

Scottio was having a great day at the beach. The sun was out, the waves were rolling gently across the sand, and the dudes were hella hot and wearing only the bare minimum of clothing. The horse boy's eyes scanned the crowd as he laid back on the beach. Each dude seemed hotter than the last. He couldn't believe his luck today.

Scott's lurid perusal of the beach-going populace was going so well until suddenly the equine's gaze fell upon an undeniably sexy otter. Scott's dick gave a slight twitch and his heart sunk. He was hoping to have a nice, quiet afternoon of uninterrupted creeping, but chances were slim to none that that would happen if Bobert ever caught sight of Scottio.

The lean and lithe otter was undeniably one of the hottest specimens on the beach especially given the sheer size of his enormous dong and humongous nuts. Bobert's skin-tight board shorts were doing nothing to hide the enormity of his package. If anything the miniature blue clump of fabric just accentuated the sheer size of his bait and tackle.

Scottio could feel himself getting worked up from even just a casual glance at the otter. The horse knew he needed to focus on something else. Scottio quickly pulled his magazine up to his face and buried his gaze in the boring pages filled with computer specifications and droll discussions about various lengths of wire. The benefit of this maneuver was twofold. First of all it gave him something decidedly unsexy to fixate on while he waited for his libido to get back under control, and second of all it hid his face from a certain sexy otter that would no doubt make his life a living hell of sexual frustration if he ever caught Scottio staring.

After a moment of feigning interest in the latest schematics, Scottio looked up from his book. He was surprised that Bobert was nowhere to be seen. He scanned the crowd until he caught sight of the otter once again. Bobert was now far closer to Scottio than he had been before, but fortunately the lean, hung dude was seemingly oblivious to the horse boy's presence.

Just as it appeared that Bobert was about to turn around and look in Scottio's general direction, Scottio buried his head once more into the dull text. Scottio waited for what seemed like a safe enough period of time and then peeked back up at the crowd. Once again Bobert had vanished from his spot.

Scottio's breath caught in his lungs as he caught sight of the otter once more. Bobert was now only about ten feet away from Scott, but still the otter seemed oblivious to the equine's presence. Scottio was unnerved to say the least, but at least it seemed like he had escaped detection... for now.

Scottio ducked his head behind his magazine once more right as it seemed like Bobert was about to turn around. The horse's nerves were shot now. Even with his face hidden there were other ways in which Bobert could deduce his identity. Scottio's dong was not nearly as big as Bobert's own but still stuck out quite a bit, and that's saying nothing of Scottio's huge, round booty. Even seated as he currently was, it was pretty obvious that the horse had plenty of junk in the trunk.

Scottio peeked up again and almost yelped as he caught sight of Bobert. The otter was scarcely five feet away, but Bobert still seemed completely oblivious to his position. Scottio uttered a silent sigh of relief and then returned to his dubious camouflage. He just had to hope that the stupid, sexy furball would continue to overlook him.

Scottio peeked up one last time. This time Bobert was nowhere to be seen. Scottio looked left and right and all around, but still he could see neither hide nor hair of the hung, young mammal. Scottio was just about to let slip a sigh of relief, but his exhale got interrupted by sharp intake of air as Scottio yelped in surprise.

“Whatcha reeaadding~” A very familiar voice said in a song-song tone. Scottio didn’t even need to look over his shoulder to know who it was. He had heard that same, smug voice almost every day at work. There was no doubt about it. He had been caught.

“Looks kinda boring to me.” Bobert continued in his teasing, playful tone. “Hmm... Maybe if I get a closer look at it.”

Scottio could do nothing but sit there in stunned silence as the shadow of the lean otter fell over him. If it was just the shadow bearing down on him it would have been fine, but as Bobert leaned in ever further, Scottio began to feel the full weight of the otter’s immense balls weighing down atop his head. Scott’s dick gave a lurch of approval as the tip of Bobert’s cloth covered cock descended into his field of view. Scottio tried his hardest to hide his shudders of arousal, but his libido was quickly getting the best of his sanity as more and more of his head began to sink into the soft sides of Bobert’s tightly packed, cotton wrapped cock and balls.

“Heh....he... hey, Bobert... I didn’t see you there...” Scottio yelped nervously.

“I don’t suppose you’re seeing much of anything at the moment.” Bobert replied playfully as he shifted even further causing yet more of his junk to bear down upon the horse’s face.

“Y...yeah... I was getting really worked up... err... I mean... really into this badonk... I mean book.” Scottio muttered nervously.

“Are you surrreee?” Bobert asked playfully. “Because it looked to me like you were checking me out.”

“Oh you know... I’m really into hard drives... and the like...” Scottio uttered weakly.

“I know how much you like your drives nice and hard.” Bobert joked lasciviously. Scottio wanted to make a decent comeback, but he felt like his head was swimming... almost literally. Bobert’s hefty balls sloshed and churned audibly. The sound flooded Scottio’s ears, and the soft roiling rocked his head gently like a boat on a choppy sea.

“Ok so maybe I was checking out guys, but that doesn’t mean I was looking at you...” Scottio yelped meekly.

“Oooh?~ Then who were you checking out.” Bobert replied in a tone of playful accusation.

“There’s plenty of guys who are hotter than you.” Scottio retorted. He was trying to be as defiant as possible, but he was failing miserable. His comeback sounded even faker than it really was. There were plenty of hot dudes, but there weren’t any that he had seen that could rival Bobert’s lean, svelte form, huge, dangly bits, and raw, sexual bravado.

“Name one.” Bobert challenged playfully.

Scottio summoned some forgotten font of resolve and scrambled out from under Bobert's pendulous wang and cumbersome balls. "How about..." Scottio began to say. His eyes frantically searched the crowd for anyone who could possibly be a viable competitor against the otter's sexual wiles. Scottio was just about to give up when he saw him.

Scott's jaw dropped and his eyes threatened to pop right out of their sockets as he marveled at the impeccable specimen of squirrel. The black furred hottie was massive in all the right ways. He had to be over a foot taller than Scottio himself, and Scottio was hardly considered short. The squirrel's cock, while not quite as big as Bobert's, was definitely huge. The hunk more than made up for it in other places though. The squirrel was covered from head to toe in dense, sculpted muscles. He looked like he had just staggered out of the pages of a comic book. Even the small pair of poser shorts the guy wore looked like they would be right at home on the body of a comic book super hero except for the fact that the squirrel's speedos were packed to the brim with thick, muscle booty, hefty cock, and massive, swollen nuts.

"Giving up so soon?" came Bobert's smug reply.

Scottio still couldn't find his voice in order to reply. Instead he merely shook his head, his eyes never once leaving the buff squirrel and his awesome physique. Scottio lifted a hand and awkwardly pointed towards the impressive specimen.

Bobert was legitimately curious now. The otter's gaze followed Scott's own until he too beheld the impressive sight of the black squirrel. Bobert had to admit that the guy was pretty hot. He had never known Scotty to be really into muscles, but then again, Bobert had never bothered to learn aspects of Scott's interests that did not directly pertain to him.

Bobert was not one to be outdone though. "Pff. You're gawking at that!?" He retorted snarkily. "All those bumps and bulges detract from the best part. I mean look at that dick. It's nothing compared to this." Bobert replied saucily. He even went so far as to lean back and just his hips forward to further accentuate the sheer size of his dong. There was no doubt about it. The otter's cock blew the squirrel's out of the water in terms of sheer size. Heck, even Scottio's was probably bigger, but the squirrel carried it so well.

Scottio didn't want to take his gaze away from the buff, hung squirrel, but he could feel his attention slowly drifting towards his obnoxious pal's immense bulge. Scottio suddenly found himself wishing he had taken Bobert up on his offer. Right as Scottio's attention was about to be fully taken over by the otter's lewd posturing, the buff squirrel caught sight of Scottio's lusty glances.

The black squirrel puffed up his chest and began sauntering across the sand towards the well-endowed pair. His body was beautiful while stationary, but now that he was on the move, Scottio could see that the squirrel's physique was poetry in motion. His abs rippled and his pecs bobbed. His hips swished and his package swung. Each and every part of the squirrel's body was moving in such a way as to hypnotize the already hormone addled equine.

"Helloooooo. Earth to Scotty. Can you hear me, Major Tom?" Bobert called out. He was all but shouting into Scott's ear, but the horse was too transfixed to realize it.

The squirrel continued his slow, methodical approach, and with each step Scottio became more and more focused on his amazing muscles. By the time the hunk finally came to a stop a scant few feet from Scottio and Bobert, Scottio was practically drooling.

“Good day, citizens.” The squirrel announced in an overly affected, dramatic voice. “Is there something you wish to say to me?” The squirrel punctuated his question by placing both hands on his hips and flexing his abs. The maneuver got a muffled whimper from Scottio and an eyeroll from Bobert.

Bobert made a shooing motion with his hands and testily replied, “Go away. This does not concern you... whoever you are.”

“The name is Vincent.” The squirrel replied while flashing a broad toothy smile for the two friends. His teeth were so white that they actually gleamed. Scottio had never seen that happen outside of comic books before. After a brief pause for some macho posturing, Vincent continued his speech in the same overly dramatic manner as before. “And judging by the look of your friend there, I’d say it very much does concern me.” Vincent gave a nod towards Scottio and then flexed his pecs; first the right one, then the left one, and then back to the right one again. Scottio’s gaze rolled from right to left and back to right again as he followed the rhythmic bouncing of the squirrels exceptionally toned, big, beefy pectorals.

“Yeah, and I’m Bobert.” The otter replied dismissively. “And this is my buddy Scottio.” There was a brief awkward pause as Bobert waited for the horse to say something, but no response was forthcoming.

Bobert elbowed Scottio hard in the side causing the already jumpy horse to let out a loud yelp. “Say hello Scotty.” Bobert commanded playfully. Scottio still couldn’t muster the resolve to speak, but he managed to regain basic motor function long enough to manage a feeble wave. His gaze never once left the buff squirrel fantastic bod.

“There. Now that introductions are over. You can go now.” Bobert said testily as he once again made a gesture to shoo the squirrel away.

“I will leave.” Vincent announced loudly. “But first I request to know why it is your friend is staring at me in such a manner.”

“Horsebrain here thinks you’re hot, but there’s no way that you are hotter than me.” Bobert replied indignantly. Bobert once again waved the squirrel off with a dismissive “Hmmp.”

“My good man, is that a challenge? I say to you, I never back down from a challenge.” Vincent stated boldly. The squirrel proudly puffed up his chest which made his already massive, burly pecs to inflate to new and amazing sizes. Bobert merely cocked an eyebrow. There was no way he was going to admit to actually being impressed by this showoff’s size. Scottio on the other hand let out another horny whimper as he stared into those immense slabs of brawn.

“Huh...” Bobert muttered as he mulled it over. He was originally going to just get rid of the buff, black-furred interloper, but this presented a unique opportunity. He could establish himself as the hottest once and for all, and he got to make Scottio squirm in a public setting; it was the best of both worlds.

"You know what? Fine. It's a challenge. I challenge you to a hot-off!" Bobert proclaimed dramatically.

"Very well! I true champion of justice cannot back down from such a challenge!" Vincent replied. He folded his burly arms in front of his brawny chest and glared down at the short, wiry otter. The air around the two competitors seemed charged with electricity. After a long, drawn out minute of intense posturing and glaring, Vincent finally softened his demeanor and furrowed his brow. "Uh... but... what, pray tell, is a hot-off?"

"It's simple. You and I do whatever we can to get Scotty here to declare a winner." Bobert explained as he gave the horse a jovial clap on the ass.

"Oh... OK... Bobert wins. We can all go home now." Scottio muttered nervously.

"The judge seems unwilling." Vincent stated dramatically.

"That's why we're not gonna take his word for it." Bobert explained with a devious chuckle. "His mouth might lie, but I know one part of him that will always tell the truth." Bobert added lasciviously. The lean otter snaked a hand down the front of his pal's shorts as he finished his explanation to really drive home what he was referring to.

"Ah, yes!" Vincent exclaimed.

"Oh, no..." Scottio muttered.

"That's right. First one to get bubble-butt here to bust a nut takes the prize." Bobert explained salaciously. "And with that, let the hottest fur win." The otter added triumphantly.

"Don't I get ... a ... say...." Scottio began to protest, but Vincent was already puffing up his chest again. Scottio was at once transfixed on the gloriously huge mounds of masculine brawn.

Bobert was not one to be outdone. He sidled up beside the far taller and far burlier squirrel and immediately undid the laces on the front of his board shorts. His cock was already chubbing up which caused it to press even harder against the front of his over-packed shorts so the second the knot was undone, the otters fly began to pull open revealing the top several inches of his huge, thick cock. Bobert leaned back and jutted his hips forward and let his dick do the work for him. He knew that Scottio was a total size queen and would not be able to resist the lure of such an amazing specimen of dong unveiled for his viewing pleasure.

Scottio's mind was floating in a haze of hormones. He didn't want to stare, but he couldn't help it. To make matters worse, he couldn't pick just one body part to focus on. His eyes kept drifting back and forth and up and down; to Vincent's impeccable, washboard abs, over to Bobert's fantastically thick dick, down to the otter's colossal, cum-laden balls, back up to Vincent's bouncing, burly pecs, and everywhere in between. Scottio was making himself dizzy, but a lot of that feeling could have been from all the blood rushing to his dick. Scottio's own sizeable cock was stirring to life and threatening to burst out of his swimming trunks at any second.

Bobert suddenly derailed the mood. "Tch." The otter grunted in annoyance. "This won't work. There's no way to tell who the winner is if he creams to both of us at once." Bobert explained.

"Indeed." Vincent concurred. The tall, swole squirrel began to stroke his chin in quiet contemplation. "Hmm..." He then grumbled in not so quiet contemplation. Vincent's contemplation was derailed when he saw Bobert suddenly move forward. "Now I say, citizen. What is your intent?"

"I'm just taking a more direct approach." Bobert explained. He glanced over his shoulder as he did so and flashed a saucy wink at the towering squirrel. "There's more to sex appeal than looks, yanno." Bobert said and then snaked a hand down Scottio's already over-stuffed shorts and began to fish out the horse's semi-boned wang.

"I am well aware of this!" Vincent stated defiantly, and then he too rushed forward to join in on the hands-on portion of their little competition.

By the time Vincent reached the young horse, Scottio was already deep in the throes of ecstasy, the horse's cock was lurching with pleasure, and already a small bead of pre was forming at the tip of it. Bobert leaned his head in and began to lap at the tip of the horse's humongous cock; the tool was so large that it reached up towards the horse's collarbone, which made it just about eye level for the slightly shorter otter.

Scottio was whimpering from the sheer intensity of his arousal. If this kept up he'd soon bust his nut all over the beachfront in full view of hundreds of random people. He struggled with all his might to keep his wits and his wad, but he was fighting a losing battle. There was no telling how much longer he would be able to hold out.

Vincent knew he was losing. The only hope he had was to somehow draw Scottio's attention away from the lurid blowjob that the otter was giving him. It would be tough, but as he watched the horse's tongue loll out of his mouth, a spark of inspiration suddenly popped into Vincent's mind. "Idea!" The squirrel shouted triumphantly. The horse showed remarkable interest in the squirrel's chest. Vincent knew he could use that to his advantage.

Vincent grabbed the back of the equine's head and guided his face into his burly chest. Scottio instinctively began to passionately nuzzle his face within the deep cleft between the squirrel's two brawny slabs of pectoral muscle. Vincent knew he had the horse where he wanted him. Not only could he hear the soft murmurs of content coming from Scottio, but he could also feel the horse's tongue running across his beefy pecs.

As into as Scottio seemed to be, Vincent knew that he could not claim a victory with just that alone, not with the way that the otter was masterfully working over the horse's huge, fully boned cock. Vincent would need to take a more direct approach. Fortunately he had an idea that he was sure would work.

Vincent snaked a hand down around back and slipped his hand beneath the waistband of Scottio's swim trunks. Vincent had seen a bit of Scott's ass earlier, but even he was amazed at just how huge and soft it really was. The trunks had not done the horse's booty justice, if anything they had systematically hid just how huge and bubbly Scott's butt truly was. Vincent wanted nothing more than to sink his fingers into the wonderfully supple bootilicious mounds, but the waistband was proving to be a hindrance.

Vincent was too turned on to really consider the ramifications of his actions, and by this point there really wasn't much point in worrying about it. They were already having a hot and sloppy three way make-out with at least one massive cock openly on display. Bobert and Vincent's swim wear weren't doing anything to hide their own enormous tools which were in varying states of boning. A little more skin showing really wasn't going to make any difference.

Vincent needed more direct access to Scottio's amazing ass and he knew exactly how to get it. The huge, buff squirrel reached down and tugged at the horse's waistband. Once Scottio's shorts cleared the thickest point of his astoundingly thick and supple bubble butt, gravity was free to take control. The horse's shorts hit the sand with a dull plop.

With the way now clear, Vincent was free to really grope Scottio's bubbly bottom in earnest. He loved the way his fingers sunk into the ample booty flesh, but he couldn't afford to spend too much time with it. He needed to go for the goal if he'd ever want to claim the victory.

The second Vincent's fingertip made contact with the horse's tight hole, the squirrel could feel a shudder of anticipation ripple through the opening. He was sure that Scottio wanted this as badly as Vincent wanted to give it to him if not more so. Vincent slowly and tenderly worked his first finger into Scotty's quivering hole. Even just the gentle intrusion of one finger was enough to make the horse moan in ecstasy. By the time Vincent had his second finger in, Scottio was all but crying in orgasmic bliss.

Vincent knew that just poking around in there would not be enough to seal his victory though. The squirrel deftly felt around along the soft lining of Scottio's ass. He knew the general region he needed to search, but he had to get it at just the right angle. His fingers brushed against something, and Scottio's whole body trembled in response. Vincent knew he had won.

Secure in the knowledge of the horse's sweet spot, Vincent pressed down with both fingers. Scottio hardly even had time to cry out in ecstasy before a solid spurt of spunk erupted from his cock. Bobert, who had been busy working away at the tip of Scott's huge dick, was not prepared for the sudden climax. He took a solid burst of jizz straight to the face before staggering backwards.

Scottio had been holding back with all his might for as long as possible, but Bobert's masterful sucking and licking had been steadily wearing away at his defenses and his stamina; that last maneuver from the big, beefy squirrel had been the straw that broke the camel's back. Scottio's cock lurched hard and began firing spurt after thick, gooey spurt of liquid hot jizz. Even after Bobert had backed off, Scottio's huge, full nuts continued to pump more and more spunk up his fully boned cock and out into onto the hot sand.

Eventually even Vincent let go. Without the buff squirrel to hold him up, Scottio collapsed into the warm sand and completely surrendered to his base desires. He continued to writhe in ecstasy as his massive cock flung free and sprayed jizz all over the beach. Many of the curious onlookers soon found themselves coated in the torrent of spooage, but Scottio was too far gone to notice or even care. All he could think about was how amazing the two rivals had made him feel. Even now he could still remember the feeling of Bobert's lips on his cock and Vincent's hand on his ass. Scottio could even still vividly feel the warmth coming from the squirrel's chest as Scottio had nuzzled in between those gloriously beefy pecs. Just the mere memory of the event was enough to keep Scottio's dick shuddering and lurching long after he had drained every last ounce of spunk from his balls.

It was tough to say how long it took for Scottio to regain any sense of his surroundings. By the time the haze of sex began to clear from his head, the layer of spunk that covered him and much of the surrounding sand had already begun to dry a bit. The horse groggily looked around and soon realized that he was lying completely nude in the middle of a crowded beach. His first reaction was to try to find something to cover himself, but he soon realized he had a more pressing matter to attend to.

"It matters not how you handled the spire, citizen. It was I who delivered the final blow." Vincent stated proudly.

"Final blow my ass!" Bobert snapped back. "He was gonna blow at any second even without your little finger-poking nonsense. You can't just step in at the last second after I did all the work and say that you were the winner."

"The terms of the challenge were to see who could make him reach climax first." Vincent stated. "I believe I fulfilled those terms adequately."

"Adequate? The challenge was to rock his world. Not to be 'adequate'." Bobert replied testily. "If I was looking for 'adequate' I would hook up with that chick down at the smoothie shop again."

Scottio didn't stick around to hear the rest of the debate. He could already tell by the tone of the discussion that there would need to be some sort of tie-breaker, and that most likely meant that they were not done with him yet. Scottio abandoned his shorts and instead turned towards the ocean. If nothing else the water would hide his nudity and, as an added benefit, it would help wash the spunk off before it got too hard and crusty.

He made it more than halfway to the water before he heard a familiar voice call out to him, "And just where do you think you're going, rudder butt?" Scottio froze dead in his track. The otter had no doubt spotted him. Scottio was just about to make a full-speed bolt for the waves, but he gave one last look over his shoulder to see if the other two were in hot pursuit. What he saw made him freeze dead in his tracks.

Bobert was casually discarding his swim trunks without a care in the world. He knew as well as anyone that they were all well beyond the need for modesty, and he enjoyed letting his cock flop about where everyone could see it as often as he could swing it. Once free of his shorts and the social mores that went with it, Bobert was free to really ham it up for his adoring public. The lean, lithe otter strutted his stuff slowly towards the beach where Scottio was waiting. The otter's enormous, thick cock bobbed and swayed with each step; his huge, full nuts swung and bounced right alongside his massive cock. He knew he was hot as hell, and his very gait dared everyone else to prove otherwise. Just as he expected, there was no one who could deny it.

Bobert knew he had no reason to rush; there was no way Scottio could ever hope to escape him in the ocean. The otter was truly in his element when underwater. All the horse could do was hope to tread water while Bobert did laps around him.

It wasn't the lewd spectacle of Bobert's strip n strut that caused Scottio to balk though. The real reason was what the huge, hunky squirrel was doing. Once Vincent had realized that Scottio had snuck off, the big, buff squirrel turned and jogged after him. Vincent had kept his tiny speedos on, but it would have been just as well if he hadn't. His cock was now so rigid that it was standing straight upright; the

fabric of his briefs were pulled so tight across his shaft that it was like a second skin for his fully-boned cock. Every vein, every fold of his foreskin was engraved onto the fabric. His briefs were stretched so tight across his massive, throbbing cock that the fabric was pulled far away from his legs leaving plenty of room for his huge, sloshing, black-furred balls to spill free.

It was clear that Scottio had greatly underestimated just how huge Vincent's dick truly was. Vincent was a textbook case of someone who was a grower not a shower, and now that his dick was fully boned, the huge, burly squirrel even had Scottio beat for size. Bobert still had him beat, but only just barely.

Under normal circumstances even the sight of the squirrel's massive dong would not be enough to make Scottio freeze like a deer in headlights, but there was something hypnotic about the way that Vincent was running. Every muscle in the squirrel's beefy body seemed to be working together to create the most bone-worthy spectacle the world had ever seen. The steady flexing of every known muscle group was like a perfectly coordinated ballet of raw masculine eroticism. Time and space seemed to slow down as Scottio watched in awe. Vincent seemed to bound across the sand in slow motion as if he was on some cheesy 80s beach drama.

It wasn't until Vincent was nearly on top of Scottio that the horse was able to regain some semblance of control of his mind and his libido. The nature of his predicament suddenly came crashing back to the forefront of the brown horse's mind. While Scottio had been standing there gawking, his dick had slowly reinflated and was now standing in its full upright and locked position. This in and of itself was embarrassing enough, but he was still in a very public place and all eyes were on him and the lewd, nude spectacle he was making of himself.

The embarrassment was enough to overcome his carnal fascination and spurred the horse onwards towards the water. Scottio leapt into the waves and began paddling awkwardly away from the shore. Within moments, Vincent was airborne. The beefy squirrel gracefully dove into the water and hardly made a splash as he chased after the skinny horse.

Bobert followed along a moment later. He took his time and sauntered casually into the ocean. Once the water was about waist deep, the otter ducked under the waves and took off like a torpedo. In mere seconds he was on top of his equine buddy... in a manner of speaking.

Scottio was trying his best to tread water. He had made it out to the point where he could no longer touch ground and still keep his head above water. He wished he had thought this through better. He was not the strongest swimmer out there. That honor went to Bobert.

Scottio saw something break the surface of the water and then just as suddenly sink back into the brackish water. It didn't take a rocket surgeon to figure out what it was. Suddenly the mysterious figure popped up to Scottio's right, but again it vanished beneath the waves before Scottio could get a good look. Scottio's eyes darted left as he saw the creature graze the surface of the water once more, but by the time he turned all he could see was the tip of the otter's tail vanishing beneath the water.

He knew Bobert was just doing this to mess with him. There was no doubt in his mind that the shapes he was seeing was the otter doing laps around him, but he hated not knowing from what angle his pal would come at him from.

Scottio gasped as he felt the soft, slick fur of the otter brush across his exposed leg. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end and his dick gave a lurch of approval. Bobert knew just where to hit him to really get him worked up. Scottio spun around, but it was already too late. Bobert had once again vanished beneath the waves.

A second later he felt a playful slap across his bare butt. Scottio yelped in surprise which just served to alert other swimmers to his location. He quickly clasped his hands over his mouth and kicked to keep himself afloat. He was embarrassed by his little outburst, but his embarrassment was nothing compared to his arousal. The lithe, speedy otter was hitting all of Scottio's buttons. The horse's dick gave another lurch of approval as he felt the otter's soft fur brush against his thigh.

Scottio turned, but again he was too slow. Scottio all but leapt clean out of the water as he felt the otter slide directly between his legs. He could feel Bobert's lean, fuzzy body brush against the underside of his balls as the otter darted between his legs. Scottio shuddered slightly as the otter's soft, wet fur brushed against the inside of his bare thighs and sent ripples of pleasure up his body.

Scottio's breathing was getting labored as his arousal took over. Bobert did another speedy lap right past the floundering horse. Scottio felt the otter's fingers glide gracefully along the length of his cock as Bobert teased Scottio mercilessly while zipping along at mach speed back and forth along the length of the horse's fully boned dick. Scottio was sure he would be creaming all over again before long, but at least the ocean would hide the bulk of his embarrassment. The water was not nearly choppy enough for him to blame the murky white splotches in the water on sea foam though.

Scottio was getting dizzy from turning around so much and was starting to feel fatigue sink in. He was still winded from that mind-blowing orgasm he had had on the beach, and he had never really had time to fully recover thanks to the constant teasing that had kept him fully hot and bothered for his entire aquatic escapade.

Scottio never was the most efficient swimmer to begin with. He was actually beginning to get worried that he might be in over his head when he felt a pair of strong arms grasp him and pull him in close.

"No need to thrash, citizen. Justice is with you!" Vincent shouted dramatically. The huge squirrel was so tall that the water only came up to his shoulders even though Scottio couldn't even touch the bottom without going completely under.

Scottio uttered a silent thanks to the giant, black squirrel. He was honestly grateful for the dramatic squirrel's arrival, but he wasn't so sure he wanted to let that bit of info slip out. There was still the matter of what would happen next. Scottio had no doubt in his mind that the two rivals would continue their little match and that Scottio himself would once again be the reluctant judge and jury.

Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Scottio couldn't help but feel a little light headed and a lot turned on by his current seating arrangements. He had the hunky squirrel's beefy pecs pressing against his back and Vincent's huge, thick cock shuddering between his legs. Every twitch and lurch of Vincent's over-excited cock reverberated through Scottio's own dick and nuts.

Vincent gripped Scottio under his armpits as if he was preparing to lift the young horse out of the water, but in fact he was doing the exact opposite. Scottio could feel the squirrel pressing him downward, but it did not appear that Vincent had any intention of drowning or even submerging the equine.

An even more powerful lurch from the squirrel's cock clued Scotty in on what was happening. The squirrel was boning even harder than before and the weight of Scottio's body was all that was preventing the squirrel enormous, rigid dick from lunging up out from under the water like some kind of animatronic shark in a summer blockbuster. The mere mental image of which was enough to get Scottio even more worked up. He was thankful that his own dick was still submerged because he could tell he would be leaking pre like a faucet, and that was hardly something he wanted the various beachgoers to see. He assumed that Vincent was in a similar boat. Even the hot, hunky squirrel was a bit more prudish than the exhibitionist otter.

Scottio felt the squirrel's dick shuddering between his legs, but soon he also had Vincent's wandering hands to worry with. The squirrel's fingers began to work their way sensually across the horse's exposed abdomen. Scottio shuddered with ecstasy as Vincent's surprisingly deft fingers worked their way across his sensitive crotch and then began to stroke the sides on Scottio's enormous cock. Vincent's hands worked their way underneath Scottio's thick dick and began to sensually rub and stroke the sensitive underside of the horse's dong. Scottio could feel the squirrel's knuckles digging into his nuts as Vincent continued to masterfully work over Scottio's cock.

The longer he spent in direct contact with the fuzzy Adonis, the more Scottio felt his mind drifting to thoughts of the squirrel's fantastic dick. He could scarcely imagine what the stud could do with such a legendary tool. Sure, it was a tad smaller than Robert's, but Vincent undoubtedly had far more thrust behind it. The mental image of Vincent's enormous cock, the steady shuddering of it that reverberated through Scottio's entire body, and the masterful handjob that the hunk was giving him was driving Scottio mad. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, and he had just escaped Robert's merciless teasing too. He was out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Scottio gasped as he felt Vincent's cock give a violent lurch downwards. Scottio's eyes were having trouble focusing due to his arousal, but he managed to make out a vague shape that seemed to be standing over him.

Scottio snapped to attention when he realized the tip of his dick was sticking out of the water. More than just the tip; there was entire foot of thick, exposed cock flesh standing straight above the waves for any of the several nearby swimmers to ogle. Much of the water that dripped off the horse's glistening cock was from the ocean, but it was clear that he was leaking pre like a faucet. The sight of his own towering dick wasn't what had caught Scottio's attention in the first place though.

Robert was standing directly in front of him. The otter stared down at him with a kinky grin as he rubbed his own fully boned cock against Scottio's own. Scottio was so lost in a haze of lust and orgasmic bliss that he couldn't comprehend how Robert was seemingly standing in the middle of the water. Then it hit him; that hard lurch. Robert had hopped up onto Vincent's enormous dick and was standing on it like a pommel horse. The otter always was surprisingly agile, but Scottio did not have time nor the mental capacity to marvel at that at the moment.

Vincent was barely holding back. He had been so thoroughly in control until just a second ago, but the he had not counted on Bobert's latest stunt. The otter was standing directly atop the thick, spongy tip of Vicent's fully boned cock. The otter's toes dug into the sides as he balanced atop the squirrel dick like some kind of gymnast surfer. Vincent could feel the otter's toes wriggling and digging into the soft flesh of the head of his cock. There was no doubt in Vincent's mind. Bobert was intentionally trying to get him to cum. The otter probably was trying to beat Vincent on a technicality. There was no doubt in the squirrel's mind that the devious little otter would add some new rule to their little duel if Vincent came first.

Not one to be outdone, Vincent let go of Scottio's cock and leaned forward as best he could. The hunky squirrel reached forward and grabbed the head of Bobert's dick. The otter's cock was so massive that there was plenty of room for both of the squirrel's large hands to fit on the puffy head, but that was just as well for what Vincent had in mind. Vincent dug his fingers into the sensitive tip and began kneading it sensually. All the grace and dexterity he had been using on Scottio was now focused solely on Bobert. The shudders that coursed through the otter's cock reverberated through his entire body letting Vincent know that his maneuver was working.

Vincent slipped his hands towards the center and began rubbing the over sensitive areas right along the otter's oozing slit. The shudders that coursed through Bobert's body got even more intense. Vincent knew his plan was working. His thumbs slid into the gaping maw of Bobert's enormous cock and began to play at the inner linings. Bobert's cock gave a hard lurch of approval.

Bobert knew he was done for at this rate. The squirrel was more cunning than Bobert had given him credit for. He was using Bobert's own trick against him. The nerve of that guy! Bobert knew he only had one chance left. Since Vincent was no longer focusing on making Scottio cream, if Bobert could just make the horse pop like a champagne bottle before Bobert blew his own load he could claim full victory in their little tournament.

Bobert devoted all of his attention to stroking Scottio's cock. The otter could feel it lurch and shudder in his hands. He knew he was close. He just had to seal the deal, but Vincen't fingers were driving him mad. Bobert could hardly focus let along properly jack off his equine pal while the squirrel worked his magic.

Bobert let out a sound that was a mix between a moan of bliss and a grunt of determination as he played his last trump card. He pulled Scottio's cock in closer and mashed the head of it against the tip of his own cock. Vincent's hands were pinned between the two immense schlongs, but that did not stop the squirrel from continuing his masterful kneading. Bobert could feel that he was at his limit, but he resisted with all his might.

It was hard to say who came first. As far as anyone could tell it was a three way tie. All three of them, the two competitors and the reluctant participant, cried out in orgasmic bliss as their huge cocks lurched. Bobert and Scottio quickly lost their balance and splashed into the ocean all while spewing shot after thick gooey shot of spunk into the waves. The water around them grew white and foamy as the gallons of jizz that ejected from their nuts mixed with the choppy sea and churned into a froth.

The three competitors were spent. All three of them went slack and laid back amidst the gooey waves. The now thick and sticky ocean made it easy for them to stay afloat without needing to tread water, but the pool of jizz was steadily beginning to dissipate.

Bobert was the first to recover, and he quickly went on the offensive. A sudden splash beside them snapped both Vincent and Scottio out of their mutually exclusive reveries. "Giving up so soon?" Bobert teased playfully.

"I know not what you speak of." Vincent replied as defiantly as he could muster. He was still feeling a little groggy as he basked in the afterglow.

"Oh please." Bobert sassed back. "You're floating there taking a nap like a washed up old geezer instead of trying to get ol' Scotty-boy to bust his nut and secure the prize."

"Obviously I was waiting for the tournament to reconvene in earnest. I would not want you to try and claim victory on a technicality like before." Vincent replied as defiantly as before.

"The technicality." Bobert parroted back playfully. "Is that I did all the work. Speaking of which. We have to pick a winner, and I think I have an idea both of you will enjoy." Bobert said. His voice steadily took on a more lascivious tone as he went so that by the end his words were practically dripping with pervish glee.

Scottio went completely still. He knew that whatever Bobert had in mind would be something raunchy and that Scottio himself was going to be the prime recipient. Vincent folded his arms in front of his chest and turned his gaze away defiantly as if he was trying to show that he was above whatever base pursuits that Bobert had in mind, but both Scottio and Bobert knew better; Scottio could even feel the squirrels cock bumping against his leg as it twitched to life in anticipation. Eventually Vincent's stoic expression faltered and he turned to look uncertainly over at Bobert.

"This new contest... just what does it entail?" He asked skeptically.

"Oh. It's real simple." Bobert said playfully. "We've done a battle of looks and a battle of foreplay... Now all that's left is the main event. How good are you in the sack? That's the real question here. We're gonna fuck Scotty. Plow him right into the sand. Let his cries announce the victor for us." Bobert explained excitedly. He was practically cackling with lewd, lascivious glee as he glared lustily at Scottio.

Scottio tried to act incensed, but his expression and his now shuddering, drooling cock gave him away. Even after having just cum so much he was already so hot and bothered that all he could think about was having a dick in him, especially the huge, thick one that was currently brushing against his leg as it stirred to life once more.

"To the shore!" Vincent announced dramatically.

"The shore!?" Scottio squeaked in shock.

"But of course. If we are to do battle I would prefer for us to be on even footing!" Vincent stated plainly as if this was a normal occurrence for him.

“Fine by me. I would probably get a cramp if I had to hold that fatass up while plowing him underwater.” Bobert replied dismissively.

Before Scottio could muster the resolve to protest, Vincent was once again on the move. The squirrel grabbed Scottio and returned the horse to his previous seat atop Vincent’s thick dick which was now flying at well above half-mast.

Scottio felt himself drifting through the water at breakneck speeds. The ocean didn’t seem to be slowing the beefy squirrel down at all, and he was taking Scotty along for the ride. With every step that the beefy squirrel took, Scottio could feel the stud’s thick cock which was nestled between his legs stirring to life ever more. By the time they were back into the shallows, Vincent’s cock was as rigid as it had ever been.

In no time flat the trio was once again on the beach. Vincent gently set the soaked and horny horse down on the sand and then stood up back up to his full height. Vincent was impressively tall normally, but from Scottio’s low vantage point, the squirrel seemed impossibly huge, although it wasn’t like Scottio could really see all that much since the squirrel’s enormous cock and balls filled most of his view. Still, Vincent’s size is part of what made him so hot and even just the illusion of the squirrel towering fifty feet above the horse was enough to make Scottio’s dick lurch in approval.

Vincent slowly and seductively pulled off his cum and seawater drenched speedos causing his humongous, rigid dick to spring upwards. Pre flew off of the tip of Vincent’s rock-hard cock and splattered across Scottio’s face. The horse couldn’t help but lick some of it off. He could only vaguely detect the bitter liquid amidst the salty seawater that still clung to his fur.

Scottio whimpered lustily as he stared up at the massive cock that towered before him. There was now no denying that Vincent’s cock had expanded to its full glory and was now flying free; the squirrel’s cock was fantastic, and Scottio just knew that it would be deep within him any second now.

With superhuman speed and agility, Vincent got down on his hands and knees and pinned Scottio to the sand. Scottio was taken off guard, but he wasn’t about to complain. The squirrel’s huge dick was bearing down upon him. Scottio’s own big dick was pinned underneath the squirrel’s massive cock. It was clear that he had Scottio beat for size by a good margin.

Scottio would have been happy to just lay there while the hot stud ground their dicks together, but Vincent had another idea. The huge, buff squirrel slid back and placed the tip of his cock against Scottio’s eager hole. Scottio inhaled sharply in anticipation but made no effort to resist. His whole body trembled with desire. Every second that he went without a dick inside of him felt like an eternity.

Fortunately Vincent didn’t keep him waiting for long. The black squirrel slowly and gently slid the thick, spongy head of his enormous cock into Scottio’s eagerly awaiting ass. Scottio gasped as he felt the tip of the cock begin to stretch him open, but within a matter of seconds his gasp gave way to soft moans. Once the head was fully in, it was smooth sailing from there on out.

Vincent showed surprising gentleness and restraint as he rhythmically slid his cock into Scottio and then tenderly pulled it back out. There was no doubt in Scottio’s mind that Vincent could easily inflict some serious damage if he let himself get too carried away, but Scottio felt completely safe in the squirrel’s warm, firm embrace.

Vincent was so much taller than Scottio that his pecs were just about eye level for the horse as Vincent rhythmically reamed him. Scottio wanted so much to once again bury his face in between those glorious slabs of brawn, but there was no way he could string together a rational thought let alone formulate a sentence to say as much to the beefy squirrel.

Somehow Vincent seemed to know what Scottio wanted. The buff squirrel leaned in closer and buried the horse's face in the deep cleft between his enormous, muscular pecs. Scottio could do nothing but moan contentedly as he soaked in the squirrel's huge muscles and felt Vincent's massive cock gracefully slide in and out of him.

Scottio was cumming long before Vincent was. Scottio wasn't even sure what it was that sent him over the edge, but it hardly mattered. His cock lurched and jizz sprayed forth, splattering against the squirrel's dense chest and abs. Scottio could feel his own spunk flooding up between the squirrel's brawny pecs and coating his own face. The slightly salty and bitter taste of his own spunk mixed and mingled with the mellow taste of the squirrel's fur as Scottio continued to lick and lap at Vincent's pecs.

After only a few more thrusts Vincent was cumming too. Scottio gasped in shock as he felt the first spurt wash into him. The stream was immensely powerful. It felt like the squirrel had turned a pressure washer loose on his insides. It didn't hurt though; far from it in fact. Scottio was in ecstasy. He could feel the torrent of jizz filling him up inside. The thick, gooey spunk warmed him up from the inside out while Vincent continued to ream the young equine. Even in the midst of what was no doubt a mind-blowingly powerful orgasm, Vincent kept his powerful thrusts smooth and graceful. With each and every plunge, the squirrel cock hit Scottio's sweet spot and caused the horse to cum all over again.

Scottio was now crying out in ecstasy in time with each and every thrust. As much as he would have liked to continue to nuzzle up against the squirrel's gloriously beefy muscles and lap up the still spurting jizz, there was nothing he could do. Pleasure flooded every cell in his brain; every nerve ending in his body was crackling with ecstasy. He was barely even conscious, let alone coherent as the brawny squirrel continued his high-speed, precision plunging.

By the time Vincent was finally spent, Scottio was so pumped full of warm, creamy squirrel spunk that his gut distended visibly. It looked like Scottio had a NBA certified basketball certified water balloon tucked underneath the skin of his otherwise flat belly. His huge, cum-laden belly jiggled and sloshed audibly as the young horse lay there moaning in ecstasy and rubbing his bloated belly.

"Not bad." Robert said smugly. "Now watch how a real sex god gets it done." He added as he strode proudly over to where his jizz-bloated buddy was still basking in the afterglow.

Robert haphazardly flipped the horse over so that Scottio was now lying face down in the sand with his butt raised high for the otter's using pleasure. Robert didn't even bother launching a few choice lurid taunts before getting on with the main event; he knew that Scottio was hardly in a position to comprehend let alone respond to his lascivious jabs.

Scottio was so lost in a hormonal fog of post-coital bliss that he could hardly muster the energy to gasp as he felt the otter's impossibly thick cock plunge into him. Vincent's thrusts had been powerful and metered, but Robert showed no such restraint. The otter's immense schlong stretched Scottio out in ways he hadn't dare imagine. Robert didn't even have to work to hit Scottio's sweet spot; his enormous cock was plenty large enough to keep it pressed at all times. Even just having the otter's dick

shoved deep inside of him filled Scottio with orgasmic bliss, and the horse's obnoxiously mischievous pal hadn't even begun plowing in earnest yet.

Bobert began wildly thrusting with all his might. Sending Scottio flying into new extremes of sexual bliss. Every synapse in the horse's brain exploded with raw, erotic ecstasy. His mind was like a Fourth of July fireworks display of lurid, sexual passion. With each thrust Bobert rammed harder, dug deeper, and filled Scottio fuller than the horse had ever dreamed possible. Scottio cried out in ecstasy the first few times, but he was soon finding that he was losing his voice and his breath. His breathing became more and more labored by the second and his cries dwindled away into short, airy coos and whimpers.

Despite having just cum all over Vincent's pecs and his own face, Scottio was already fully boned and spurting jizz before Bobert's cock had even begun showing signs of being ready to burst. Scottio's cock blasted spurt upon gooey spurt of spunk across the sand. The thick, sloppy liquid mixed with the sand and formed a slimy pool of quicksand around the passionate pair. Scottio could feel himself slowly sinking into the erotic muck as the frothy mixture of jizz and sand clung to his fur.

Finally even Bobert had reached his limit. The lithe otter was cackling between heavy, labored breaths as he pumped his spurts of spooge straight into the hormone added horse boy. Scottio was so overloaded with bliss that he couldn't even cry out in ecstasy. He merely whimpered breathlessly as he felt the gallons upon gallons of warm spunk flood into him. Bobert's output blew Vincent's out of the water, and the young equine could feel his gut stretching out all over again. He awkwardly fumbled around and patted his belly with his hands as best as he could. He could feel the frothy murk that filled his body sloshing around under his palms. It felt like his entire body had been reduced to a water balloon of sexual energy. Every rock and slosh and roil of his jizz-laden belly was like a mini-orgasm all to itself.

By the time Bobert was finally finished, Scottio had finally slipped into a deep, sex-addled stupor. He wasn't asleep per se; his eyes were still open, but his glassy stare didn't seem to be fixated on anything in particular. The horse merely laid there suspended atop his massive, cum-bloated belly as the steady rocking of the waves of spooge carried him away to an erotic dreamland.

By the time Scottio regained some semblance of rational thought, he could hear the pair of rivals once again embroiled in furied debate. "Of course he stopped crying after the fourth plow, fuzz-nuts. I fucked his brain into jelly by then!" Bobert shouted adamantly.

Scottio's eyes lazily drifted over to the dramatic pair. He could see that Vincent and Bobert were still very much nude; their huge, thick semis drooped and swayed as they bantered furiously. There was a sizeable crowd that had gathered to watch the two nude hotties duke it out on the field of sexual conquest. Of course that meant that there were several people there watching Scottio too. He was just as naked as the other two and his big, round, bubbly booty was currently raised high for all too see. The horse was also caked from head to toe in a coarse mixture of jizz and sand, but it was hard to be modest by this point. Scottio had just had loud, lurid sex in front of a live studio audience... twice no less.

"And I could barely even hear him while you were pluggin' him. I should get points for volume." Bobert added testily.

“You couldn’t hear him because his face was buried in my gloriously sculpted bosom.” Vincent retorted dramatically. The huge, buff squirrel even went so far as to flex his pecs for emphasis as he did so.

Scottio slowly staggered to his feet. His gut was still so pumped full of squirrel and otter cum that it looked like he had just ingested a whole beach party sized, jumbo beach ball. His jizz-laden gut roiled and sloshed audibly, alerting the squabbling duo to his presence. Scottio merely flashed a bemused smirk at the two rivals. His chubbed up cock, which now dangled well below his knees gave a lurch of approval. It was clear that another tie-breaker was in order, and Scottio was in such a sex-addled haze that that really didn’t sound too bad to him.