

The world-setting (containing Bentonsburg, Pellamagutchi River, and other landmarks within this story's context), and the characters of Benton Blackhoof, Martin Malbury, and Maximilian "Max" Toale are owned by Sylvan Scott. Themes include m/m, exhibitionism, hyper, growth, paws, and masturbation. This story may not be shared or edited without the express written permission of the author.

This is not a good story. It's "stroke" material. I've not written one of these in ages so—well—here it is. Enjoy it for what it is. No real depth or skill, here. Just ... a scene. Just a character. Just sex.

Reservoir

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No one knew what happened to the reservoir. I grew up near there and I can tell you: no one in the neighborhood has any more idea than the cops, politicians, or city planners. It wasn't destroyed and it didn't vanish. The physical structure didn't magically disappear. After it suddenly went empty, it remained that way. There wasn't a hole in the bottom and the sides were unbroken. Pipes and construction weren't damaged. The water was gone and it wouldn't hold more.

There had been a meteor shower the previous night. A big one had come down in the area but was never found. There was a big flash, boom, and rumble but no giant space-rock in the aftermath. It left no trace, not even a crater.

People said the two events had to be connected but had no proof. After the meteor shower, the reservoir wouldn't hold water no matter how much rain or water trucks tried to fill it. Hydrologists and geologists were flummoxed. There was nothing to be done. Eventually, the big aquifer project got approved and Bentonsburg started getting its water from ground wells near the Pellamagutchi River.

The old reservoir stayed abandoned.

Over time, the empty interior filled in with heather, ferns, bamboo, birch, and the occasional, scraggly pine tree. Flora notwithstanding, it looked like a steep-sloped, rectangular bowl. As government property, it was off-limits. Nature took up residence and most people stopped thinking about it.

That was why I went up there, last year: for the privacy.

I'm called Benton Blackhoof; an odd surname for a rabbit, I know. I was adopted.

My folks are equine and the name "Blackhoof" used to matter in the right circles. Surname is only one reason I don't fit in. Being a small, gay herbivore in a large, semi-rural farm area sums up the others. The folk are fine with me but I'm still a definite minority. As such, my social life trends to the solitary.

I'm short, even for a rabbit, and rather slender. Sure, I have some muscle but being twinkish with large, round spectacles doesn't help when looking for manual labor jobs. Local employers figure they can be picky. In and around Bentonsburg, with its large herbivore population, such jobs are filled—ninety-five-percent of the time—by equines, bovines, and the like. So, being unemployed, I didn't have any co-workers to join for special occasions. Not really family, either.

I also wasn't seeing anyone.

So, what I'm saying is: at the time this all went down, I had nowhere else to be and no one to do anything with.

New Year's Eve became the perfect opportunity to trespass.

I made my way past the two-decades-old police tape, around an old pump station, over the fencing, and hiked up to the wind-swept ridge surrounding the empty, reservoir basin. It was the ideal, place to watch fireworks.

Both my folks were real work-horses and I, their adopted lapine son, loved them with all my heart. My friends had all been huge: equine, bovine, and cervine; elephants, rams, boars, and even a few, transplanted giraffes. Except for Martin Malbury, my first boyfriend, I didn't even know any other rabbits.

All that's a way of saying I prefer big guys, didn't have any to hang around, and had nowhere else to go on the last night of the year.

It turned out to be a momentous decision.

After a while, the breeze blowing over the reservoir basin's lip made me comfortable. I laid down in the soft, brown heather and closed my eyes. I waited for a few hours, counting the minutes to midnight, and felt an urge I'd not felt in a few years.

Understand: I'm a *bit* of an exhibitionist.

And the Pope is a *bit* Catholic.

Pulling off my clothes, I kicked my over-sized sandals off my furry feet before looking up at the stars: just enjoying being naked. Soft breezes made sweet rustling sounds that my sensitive ears almost made believe were "sweet nothings" being whispered by some invisible, giant lover.

The idea of it made me semi-aroused.

It was still an hour before the midnight fireworks, so ... why not?

I planted my feet against a couple birch saplings and curled my toes against their papery bark. It felt good to press my claws into their trunks. Rabbits aren't known for destroying trees or clawing like felines but I've always been an odd bunny. I'm embarrassed to admit it, but the feeling of something hard beneath the soles of my over-large feet always has been kinda a turn-on.

I slid my hand down my chest, past my abdomen, to the base of my cock and rubbed my sheath. It was already partially drawn back and twitched, eagerly. I squeezed and grinned. Behind my big, round glasses, I half-shut my eyes and imagined a lover, gently stroking me.

Like most rabbits, I'm not particularly hung. But even six inches looks huge on someone five feet tall. The only bit about rabbits—and me, in particular—that was "sizey", was what hung beneath my shaft. Five inches across, each, I had ample surface area for the boys who loved to squeeze and fondle big balls. Three things about my species are big; ears and feet are two of 'em. "Orange-sized" describes the third.

An old boyfriend of mine, Max, liked to say he kept an open mind because new experiences made him fantastic in bed. I can vouch for him. He had introduced me to stroking off in places where I might be discovered.

I'm kinky like that.

I slid my hand down to cup first one, then the other, and squeezed, gently. I imagined Maximilian licking them. I switched it up, going back to stroking myself to a firmer hardness while squeezing my balls. It felt so good that, with my massive feet peeling strips of birch bark as I curled my toes, I started to moan.

Not only did the wind-borne smells and sounds make me feel like one of my wild, primitive ancestors but the idea that I could be discovered at any time by a complete stranger thrilled me. My nose twitched and I groaned again: more deeply.

I lifted my lower back, twitched my powder-puff tail, and imagined Max licking the space beneath my balls. I felt a wetness on my tip which, as the wind blew across it, sent a shiver down my arched spine. I found it hard not to stroke faster. My balls bounced and, as I began to grind my hips against the air, I felt myself about to release.

I felt full: full of not just the lusts and sexual fluids of a horny, mid-twenties rabbit but of life, in general. Back in high school I would jerk off sixteen times a day. Then, in college, that only went up to twenty-four. Call it "stereotypical" or "racist" if you like but even as a rabbit I don't mind being a slut. "Slut", after all, is just a coarse and crass word for "a guy who loves having sex" and that's definitely me.

Besides: I like my dirty words.

I just wished I had a couple eager guys, there, to suck my cock and take my load.

Trust me: there would be enough for two.

I know: that's a lot to swallow.

But as I felt the spurts of pre start to coat my fingers, something happened; something surreal and strange. And, no: it didn't stop me from continuing to pleasure myself.

Above, the stars within the night sky began to swirl. Below, in the depths of the plant-filled, reservoir basin, the ground seemed to do the same. It undulated, like water, and began twisting in a clockwise motion. I felt a heady confusion and kept stroking. It was like being high even though I'd not had anything that day. Then, the strangeness spread into my body.

Inwardly, I felt a tug. It was pull that—for all the world—felt like the most incredible suction. It reached down my urethra into the depths of my balls. I could feel them vibrate beneath my furred finger tips.

Well, I say "balls". I know that's not where most of the liquid comes from. I don't care.

What I felt, in between the spinning earth and sky, was a suction similar to the most eager guy in the world sucking with all his might to extract my climax. It went from tip to base and made every part of me tingle with mounting intensity. Every few moments, it felt like a gurgle of bubbles would tingle in the depths of my balls and spill up and out up the length of my shaft. More pre-cum would escape and dribble from my tip with each rush. I don't know how else to describe it than that "rush-of-bubbles" sensation.

The tugging continued and even started to pull against my whole body.

I began to slide. The sloped sides of the empty reservoir were steep. I had to dig-in lest I slip. My hard-on bent forward and down: pulled towards the basin's center. I wasn't the only thing being pulled towards the swirling center, either. Around me, everything did the same. Every fern and tuft of grass followed suit. Dust began to swirl inwards as saplings and small shrubs bent in the direction of the suction. I gasped and flexed my leg muscles, trying to hold my position. It wasn't easy. Not only was the pull increasing but I was in the middle of the biggest, unseen blow-job of my life.

And then I looked down. I felt ... astonished. Before my eyes, my cock ... well, it started stretching.

I didn't need my eyes to notice—I could feel every distorted inch of flesh as it warped—and gritted my teeth to keep from howling in pleasure. It wasn't painful; it felt like my cock was made from thick rubber and it was being stretched. My balls, too, grew longer in the direction of the reservoir's center. Simultaneously, I could feel fluids within my body start to churn. Pre-cum flowed with increasing volume and I felt myself start to clench and release.

But as I yowled in delight, the torrents that started to come out of me began to feel as if they were increasing. The volume of my ejaculation grew along with the length of my shaft.

Each surge caused a bulge at the base. With my first shot, that bulge travelled up my urethra and, in its wake, left my cock thicker. My balls swelled, too. I bucked my hips and tried to close my eyes, but I couldn't tear my gaze away from what happened, next.

Huge, ropey-thick shots of cum fired from me, pouring out and swirling down amidst the leaves and dust and debris. With each shot, I bucked my hips and watched as my balls swelled and my cock, shortly afterwards. Ten or twelve two-liter bursts later, and I saw my climax starting to coalesce in the basin at the center of the swirling ground.

And, yes: there was that much.

As increasingly huge volumes of ejaculation spewed from my loins, I couldn't help but watch.

My cum gathered in a blobby, spinning ball at the floor of the reservoir. Shot after shot, it accumulated. Gallons began to erupt from me as my shaft stretched to allow the flow.

The sensations increased with my size and my moans became shouts...

My shouts became ecstatic screams.

Still, my cock grew: stretching and thickening with the strange pull and internal pressure. My balls followed suit. I could feel each orb swell and lift my shaft higher. Each reached my knees. My erection passed my ankles and grew as thick as one of my thighs. My hips kept bucking but the increasing weight of my sex soon pinned me from the waist, down.

More and more flowed out from me and I watched as the bottom of the reservoir filled with cum.

The smell of it was all around me: that salty-bitter musk that usually was only so concentrated in a locker room. And although I couldn't move my now-six-foot-long erection, my hips continued to flex and pump. I began to grow tired.

A moment later, my oversized feet lost their grip. I slipped and slid, frantically trying to grab anything, and found myself a dozen feet closer to the bottom before I managed to slam on the brakes. The arch of each of my feet slammed into the bases of thicker, more stable saplings. I stopped my slide and wrapped my toes around those small trees. That's when I felt it: I could feel my feet pumping and swelling, too. My paws began to grow like my shaft and balls.

I'm not ashamed to admit it: I didn't know if I wanted it to stop.

But, that said, I still called out for help.

But who could hear me? No one was near.

I felt bottomless: like all that cum was roiling up from within a deep, dark cavern inside my body—thousands of gallons of it—eager to be sucked out and be replaced with even deeper quantities, within. I kept pulsing and each spasm made my balls and cock and paws, grow.

Below me, thick, gooey white waves washed against the reservoir's sides. Hundreds of gallons

flowed from me as my cock stretched and grew thicker with each load. My balls loomed like bean-bag chairs—taut and full—as my shaft throbbed, purple and hard, the size of two, queen-size beds laid end-to-end.

And it didn't stop there.

By the time my tip had reached the floor of the reservoir, the liquid was at least ten feet deep. My cock was the size of an eighteen-wheeler and my balls...

Well, my balls were each the size of a one-story bungalow.

And that's when it happened.

In the sky, above, fireworks erupted.

The world swam before my vision as a whirlpool formed in the center of the reservoir. All my cum swirled, clockwise, and drained into ... who knows? It was draining away, probably to where all the water went, and vanishing. But I couldn't pay attention.

Honestly, no one could have.

I was too busy passing-out.

All I could think, as my eyes closed, was that this incredible blow-job was about to end with me being sucked into someplace no one had ever seen: a place where things went when the world was through with them. I would never experience anything as intense as this sensation, again, and so—therefore—the world was done with me.

Poetic and pathetic, I know, but that's honestly what I thought.

And, then: I was unconscious.

When I woke up, I was surprised.

I clearly wasn't dead although, at first, I didn't recognize where I was. I'd slid down to the bottom of the reservoir. I was lying there as if I'd simply fallen asleep and ... rolled down the steep incline. My clothes were still above me, snagged on a bush.

But all my cum was gone.

The trees, grass, ferns, bracken, and flora all looked a bit worse for wear, but they were dry. If you looked closely enough, you could see where they were slightly bent towards where the ground-spiral had been. But everything was, more or less, dry. The smell of sex had been replaced by sunrise and flowers.

I looked at my body and my eyes grew wide. I didn't have a truck-sized schlong anymore but damn if it didn't reach my knees, soft! My balls, too, had stayed swollen: the size of small watermelons.

My paws?

Yeah: I now wear a size forty sandal: extra-extra-*extra* wide. With big, rounded toes.

It took me an hour to climb out of the reservoir. I was exhausted and more sated than I could have imagined. I thought that, even with *my* libido, I wouldn't need sex for months. But, that didn't turn out to be true. I was back at the bars the next night hoping to meet a fellow size-queen or two, hoping to share what I'd gained.

And that's my story...

You don't have to believe me. Horses are used to being believed and, as you know, I'm no horse. Everyone calls truthful statements "right out of the horse's mouth". So, yeah, I get why you may not think my sci-fi claims are believable. But you can't deny the proof of your eyes.

My cock is bigger than big; bigger than yours. And my balls are head-sized.

So, if you're still interested in having a fun time, pull your pants down and get over here. It's an hour 'til midnight and I want to experience some serious fireworks. Just remember: if something weird happens: just go with it.

You'll be surprised how much you can gain from a little open-mindedness.

The End