body; a lattice that was stretched but taut. His immediate instinct panicked as he realised what that meant. He'd got caught in a net, but then perhaps this was salvation. As humiliating as it was, he felt hands brushing between the net's threads.

Surely this presumed fisher would notice the weight of the toy or hear his sudden loud moans for attention. "Mmhh! Mmhm- mmmh?!?"

The net was dragged out of the water and then rather than shaken empty, it was bundled tighter, the toy squeaked as the air pressed down harder, all while the squeeze of the strands pushed around him. He felt a deliberate grope below his waist as his previously presumed rescuer shoved a hand in deep to rub between the legs, transferring the touch through the rubbery coating. The finger traced up, shoving into the plug at his tailhole, revealing that it was hollowed out and vulnerable.

"Oh yes, you're even better than I expected." A voice crooned in a way that felt wholly inappropriate for the situation. The touch slid round to his front, a white-furred finger brushing along his mouth and intruding on an equally hollow opening. "I hope you're comfortable in there. It never needs to come off, you see, our little trap will keep you healthy and fed, and all it asks in return is to feed off your pleasure." As if on cue the thick coating around him let out a teasing churn, hinting it could go for another round as soon as the coyote grew hard again.

"Mmmh? Mm-mmmh, mhhhh!"

He grunted but even if his words could be understood his revealed captor spoke to others around him without seeming to notice. "Take him back to the club. And tell you-know-who that we have his perfect kinky cocktail. A pooltoy, a quadruped and a dubious-at-best agreement." Heavier hands fell on Tuuwa as the figure spoke, taking a heavy grip of him and the netting.

"You're going to make me so much money..." The figure said as he brushed a teasing finger along Tuuwa's toy-coated flank. The coyote squirmed for all he was worth, eyes widening with a whimper as a blindfolding cloth was wrapped over the toyish head. His attempts at motion didn't even elicit a squeak.

He was helpless and seemingly soon to be a piece of merchandise for clients that sounded like they knew exactly what they would be abusing. He just wished his body wasn't already responding to the quivering symbiotic coating, growing hard and welcoming the stimulation it was once again starting to offer...