

Treetop Shorts Collection
Just Another Day at the Beach
For Ratchet Sly

By Smokescale Aquatos

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Alanis huffed as she lounged in the sun. The sound of the waves crashing on shore, the gulls crying overhead, and a gentle breeze washing over her was all that she could hear. It was dull. Relaxing, but dull. Sometimes an unpopulated stretch of beach was nice, and other times it was unbelievably, unbearably, inescapably, unconscionably dull. Oh what she wouldn't give to have something to do or someone to talk to. The otter's complaints were quickly dissolved away as the distant sound of labored footfalls in the sand reached her ears. Finally! It wasn't like him to be late! The lady sat up quickly and adjusted her crimson bikini just barely containing her impressive chest. As she climbed to her feet, the breeze caught her hair, just as fiery as her rather scant clothing, fading into a brilliant pink.

Her eyes fell on the approaching figure, masculine but slim, a red panda with a somewhat bookish look to him, and a swell in his trunks that left her drooling. He was quite massive, and that was just what the fertility goddess liked to see. With a bit of a sway to her hips, Alanis left her little lounging site in favor of the company this fellow promised to be. She had seen him several times before, but not once had either of them spoken. The red fellow took note of the otter's approach and offered a smile, stumbling slightly here and there as he hauled his beach gear along with him, hindered somewhat by his rather generous endowments.

"Hello. Beautiful day isn't it?"

Alanis nodded, coming within a friendly distance as she answered, "Oh yes, gorgeous. Need any help with that?" She pointed to his folded chair, his stack of towels, a bag slung over his back, and a small cooler he carried. A little ambitious for just one person but he preferred to make as few trips as possible.

"A little help would be wonderful." He stopped and set down his things to readjust his situation, both what he carried and what he 'carried'. The sleek woman stepped in and collected his chair and towels, offering him relief from part of the load.

"Was wondering if you were going to show up today. You're usually a bit earlier than this."

The panda gathered the remaining belongings and resumed his walk, "I am?" He blushed, "I suppose so. I had an unexpected holdup on the way. But I'm here now and I have the rest of the day free to enjoy the sun and surf. I take it you've been watching me?"

"You could say that," the lady smirked a little, letting the fellow lead on to wherever he planned on setting up camp, "I'm here pretty often. After a while you start to take note of other regulars. I'm Alanis, pleasure to meet you." Of course, she wasn't about to mention the real reason why he

had caught her eye. But then again, with such robust size, he could likely guess why most would approach him.

"Zi Quang. The pleasure is mine, Mrs. Alanis. I think here is fine." He came to a stop and set his things down, beginning to arrange his little relaxation spot.

"Just Alanis, you don't have to call me 'Miss' or anything. Not fond of titles. And what do I call you? Zi? Or Quang?" Truth be told, she would be happy calling him a cute pet name.

"Zi works well enough, and Alanis it is. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Just looking for a bit of company is all. You're the only other person around and talking to myself makes me look crazy no matter how entertaining it might be." The comment brought a snicker from them both. The otter began helping her new friend set up his things and soon he had his arrangement just the way he wanted it.

"Well, I don't see a problem with providing a lady the company she's interested in. You say you come here often, I think I've seen you about a few times before. Quite hard to miss someone as lovely as you." He blushed, somewhat embarrassed to let such an admission slip.

Alanis just smiled all the brighter and took his hand in hers, giving it a fond squeeze, "Well thank you. I have to say, it's hard to miss you as well. Before you get settled in, would you like to go for a little walk?"

"I don't see why not. Lead on Mrs. Alanis," He paused and corrected himself "I'm sorry; Alanis. I'm used to being more formal."

"It's okay, but if you do it again, I might have to do something to make it stick a little better," She offered Zi a little wink, "Maybe a goose on the butt." A sample of this curious punishment was provided, the pinch making the panda jump lightly and his eyes widened in time with his yelp.

"Right, I'll try to remember."

Oh it was going to be fun teasing him. The pair turned and walked along, arms intertwined, toes splaying nicely in the warm sand. Conversation came easily for the otter, but her companion seemed a touch timid, as though he had little experience with such social interactions. She found she had to coax him into talking often times. Eventually, they reached a gazebo built out over the water, the wooden walkway leading out to it painted in a crisp, clean, pale blue. There were three cushioned benches providing a place to rest for anyone who visited, which the couple took advantage of, settling comfortably to enjoy the glorious weather.

"So, I'm going to just go ahead and put this out there since I'm sure you get people talking about it a lot. You're packing something mighty big. I'm impressed." The otter smirked, stifling a giggle as she watched Zi blush all the deeper.

"Yes... yes it is quite something. Is that why you came over to see me?"

"Partly. Partly because you've been coming out here so often I wanted to get to know you. What better way than to have a little fun? Care to show me what you can do with that monster of yours?"

Zi's cheeks burned brightly as the notion was finally brought to mind, "I... but... we've only just met."

"So? A lady's entitled to skipping the formalities if she wants to, isn't she?" A hand caressed across the swollen bulge between the panda's thighs. He shivered and bit back a moan.

"I... I suppose so, but-" His attempt to protest was cut short by the amorous otter, her hands diving in past the waist of his trunks, held fast by their drawstring.

"Then no harm done." Immediately she began to squeeze and stroke over his enormous spheres, each one nearly the size of a soccer ball. They were firm but yielded just softly, and incredibly warm. Their owner moaned and trembled as his legs found their way further apart. The lady's fingers continued to dance across his gentleman's region, moving to focus on his rather large manhood. Already he was beginning to swell much to her delight. Deftly she untied his trunks and began to pull them down, exposing his 'gifts'. Once all was free to the open air, she stood and reached around behind her, untying her own garments, the top coming loose to unveil her heavy breasts. The bottom came next, providing Zi with a grand view of her unclothed form.

"Y-you're quite beautiful, Mrs. Alanis." He winced as he realized he had done it again. The otter simply grinned as she pressed in close, her supple bosom mashed to his chest, their lips brushing so closely to one another.

"I told you not to call me that. I'm going to have to punish you now." She had thought about it on the way to the gazebo. With his reaction to the sudden turn of events and how slowly he was 'reacting' below, she knew exactly how. Down the lady slipped, dropping gradually to her knees before the seated 'firefox', keeping her eyes aimed upwards at his jade pools. They were so very lovely. Soon, she was forced to break eye contact, leaning forward and pressing her lips to the head of the very member she had been so eagerly teasing earlier. She pushed down upon it gently, trailing her tongue about the smooth thing and down along its mass. As she dragged the fleshy organ hidden behind her lips across him, Zi moaned and slouched in his seat. His eyes closed and he began to writhe ever so slightly, not used to diving into such things so quickly. Not that he was complaining.

Gradually, a thick mast rose from between the crimson fellow's thighs. It rose and rose, forcing Alanis back from her sealed kiss of his groin. Her lips caressed the exposed flesh, warm and throbbing in time with his quickening heartbeat. Thin trickles of clear musk began to seep down the growing beast, taking little time at all to reach what could easily have been roughly an arm's length, and quite girthy. Seeing just how well endowed Zi was, the otter squealed with delight, standing and returning her lips to his member, trying her very best to work it into her jaws. It didn't take much effort; clearly she had done this before with others of similar bulk.

The panda continued to groan, unable to bring himself to stop her teasings and affections as the throbbing in his groin grew stronger. A hand reached down to caress those ample spheres, the otter adoring their size and weight. A firm swallow drew much of the twitching rod past the lady's lips, bulging her throat visibly. She moved the hand from his weighty scrotum, hanging well over the edge of his seat halfway to the ground, and began to stroke the swell in her neck. The owner of the mast creating that swell gasped as he felt her press against it through her own flesh. Something about it brought a new level of absurdity to the moment that he drank in along with the rest of her slow, passionate embrace.

A cry of elation rose from the panda as he felt her swallow again, somehow managing half of his massive manhood. She simply cooed and grinned around the musky thing, lapping away tenderly as she pushed him closer and closer to orgasm. Closer and closer he inched, threatening to explode as he twitched and wriggled away in his seat. He had to warn her. It was only fair.

"I... I'm about to... oh god... there's going to be so much! You... you might choke!"

Initially Alanis dismissed this, having dealt with such voluminous floods before, but then a thought hit her. She immediately began to retreat off of his spire, licking the very tip clean just in time for him to go rigid and a spasm to claim the monstrous length. She had managed to pull away before she pushed him too far. This was only the trailer before the film so to speak. He leaked more of that salty clear ooze she had been drinking, and leaked heavily, offering a few thin wisps of white amidst the flow. He panted strongly, trying to relax and ease himself down off of the peak he had almost been brought to.

"Ooo, you were just about to pop, weren't you?" She winked as the frustrated male nodded. He felt the tensing between his legs soften and finally come to a halt, his mast standing proud and tall, but perfectly still much to the lady's pleasure, "I probably could have handled it, but I wanted to try something else. It's not often I get someone who's so--potent I suppose is a good word. I want to see if we can pull off something I rather enjoy." With that, the lady turned about and moved to lean against the railing of the gazebo, grinning back at the panda over her shoulder, tail flicking to one side, exposing a soft, inviting pucker just above her lovely petals.

"You... you want me to..."

"Yup, the whole thing, under the tail. Don't be stingy about it either. Show me just what you can do." She winked a coy, little wink and spread her legs a bit further. Zi nodded hesitantly and stood, crossing the space between them before running a hand across the otter's shapely rump. He drank in the sight of her, the feel of her pelt in his hand, and the memory of the warmth of her mouth around his shaft. Surely it would be even warmer tucked away where she requested. A soft murmur of approval rose out of the lady and she twitched again, inviting him to begin.

Carefully, Zi angled his raging spire just under the lady's wide, rudder-like tail. Pressure built as he leaned forward hearing her moans of lust. With only little effort, her muscular entrance parted and welcomed him. He gasped as he felt her stretch easily around him. Her vocalizations shredded even the tiniest doubt that he might be hurting her. Inch after inch of the grand thing disappeared into the dark, tight recesses of her bowels. A swell made itself known in the lady's

abdomen, distending and growing with every millimeter of his entry. She shivered happily and hissed in delight, running a hand across the smooth, long bulge. Zi shivered as well feeling her stroke along the odd shape her fur had taken. It felt marvelous.

Soon, the feeling of hips against rump came and the panda's pendulous orbs below found their way neatly tucked between Alanis' knees. He was completely in, and it felt tremendous. It wasn't often he came across someone who could handle him, and so easily. It stirred something deep inside him he didn't expect to find again. He growled softly as he withdrew, pulling so much of himself free. The relatively cool air was unpleasant compared to the delicious heat of the otter's body. With a firm buck, he slammed home once more. It took Alanis' breath away, the sudden dominance shocking and delighting her. The lady flexed her rump, squeezing the monster inside as she moaned with every hammering pound Zi swung into her.

He was already so very close. It probably wouldn't take long at all, much to the girl's displeasure, but then she could just ride him again later. Her pants came loud and swift as she felt that intruder push so deep, leaving her breathing labored. Oh how she loved it when they could reach into her chest like that. The heavy drooling from earlier returned, slicking the dark passage as she bucked back against him, eager for everything he could give. Just as expected, in only a few short moments, the demanding, the insistent, the suddenly commanding red panda groaned as a thick splash gushed forth, the first of many.

Instantly the lady's belly swelled further, stretching to hold in what promised to be quite the hefty load. In an impressive display of elasticity, she continued to bulge, her middle gurgling as so much seed filled every crevice it could find, even managing to spill into her stomach. A burp was forced to her lips as the sudden welling up inside her compressed what air there already was. She grinned as she tasted hints of Zi's manly release on her own breath. Her lungs continued to fight against the added pressure, even as it continued to grow, her abdomen now sagging below her knees. It would be difficult to walk with that kind of bulk. As she strained to hold it all back, she felt the battle getting the better of her. Warmth trickled up her throat and she shut her mouth tightly, unable to prevent the inevitable.

The otter's cheeks bulged until she could stand it no longer and a wave of creamy white gushed from her lips, pouring down onto the wooden floor below. Finally, just as the 'waterfall' began, Zi's bucking rod came to a halt. His chest rose and fell softly with the exertion he had just put forth. Surely Alanis was going to be unhappy with him.

"Sorry, I did try to warn you."

"Yeah you did," She hiccupped, licking strings of his musk from her lips, "Think you'll be held up again tomorrow? I dunno if I'd be able to deal with you being late again. A fertility goddess has needs after all." She grinned, running a hand across her sloshing, cum-filled belly.

His eyes widened, his pupils shrinking to pinpoints, "Fertility goddess!?"

Alanis nodded and leaned back, twisting about impressively to kiss him on the cheek, "Yep!"