

The ocean is good for a few things: loving, enjoying, urinating in, that sort of thing. Otters tend to also be good for these same things. So, when you have both of these at once...

I don't go to the beach often, since I actually think most of them are crap (since I graduated high school, anyway; before then, I was totally content to roll down the huge sand dunes or just run around with my cousins and friends or whoever I'd gone with), and besides, it's time out of my day that I could be better spending doing something else, like sleeping or playing video games... but, whatever. This time I only went because my friends wanted me to: a lioness, her fruit bat ex (they only recently broke up; you probably remember some of what all happened back then, hehe), an otter (that's me), and a wolf.

If you know me, you might know those first two - Lilith, lioness, and Vyndas, fruit bat. They're not too important today so I'll just give a basic overview: Lilith is an interesting sort, a switch in the bedroom - as in, the first two times I played with her, she practically shoved my face into the floor with her foot, and then the third, she had on a collar and was begging Vyn over there to let me hold the leash - and she likes candy and animated movies. Vyndas, however, is a sorta quiet sort, but a huge doofus, and he likes playing video games, staying up late, and having his dick sucked, even if it takes him a while to get off. So yeah. (Gosh, I'm a whore.)

But, then, there's this wolf... I think I might have mentioned him before. Dark grey fur - like, dark enough to look black in most lighting, and almost with bluish undertones in the brightest of light - and bright amber-orange eyes, a pretty standard example of a wolf, this guy named Karl. We didn't exactly go to school together, but I knew him when I was in school, and if you ask anyone from then about him, they'll probably say something like "who? that's... oh, yeah! I remember him!" or something of that sort. He moved away a while back but still makes an effort to visit me, which is why he's here now, and... well, I might as well say it like it is: he's fuckin' hot. You know the sort: slim, sleek form, almost feminine inward curves above his hips, but he's got that perfect musculature, where you can see the ridges of muscles in the fur of his belly in the right light, and can feel them... oh, *just* fine if you touch them.

Again, I'll say it like it is: I've felt those muscles against my nose, against my forehead, against my back, against the front of my body; I've touched, felt, and tasted Karl all over, and might I say, he is a goddamn *prime* example of a wolf. Most of my friends from school know him as a friend of mine, a quiet, shy sort who, for whatever reason, had an unnatural affinity for me when he tended to stay away from everyone else. All of my friends in school that *did* see him, which were few as again, he didn't go to school with me, usually said things like "oh, man, can I have his number?" or "goddamn, Lukas, you're telling me that you're tapping *that*?" or, one of my favorites, from a female mutt friend of mine: "hey, if he ever decides to, uh, *play for the other team*, you let me know, alright?"... so, again, yeah. He's hot and everyone seems to know it except himself, so he's either extremely modest or he just loves hearing it.

I was surprised I managed to persuade him to come to the beach with us, honestly. With Lilith driving us, Vyn in the front seat, and the two of us in the back, it wasn't exactly a peaceful ride, especially since Lilith had a somewhat short temper with the idiots on the road, and Vyndas

enjoyed firing her up. I think Karl just chose to come along because I wanted him to, and also because he didn't really have anything else to do today...

"I don't even know why I agreed to come," growled Lilith after having to swerve around someone who'd decided to pull over... in the middle of the road. "I fuckin' *hate* the beach. You can never - ever - get the sand out of your fur, and the seawater makes me feel like I haven't showered in two weeks... and these - *fucking idiots*-"

"Hey, Lil," said Vyndas. I could hear him chuckling during her tirade from here. "It's not your fault that the driving test is passable by any mouthbreathing troglodyte-"

"Hey," I chimed in, "I failed it three times..."

Karl had kept quiet for most of the journey, having only spoken once to mention that he liked the way the houses here look, at the start of the drive. I reached over and placed a paw on his leg; he turned away from the window, looked at me, smiled a little, wagged a little. Of course I couldn't help but smile back a bit, and then even more when he dropped his paw to rest on mine. It was only for a moment, though; just as quickly as he'd put it there, he moved it back away, and then looked again out the window. As far as I knew, he'd never been in a relationship, yet he seemed pretty confident in his displays of affection, no matter how fleeting those ended up being.

Lilith and Vyndas went on talking and complaining about various things to each other, but I'd lost the track of the conversation, until at last the car drew to a stop in a sandy parking lot and the lioness said "Alright bitches, we're here. Lukas - you brought the towels, right?"

"Yep."

"Alright, cool. We also have the stuff for making sand castles, right? I swear to God, if we left that - yellow bucket at my place-"

"No, no, we have it..." Vyndas fished around beneath his seat for a moment. "...somewhere..."

The day started out fairly normally. We got out of the car, checked to see if we had all of our stuff, then had to wait for Lilith to find a bathroom to change into her bathing suit since she didn't want to drive in it (fun fact: her boobs are so fuckin' massive that she had to special order her top), but all the rest of us just decided to put ours on before setting out. Vyndas, being metal as fuck, had on a pair of black-and-red trunks that looked like a pair of shorts someone would wear to an Amon Amarth concert; I'd picked out Karl's suit for him, a cute dark blue pair with little light blue anchors printed all over; and then my own which I'd had since about halfway through high school (and still fit me), a lighter sky-blue with white clams to mirror Karl's anchors, even though I'm a river otter and I don't even like clams.

Once we got down to the beach itself, Lilith went off to start building a sand castle - *“a little castle for a little princess”* - with Vyn to help her, even though everyone knew he'd be the serf gathering the materials while she designed and built the place itself. I, of course, went straight down to the water, and then, of course, regretted it for a moment as the waves lapped coldly up my legs, sending a frosty shock up my body with each inch further up it climbed. Karl followed me, as he usually did, but lingered behind at the far edge of where the water reached. I didn't notice at first, but when I did, I went back up to him.

“What's wrong?” I asked. “You don't come to the beach just to look at the water.”

“I'm scared of the ocean,” he explained, rubbing his forearm. His ears were lowered a little. “And I'm not too good at swimming, either. I got three good mouthfuls of seawater when I was little, and that was more than enough for the rest of my life.”

“Oh, okay... it is kinda cold, anyway. We can wander around if you'd like.”

I'd been here before, a few times in the past, with family - mother, grandma, brother, cousins sometimes. The ocean is actually only a small part of this place, as the 'beach' is actually a park or something, encompassing a large expanse of tall sand dunes that are super fun to roll down, and odd 'forests', if they could be called that, of fat, low trees that somehow get their nourishment from the sand, and these... thick- and juicy-leaved plants that numb your tongue if you chew on one, which I learned from a dare.

“Yeah. Sure.”

I considered telling the other two, but after scanning the beach for a moment until locating them, decided they'd do fine on their own. “You ever been to this beach before?”

“No... I don't go to the beach much. Not many beaches where I live.”

“Ah. Yeah. That's right.”

Again, he just followed me, a little bit behind but still beside me. I really didn't feel like clambering all the way up one of the dunes, and I'm pretty sure he didn't either - I looked over at him on two separate occasions during the ride over and saw him snoozing against the window - so I just led him around on one of the back routes that would go through the little forest, where the thick canopy provides a lot of shade and keeps the air pleasantly cool. Beaches are weird like that, where the air and sand can be as hot as Hell but the water's as cold as Hel. It's whatever, I guess.

Pleasant little walk - not much more to say than that. Again, he's shy, and I didn't really have much to talk about, so we kept quiet for pretty much the entire way - until, that is, we were about halfway into the forest (which isn't very far, as you can see the exit from the entrance; it's a cozy place). There, he kinda grabbed my wrist, did a little dance, and said:

“Lukas - I have to pee...”

“I’m not surprised,” was my response. We stopped at a convenience store on the way here to get each of us two bottles of water, and Karl here drank both of his as well as one of mine.

“Well... Either you can go back to the bathroom, all the way by the car, or just go on one of these trees.

He shifted a little more, and grunted. “...Okay. Yeah. Tree...”

It seemed to be a pattern for us to pee outside when together. One of my first times going anywhere with him, he took a piss off the edge of a riverbank in the park near my house, and then said, rather suave, ‘now you’ve seen mine, so show me yours’. Later that night, I blew him, and loved it. I followed him over to one of the trees and waited, standing off to the side a little while he tugged his trunks down a little, fiddle around with his sheath, looked up to the treetops, waited a little- then breathed out a deep sigh, accompanied by the noise of the stream splattering onto the trunk and fallen leaves below.

“Good God,” he said in the middle of it, “that’s nice...”

Of course, being the pervert I am, I snuck a look. Clear stream, angled in an upwards parabola due to - again - his having a sheath, which always made for complications at the end of it, so... I wondered if he’d want a tongue to help him clean up. Anything past the general color of well-brewed green tea tended to mess up my stomach something fierce if I swallowed any, but with *that* grade of clearness, I bet I could drink all he had to give, and only get off with a satisfied thirst... and, besides, I loved just *looking* at him, anyway. He knew I was going to look, too, as he’d pulled down his trunks past the base of his sheath - fat, plump, already looking soft yet firm as I knew it to be, about the same size as one of the skinnier sorts of water bottle - and then even further, down past his sack, the same dark greyish-black as the rest of his body, orbs hanging nice and pretty. I *loved* the way he smelled, too, so sometimes when he visits, I tell him not to shower so that I can shovel my nose up into the fur there...

By the time he finished, I was all hard and wiggly in my trunks, trying to discreetly adjust them so it wouldn’t be obvious... while Karl, a sly smile lifting the corners of his mouth, shook himself off, rubbed a thumb across the end of his sheath, and tugged his pants back up. “Okay, I’m good. We can go on now.”

Call me a freak, whatever, but I’d like to be that tree, bark darkened where his piss had touched and the sand at its roots turned to warmish mud. This... piss appreciation thing of mine was a fairly recent development, a kink that I’d never indulged with this particular wolf, as I didn’t have it - or didn’t realize I had it - when we hung out a lot. He knew about this kink now, though - in fact, before he came out to visit, I texted him: “hey, if I asked you to piss on me, would you do it?”; in response, he’d said a simple “For you, sure”. Needless to say, that got me a bit excited,

and I'd been anticipating it since I met him at the airport... and, I'm sure he's been teasing me since I met him at the airport.

We went on for a little longer, talking a little more about various stuff - 'so', he asked me at one point, 'how're your roommates?'; 'are you still doing that... whatever it was you were interested in back in high school?'; 'how's your brother?' - y'know. We coursed around the dunes once, passed the parking lot, came around to another little forest, and then - bless my luck - he said:

"Lukas, I have to pee again."

"Again? Didn't you just-"

"Yes. I have to go again."

Yeah. I thought that didn't look like three bottles' worth. "Well... whatever. Make it fast."

He went over by another tree - fun thought: what if he just wanted to mark this whole place as his territory? - and got the goods out, but before he started, flicked an ear back to me. "Not gonna take any pictures? No video?"

"Excuse me?"

"I know you have your camera on you, Lukas..."

See what I mean? Teasing. Would almost think he's a fox. "I... well, I-"

"C'mere."

I didn't think to question his order. He pointed down in front of him, between himself and the tree; I came over, looked at him, swallowed, and dropped to my knees. Our heights were perfect so that, with me on my knees, I could lean forward and run my tongue up along his sheath... dammit. I was already half-hard again, and that came only from my muzzle being so close to his cock. I could smell the piss from earlier in his fur.

"Use your tongue, dear."

He gets like this sometimes - that's why I called whatever he felt for me an 'unusual affinity', as this sort of dominance goes totally against his personality... whatever it was, I loved it, and I always obeyed. I had to just barely lean forward until my nose squished against the end of his sheath, soft and warm and *aromatic*; a deep inhale reinforced the idea that he intentionally held some back, just for me. That inhalation came out in a deep, shuddering sigh over his sheath, again, well-sized so that it fit almost perfectly in a cupped paw - but that didn't matter right now. What mattered was the end of his sheath, a little matted down with piss, rounded, and slitted in the middle with pink flesh... what mattered was that I could slip my tongue perfectly into that

little slit, that I could pick up the faint brassy taste of his earlier piss combined with the heavier, headier flavor of his musk, of his cock still confined in its furry sheath.

I *love* giving oral. I *love* having something to slip my tongue into, something to swirl it around in and gently suckle on, and a sheath serves *perfectly* for all of that. Karl breathed out a soft moan as I did this, digging my tongue gently in deeper and flicking it against the hidden tip of his length, which of course started to slide out a little further - but before it did, he tensed up a little and then began his stream anew, right against my tongue still in his sheath, right against my lips right above that and into my muzzle. It was exactly as I'd expected: almost no taste but, yep, still definitely piss, and pungent nevertheless due to his being a canine. At first the shape of my mouth wasn't right so the hot liquid just splashed up against the roof of my mouth and then flowed out back over his sheath, but I adjusted it like - like drinking from a water fountain at school, much the same speed and thickness of stream, but a lot warmer and a lot tastier (not to say it's a pleasant taste; it's just the *idea* that's pleasant).

They always said, *never put your mouth directly on the fountain*, but here - what the hell, I doubted anyone else would do it anytime soon. It was pretty easy to slip my tongue out of his sheath and place my lips along the rim so that the wolf emptied his bladder directly into my muzzle, with no spillage or stray drops except by intention. He dropped a paw to the back of my head and held me there, though I kept all of his piss in my mouth with expanding cheeks; near the end, he breathed out another sigh and gently tugged backwards, spraying the last few seconds of his faltering stream out over my nose, my muzzle, my face, and my chest. I had to lean back and sputter a little, feigning annoyance - but I *did* have to wipe off my face a little...

And then I looked forward to see that same plump charcoal sheath with a reddish-pink flesh tip protruding from the end, glistening with piss, with pre, with saliva, or just with that natural slick delicious liquid musk that coats the inside of a sheath. The taste of Karl's mark very, very fresh on my tongue, I glanced up to him, saw those orange eyes-

"I said use your tongue."

So again I leaned in, this time first tracing my nose up along the underside of his sheath, from right above his sack to his revealed tip at the end, which smelled freshly of musk and piss. My tongue soon followed, gently moving up and around his hot flesh as it had just done within the warmth of his sheath, and a paw squeezing the base of his sheath served to faster urge out his full length. We hadn't had a chance yet to 'play' for this visit of his, so, *Goddamn*, I wanted him... as soon as he was fully hard, red length throbbing above my nose and dripping a little, richly scented, I almost considered spinning him around, pinning him to this tree, and fucking myself on him... but, well, that'll come when it comes.

After all, I couldn't complain, what with this pretty damn well-sized knotted cock - probably the length as a good three-quarters of my forearm, with that knot about as wide around - inches away from my muzzle, looking *damn* tasty. It felt bad to keep Karl waiting, so I closed that distance, again bringing my tongue all the way up along his length before focusing on the end

for a little, cleaning up whatever I'd missed... but, it seemed *he* had other things in mind. Instead of letting me stay there to do my thing, to enjoy and savor the moment, he just tightened his paw on my head and pulled me down slowly further.

This was perfectly okay, too. Replace the tang of piss on my tongue with the taste of cock, and - you've got an equally happy otter. I had to move my head around a little and change the position of my tongue, as Karl's a bit thick - it took me a little over a year and a half to be able to deepthroat him, and then another year to be able to do it within the furthest definition of 'well'. Thankfully though, he took his time now, pushing in a little and then drawing back out, sometimes halfway and sometimes all the way back to the tip, where more pre had gathered for me to lap off.

"Finally have some time alone..." the wolf murred, paw setting a gentle rhythm that I moved to follow. "I don't like how - you have roommates..."

I'd respond if I could, but, you know. Mouth was busy with something else. He was rather talkative today; usually he'd be biting back little grunts or moans or gasps, but would never actually say anything-

-which is why I was only slightly surprised when he suddenly hooked his arms under mine, lifted me to my feet, yanked down my trunks, and then continued to lift me further. I flailed my arms around a little and thankfully found a branch protruding out from the tree a little above my head for me to hang on to, as a moment later, my feet were no longer on the ground but rather squeezing the wolf's sides, his paws having lowered to my back to hold me up. This is... *kinda* what I'd thought about earlier...

Our eyes met while he adjusted to get the position right. Sure, the bark kinda grated against my back, but I didn't care. He licked his lips. "Hello, Lukas."

"Hello..."

There was a warm, slick pressure against my tailhole, already lifting upwards into me a little. I had to bite my lip, but still sucked in a little gasp. "I'm gonna fuck you against this tree, okay?"

I looked around. We were fairly deep into this forest and I doubted anyone would come by, but if they did, they'd certainly come through here - this was the only place the path led... "O-okay."

"I could smell-" Karl gripped my hip with one paw to pull me down onto him while he simultaneously pressed up into me, my saliva serving as good-enough lube. I used to have a lot of trouble taking him, but now, after having so much practice, I could do it just fine - still, though, the feeling of him starting to sink into me made me wriggle and moan a little... "-what was it... *something* on your muzzle when you hugged me at the airport. Like - dog? Another wolf? No, dog?"

I swallowed. In this position, I really had almost no control over anything except by tightening my grip on the branch above and lifting up, but... well, that seemed like no fun. Besides, I rather enjoyed being squeezed between Karl's hot body and this tree as he pressed into me, pulling me down onto him, making me tense up and clench around him and causing my breathing to mess up... "King shepherd..."

"Ah. Yeah. Thought it was a sort of shepherd. Well, when you get home today- you tell 'im that you belong to me now, okay?"

I nodded again, beginning to feel the little outward bulge of flesh halfway along his cock that most canids had. Past there, it'd slim up a little, and then goddamn *knot*... God, I longed to feel that hot, tight meat under my tail. I *wanted* Karl to fuck me, hard, right here. And I knew that he didn't really care too much about me 'belonging to him' or whatever - *that* really wasn't in his personality. As the youngest in a litter of seven, he was used to having his dominance and control overridden, was used to being the omega, so to say. He just knew that I enjoyed it, and also probably knew that, as he'd marked me, that king shepherd would have to go over *his* mark, and... well. You can see how being pissed on makes me feel.

With a firm final thrust he hilted in me, stopped by his almost fist-sized knot, the force of this last push sending a sharp shiver through my body that turned into a high-pitched breathy "*ah-*" from my open mouth. Honestly, I felt that he only acted the way he did with me because he'd known me for so long, and probably because I actually *let* him act this way. I liked it, he liked it... win-win. After waiting for me to stop wiggling, he leaned in to sniff my muzzle - neck, cheek, face, nose - and then wrinkled his nose and nodded.

"Good. Ready?"

Didn't even wait for an answer; he just started to pull back out, slowly at first and watching my face to see if he needed to go slower, but on seeing no complaint, continued until just his tapered tip remained in me, and then started to sink back in. Our first time together - I think was a sophomore in high school, still figuring things out - I held him down and tried to fuck myself on him, but gave up after getting maybe an inch down on him... now the only obstacle was the knot, and I felt sure that I could take that, too, with some time and practice.

But, hey, that was for later, or another time. Scent of piss in my fur and nostrils, taste of cock on my tongue, nice thick shaft slowly pulsing in and out of me - God... I dropped one paw to his shoulder, swallowed, waited until he locked eyes with me, and panted:

"Fuck me."

*There* it was, that little twinkle in his eye, the faint sharpening of his smile. Karl adjusted again, managing to pull my trunks completely off and tossing them to the side before moving both of his paws to my hips, partially holding me against the tree and partially holding me in place for



him to thrust into. He licked his lips again, scanned my face, suddenly leaned in to plant a kiss on my nose, and then began...

Oh God. Part of the enjoyment was in the discomfort that always came at the start of being fucked - it made me wiggle, made me groan, made my entire body tense up. His thrusts still began fairly slowly, but with noticeably more force and fervency than before; they were enough to cause me to lurch and rub against the tree, and I found myself moving my legs apart a little further to allow him more room to thrust into me. He knew just the way I liked it, too, staying in deep at first and pressing his wide knot against me, only starting to pull out further to make deeper, more resounding thrusts once I'd gotten accustomed to his thickness and started leaking out pre of my own into the fur of my belly.

Sharp claws dug into my sides and made me yip a little, but then - sharper teeth on my neck silenced me. It was clear how much Karl wanted me too, as already I could hear his hot breaths rush in and out of his nostrils, similar to my own lust-drenched inhalations and sighs. All I could feel, all I could smell was *him* - his warmth, his natural aroma and musk, his mark starting to dry in the fur of my muzzle, his thick cock pumping in and out of me. Pent-up wolf, too; he shifted one paw to grip and stroke my shaft, wrapping his other arm further around me to keep me up as he did so. I was already damn well worked up, humping upwards as soon as his paw closed around me...

It didn't really take long for either of us. He came first, somehow, thrusting up into me fast and hard a few times and biting into my neck with breaths raucous, only afterwards licking at where he'd set his teeth with a softly spoken "sorry..." - and then I finished shortly after, pressing deep down onto his knot against the reflexive bucking into his paw that each spat out one more spurt of cum into the fur of my chest and belly. He'd squeezed me quite a bit against the tree; now that our desire, heightened, sharpened, and concentrated by the time we'd been separated, had been expended either under my tail or onto me, a faint ache in my back started to pulse.

Panting, Karl slid out of me - causing another little gasp from both of us - and then lowered me to the ground, but still kept his paws on my hips 'cause he knew I get wobbly after being railed like that. After finding my balance, I looked around for my trunks, couldn't find them, started to panic- but then saw that the wolf held them out to me.

"We should be getting back..." he said, voice quite a bit softer now that he'd unloaded his dominance. That's part of why I enjoy playing with him so much, because after fucking me hard, after ravaging me and making me gasp and moan and shiver, he tended to baby me, asking if I needed anything, any water or a towel or anything... "Are you gonna be alright, Luke? I hope I wasn't too rough..."

"No, no..." I had to put one paw out against the tree to keep myself up, also clutching his wrist with my other. He hadn't yet pulled his trunks back up, so of course my eyes locked on to his hanging erection, dripping out the last of his cum, knot just now starting to shrink. Honestly, one

of the best feelings is having your lips around a sheath while the guy starts to get hard in your mouth... "You're good. I'm fine. That was... mmf."

Due to his dark fur, it's hard to tell when he blushes - except, of course, for how the insides of his ears turn a lighter shade of pink. "You thought so too?..."

I came over, gave his sack a firm squeeze, and tugged his pants back up for him. "You know, it's *you* who I think of most often when pawing... but, yeah, I think I need to go for a swim. You coming with?"

"Well, I - kinda really wanna help with that sand castle..."