

The Otter Love

I looked out into the calm, serene river, the water flowing through my limp, wet feet. So many harsh thoughts were in my head, and they were all directed towards myself, and the people who brought me out here. It was supposed to be a fun time, a weekend getaway with the boss and all my coworkers. Maybe I'm naive — *I knew* they didn't really like me, but I figured that was because they were just naturally grouchy or pushy at work... not that they'd just... hate me like this.

It's been like that for a lot of ways in my life. I'm rather timid for a guy, halfway between five and six feet, lanky, weak, and I guess I'm a bit of a pushover. I've been bullied so many times I just get sick of it. I almost expect it now. Everyone wanted me to go find firewood just so I'd be gone and out of their sight. If that's what they wanted, then fine, I'd stay by this bank, and I'd come back when I felt like it.

Which... might be soon. My toes looked so clammy, and the sky had an orange hue to it. We arrived around noon. I had to listen to Richard talk about how thin I was again, and then by two I was 'volunteered' for firewood duty. I could easily guess it was six or seven. I didn't want to leave. I'd rather stay here forever. I'd rather-

My deep, inner thoughts were broken as a splash of water hit my face, all of my rage and anger at the world directed with gritting teeth towards... a smaller, fuzzy



creature. One with long whiskers and a short yet wide muzzle that appeared to almost be smiling at me. An otter.

A lot of my anger disappeared instantly. It wasn't like me to be furious towards animals. Sometimes it felt like they knew me better than humans ever did. "Hey lil guy, I didn't even realize otters like you were so far up in this part of the country." I twisted my lips, turning the small smile into a face of concern. "You *are* friendly right?"

Half of its body was underwater, but it chittered and dove underneath the calm flowing river, bursting up and out like a dolphin as its long and large tail followed. The animal made a variety of cute noises, my sight so entranced upon it that it almost made this entire trip worth it. I couldn't have been more amazed, as if all time had stopped and it was just frozen there in the middle of the air.

But it wasn't, and so it fell and splashed against the water, sending another wave my way as parts of it entered into my mouth. It was hard to keep my lips sealed with such a sight, such a marvelous creature giving me what I could only consider a delighted gift. Plus, the water didn't taste that bad at all. There was... natural sweetness to it.

"Impressive!" I yelled out while clapping, idiotically believing it could somehow understand me. They weren't the best words... *word* I could say, but it just added to how



relaxed I felt in the moment. I could say anything, random noises, complete gibberish and nobody here would judge me. This otter seemed to like me well enough!

It's then that it approached close to my feet, using a webbed hand to grasp at my leg. It... or... *he* was tugging it, as if trying to bring me into the water. He couldn't have been larger than my leg, but it was a little daunting to think even if he wasn't as big as me, that he could still be quite large.

"Want me to join you in some swimming?" I said it while removing my glasses, setting them on the grassy shore. The question was rhetorical of course. I just couldn't help myself. Something about the taste of the water made me feel good, that it didn't matter if I got more of it in my mouth. The cleanest damned water I've ever had the pleasure of savoring.

The otter squeaked and swam in circles, his plump tail lazily following behind him. He was so excited as the water rose up to my shoulders, the temperature of it being *just right*. It wasn't too hard to have my feet on the floor of the riverbed, meaning that wherever he could swim, I could just walk. While the river did move against me, it was weak enough to be barely noticeable.

He approached me, his fishy breath hitting my face as his black nose was nearly against my own, his whiskers tickling my skin. The animal hung onto my shoulder, his



huffs of exertion so close to my ear. I let my head instinctually lower onto his, only to feel his wet fur rub back into my hair. I gasped, never having imagined I could experience something so intimate with another creature. The otter was doing more than just resting on my shoulder as his arms and legs wrapped around my arm, and I froze upon feeling his tongue lick around, behind, and then upon my ear.

His cheeps, his exhales, all were causing a funny feeling in my crotch, my penis hardening as I then felt something else get just as hard near my wrist.

I yelped, pushing him back as he broke from my arm with no resistance, merely giving a playful whine as he floated around the water. The animal brought himself up onto his back, his crotch in full view once he widened and spread his legs apart. As if he wanted me to see *it*.

And yes... I definitely saw *it*.

"Lil guy? Haha... I... I don't think you understand... I can't help you with any of that!" I never felt more awkward, blood rushing to my cheeks while this otter was all the more confident.

I had been looking away, like I would after accidentally seeing a naked roommate. But my curiosity couldn't be helped, and so my eyes rose back up to see the animal's



dick once again. It was... surprisingly long and girthy. My own penis was only three inches, and quite... thin. But this 'lil' guy's was... probably four inches. And the girth on it was nothing to scoff at. It was the widest at the shaft, before tapering off into a pink tip like a thick spear.

My fingers and toes flexed, both from the situation... and something else. Something I hadn't realized yet as the crevices between all my digits became webbed and black, the most important parts of making sure I could swim properly if I were to suddenly lose a few feet in height.

The otter moved back over, his cock pulsing as I could see the top of it erupt a few globs of pre that slicked down the side before matting into the cream-brown pubic fur. I found myself subconsciously licking my lips. I wasn't gay in the slightest, but there was a tender spot in my heart that told me that this evolved past simple sexuality. This was a *need*. I *needed* this otter's cock in my mouth.

Another splash of water hit my face, causing me to convulse and recoil as I instinctively swallowed what I could. My body was alight with both confusion and a lustful joy. I was so nervous as my back laid against the shore, and the left side of the otter's body now pinned me to it. I felt restrained in a spiritual sense, as if I had no right or reason to push this otter back anymore. I *had* to give him what he wanted. Like the word 'no' left my vocabulary so long ago.



But the word 'yes' was still not easy to say. So, to help me with how strange I felt, the otter raised a netted black paw with semi-sharp claws to the back of my head, giving a firm grip to my hairs as they changed into more like the furs I felt against my face. I wasn't directed to his cock, but to his crotch, the pit between his fuzzy balls and the towering penis that, in my view so close to it, was like a skyscraper.

My interest in its size gifted me a blotching of his precum against my face, right below my right eye as the otter more forcefully brought my nose down and deep. To be nestled so far into his furred crotch that his bristles met my nose hairs. Without thinking I sniffed, no, I **huffed** in the scents as deep as I could. It stank not in the way a human might with body odor. This was similar to those natural musks people talked about. Where it wasn't exactly pleasant like vanilla or strawberries to smell, yet it did much more for my mind and for the buzz in my groin than what I cared for in '*pleasant scents*.'

The front of my face began to push out slightly, my nose already as black as night as the paw on the back of my head brought me up to look at me with a cutesy yet dominant grin, his eyes half-way closed and fluttering. The pupils looked at me, then to his cock, and all was clear. I didn't realize it until then that my feet were no longer touching the sandy floor, instead kicking as I gave an effeminate squeal, trying to reach up to use the male otter as a flotation device. My shorts were so big on me now, and so I kicked them off along with my underwear. I must've made some kind of error in having



bought apparel so big on me, but that was okay. I slid right through my shirt as it too joined the bottom of the waves.

His hand pushed my face against the side of his shaft, grinding my nostrils against it as my tongue impulsively flicked out, wrapping around the middle of it. My new cute ears, fuzzy and brown with an inner fur of stained white flicked upon hearing the masculine grumble in the otter's throat. It was like before he was so high-pitched, but from my position, from my new unaware height, it was like everything he was doing was more... commanding. I was still twice his size, but then again... it was only a few minutes ago that I was four times his size.

Finally he brought my head up all the way until I could see the tip facing me. A fuzzy finger stuck itself in my maw, my muzzle halfway to fruition. The taste of mollusks was easy to discern, but I'd be getting something much more tangy here in the next few moments. The finger broadened my lips, and with his hands now no longer holding anything, he placed them behind his head, lazing about the river as I was trusted to make the first move.

A trust I wanted to immortalize in his mind. With a twist of my head, a closing of my eyes, I brought my mouth down onto his tip, and sucked. The thing must've grown in scale when I wasn't looking. Despite being four inches, I had to hold back my gags as the pulsing prong brushed against my uvula. The taste was unexpected — I *loved* it. It



was better than whatever fine dining dish I had in my life. Saliva from my mouth drooled over it, digging into the small furs forming near my chin and around my face. My teeth elongating downwards and honing into a fine edge were but a small challenge as my butt bubbled outwards, letting the male I was servicing get a good, firm grasp on my tush.

It made me moan, everything was making me moan. My tongue circled around his cock, twisting and turning until I met the fur and skin it'd hide in, digging further into that place as I didn't care what covered my tongue, what it tasted anymore. I felt **MANIC**. I had to get this male to cum as soon as possible. I had to cum, I had to cum so fucking badly. A new sensation was wracking my head, a deep... fucking need to take this otter's seed and bring him pups! Riverpups!!!

My sudden and rapid increase in sexual libido came from the fact that the male and I were now the same size. My tail, albeit small and rather furless, made my hind legs rise upwards. It gave the otter a perfect angle to reach down onto my crotch and play with my one inch dick, pressing his fingers into my genitalia until a slit formed there from his advances, a puff of white cream mixing with the water as the remnants of my cock became a clit and the rest was history.

His dick was taking up my entire mouth as I rose up and down, giving slight gags as the rod made its way an inch down my throat, widening my gullet with a visible lump



before the animal brought me back up, tapping my head with his fingers as if... he was worried about how hard I was going. It made my face glow with joy as fur covered all the skin on my head, my breaths heavy and heaving. Several nipples sprouted from below my main two, milk fit for the aquatic puppies I'd soon be bringing into the world.

While my transformation was so sudden that I hadn't realized it until my brain accepted it all as normal, my mate was keen to take advantage of my now *smaller* size. Picking up my legs, he laid me on top of him, holding the weight for both of us as I continued to slobber all over his cock, a gaudy amount of pre all over my face and deeply seeded within the fine grains of his crotch fluff. I cooed and shrieked as he stuck his muzzle between my asscheeks, sending his own tongue quite far into my cunt.

I squeezed my legs, ejecting a goopy drizzle over his muzzle that he quickly licked up. The pair of us just sending our sloppy, soft pink appendages on top of our genitalia, the harder one of us would go, it would be given back in kind. I struggled to hold back my flow, the intense pleasures of his tongue grinding all over my internal caverns. It was too much for me to bear.

And... it seemed he felt the same way. I opened my mouth, roaring out in a cute, high pitched squeal only to be given a fat burst of otter seed right into my face. His pulsing cock throbbed and shot out a thick sea of sperm, my maw just fast enough to slide on top of his tip to make sure it all went inside of me. At the same time, my own



pussy surged with girlish juices, releasing several gushing ounces of my fluids onto his own face.

It was an understatement to say that we were both *incredibly* messy. But he manhandled me gently, twisting me around as he licked at my face to clean it, and I did the same to his. The male... my mate, he cupped his arm around my body, holding me so tight as I nestled my head into his armpit. I must've been... just around three-quarters of his frame now. It felt so nice to be held as we let our bodies coast down the river, night time soon to be upon us.

I had forgotten plenty, but it was all worth it in my primitive eyes. Later that night, he'd breed me, and I'd start the next stage of my life in maternity as an expecting mother. But... it was worth it in the end, for I had someone I loved, and that person — that *animal* loved me too. Who cares if I was an animal now!? This was *my* life, and I was happy to spend it, even as I'd lose knowledge about taxes, human concepts, and all other things that needed to be known by the intelligent mind.

An intelligent mind was not what I needed nor wanted. Love... I needed love. And I got it, and I'd be getting much more once my riverpuppies were here. I am whole, I am complete, I am... utterly fulfilled.



Which was all thanks to my very special mate. An otter who chose me, a person that wanted to be chosen.

