

The Contractor
by Tredain

The doorbell rang. Another. Ugh. With a resigned sigh I got up from the recliner and walked to the door. One more pain in the ass contractor to deal with. I froze as I opened the door and stared into a rather large toon's barrel chest. The otter dipped his head down, a bright yellow hard hat atop it, and flashed a whiskery smile.

"Morning!" he boomed as he squeezed himself through the doorway. I stumbled back a little then winced when his hard hat tapped the ceiling. The toon was simply massive and wearing next to nothing too; including the hard hat, he only wore a toolbelt and a pair of thick workman's boots. Despite the lack of genitals or muscle definition, as big as he was, it still looked curiously erotic. Erotic? No. Out of place, that's what I meant, it was ridiculous to think a toon could be sexy. He clutched a clipboard in one big paw.

"Here to inspect the lot before we begin," he boomed, his voice like boulders colliding.

"Oh uh, sure sure, right this way out back." I gestured toward the french doors that led out to the patio.

He smiled, tipped his hat, and proceeded down the hall. His top heavy body strutted with a swagger only someone of his physique, even a flattened, smoothed toon physique, could manage. But goodness was his ass shapely; firm, round cheeks beneath that thick, swaying... I blinked, wondering why I was staring at a toon's hind end, which, upon a second look, was just flat, no cheeks. Toons weren't supposed to be sexy.

I rubbed at my eyes and followed him, watching him squeeze through the doors without breaking the frame. His body squeaked and compressed like he was a balloon being pulled through and even bounced lightly as he popped out. He paused and surveyed the sprawling backyard and the large square lot that had formerly held the tool shed.

"Not a bad spot," he noted as he rubbed one paw over his rugged chin, a five o'clock shadow where I hadn't noticed before. I blinked and it was gone. So I blinked again. He checked his clipboard.

"So you're wanting a... Guest house?" he looked down with those big brown eyes and smiled as his tail swayed. He cut an imposing figure in the morning light. Something in me wanted to drop to my knees then and there.

"Uh, yessir,"

That rugged chin was back and he smirked. Did he have more hair? Toons usually didn't have chest hair. I rubbed at my eyes and he proceeded to walk around the lot, making notes on the clipboard.

"Didn't wake you up, did I?" he asked in a friendly, even slightly teasing, tone.

"Oh uh, no Sir, I've been up a couple hours but uh, I guess I am a little tired, Sir."

Why was I suddenly calling him Sir? What was his name, even? I reached one hand out.

"I'm Cyril, by the way."

One big toon paw closed around my hand and I felt that it could have squished me like a bug as it squeezed my fingers in one of the firmest handshakes I've ever had.

"Sir will do," he rumbled and I felt it through the air and through his handshake all the way into my bones. I felt like jelly. Most of me, anyway.

"Y-yessir," he let go of me, then stretched his arms up and let out a happy groan. Those thick muscles flexed, ripped hairy pecs tightening up, washboard abs turning to chiseled stone, his fat cock flopping openly in the morning air over two grapefruit sized balls.

I gawked.

Then he brought his arms down and I wasn't sure what I was gawking at. He was just a big cute toon.

"Awful nice place you've got Cyril. Fresh air, lot of green, lot of... Privacy," the word rolled off his lips and tickled me deep down. My face felt red hot as I nodded dumbly, about the only thing I

could do as I followed along behind him walking the perimeter of the lot.

"Should be easy enough, we can take the fence down to bring in some of the heavier equipment, get a slab going. You gonna want plumbing?" he clapped a paw down on my shoulder and I couldn't help but stare at how thick his arm was, the muscles solid and veiny. He gave a little squeeze to my shoulder to get my attention.

"Oh uh yes Sir, plumbing." Why was talking around him getting so difficult? He was just a silly toon. Then a thought struck "Uh, are your crew going to be...?"

Another big whisker framed smile.

"Professional? You bet. Company wouldn't have subcontracted to us if we weren't. I know everything you hear about toons, but my crew, we're.. a cut above the rest,"

His chest flexed up, thick, hairy, wide. I wanted to rub my fingers over it and through that thick hair.

"Yessir."

I stared dumbly at that ridiculous slab of otter flesh, every thick curve, the way the black hairs curled up through the soft cartoon pelt, his nipples thick and full and at attention.

"I think you'll like my crew, Cyril," he spoke in that velvety rumble but all I could do was stare at that magnificent chest. "We have our fun, but we'll get your project done under budget and on time, I guarantee it."

I nodded, moving closer, wanting to bury my face into that hard chest, to get on my knees and worship this walking muscle god, to feel his body against mine. Something pressed into my hands. I blinked. I looked down at the clipboard Sir had pressed into my hands, a pen tucked to one side and several pages lifted up with a big X at the bottom of the one shown.

"My survey is finished. If you'd just like to sign to confirm we can get everything underway," he said with a cheery chirp. I scribbled, trying to think where the last several minutes had gone. He snatched the clipboard back.

"Good, thank you kindly. I think you'll be very happy once everything is done"

I rubbed at my eyes.

"When... When can you start, Sir?"

The otter smiled, the clipboard nowhere to be found, and he curled one thick arm around me.

"Well I gotta take my notes back to the home office," he said as he walked, the faint scent of his underarm, a manly, salty tang, making my nose twitch. It got stronger with every step. "They'll draw up an estimate, present it to you, and if the quote is acceptable we'll be over to start."

I nodded along, not noticing we were in the house, Sir seeming even bigger inside the small hall. The arm came off of me.

"That all sounds.. Great. I uh, never really considered a bunch of toons would.." I trailed off as he turned me to face him. The rugged five o'clock shadow was back and his brown eyes stared into me. He smirked.

"Toons can do a lot more than you think. Now how bout you get down on your knees like you've been wanting to since you opened that front door of yours," he commanded in a silky growl.

My knees hit the carpet and I stared up over his hard, hairy body with my mouth slightly agape. He grinned down. He was gargantuan. Gone were the soft, smooth lines. It was fine detail, head to toe, looking more real, more tangible than I'd ever seen a toon. Veins stood out on his muscles, the black curly hair was now a dense forest across his chest leading to a treasure trail down to his groin, with a thick bush around the long, fat cock and big balls I'd glimpsed earlier. And he was still 'dressed' in just the hard hat, tool belt, and boots. It made him seem so much more naked, so much more taboo. He scrubbed at his rugged chin in one hand.

"Go on. I don't bite," he ordered. My hands reached out and settled on his solid thighs. The soft pelt of fur was still there but underneath the muscles were like stone. Firm, thick, and warm to the touch. He could crack walnuts between those thighs. I let my fingers run up and down to feel over his

legs. I leaned in closer until my face pressed against his abs. I know I moaned because I got louder when his hand pressed me against them and rubbed me up and down that hard stomach, teasing lower until my chin tapped his soft tube of a cock.

One roll of his hips and his fingers gripped my hair to help press his crotch up to meet my face. His dark curly bush tickled across my nose and lips as his member throbbed to life against my cheek. He held me in place so he could twist his hips and lightly tap the long cock against me, feeling like a deli salami as it firmed up and telescoped out.

"Haven't seen a cock like this have you?" he asked, but didn't really expect me to answer because he smothered me up against his nuts. Every inch of him was hard, hairy, and hot to the touch. I moaned against the heavy sac with each nut to either side of my face. His fingers let go of my hair and his dick laid across the top of my head. Sir set his arms akimbo as he stared down at me, then lightly tapped one heavy boot against the carpet.

"Mmm, you're over dressed. Fix it," he commanded. My shirt came up and over my head first, I kicked off my shoes and fumbled to get my belt and pants off as fast as I could. He waited and watched, his dick hard and just as big as the rest of him. The thick tip leaked.

He could put horses to shame. He certainly put me to shame, a point he surely realized when I stared at his long, veiny cock and then down at my own rock hard endowment. He smirked wickedly, like he'd seen my expression a hundred times before, and only answered by reaching down to stroke himself slowly and deliberately. The purple tip leaked considerably and soon the whole rod was glistening in the morning light beaming in from the living room.

Then he turned. I was presented his broad chiseled back and another look of his perfect, muscular ass as his tail swayed over my head. The cheeks were perfectly round, with just a bit of hair trailing up each side of the crack. Sir stepped into the living room and beckoned me with one finger. I crawled after him with my eyes stuck to that gorgeous otter ass. He paused beside the couch, settling his hands to one arm, and spread his legs as he hiked his thick rudder tail up.

"Kiss it," he growled. I kept crawling until my face plowed right up between those firm, furry cheeks. I sank nose first into that crack.

His cheeks rose up to either side of my face and that rudder tail covered my head until I was buried in the hairy, furry flesh. My hands squeezed at the back of his thighs, prompting Sir to bend his knees until his weight rested back against me, grinding me into his ass. My nose found the toon's tight pucker before my tongue but I pressed up and kissed it as commanded. It tightened up, both cheeks clamping down against my face, and Sir rocked against me. I lashed my tongue at the hot hole over and over, eager to please the towering adonis and feel his body against mine. My fingers traced along his powerful legs and even up to his cheeks, getting a grip to spread them wide while my tongue stroked across his hot twitching hole.

"Would almost believe you'd done this before," he practically purred as he leaned more and more weight back to keep me pressed as deep as I could go. I wriggled my face between his cheeks, the heat of the valley, the masculine scent tingling my nose, every inch of me was on fire with excitement at being dominated by this toon

I gasped for breath when he suddenly pulled up. His tail swayed side to side and that magnificent ass rose away from my face, only to be replaced by the toon's monster cock as he turned and set back on the arm of the couch. It hung out and down, standing up under its own power but so heavy it couldn't help but droop. A long thick thread of precum oozed from the wide mushroom head and the veiny shaft was still slick.

Sir rubbed one paw over his chest until he finished with one nipple between his fingers, pinching and twisting the nub while I stared down the barrel of his cock. It throbbed once, jumping up to smack my chin. His free paw came down and gripped it so he could smear more of the clear goo over my lips and face. He finished by pressing the wide tip to my lips and for a moment, deep down, a part of me wanted to panic. No way I could take him, take his girth, not without dislocating something.

But he smirked down at me and with one thrust popped my mouth open around its firmness.

All I could think of was him squeezing through the french doors earlier. It pressed my tongue flat and drove across the roof of my mouth before going down my throat. My eyes went wide but both of his paws cupped my face and held my in place as he pushed his hips forward. My throat bulge, I could feel every inch pushing into me and down my esophagus. My nose dug into the bushy pubes and he smiled down as I glanced up.

"I love when you humans give me that look," he chuckled, then pulled back with a long wet slurp and thrust back in. I thought I might gag or need to fight for air but surprisingly, I felt nothing, nothing except that long, hot tube pressing inside and fucking my face. Sir closed his eyes and just pumped his hips, letting his fat balls slap at my chin with abandon as he got lost in a steady rhythm. I was nothing but a sleeve for that fat wet cock, tasting the shaft as it drove into me again and again, long full strokes pulling almost completely out then hilding into me. I trembled, I'd never felt so used. It was an absolutely amazing feeling.

He pulled out with a wet slurp, his dick wet with my saliva and his own pre. He immediately stroked one paw along it and I panted for air, my cheeks glowing red and my eyes a little glazed. I wanted it back in me.

Sir snapped his fingers and pointed to the open plot of carpet in the middle of the living room. I crawled to the spot and bent my chest down to the carpet while I put my ass up in the air.

"Mmm damn, I love that even more," the big otter chuckled and dropped to his knees behind me, making the floor quake ever so slightly. One paw squeezed at my bare ass and I let out a long, loud moan. Another, louder, one came out of me when the fat, wet pole of his slapped down between my cheeks. He laid it over my crack and let it slide up my lower back, letting me feel just how long it was and making myself marvel it had fit all the way down my throat.

"Yeah, it fit. And it's going to fit in this end too," he said, reading my mind and making me blush even more furiously. My heart felt like it was pounding up inside my ears. He sawed his cock back and forth, letting it ride up my lower back and slide along my spine before he pulled back. All the way back. Then the fat, blunt head of his cock pushed into my open valley and right up against my hole.

"Ah," I gasped. He was huge. Even though he'd just miraculously fucked his throat there was still that primal part of my brain that knew he was just too big. I gritted my teeth as he leaned his weight in and that fat prick started to stretch my hole. The tight ring protested and burned a little at the intrusion.

"Oh god," I gasped.

"Mmm, I said Sir will do," the big otter chuckled and settled his paws to either side of my waist. He curled his fingers around me, again giving me the impression he could just keep going until his hands touched together with me in the middle, and pushed in. The fat, slick tip opened me up and started to feed inch after inch inside me. I curled my fingers and toes to grab up handfuls of the carpet to grip as that monster cock sank into my ass. In between breathes I managed little gasps and groans.

"Ffffuck yes," Sir growled when he hilted into me and I could feel that dense bush of pubes rubbing up against my bare ass. Every inch was inside me, throbbing, wedging me open, leaking inside me, his fat balls pressed flush to my taint. "Perfect fit."

He wasted no time in fucking me. His powerful hips yanked back and slammed back into me, that wonderful, ridiculous cock pulling out then hilding again, his paws keeping me held in place as he pumped my ass fast and hard. My legs spread wider and I pushed back into it, I couldn't get enough of that big cock, I didn't want it to stop plugging me. I moaned, long, loud, and as often as his cock slammed inside me, leaving me near breathless. I'd never been so full nor fucked so hard. His croch bounced off my cheeks and I could hear the muted thump every time they impacted along with the wet slurp of that thick cock invading me.

"Ahhh!" I nearly screamed and trembled, my own cock trembling and jumping and suddenly I

was cumming, every thrust milking out another squirt out of me. I braced into the carpet and shuddered as he just kept pounding in and out. He had to have known when no more came out of me because the big otter suddenly growled and hooked his arms under me. Without even stopping his thrusts he suddenly lifted me up and stood up, my back against that hairy barrel chest and my legs up, leaving my ass to hang down and bounce on his cock as he thrust up.

I squealed! Without the carpet, without anything to clutch to, I was just a toy to slide up and down his dick, everything focused on my ass being violated by this monster toon. He hugged my knees to my chest and kept thrusting again and again, his balls swinging up to slap my taint.

"Against the wall," he growled into me ear, his thrusting getting faster and more erratic. With one arm against my chest he let my legs down, only to bring me to the wall and press me into it, still drilling my ass.

"That's it, that's it, oohhh yeeeeesss," the otter hissed, mashing his groin into my cheeks, pinning one hand to my back. He thrust once more, as hard as he could to the point it shook the house, before I felt a blossom of warmth, his cock harder and deeper in me than I thought possible. It jumped and jumped, knocking around inside my tunnel and spurting deep into me. I groaned loudly, letting my head press to the wall, before he yanked out with a wet splurt, cum running down my legs instantly as so much followed out, and his cock was still going! Hot ropes splashed up my ass and lower back, his paw working to pump the rest of his load all over my open holes and against my thighs. I could only stand there and trembled as he hosed me down.

"Ohhh, needed that," Sir let out a happy sigh as he let his dick flop down, several thick drops still oozing out the tip and to the floor. He smirked and looked me over. "I'll bring the estimate to you soon. I know you'll find it agreeable."

One firm paw smacked my ass and I let out a little gasp before I sank to my knees; I didn't think my legs were going to hold me up.

"Y-yes Sir," I mumbled.

"Well okay! You have a nice day," the soft, nice version of Sir was back, the clipboard tucked under his arm and no sign of nipples or genitals or anything untoward. I blinked.

I was clothed. I was in the hallway. The big otter was squeezing his way out the door. I furrowed my brow and glanced over at the living room. Spotless.

"I'll uh, see you soon, Sir," I gave a little wave as he smiled and closed the door behind him. Silence settled in and I had the strangest feeling wash over me, like a lot more time had passed. And for some reason my ass felt sore.

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed.)

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