

Lukas could feel the weight in his lower belly growing throughout the day. At first it was nothing more than just that, just a *thing* he had noticed; then around lunch it became a bit of a pleasurable annoyance, the familiar fullness and warmth sloshing around with each movement; then in early afternoon it began to strain and push on him, with his drive home close to torture with the way the seat belt squeezed around his belly and pressed on his overfull bladder. That had all been part of his plan, though, after seeing a certain rather enticing video during his “private time” before bed the previous night.

Finally at home, the first thing the otter did after turn his car off was sit back in his seat, release the seat belt, and enjoy the lightened pressure for a moment. Then he stood up and started up towards the door, on the way there slipping a paw into his pants and underwear to check to see if there had been any sort of *leakage*. It took him sliding his supple foreskin back with a finger and thumb and then rolling it forward over another finger pressed against his head to make sure, the natural faint humidity there gathered with a bit of wetness that very likely could have just been the result of his detour to the bathroom today to enjoy the growing pressure, though he had stopped himself before he had gone too far and painted the inside of the workplace toilet bowl.

The second thing he did, as soon as the front door closed behind him, was toss his things to the side and then make his way back to the bathroom, already working at stripping his shirt off. He had long since made it a routine to hit the bathroom right after he came home from work, so already his body was responding and expecting the release – and by the time that door closed behind him he had to intentionally squeeze and clench to keep everything in, especially once he moved to undo his pants fly and shift them down his legs. Usually he stopped here, in front of the toilet with his fly open and underwear down, and he’d roll his foreskin all the way back and breathe a sigh of relief as all the water he had take in since lunch made its way back out through him – but this time he continued past the toilet, towards the tub.

Every single wasted second warred at him, the urgency digging into his loins, the pressure and need almost burning inside his belly, the desire making his tail flick and his footpaws bounce and his knees push together. Lukas glanced over his shoulder to double-check he had closed the door and then, carefully, reached forward to begin lowering himself into the tub, taking in a sharp gasp at the sensation of the cold surface through his thick fur. He slid down along the smooth tile, continued on until his head came level with the top of the tub and his legs stretched up by the faucet... and then, also carefully, slid down further, gripped the edge with his paws, held on – and swung his legs up and over his head, footpaws and toes finding the wall behind his head and pushing his lower body more closely down over him.

It was a little painful, of course, the bottom of the tub grinding against his neck and upper back, but again, it would be *worth it*. Already he could feel the pressure growing and peaking in this position, the otter bent over himself, legs spread over his head, rudder hanging down behind him with the cool air of the bathroom caressing his bare body... he hadn’t been keeping up on his stretches and as such couldn’t get as *close* as he wanted, but still, this was good enough. Lukas looked up, swallowed, pulled in as much a breath as he could in this twisted position, then with a thumb angled his still mostly-soft shaft forward; then he pushed, relaxed, pushed again...

...and *relaxed* as that hot pressure began to dribble, then leak, then stream out of his overfull bladder, the relief and need fueling and giving it strength even though the position tried to prevent it. His own mark, light and fast yet still distinctly musky and salty, caught across his chin and cheek, and then his

muzzle as well. Lukas closed his eyes and sighed, enjoying the feeling of his day's volume of piss as it streamed through him, foreskin still forward, the soft, supple length of his overhang warmed and filled by the rush. Lukas spread his toes against the wall to push himself closer together, at the same time aiming his stream down his chest and then up again, the hot liquid already trickling into a pool around him and dripping towards the drain; then he brought it up towards his muzzle again, closed his eyes, pursed his lips against it, felt it spray and splash against his lips and nose, and then... and then he parted his lips and let his tongue hang out.

Diluted as it was he could still quite clearly taste the salt and sourness, enough to make his nose curl along with the scent stinging his nostrils. *I'll have to cut back on the tea a bit...* he thought, the acidity stinging his tongue and throat when he tried swallowing that half-mouthful. Lukas closed his mouth and swallowed the rest, then with his forefinger and thumb slid his thoroughly-moistened foreskin back, causing the stream to briefly pinch off and then spray across his muzzle, becoming sharper and thinner rather than the thick flow from before. This time he tilted his head back to receive his mark across his chin and neck and then, slowly, lowered his legs back down to relax in his own puddle, already cold from the tub around him.

Lukas rested a paw behind his head for support and pushed a bit more, his stream dwindling a bit from his growing arousal. He sighed softly and rolled his foreskin forward again, the skin slickened from that thin coating of musk and mark, then pushed it back. He aimed up, felt it soak into his chest, squeezed again to try to make it bounce across his tongue, rolled his foreskin forward and back again... and then, stream finally dripping off to its last, he reached down with that other paw, slid it between his legs, worked his own mark into the fur of his sack and groin, and settled in to enjoy his own scent swirling and clouding around him.

He usually ended his work day with a warm shower, anyway.