

dirtyyote [4:02 PM]: so wait

dirtyyote [4:02 PM]: what the fuck is going on inside you??

cookie_and_cream [4:03 PM]: Right so

cookie_and_cream [4:03 PM]: I saw this ad online for some kind of eel...

Kit squirmed in his seat as he felt the things inside of him continue their movement deep inside of him. This sensation was so close to being in his belly, yet felt distinctly different on its own: it had the exact same deep, wet pressure of someone with their forearm buried halfway inside the plump spade hanging between his legs, wide fingers digging and slopping around, pushing at his innards from inside, shifting everything around... only this time there *was* no arm coming out from between his legs, no fingers teasing at the rim of his cervix and internal walls. The tiger gasped and bit his lip as a small flash of pain, sharp and slight, jolted through him, soon followed by another.

That had been happening since his little episode in the bathroom at work, when he had bent over the toilet, squeezed and pushed and tightened and... and felt that thick, sloppy agglomeration of slime and ooze empty out of him, twisting and gyrating throughout its surface with the tiny black offspring of the single larger eel that had slid its way up into him. He shivered and rolled his head back again, then brought it forward to look at the coyote who stood before him.

Raul watched his face, only a little bit of concern in his green eyes, and then looked back down the tiger's bare body towards the warm pink spade between his legs. The last time Kit had taken a look at himself – which had been immediately after that bathroom episode, as the residual panting discomfort meant he basically *had* to immediately head home – it had looked swollen and red, almost glistening with inflammation.

It didn't quite *hurt*, though. He had told Raul all about the entire situation on the drive back home and then afterwards, in the process of reliving everything just getting himself worked up all over again. There was plenty of discomfort throughout the day, from cramps to soreness to uncomfortable pressure to the exact sensation that he was about to lose control of his lower body functions, but throughout it had pervaded a sharp, distinct arousal that he had been completely unable to eliminate. From when he had first pulled the eel from its jar in his bath the previous night, to when he had felt it slurp up inside his already-stretched spade; then the dizzying sensation and pain of it worming his way through his cervix and up into his womb, the heat flashes, the chills... the *weight* in his belly the following morning, persisting all the way through his presentation at work, then into the bathroom, and then home again.

He had had to ditch his underwear in the bathroom trash can, though by that point the thick, shimmering purple slime had already soaked through the seat of his pants, causing the fabric to cling and mold to the shape of his swollen spade. Luckily he didn't have to take the bus home, as by the time he got there he had left the same evidence in his car seat as he had on the chair in the meeting room. Even now he could feel it slowly oozing out of him, rolling down the edge of the chair in which he sat and plopping into the thick puddle across the floor. At least he had thought to do this in the kitchen with the tiled floor; it would have been *hell* to get out of the carpet.

Throughout the conversation – he thumbed through it in his phone, loosely clutched in his other paw; one of Raul's paws, already clad in the black nitrile glove halfway up to his elbow, held his footpaw up over the arm of the chair – he could tell that the damn coyote was getting worked up as well. Questions about how it looked and felt, how it *smelled* like; the sensation of having this living creature, about an inch and a half across and the length of a dang good dick, buried not just inside his spade but in his

womb as well, to the point where Kit could – and had – reached his paw up and scraped around for it, yet hadn't even touched the thing; and then, of course, requests for photo and video evidence.

cookie_and_cream [5:38 PM]: I mean look, haha I'm trying

cookie_and_cream [5:38 PM]: But it's a hard angle

dirtyote [5:40 PM]: with your (fortune cookie emoji) as fuckin fat and swollen as you claim it is?

dirtyote [5:41 PM]: unlikely, brother

cookie_and_cream [5:44 PM]: alright then

cookie_and_cream [5:44 PM]: Why don't you come over and take a look for yourself?

Knowing Raul, that was all the convincing that the coyote had needed. Some fifteen minutes more of shivering, panting, and intermittently squatting over the toilet to fill it even further with purple slime and small, tadpole-like wrigglers, and then Kit had hobbled over to the front door to let his friend in. The first thing Raul had commented on was, in his words, the "snail trail" that the tiger had left across the floor from the bathroom to the front door. From there it had been a matter of course to pull up a chair in the kitchen, push the tiger down to it, and get him to spread his legs – altogether an easy task, all things considered – while Raul went and fished out the gloves from Kit's bedroom.

Now he stood before the seated tiger, another wave of pleasure mixed with discomfort lancing up through his body and forcing his back to arch. Kit sucked in a breath and swallowed, feeling all his muscles tighten up just before another burst of shimmering slurry trickled down from his now permanently parted, gaping spade. The coyote raised his eyebrows at that, and also wrinkled his nose... but even with his senses clouded with all of these strange feelings and sensations Kit could still see the interest and arousal in those green eyes.

"You sure you're alright?"

Kit nodded, then closed his eyes as the quick motion dizzied him a bit. "Yeah. It's fine. I'm – having a hell of a good time." He opened his eyes again. "That sounds like I'm being sarcastic, but I'm – *ah*–"

Raul reached down and lightly smacked the tiger's spade with his fingers, causing it to bounce and jiggle in place between his legs. A sharp shock of sweet, delicious pleasure bounced through Kit's abdomen, leading to his leg shaking so much it slid off the arm of the chair. He doubled over himself, lower body gyrating and pulsing with his paws clamped against his sex, and only after a few seconds managed to uncurl and get back in position.

The two met gazes again. Raul licked his lips and gave his characteristic smirk. "Yeah. I can see that. So you want me to, just..."

Kit reached down to grip the sides of the chair with both of his paws, intentionally pushing his lower body forward and out. As he did so he could actually feel the spot where his spade slid over the front edge of the seat and hung down beneath its own weight, halfway hanging against the front with that same thick, warm dribble oozing down – at least until Raul licked his lips, held his breath, and knelt down before him, to heft that hanging meat in his cupped palm. The tiger winced a little bit and pulled in a gasp.

Raul glanced at him again, now in place between his spread legs. Still his nose wrinkled, and it seemed every breath he took just made it do so even further. "Still alright up there?"

“Yeah, just... sensitive.”

“Oh yeah?” The coyote smiled, licked his lips once more, and then brought his gloved paws in, the one still keeping his sex held in place while he ran a pair of fingers down Kit’s fur with the other. The tiger shivered with the slight tickle from that sensation, then dug his fingers more firmly in along the sides of the chair once he pulled down through his pubic fur, and then reflexively bucked forward again when he felt that pressure continue down and around the base of his protruding spade, where fur gave way to soft, slick flesh normally pink, now a brighter, glossy red, especially closer to the center. “So then how does... *this*...”

Kit pulled in another gasp and squirmed, one of his legs kicking. He didn’t need to see to know that Raul had just squeezed his paw around the point of his spade, fingers wrapping up and around to push him open; the coyote’s ears flicked with the sudden *smack* of sticky, wet interior walls pulling apart, then lifted his head and licked his lips once more. The tiger rolled his head forward and tried to level a glare at his friend, but then had his thoughts muddled all over again by those same two fingers slipping up inside of him, hugging close to his inner walls and helping to spread him even further open.

“Holy... *shit*,” Raul breathed, his ears coming forward and up again. “You feel so fucking hot. Like... oh, *God*.” Kit’s other leg kicked when he scooped his fingers down in and around his inner wall, then pulled out a thick wad of dripping slime. “*This* is the stuff?”

The tiger swallowed and nodded. He felt a little bit dizzy yet still didn’t want to stop. “Yeah.”

“And you *knew* this was gonna happen.”

He nodded again. “Uh huh.”

“And you still did it?”

“Wouldn’t you?”

Green eyes rested on him for a moment. Raul then brought his paw closer, frowned, sniffed at it, blinked, sniffed again – and then shook his paw off.

“God, there’s – little things *moving* in-”

“Yeah...” Kit leaned back in the chair, spread his legs, and this time slid his own paws down to spread himself. He hooked his thumbs in around the lips of his sex and pulled himself open, then intentionally gave a squeeze and a deep push from inside – and shuddered at that repeated sensation of dumping out yet again, all of this thick, slick slime pouring out from deeper inside, making its way through his gaping sex to spurt and spray out between his legs, coating the coyote’s clothing and catching along his shoulder as well. “Ah – ah, sorry about that, um...”

“You did that on *purpose*.” Raul squirmed a bit where he knelt. He straightened up, looked down across himself, made a face at seeing the little tadpole-sized things wriggling across his shirt and pants... then shrugged, straightened up, and moved to tug his shirt off. Some of the juice had soaked through to sand-colored fur underneath. “Me over here trying to get a good, honest look at what you’ve got going

on – which, speaking of, you’re gonna have to... do a little bit more than that. Here, why don’t you let *me*.”

Kit grinned, shivered, and gently bit his lip in preparation. Raul held his paws together, fingers angled to a point, and then lined himself up with the tiger’s entrance still held open, and started to sink up and in. There was the so-familiar sensation of the stretch and pull, not only one but *two* paws sinking up inside of him, shifting and squeezing at his lips and walls, plunging deeper... and then spreading him open from inside exactly as though he had slipped a speculum into place instead.

Not that Kit would know what that felt like. He squirmed thinking about it, eyes closed and heart thumping; his body reflexively wanted to clamp and clench back around the coyote’s paws, buried past the knuckle and close to the wrists inside of him, but still Raul held in place, fingers steeped against themselves while *inside* of him.

“Fuckin’ *Christ*...” the coyote murmured, muzzle angled slightly away. “Maybe I should’ve gotten the damn shoulder-length gloves for this... give me another push? But, wait, let me-”

Kit gladly obliged again. He gritted his teeth, straightened up a bit, shuddered at the feeling of those two paws slipping slightly out of him, then gripped onto the chair and did as told. This time he had to push a little bit harder and slower, trying to empty out from deeper inside than before – and through eyes nearly shut with the strain he watched as Raul’s expression changed from interest to slight disgust, then back to interest and curiosity. Naturally, though, the same arousal lingered there beneath everything.

Then there was another slow, fervent slapping and plopping of the same sticky wet mess out onto the tile floor, adding to the pile and puddle that already waited there between the coyote’s knees, like pouring freshly cooked pudding out of its pot. Raul glanced down, grimaced, and adjusted his position again, then leaned in close enough that Kit’s hypersensitive flesh tickled underneath his breaths.

He blinked. “Yeah,” he said, the word tickling even deeper, “you’re fuckin’ *swollen*. I’m not supposed to be able to *see* your cervix, right?”

“Well, I-I mean...” Kit grunted, took in a breath, and then gave another push. Raul reared back a little bit. “That’s where the – the eel *is*. Through there.”

“*Inside* of you.”

“That’s what I said. I can feel it.”

“And these little wiggling things?”

“I can – feel *those*, too...” Like something halfway between a feather tickling at his most sensitive spots and a caught nerve, subtle yet sharp, soft yet forceful, gentle yet impossible to ignore. Throughout the latter half of his drive home today it had taken all of his willpower not to shove a paw down into his pants and rub all over himself to try to banish the weird feeling, sweet and infuriating and arousing and intoxicating – like so many tiny tongues licking and slurping their way inside of him. He rolled his head side to side on his shoulders, then let his thumbs slip from where he had had them spreading himself so that he could grip his thighs instead. Raul turned one paw around while still buried to the wrist inside of him, then moved the other as well and pulled him right back open.

The coyote leaned in again, disgust mixed with arousal quite clear on his face: his whiskers and ears pinned back and his eyes widened, the edge of his mouth curling back and down in a grimace, but his eyes bounced back and forth to try to take in everything on display for him here. "You're swollen all over," he said, tenderly poking his nitrile-covered fingers in and around Kit's interior flesh. "*Burning* hot, and... super fuckin' sticky too. Not just that but, like..."

Kit swallowed and squirmed again. It was hard not to let his muscles naturally, reflexively clench back and down around the intrusion – with *two* paws buried to the wrists inside of him, all he wanted to do was squeezed tight and ride them back and forth, to feel the bump and tug of the coyote's wrists pulling at his lips from inside. "Y-yeah?"

"*Slimy*. And these little things, they're... eugh. Kinda creepy."

"Yeah... feels great..."

"Sure does look like it. You're fuckin' wet. And not just from this... *slime* inside of you. Where is that even coming from?" Raul frowned and leaned in a little closer – and poked at something that made the tiger suck in a hiss and jerk in place, quick and hard enough that both of his paws nearly came free. "Oh. Sorry about that. I always forget that despite what porn always shows us, the cervix isn't *actually* meant to be penetrated." He looked up again. "But that didn't stop *your* horny ass, now did it?"

Kit chuckled, slowly running one of his paws up his body and smearing the purple sludge into his fur while he spread the fingers of his other paw around his sex from above, pushing in against the skin at its base to make it poke out further. Then he tightened his muscles, angled his body, pushed again... and then kept on pushing until both of them again heard the wet, crackling smacks of those swollen walls pulling apart from one another.

"Don't act like *you* wouldn't do the same, Raul. I saw how excited you were to – *ah-*"

This time what interrupted him was the coyote gripping onto his legs and using him as leverage to hoist himself up. For a second Kit thought that Raul was about to turn and leave, but only then did he see that those gloved paws came forward and down to swiftly work at the canid's pants fly and zipper. It looked like he had foregone underwear today: as soon as he tugged the zipper and shimmied the fabric open, his heavy sack and plump sheath flopped out into the air, a good inch and a half of eager red flesh poking out of the end. The tip of his shaft dribbled with his own arousal, slick and glistening; he pressed his gloved, slimy paw down at the base of his sheath, tugged the supple skin back another half-inch, and gave himself a jiggle.

Then in one smooth movement he lurched forward, his other paw coming in along the back of the chair just above Kit's shoulder. The coyote's weight caused both the chair and the tiger it held to lean precariously back, causing him to panic and wriggle around – and then come forward at just the right angle for that sheath and tip to rub up against his swollen, dripping spade. Raul licked his chops, grinned, and tapped himself there a few times, each time having to tug himself away for the way that Kit's lips sucked back against him.

Sharp fangs glistened in an eager grin from above. Kit shivered and pushed back up against the coyote grinding between his legs, his spade sensitive enough that he could feel the way that Raul's sheath

gripped and tugged and pulled, back and forth against the tiger's flesh as well as his own slowly growing length.

"How about we find out?" he rumbled.

Kit let out a low, flustered chuckle. He reached up to grip onto the back of the chair just behind his head. "W-whoa there, Raul, weren't you just saying that you... you thought that..."

"Uh huh." The coyote rocked his hips forward and back, forward and back again, his thumb hooking around from above keeping the tip of his length flush against Kit's swollen spade. Natural suction and slickness pulled up at him, causing the coyote to tug down with each thrust forward and then forcing the tiger's flesh to pop free and jiggle in place once that suction broke. "Certainly ain't gonna stop me, though. You think this is gonna be the worst thing I've done?"

"Whoa, hey now." Kit slid down in the chair a little bit – he really should have put down a cushion first – and wrapped his legs around his friend's thighs, tugging him a little bit closer. Raul leaned forward over him, other paw still on the back of the chair, and tapped himself against the tiger a few more times. "You might just make me start feeling self-conscious."

"What, about the footlong *creature* inside your belly making you look like you're in your first few months of pregnancy?"

"I imagine this is what it-" He shuddered as Raul scooped the tapered tip of his canine shaft just barely inside his spade, then slurped it right back out. "-feels like, too... and I think it's closer to *two* feet now. That's what it feels like. Thicker, too..."

"Yeah?" The coyote tilted his head again, comfortably nestled his tip inside the tiger's swollen lips, and then pushed forward far enough that the supple skin of his sheath started to wrinkle and roll back against his entrance. He pulled in a breath as he leaned his head back, held it there... then let out, first in a sweet sigh and then in a quicker, sharper gasp. "*Ah* – oh, *man*, I just... felt one of those fuckin'..."

Kit rumbled and ground himself up against the coyote just barely inside of him. It was remarkable how after *two* paws buried past the wrist as well as this squirming, shivering, slithering eel deeper up in his belly, that this was still enough to make him purr and wriggle. If he felt hot before, the sensation of the coyote's shaft nestled between his lips, squeezing in against his interior flesh, magnified that sweet heat even further. Just like the wriggling of the worms, these tiny little tongues inside of him: infuriating and *intoxicating*.

He licked his lips yet again and swayed his hips side to side, intentionally pressing up against the coyote – and working him slowly further out of his sheath, and into himself. "Yeah? It's nice, isn't it?"

"It's..." Raul leaned in over him, nearly touching forehead to forehead, and gave another slow thrust from his hips. There was the sensation of slick sheath skin bunching up against his spade, rolling back and out and wrapping around – accompanied by the pressure of his girth pressing even further into him, twitching, throbbing, scooping the slime and tadpole-like creatures to the side and around him, filling him up to the point where Kit felt some of it ooze down and out of him. "God. It tickles."

"But doesn't it feel good?"

To that the coyote straightened up, slid both of his paws in along Kit's waist, and held the feline in place as he worked his hips forward and back, easing his shaft further inside of him with that wet, sticky slime clinging to his fur, his skin, and dribbling down his sack between them. Kit could feel it kiss against his tailhole every time he pressed forward, the substance causing the two to stick together before pulling apart again.

"Would I be doing this if it didn't?"

Every time he pushed in, a sweet shudder ran through both of them and brought them together even more tightly. Kit swallowed and thumped his head back against the chair, mouth falling open first and then legs spreading around the coyote's body, tugging his pants down a little bit further where he kept them still around his waist. Such a wonderful *sensation* to have the coyote buried in him, sheath constantly pressed up against his spade, yet with each thrust forward bringing him just a little bit deeper, further, again and again... until finally Raul shuddered again, rolled his head on his shoulders, and dug his fingers into the tiger's fur, mouth hanging open. Kit gave a deliberate squeeze around the base of his shaft – and felt the unswollen bulge of his knot tighten in turn.

Raul gritted his teeth and tugged again, for the first time since he had slid into the tiger now pulling himself slowly out. Kit gasped and looked down: his plump spade gripped and sucked at the coyote's shaft as he tugged out, pulling away from his lower body until he finally started to come free – and as he did so, thick liquid drips of shimmering purple struck through with black worms visibly wriggling and moving within, clung to his shaft and dripped down his balls.

Then he pushed back in again, squeezing some of that sludge back into the tiger while the rest of it mashed between them, slicking across bare flesh and soaking into already-damp fur. Again and again he worked this rhythm, pulling out a little bit further each time – though the way the tiger's spade pulled and tugged with him meant that he had to arch his hips quite a bit backwards, until at one point he just grumbled, sighed, and spread his paw around Kit's lips, curling his plump flesh back and away and pinning it against his inner thighs while he pounded into the revealed folds inside.

This just resulted in the sounds of the action coming even more than they had before, the same sharp, wet sucks and slurps as Kit's muscles reflexively clenched, or relaxed, or pushed around the contoured shaft pumping into him, hitting deep, then pulling back – and unloading another dribble of thick sludge each time. Raul's lips curled back in a snarl of pleasure, his eyes fluttering shut, and one of his paws came up from the tiger's waist to rest along his belly, pushing into the fur and flesh there... and reminding Kit, though he had been completely unable to forget throughout the rest of the day, that he indeed still had this wriggling, writhing eel caught inside of him.

Every time Raul pushed into him his muscles clenched and shifted, belly tightening and – it was strange to think about it and say it – womb constricting a little bit. The tiger's inner walls squeezed around the creature inside of him, a thick, slimy rope wrapped over and around itself, constantly wriggling and squirming within his flesh. It felt a little bit as though he had overeaten, though with that pressure and slight discomfort further down in his guts than in his stomach itself. It gave him the distinct feeling of *fullness*, that if he were to push at any point in time, ever more of that thick, sticky ooze would spurt and spray out of him.

So he did. Kit gripped onto the chair with his paws, legs still wrapped around Raul's body, and pushed out from his interior muscles just as the coyote sank into him again, welcoming the canid's length deep inside of him so that the lips of his spade, still spread open beneath the other male's thumbs, wrapped up and around his sheath, and then grunted as each pullout brought with it another cough of the same stuff. Back in the stall at the office there had only been a few of the little wriggling tadpoles, but now it felt there was always more – not in every burst but one here, one there, one clinging to the outer rim of his spade, one wriggling within a dried spot along his pubic fur.

Here Raul straightened up, releasing his grip on the tiger's sex, and braced one paw along his lower waist so he could more rhythmically piston himself in and out of the sloppy, swollen meat there. Openly panting through gritted teeth, his tail swayed behind him and the exertion showed on his face and in his expression just as the enjoyment ricocheted through both of them, Kit feeling himself tighten up all over again. As much as he squeezed, though, all of this slop from inside of him meant that Raul's shaft slid slick and easily back and forth, pressing in through the inner rings of muscles, pushing there, tugging back – then coming forward again, digging into place, burying there, twitching, twitching...

The coyote growled deep in his throat, paws once more gripping onto Kit's waist. The claws of his thumbs dug through his fur and into his skin, adding a little bit of a pinch to all of the other sensations vibrating through him. Chest forward, lower body angled back, Raul pounded his hips in against Kit's thighs, unable to pull further than half an inch out of him for the way the tiger's spade hungrily sucked along his shaft, tugging out as he pulled out – and then another shock and shudder jolted through him, soon followed by a second and a third.

"Ah – *God*!" the coyote breathed. His eyes flashed open, then just as quickly fluttered shut again; he pressed himself firmly into the tiger on the chair before him. There was one fierce, shaky thrust on the tail end of those shudders, then another... and this time when he tried to tug backwards out of the tiger, it wasn't swollen spade lips but rather the bulge of his knot, tight and firm, that kept him buried. Tugging on it just made him shake and shiver all over again, then even more when Kit intentionally squeezed around him. Each of those spurts emptied out deep inside of him, slapping against walls already coated with thick, dripping slime. "O-hoh, *fuck*, Kit, I..."

The tiger squirmed around him, loving the feeling of thick coyote buried balls deep inside of him, then gave another slow, steady push from deep inside. There was that same pressure, the tingling, the tickling... the feeling of so many thick, muscular tongues wriggling and writhing inside of him, spread out between the depths that even a forearm clad in a black nitrile glove halfway to the elbow couldn't quite reach – and then, both of their faces scrunching up with the sensation, there was a wet, sloppy *pop* and Kit pushed Raul's knot, still fully swollen, free from himself. The tiger let out a deep breath of exertion with that, all of the inner folds and wrinkles of his muscles retracting again after such a push, but still Raul angled himself and sank right back in. Kit felt that, took in another breath, and pushed again, and this time managed to extrude the coyote's shaft the rest of the way out of himself along with another sizeable spurt of shimmering purple.

Both panting, they each watched each other for a moment longer, Kit's entire body tingling with the fuzzy electricity of sharp arousal and sweet exertion. Raul rested his still-hard shaft along the side of the tiger's protruding sex, rubbing gently back and forth to smear that slickness even further into his fur; while doing this he reached in with one paw and quite easily buried his thumb inside the wrinkles of overlapping flesh there, swirling and digging around until it came back, soaked fully through.

"Hey," the coyote said between breaths. "Got a bucket anywhere?"

It took Kit a moment to find himself well enough to speak. He lifted his head, felt a little bit dizzy again, and then reached down to wipe at himself a little bit. His fingers came back with thick ropes hanging between them.

"In the kitchen," he panted, "under the sink. You – *better* not be planning what I think you are."

Raul grinned. "I'm a coyote." Then he slid away from the tiger, intentionally dragging his twitching shaft between Kit's thighs and along his jiggling sex as he did so. "The fuck do you *think* I have in mind?"

"Oh, God." Kit shook his head and struggled to sit upright while the coyote rummaged around in there, found the bucket – a simple metal thing – and then hefted it back over. It clattered and slid shortly across the tile floor just between his footpaws, then bumped and slobbered into place atop the pile of dripping leakage that had since poured out of him throughout their *fun*. "Oh, God..."

"Well? C'mon." Raul knelt down again, pants fly still open. His thick red-fleshed length hung out between his legs, still dripping idly from his tapered tip. "Show me what you got."

Kit struggled to pull himself up from the chair, legs shaking and unsteady beneath him. Once he had gotten there, still he had to keep one paw braced on the chair and the other on his leg for support. "Are you *sure*?"

"I just shoved my dick in it. Yes, I'm sure." Raul nudged the bucket. "Come on. I wanna see."

For some reason thinking of *that* was what made Kit blush. He pulled in a breath, held it, squatted down over the bucket... and was kept intimately aware of Raul's eyes between his legs, locked right on the hanging, jiggling weight of his plump and swollen spade, still dripping with thick ooze even before he started pushing. And then he *did* start, and rolled his head back, and let that breath out in a slow, shuddering sigh, suddenly picking up to a grunt and gasp of exertion.

Positioned like this, bearing down and pushing, meant that once it started there was no way he could stop it. Thick waves burst out of him, emptying in heavy pulses that splattered out along the interior of the bucket, slapping and plopping first against bare metal and then into a growing pile too loose to be solid, too thick to be liquid. The sensation of the stuff pushing out from inside of him, spraying through his protruding lips, and pouring free made the tiger shiver, and caused his tail to flick behind him... and then with another gasp, forceful push, and one last splatter and spray, the tiger again fell back to the chair, careful not to catch his pillowy spade underneath him. That *had* been an issue throughout the day.

Still panting, it took him another moment to be able to focus his gaze forward on the coyote before him, who had apparently stripped off one of his gloves. Raul flexed his fingers, his fur matted down and close to his skin after being caught within the glove, and then he looked to Kit once more, then the bucket right after.

Kit followed his gaze, looked back up at him, frowned, and then opened his mouth. "No. Wait. Don't you-"

Raul's shaft twitched between his legs again. The nasty coyote was getting off on this idea. "I'm gonna do it."

"Raul—"

He turned his body, looked down into the bucket, licked his lips, and then slowly but deliberately lowered his paw towards it. Right at the last second he glanced away, grimaced, took in a breath... and then plunged in the rest of the way, the slime slurping right around his fingers and into his fur. A shiver visibly bounced up his back, and Kit thought he saw the start of a gag welling up in his chest from the feeling, but before he could look too closely Raul had scooped in and then back out of the pail, a good fistful of the stuff held in his palm. Heavy strands of it hung off the sides and dripped down between his fingers; even from here Kit could see the bouncing and jiggling from one of the little thumb-sized tadpoles, trying in vain to swim through the coyote's cupped paw.

So then he looked to the tiger again, grinned — but his ears briefly flicked back — then tilted his head back, opened his jaw, lifted his paw... and despite himself, Kit just couldn't look away as those ropes of sticky ooze dripped down and into his mouth, some catching along his muzzle and nose, some breaking on his fangs, the rest making it in. Then the tadpole went as well, and that must have been the limit for Raul — since he jerked, spluttered, bounced forward, braced both of his paws on the already-messy floor, and *swallowed*, his breath coming out in a rush a moment after.

And then, of course, still his shaft bounced and twitched between his legs, knot again pulsing to its full girth. A few thinner, clear squirts of the latter portion of his load, or maybe pre, or whatever else, had cut through the shimmering purple that still gradually spread out along the tiles. He stayed there for a moment, halfway doubled over with his mouth open and eyes wide, panting and drooling, and only then gave himself a shake, straightened up, and looked at the tiger once more.

Kit couldn't help but shudder, and yet still his own arousal tingled as well. "I don't think that was a good idea."

"Says the guy who let one *directly* inside himself." Raul coughed, grimaced at the splatter of purple that sprayed out, then reached up and wiped his mouth off on the back of his paw. "If I start pissin' eels, though, you bet you'll be the first to hear about it." His ear flicked. "Well. Maybe second. What're *you* gonna do in the meantime, though? Looks like you can barely stand up."

"Take a bath, probably? I dunno. That was how I got it into me." Kit leaned back, sighed, and rested a paw across his lower belly, where he could still feel the thing writhing beneath flesh and muscle. "Wait for it to come out?"

Raul leaned back on his knees, now sniffing at the paw that he had dipped into the bucket. The other one he lowered between his legs and gave himself another squeeze and stroke, which sent a sharp shiver through his abdomen. "Will it do that on its own?"

"No idea. I'd be surprised if anyone's — done this before..."

"Well, I mean, if you need another hand or two..." The coyote grinned. "Like I said, I've got the shoulder-length latex gloves back at *my* place."