

Just my luck that my car breaks down on a long stretch of open road, a little over an hour in either direction from any sort of city. You've seen the sort of place on TV: single dusty road, kind of off-greyish in color, surrounded on either side by open land somewhere between sparse grassland and desert. This was one time where I wished I had my dingo friend with me, because then *he* could tell me just what was wrong; after a loud noise and some shaky driving later, I pulled over, got out, and bent down to see what had gone wrong.

A quick diagnosis of the problem revealed to me that I know my way around a car about as well as a kindergartener knows his way around integral calculus. No phone signal out here, either, so I could do nothing but continue on in one direction, hoping I'd come across a gas station or someone's house or something.

Maybe I had passed a mechanic's shop on the way out? I don't know; my mind wasn't exactly on the trip at that point. In fact, that dingo friend of mine I mentioned earlier... he was with me on the ride out (I'd taken this trip to drop him off at his place after a visit), and... well, I should just say that it's a lot easier to give someone roadhead when *you're* not the one driving. It was more than that, though: after we got out to switch positions, during which his *excitement* had waned a bit, he put his paw on the back of my head, murmured "*hey, Lukas, I gotta piss, and the next gas station is half an hour from here...*" and then pushed me back down into his lap.

I guess that's just where an otter like me belongs: face-down in someone's lap with a cock six inches past my lips, shooting some sort of bodily fluid down my throat. When I gave that dingo a goodbye kiss, he remarked something like "*I can smell myself on your breath*" and then surreptitiously passed me a piece of mint gum that he just so happened to have on him. I accidentally swallowed that gum when the thing in my car broke and made a noise loud enough to startle me.

That gum was one thing that I *wasn't* intending to swallow. Ha ha.

If you know anything about me, you could probably figure that I'm not the best with cars. It was the most that I could do to just keep on going, trying not to push the thing too hard because then it would make this weird rattling noise, until finally a single low-lying building appeared over the horizon with the soon-to-set sun. I'd been to a mechanic's shop maybe twice in the past, once with my brother to get his car fixed and then again to get it back, but this building looked like it could be the same sort of thing, thank God... then, sure enough a similarly-low sign comes into view- *K.C. Auto & Shop*. Good.

The big garage door was closed, though, which sent a bit of a panic through my body - what if it's closed? Do I stay here and wait for morning, for it to open? Or, hell - what if it's closed down for good and nobody ever comes back? All of this coursed through my head as I got out of the car and went up to the door, just to be sure: wide windows looked into the front area, with all except one light off. Two old-looking chairs, a potted plant that probably would have died long ago if it weren't made of plastic, a framed poster advertising the 2011 Garlic Fest... the door opened with an easy twist of the knob, and once it'd closed behind me, I realized just how *quiet* it was.

A little desk bell sat on the front counter. After waiting around for a moment to see if anyone had heard me enter, I rang it, and then waited. It felt like every five seconds I had to lean to the side and peer out the window to be sure that my car hadn't exploded or something...

"May I help you?"

The sudden voice startled me. I spun around as a reaction, saw nothing but a white sleeveless shirt over greyish chestfur; my head tilted back on its own to meet azure eyes. I wasn't necessarily short, so... that meant this guy was just *tall*. For a moment I forgot the whole reason why I came here... "Oh - um... something happened with my car? I think? I don't really know much about vehicles-" shouldn't have said that; one of my roommates once told me that that's how shady mechanics know to take advantage of me- "-uh... so... yeah."

"Is it that one right out there?" He pointed out the window, coming close to hitting me with an arm firm with muscle. Today must have been a bit of a busy one for him, or I'd just interrupted him doing something a little strenuous - the movement of that arm brought a soft wall of scent to my nose, a heated mixture of sweat, male, kangaroo, and car oil or grease or whatever. Strangely, it wasn't too unpleasant of a scent - a little acrid, a little biting, sure, but that's what I thought of my Arcanine roommate's scent, and... well. *That* was one scent that I enjoyed getting up to, in more than one sense of the phrase.

That was bad. Sorry.

"Yeah, I was - driving along, and then there was this... *noise*, and then... well, I can't really tell if anything's *wrong*, but I'd rather be sure, y'know?"

"Yeah, oh yeah. You stay here, I'll take a look at it."

The kangaroo stepped out from behind the counter and promptly left to go check it out. That single light hanging in this room just glinted off his nametag, which looked as if it had been haphazardly pinned on in a bit of a rush, but I hadn't managed to see what it said. He seemed nice enough, though - I tried to focus on that while watching him through the dusty window, instead of worrying that he'd try to swindle me. Doing this sort of thing would probably be a lot easier if I had one of my friends with me... that Arcanine roommate I mentioned earlier once brought me to a pawn shop to sell an old instrument of mine, and when the person behind the counter offered a fraction of the average prices we'd seen online - which I knew that pawn shops always do, 'I gotta be able to make a profit off of this' - he had a few choice words for the guy as well as a growl the likes of which I'd never heard before, both of which easily got us the price we wanted. Afterwards, he said I owed him, so of course I promptly paid up...

...which... brought another thing to mind that again set my heart to pounding: I didn't think I had any money with me. Sure, I had my card, but I also had no clue how much was on *that*, and then I may or may not even remember the pin... my claws pierced into the fabric cushions of the chair I'd sat down in once the kangaroo had gone out to check my car. Really hard to tell if this was the kind of guy who would accept similar payment (and I'm not a whore, believe me!), and that wasn't really something I could just come out and ask him... just as I had stood up and steeled myself to go out and tell him that I'd have to return later, though, he came back in through the door and gave me a soft smile that somewhat stilled my raucous heart.

"I'll be honest with you," he said, wiping his paws on his shirt. Little black stains remained where he did this. He breathed in a little; my heart sped up a little; he breathed out. "...It's an easy fix - fuel pump died - but unfortunately, I don't have the part in my inventory right now. I can order it now and pick it up tomorrow, but until then..." He shrugged.

"Oh, thank God." I wiped my forehead. "Yeah, that's fine. I could just... can I leave the car here and have a friend pick me up?"

"Course." The kangaroo went back around behind the front counter and then pressed a button underneath. The loud noise of the garage door opening startled me. "I can pull it into my shop and get it ready for the fix tomorrow. I know you had no real *choice* in your car breaking down all of a sudden way out here, and the drive over could have put an extra strain on it, so..." Here, he shrugged. His nametag glinted in the light again, but the text was too small for me to read. "...the cost for the part I'll take out of my other profits today. You don't worry about it, alright?"

"Oh, *thank God*." That meant I'd just have to find some cash when I got home after getting someone to pick me up. "Thank you. Thanks so much... uh..."

The kangaroo grinned. "Dicko."

Taken aback, I looked him over. "...Dicko?"

He pointed to his nametag; sure enough, in small black font, it read 'Dicko'. "But you can call me Oz."

"Ah." I extended a paw; he took it and shook. Naturally, he had one hell of a grip. "I'm Lukas."

"Good to meet you, Lukas. You actually walked in just as I was preparing to close shop for the night, so... I will leave you to get a ride, and I'll see you tomorrow, alright?"

If only things could be so easy, though. I started going through the reliable buddies in my phone after the kangaroo went back outside to move my car, asking for my keys just before doing so. A quick call to my fruit bat friend brought me to the attention that he was actually out of state visiting family for the week; the dingo friend I'd just dropped off earlier was already asleep; my brother Brendan was also out of state so there'd be no point in calling him, and my cousin Cole lived too far away to pick me up in a reasonable amount of time... I guess I *could* call my roommates, but neither of them picked up.

Shit. Already exhausted, I slouched back into one of the chairs and covered my face with a paw. Maybe if I asked nicely enough, this Oz kangaroo would allow me to sleep on the floor in here or something...

"Something wrong?"

Again, his sudden voice startled me. I swallowed, looked at him-

"Can't get a ride?"

"No. I can't."

"Hm... y'know..." He jerked a thumb to point to the backside of the shop, opposite the front window. "I have a spare room you could stay in, if you'd like. House is just a two minutes' walk that way. You're not the first person that this has happened to, Lukas, 'cause this place is kinda

remote - I won't bother you in the morning; I'll just get the part and do the work, and we can talk when you wake up. Yeah?"

My ears lowered, straightened back up, splayed to the sides, straightened back up again... all I could do was stand up and grin stupidly at him from across the counter. "Wow, I - yeah, that - that'd be great. Thank you!"

"Oh, it's no problem, really. Just follow me through here - I've already locked everything down..." and he hit the button to close the garage door, "so, I'm ready when you are."

Because of his height about a whole foot above my own, his legs were a lot longer than mine (especially with me being an otter), so on the walk back to his house I often had to switch to a run to catch up to him. On the way there he explained that he inherited this land - 'all of this', he said with a wide flourish of his arms - from his grandfather, who had run and maintained this little mechanic's shop; Oz, tired of having to drive there and back every single day, just decided to build a house on the land, and did so with his father's help.

It seemed like a fairly nice house, especially when he unlocked the door and ushered me in; 'you don't look too mischievous', he mused, 'and I have the keys to your car locked up in the shop, too, so I'll be able to find you if you steal anything and try to run. Other than that, though, make yourself at home', and he told me how to get to my room and then went off to take a shower. Of course it'd be rude for me to just, like... raid his refrigerator and get Cheeto dust all over his couch, so instead I just wandered the halls trying to find the guest room.

Well, I'm notoriously bad with directions. It runs in the family. I think he told me a simple "straight ahead down the hall, turn left, turn left again, first door on the right", but I'd forgotten all of that almost as soon as he'd finished saying it, and instead ended up passing by the bathroom into which Oz had disappeared to take his shower, given the steady *hiss* of water. Right as I passed by, though - the door was slightly ajar - there was something else I heard, something like... like heavy breathing, like excess water continually being sloshed to the floor, again and again and again.

So of course I stopped and put my eye to the space between the door and the threshold to see just what was going on, though I already had a pretty good idea. The shower was in clear view of the door, and no curtain blocked my view either - just slightly clouded and fogged glass, not enough to do more than blur the edges of the very naked red kangaroo body behind that glass. Slightly hunched over, one arm out against the wall with the showerhead spraying down onto him from behind, other arm reaching down in front of him, paw moving back and forth over something else fairly large and pinkish in color, each time splashing some runoff water against the floor. Sure, upon first seeing the rather large and well-defined kangaroo I had some less-than-clean thoughts, but now... well, the shower water did nothing to make them any cleaner.

Really, I should go. My foot took a step back to bring me away from the door, but my muzzle only pressed closer to it to get a better look. Oz hadn't yet noticed - or, I wanted to believe, maybe he *had* noticed and was just pretending like he hadn't, for my sake. I kept one paw on the edge of the threshold for balance and moved my other to the front of my pants to at least partially relieve the pressure that had started to grow there thanks to an unfortunately-placed shaft. If I made too much movement, he'd no doubt see me, and - well, if he *didn't* like being watched enjoying his personal time, then I'd probably soon be out of a place to stay for the night *and* a working car-

Still, though, my feet disagreed with my mind and eyes and continued to step back, which only upset my balance. I swung one leg back forward to keep myself from falling over, but I hadn't noticed the little step at the bottom of the threshold, so my foot slammed into it, I yelped, lost my balance again, tumbled forward into and then through the door... and then kept my head down instead of looking up to face the big kangaroo, who could probably crush my head in the crook of his arm. Maybe if I lay there still enough he'd think I died.

The shower door opened, though the water stayed on, and then footsteps wet on tile flooring approached me. My tail was twitching thanks to my damn nervousness, though, so there goes the hope of appearing dead... I peered out from a space under my arm and saw one of his feet, fur matted and damp, a few inches away. I wondered if the water dripping on to my back through my shirt was coming off of his muzzle or his cock.

"You okay?"

It took a moment to process the tone of voice right there - not at all how I expected, just as easy-going and maybe even *concerned* as when he'd asked if I was alright, back in the shop. I managed to roll over and pull myself up into a sitting position, hoping that the boner that those few seconds of voyeurism had brought on wouldn't be too obvious... but, then, mouth moving to voice an apology, I turned up to look at him and instead was met with a still-hard pulsing shaft a little bit above my muzzle with a full sack beneath it, charcoal-furred like the rest of his front - over his sheath, to his lower belly, to his upper chest. Instead of actually giving my apology, my mouth instead just hung open.

"I-I..." I started to scramble to my feet. "Sorry, I w- was just, um..."

Instead of letting me up, though, Oz allowed me to straighten up into a half-kneeling position before one of his big paws settled on me head, keeping my eyes level with his sack. In that position, I couldn't help but lick my lips and strain against my still-tightening pants - oh, how I'd love to shovel my nose up between that pair... but, there were other things on my mind, too. "I saw you watching," he explained, voice still soft beneath the hiss of the shower. My ears perked. "The door was opening steadily wider, and I quickly saw your eye through the gap..."

"You..." I swallowed and tilted my head up, hoping he'd think it was so that I could look him in the eye. His cock twitched about half an inch above my nose. "...*knew*?"

"Yeah. That's why you're kneeling down right there." He waved both of his paws - I hadn't notice him remove the one from my head... "I assumed that if you didn't want something from me, you'd just continue on to your room. However, you're still here, and you haven't stood up yet, so... I think I know *exactly* what you want."

Jesus, was this really all happening? I looked back and forth between his length - a rather nicely-sized one, at that - and his face, unsure if I should give into my want or let him finish his shower... "Oz, I..."

"Would you like to shower with me?"

This time, he didn't give me time to respond: both paws returned to my shoulders and lifted me up, making no space between us so that the end of his cock brushed against my shirt. I let him

strip me down right then and there, feeling both slightly baffled and extremely aroused - which he could tell, especially after he'd tugged my shirt off and started at my pants. I remember my first time unbuttoning someone else's fly took almost a whole minute, while this kangaroo did it one-handed in about half a second, pressing the ball of his wrist into my bulge as well; I had to lean forward and put my arms out around him when that pressure turned into a light rub, and then transferred to the front of my underwear beneath.

"Damn..." he breathed, shifting my jeans down my legs. I stepped out of them. "Eager otter..."

Oh, how many times I'd heard that said about me. As soon as he'd slipped a finger beneath the waistband of my boxers, I slipped out of them and then stepped forward to both grind into his leg and feel his erection against my hip, arousal energized by the sudden turn of events; I almost wished that I'd caught him *before* he'd stepped into the shower, just so I could catch a whiff of his sweat of the day in my nose, so I could taste everything that had been trapped in his underwear since his last shower.

Distracting thoughts, though. His arms wrapped around me, one around my upper back and one near my tail, and lifted me up off the ground - I was too busy with thinking about having my muzzle buried in his pubic fur to notice that he'd slipped a finger first between his lips and now under my tail as he carried me over to the shower, gently teasing at my tailhole first before pressing in and then pulling out, light and shallow. Still, though, it made me lick my lips and pant softly into his shoulder - and then made me want something harder and deeper under my tail, which had probably been his intent.

I doubted I could fit that cock of his all the way into my muzzle.

Oz apparently enjoyed a hot shower, just like I did; at first he shielded me from the water with his body, and I found myself jumping a little bit whenever another drop splashed onto me before getting used to it. He set me down in front of him; *this* enclosed space was a lot more my style, where I was forced to stand not even a foot away from him, feeling the heat of his body close to mine, being able to look down and see a hard cock throbbing between his belly and mine, feeling the pressure of my own shaft against his sack...

*That* didn't last long either, though. Again the kangaroo put one paw out against the wall behind me like he had when I first caught notice of him, and before I could ask what he was doing, the other was on my shoulder to spin me around and then slid down my back a little, bending me over as well; I had to reach out against the wall for support, too. It felt like it'd be right to ask what he was doing, but... well, anyone should be able to tell. Any chance for me to say anything coherently was wiped away when he again slid a saliva-moistened finger under the base of my tail, this one soon to be joined by another.

"So you're a bottom, hm?" His hot breath tickled my whiskers as he leaned over me, gently pumping his fingers further into me and rubbing at my rim with a third. I wished that the towel rack hanging on the wall outside the shower was instead *inside* of it, just so I could have something good to grip onto instead of raking my little rounded claws over the smooth tiled wall. "How did I know that?"

I licked my lips again. "Big mechanic 'roo..." I managed, between gentle grunts. His fingers slid back out of me and his paw moved away from the wall. "Good with your paws, I bet."

“Oh, that’s not the only thing I’m good with...”

...and then something else took the place of those fingers, something warmer and even more moist. Kangaroo nose pressing up against the underside of my tail, two paws spreading me apart to allow his tongue easier access at my tailhole... hell, there was nothing I could do but shiver all over and try to keep my breathing steady. It was an odd thing to suddenly jump into my mind, but if he wasn’t busy tomorrow, maybe he could teach me a little about cars... I could see it right there: me bent over the open hood of my car, wrench in paw, pants around my ankles, with a kangaroo muzzle underneath my tail giving me some nice positive encouragement... he moved one of his paws around to stroke my length while he flicked his tongue in and out of me, sometimes moving it back to swirl it around the rim of my tailhole, sometimes pressing the flat of it in, before he stood up again, wiped his muzzle, and then rested the tip of his cock right where his tongue had just been.

Normally I’d want a little more preparation, such as him letting *me* go down on *him*, but... I couldn’t complain, especially after urging a few of my partners to fuck me without lube in the past - I like it a little rough sometimes, what can I say? It was clear to me that Oz was well aware of his endowment, though, because he lowered his other paw to my hip and held me in place while slowly pushing into me, responding to the noises I made from him sinking deeper under my tail... when I bit back a yip he stopped; when I shifted and pushed back against him he sped up; when I let out a shuddering sigh he gripped my hip a little tighter.

Just imagine - ten minutes ago, if even that, I walked through the front door of this house thinking I’d just head straight to bed, wake up tomorrow to a fixed car, make my payment, and then leave. And yet here I am in the shower, eyes closed, jaw hanging open, nine inches of kangaroo close to being hilted in my tail... with how things usually go with me this wasn’t exactly *unexpected*, but it certainly came as a bit of a surprise. If I’d just walked on by after peering in and seeing him enjoying himself, I’d likely end up bucking up into my own paw later in the night... soon, though, I’d be doing just that into his.

After he pushed into me as deep as he could (I could feel his hips against my rump and his lower belly on the underside of the base of my tail) he moved his paw from gripping my hip to squeeze the base of my own length, fully hard and already dripping a bit of pre from the end from the sensation of him squeezing into me. That usually happened, and having a paw around me as well would only make that happen again... maybe later in the night he’d let me go down on him, so I could feel *his* pre on my tongue. I wouldn’t mind that.

“Thinking I’ll wake up early tomorrow,” he grunted, with a little pull back and then thrust back in. I arched my back against him and let out a soft moan. “...so that I can get done what I need to and then climb back into bed for a while longer...”

“What, you want t- to get rid of me *that* quickly?”

Oz slid out of me again, this time moving back about half his length before slowly pushing back up under my tail. My claws scratched across the tiled wall again, and I had to bite back a gentle exhalation of another moan. “Well, if I finish early, that’ll give me time to give you a nice goodbye.”

Here, I adjusted my position and pressed back more firmly against him. He’d sunk into me and given me a few slow thrusts - I’d gotten mostly used to his girth and now wanted to feel what he

could *really* do. He took the hint, too, moving his hips forward against me with enough force to make me gasp. "If you finish early, I'll just wait for you to - *get up* again..."

"Hah. Clever boy. I-"

"If you're gonna fuck me, do it soon, and quickly - the water's getting cold..."

"Oh! I was planning on just that."

And - *God*, was he ever. I had a nice reply for him, but the next thrust up under my tail turned whatever I was about to say into a higher-pitched 'aah-', soon followed by a second and then a third. I found myself again altering my position, moving my paws further down the wall and jutting my rump out towards him to make it easier for him to drive into me, again and again; his paw around my cock kept it from bouncing and slapping against my belly, which it *would* have done due to the lurching of my body from him fucking me as well as the throbbing of my cock, also due to him fucking me. Never before had I had a mechanic under my tail before; it didn't feel much different from anyone else, but it was still damn good.

The shower was starting to get cold, too, but I didn't notice too much. Each thrust into me sent a wave of electric pleasure through my body, making all my muscles first tighten up and then sweetly relax; and thanks to our size difference, most of his body surrounded me at any given time, with his legs rubbing against mine, his hips against my rump, his paw on my cock, his belly against my lower back...

"You wanna be fucked quickly?" he cooed into my ear. His warm breath tickled the short fur on the inside and made it flick a few times. "Little otter, I'll make you shoot your load like oil from a pierced high-pressure line..."

I had no real idea what that meant, and nor had I a doubt that he both was capable of doing it and fully intended to. This kangaroo must have been pent up all day, given how soon after getting into the shower he'd started enjoying himself with me to find him soon after - and even now I could feel his thrusts start to become a little more urgent and uneven, coupled with a slight increase in the speed of him pawing me off. Soon I was lurching forward and back with his movements, leaning forward with each thrust into me and pressing back each time he pulled out, with each one slamming into me a little bit harder, wedging himself under my tail a little bit more firmly - his breath in my ear, his paw on my shaft, his hips slapping against my rump-

I was the one who finished first, with him starting even before I finished my first spurt. My open-mouthed panting quickly escalated into louder and higher-pitched breathy moans, peaking when the first of my cum shot out against the tile wall in front of me - and then Oz let out a low grunt and pressed deep into me, and I could feel *his* orgasm through the throbs of his cock under my tail, only making me finish off even harder-

"You into watersports?" he asked, before all of the bright pleasure had faded from rippling through my body. All I could do was give a weak nod, and then was about to ask why - when I got my answer: he slid out of me, making me lean forward and bite back a soft gasp, and then began to empty his bladder over my back. His piss was very warm in comparison to the now cool water of the shower (shit, I'd have to actually get clean now), and had I not just been exhausted from one of the strongest orgasms I'd had in a while, I would've quickly turned around and provided an eager muzzle for him to aim into. All I had the energy to do, however,



was grasp at the wall to try to find a handhold and lean over to allow him to cover as much as my back as possible with his mark, taking an indulgent pleasure in the warmth.

"Been holding it in all day..." he breathed, and tilted his stream down towards my tail. I lifted it for him, and then inadvertently moved forward when I felt the first of the splash against my slightly-stretched tailhole. "I was actually just about to take care of it when I heard you ring the bell out there, and... well, the customer comes first."

"Yeah," I panted. "*This* time, the customer came first..."

At least he was nice in that he spent a little extra time afterwards (his bladder was pretty damn full, given how long it took for him to finish that - the next night I regretted letting such a load of piss go to waste) and helped me shampoo my fur and get most of the scent out. My legs were weak from being fucked like that, so Oz picked me up again and then brought me to his bedroom instead of the guest one, where we both climbed into bed naked and still damp and spent a little bit of time talking.

"I've been doing some thinking..." he said, arms up behind his head. I could clearly see the outline of his plump sheath beneath the thin bed sheets, and even considered going down on him right there... "It's really not too much of a hassle, so... I can get the part tomorrow and fix your car for you, no charge."

"Thanks, but..." I reached over and set a paw into the fur of his chest. He looked over at me. "...if I wake up before you, am I allowed to then wake you up, too?"

"Hm? Why?"

"So I can pay you back." I grinned. "You're not the *only* one good with his paws and tongue..."