Spreading the Fun

The sun was shining and the birds were chirping as they usually did in the mountain forest, the serene scene going on even with the movement that was happening below. The group of four making their way through the woods were expert hikers and were actually part of a rescue service that would help those that were stuck on the mountain. This time they were following a non-emergency beacon that had been activated a little less than a week ago, though most of that time was spent trying to narrow the search area until they had an idea of where to go. Since it had never gotten upgraded to emergency it meant that whatever the problem was meant that they couldn’t get anything like helicopters or search parties to assist them.

After their second day of hiking the beacon that they had been tracking started to get stronger, which prompted the group to start to get excited. As they made their way further up they saw a river that the lost hiker had probably used. The four were careful to go around the somewhat muddy banks to try and find a path that the one they were trying to locate may have been most likely to use. The orange-furred fox that had been holding the tracker said that they should be on the site at any moment, which was good considering that it was quickly starting to grow dark and they would have to set up camp sun anyway.

For Ricter it was a welcome site as the fox turned off the tracker in order to conserve the batteries. It had been the first time that he had led the group in one of their little search and rescues and didn’t want to mess it up, especially with his friends in tow. The wolfdog and wolf that accompanied him were also glad to be close to finding this person, wanting to make sure that whomever had activated the beacon wasn’t actually in serious trouble. Since it had taken nearly a week to get there they were unsure of what they would find, but as the three continued to move forward and assess the situation the fox that had been behind the three found himself lagging further behind.

Iris had always been the most inquisitive of the group and he had noticed something the others hadn’t as they made their way around the river. One of the bends had created a flood plain that was unlike anything else in the area; not only did the glistening mud stretch out for quite a few feet on a flat plane but there appeared to be a grove of mushrooms that were growing in the middle of it. Though finding the hiker was their reason for being there the fox couldn’t help but be intrigued enough to break away from the pack and go take a look. The other three were more than enough to help some lost camper, Iris mused to himself, and as he got to the edge of the solid ground he found himself dipping his black and purple fingers into the substance.

“Now that is something,” Iris mused as he rubbed the thin slip between his digits. “Those mushrooms must be filtering out all the impurities, if this was heated you could probably build an entire resort around it.” He grinned a little at the thought of some mud bath all the way up here, but as he stood up and found himself in the growing shadow of the trees he saw that the mud had begun to glow slightly. “Oh, that’s interesting, there must be some sort of bioluminescence or something…”

As Iris looked out over the mud flats he saw that with the sun setting quickly behind the mountain that the rest of the mud was following suit, though the glow was becoming increasingly powerful where the mushrooms were. It as probably the source, Iris thought to himself, possibly some sort of spores or something of that nature that was mixed in. While it was an interesting sight the fox knew that he shouldn’t stay long and should catch up with the others. The more that Iris stood there though the more that he found himself having other ideas with his mind hardly registering that his hand had begun to tingle.

There was something… strangely enticing about all this, and as night continued to fall and the glow from the mushrooms and surrounding mud became more intense it was becoming almost hypnotic. The need to go back and rejoin the group was starting to wane and be replaced with a new desire to get more of that mud on him. He was getting quite the pleasurable sensation from his mud-caked hand and it was spurring on his desire to the point that imagining what it would be like to have that feeling all over his entire body was too much for him to ignore. As he finally succumbed to the temptation he did have the presence of mind to take off his clothes, not wanting them to get dirty as he began to kick off his boots while tendrils of green began to snake up his arm and adopted a purple hue when they slithered through the similar fur.

Though it took him slightly longer due to keeping his muddy hand away from his clothes, the idea of just washing it off never coming to him, but eventually the fox found himself completely naked standing in front of the muddy grove. Part of him found the idea of being crazy; if his friends had found him standing there like this they would be mocked the entire way back down the mountain, especially since he had started to fondle himself without even realizing it. The desire to get into the mud was becoming more than just a desire and as he took his first step he found himself sinking all the way up to his shin. The feeling of the mud pressing against his leg was exquisite and soon found himself stepping further in.

The slick silt caused Iris to tremble, though he wasn’t sure why he was getting so excited as he waded deeper into the substance. By the time it got up to his thighs the sensation had become intoxicating and he was actively stroking himself even as he sank down to the point that his cock had sunk beneath the surface. He found himself breathing heavily and realized that in his lustful haze he had had wandered close to the grove of mushrooms that had been in the middle of it. With the fog clearing a bit in his mind however he noticed that even though he was staying still the fungi were still drifting towards him… and that the surface of the mud was starting to rise upwards.

Iris found himself frozen in shock as what looked like a head was rising up, one that was thickly coated in mud as it moved towards him. A small part of his mind told him to get out of this mud but with the thick substance all the way up to his waist it was unlikely he could slog back to the edge before this thing caught up to him. But even as the maw of the mud creature rose up and got close to his throbbing cock there was a strange serenity that came over him instead. As the fox continued to watch as the creature finally engulfed his member he found himself wanting more as tendrils of purple began to infiltrate the whites of his eyes.

As Iris felt the muddy muzzle slide all the way down to the base of his member the intense pleasure that he was getting from the unexpected blowjob there was something else he could feel happening. It was like something was curling around his legs, a feeling similar to what he had felt on his hand. It was still nothing compared to the sensation of a slick tongue sliding over his throbbing shaft but it almost felt like something was growing through his fur. When he looked past the muddy head sliding up and down his shaft he noticed something spreading from his groin as glowing purple tendrils started to spread out.

The mud began to swirl about more as the creature underneath it thrashed about in as much pleasure as the one who stood there, and as Iris saw the mushrooms moving about he gathered that they were attached to the creature. But it was getting hard to focus on anything other his hips rocking back and forth and he found himself thrusting forward even more to draw out more of the blissful sensations. As he grabbed onto the horns that protruded through the surface of the mud and saw something that caused him to pause. It was another small mushroom but as it glowed with a purple light that was unlike the green ones in front of him he was shocked to find it was growing on his own hand! The sight was enough to snap him out of the blissful blowjob that had gotten his cock down into what he presumed was the creature’s throat.

Whatever was there seemed to realize that Iris had started to panic and pulled away, the fox seeing that his cock had a glowing purple tint to it before it was submerged under the mud again. Even though he was no longer being stimulated the sensation of pleasure remained as the creature in front of him began to emerge. Iris let out a gasp as the grove of mushrooms turned out to be on the creature’s head and back, not just covering him but completely growing out of his ears, maw, and even his nostrils as those glowing green eyes looked at him. As more of the mud sloughed off the creature a tendril-covered purple tongue draped down past his jaw, purple spore-laden goo dripping off of it as the wings that emerged had thick vine-like growths draped from it.

Before Iris could react several more mud-covered vines erupted from the surface and wrapped around his wrists, pulling him back down and causing him to yelp slightly before the muddy lips pressed against his own. He could feel the stems of mushrooms press against his muzzle before they broke off, falling into the mud that was churning between them as the glowing green tongue slid into his maw. It felt surprisingly fuzzy as it slid inside but with something coiled around his cock stimulating him it was hard for the fox to do anything but let this strange muddy creature engage in this bizarre kiss. It wasn’t long before the muddy muzzle, glowing purple goo dripping from the saber teeth that were exposed, broke off the embrace as the entire body shifted to get behind the other man.

Even though the kiss stopped the tongue remained in his maw, and as Iris found himself starting to suck on it to get the pleasant buzzing sensation to continue he could feel something happening inside. By the time the bigger creature got completely behind his body tendrils had spread like wildfire, the fox gurgling as purple tendrils began to emerge from his lips. They crawled up over his muzzle and as he could feel them spreading inside his throat the thick cock began to push into his tailhole. The silt they were surrounded by acted as lube and allowed it to push past the ring of muscle while the hyphae that coated the thick shaft immediately transferred to the new host.

The feeling of the cock starting to push inside him pushed the pleasure of Iris into overdrive, his body trembling as it started to get leaned forward towards the surface of the mud. A purple glow began to fill his vision but as he felt something push into his ears it caused his eyes to roll back into his head. Two more purple tentacles emerged from the maw of the monster and as they pushed into the ears of the fox the hyphae had already started to infiltrate his skull and mind just like it had with the one on top of him. The intense pleasure had masked the infiltration of the spores as more tendrils emerged out of the fox’s nostrils while more spilled around the ones that had pushed into his twitching ears.

With the spore laden mud having done its job in seeding this new host the two continued to sink deeper into the mud with each thrust from above. The mud dripping from the heavily-caked creature sloughed over the fox and obscured the glowing purple mycelium that had completely infiltrated the body of Iris. The eyes that had been almost completely white from the bliss keeping them rolled back turned to purple as he was humped into, his tailhole spreading open wider with each thrust that allowed more of the potent spores inside of him. Unlike the creature behind him who was starting to have glimpses of the green mycelium underneath were the mud coating grew thin this process would be much quicker. It didn’t take long for the arms and chest of the fox to sink completely into the mud, his body being obscured by the one on top until they both looked like a muddy heap. The tentacle tongue that remained in his mouth was the only thing that kept his head up until the very end but as that sank underneath the surface the bubbles that streamed up eventually stopped before a glowing purple mushroom emerged from the spot, then another, and another…

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Meanwhile the rest of the group had trekked forward as day turned to night, and just as they thought that they might have to camp out once more they stumbled upon a clearing that was already set up. “This must be where the signal is coming from,” Ricter said as he saw the cooking pot and campfire that had been coming from, a confused look on his face as he saw what looked like glowing green mushrooms that had started to grow over both. “Or maybe not… strange, the cookware doesn’t look rusted but it’s starting to get overgrown.”

“Same for the tent here,” Ashgar chimed in as he and Ryle had gone to the partially collapsed tent to look inside where they found similar mushrooms growing over it. “Sleeping bag is inside and a pack with what looks to be a reasonable supply for a hiker. If this person left for some reason it must have been in a hurry and probably just after they activated the signal beacon.”

“That doesn’t make any sense though,” Ricter stated as he got back up to his feet. “If they were in that much trouble then why not activate the emergency beacon instead of the non-emergency one? But if that’s the case then why leave all your stuff behind to rot like this?”

“I actually have a more prudent question,” Ryle said as he looked around. “Where did Iris go?”

As the other two looked around they found that the fox that traveled with them was nowhere to be found, something that prompted the group to worry. They knew that the purple and black fox could be a little flighty at times and could also be easily distracted. Considering that they were in an abandoned campsite that was covered in glowing fungi and he wasn’t around looking at everything it caused genuine concern among the others. Ashgar noted that he saw Iris just as they were coming up on the river and Ryle stated that he would go look for their fellow wayward hiker.

The other two nodded and as Ryle started back the way they came he saw Ricter pull out the tracker screen once more. Though the wolf wondered what he was going to do with that since they had already found the beacon he decided to try and find Iris first before he got in any sort of real trouble. With night falling it was dangerous even for seasoned hikers to go out and the strange campsite with the fluorescent mushrooms only made things even stranger. It was more likely than not that perhaps the fox found some of them himself and was studying them, which would at least make it easy to find him as he turned off his flashlight and looked for a similar glow as the campsite.

It actually didn’t take the wolf long until he actually found a similar light, except that instead of green it was purple as he began to walk towards it. Once he had a sense of direction he turned his flashlight on and began to look around the area while calling out the name of the fox. As he used the beam to scan the area he at first didn’t see anything, but when he caught a glimpse of something glowing and purple he swiveled back and saw what he had originally thought was a tree or pile of dirt. When he looked at it again Ryle actually found that the muddy outline was that of Iris, which caused the wolf to bust out laughing.

“Oh man, I can’t wait until the others see you like this!” Ryle said as he watched the mud-covered fox move towards him. “Let me guess, weren’t watching where you were going?” As Iris remained silent and didn’t make a sound the wolf went from snickering to confusion, especially as he saw the source of the glow as several purple mushrooms that were sticking out of the mud. “Wait, those mushrooms… it’s the same as the campsite, where did you find those? Iris?”

When the fox just continued to approach him Ryle found himself taking a step back, then another before he felt his back hit a tree behind him. As Iris tilted his head up his muddied eyes opened a bit more and revealed the purple glow underneath, the hyphae pulsating like a heartbeat as wide, flat mushrooms began to grow out of his neck like gills. Something was definitely wrong here, but before Ryle could think of what to do he suddenly found himself pushed up against the tree once more. The wolf found his breath catching in his throat as the hands of the fox lift him up and found Iris smirking at him before he opened his glowing maw.

At first Ryle thought that Iris had stuck out a glowing tongue but as it continued to length he realized in shock that it was like a stalk of a mushroom. The wolf gasped and him opening his mouth was just the opportunity that the infested fox was looking for, the vulpine muzzle pushing forward and pressing his lips against the lupine one. Ryle let out a series of muffled grunts and groans as he could feel the tongue, which had also glowed with the mycelium spreading inside his throat and maw, guide the fungus so that it continued to grow until it started to push into his throat. There was a moment Ryle found himself gagging slightly but as he felt something tickling inside suddenly he found a pleasurable tingling spread inside of him as it pushed down.

Anyone that might have stumbled upon the scene would have thought that it was just two amorous men out in the woods making out, but as Iris took a free hand to undo the pants and underwear of the wolf both their maws and throats were stretching and bulging. Tendrils of bright purple began to crawl up fox’s muzzle and as they continued their bizarre make out session the other man was gulping and gurgling as the spores continued to get pumped into him. Though Iris was mostly interested in implantation of this new host there was enough of the fox not being driven by the fungus infesting his mind to have a little extra fun. When he pulled down the pants of the squirming wolf he could already see the spores were taking effect as the red member was throbbing hard.

Though Iris would love nothing more than give his friend the same treatment that he had gotten the infested fox and the one that had given him this gift had other plans in mind. Ever since he had emerged from the mud a plan had been given and even with the fungus taking control it was one that the devious creature was completely on board with. As the eyes of the wolf began to roll back into his head from the stimulation, the bulge in his throat swelling even bigger, Ryle began to feel something push into his exposed backside. While he couldn’t see the cock of the other man starting to slide into him he could see the glow of it.

Within a matter of minutes the fairly muscular wolf man had his back rubbing up and down the tree he was pinned to as the same filling sensation he felt from his maw start to happen in his tailhole. With the sensitive flesh of his inner walls getting seeded with spores it didn’t take much until his shaft were sliding effortlessly in and out of the hole of the other man. Though he could see tiny blue tendrils poking out of his tailhole and maw they were careful not to grow outside of the quivering flesh that he was twitching with ecstasy. As the white fur of the wolf’s stomach began to swell and distend outward from what filled it there was a green glow that passed by in the darkness…

As night fell Ricter and Ashgar had opted to move their own camp further up the river, away from the campsite which had some strange fungal infestation growing over it. While they were there the fox looked out at the water as he bit his finger in concern; not only could they not find the camper that had activated the signal in the first place, but as the soft flicker of the fire that Ashgar stoked grew brighter not only had they not heard back from Iris but it seemed that Ryle had also disappeared as well. Things were definitely not what they seemed on this mountain and as he looked at the small glowing green mushroom he rolled between his fingers he knew that whatever this growth was had a part in it. He could see the tiny tendrils start to shift slightly as though reacting to his touch and one began to curl around before he flicked it into the river.

“So… do you think we should go and look for them?” Ashgar asked. “I mean, they’re probably going to follow the river and find us here but the fact they haven’t yet is disconcerting. Not to mention that it’s clear from all the stuff that’s at that campsite that something happened to that camper.”

“I don’t think it would be best if we go out only to suffer the same fate,” Ricter replied with a sigh. “As much as I wish we could do a search now we’re probably going to have to wait until morning. They both have packs and flashlights, they’ll be fine.”

“It’s not a night out in the elements that I’m worried about,” Ashgar stated. “You saw those mushrooms, even while we were looking through his stuff for answers we could see that it was still growing. I don’t know about you, but I’ve never seen anything like that before in my life.”

Before Ricter could answer the two of them heard something from the down the river that had caused them to pause and look up. As the two vulpines hoped that it was their two companions that had finally found them what they saw caused them both to tilt their heads. At first it was just a green glow just what they had found at the campsite but it was moving towards them from the way it grew brighter. The sound of pans that were to be used for their meal could be heard clattering to the ground as the entity that emerged in the light of their fire was neither of the two they were expecting.

The monstrous creature looked like something out of a horror movie as it lumbered towards them, the mud caked on its body growing with all manner of fungus as a trail of green spores followed it like fireflies. Was this the thing that had gotten the others… but Ricter didn’t have the time to think about it as it made a charge at him. The creature was quite fast but the glow and the lumbering nature of the beast allowed him to roll out of the way in time. The next second there was the sound of a loud splash and as the fox staggered up to his feet Ashgar was there to help pick him up.

“What the hell was that?!” Ashgar shouted as they both continued to back away from the riber bank.

“Don’t know…” Ricter said as he glanced over at the packs. “Grab the packs… we need to leave…”

Ashgar nodded and the two of them went over towards where they had put everything near the tent, but before they could get to it there was another splash and suddenly they saw themselves looking at the beast without the mud. Despite losing the thick coating the infested camper was still a sight to behold; those eyes glowing green from the tendrils covering them as more were spread over his entire body that laced almost intricately through his fur and even lacing around his saber teeth. Even though the mud had washed away much of the fungus that had grown on his body for so long the mycelium that adorned his body was already regenerating it, the eyes of the two widening in shock as mushrooms began to grow on the creature once more while he attempted to approach them. As they saw more of the fungus grow in the footsteps of the one they had identified as Serathin the draconic sabrewolf exhaled and caused a thick cloud of spores to drift everywhere and land on their packs where more mushrooms immediately began to form.

The two decided to forget the packs and made a run for it, attempting to evade whatever the camper had become. From seeing the mushrooms growing out of the draconic sabrewolf it seemed that the infestation had caused him to become some sort of spore carrier of a bizarre new form of fungi. As the two ran they could only hope to get down the mountain as best they could and warn people of what happened, especially since it was likely that the two they had lost had suffered the same fate. Fortunately with the bioluminescence the creature gave off they at least knew where it was, though as they got back to the river to follow it back down they ran into someone else that nearly caused them both to jump.

“Ryle!” Ashgar exclaimed, breathing a sigh of relief at seeing a familiar face before once more reclaiming the sense of urgency. “Look, something messed up is happening here and it got the camper and I think maybe Iris too. If we don’t get going soon it’s going to catch up.”

“Wait,” Ricter said as he looked around. “He’s not around… where did he go?” As Ricter looked back he could see that Ashgar continued to state his relief of finding the wolf and Ryle looked quite confused but happy to see them. Something wasn’t right… and as he continued to look over at the two he noticed that something was happening with the wolf’s shirt, which as it started to lift up from the swelling underneath it his eyes widened as he saw several large orbs growing that caused the fox to cry out just as Ashgar went in for a hug.

It was too late though, as Ashgar squeezed the wolf a cloud of blue spores were released from the fungi hidden on his body. Almost immediately as Ryle backed away the one observing him could see the confusion on his face evaporating as his noise and ears wiggled from the mushrooms growing out of it. As the paunch of his body disappeared while more spores were released into the air Ashgar tried to swat them away, but already they had started to take route and the hyphae began to grow on him just like it was doing with Ryle at an expeditious rate. A trap… this fungus was far more insidious then they thought and Ricter turned to run in the hopes of warning someone of this invasive species.

But before the fox could turn away he felt a pair of hands on his shoulders, seeing something cast a purple glow on him before hearing a dark chuckle behind him. “Where do you think you’re going…” Iris said as the air filled with multiple colors of spores that he attempted not to breathe in after seeing Ashgar suddenly go from panic to pacification as he began to strip out of his clothes while a red glow started to profuse itself through his fur. “Someone would like a word with you.”

Ricter found himself swallowing hard as Ryle and Ashgar parted, revealing a smirking draconic sabrewolf who slowly walked towards him as the corruptive fungus started to spread throughout the forest…