Soap was in the mood for exploration. So the slime dog wandered off into the forest, loving the feeling of the wind through the trees.

As he walked, his nose took in the scents of the woods: pine, syrup, flowers. But as went down the path, he started to smell something faint, but different. Something interesting. . .

He stepped off the path and followed the smell, sniffing along the way. He was finding the scent rather alluring, not to mention quite arousing—it was causing the slime dog’s privates to tingle, and that made him wonder even more what he would find.

Deeper and deeper Soap went, following the scent, until he reached a cave. The smell was coming from there. Dare he navigate inside? The slime dog didn’t even hesitate, stepping inside the cave and following that beautiful smell.

Down, down, down Soap went, navigating the dark wetness of the cave only through his nose alone. What would he find on the other side?

And then, he found it. It started as a soft glow ahead at first, a blue light in the darkness. But when he got closer, it revealed itself to be a lake—in which, a small island was base. This, Soap knew suddenly, was where the smell was coming from.

Unable to control himself, the slime dog threw himself into the water and swam to the island, throwing his body on the land once he reached it. It was only when he stood up that the mass of tentacles emerged from the lake, threatening his path.

Soap found himself unable to move. The scent was just to alluring for him to do anything—he had never felt so turned on.. His own tentacle of a dick unsheathed from inside him, and he turned to the tentacles, eager to see what would happen next.

The tentacles writhed before him, and they slowly made their way toward the slime dog. They wrapped themselves around his legs, slowly making their way up his body, toward his penis. Soap found himself relaxing in the tentacles grip, loving their strange texture as they made their way up his body. And then, they found his hard member.

Soap moaned loudly as the tentacles touched his penis. They were delicate at first, seemingly exploring the new organ with gentle touches and pokes. But then, the tentacles wrapped around it, their presence giving a slight pull that turned the slime dog on even more, and made him pant loudly.

As the tentacles worked up his dick, they crawled up Soap’s chubby body, wrapping around his arms and even his neck. The slime dog was rendered immobile—but he still trusted the tentacles.

And then, he came. Soap cried out as cum sprayed from his tentacle-dick, splashing on the tendrils that wrapped around him. The tentacles poked at his cum, and as they retreated, one tentacle gripped the white liquid, seemingly wanting a taste.

Soap watched as the tentacles went back into the water. Panting on the beach, fully satisfied, the slime dog smiled. He said into the water, “Thank you.”