

Mushlyn was dragging her partner's hand behind her with such strength that Celia almost made a quip about her being ready to literally rip her arm off with sheer excitement. The bubblier of the couple just couldn't help herself; after having discovered those hot springs a few days earlier, the one thing in her mind was bringing her better half over to them so the two could enjoy some quality time together; and if one thing led to another and they ended up making good use of the warmth and bubbly water, then that'd just be a very welcome bonus. Celia, for her part, was perfectly happy to let her lover take the lead; it was always a great time whenever she got to see Mushlyn truly gush about something, especially when there was a non-zero chance they might be getting entangled in one another by the end of the day.

Once they made their way down a previously unexplored tunnel system, however, things changed; truth be told, Celia had expected something like a very tiny pool that just happened to be warm enough that her partner took the idea and ran it through her head a dozen times until it sounded far more amazing than it truly was. Instead, what she saw was truly a marvel, enough to leave her wondering just how exactly she had completely missed it in all those years living underground: there, at the very end of a series of tight openings and barely-visible crawlspaces, was a waterfall at least three times as tall as they both were, cascading into a large body of hot water, thick clouds of steam billowing from its surface. It was astonishing really, enough that Mushlyn got a good advance on jumping into the water, leaving her stunned companion to get splashed so much they *had* to come back to reality.

Already Celia could see where things were going, as her partner was doing very little to hide just how much she wanted the two of them to make good use of those springs. Both mushroom gals were feeling hot and bothered from the atmosphere alone, and assuming the water wasn't *too* hot, it'd be a perfect opportunity to try out a few new things without having to worry about the mechanics of them; maybe they could even... perhaps. Regardless, Celia felt it best to hop into the pool as soon as she could, giving Mushlyn a wide smile as she dipped the tip of her foot into it; surprisingly, though quite warm, it was far less so than the plumes emanating from it would indicate, and apart from the slight shock of having her nuts and exposed shaft immersed in its heat, it was *incredibly* comfortable; so much so that Celia almost fell asleep the moment she allowed her head to tilt backwards onto the elevated floor behind her, brought back to the land of the living when Mushlyn immediately began straddling her groin.

There was no real satisfying that woman; try as she might, Celia constantly found herself with that hyper-demanding pink ball of hugs trying to get something out of her. To be fair to the both of them, Celia herself was more than happy to constantly indulge her better half when it came to her cravings, hence why it was perfectly normal that they were ready to go at it like rabid bunnies at just about any moment. Already the darker shroom elf could feel her blood pumping downwards, shaft thickening considerably as the smaller mushroom gal continued to work it with her petite rear, eager to see that log shoved between her cheeks and then firmly

inside of her. The taller of the two gave her a wide, toothy grin, a cross between a hunter's snarl and a lover's smile, somehow managing to motivate Mushlyn even further. Celia had to give it to her, when it came to enthusiasm, no one had that woman beat, not even herself; what she *did* have was a trump card.

With a single finger, the bigger mush pushed her partner downwards, applying just enough strength on her forehead that the pink one knew just where to go. With such an ample supply of water all around them, it'd be a crime if Celia didn't tap into one of her more special quirks: by sucking in the *exact* amount, she could force her body into overdrive, retrieving just the right amount of nutrients that she could start fattening up considerably... just not on her belly. Or anywhere conventional, really. No, the only thing that Mushlyn felt getting bigger the moment she was almost fully submerged was that cock she'd been eagerly teasing; and with both of her hands firmly wrapped around it, they had a front row seat to some of the biggest sizes Celia had ever reached. Its tip broke through the surface of the water, the dark skin stretched and covered in pulsating, throbbing veins, precum already bubbling from its tip and leaving the whole length covered in a slick sheen of the mushroom gal's juices. The tinier of the couple was transfixed, her eyes firmly locked onto that shaft, tongue already lolling out of her mouth and ready to start licking on command... but not yet. Celia had more to go, and soon the cavern they were in was filled by the sounds of groaning and light creaking, as her cock continued to pack on mass from seemingly nowhere, the nuts underneath it similarly swelling up and promising ever-increasing amounts of delicious, thick protein once Mushlyn began her work in earnest.

All in all, a good waste of five minutes, after which the two of them could finally get started on what they were really there to do. The pink shroom wasted no time in going in for the kill, locking her lips firmly on the engorged shaft's tip and pushing downwards, practically gagging with its girth and having to sputter a few times before they got it past the curve into her throat. It wasn't just the size, but the output as well; despite barely being started, Celia was already producing more fluids than any other "true" male of their kind could ever hope to release with a full climax, one of the main reasons why the smaller woman had become so infatuated with her lover in the first place... and why they insisted on heading to the springs. Not that this deterred the thirsty shroom from giving it her best; if Mushlyn was good at something, it was keeping up her cheerful, upbeat demeanour even in the worst of circumstances, and this had a funny way of reflecting itself in just how *into it* she got whenever she had an opportunity to cut loose and enjoy herself. Despite the cock that the pink mush was servicing being now long enough to fill up her throat, bulge it out and poke into her stomach, she took it like it was the easiest thing in the world, practically impaling herself on that log with the widest, most manic grin stamped on her face. Celia's own cheeks were starting to darken, her personal version of a blush, when she heard her lover begin to gulp down what she was being offered; the taller shroom could see her own cock bulging out whenever a particularly strong load of pre travelled down its length and spurted into Mushlyn's stomach, and yet instead of begging to come up to breathe, that deranged

woman kept on drinking like Celia's dick was a water fountain and she was caught in the middle of a desert.

This had a curious effect on the both of them, something that had previously been an *obstacle* to them going full-out. If, on the one hand, Mushlyn was fully onboard the idea of sucking her partner off for every last drop, said partner was all-too aware that if she was pushed too hard, there was a reasonable chance that something *drastic* might happen, and Celia had her doubts on whether or not the other shroom elf could take it. They'd experimented with limits before, and Mushlyn was certainly nothing if not flexible, but now that they were alone, away from everyone and with no reason to really hold back... Celia began to wonder whether or not even agreeing to coming over there was a good idea in the first place; it was beginning to feel like a trap was laid out and she had stepped right into it.

Sadly, there was no turning back, not now that she had such an eager mouth wrapped around her cock and ready to keep going at it until her body gave in and lost the ability to function properly. With nothing to stand in their way and no real reason to hold back, Celia continued to absorb the water she was dipped in, finding it to be extremely mineral-rich and just the right quality to help along with her growth; and with a constant supply of it cascading down from above their heads, she needn't fear about running out any time soon. The cave was filled with the sounds of something leathery stretching and groaning, while beneath the waterline, the elf felt her nuts begin to press against the sides of her legs, gurgling and rumbling as their production truly kicked into overdrive. The amount of pre bubbling down from the tip of her engorged shaft *would* have been impressive, if it wasn't all being gobbled up by a very slurp-happy Mushlyn, whose stomach was already bloating out from how much she was taking in.

Blowjobs, however, were just not enough, not at that point. As much as Celia liked to pretend otherwise when around other people, it wasn't the pink elf who happened to be the dominant force in their relationship; she was certainly the most energetic, but when push came to shove, it was her taller partner that called the shots... and right now, she *really* wanted to feel something other than a mouth and a throat wrapped around her dick. In fact, there was something welling up inside of her, a desire of sorts that she hadn't felt in quite a while. The sight of such an eager mush going at it like her life depended on it gave Celia plenty of ideas, each lewder than the last, until finally it all culminated in her deciding to take their love and affection to a whole new level; after all, Mushlyn herself had been speaking about it for long enough that they both grew tired of it at times, so why not use this little outing to give the smaller elf exactly what she wanted?

With very little difficulty, Celia pushed her lover off of her cock, their lips smacking and popping as they released the tight seal they kept over the pillar of mushroom meat they were servicing. spurts of pre flew at least a foot or two above their heads, a testament to how much was being produced underneath the steaming-hot water; not that Mushlyn had a lot of time to

appreciate this, as she was immediately flipped around and had her partner grab her arms before effortlessly lifting her up, just enough that the pink shroom had a few moments to appreciate her slit being stretched open by the rod underneath her before it *slammed* into her body, Celia hilding herself inside of her lover and causing both women to cry out loudly enough that it somehow managed to echo against the tight cavern walls. The two held themselves like that for several seconds, trembling, waiting with bated breath for who broke first: would it be Mushlyn, whose voice would crack as she pleaded with her partner to please, oh *please* fuck her raw until she couldn't walk straight? Or would it be Celia, whose breeding instincts were already manifesting in that drooling grin of theirs and whose nuts were loud enough to be heard even from above the water?

Turns out, both.

At about the same time as the pink shroom gal began to squeak and beg for her to be filled like a condom and then some, the dark gray one practically rose to her feet in order to anchor herself properly for what had to be done. It was no longer just sex, it was a *necessity*; the fumes, the heat, the water, the pheromones flying wildly in the air, all of it put together could only mean one thing: they *had* to breed. It didn't matter that Celia's cock was so massive that it could barely fit into the slit it was trying to get into, bulging out Mushlyn's belly to the point where her skin was reddened from the strain of taking it all; certainly didn't matter either that just the precum alone was already ballooning her outwards until the shape of that dick was barely even discernible. The sounds of both their juices dripping into the water below joined up with the waterfall, and anyone downstream would now have to worry about their pool being contaminated by the unholy mix of both the mushroom gals' fluids; add to that the rhythmic thwapping and the plapping of nuts against Mushlyn's rear, and it wasn't surprising that despite the strong start, they'd finish *extremely* quickly.

Which for them, meant approximately fifteen or so minutes; they made sure to exercise.

The first proper wave of cum was already too big to fit inside of Mushlyn's womb, and yet not only did she take it like it was absolutely nothing, Celia made sure to lock it all in by pushing as far deep as her cock could go, forming a surprisingly effective seal that prevented everything but the smallest of droplets and spurts from escaping. By that point, the pink shroom was pressed against the ground above the pool itself, with Celia standing upright, allowing the latter to use her weight to press down against the former. *Minutes* passed where she felt her nuts clench and dump load after load into her lover, that swollen belly of hers becoming larger by the second, until it went right past even the biggest of gravid sizes and directly into the realm of the utterly unreasonable. Wouldn't take long before Mushlyn was tearing up from the strain, and the reason why became evident when she coughed up a mouthful of cum onto the ground in front of her, going quite insensate in the process.

It ended about as unceremoniously as it began, with Celia collapsing onto... well, it certainly wasn't Mushlyn, or at least most of it wasn't; the smaller shroom elf was no longer the smallest one of the two, with the trade-off that most of her body mass actually belonged to her partner. Her cumgut was so utterly colossal that it dwarfed the rest of her body, sloshing quietly with each time any of them shifted around in the afterglow. It would've been amazing all on its own, but they knew it held far more than just size.

And they knew that it was only going to get bigger from there.