

# River Lovers

For Doran Sionnach

By TheSpiralledEye

*Taylor has adjusted to life as an otter girl but worries about her future with a human woman as her lover; fortunately, Chelsea is interested in transforming herself.*

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Taylor dove into the water; the cool river current flowed against her short fur and sent a shiver down her spine. The fresh, cool, wild river felt so much better to swim in than the pools back at college. She stayed beneath as long as she could, letting her paws run along the pebbles in the river bed until she was forced to surface with a little gasp.

With a flick of her tail she was floating on her back, enjoying the freedom that came with swimming naked. The only downside to being an otter girl was the clothing really. She hated wearing clothes over the top of her fur, especially swimwear when it was time to compete and perform at meets.

Despite her paws, tail, size and obviously animalistic elements, she still had a vaguely humanoid body. At least in the places where it counted for modesty purposes. Which meant she was forced into clothes most of the time even though it felt unnatural. Here, in the wild, she could be as free as she wanted.

Taylor dove back beneath the cool water and closed her eyes, focusing on the feel of the water flowing over her. Her nipples were stiff from the cold but she didn't care, her fur meant that she never felt uncomfortable. A fish darted past, tiny silver tail brushing against her thighs and she giggled, surrounding her face in a cascade of silver bubbles that sent her darting to the surface in search of air.

"That's got to be a new record!"

The voice came from the riverbank, where Chelsea sat in her bikini looking on in awe.

"You've never stayed under that long!"

“I got lost in my own thoughts.” Taylor blushed, hurriedly paddling to the edge and allowing Chelsea to lift her into her arms.

With a happy sigh, Taylor snuggled in against her girlfriend's breasts, even sticking her little paws into the cleavage to warm them. Becoming an otter woman had been the best thing to ever happen to Taylor for multiple reasons but right at the top of the list was gaining Chelsea as her girlfriend.

The busty swimmer and cheerleader was the hottest woman on campus, she could have had anybody she wanted. But it turned out, under that popular girl veneer; she was a furry and couldn't resist the allure of a real life otter woman. What had started out as purely physical attraction had turned into genuine love over the years as they finished their degrees and now that they had both graduated they found themselves in the awkward in between that came after graduation but before entering 'the real world'.

Neither of them wanted to bring up the unspoken questions that came with that on in between. Most people didn't stay with their college partner, life inevitably separated people but Taylor didn't want to think about losing Chelsea. Even if she wasn't utterly in love with the woman, who else would want an otter for a partner?

“Your toe beans are freezing.” Chelsea shivered with a giggle.

“That's why I am warming them up.” Taylor teased, wiggling them between the two breasts until she saw the skin there go pink.

“You know that drives me crazy.”

“You drive me crazy.” Taylor gently climbed up her girlfriend's chest, pressing her paws into the soft skin of her breasts and planting a furry kiss on the woman's lips.

It was awkward, only being a few inches tall when your partner was a regularly sized human, but they had quickly figured out how to make it work. Being this small meant she could do all kinds of things a normal human woman couldn't as well. Such as winding her way up Chelsea's neck to sit on her shoulders and rub circles on her breasts with her tail while the woman moaned and shivered.

“You have me at a disadvantage.” Taylor cooed, “I'm naked and you're fully dressed.”

“You call this fully dressed?” Chelsea laughed, “This bikini is practically just a bundle of strings with tiny fabric to cover my bits.”

“I know, that’s why I love it.”

With animalistic ease Taylor slid down Chelsea’s body , hooking her little claws around the strings keeping her bikini briefs up and dragging them to the ground. Chelsea gasped a little as her sex was exposed to the open air but quickly dropped to the ground and laid down on the grass; she knew exactly what Taylor was planning.

The otter woman smiled and pushed her long hair back away from her face as she dove between Chelsea’s legs, letting her whiskers tickle her inner thighs teasingly. He puffed little breaths of hot air against Chelsea’s clit and lingered close savouring the smell and heat wafting off her girlfriends pussy.

“Stop teasing me.” Chelsea groaned and Taylor just giggled before leaning in to gently lap at the pussy with her tongue.

Her little mouth and snout easily slipped between Chelsea’s folds and her aforementioned talent for holding her breath meant she could stay like that for quite some time before needing to come up for air. She licked and sucked at her girlfriends folds, letting her juices soak through the fur around her face. The smell was so delicious and strong that it blocked out everything else around it.

Taylor felt Chelsea’s legs starting to shake and twitch, her thighs trembling as she got close until finally her entire body stiffened. Taylor had just enough time to take a quick gasp of air before she was squirted; the pussy juice soaking over her face in a thick, viscous jet as Chelsea shuddered and moaned.

Taylor gave her a few more little licks before slowly retreating to admire her girlfriend’s post orgasm form. Her eyes had fluttered closed and there was a gentle smile on her flushed face. Utterly beautiful. After committing the image to memory Taylor left her to bask in her afterglow while she took to the water once more. Much as she loved her girlfriends juices, being coated in them was only fun for so long.

She let the water wash them away and cleaned the rest of her fur using her sharp little claws while floating on her back. Being an otter she could float effortlessly so she didn't even realise the current was starting to wash her downstream until Chelsea called out and Taylor realised just how far away she was.

“Sorry!”

With a quick flick of her limbs she was darting back up stream without even breaking a sweat and gracefully leaping back up onto the bank where she shook herself dry.

“You’re so amazing.” Chelsea sighed, propping herself up on her side so I could snuggle in next to her.

“That’s what you always say when I blow your mind.”

“No, I mean it. It’s just incredible. The way you swam upstream like that without even having to try. I wish I could do that.”

“Well, you are still a pretty amazing swimmer, you have the trophies to prove it. They wouldn’t even let me compete anymore once I transformed.”

“Yeah...” Chelsea rolled her eyes. “But it’s not as cool as being an otter girl.”

There was an edge to her voice, no anger but...envy.

“Taylor...do you think you could make that potion again? The one that made you this way?”

Taylor blinked in surprise and shuffled back to look her in the eye.

“You...want to be like me?” Chelsea nodded.

“Think about it, if we are both otter women we can rent a cute little place out here, or even live in an RV camper. We can catch our own wild dinners and live life however we want. No jobs, no responsibilities, just you, me and the river.”

Taylor swallowed; if she was honest that did sound amazing. What she was going to do after college had been on her mind; after all, while she was at school she could be the swim team's mascot but there weren't many jobs going for otter women who stood shorter than most children. Other than maybe applying to live at a zoo; something she was in no great hurry to do.

“I could do it. If you are sure but I have to warn you, the side effects are a bit intense at first.”

“You mean how horny you got?” Chelsea snickered and Taylor blushed.

“Yeah, that.”

“Well that’s no problem at all, we can do it out here and I am sure my generous girlfriend can help me.”

Chelsea scooped Taylor up in her arms and hugged her tight.

“What do you say?”

Taylor thought for a moment before grinning; she could feel excitement building.

“I say, let’s do it.”

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Making the potion was easy enough, ever since she messed up her original one the mistakes were burned into Taylor’s brain. She and Chelsea planned a sequestered camping trip for the weekend and walked deep into the woods to find the perfect spot for her transformation and potentially, their new home. Well, Chelsea walked, Taylor rode on her shoulders.

Despite the long travel time, they were both buzzing with excitement when they finally found the freshwater lake and river. The sun was just starting to set, tinging the whole area yellow thanks to the sunlight filtering through the autumnal trees. It was the most romantic place Taylor had ever been and her little paws quaked in anticipation as she pulled out the little bottle containing the potion.

“Is that it?” Chelsea asked excitedly. “Oh my gosh, I can’t wait, after all this time dreaming, I am finally going to be an otter girl like you!”

She gave an excited squeal and Taylor couldn’t help but giggle seeing her girlfriend act like an excited teenager. She was excited too; what would busty, blonde Chelsea look like as an otter? She could hardly wait.

“Let’s not wait a second longer, I want to see you change.”

Taylor handed over the potion and Chelsea quickly stripped herself naked and took the bottle with trembling hands.

“Bottom’s up I guess.” She grinned before downing it all in one gulp. “Ack! That tasted gross.”

“The taste isn’t the important thing, just wait a few minutes and it should start.”

Chelsea nodded and stood at Taylor’s side watching the sun go down. Neither of them were really focused on the view though, that was obvious. After a few minutes of tense silence Chelsea started to shift back and forth on her feet a little.

“I-I think it’s starting, I feel a little...tingly.”

“Turned on?”

“Y-yeah.”

Taylor watched as Chelsea’s body took on a pink hue, a blush spread all over, from her face to the cheeks of her ass and curves of her breasts. She wet her lips over and over and Taylor smiled as the hair between Chelsea’s legs started to take on a wet shine. She remembered how it felt to change, she had never been so horny in all her life.

It seemed Chelsea was feeling the same way because she started to keel a little, shifting back and forth on her feet and crushing her thighs together as little gasps of pleasure escaped her lips.

“Oh...it’s really happening now, Taylor.” She moaned. “C-could you help?”

“Oh of course.” Taylor cooed, “Lay down.”

Chelsea did so but instead of darting between her legs to give her girlfriend some relief Taylor climbed up onto the flat of her stomach and placed a paw on each of Chelsea’s nipples. They were rock hard and easy to squeeze between her furry hands. Chelsea’s whole body shuddered with pleasure and Taylor watched as her blush started to change.

Red skin started to turn brown as thin, shiny, waterproof fur began to grow all over Chelsea's body.

"Here you go, babe."

"Oh fuck, oh god, I-I'm turning into an otter ooooooh gods, please! Please, I need to be touched!"

One of Chelsea's hands moved between her legs, slipping wetly between her folds only for the long human fingers to shrink, shifting and changing into little paws just like Taylor's and preventing Chelsea from fingering herself properly. She gave a frustrated moan and Taylor took pity on her.

"Use the little beans to flick your clit." She whispered, "they are rough and feel so good."

Chelsea did so and Taylor had to clench onto the woman's nipples for dear life as she shuddered with pleasure. The moan was like music to the otter's ears and she continued to tease her girlfriend as the transformation continued.

Chelsea's fur was a light tan shade of brown, nearly blonde on her stomach and her ears shifted from the side of her head to the top, turning round and furry. Her blonde hair stayed, along with her vaguely humanoid shape but her hips widened slightly and Chelsea began to rock back and forth, side to side as she fingered herself and groaned.

"Uuuuuh, I can't cum, fuck I feel so close...there is...something...fuck my ass!"

Taylor barely had enough time to jump to the side before Chelsea flipped onto her hands and knees. She was keening, one paw pressed into the earth to keep her balance, the other furiously rubbing between her legs as a tail grew just above the curve of her butt. Taylor watched in fascination and arousal as the thick, furry tail grew out to its full length.

Chelsea was also starting to rapidly shrink now; it was a good thing she'd stripped her clothes off or she would have been falling out of them. It was surreal, to watch her girlfriend slowly come down to her level. Soon she looked almost like a blonder version of Taylor! Still slightly taller, with a bigger bosom but her features were totally changed. She had the same paws, the same button nose and furry face and the same sleek otter build.

Chelsea was still moaning and furiously rubbing her new otter clit, clearly on the edge but unable to fall over it. Taylor remembered this moment well.

“I know what you need.” She said huskily, her own pussy was throbbing with need now. Watching this all happen had been the hottest damn thing she’d ever seen!

With more force than she intended Taylor ran forward and threw her arms around Chelsea, sending them tumbling down the subtle slope by the edge of the lake. The two of them fell in with a splash the heat of their skin juxtaposed against the coolness of the water. Taylor felt Chelsea shudder against her violently as she finally came for the first time in her new anthro form before they both surfaced, hands clasped together and Chelsea panting for breath.

Her whiskers trembled and her bust heaved with the effort; Taylor would have been mesmerised but she was too turned on to just lay here. She could feel the water lapping at her heated sex but she needed something much stronger to be satisfied. Some new otter instinct she’d never felt before seemed to take over and she clambered atop Chelsea’s stomach, the other otter somehow managing to stay afloat even with Taylor’s weight pressing down on both of them.

Taylor pressed her own pussy to Chelsea’s and the pair of them moaned; finally, they could have sex front to front! Chelsea’s little paws clung to Taylor’s side as they both began to undulate and thrust against one another, breasts crushed together, pussy juices mixing with the water as the current took them.

The pair of otter women sank and surfaced with the current, rolling and switching positions fast as lightning. It had been so long since Taylor had felt a body her own size against her like this and it was heavenly. There were also factors she hadn’t considered, like how lovely it felt to be able to fully kiss Chelsea now that they were the same size; or how nice it felt to have somebody else’s fur mingling with her own.

The waters had taken them right into the middle of the lake now and with nobody else around their moans echoed across the smooth surface. Their lovemaking sent ripples out all the way to shore and Taylor felt her own pleasure building and building until finally, she came hard. Chelsea followed suit and the two otter women made out furiously, continued to buck their hips against one another to keep the ecstasy going as long as they could.

Finally, exhausted, Taylor flopped off Chelsea and let herself sink in the water for a moment before surfacing to float at her girlfriend’s side. Their paws linked together instinctually and they floated across the water’s surface, letting it still as the first stars of the evening twinkled into existence above them. The lake was cool against their warm bodies and a sense of peace settled over the pair.



“This is our life now.” Chelsea breathed, voice full of wonder, Taylor hummed with happiness.

“I think I can live with that.” She whispered after a while.

“Me too.”