

A lone otter snored on his sofa.

Quiet breathing filled the space as his chest bobbed up and down, long, dark brown hair splayed around him as he haphazardly laid back on his sofa. It was a fairly large sized seat, all things considered - more than enough to handle him, almost looking like a bed in comparison to his small frame.

It wasn't the fact that he was small - he most certainly was on the shorter side - it was that the sofa was just *that* large; designed for someone who was truly titanic in size. Bobert was nestled into a worn indentation, suspiciously shaped like a massive set of glutes. It was like a nest, the otter turning, curling up on himself as he nuzzled into the dense arm rest he was using as a makeshift pillow.

He was busily dreaming, the otter letting out soft squeaks for sounds as he wiggled a bit. The front of his jeans bulged subtly, an already massive bulge that nearly hung down to his knees giving a few pulses - giving a small hint as to the topic might have been about. A dense rudder for a tail curled, the tip of it sliding around his leg as he huffed, face turning a light shade of pink; the color crept up his cheeks, climbing up into the insides of his ears as he groaned quietly.

However, tranquility didn't last.

The sound of his cell phone going off startled the mustelid awake, hands flailing, one of them managing to somehow smack himself in the face. He groaned in frustration as he nearly fell off of the sofa, collecting his wits after accidentally braining himself. Hands fumbled around, pushing into his jacket and then his pockets in search of the infernal, noisy device.

"Hello?" he asked, sounding just as groggy as he looked, managing to pull out his phone from his jeans.

"BRO-!"

Bobert nearly flung his phone from how loud the voice was, causing the entire handset to shake from the depth and volume. He yanked the device away from his round ear, his expression screwing up before putting it back to his head.

"...Steve?" he asked tentatively, even if he already knew the answer in his groggy state.

"Yeah, Bro-!" the voice rumbled from the other end, thankfully less earth-shaking in volume this time.

"What..." he groaned, pushing a hand over his face, palm rubbing into his eye socket. "...Why?"

"*Food-!*" the voice on the other end rumbled eagerly, sounding like a little kid with sheer enthusiasm - if it wasn't for the sheer masculine depth of it.

Bobert groaned as he slumped, throwing his legs over the edge of the sofa. His perfect nap, ruined; already, the details of his dream were already fading, the otter's ears lowering as his expression soured.

"Why can't you get it yourself? I was taking a nap," he grumbled into his phone, now much more awake thanks to his bout of frustration. His free hand brushed some of the long strands of his brown hair away from his face and eyes, huffing as he slumped forward.

The otter paused. "...Hello?" he asked, curious about the sudden silence from the other end of the call. Almost as if his question was answered, he heard the sound of a notification.

He nearly dropped his phone as he saw a haphazardly taken picture filling up his screen.

A set of swollen pectorals practically shoved out of the otter's phone. Hirsute globes in stunningly high detail on full display. The otter gulped as he stared at them, practically feeling like he was about to fall into the deep cavernous divide between them. Jet black straps were pulled taut over mountainous traps, the tank top that clung to Steve's chest barely holding on.

If he lamented the loss of his hardon, he certainly didn't now. It was back with a vengeance, Bobert huffing as he tried to push it down with his free hand. "Stupid, sexy..." he muttered under his breath in frustration, blushing as he continued to stare at the picture, unable to tear his eyes away from the display of sweaty, hirsute masculinity.

"Working out, Bro-!" the voice called out from the phone, Bobert quickly pulling it up to the side of his head.

"Then get some after you're done!" the otter protested, huffing loudly, his frustration redoubling from how flustered he was. "Why do I have to get you something? I'm not some sort of food taxi!"

"C'mooooon, bro-!" the larger, older otter whined, his voice causing Bobert's phone to rattle. "Promise I'll make it up to you, lil dude!"

In past experience, it was nearly impossible to say no to Stevert. He was simply too stubborn, and when that didn't work, he always relied on his absurdly attractive body to get his way. Bobert was all too familiar with it, which is why the short otter was left in a frustrating position as he shifted on his sofa. He didn't particularly want to go, having been far too comfortable napping, but he had little choice. Steve was most likely going to bombard him with more 'selfies' like the one he had just sent if Bobert didn't fling some lunch at the heavily muscled himbo.

"Fine-fine-!" Bobert barked back into the headset. "Whatever—what do you want anyway?"

"Awww, thanks Bro-!~" the behemoth chimed from the other end of the call, making a shudder go up Bobert's spine. "Just get me, uuuhhh..." he droned, clearly having to get the gears working, obviously not having thought ahead on his order. "How abooooout...like, five of those number seven combos from Andy's?"

"F-Five..?" the otter sputtered.

"*Duuuude*," the other otter laughed, his voice booming. "You know how much I eat, Bro-! Gotta fill up the tank with protein if I wanna keep growin'!"

"You're already too big-!" Bobert snapped, his face having turned a hard shade of red. "You can barely go anywhere without destroying places!"

"*Braaaaahhh*," Steve cooed on the other end of the phone, putting on a soothing tone. "Never too much big! Besides, I still got a looong way to go!~" The blunt, almost stupid tone to Steve's voice coaxed a groan out of Bobert, his face turning an even brighter crimson. "Sooo...uh, food?~"

"*God*," Bobert hissed, putting his hand over his face, hiding it from embarrassment.

"Fine...whatever! I'll get you your burgers! Just..." He sighed, pulling his phone up higher against his head. "You're going to pay me back, right?"

There was a pause on the other end of the phone.

"*Right??*"

"Uuuhhh..." The big lug droned. "Yeah, sure-!"

Bobert's brow furrowed. The answer wasn't exactly a decisive one. As much as he wanted to press the other otter, he knew it was going to be a fruitless endeavor. Hell, he'd probably just get another shot of the behemoth's sweaty body if he did - Steve's not-so-subtle version of coercion.

He twitched as his crotch flexed at the thought, tenting out the front of his jeans. The denim creaked subtly, the mustelid huffing under his breath at the thought of his older brother's beefy body.

"Fine... Just..." He grumbled under his breath, shoving his twitching endowment back down. "Give me a few minutes to get there, alright?"

Steve instantly perked up, the older otter letting out a noise of excitement. "**AWRIGHT-!** See you soon lil bro-! *Love yaaaa-!~*" The phone call ended with a click, leaving Bobert's head practically spinning. He couldn't deny the warmth that crept back over his cheeks, the last sentence tickling him in all the right ways.

He dropped his phone down from his head, biting at his obsidian lower lip as he glared at his throbbing crotch, violet eyes drilling holes into it - not that his obscenely sized endowment cared, the log giving another throb, his pants zipper audibly straining.

"*Guuuhhh*," he groaned loudly as he got up, nearly becoming unbalanced by the twitching of his crotch. He didn't have time to rub one out; there was no way that Steve would leave him alone long enough for the smaller otter to satisfy himself.

No... He just had to hope that it would die down by the time he got the larger otter's food...

The otter kicked on his boots, ignoring the endowment that was jutting up into his face as he fought with the laces. He managed to stomp his way to the front foyer, grabbing his beanie, nestling it onto his head before pulling the door open.

A biting cold wind blew in, causing the otter's long hair to sweep behind him. He cringed, stuffing his hands into his pockets as he braced himself against the winter weather.

...Maybe losing that hardon wouldn't be so hard after all.

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Robert's thighs pumped, his face a shade of red - and not from the cold either. He was still embarrassed by his order. The look that the cashier gave him was enough to make him want to tear up the floor panels and hide under them. The bags worth of food swung from his handlebars, the otter grunting in frustration as took a difficult corner with his bicycle.

He silently questioned why he was going to all of this trouble. It was a giant pain in his ass, and his legs were already killing him from the extra weight he was lugging along.

Bare branches passed by, the otter zipping past a few trees as he zoomed along the edge of a cracked and aged roadway. He swerved a few times, plastic bags swaying around as he dodged a pothole or two. This wasn't exactly a popular part of town. Businesses and homes yielded to decades old looking warehouses, the otter biking down the road as he checked the various signs with address numbers.

Apparently Steve had been going to a new gym, having thoroughly outgrown his last one. ...Actually, he outright demolished it. Bent and broken weights and machines, the floor cracked with mammoth footprints being left behind from where the behemoth of an otter walked. Even the doors didn't survive, Steve's colossal delts and jutting triceps smashing through the door frames like they didn't exist, tearing them clean off the hinges with only so much as an 'oops' from the otter.

At least a warehouse was a better choice than a downtown gym filled with cardio bunnies. He had to wonder what Steve was even thinking, going to a place like that. His size alone was enough to terrify most of the local gym goers.

Maybe it was the free pizza they offered on the weekends that attracted him?

Robert scoffed at the thought, his brows flattening. Of course, it would be completely in-character for that to be Steve's sole reason. He could picture the monstrously large otter dropping onto his bulging hairy ass, happily devouring box after box of pizzas - the other gym members far too terrified with both him and the voracious display to even try getting close.

The mustelid groaned as he continued to thrust his thighs downwards, pumping his frustration into the pedals. Even watching him eat was an attractive display, the way his dense jawline would flex and move, the older otter swallowing down slices of pizza and burgers as if they were finger food. His neck would swell, veins would surface over it as that dense Adam's apple bobbed.

"Hhhfff..."

It was a love-hate relationship with that hunky idiot. Steve just existing was seemingly grounds enough for him to be sexy; everyday activities became a spectacle of muscular teasing when it came to that herculean, hirsute lug.

And the worst part was, that on some level, the big idiot knew what he was doing.

Bobert tried to push the thoughts from his mind as he concentrated on cycling, avoiding a few nasty cracks in the cement before finally finding the warehouse he was looking for. He pulled into the parking lot, zipping along into the open space. He immediately spotted Steve's jeep along with a few other vehicles dotted nearby.

He squinted, slowing to a stop as he approached the familiar vehicle. The top was down, and there was a fair amount of snow inside of the cabin. Bobert shook his head as he sighed, not at all surprised that he forgot to put up the top. He had to wonder how the older otter tolerated the cold so easily.

The otter gave a swing of his foot, knocking out the kickstand before hopping off of his bike. A quick glance around was enough to assure him that it wasn't going to be stolen while he was gone; the warehouse being out in the middle of absolute nowhere.

He shivered as a blast of biting cold wind blew out of nowhere. It felt like it was slicing straight through him, ignoring the heavy jacket he was wearing. Bobert hurried, grabbing up the bags haphazardly from the handles of his bike before making a beeline for the closest entrance. The warehouse loomed over him, a few rusted patches adorning the outside of the silver and gray structure. A curved roof adorned the top of it, a fair amount of snow still clinging to the structure from the fall they had earlier that morning.

Bobert flinched as he gripped the handle to a set of double doors. It was as cold as ice, the sensation quickly bleeding through his gloves. The inside of the warehouse was only a little better; he had to wonder if they were even running the heating inside of the building, still feeling a chill even as he walked in.

Besides the temperature, the first thing the otter was met with was the sound of clanking weights echoing through the structure. The second that hit him was the *smell*; earthy, sweaty musk floated around him, tickling at the mustelid's sensitive sinuses. He instantly felt the blood rushing to his groin, the short otter having to fight to keep from going weak in the knees.

He spotted the owners of the other cars nearby. A mammoth lion with a cyan mane was laying on a bench that looked far too small for him. The weight he was pressing was mind-blowingly

high; Bobert couldn't even begin to count the number of plates on either side of the bar, let alone how all much of it must have weighed. His pace slowed, plastic bags dangling at his sides as he watched the display. The lion's arms rippled, veins racing down them like the roots of a tree. Bloated pecs slammed together, hirsute mounds threatening to tear out of the small strip of a tank top he wore.

Bobert could feel himself getting dizzy just from watching several feet away, the oblivious lion continuing his absurd pump. The otter's eyes jumped in time with every push the feline made, the bulge in his jeans similarly mimicking the motion. It didn't help that every shove of his arms blasted a fresh wave of masculine musk in Bobert's direction, the otter finding himself stumbling away quickly.

He reached up, wiping at the corners of his mouth, trying to push away the embarrassing amount of stray drool that had been accumulating. He huffed to himself, trying to keep a low profile as he snaked through the open warehouse. The machines that were within were nothing like he had seen before - clearly made for transcendently muscled beings. He would argue that anyone who could lift on these machines might be cheating mortality to some degree.

There were a lot of them as well, practically creating a maze that the little otter had to wander through. Rubber mats divided the room with wide cement walkways to pass between them - pathways that the otter followed as he looked around for his older brother.

The sound of a few grunting snarls caught the otter's attention, his ears swiveling around from under his beanie like radar dishes. He followed the noise, weaving through the machines, the bags swaying in his grip as he dodged around a few oversized benches. Eventually, he managed to spot the source of the sound. On a squat press machine was Steve. The hulking otter huffed, monstrous mitts gripped around reinforced handles as he pressed his broad back against the bench he was sitting on.

Bobert got a good look at his thighs, the older male's workout shorts riding almost completely up from how pumped his quads were getting. He wasn't wearing anything else besides *very* revealing workout clothes. A tank top was nearly sucked between his pecs, the fabric being swallowed by the hirsute boulders that were bouncing with every thrust of his monstrously thick legs.

Steve's dense digits clamped around the handles as he huffed and growled - an almost lewd sound as his entire body shook and bounced. It was clear that the weight was heavy even for him, sweat trickling down the behemoth of an older brother's body. The behemoth's swollen pecs slammed together as he thrust his legs, ripples shaking across the surface like waves on an ocean. He practically had a cloud of musk hanging around him like a fog, Bobert's sensitive snout picking up on it as he scooted closer, a quiet moan shaking from the lil otter.

An ear perked, Steve pausing in the middle of one of his reps, his head turning. Even though his long bangs obscured his eyes, he seemingly could still see past them. His twisted snarl of concentration instantly blanked, being replaced with a goofy, toothy smile; the speed of it nearly gave the smaller otter whiplash.

“Bro-!” he boomed, slamming the weights one last time before locking them in place. The ground shook subtly as he hopped off of the machine. Bobert watched as the rubber mats on the floor compressed, the behemoth leaving footprints as he walked. His eyes were firmly fixed on those massive stompers, the older otter only wearing a pair of sandals, the material straining to stay wrapped around those titanic stompers.

Bobert gulped as he stared at those feet, seemingly unable to tear his eyes away. They were bigger than his entire torso; hell, if Steve wanted, he could easily eclipse him completely underfoot.

“You got my food?~” the hulking titan asked, hunching forward with a big, dopey grin across his masculine mug. His toothy smile split his squared, testosterone-infused jawline; dense stubble coated the lower half of his face, giving him a rugged, and stupidly attractive look.

The otter’s eyes widened as those pairs of massive mantits nearly dropped right into his face, his sniffer only inches away from those hirsute globes. He felt his body automatically trying to sway forward, the shorter otter having to stop himself from falling into the cavernous void between those burgeoning boulders. He watched as a few beads of sweat trickled down from his big brother’s broad forehead, traveling around the contours of his ridiculously broad jawline and onto his hirsute chest before dripping down his handholds for nipples.

“Uhhhhh...” Bobert droned, his arms weakly lifting, showing the bags in his rapidly loosening grip. Luckily, they didn’t get a chance to fall. Steve snatched them, his mammoth mitts easily engulfing Bobert’s own, swallowing halfway up his forearms as he took the sacks from the smaller mustelid. A shudder went up his spine at the direct comparison of their hands. His forearm was little smaller than just one of the monstrously massive male’s fingers...

It seemed that Steve was preoccupied with his food, the larger otter eagerly tearing into the banquet’s-worth of burgers, chomping them down easily. His neck bulged, veins creeping up either side as his Adam’s apple bobbed. The ground shook once more as the behemoth dropped onto his mammoth ass, his boulders for glutes slamming into the rubberized mat, no doubt leaving a permanent crater behind from the impact.

The shorter otter huffed, averting his gaze from the scene. Part of him both hated and loved that the older otter was taller than him even while sitting. It somehow made his size seem even more...overwhelming. At least he got a good view of the behemoth’s upper assets, the shorter otter peeking with violet eyes, peering at the mountain range of traps that flanked either side of the older otter’s trunk of a bull neck.

Bobert squeaked loudly as he watched one of those violet gloves heading straight for his face. That mammoth mitt dropped right over his head, engulfing him, putting him in a world of sweaty, meaty palm. Steve’s hand squeezed around the smaller otter’s shoulders, ruffling and squishing him under that massive mitt.

“Thanks lil bro-!” he grunted, his voice muffled as he chewed, one of his cheeks bulging from the burger he had stuffed into it. “I’ll pay ya back!” If he wasn’t being squeezed and caressed by that monstrously large hand, Bobert probably would have highly doubted the statement.

A grumpy huff came from the shorter otter as he crossed his arms. His gaze drifted down below, looking at the tangle of heavily muscled legs that were close to bumping his own. "Why are you wearing sandals anyway? It's winter!" he protested, allowing some of his frustration to seep into his accusatory tone.

Steve didn't seem to mind, or notice... Or care. He chomped another burger, his tongue slathering around dense fangs that were hidden within his maw. "Mm..? Oh! I got boots back in the lockers, bro!" he laughed, his dumb voice booming, acting as if the information should have been obvious. "It gets hot when I'm workin' out. Don't wanna make my boots too sweaty!" he said before pouring an entire container of fries straight into his maw.

Robert had to stop himself from letting out a groan as he watched that neck swell and flex; the behemoth revealed more of his brutish, blocky jawline as he guzzled the entire cup worth of fries. He tapped his foot, pressure building in the front of his pants, the smaller otter trying his best to fight back against the raging hardon that was threatening to form.

"*Heeey*," the older otter chimed in surprise, watching Robert turning on his heel. "Where y'goin'?" It seemed Robert didn't get the chance to escape, one of those massive mitts gripping around him. He let out a small squeak of flustered frustration, being lifted up...and promptly dropped right into the older otter's lap.

Robert huffed as he squirmed around, being sat right over the behemoth's junk. "L-Let me go!" he protested weakly, the intensity of the musk already starting to get to him now that he was intimately close with the big, dumb jock. He felt his beanie coming off, the top of it being pinched between the older otter's clawed digits. "H-Hey-!" he squawked, grabbing at it - to no avail as it was brought far out of his range. He only managed to grab at the otter's watch, fingers slipping off of the creaking leather of the large timepiece as he was teased.

A blush formed over the younger otter's face as he felt the other male's sniffer push into his dense, brown hair. It nuzzled between his short, round ears, sniffing and snuffling his scent. Steve growled softly, a possessive sound. His large hand returned, gripping Robert with it, pushing him closer against him, pressing him back against the dense set of brick-like abdominals that stretched his tank top taut.

"Hey, Lil Bro," the older otter rumbled deep in that throat. "Check out how pumped my thighs are~" He shifted, sticking his legs straight out, one of his oversized stompers kicking one of the nearby machines, sending it scooting subtly away. His quads nearly exploded as he flexed them. The fabric of his shorts stretched tight, teardrop shaped muscle fighting for space as the dark fabric pulled taut.

Robert's ear swiveled as he heard the popping of seams, the edges of the older otter's shorts starting to tear from the strain. More of his brown fur poured out from the fissures, the smaller otter watching as those muscled feathered, striating, even managing to make his hide creak subtly from the process. The lil otter found himself being lifted up, those dense thighs pushing his junk up and out of the way, as if demanding more space to flex and swell.

The titan finished off his meal, crumpling the last wrapper into a wad before tossing it haphazardly aside. He licked over his lips, rumbling in satisfaction. His midsection had tented out a little, blocky abdominals stretching out into a rounded dome to accommodate the buffet of burgers that had been shoveled down his gullet. He pressed his hand into his younger brother, shoving him right into that middle, plastering Bobert right against his stretched taut tank. He rumbled in pleasure, stroking over him with a hand that was easily half of the smaller otter's size, squeezing and kneading him into that gurgling, rumbling middle.

Steve's glove creaked as he flexed his fingers, wrapping them around Bobert as if he was a plaything. He squeezed and massaged around his body, teasing along his jawline with an index finger before casually slipping it right into his mouth.

Bobert's eyes went wide, letting out a muffled protest as the thick sausage as a finger shoved into his mouth, taking up nearly all the space. His frustration quickly melted away; his eyes rolled back as he moaned, tasting the salty sweat that had formed over that digit as it was pumped in and out of his maw.

A deep snicker shook from the titan, his dense tail swaying around behind him in excitement. He loved teasing his younger brother, that much was obvious. The sounds the smaller mustelid were making was getting him just as aroused, his junk swelling out in his shorts, bouncing Bobert even higher up into the air as he straddled the pulsating log.

Bobert squeezed around Steve's wrist, gripping the edges of the violet, fingerless glove the larger otter was wearing. He moaned pathetically, thrusting his hips forward, grinding his engorging crotch against the wall of unmoving abdominals in front of him. The creaking of Steve's watch didn't help either, the leather groaning loudly with every shift of the meaty male's hands. Dense tendons flexed over the back of that mitt, denting out the fabric of his gloves as he plunged the digit deeper into Bobert's slurping, suckling maw.

"Jeez, Lil Bro!" the older otter boomed with a guffaw. "You're getting too hot! Here, lemme get some of those layers off!"

Bobert gasped as the dense digit was yanked out of his mouth, the otter catching his breath for a second or two. He found his jacket being yanked right off of him, practically being torn open. "H-Hey-!" he protested weakly, trying to keep the frustrated fire in his voice as he squirmed. "Watch it! You're going to tear something!"

As if on cue, the bottom half of the zipper tore open, the teeth pulling apart as the front of his jacket was tugged open.

"*Wooooops~*" the older otter purred with a teasingly sing-song voice—clearly not sorry.

"You big stupid lug-!" Bobert snapped. However, a squeeze from that large hand silenced him, forcing out a wheeze of a moan as it wrapped around his sides and midsection. The other hand tugged his jacket off, tossing it aside like the used wrappers. He found his world tilting, ending up on his back as the titan loomed over him, casting a dark shadow that blotted out the burning fluorescent lights above.

“Y-You should...w-watch what you’re...” he stammered, ire deflating, his face reddening as he saw that toothy, mischievous smirk - watching it get closer and closer...

Steve pressed a hard kiss to his little brother’s lips, making out with him passionately. There was no preamble to the act, the oversized jock shoving his tongue straight into Bobert’s mouth, slurping in and out, pumping it the dense, saliva-slicked appendage in. There was so much of it - enough to make Bobert’s cheeks bulge, the lil rudder’s eyes rolling back in his head.

Bobert thrust his hips shakily, feeling Steve’s hand working around between his lithe legs, meaty palm pressing down against the end of his straining tent. He huffed and panted, still being assaulted by sloppy kisses, streams of saliva dribbling down from the corners of his maw. The otter wanted to protest, to remind the big, stupid meat-head that they were still in public; however, he couldn’t find the strength, simply too overwhelmed by Steve’s overbearing, masculine presence.

“Heeey, bro?~” the larger otter asked, pulling off the kiss with a lewd, wet pop. He smirked, noticing that Bobert was still a flustered mess, the smaller mustelid putty in his paws. “Wanna see a cool trick I learned?~”

He didn’t wait for a response, the behemoth reaching down, squeezing his lil brother’s oversized endowment. He huffed, clenching his right arm, veins racing down the limb as they pushed up under the back of his glove. The violet fabric creaked and strained as his hand bulged, swelling subtly in size as he flexed his swelling tendons. The watch he was wearing creaked, the band starting to fray, the reinforced leather starting to tear from the strain.

The poor otter couldn’t take the strain, he let out a wailing moan as his crotch burst out of the front of his pants, his thankfully stretchy boxers still managing to hold together. He writhed and panted, huffing as jets of precum gushed through the dampened fabric, listening to the sounds of Steve’s glove tearing clean off, the brute’s watch band busting as well.

Steve’s already dense hands had nearly doubled in thickness, true sausages flexing and squeezing. He chuckled softly, brushing the shredded remains of his gloves aside, the watch dropping limply from his hirsute wrist. “Oops...” he purred teasingly, eyes lidded as he watched his little brother.

Bobert was busy squeezing over his older brother’s hand, nuzzling into the thing, those fingers thicker than his own legs now as he mouthed at them. There was no way one of those digits would fit in his mouth now...but it didn’t seem that he cared, mouthing at the end of one anyway.

“Heh...let’s get those pants off, brah. Bet you’re chafing like fuck in there~” He scooped up the smaller otter by his ankles, flipping him upside down, long hair dangling. This seemed to snap Bobert out of his lustful haze, the smaller otter letting out a series of squeaking, wordless protests as he flailed.

Steve bounced him up and down, tugging on the fabric of his jeans, causing more of the otter to slide out of them, practically shucking the smaller mustelid.

“Stop! You stupid oaf-!” he managed to growl out before gasping, his pants popping off of his leg, the otter dropping a few inches. He was caught by the hirsute hulk’s other hand, easily cupped in it as he was lifted up into the air. Steve stared at him, grinning like an idiot, peering at him from behind his curtain of long hair. Bobert gulped, averting his gaze, practically able to feel the hungry stare the older otter was placing upon him.

“Ah-!” he gasped, being flipped around, his crotch shoving into the larger male’s palm, his ass being hiked up, rudder lifting. Steve dove his face right into his rear, sniffing deep, picking up on the unique musk that came from his little brother. The possessive growl that came from the usually laid back otter sent a shiver up Bobert’s spine, the lil rudder moaning as he hiked his tail further.

He was completely powerless against the brute’s advances; being treated like a plaything for what was essentially a larger, older, dumber, *horny* version of himself.

“Brooooo,” the dumb behemoth growled, moaning as he huffed into the smaller otter’s ass. “You smell so *goood*...” Bobert shuddered from the depth of his voice, Steve’s rumbling bass shaking right up through his ass and up his spine. At this point, the smaller otter was suspended up in the air with a single paw, the other one was busily jerking below, Steve having fished his own erection out of his shorts. It was nearly as thick as his own thigh, having pumped up to absurd proportions as his balls engorged between his thighs. His shorts acted like a basket for them, hefting his nuts, bouncing them a little as they churned.

“F-Fucking...” Bobert stammered, his face having turned a hot shade of red by this point. The color had seeped into his ears, making the lighter fur almost glow. He shoved his ass back, forcing the behemoth to really get his nose in deep. If he was roped into this, he might as well make the big guy pay up with some attention.

Steve seemed receptive, the older otter moaning in need as he huffed with his densely padded nostrils. His massive rudder thudded behind him, cracking into the ground, causing a few of the lighter equipment to bounce from the impacts. He continued beating his cock, his arm rippling, bicep bulging higher and higher with every thrust, as if his body was egging him on. Veins raced down his limb like roots from a tree, feeding the engorging muscle.

Bobert managed to pull himself off of the hand, climbing along the limb instead, nuzzling along his brutish bro’s bloated bicep. He managed to turn himself around, nuzzling at the larger otter’s wrist, kissing and smooching at the palm he had just been thrusting into.

Sure this was incredibly lewd, and...sure, they had a few onlookers, but Bobert didn’t care anymore. He was horned up like crazy, the unique pheromones emitted by the larger otter getting to his head, making him throw decency to the wind.

“*Fuuuck*, bro...” Steve hissed out, his voice rumbling in his throat like a shaking earthquake. “Fuck, getting me real turned on...” he muttered, beating his flexing fuckstick. He managed to lose his grip on it once or twice, the reddened head slamming up between his pectorals, causing his hirsute man-tits to ripple with the impact. He huffed, panting as he rocked his hips, bouncing

them up into the air. Down below, his toes curled, the older otter hiking his knees up as he writhed in pleasure, having to spread them due to his engorging, churning balls.

Bobert huffs, feeling a tad daring as he managed to jump off of his big bro's meaty arm. He landed right on his chest, thankful that his boots came off with his jeans, his heels pressing down on the larger mustelid's nipples like they were footholds; a deep moan was elicited from the behemoth, the larger otter booming as his pecs clamped together defensively. Despite nearly being overwhelmed, the smaller otter managed to smirk, shoving his cock between those pecs, plowing between them, letting out a hissing moan. He could feel the tickling of the big brute's chest hair even through the over-stretched fabric of his underwear.

The sweat that was accumulating between those boulders allowed the smaller otter to thrust his hips, railing his big bro's busty mounds. Taking charge, he gripped around either side of Steve's blocky jawline, pulling his head up as he leaned down.

Steve let out a sharp moan, one that was quickly muted as bobert clamped his lips around his. The smaller otter suckled over his older bro's plump lower lip, thrusting his hips, clapping them against the otter's boulders, feeling the neck of the larger male's tank top grazing against his junk. The large otter continued to beat his junk, adding both hands to the mix at this point, squeezing the helmeted head of his mammoth member even as jets of precum erupted from it.

The underwear the smaller otter was wearing finally tore, the band breaking as the rest of the fabric turned to confetti. It snapped off of his rear, going flying as the rest of his monstrously large endowment barreled out. The head of his cock peeked up, shoving past the behemoth's tits and right under his chin, the pair breaking the kiss.

Steve panted, huffing, his cheeks red as he eyed the head of the smaller otter's cock. As if driven by an unseen force, he opened his mouth wide, swallowing it, guzzling down as much of his little brother's length as he could.

A loud, whining moan came from Bobert, one that was swiftly silenced by a large hand grappling around his head and shoulders. It seemed that Steve was returning the favor, the end of his thick thumb pushing into Bobert's mouth, effectively plugging it.

Bobert's poor brain nearly malfunctioned. Between the finger in his mouth, the cock wedged between rippling, squeezing pecs, and the fact that his older brother was trying to guzzle as much as his cock as he could, he could barely keep a coherent thought straight.

"EUGH-!" the smaller otter squeaked as he was suddenly pulled free, gripped by a monstrously large hand. He was quickly placed on the floor, stumbling a step as he watched his behemoth of a sibling flip over, exposing his mammoth hairy ass. A hand reached back, a dense thumb hooking under the band, tugging it down, framing those perfectly rounded, dimpled glutes.

"*Broo-!*" Steve called out, the sheer need in his voice palpable as he panted. "Fuck me-!"

Bobert was slowly becoming aware of the increasing number of stares around them, his face reddening on behalf of his slutty sibling.

“Bro, *please-!*” he moaned, rocking his hips, his glutes rippling into shredded croissants as he flexed them. Bobert barely had time to think of an answer, let alone deliver one; the smaller otter was snatched up again, dropped onto that burly ass, having to climb over it, such was the sheer size of those globes. The older otter’s tail wrapped around behind him, pushing him into place. Bobert’s cock slid seamlessly between the hairy void, the small otter shuddering and moaning as he felt all of that dense hair tickling at his sensitive flesh.

“**AwwwwWWWFUCK,**” Steve moaned, bucking his hips, swallowing up the end of his lil brother’s endowment with ease. His hand groped around the floor, gripping around until he found the scraps of Bobert’s underwear. He shoved it up against his dense sniffer, huffing his sibling’s scent like it was a drug.

The sounds of Steve’s ass getting clapped echoed through the warehouse, deep booming moans followed by small squeaks of pleasure. Held in place by the older otter’s dense rudder, Bobert had no choice but to rail the hirsute titan’s ass. He reached up, grabbing at some of the older otter’s long locks, giving them a few hard tugs, yanking his head back.

Steve let out a breathy moan, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, dangling above his chin - clearly loving the treatment as his cock gushed a sticky load of precum across the gym.

A loud gasp came from Bobert as he felt his rear being pried open. A thumb pushed between his taut glutes, stretching him open like a rubber band. The rest of those broad fingers wrapped around his thigh, securely holding him in place - as if making sure he didn’t get second thoughts about fucking the larger otter silly.

The larger otter was wearing Bobert’s underwear around his face like a mask at this point, the torn fabric draped over the front of his muzzle as he huffed and snorfed into it. Every moan shook through him like the rumble of thunder, the vibrations heading right up Bobert’s cock, making the smaller otter squirm.

Bobert gripped and squeezed over the behemoth’s mammoth back. It was wider than than the smaller otter was tall, bulging, sinewy muscle making up the split halves of each side of his burgeoning back. The feeling of Steve’s hand squeezing around his thighs was bliss - even when you factored out the thumb that was stretching out his sphincter. He groaned, feeling himself stretch like a rubber band, the older otter content with jamming himself up to his first knuckle into his lil brother.

There was a fairly large crowd gathered around them at this point. The lion from earlier was huffing, having taken a seat on a nearby bench, lazily jerking himself. There were a smattering of other males, enjoying voyeur pleasure as they squeezed themselves; some openly, some subtly pawing at their throbbing lengths underneath the fabric of shorts and sweats. The cyan-furred feline in particular looked like he was enjoying himself, dense digits pinching at a jutting obsidian nipple, stroking along it as he eagerly jerked himself.

Steve seemed to pick up on the audience, peeking up as he panted. It only served to work him up further, the older otter letting out a deep moan. His own cock was plowing between his pecs, shoving between the hirsute divide as he shamelessly showed off for his onlookers.

He *wanted* to let them know who was breeding his ass.

Bobert, on the other hand, was completely unaware of the spectators; Steve's behemoth-sized back was enough to completely obscure his vision. Even when on top of him, the older otter seemed to engulf and envelop him - such was his sheer size and bulk. His cock flexed hard, stretching the larger mustelid's insides, eliciting a deep, needy moan from the bulky sibling.

Both of them were getting close, Bobert letting out a surprised squeak as the larger otter began to tilt over. He flipped onto his back, slamming onto the floor with enough force to knock over one of the nearby machines from the shockwave.

Bobert could barely believe the slutty show he was witnessing.

The older otter hefted his legs up, hooking his hefty hands into the crook behind his knees. He lifted his ass up, swallowing more of the smaller male's cock. Meanwhile, his own cock plowed between his pecs, Steve crunching his midsection as he wrapped his mouth around the head of his own cock, swallowing it down, giving himself a sloppy blowjob.

Both of his feet were on display, meaty pads hanging up in the air, toes splaying as Steve bobbed on his own length.

"*Holy fuuck,*" Bobert panted lewdly, his tongue hanging out. His cock flexed hard, veins webbing along the length as he leaned forward, plowing a few more inches into his older brother. He reached up, wrapping his arms as best as he could around the mammoth trunks for thighs, hugging them hard. He thrusted for everything he was worth, his hefty balls swinging like a pendulum down below, grazing the floor as they churned, having swollen in anticipation for the explosive climax to come.

Somehow, Steve was able to shovel even more of his throbbing member into his mouth, hiking his hairy ass higher up in the process. It was making a small struggle for Bobert, however. The smaller otter was on the tip of his toes, huffing, face turning red from concentrated effort, having to compensate for his diminished footing.

He couldn't help but eyeball those bouncing feet however, watching as they jumped and twitched into the air. What he wouldn't give to shove his face into them...

The thought alone seemed to push the smaller mustelid dangerously close to the edge.

Several moans chimed from the onlookers around them, a small cacophony of pleasure as several of them blew their loads in earnest. The sounds served to spur Steve on, the massive otter swallowing and gulping on his own cock as if his life depended on it, his mouth stretching around it to a near absurd degree.

Bobert whined, bouncing on the tips of his toes as he slammed his hips against his big bro's mammoth ass. He savored the feeling of those rippling glutes, loving how they jiggled with every smack.

Still, he couldn't concentrate on that - not with the surge of pleasure that was welling up deep from within his loins. His balls flexed, clenching as they lifted up from the ground. The otter let out a wail of pleasure, throwing his head back, long hair swinging over back as he let out a few gasping moans.

Sensing the impending load, Steve redoubled his effort, his ass clamping like a vice around his lil brother's cock, keeping it hilted in place for the big moment. Bobert squirmed, fingers gripping hard into tawny brown fur, squeezing as hard as he could around those obscenely thick thighs, nuzzling into humongous hamstrings.

His load blew with little but a squeaking moan of a fanfare. His output, however, was far more potent than the noise. It was like someone broke a fire hydrant, the sheer amount of cum blasting into Steve with enough force to dent the front of his midsection out.

The older otter let out a muffled, bellowing moan of his own as he felt himself getting filled, the titan squirming from pleasure from a guy a fraction of his size. His own balls jumped, bouncing between his thighs as his urethra bulged. The titan refused to let any drop go to waste - from either end. His midsection continued to expand, swelling out into a bloated dome as he took both loads. The rounded gut swelled out, reddened skin visible from between short fur as it swelled up to half of his size and then beyond.

Steve's gushing cock pulled out of his mouth with a wet pop, making a mess over his face. His endowment fired blanks, jumping and slamming into his bloated belly, making it wobble from the impacts. Down below, Bobert was just as spent, panting as he straddled his legs around the hulking otter's dense rudder, practically sitting on it like a bench. Those large legs dropped, heels slamming into the floor, causing a few weights to tumble off of the nearby racks from the disturbance.

His belly was on full display at this point, his navel having poked out from the pressure, the hirsute middle gurgling loudly as it churned. Steve lifted a massive mitt, stroking over it with dense, meaty fingers. His digits sank into it slightly, pushing into the bloated middle like someone might with a water balloon.

Bobert was out of it at this point, moaning, having gone limp. His cock slipped out of the older otter's hole with a wet pop. A deep rumble shook through Steve as he slowly regained his senses, massaging his massive middle. With a bit of a heft, he managed to rock himself back onto his feet, his burgeoning belly bouncing. A few tugs with massive mitts found his shorts being pulled up over his junk, nearly vanishing behind the overhang of his bloated belly.

"Heeeell yeah, bro-!" he rumbled, licking over his lips as he smirked, his gaze obscured by his dense bangs. "That was one hell of a filling! Knew ya could do it-!" he boomed, laughing with praise - at least, until he spotted Bobert sprawled out on the floor, the younger otter gurgling and groaning.

"Awww..." Steve cooed, scooping up the lil guy in his arms. He found his pants, getting most of his clothes and jacket back on, his massive mitts working around the smaller otter as if he was

handling a doll or a toy. "Guess I better take ya back home, huh? Don't want ya passed out on the gym floor!" he said with a booming laugh, rattling the metal walls.

There wasn't an answer from Bobert, the poor otter gurgling as he was hefted into the air with a single hand. His world twisted and turned, eventually being dumped between the otter's forested pectorals, a soft groan coming from him as he sniffed some of that masculine musk that was radiating from the older otter.

It didn't seem to bother Steve, the behemoth snatching his nearby gym bag before heading out. He smirked as he passed by several spent gym members, males of all sizes groaning, cocks dribbling, splatters and puddles of cum having coated the floors.

He stomped out to his truck, brushing the worst of the snow away with a massive mitt before dropping his lil brother into the passenger seat. The bicycle that was parked nearby was easily picked up between an index finger and a thumb, the older otter dropping it haphazardly into the back before getting in as well. The engine rumbled as he twisted his key into the afforded slot, the older otter snickering as he watched Bobert continue to mumble - completely out of it.

"Heh... Love ya, lil bro~" Steve rumbled, throwing the jeep into gear before taking off back home.