

Crisp had never really been a lucky sort of guy. In first grade he introduced himself to his class as a cheetah rather than a wolf, because his crush at the time was a cheetah and he'd just been watching that person; in both fifth and sixth grade he spilled milk from lunch all over himself and been made fun of for looking like he'd wet himself; in middle school he had forgotten to take a change of clothes to gym on more than one occasion and had to go to class with sweat stains dripping through his clothing; and then, high school.

God *damn*, high school. He got caught once pawing off in the bathroom; one time playing truth-or-dare at a party that he wasn't explicitly invited to, he ended up kissing - with tongue - someone's pet dog, and didn't know it until he'd opened his eyes; he lost one kind of virginity in the gym showers, and then the next day lost all (question mark?) of the others when that guy brought in two other members of the football team - and then Crisp learned it was actually four, with the other two hidden further back in the locker room recording the whole thing; and then there were multiple different things that happened at the store, in the school courtyard or halls, at friends' houses, whatever.

So of course he felt pretty damn nice when he stumbled across a pretty-looking coin on his walk home one day. From a distance it looked like a dollar coin, which was unique in itself; however, after walking past it without picking it up, realizing he'd just walked past it, and then going back to get a better look, he found out that it was something quite different. Not a dollar coin, but a... well... he wasn't really sure. Same brownish-yellow metal - or at least, that's how it looked when he first picked it up (during which what looked to be an otter bumped into him and then promptly said *sorry* in a bit of an accent): after turning it over it appeared to lighten in color and then shine with an almost greenish glow, as if the surface had been dyed. It wasn't a coin of any sort of currency *he'd* ever seen before... maybe it was just a token to some arcade place somewhere. *Whatever*, he figured, and shrugged before dropping it into his pocket. He'd already picked it up; why waste the energy putting it back down?

By the time he'd gotten home he had forgotten about the shiny little coin thing, and as such didn't bother taking it back out of his pocket. Funny thing, really, considering the back of his paw brushed against it when he reached in to take his wallet out and then again with his phone. His wandering mind only finally came back to it as he was untying his shoes, the nice pair of cherry-red sneakers he'd picked up from the store the other week - mainly because when he leaned down to pick up that coin, he thought that his shoes, too, glimmered slightly green. That must have just been the lighting along the street right there. He'd purposely picked out these shoes for their color, having inspected them in multiple different lightings, so he would have known before about any sort of color change.

That coin still looked the same after he pulled it out of his pocket: a little larger in diameter than a dollar coin, just about the same color but tinged moss-green. One face of the coin had some sort of strange symbol surrounded by a ring of similar lettering, while the other depicted a... something, certainly. Maybe some of representation of an otter in imitation of a cultural style? Nothing of a kind that Crisp had ever seen before. That night he rested the coin on his nightstand while getting ready for bed...

*...and then opened his eyes, feeling... strange. He wasn't lying down in his bed but rather was kneeling down on the floor somewhere, totally naked, slightly aroused for whatever reason. How odd. He tried to stand up, tried to look around to figure out what was happening, but - something about him kept him from doing so. It felt like trying to do more push-ups after reaching his limit:*

*he wanted to, he had the mental capacity to envision it, but he just couldn't urge his body to go through the motions.*

*"Such a good puppy," cooed a voice behind him in a somewhat-thick accent. Scottish, maybe? Irish? Crisp again tried to turn his head, but again to no avail. "Lookit ye there. Quiet, obedient, eager t' serve ye master."*

*Master? That couldn't be right.*

*"Lookit me, puppy."*

*Almost against his own will, or at least taking him by surprise, Crisp suddenly lifted his muzzle and turned it slightly to the left, until someone came into his view. That voice belonged to a sea otter with bright, bright green eyes, a sea otter with earth-brown fur highlighted with sandy tan, and who was very, very male. With his left paw he deftly flipped a coin, again and again, catching it each time and preparing it to be flipped again; with his right he stroked his hard shaft idly, keeping those green eyes of his on the kneeling wolf, and gradually stepping closer. Crisp's eyes moved from the otter's muzzle to the shaft that came closer and closer to his own muzzle, dripping with pre at the end. He wanted to say something, wanted to ask what was happening - but he couldn't.*

*Then, another word from the otter, in that same accented voice: "Lick."*

*Crisp leaned forward...*

*...and then jolted awake, feeling a certain warmth lifting the covers above his lower belly, familiar from all of the other wet and almost-wet dreams he'd had in the past. What an odd dream, one capable of leaving him confused, slightly worried, and then strangely aroused all at the same time - with one paw he lifted up the covers and peered down at his twitching cock, a single bead of pre glistening at the end - like the one I came so close to lapping off in that dream...*

*Sure, fairly recently he'd 'played' with an otter, but... well, that otter had pretty blue eyes and no accent, and was a river otter rather than a sea otter. For the time he'd spent with that river otter, Crisp often found himself to be the one sitting back being serviced rather than the one doing the servicing... oh well. A dream was a dream. Trying to ignore the morning wood, the wolf got up out of bed and went to put his clothes on for another day.*

*One thing caught his eye, though, as he went to slip into his shoes for his morning run - or, rather, two things: right there beside his favorite pair of cherry-red sneakers sat another pair that looked almost exactly the same, except for being bright shamrock-green. He didn't remember buying those, or even seeing them anywhere... maybe he'd picked them up at the store a while back and just didn't remember? No, that was unlikely - Crisp loved his shoes and would recall such an event quite well... perhaps someone he knew had given them to him as a gift?*

*Oh well, he figured. If he'd put them out next to his other shoes when normally he didn't, he must have done so for a reason - might as well wear those on his morning run. To be honest, they fit a little better than his red pair, and as such felt a little better - and, damn if they didn't look good as well. He was biased toward his red pair, though, so he tried to keep himself from*

admiring the shoes too much. A ding from his phone on the way down the hall reminded him to check the weather before he went outside - *looks like it's going to get kinda hot today.*

For now, though, it was a coolish morning outside, one that almost made him go back in to grab a jacket. However, Crisp forgot all about that when he caught sight of someone approaching from further down the sidewalk; he slowed his pace while trying to make out who it was - they looked a little familiar from here, but the distance between them kept the wolf from being able to name from where. He wanted to call out a name, to say *hey! you there!*, but he couldn't remember what name to say...

Then, his mind went totally blank when that person's face came into view. Otter - sea otter - with bright green eyes, and male; kind of slim like most otters, tallish. Crisp's pace slowed further to a standstill, as did the otter's. They looked over each other for a moment.

"G'mornin'," the otter said, cheerily. It was the same voice that Crisp remembered from his dream. "Fancy meeting *you* out here."

"Do I..."

"Nah, y'don't know me." The otter grinned through the cream-colored fur of his muzzle and whiskers. "So how about we get acquainted, you n' I? Let's head back to yer house, shall we?"

Really, Crisp wanted to make that acquaintance right here and now - he wasn't even halfway along his route for the morning yet! - but he found himself to turn and follow once the otter passed him, paws in his pockets, not a care in the world. It was like back in high school when Crisp went out with his friends, not really following because he *wanted* to but because he felt like it was the only thing to do... except here, he actually *couldn't* resist, as if he didn't have control of his own body.

"Yer probably a li'l confused, mm?" This otter definitely had the same accent as the one from last night's dream. Same voice, same accent, same face, same body. It was a little unsettling.

"Yeah, I-"

"Tch!" The otter raised a paw, silencing Crisp. "Kinda rude t' interrupt. Keep quiet, would ye kindly? I was plannin' t' explain myself. Ye know that coin ye picked up yesterday?"

Crisp nodded. After a moment, the otter perked an ear and then looked back at him, so he nodded again.

"Yeah. That was mine. It's a long story, so I'll just put it like this: that was the first part of a... *compact* of sorts. Those fancy new shoes o' yers are the second and final part - they're the *agreement*. Had ye decided to wear that nice red pair ye have, ye wouldn't currently be following me and everythin' I say. Speakin' o' which - is *this* one yer house?"

It most certainly was. This time Crisp waited for the otter to look back at him before nodding.

"Got a key?"

Again without really wanting to, the wolf reached into his pocket, took hold of the key - after having to move that coin off to the side; when did he put *that* back into his pocket...? - and then took it out and handed it to the otter. He had warm fingers and soft pads...

"Ah! Good puppy. Nice."

*Good puppy.* Crisp swallowed and tried to adjust his stance to hide the slight *complication* in his pants that that praise had elicited. Last night's dream had stayed with him in remarkable clarity; "*such a good puppy, eager t' serve ye master...*" Just what the hell was going on?

"Here ye go." The otter handed the key back to him after unlocking and opening the front door. Crisp's heart pounded in his chest - *does this count as someone entering my house against my own will?* - but he couldn't do or say anything to show that. Each time he tried to voice a complaint, like when the otter rummaged through his fridge without first asking, his throat kind of closed up and he couldn't get a sound out. The positioning of his ears and expression on his face must have given it away, though, since this emerald-eyed otter looked back at him, shrugged, and finally said "Ye look like ye've got some questions, aye? Go ahead."

"Who are you?"

The otter closed the fridge, having found nothing at the moment that he wanted to stuff into his mouth, and began wandering around the rest of the house - first heading into the dining room, and then coming back out of it. "I'm an otter. Y'know where Ireland is? Ah, never mind - my name is Dagda, but most people here can't seem t' get that right, s' *you* can just call me Dag."

Crisp thought back to his dream again, about how he called himself the wolf's *master*, but... well, it seemed to him that bringing that up - "*what about 'master'?*" - would give the sea otter the wrong idea. Still he followed this odd Dag fellow, leading him on an exploratory tour of his own house. Crisp just hoped that they wouldn't end up in the bedroom - he hadn't planned on having guests, so of course he didn't bother making his bed.

However, Dag stopped in the living room by the couch and then turned to face Crisp. The wolf was reminded of that last time with that other otter - *that* time took place on a couch as well... "Is that all ye wanted to know, puppy?"

"What do you want?"

"Ah! There's a good question. Well, ah - what's your name?"

"Crisp."

"Crisp! Odd like my own. Well, Crisp, ye made a deal with me. *You* get those nice shoes - ah, don'tcha love 'em? - and I get something... well. Have ye figured it out yet?"

"I-"

"Ah! No more speaking."

Crisp's muzzle clamped shut. He blinked.

"If ye haven't... well, I'll show ye. Why don't ye... oh, I dunno... take that shirt o' yers off?"

Again almost against his own will, Crisp found his body to obey the otter's words without his mind really consenting or meaning to. His paws came down, gripped his shirt, tugged it up and off over his head, and then dropped it to his side - leaving him standing there, confused and slightly worried. His ears lowered.

"See? You get yer shoes, and I get a good, obedient puppy." Dag licked his lips, looking over the wolf's body. "Take off yer pants, too."

Normally Crisp would have had a bit of trouble wiggling his jeans off his legs without removing his shoes first, but... well, when it wasn't *himself* in control of his own body, there was no trouble in doing so. A blush naturally warmed his cheeks as he was doing this, especially since again he felt that same reaction from being called *puppy*. He just hoped beyond hope that Dag wouldn't notice...

...but, of course... the otter lifted an eyebrow and licked his lips. "Mm. This'll sound a li'l strange t' ye, maybe, but - why don'tcha... click the heels of those nice shoes together? Just like a li'l Dorothy, why not. It'll be fun."

Almost before the command was finished did Crisp feel himself stand up onto his tiptoes and do as asked, *click click click* - with each one only making his *complication* worse, causing his underwear (bright red like his other pair of shoes, with white elastic) to become steadily tighter and then lift away from his lower belly as his erection came to its peak. He managed to flatten his ears a little further, lift his eyes up to this otter's bright green pair, then look away out of embarrassment-

"Ah! Wait a second. This ain't right. Where's yer bedroom, boy? I'm gonna find ye something better t' wear."

*No, I - won't* - "Down the hall," Crisp answered through gritted teeth, "third door on the... the left. There's a dresser against the wall and then another in the closet."

Oh, the *grin* that he got in response... "Thank ye. Now, *you* stay here while I go find somethin' pretty for ye to wear..."

He didn't give Crisp any further command or suggestion, though, so the wolf could do nothing but stand there, pants around his ankles, boner lifting the fabric of his underwear, shifting the waistband a little with each throb. Such a compromising situation, waiting here for his 'master' - oh, how he hated that word - to return, able to do nothing because he hadn't been told to do anything... if this was a result of wearing the green shoes, then all he had to do to fix it would be to get them off, right?

Now, if only he could manage to do that without first being told. Thing was, though, he had no real idea how to *start* trying... and not only that, but the poor wolf also wanted to call out, to shout to that damn Dagda to stop going through his drawers because there was stuff in there that he really shouldn't see -

But, the sea otter soon came back down the hall - Crisp's ears flicked over in that direction - and he had something with him, too, though stayed behind the wolf so he couldn't see. "Ohh, puppy, you'll *love* this," he cooed in that accented voice of his. "Turn around and... take a look..."

Crisp just hoped it wasn't what he thought it was. He managed to swallow as his feet lifted and turned him around, tried to close his eyes - but couldn't help seeing what it was that the otter held, and indeed it was what he wished it not to be. For Halloween a few years ago, one of his friends had gotten him a 'sexy leprechaun' costume as a joke... really, it was just a tight green top (with built-in fake breasts!) and a similar green skirt, short, nothing else.

He expected the otter to tell him, simply, to *put this on*, but instead Dag stepped forward, knelt down before Crisp, let his muzzle come unexpectedly close to the bulge in his pants, and then brought his paws up to begin tugging the wolf's underwear down. "Ahh, I'm having fun..." breathed Dag as he did so; Crisp tried to look away when his shaft, fully hard, throbbed out in front of the otter's nose, but he was forced to watch. Dag, grinning, leaned forward and ran his nose up the underside before continuing. "Are you enjoying yourself, Crisp? Mm? Ah, don't answer that - I can tell by *this*... ah, lift yer foot."

After removing the wolf's pants and underwear from around his ankles, he brought the skirt up from below and rested it just above his hips, so that Crisp's hard cock was quite visible beneath and even lifted the frontmost ruffles, his sack hanging in the open air beneath. Dag just smiled more, then stood up with the costume top-piece in his other paw. That one had to be laced on; he stepped around Crisp, settled it against his chest, and started fitting it onto him. Such warm fingers - and deft, too; the feeling of short rounded claws against the skin of his back through his fur made Crisp involuntarily shiver.

It didn't take nearly as long as he thought it would, but afterwards... well, afterwards, Crisp felt *exactly* as ridiculous as he'd predicted. Here he was, bound in emerald-green, crossdressing, hard shaft lifting the front of his skirt, all in front of an Irish sea otter... when the hell was St. Patrick's Day? Right now it was early *August*... he wanted to say something (of course), but couldn't (of course) because he hadn't been given permission to speak, and... well, Dag seemed a little preoccupied: after finishing lacing the thing up Crisp's back, he moved back around to his front and knelt down, putting his muzzle directly level with the wolf's twitching cock.

All of this attention (as well as wearing the damn green shoes) had made him start to leak a little bit of pre; without another word, Dag grinned again, lapped off the clear bead, and then promptly closed his lips around the end of Crisp's length and began going down on him. Thank God that his natural reactions weren't inhibited, though - who knows what he'd do if he weren't allowed or able to sigh when he first felt the sensation of warm lips and tongue on his cock, if he couldn't lick his lips and moan softly as the otter descended further, if he couldn't move his hips forward just a little when he felt a cold nose press into his warm pubic fur. Sure, he'd rather not be doing any of this - his mind screamed at him to stop - but he couldn't do anything about it. He was a forced voyeur of his own body.

And then, this otter... an odd one indeed. He clearly did not want to taste the wolf's load on his tongue, though, because it wasn't long before he'd moved back off of Crisp's length and just stroked it with one paw while he wiped his mouth with the other. An explanation soon came, though, in the form of a single command: "Lie down, on yer back."

Crisp did as asked. He had no choice. He'd *prefer* that Dag had said 'on the couch', just a handful of feet to the side, but... well, he knew what was coming. Crisp's body lowered itself to his rump, legs out, arms back and propping his upper body up; Dag took a quick moment to unbutton, unzip, and remove his own pants and underwear, and then stood there brandishing the same hard cock that Crisp remembered from his dream. Things went differently now than they did there, however - quite differently; at no point in his dream did he recall having that otter above him, legs apart and lowering himself down; at no point did he remember feeling webbed paws against his chest pushing him down, or a tight tailhole squeezing down onto his saliva-slickened length.

"*Haah...*" Dag breathed out a soft sigh while he slowly sank down onto Crisp, his own length drooling out steadily more pre as he slid down further onto the wolf's slick shaft. Crisp's body gripped at the floor, claws catching on the loose threads of the carpet - but the paws pressing down on his chest pushed him back down to the floor, where all he could do was watch the otter's muzzle tense up and relax in his movements, first down a little, then back up, then down a little more, a little more... this sea otter would be a power bottom if Crisp had ever known any, based on how *quickly* he lowered himself onto him. Soon he felt the light pressure of a warm pulsing sack against his pubic fur rather than the nose that was right there just a few moments ago.

"Ooh... yer a little big for a puppy, ain't ye?..."

Dag's paws slid down Crisp's chest a little, around the false breasts given to him by the costume. Without taking another breath to prepare himself, the otter then started to lift himself back up, leaning forward as he did so - which in turn made Crisp's body do much the same thing in lifting up a little, pressing forward a bit. The wolf managed to grit his teeth while the otter worked, pulling himself up along his length a certain distance before pressing back down onto him again and again, each time with a little more speed and force... were they on a bed, Crisp had no doubt that the mattress would be squeaking. Damned otters - the feeling of *this* one fucking himself on the wolf was enough to make him break through the strange body control of the shoes a little and lean his head back, maw open with raspy breaths.

Of course Crisp was reminded of the last otter he'd spent time with, and how that 'time' ended up much like this. Back *then*, however... well, things had gone a little slower. Dag shifted his whole body so that he had his paws out against the floor behind himself, lifting his rump up and down, up and down on Crisp's cock, each time he came down causing a soft slap to ring out between the two furry bodies. Crisp watched his face, watched the shamrock-green eyes flutter between tightly closed and half-lidded, watch the mouth hang somewhat ajar while his tongue hung out... hell, the combined noises of their movements and breathing might even make it so that he wouldn't be able to hear if given another command-

But, he was wrong. Amid everything, his ears flicked forward: "*fuck me, puppy...*"

Just like with everything else, he couldn't help himself. It simply wasn't in his power to resist the movement of his body as it shifted, lifted up into a kneeling position, and then moved further over with his cock still six and a half inches inside the otter, resulting in Dag being pressed sort of upside-down into the carpet with Crisp above him pounding down into him... but he didn't really seem to mind too much. The wolf got an excellent view of Dag's face at this angle, and each thrust in caused a little bead of pre to drip off of the otter's own hard cock and onto the tip of his nose, or his lip, or his tongue, or the side of his muzzle. Really, it was an odd feeling,

this... *separation* between Crisp's mind and intentions and his body. He still felt the exhaustion of energetic thrusts as well as the hot, rich pleasure (which steadily mounted and increased), but seeing everything happen to his body without his own interference... well. *Maybe* it was *kind of* hot.

Quickly, though, any thoughts of resistance or reluctance faded from his mind, as Dag clenched around his cock and lifted up a little, each thrust into him pushing the otter closer and closer to orgasm. Until now there had been no action from Dag's paw, but once his breathing picked up considerably, the otter lifted one paw up and briefly stroked himself - and then just as quickly as he had started did he tense up all over, shudder, and then shoot out his cum over his own muzzle and chest in a few quick bursts, mouth open (yes, some ended up on his tongue - quite a bit, actually) and eyes closed. Crisp, too, felt close to finishing, but each time when he *would* have picked up speed to finish himself off (were he in control of his body) he found that his body disobeyed his thoughts and instead slowed down.

Panting, Dag managed to open his eyes - "Ye've been a good toy," he breathed. "You can... cum too..."

Turns out that was all Crisp needed. Just as soon as he'd said that, Crisp slammed in one last time, almost losing his balance and having to reach an arm out against the otter's shoulder to keep himself up while he unloaded beneath Dag's tail, teeth gritted and breath coming in going in a series of small gasps and moans. Afterwards, after the fiery pleasure had coursed through him and left him breathless, he was strongly aware of only two things: the heat and pressure surrounding his cock up to the base, and the fit of these shoes on his feet. It seemed like they'd gotten warmer.

Dagda wiggled out from beneath the tired wolf, giving him half-voiced permission to go relax on the couch to catch his breath. Crisp felt that this whole thing wasn't over so soon, though... he hadn't been given the permission to speak again, though, so all he could do was turn his eyes to the otter when he came back in from the kitchen with a dishrag to wipe the seed out of the fur of his muzzle.

"D'ye have any plans today?"

Crisp shook his head. He still felt trapped in his own body, but after all of that, slightly less so.

"Ah. Good... I was thinkin' we could stay inside today... well. I guess *you* will be the one staying inside later, if ye know what I mean..."