

Arthur sputtered and spat and swatted the tree branch away from his face. The whole delving through dense tropical forest schtick would have been so much cooler if *someone* hadn't run off with the machete leaving him alone to shove his way through the dense brush armed with just his wits and his bare hands. Arthur didn't think there was anything here that posed a threat to him. There were some strange rumors and myths surrounding the deserted island and its previous inhabitants, but Arthur didn't believe any of those. The worst that would happen would be that he got lost in the brush and had to spend hours trudging aimlessly until he got out. Fortunately it was a small island so all he had to do was pick a direction and walk until he reached the beach. Then he could follow the shore until he eventually got back to the landing site where the professor and the rest of the expedition awaited them.

Suddenly the voice of Arthur's friend and classmate split the still, jungle air. "Dude! You gotta see this!" Nick shouted.

"I would like to see anything at all other than these damn leaves!" Arthur shouted back.

Suddenly the fronds parted directly in front of Arthur's face. Nick's cheery, beaming visage stared right back at him. Arthur blushed in spite of himself. Nick's cheesy smile was ridiculously cute. Nick was easily the hottest guy that Arthur had ever met, and to make matters worse Nick's cheery, playful personality just made Arthur crush on the guy even harder.

"No need to freak out, dude. I was only a few feet ahead of you." Nick teased. He then shook his head and puffed some air upwards in an effort to blow his shaggy, red bangs out of his face and gestured towards the clearing behind him. "Anyways, get a load of this!" Nick gushed.

Nick turned and bolted back towards the clearing leaving Arthur to once again flounder his way through the dense brush. Fortunately Nick was right. It really was just a few more steps until he got out of the forest and into something else entirely.

"Woah...." Arthur gasped as he took in the sights. In the middle of the clearing was a large spring. The water was so clear and so still that it looked like a sheet of glass was laid across an open pit. The pool didn't look that deep, but he knew otherwise. He could see large statues underneath the water that matched the ones that lined the outer ring of the clearing. The pool only appeared to be a few feet deep, but if the statues under the water were even remotely the same size as the ones he was standing next to, the pool had to be at least fifty feet deep.

Arthur took stock of the statues that adorned the clearing. He had seen these figures in his textbook or rather, he had seen crude drawings of these figures. The sketches in the books didn't do them justice at all. The faces looked like something from an Aztec or Incan ruin, but the rest of the body did not. Where one would expect to see a person decked out in ceremonial armor, the statues instead became gradually less human as they reached the ground. The most surreal of the bunch was little more than a human torso atop a mass of tentacles.

Arthur placed a hand against the smooth, stone surface. He wasn't even sure why he did it. He felt compelled touch it for some reason. His interests were more than merely scholarly fascination. It was as if the stone was calling out to him.

As his fingertips fell upon the ancient monument he felt something akin to energy flowing into him. It was almost as if the stone was alive. It had a vitality and a breath all its own, and that essence was flowing into him.

"Earth to Arthur. Come in, Arthur." Nick said. He had his hands cupped to his mouth like a megaphone which caused his voice to distort as if it was playing over a loudspeaker.

"Huh. What?" Arthur sputtered. He stumbled backwards causing his hand to break contact with the statue. He could still feel the warmth from the stone against his fingertips, but he could no longer feel the rush of energy.

"You need more time alone with Chief Wanahakalugi over there or are ya gonna join me?" Nick asked.

Arthur glanced over at his pal and was about to ask what Nick was referring to, but the words caught in his throat. Nick already had his shirt off and was working on the buckle of his pants. Arthur was left speechless. He knew Nick was hot, but he hadn't dared even imagine what the dude would look like with his shirt off let alone fully nude, but it looked like he was going to get a chance to see that firsthand.

"What are you...?" Arthur murmured softly.

"Do I have to spell it out? It's hot. I'm sweaty. There's an awesome pool right there. I'm going for a swim." Nick stated.

Arthur was simply flabbergasted. "What? You can't do that? Look around you! Check out all the statues. This place has to be like a religious site or something." He sputtered.

Nick shrugged nonchalantly and replied. "Not to me it's not. Everyone who may have thought this place was special died years ago. Now it's just a really neat looking pond."

Arthur fidgeted. Nick had a point. It's not like the site was necessarily holy per se. It was just an old ruin, but it still didn't feel right. "Still..." Arthur muttered. "It still seems like kind of a dick move..."

"I'll show you a dick move." Nick replied playfully.

Arthur looked up and was about to ask what Nick meant, but he didn't even have a chance to get a single word out. He was instantly nailed in the face with thick, khaki canvas. Arthur hastily pulled the wadded up pants away from his face. He was about to shout something back, but he couldn't muster the nerve. The second he cleared the pants from his view, he saw Nick standing there with his thumbs hooked around his waistband. Time seemed to slow to a halt. Arthur could do nothing but stare in silent awe as Nick slowly pushed the waistband down ever lower. Nick's neatly-trimmed, copper red

bush slowly came into view. Arthur could feel his throat getting tight as he watched inch after inch of his pal's thick, soft cock slowly creep into view. Arthur couldn't help but fantasize about what it'd be like to have that thing in his mouth and sliding down his throat.

Nick chuckled and slowly turned around as if he was strutting his stuff on the catwalk. The playful swagger continued straight up to the edge of the pool. Once there Nick slowly bent down giving Arthur a good, clear look at his juicy booty. Nick's ass had just a faint touch of fuzz to it. Arthur wanted to just stand there and soak in the glorious view, but Nick had other ideas. Nick leapt forward and gracefully dove into the placid lake. The water didn't so much as ripple. It was as if Nick vanished into a mirror.

Arthur rushed over to the edge of the pond and peered into it in hopes of catching another glimpse of his hot, nude bud. Despite how clear the water was could see neither hide nor hair of Nick anywhere. At first he figured his pal is just playing around, but as the seconds give way to minutes without a single trace of the redhead, Arthur began to get worried. Nick loved to take jokes too far, but this was too much even for him.

Arthur reached for the buttons of his shirt, but then changed his mind. There's simply no time to disrobe. If he sat there and carefully pulled off his clothes, Nick could drown! Arthur threw his sack aside and dove right into the water to go in search of his pal.

Arthur began swimming down towards the bottom. He was amazed at how clear the water was. Even now that he was within it, everything was so clear and vivid that it hardly looked like he was underwater at all, and yet still he couldn't see Nick anywhere.

As he approached the bottom of the pool he could see caverns spreading out in every direction. He doubted Nick had gone down any of those, but if Nick had it'd be impossible to find him. The caverns probably honeycombed the entire island. It would take hours to search them all, and Arthur knew he didn't have anywhere near that much time.

Arthur could feel the panic setting in. This made no sense. Nick couldn't have just disappeared, could he? Whatever the case was, Arthur couldn't afford to stay down there looking much longer. His lungs already burned. He had been holding his breath far too long as it was. If he didn't get some air soon he ran the risk of drowning himself.

Arthur touched down on the floor and prepared to kick off the rocky bottom and propel himself straight up to the surface, but as soon as he began to ascend he felt a pair of arms wrap around him and pull him back down towards the ground.

"Gotcha." A devious voice whispered in his ear. Arthur thrashed and struggled, but the arms refused to let him go. The mysterious figure continued to cackle as Arthur struggled to escape. Arthur couldn't believe this was happening. This was the end for him. His panic reached critical levels, and he did the only thing that made any sense at the time. He screamed.

His cry echoed through the basin. It reverberated off the walls. The very water around them warbled from the intensity of his shout. He could feel the arms around him let go, but he was too panicked to realize what that meant.

“God damn, dude. You got a set of pipes on you.” Nick moaned. Arthur spun around and saw his best bud floating behind him and wincing while holding his hands to his ears.

“Wait... what...” Arthur murmured. He was just about to ask how Nick was speaking underwater, but then realized how silly that question would sound since he himself could also speak underwater.

“I... I can talk... I can breathe!?” Arthur yelped.

“Yeah, dude... wait... you didn’t figure that out yet?” Nick murmured. The look of horror at what he had done was clearly visible on his face. “Oh god. I was just trying to spook you not frickin murder you.” He gasped.

Nick once again rushed forward and wrapped his arms around his pal, but the intent was far different this time. “Oh god. I’m sorry.” He gushed as he hugged Arthur tightly against his chest.

The fear Arthur had felt had long since vanished, and he wasn’t even angry or upset with his pal. He couldn’t bring himself to say anything though – not yet anyway. He just wanted to stay there in his pal’s arms for the time being.

Finally Nick began to loosen his grip. Arthur glanced up at his bud and saw Nick’s emerald green eyes glimmering back at him in silent anticipation. “So. You forgive me?” Nick asked.

Arthur didn’t even bother saying anything. He couldn’t quite formulate the words that would best sum up how he felt, and so he decided to just let his actions do the talking for him. He shut his eyes and took a quick breath to help steady his nerves and then planted a passionate kiss right on his best bud’s lips. Nick tensed up for a second but gradually began to relax. In a matter of seconds he was returning the kiss just as passionately as he was receiving. By the time Arthur’s tongue slipped past his lips, Nick was ready to return the favor.

As their lips locked and their tongues rubbed sensually against each other, Nick’s hands worked their way lower. His fingertips soon found their way under the lower hem of his best friend’s shirt. He could feel Arthur’s bare flesh against his fingers, but he needed more. Nick slowly slipped his hands up under Arthur’s shirt. He made sure to take it nice and slow and savor every second of their embrace and every inch of flesh that he could explore. Nick hardly even realized what he was doing at first. As his hands continued upwards he pushed Arthur’s shirt further and further up as well. Before he knew it, Nick had pushed Arthur’s shirt so far up that the fabric pooled around his chest. The only thing stopping it from moving any further was that his sleeves were still on causing the fabric to cling to his armpits.

The two lovers didn’t exchange any words. They both knew what needed to happen. Arthur lifted his arms up and allowed Nick to move the shirt the rest of the way off. The garment slid off of Arthur’s slender frame without so much as a hitch. Arthur was a little surprised. Usually he had to undo

the top few buttons to lift the shirt over his head, but this time it slid clean off without even needing to loosen the top clasp. It was strange, but Arthur was far too enthralled by his lover's kisses and soft touch to care.

Arthur wasn't satisfied with just removing his shirt. His wet clothes clung awkwardly to his body and detracted from the blissful sensations of his lover's touch, and his cock was demanding to be let loose of its cloth prison as well. Arthur managed to pull his arms away from his lover's body. He wanted to hold Nick in his arms even more, but he knew it would only take a second. Arthur effortlessly pushed the waistband of his pants down and let gravity do the rest. His normally tight slacks sunk to the bottom of the pond leaving him completely nude. Again Arthur thought it odd that his clothes were so loose, but he couldn't be bothered with it now.

Nick's hands worked their way back down his lover's body. They reached Arthur's hips and then steadily gravitated around towards the back. Arthur may not have had much in the way of muscle, but that didn't mean he had a flat ass. In fact his butt had a nice natural bubble to it that made it soft and supple to the touch. Nick loved the feel of his pal's bubbly booty against his fingers and couldn't help but dig his fingers nice and deep into the soft meat of his best friend's ass.

Nick's hand slowly drifted inwards towards his buddy's bare thigh, but his fingers never made it that far. Something was blocking his path. He tried to ignore it at first. He was more interested in making out with Arthur than investigating what it was he was feeling, but the more he gripped his pal's soft ass and the more his hands explored every inch of exposed flesh he could reach the sensations kept getting stranger. It finally got to the point where his curiosity got the better of him.

Nick pulled back and broke the passionate string of kisses that had been going on for minutes now. There was a brief moment of confusion where Arthur merely stared back at him as if waiting for something more. Nick wanted to resume right where he left off, but he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. He managed to pull his gaze away from his lover's handsome face and steadily draw his gaze downward. He soaked up every inch of his lover's slim, slender form along the way. He marveled at his bud's smooth, flat tummy and especially enjoyed checking out Arthur's long, fully-boned cock, but he didn't get to spend near as much time checking out his pal's dick as he'd have liked. The flesh around Arthur's hips demanded his full attention.

Nick gasped as he saw what had become of his pal's legs. Starting right at about Arthur's hips his flesh changed from milky white to a deep, rich cobalt grey. Even Arthur's cock was now the same shade of grey, but aside from the color it looked much the same as it had before. The real strange part was that Arthur's legs looked like they were tightly wrapped in a large, thick covering. The lower half of his body looked like it was wrapped in a thick, leathery thermal sleeping bag.

Arthur was really curious now. He directed his gaze downward to check out what Nick was gawking at. Upon seeing the state of his lower body he was more intrigued than anything. It was strange to look at, but it didn't feel bad at all. In fact his legs felt more natural now than they had ever felt before.

He tried to see if he could move his legs within the fleshy cocoon, but they didn't seem to respond. In fact he couldn't even be sure he had legs anymore. Even the concept of them felt foreign to him. It was as if he couldn't even remember how to walk. The idea of standing up on two feet felt unnatural to him. He couldn't even imagine going back up on land. All he wanted to do was stay here beneath the water and swim to his heart's content.

Just thinking about swimming caused a reaction in his lower body. The lower tip of the fat, carrot shaped cocoon began to split open and peel back into eight separate, identical pieces. Arthur stared in awe as his lower body opened up like a lotus blossom. He couldn't even comprehend what he was seeing at first. It wasn't until his long, fleshy lotus petals began to twist and swish through the water that he realized what he was looking at. They weren't petals at all. They were long, bluish grey octopus tentacles complete with an array of suckers along the bottom.

Nick could barely formulate words. He was so confused by what he was seeing. All he managed to say was, "Dude... are those...?" He never got the full sentence out, but Arthur didn't stick around long enough for him to say anything anyway.

The initial shock only took a second to pass. Once Arthur realized what he was looking at he understood what he had been feeling before. He really didn't have legs. The notion of walking on land really was a foreign concept to him. These new tentacles felt natural. It was as if for the first time in his life he had become who he was truly meant to be.

Arthur wasted no time in breaking in his new limbs. He launched through the water like a torpedo. He effortlessly did spins and flips and dives. He sped through the water with the greatest of ease. He had never felt so at home. He had never felt so alive.

He could hear Nick calling to him, but he really couldn't bring himself to care. He was too excited about his new body to worry about anything else. He just wanted to push himself to the limits and see just what he was capable of. It wasn't until he felt Nick's hand clasp around his arm that Arthur finally decided to see what it was that his pal wanted.

Arthur glanced over at his arm and gawked at what he saw. His pal's fist looked impossibly huge. It covered the entire top half of his arm and then some. Arthur's gaze traced a path up his friend's arm until his eyes fell upon his buddy's confused and worried expression. Arthur couldn't help but think how hot Nick looked. He was handsome before, but now that Nick was over twice as large as he himself was, Arthur was overcome with arousal and excitement.

Arthur didn't know why he was shrinking, but he wasn't about to complain. It felt like with each passing second he got closer to becoming his true self. It was tough for him to really put his finger on it, but he knew he was in no danger. It wasn't just whatever spell that was working on him that put him at ease though. He knew his gentle, ginger protector would gladly take care of him and see that no harm came to him.

"Dude... what's going on...?" Nick asked.

Arthur smiled back up at him. "It's fine. Everything's fine." Arthur reassured his giant pal. 'Fine' was an understatement as far as Arthur was concerned.

It was then that Arthur noticed something else that was strange. Nick's hair seemed different. Arthur took a moment and stared intently at his best pal's face. It slowly began to dawn on him what was different. Nick's normally copper red hair had taken on a more shiny, metallic orange hue, and it wasn't just his hair that had changed. His eyes had gone from their normal brilliant green to a deep amber color.

Arthur's fascination with his pal's changes made him completely forget about his own recent transformation. He couldn't believe it, but somehow Nick was becoming even sexier by the second. Arthur stared on in awe as the soft red fuzz that coated much of Nick's legs and crotch faded away and was replaced by metallic orange scales. Before long Nick looked as if he was wearing a pair of skintight spandex pants that even covered his feet, but the gap between his legs steadily vanished as his legs melted together. As his legs fused, Nick's feet slowly grew flatter and spread wider and wider until he was left with a large set of flippers attached to the end of his orange scaled tail.

Nick was so overcome by the changes wracking his body that he needed to catch his breath. It felt fantastic. He fully understood why Arthur was so chill about sprouting a set of tentacles. He was so excited that he was practically shaking. He couldn't wait to see what he would look like by the time he was done. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but he knew there was more in store for him. It was like he had some gut feeling that told him that this was just the beginning.

Arthur watched as Nick placed a hand against a nearby statue to steady himself. Something seemed off. Arthur tried to search his memory to figure out what it was that didn't seem right. His jaw dropped as it dawned on him. Nick and the statue were very close in size. This was the same statue that had towered over both of them earlier. As Arthur scanned more of his surroundings he came to realize that he had stopped shrinking a while ago. He was now maybe half his previous height. It was actually Nick who was the one growing!

Arthur stared up at his gigantic pal and watched as Nick steadily expanded to fill more and more of the spring. Something about seeing his pal growing more massive by the second got Arthur so worked up that he could hardly stand it. He hadn't even laid a finger on his dick, but he was so hard and so horny that his dick felt ready to go off like a firework on the Fourth of July.

Soon Nick was so large that he had to rest his orange scaled ass on the warm, sandy floor of the pool in order to keep his head from breaking the surface. It wasn't that he was trying to hide. It was just that he felt so much more at home under the water that he didn't want even an inch of his body to go back into the human world.

Arthur slowly floated up towards his titanic pal. By the time Nick's growth had tapered off his cock alone dwarfed Arthur's whole body. Nick's cock alone was almost as large as the stone totems that dotted the spring and the surrounding glade.

“Woah...” Arthur murmured as he ran his hand along the puffy ridge of the underside of his friend’s cock.

“Hehe. Like what you see, little man?” Nick chuckled playfully. Nick was as surprised as anyone by the words coming out of his mouth, but he didn’t want to take them back. They just felt right.

Arthur’s face turned a few shades redder upon hearing his titanic buddy’s playful jest. He couldn’t get over how huge Nick had become. It seemed like Nick’s growth had not just increased his size but had magnified his sexiness exponentially as well. The little nickname the giant had given him just reaffirmed how tiny Arthur was in comparison, and Arthur absolutely loved it. He wanted to be Nick’s ‘little man’ more than anything.

It wasn’t just Nick’s raw sexual presence that drove Arthur so wild. Nick had always been the bigger and stronger of the two. Nick’s size had always helped put Arthur at ease. He always felt like he could rely on his beefy buddy whenever the going got tough, and Nick’s new massive size magnified this feeling. Nick could literally cradle Arthur in the palms of his hands. Arthur couldn’t even begin to imagine how wonderful it’d be to be cradled in his titanic pal’s arms, but that could wait. He had something else in mind.

Arthur pressed his whole body against his pal’s massive cock. He could feel the heat emanating from it against his skin. He could feel the supple flesh of his pal’s rigid boner pressed against his own fully-boned cock. He was so horny that even just rubbing his dick against his pal’s rigid spire was driving him mad. He wanted to cum, but he resisted. He wanted to make this last as long as possible. There was no telling how long the changes would last. He hoped they’d last forever, but Arthur wasn’t going to let even one second go to waste one way or the other.

Arthur wasn’t satisfied with just feeling his buddy’s cock. He needed to taste it to. He ran his tongue across every inch of cock that was within reach. The mellow flavor of his pal’s cock flooded his tastebuds, but there was something else there too – a slightly bitter tang. It didn’t take him long to figure out what it was. It was his buddy’s pre. Nick really had to be leaking like a faucet for his pre to be noticeable as it mixed and mingled with the otherwise pure water of the hidden pool. There was no doubt that Nick was as turned on as Arthur was if not more so.

This new bit of knowledge spurred Arthur on to try new and even more lurid techniques. He wrapped his tentacles around his buddy’s cock. Each tendril was longer than his legs had been back when he was fully human, but even then he could just barely wrap his appendages around his buddy’s massive, fat cock. Even as he did it Arthur could scarcely believe what he was doing. It seemed so strange to him and yet it felt so right.

Nick inhaled sharply and then let slip a soft moan which reverberated through the basin. He never could have imagined it could feel so good. Each tiny sucker on his buddy’s eight tendrils felt like a tiny finger that was massaging his oversensitive dick. Nick wanted so much to be able to return the favor – to give his tiny buddy even a fraction of the pleasure that Arthur was giving him, but it was impossible. It was all he could do to keep from busting his nut right then and there.

Arthur stared in awe at the massive, shuddering head of his buddy's enormous cock. The slit alone was so large that Arthur could have slipped a whole arm in there and had plenty of room left over if he wanted to. For the time being though he was satisfied to just watch the quivering slit as he kissed and licked the soft surface of his pal's cockhead. The taste of pre was much more potent here than it was further down, but that was no surprise. Arthur could actually see the massive slit of his buddy's cock shudder as the clear liquid flowed out of it. The way it moved almost made it look as if Nick's cock had a mouth atop it as opposed to just a slit. The way the opening seemed to open and close as liquid gurgled up to the top made the cock look like it was breathing. Nick's cock almost seemed alive, and given the sheer scope of the gigantic organ, it was hard for Arthur to think of it as but a small part of his titanic friend. Even just the head of Nick's one eyed monster dwarfed Arthur's body.

Arthur couldn't take it anymore. The lure of that erotic crevasse was too much for him. Nick's slit called to him, and Arthur was more than happy to answer. He slid up closer to the maw of the beast and peered over the edge. It was as if he were peering into a deep sea geyser as opposed to a cock. The warm liquid flowed freely from the slit and washed across his face and chest. The gush was so much warmer than the water surrounding him, and the slightly sticky liquid clung to his skin. Arthur couldn't imagine how anything could be more erotic. He wanted to sit there and baste in the stuff, but he wasn't going to leave his buddy high and dry like that, and Arthur also couldn't help but fantasize about other liquids which he could summon up from the belly of the beast. Nick's pre was great, but his cum would no doubt be fantastic. Arthur didn't even know what that much cum would look like, but he was sure ready to find out.

Arthur was done teasing. He was ready to make his best bud blow the biggest load the world had ever seen, and he knew exactly how to do it. Arthur drifted around so that he was situated directly atop his buddy's cock and came in for a landing. His mass of tentacles latched onto the tip of his best pal's cock like a hand gripping an apple. Six of his tendrils latched onto the soft, spongy cock head, but his front two were left to fly free.

Nick groaned and gasped as he felt his buddy's tentacles squeeze down on the oversensitive flesh of his engorged cockhead. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster not to blow right then and there. He had managed to hold off for now, but he was quickly losing the fight.

Arthur slowly snaked his front two tendrils into position. The tips of his tentacles playfully teased the edges of Nick's quivering slit. Arthur could feel the shudders of bliss reverberate throughout Nick's entire cock as he did so. There was no doubt that that part of his body was even more sensitive than the rest of his cock. Arthur didn't even try to hide his devious smirk as he watched this. If just a little bit of teasing had that much of an effect then what was coming next would be sure to blow Nick's mind. Arthur abandoned all pretext of foreplay and went for the kill. His two tendrils launch forward and full speed and buried themselves into Nick's gaping maw.

The slit may have been wide enough to easily handle Arthur's arm with room to spare, but his tentacles were far meatier. Even just one would have been a close fit, but two of them filled every last ounce of space within Nick's dick and then some. Nick shouted out in ecstasy. His cock felt so great that

it was like an explosion of pure, carnal delight had gone off in his head. It was as if his entire cock was erupting with raw, sexual release. The inside of his dick was far more sensitive than the outside. He could feel each and every sucker on his buddy's tentacle in vivid high definition. It was as if the very inner walls of his cock were orgasming in unison. It was as if every cell in his body was screaming in ecstasy.

Nick writhed and thrashed. His cock lurched and bucked. Nick couldn't even hold back his load for a second. He threw his head back and howled as his nuts pulled up and cum began pumping into his rigid shaft. He felt like he was cumming again and again. Each lurch of his cock felt like he was climaxing all over again, but the truth was quite different.

Arthur had dug his tentacles in so far that he plugged the exit completely. He could feel the pressure building up against his limbs, but his suckers allowed him to hold his ground despite the force of the eruption trying to shake him off. His two front tendrils didn't give an inch, and his other six latched onto Nick's cock so tightly that no matter how hard the monstrous member thrashed and swung Arthur could not be shaken loose.

Nick continued to moan and writhe. It felt so fantastic that it almost hurt. His need to cum was maddening. He felt like he was cumming nonstop, but his nuts never felt any emptier. Part of him wanted to stay like this, stuck in a perpetual state of climax for all eternity, but he couldn't handle it. He needed to find release soon or he was going to lose his mind completely. He tried to say something, but all he managed to get out was a guttural, "fuuuuuggghhnnn."

Arthur understood completely. He was grinning from ear to ear as he quickly withdrew his tendrils. The instant he began to pull back the full force of Nick's building burst of jizz knocked his tentacles clear. If Arthur hadn't been holding on so tightly with the other six limbs he would have been blasted clean off his best bud's cock. As it was, he was given a front row seat to the most glorious geyser of cum he had ever seen. The white, gooey liquid erupted from his buddy's cock with such forth that it launched clear out of the water above. Huge thick gobs of cum rained back down all around them. Arthur watched in silent fascination as the wads hit the water and maintained their roughly spherical shape. The globules of jizz then floated through the clear water like jellyfish. It was simultaneous the most surreal, beautiful, and sexy thing Arthur had ever seen. He wanted to see more and more. Fortunately he didn't have to worry about there being a shortage. Now that the dam had broken, Nick was free to cum and cum again. Spurt after massive spurt erupted from his dick. He was so backed up that he felt like he could cum for years and never come close to draining his painfully full nuts.

As it was, it only took a minute or two for his wads to finally taper off, but that was still the biggest, messiest load of Nick's life. He had to have shot close to twenty times. By the time he was done there were so many globs and ropes of jizz floating through the water that the once crystal clear lake now looked like it was rife with slimy, white seaweed.

Nick gasped and sighed and cooed as he came down from that mind blowing orgasm. He had never felt more amazing in his life. His mind was still hazy from the intensity of his climax and the

afterglow made him even groggier, but he knew he couldn't leave his best bro hanging. Arthur had done so much for him. It was only fair he return the favor.

Nick reached down and gently scooped his tiny octo-pal up in the palm of his hand. He could feel Arthur's tentacles wrap around his fingers. They felt like tiny, warm rubber bands like he used to wear as rings as a kid, but there was a key difference. The tendrils wrapped around his fingers had life coursing through them. He could feel the strength of his buddy's tiny limbs. They were no doubt powerful, but they were also soft and supple to the touch.

Nick slowly lifted his hand up until his buddy was mere inches from his face. Arthur could feel his pal's warm breath against his skin. He wasn't sure what Nick was planning, but he wasn't worried at all. He felt completely safe in his giant buddy's caring hands.

Nick playfully licked his tiny pal. He was trying to just flick his bud's cock with his tongue, but Arthur was so small in comparison that Nick ended up licking his entire torso along with his cock. Arthur didn't seem to mind though. He chuckled as he felt his pal's warm, soft tongue brush against him. Not only did it tickle his skin, but it felt amazing against his exposed, fully-boned cock. Arthur let out a soft moan as his pal's enormous tongue pressed against him again and again.

Arthur continued to whine and moan and writhe as he felt his pal lick him again and again. He didn't want it to end, but after only seven or eight playful laps, Nick pulled back his tongue. Arthur was about to stare up pleadingly at his giant pal, but the smirk on Nick's lips said it all. That was merely the beginning. Arthur couldn't wait to see what Nick had in store next.

Nick could see the look of longing in his tiny pal's eyes. Arthur was silently pleading with his titanic buddy to do it again and again. Arthur had no doubt enjoyed the tongue bath more than Nick had expected. Nick was tempted to give him exactly what he wanted, but another idea popped into his head – an idea so lurid that it both surprised and excited him.

Nick could hardly believe that he was actually considering it. He could believe even less that he was actually going through with it. Even as he lifted his hand to his mouth and tilted his palm he still couldn't quite fathom it. It wasn't like it was just him though. Arthur still had his tendrils wrapped tightly around Nick's fingers. The next stage of the festivities would only happen if both parties involved wished for it to.

Arthur wasn't sure what was happening at first. At first he thought that Nick was going to toy with him with his tongue again, but that didn't seem to be the case. Nick was waiting for something, and once Arthur realized what it was that Nick was waiting for his jaw dropped. He could do nothing but stare down in awe at his pal's cavernous mouth. Arthur couldn't believe that Nick was actually considering this, and Arthur could believe even less that he himself was considering it as well. If it had been anyone else Arthur would have refused outright, but this was Nick. Arthur trusted his best bud 100%. He knew that Nick would never allow any harm to come to him. Secure in that knowledge, Arthur released his grip on Nick's fingers and let himself drift downward into his pal's awaiting maw.

Arthur landed softly atop Nick's tongue. Less than a second later, his pal's mouth shut tight leaving him trapped within. The air inside was warm and damp. His pal's saliva clung to his body which somehow made him feel even wetter than he had been when he was swimming in the clear pond. He felt filthy, and he loved it. Every inch of his body was coated in his buddy's juices. He had never felt closer to Nick in his life – both physically and emotionally.

Arthur laid back against his pal's tongue and began to stroke his rigid dick. The whole scenario was so hot that he just needed to get off, but his jacking was cut short. It seemed the second he got his hand around his cock Nick's tongue began to move. Before he knew it, Arthur found himself pinned against the roof of Nick's mouth.

Nick's tongue began to roll and roil. Arthur found himself along for the ride. He laid back and let himself be gently buffeted this way and that. It was much like being on a water bed, but the mattress beneath him was much firmer and warmer than any giant, rubber, water-filled pad he had ever been on.

As Nick's tongue rocked and roiled, Arthur found himself sliding across the roof of his pal's mouth. The ridges of Nick's palette brushed against the underside of Arthur's fully-boned cock as he was buffeted back and forth. The ridges were so thick that they almost felt like other cocks frotting against his own as he glided. It felt fantastic. The combination of the ridges of Nick's palette softly kneading his oversensitive dick and the overall eroticism of the whole situation was too much for Arthur. He wanted to hold out, he really did, but he just didn't have it in him.

He let out a low, guttural moan. His cock lurched hard. Thick spurts of jizz erupted from his cock and splattered against the roof of Nick's mouth. Arthur came again and again. As he continued to rock back and forth, his rock hard cock grinded against his own recently shot wad causing the thick, sticky cum to churn into a warm froth. He couldn't even tell how much he had shot, but it felt like a lot. Even amidst the flood of saliva that washed over him, Arthur could still feel the warm spunk clinging to his skin and oozing down his abs.

Nick noticed something slightly different. The first thing he noticed was Arthur's body shuddering against his tongue. Soon after he noticed a slightly bitter taste began to fill his mouth. It didn't take him long to figure out what had happened. Nick couldn't stop himself from smirking victorious. It was just a shame that he had no one around to look at his smug grin, but that hardly mattered at the moment. What did matter to him was savoring the moment... and the flavor.

Nick waited for Arthur's shuddering to stop and then pressed his tongue even harder against the roof of his mouth. Once he was sure Arthur was safely secured, Nick began to suck deeply. He could feel the fluids rushing towards the back of his mouth. He could taste his pal's body against his tongue as well as Arthur's spunk as it washed across his taste buds. Everything about this moment was absolutely perfect. He silently hoped that they never reverted to their boring, human forms and instead got to live out their days enjoying each other's peaceful, passionate companionship.

Once Nick was satisfied that he had sucked every last droplet of jizz from his buddy's body, he stuck out his tongue and held out his hand for Arthur to slide off onto. Arthur collapsed onto his titanic

pal's open palm in an exhausted, sex-addled heap. He felt so amazing and tired that he didn't want to move. All he wanted to do was lie there and bask in the afterglow and soak up his buddy's presence. Even with the cool spring water flowing over his nude body, Arthur could still feel the warmth of his buddy's mouth clinging to his skin. He wasn't sure he'd ever be able to wash off the feeling, and he didn't think he'd ever want to.

Nick sat there silently and merely stared down at his tiny pal. Nick never stopped grinning contentedly the entire time he did so. Everything about this moment just felt so right. He had just shared some of the most amazing experiences of his life with his best friend, and he had reason to believe that Arthur felt the same way about what they had just gone through. Nick could only hope that they got to experience stuff like this again and again, and he had no reason to believe that they wouldn't be able to do just that. That was unless....

Arthur perked up and unsteadily propped himself up on his elbows. "You hear that?" He asked uncertainly.

Nick tilted his head and tried to figure out what Arthur was referring to. Nothing sounded out of the ordinary. He was just about to say something about it when he heard it too... voices... and lots of them. He could make out a word here and there, but the voices were muted and muddled by the water that surrounded them. The rest of their expedition had no doubt come looking for them when they had been gone too long.

The two friends shared a silent conversation as they gazed uncertainly into each other's eyes. Nick was the first to say something using actual words. "What should we do?" He asked.

The options were clear, but the outcomes were not. They could reveal themselves and deal with the expedition reacting to their new forms or they could stay hidden under the water and let the people on the land above assume the worst. Neither option seemed particularly appealing.

Arthur could make a few words from the land above. He recognized at least one of the words as "clothing." It looked like their choice was being made for them. They had found Nick's discarded garments and were no doubt going to search the small pond. The water was far too clear and Nick was far too large for them to try and escape undetected. The only option left was to meet their pursuers head on.

Arthur sighed and shook his head. "We don't have a choice. We've got to face them." He said.

Nick shrugged. "It's for the best, I guess." He replied with a sigh. He then gave Arthur a reassuring grin and gestured for Arthur to hop up on his shoulder. "Let's go greet our old friends together." He said.

"Yeah..." Arthur replied uncertainly. He steadily managed to force himself to match his buddy's reassuring grin and added much more enthusiastically, "together."