

It was supposed to be a simple beach party.

You got together with a bunch of your friends, visiting your best friend's backyard pool. As you lay on a beach chair and watched the water, soaking in sun, it happened. There was a loud buzzing sound, as your friends all froze where they were, eyes glazing over. The sky began to darken, and above you loomed a large, floating silver disk. All around you, you could hear your friends crying out.

“Hey!”

“Yeah!”

“Woo!”

“They're coming!”

Your friends seemed to know something you didn't, but no one seemed to care to explain. Still unable to fully process what was happening, you gazed up at the sky. Watching as a hatch opened on the silver disk...

And then, falling out of the sky and splashing into the pool, they came.

Each of them had intermixing colorful bodies of white and a neon color. Water glistened off of their bodies as they splashed about in the pool, squeaking as they bounced and rubbed against each other. “Hello there, new friends! Who wants to have some fun?” The otters spread out in front of your vision, each of them rising from the pool and standing at least eight feet in height. You feel a strange sort of dread at seeing their smiling, vacant, pool toy faces... but also a sort of curiosity. Is... is your cock getting stiffer? All around you, your friends cheer.

“Yeah!”

“Now we'll have some fun!”

“Suit me! Suit me!”

“Let's play!”

They're acting like nothing is strange here at all. Even though the air seems to hum with electricity. Even though these strange, shiny, squeaky otter creatures are waddling out of the water like drunk men on stilts. Even though some UFO is floating in the sky above. Your mind races, as you watch with a strange fascination. What was that about “suit me” one of your friends was shouting? In almost no time, you get your answer. As two of the otters, a blue and a green, wobble up to a friend of yours, you see one of them yank his swimsuit down, his cock stiff and... drooling. Your friend smiles up at the pair of otters, as the other one... turns around and reaches for a zipper along their chest. You can't seem to bring yourself to move, as you watch the zipper go down. Ziiriiip. The blue otter's front opening up, revealing what looks like a puffy, poofy, squeaky inside. “It's time to play! Let's play until your mind rots away!” The blue otter says with a giggle and a pat to his eternally grinning snout, as the green otter behind your friend begins to stuff the human inside the blue.

You watch as your friend, his eyes glazed over in a smiling stupor, huffs and shudders as he flops back inside the otter. “Oh! It's so squeaky and soft!” Your friend's hand moves to his cock, before the green otter tugs it away and stuffs the hand into one of the blue otter's arm sleeves.

“None of that, silly human! The fun has begun!” The green otter bounces from one paw to another, giggling and squeaking. You watch as your friend makes no attempt to touch his cock again. He just moans as the otter begins drawing that zipper back down. “The fun where you play and hump and

never cum!” The green squeaks, drawing the zipper down until you can no longer see your friend's face. Until you can no longer see your friend at all. Just their thick cock, poking out of a small hole near the bottom of the zipper. “It's so fun to play all day and melt your brain with horiness. Hip hooray!”

The last thing you saw of your friend's face was a blank sort of euphoric stupor. As if he was so intoxicated with pleasure he couldn't think of anything else. You see as the blue otter suit begins to squeak and strut around... it's motions rubbing the flap on your friend's cock back and forth. His precum dribbling down the otter's chest. It rubs a paw along the slick stuff to make it's own body squeak. “Now now, don't be glum! We'll get a suit around your bum! All of you will make fun playmates! Your brains will melt at our playdates!” The blue otter giggles, bending over to push your friends' cock all the way inside him with one finger. You faintly hear a soft moan from inside it.

The display is disturbing, but at the same time, you can't help but feel your cock throbbing. Watching the otter just... engulf your friend... whatever is going on here, you seem immune. You know you should be panicking, should be raising an alarm... but as you see another of your friends dreamily climbing inside a pink otter, with a giggle, you realize there's no point. “We'll get you edging, wait and see. You'll be so very horny and needy!” The pink otter just grins, as it's inflated, bloated body zips up around another of your friends, the swollen airfolds that make up it's chest pressing up tight around them on all sides. No, there's no hope of raising an alarm. All your friends seem eager... out of it. Mind controlled, even. And you can't help but feel so oddly aroused. Your hand going to your cock, feeling precum soaking into your swim trunks. There's something so oddly hot about all of this... you feel your body quivering with glee as you watch friend after friend pulled into otter suits. Your breathing getting deep and heavy. The disk in the sky blocking the sun, yet you still cannot help but feel hot.

As your friends are pulled into the suits, one by one, the otters engulfing them climb into the pool to play. Their bodies floating within the water, squeaking as they rub their inflated forms against each other. Nose nuzzles and loud squeaks. Bodies gyrating and squirming... all seemingly making your friend's cocks rub back and forth against their air-swollen forms. Precum soaks into the pool, the water taking on a glossy sheen as you hear the otters squeaking and playnig... bouncing up and down, teasing the people inside them with endless pleasure. Sometimes you can even hear your friends moan and groan inside the suits. You can only imagine how it feels to have those puffy, squishy, squeaky suits pushing up against you on all sides, the thick padding swallowing you up. Teasing you on all ends, just like your friends are experiencing. Watching each of your friends get engulfed by an otter, watching the otters move and squirm just to tease their hosts and endlessly edge them... you can't help but shudder and rub your cock against your swimsuit. You haven't even touched the water and you're already getting soaked. Yet in the back of your mind, there's a thought that sticks with you.

You could run.

You could abandon your friends to whatever their fates are, and just flee in the chaos.

Not all of them are suited yet. The otters almost seem to be saving you for last.

But... as frightening as it is, you can't look away. You haven't even driven yourself to cum yet. Almost like you want to edge just as much as the otters want to edge you. You know you could flee, but then you wouldn't get to experience it yourself. And as horrified as you are to realize it, you still know you want to. So you simply watch, teasing your body to keep your attention locked, as the otters suit your friends one by one.

Until at last, a pair of squeaky, squishy paws grab your shoulders from behind. It's time. Despite those paws being inflated air and rubbery silicon, the grip is surprisingly tight. After a few moments, you feel an inflatable nose pushing up against your head, and hear a silly goofy voice whispering in your ear. "You somehow escaped our silly hold on you, so you will feel every little bit of your mind melting, breaking, and regressing as you're pushed to the point of desperation you never thought was possible..."

Your pulse races as a purple otter tugs your swimsuit down, endlessly smiling as he stares up at you. From inside, you hear a friend moan again. He must be enjoying the sounds of the otters telling you how stupid and horny you're going to get. The otters words ring in your ear. "Y-yes! Suit me!" You hear your own voice cry out. You didn't realize you wanted it so badly, but as an orange and a yellow otter lift you up by your shoulders, your body dangling over the lawn chair while your cock dribbles down precum onto it. Their bodies are so soft yet so firm. There's a soft puff of air as you feel your legs gripped at the ankles, feet and then thighs stuffed down into the leg sleeves of the otter you're being fitted into. All around your legs that squeaky, slick, soft pooltoy stuff pushes in on you. Each moment you feel it pressing in against you. Teasing your skin. Sending tickly, pleasant sensations up your spine. You laugh, unable to resist it. Your ass pushes up against what feels like a firm bulge above a seam on the otter's inflatable body. Something pushes gently between your cheeks, buzzing slightly and making your laugh into a moan. "F-feels so good..." An inflatable cocktoy? Just another reason to feel your need building. You groan as the otters yank your arms away from your own drooling cock. Pushing them into the arm sleeves of the otter you'll be wearing soon. There's almost a locking sensation as you feel the otter's body pushing up around your wrists. Almost cutting them off from the rest of your body. You couldn't escape if you tried... not that you're trying. The touch of the otter's innards against your body... the squeaking sound in your ears... the feel of that slick material as your precum smears onto it... it's intoxicating. Euphoric. Your face flushes with heat as you let your body go limp. The otter moving its arms, your arms, both of them one and the same now.

"Now it's time to have some fun! Your endless edging has begun!" Your otter announces into your ears, as the zippers pull up, covering your face up, as you're swallowed into the suit. It's puffy body pushing into your cheeks. You can just barely breathe, but it's all right. You feel the soft squeaky material... whenever you squirm, you can feel that inflatable tip pushing between your cheeks. Each moment is a wonderful bliss, as you feel it stroking and caressing you all over, each squeak paired with pleasure in your mind. The zipper draws downward, folds of the pooltoy otter's body wrapping around your chest... your nipples... your stomach... your groin. You feel it gripping at your cock. The only part of you still getting some air, rock hard and throbbing. Your balls feel so full as your otter suit begins to move, each pawstep making your cock rub against its folds more and more. "I- I love my otter suit..." you feel yourself say. At this point thinking is too hard. It's easier to just focus on the sensations. The feelings of the suit around you as it rubs and strokes your naked body all over. To listen to the squeak and let it push any thoughts out of your mind.

Suddenly the pressure around your cock begins to grow. The rubbing sensations growing faster. The otter is at play! You can feel it making your body bounce around. Jumping from one foot to another, before leaping into the air and splashing into the pool. You can feel the cool water against your cock, as you spurt precum. Each motion of your otter suit seems designed to tease your skin and your cock especially more. Your balls are churning, as you feel the need to cum grow. You can't help but moan again. You want to touch yourself, to stroke your cock to a climax, so very badly! But you can't move... and some part of you doesn't want to.

You just want to stay horny and needy for ever, endlessly edged and locked away inside your

wonderful otter suit.