

"Comfortable?"

Your eyes snap open. You gasp when you don't see a cloud, but, instead ... the creamy expanse of the otter's torso. A soft, beige surround that feels vaster and more impressive than any cloud that you've seen trailing the sky. He's placed you right in the center of his toned bosom, right between his pecs. Soft fur and firm muscle make for an excellent mattress, it seems.

"Yeah," you sigh blissfully. "Yeah, this is great."

"Awesome," Oscar sighs, just as blissful as you. "Well, goodnight then, little buddy."

"Goodnight, Oscar."

Snoring soon fills the air. You really ought to close your eyes and go to sleep, but ever since you arrived upon the male's torso, you've been struck with a strange desire to explore. To walk over the pecs that you're laid between and trail downward until...

... ultimately making your way toward somewhere that you definitely shouldn't be. But you have to go take a look. You really want to.

So, fitful and unable to fall asleep, you rise from the little nest of fur between Oscar's muscles and stretch your limbs in preparation for a long journey.

Down his abdomen you walk. The fur beneath your paws is pleasant and smooth, and the flesh beneath is firm like packed earth. It feels like you're walking downhill across a pleasant rolling valley - one that is complete with hill-like rises from the edges of distant ribs and limp arms.

Well... a pleasant downhill valley with one difference. It's ever-moving. With every step you take the inclination beneath your paws raises ever so slightly as the otter pulls a great big breath into his lungs before exhaling a snore a couple of leagues behind you. To feel the very landscape moving is both exhilarating and terrifying. In a weird way, you feel like you're an explorer treading a wild new ground.

A wild new and very perverted ground, given your ultimate destination. But... it's true. How many anthros can say that they've seen a building-sized dick before, after all?

Over a firm abdomen you creep as quickly as a speck upon an otter possibly can. Before too long, your ankles start to become immersed in a fur that is deeper and thicker - that of his crotch. Soon you're treading up an incline, and then, with eager eyes that are wide open to see as much as possible in the dark, you finally begin to see...

... your ultimate objective. Which is one plump otter sheath and balls. Fat and bulging even while limp, it sits proudly between his muscular thighs and drapes over his

full sack, where the very tip of it just about manages to poke against his inner thigh. An above average length - at least, to a normal size person. To you, of course, it's the biggest cock you've ever seen.

There's a light scent of musk in the air, peppery and pleasant... as well as what you'd call a light aftertaste of chlorine from his time in the pool. For the most part, though, it's the otter's own most masculine scent - he is, of course, the one who is constantly producing it.

And here you are, at the place where it's most potent, filling every sense that you possibly can with it. Indeed, the only thing that you haven't really done is touch the titan's mammoth sheath. You want to, though. You really want to. Is it as soft as it looks? How warm is it? And...

... shivering, you take a moment to clear your mind.

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Do you really want to do this?

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NO

Best not. You don't want to get yourself into any trouble, after all.

Back up abdomen you tread. You feel a little cowardly for not pursuing what you walked all the way there for, but... in the end, just seeing it was enough for you. Like you were thinking before - how many anthros can say that they've seen such a huge package? Certainly not anyone you know. Presuming that you ever get unshrunk, it'd be a hell of a story to tell.

Or... maybe you should just keep it to yourself, actually. Regardless, when you reach the middle of Oscar's abdomen again, you are very tired. Tired and still thinking of giant otter cock, you quickly fall asleep.

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YES

What was the point in walking here if you don't do this? Sure, seeing Oscar's meters-long sheath is a wonder all in itself, but are you truly breaking new ground if you don't go all the way up to it and touch it? Of course not. You need to do this for the sake

of discovery.

Or... something like that. Whatever your reason, you're walking over his crotch now and heading toward the very base of his sheath.

It doesn't take you long. You're very eager. Before long, you're right there - stood upon mons and facing the limp base of an otter cock wide enough to build a house upon. And you don't waste any time touching it. After sucking in a single and very musk-laden breath, you drop to your knees and extend your paws. You push downward, and...

... oh.

It feels wonderful.

It feels so much more wonderful than you ever thought it would.

His sheath is as soft as silk... but it is the flesh beneath that really has your attention. It is so very alive. A warmth unlike anything you've ever felt before, and with it, a throb. Dull for now, considering that his inches haven't even begun to bloat, but ever-present due to the huge throb of the otter's massive heart.

The scent in the air is thicker than ever. Concentrated male otter fills your nostrils and your lungs, and you are grateful for it. Your paws were pushing hesitantly and carefully before, but now, beside yourself, you begin to knead. Fingers curl in a squeeze and palms push down as you begin to worship the otter's immense length on auto-pilot.

Then...

... a sharp twitch beneath your hands.

Oscar's immense hips begin to lift beneath you.

Then, after what is a very intense half-second, they flop back down toward the bed.

You grit your teeth. You inhale a sharp huff of air. Broken out of your fit, you notice how much more bitter it is than before.

With your head swimming just a little, you look down and refocus upon sheath.

And what you see is that things have changed. Just a little. Now, instead of being entirely hidden within his sheath, Oscar's pink tip is just about beginning to emerge from the very end of the sheath that you were just massaging. To any other set of eyes it'd be subtle - it is, after all, only a half-inch of forbidden flesh - but considering that this sheath is practically your world right now, his arousal is very noticeable to you.

Maybe massaging his sheath wasn't the best idea? Maybe you ought to back off. Before something bad happens.

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What do you want to do?

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BACK OFF

You wisely stand up and retreat - quickly - from Oscar's sheath. Hoping that his hips don't move anymore, you run across his crotch and race toward the abdomen where you're supposed to be right now.

And, much to your surprise, you make it. You live to tell the tale. Although... given the privacy violations and everything, maybe you ought to keep this one to yourself.

Regardless - safe and with palms stinking like an otter dick - you fall asleep in the center of the otter's chest.

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I'M GOING TO KEEP WORSHIPPING THIS HUGE DICK

Why go back now? You're making progress! If you keep going, then you might be able to see all of his dick. Despite the danger, you really are feeling very eager. Maybe it's all of those rich and encouraging pheromones in the air...

... regardless, you continue to knead. The flesh beneath your hands is just a touch firmer now thanks to the attention that you've been giving it... and, honestly, you're impressed with yourself! Despite being only two inches tall or so, you're able to bring the otter some degree of pleasure... or at least, you think so. For all you know, his subconscious could be throwing a horny dream at him right now. Your palms might just be easing along an erection that was going to bud anyway...

... no! It's you. You're the one making this dick grow. Yes, that's a much more preferable thought. Someone as small as you is still able to have an effect on something so big. That's definitely something that you should feel good about.

At least, until it starts feeling bad.

Because not long into your renewed worshiping session, the otter's hips lift again.

And this time, they don't slam back down.

They thrust upward.

You try to hold onto the otter's sheath, but...

... you tumble away from your object of worship ...

... fall down past his hips...

... and end up directly beneath his ass.

For a brief moment, you envision yourself being crushed beneath the massive cheeks above you. They're certainly big and firm enough to do the job. Or maybe you'll just be squished beneath them - an uncomfortable place to be for sure, but at least you'd survive...

... but, no, nevermind. Don't worry. It's not the otter's rear that you'll have to worry about.

After thrusting his hips upward, the otter, still asleep, decides that it's time to roll over onto his belly.

Which means that his cock lands right on top of you. Specifically, that big pink tip that you were eying only a few moments ago.

It would be nice to say that you're happy to be reunited with the object of your desire. Unfortunately, you are not.

Because you're not in control anymore. You're trapped beneath what feels like *tons* of throbbing dick. Why did you even *begin* to think that you can handle the entire thing? You can't even handle the tip!

The little air that you had in your lungs after the fall is quickly being replaced by pure *musk*. Infact, it feels like every strand of fur upon your little body is quickly being replaced by that. You'd better try to move.

You thrust your arms forward and kick your legs with all of your might. But all they do is slide over the slippery tip that's crushing down against your body and wedge you further beneath it. Panic sets in - so you thrash all the more - and all the while, you're just making things worse for yourself.

Perhaps it wasn't you that was making him horny before. Perhaps it wasn't your caress that was making his inches emerge from sheath. But now that you're trapped against his sensitive tip writhing away, you are most *certainly* the reason why the otter is

ready to hump the mattress in his sleep.

Unluckily for you, though, you won't last more than a single hump.

Masculine flesh presses down against your body hard. Bones whine. With nothing but musk in your lungs and a throbbing tip blotting your mouth, you are unable to produce much of a noise yourself. Instead, your legs and arms push and kick on reflex, stroking against the otter's sensitive nerves and bringing him even more pleasure.

Which, really, is the last thing that you wanted to do.

The tip ruts over your body firmly. Mattress *groans*.

And so do you. Body begins to break beneath tons of masculinity.

A pressurized blast of precum blasts from the tip of his cock.

... and, with it, you are disintegrated into sheets. The last thing that you feel before you turn into a slight and barely visible splatter of preseed upon the sheets. Less of a wet dream, and... more of a damp one.

Don't worry about Oscar. He's forgetful. In the morning, with no trace of you left, he'll think you were nothing more than a result of his wild imagination.