Forgetting just how small you are, you bundle your little hands up into fists and glare at the otter furiously. ”Super exciting?!” you yell angrily. ”Are you fucking kidding me, you… you… massive idiot?! You just nearly blew my eardrums out!”

Oscar’s round ears fold against the side of his head as his once-joyous face falls into sadness. Your tiny yells might not have been all that loud, but it’s clear that they’ve hit him hard. “Oh… oh c’mon,” he whimpers quietly. “It wasn’t that bad.”

”Yes it was,” you snap at him. You don’t feel bad for making the otter miserable - in fact, it makes you feel quite good about yourself. This is the most powerful you’ve felt since you went and got yourself shrunk somehow! ”Your voice is annoying… and loud… and honestly, you’re just annoying in general!” you say, bravely taking a step toward his huge kneeling form. Even if he’s towering over you like a great big building, you feel ten feet fucking tall right now. ”That dragon was right about you.”

Oscar releases a low and miserable whine. Clearly feeling shame he looks away from you, his big blue eyes dropping to the floor directly beneath him. “I… don’t bring Hannelore into this, that’s really unfair…”

”I’ll bring whoever I damn well please into this,” you insist angrily. You don’t care what you’re saying at this point - you’re just enjoying being able to yell at someone. ”I’m the one who just got yelled at! I’m the one who got thrown around in your bag because you’re a big clumsy idiot! I’m the one who got fucking shrunk and… and ended up in your stupid dorm room with your dumb ass!”

Oscar blinks. Shuddering ever so slightly, the brown otter tenses his shoulders and pushes out his bottom lip. In your righteous fury, you don’t see it because of all that posturing you’re doing… but the otter is clearly starting to get a little frustrated with your tone. “Hey, those last two things aren’t even my fault,” he grumbles bitterly and quietly. “I… I didn’t even know you were in my bag, and… I definitely didn’t get you shrunk or whatever.”

”Shut up!” you yell at the otter rather bravely. Technically, you know that the otter is right, but… you couldn’t give two shits. You just want to be mad. You’re sore and you’re tired and you’re sick of all this and you just want to kick and scream at someone! ”Shut the fuck up, you damn moron! You don’t get to tell me what is and what isn’t my fault!”

You watch as the otter hisses through his teeth. Still kneeling, his distant hands curl into fists on top of his thighs. “You know, you really ought to be careful what you say to me,” he huffs furiously as his blue eyes lower back down to your speck of a body. “I could… I could really easily do something to you, you know.”

It is at this point that you realize that you’ve made the otter go from upset to angry. Very angry, actually, going off his narrowed eyes and furrowed brow. It would be wise to back down now and consider apologizing for your harsh words, but… you’re far, far too deep into your frustrations for that. ”Are you threatening me?” you say to him cockily, scoffing. ” Like you’d do anything. That dragon was giving you shit and you didn’t lift a finger.”

The corners of Oscar’s lips twitch upward into a slight smile. “Yeah, but… Hannelore is a lot bigger than me,” the otter points out. “She could kick my ass, and… you definitely couldn’t.”

You swallow as you’re reminded of just how tiny you’ve become. With your anger starting to fade into fear, you glance over at the otter’s foot and realize that you aren’t even as big as a single one of his toes. ”And… and what are you gonna do to me, huh?” you say, your yelling now sounding a lot like whimpering.

The otter's frown deepens as he considers… and then, after a moment, he shrugs his shoulders. The grin on his face grows as his gaze turns very dangerous. "I don't know," he says, "but given that I need to use something for stress relief after today anyways, why don't we find out?"

Before you can ask or even really wonder what the otter means by that, his absolute crane of a left hand is moving toward you - and fast. Yelping in fright, you turn on your heel and go to make a dash for Oscar’s dorm room door, knowing full well that you’ve badly fucked this entire encounter up and you need to make an escape…

… but, alas, before your puny paws can make so much as a single step, you feel Oscar’s fingers wrap around your shoulders nice and tight. Before you can struggle or even get used to the feeling of his enormous digits surrounding your upper body, you’re lifted from the ground and taken up into the air. “Stress relief, stress relief,” you hear the otter murmur thoughtfully as he takes you on a terrifying ascent to the center of his torso. “What do I like to do for stress relief?”

”Put me down! Put me down now!” you yell in a terrified high-pitched warble. You try to sound authoritative, but, given how far you are from the ground, you mostly just sound like the scared little insect that you are. ”You… you can’t do this to me!”

Ignoring you, the otter bounces up onto his feet - taking you even further from the ground and giving you whiplash - and then, shivering in anticipation, he takes you and himself over toward his bed. “Jacking off. That’s good stress relief,” he suddenly says. “And I reckon that ought to put you in your place.”

Thanks to being carelessly swung around in the air so much, your little ears are whistling as hard as your neck is aching… but given how loud the giant is, you heard what he just said quite clearly. Or at least, you think that you did. Did he really just say… no, he can’t have. You must have misheard him. ”What?” you whimper loudly. ”What did you just say?!”

Oscar flops backward onto his bed. Suddenly, you’re not dangling in front of his torso, but… dangling directly over his slim and muscular belly. “You,” the otter coos as he playfully raises the index finger of his other huge hand toward you, “are gonna help me get off.”

You shiver hard at the otter’s words… and not because of arousal. You’re going to help him get off? You? Tiny little useless you? How? It’s not like you can fit him inside of you - or take him in your mouth - or even jack him off. ”Wait,” you whimper, ”hold on just a second!”

But, once again ignoring you, Oscar grabs the waistband of his pants and yanks them down, revealing not a limp sheath, but… a fully erect length of bright pink otter cock jutting up straight and high above a round set of wrecking balls. By your shrunken standards it’s absolutely huge - an intimidating tower of throbbing flesh several times the size of you - but, by normal standards, it’d best be described as large. About seven or eight inches long and thick enough to be a good handful.

Huffing eagerly, he wraps a couple of fingers around the base of his cock, giving it a gentle squeeze that makes his huge prick visibly throb. Then, with the index finger and thumb of his other hand still tight around your shoulders, he wastes no time at all in moving you over to dangle just above his swollen glans. Which is just about large enough for you to stand on if you were given the opportunity, though… given how much it and his inches are throbbing, you’d have a hard time doing so.

The otter is soon dangling you low enough that the tips of your tiny toes are grazing over his sensitive head. Very much not wanting to touch his huge manhood, you yank your feet up and retract your legs up, keeping your toes and the rest of your body away from any kind of contact for as long as you can.

At the same time, you take a breath - and, in doing so, you breathe in the raw scent of masculine otter musk. It’s not overpoweringly strong - enough to make your nostrils tingle and your body quiver - but it’s a fierce and terrifying reminder of the otter’s awful intentions. ”It’s too big,” you cry out as you almost choke on his scent. ”I… I won’t even be able to hug it!”

“Oh, don’t worry,” you hear the otter rumble in satisfaction as he joyfully dangles you over his peen, “you won’t be touching it or anything like that. Well, not really.”

You look down toward the otter’s bulbous glans and shiver as it pulses with a strong throb that makes his sticky urethra briefly flare open. ”Then… then what are you going to do to me?” you ask hesitantly.

“Well, you’re going to think I’m crazy,” the otter sighs playfully as his fingers tighten around the base of his dick to hold it firmly in place. “But I figure that you’re small enough to… you know… shove all the way down it!”

Proving that he’s quite excited by his strange idea, the otter’s cock throbs harder than ever before, once again making his slit gape. This time, as you watch it open, you can’t help but be reminded of a hungry mouth… albeit, a very small one. Even at your tiny size, the otter’s urethra looks to be too narrow of an opening for you to squeeze down. ”N-no way,” you whimper. ”It’s… it’s too small!”

You hear the otter sigh like a tired gale. “You really need to make your mind up,” he teases. “First it’s too big, now it’s too small… well, whatever, it’s not like I care. It’s just right for me, so, you’re just going to have to get used to it!”

”Please,” you say, knowing that there’s no way that you’ll make it into his dick without some serious agony on your part. ”Please, don’t do this to me, I’m sorry, I’m so fucking sorry!”

The otter hesitates ever so slightly upon hearing your apology. He is, after all, a pretty nice guy - hell, sometimes he’s too nice for his own good. But, just like you were not so long ago, he’s angry and thoughtless now. Focused on getting back at the person who yelled at him, and, beyond that, he’s also incredibly eager. Truly looking forward to shoving you so deep into his cock that you’ll never be able to get out.

Huffing in aroused and vengeful excitement, Oscar ignores your pleas and lowers you down to his tip fully. In the process, you try to kick and squirm and put yourself as far away from his slit and glans as possible, but… the otter is much bigger than you, much stronger, and easily capable of manipulating your limbs. With a finger wrapping around your legs to keep them tight and still, he jams your feet down into the opening of his urethra.

An intense pressure surrounds your calves as your feet enter a place that is sticky and overwhelmingly tight. Your feet are pressed up against each other in a firm clamp while your toes begin to rub up against each other uncomfortably, smearing the musky fluid that lines the inside of his urethra between them.

There is one good thing, though… or at least, you think it’s a good thing. The tunnel underneath your poor little feet is not only extremely tight but actively resisting Oscar’s attempt at inserting you. You can feel the inside of his dick pushing back against your feet, his sticky flesh lapping at your soles and attempting to remove you - like even his dick itself is telling the otter that you’re too big for this. ”I’m too big!” you yell triumphantly. ”I told you-“

Oscar shoves you down. As you are swallowed by his cock up to your ankles - as your feet and legs are slurped into a tunnel so tight that it almost breaks your bones - the otter proves in an instant that you aren’t too big for anything.

“What were you saying?” Oscar grunts, his voice sounding a little hoarse. Whether he’s feeling good because he’s cramming you into his cock or whether he’s strained because of it is unclear, but… whichever it is, it’s clear from his tone that he’s having a much more comfortable time with everything than you are. “Something about being too big?”

”Fuck you!” you yell up at him. Frustrated, you try to kick your legs, but… it’s like they’re caught in quicksand. Fleshy, sticky, and musky quicksand. Your strained legs - all pinned together in a tangle and utterly surrounded by the inside of otter dick - won’t budge an inch. ”It won’t work. It won’t. It won’t!”

Seemingly enjoying proving you wrong, the otter shoves you down again - this time, to your hips. Your soft thighs and sensitive crotch are swallowed up and taken into the vice of cock. Fairly deep into it now, you can feel the intense temperature radiating from the depths of his shaft. It feels… utterly blood-boiling. An uncomfortable and highly sexual heat that could make you melt in more ways than one.

But you have bigger things to worry about than how uncomfortably tight it is or how sweltering the heat is further below… like how Oscar's dick isn't actively attempting to push you out anymore. Now that you're almost in up to your waist, that tunnel that you're so tightly bound within is suckling at your legs like it's as desperate to suck you down as its owner is.

The otter grunts as your hips smack against the opening of his urethra, his fingers shivering around your shoulders as he feels the swell of your waist intimately. ”Ah, man,” the otter whimpers as he curls his toes. ”For a little person you really got a fat ass, don’t you?”

The otter pushes down on you hard before you can even think of replying. In the process of doing so, he swallows your hips and abdomen up with his dick and twists one of your legs to a truly agonizing angle. Thanks to all the flesh around your lower body, you don’t hear your ankle snap - but you do feel it. ”Fuck!” you howl almost incoherently. ”Fuck, you broke my-“

*Fucking leg* is what you want to say, but Oscar shoves down on you again, clearly not giving a damn about whatever fragile part of your body has broken. This time, your chest is engulfed. You are choked hard as your ribs are pressed against your lungs in a firm squeeze, making you both noiseless and airless.

Aside from not giving a damn about the state of your body, what else is clear is that Oscar is enjoying this. Whether the process of cramming your tiny form into his huge cock is uncomfortable for him or not, you can see through your watery eyes that his face is a picture of scrunched-up bliss. His eyes closed, his leathery nose wrinkled, his mouth curled into a shaky and quivering grin…

… yes, he’s loving every second of this. Your agony is his bliss.

Another shove. Unlike your hips, his slit has no problem swallowing up your shoulders. The otter and his cock are hungry for you, something that you feel keenly and painfully thanks to his tunnel persistently tugging on your broken leg.

Your arms are taken within, pressed against your sides so tightly that even your fingers are squeezed together. The only part of you sticking out of his spout now is your head. There, wide-eyed and surrounded by dick, you stare up at him banefully, your mouth opening and closing like a beached fish as you fail to produce any noise. Given that your snout is pressed right up against his heated and throbbing glans, though… you *do* slurp in plenty of his musky scent. Enough that your head begins to spin for more reasons than just your strained body and your broken ankle.

”Well,” the otter grunts through his teeth, ”I… I don’t know what’s gonna happen to you next, b-but… just so you know, this feels absolutely amazing.” Then, gasping, he thumbs your head down into his urethra, erasing your view of both him and the outside world.

Now, all is black. Tight, unyielding, and all-encompassing black that grips at you like a vice made of flesh. Beyond that, the temperature is roiling and the otter’s bitter musk is more potent and plentiful than ever…

… which makes sense, given that your body is being yanked down into the otter’s dick. At breakneck pace, or… a pace that certainly feels like it’s going to break your neck given how much whiplash you’re currently suffering with. The downward tug of his dick is hard and hungry - aided by the fact that, on the outside, the otter is stroking his dick slowly and guiding you down into your new home.

All the while - due to your tight and stressful environment - your body continues to break. You suffer no injury more severe than your busted ankle, but… that doesn't mean that you don't suffer plenty of injuries. A fierce tug that makes a couple of your ribs crack, another squeezes your right arm out of its socket, a particularly potent one that makes something fragile and fleshy inside of you audibly pop. Put it this way…

… by the time that you’re squeezed into the hot, musky, and claustrophobic interior of one of the otter’s testicles, you’re quite the mess of pain. Your mouth tastes like blood thanks to how many times you bite your tongue on the way down here. Your arms are so sore that they might as well be paralyzed and your legs are faring no better - indeed, one of them is outright *snapped*. Your neck aches and it’s still too dark to see and…

… *fuck*, you’re inside of someone’s testicle. That, perhaps, is the most miserable thing of all. You’re sitting on your ass, waist-deep in a pool of otter cum, and surrounded so tightly by the wrinkly interior of nut that you can’t even sit up straight, much less spread your arms or your one good leg out properly. Given where you are, the scent of musk around you is so strong and thick that you feel like you could bite into it like it’s a physical object.

Panicking and disorientated, you manage to move your aching arms and drag your hands out of the thick swamp of seed that they were embedded in. Whimpering, you clasp them around your muzzle and splatter raw otter cum onto your face in the process - but with how musky and warm it is in here already, you really barely notice.

”Fuck,” you sob, too miserable to say anything other than an expletive. ”Oh, fuck…” You blame yourself for this - hard. If only you would’ve kept your mouth shut. If only you would’ve let it slide like a good little insect. If only you would’ve been nice to this otter, then maybe he wouldn’t have crammed you into his testicle where it’s hot and cramped and…

… oh, fuck, the musk. It's so bitter, so potent, so damn heavy and thick in the air that you can barely focus on your own misery for it. It doesn't help that the oxygen supply down here is thin and barely breathable. For every lungful of his masculinity, you're only scoring a scant amount of breathable air… meaning that you have to constantly gulp down his scent to not asphyxiate. "Please," you yell as loudly as you can, dropping your hands and letting them fall back down into the otter's hot cum. "Please let me out! Please!"

Outside - with his hand wrapped lazily around the base of his cock cock and his head laid back on a pillow - the otter is enjoying a moment of true bliss. Having you all curled up and suffering inside of his nut is unlike anything that he’s ever felt… in the best way possible. ”Only one way to do that,” the otter lazily teases, ”and that’s to squirt you out, little buddy.”

Your little body shivers in fright. ”No,” you whimper. You *can’t* be forced up out of his urethra. You can’t enter that tight and horrible tube again - especially not with all of his seed. It will break you. It will ruin you. ”No, no, please… there… there has to be another way…”

Your voice trails off as you realize that there isn’t another way. That the otter is, indeed, right. That the only way that you’re going to get out of this tiny musky cum-filled sack is if he beats himself off and… releases you along with everything else.

Outside - as you come to this bitter realization - Oscar pumps at his cock eagerly. Not just once - not just twice - but again, and again, and again. In his mind, now, he's dragged this out for long enough. With you wailing inside of his testicle, suffering in a cramped, sticky, and thoroughly musky environment, his burning arousal has reached boiling point. Now, more than anything, he just wants to get himself off.

As the otter starts to furiously paw himself into oblivion, your environment begins to change rapidly. First, the scent of his musk intensifies as the seed around you begins to slosh and stir itself up as his balls jiggle and jostle inside of their sack. Then, the temperature spikes, rising from a sweaty swelter to an intolerable boil that makes the air and atmosphere steamy. Sweating and shuddering and utterly overwhelmed, your breaking body starts to swirl around in his thick seed, you scream in a mixture of pain and panic as you make a miserable attempt to gather your bearings in your rapidly changing environment…

… but your howling is soon drowned out by the loud sound of the otter’s cum-drenched testicle rumbling all around you. You feel his walls shudder powerfully. Shaking violently like you’re in the center of an earthquake, underneath you, around you, over your head…

… then, *churning*, the inside of his testicle clenches around you hard, compacting your body in both rubbery walls and hot cum like you’re inside of the world’s most masculine garbage crusher. Your body is mangled in the process. Bitterly musky cum is forced up your nostrils and down your throat as walls compress. You feel the agony of your left arm *snapping* like a weak twig. The horrible gut-wrenching pain of ribs splintering and shattering inside of you in a myriad of ways.

Outside - blissfully far away from your hell - Oscar releases a loud moan. Truthfully, he could pick up the pace here and beat himself off to orgasm - but as tempting as that is, he’s holding himself back a little. Why? Because he wants you to suffer. He has no idea of the extent of your pain - how it feels, or how badly you’re hurt - but what he does know is that you’re in agony. He can hear you vocalizing your pain, after all - feel you writhing inside of him - just barely, anyways. The shrill sound of someone screaming and squirming between his legs, hopelessly trapped inside of him with no real way out…

… and it feels amazing. Oh, does it truly feel amazing. If Oscar knew that being a bastard could make him feel this good, then he might have stopped being a good boy a long time ago. Maybe he’ll be a little more assertive from now on. Maybe he’ll stand up for himself when people bully him. Maybe this wonderful moment will make him more confident for the rest of his life. Maybe, just maybe, all of your broken bones might amount to something - even if it’s a change in someone’s persona.

Or, maybe, you’ll just be an especially noteworthy orgasm. A deep notch on his bedpost. Maybe you’ll just be a moment of pleasure. That’s for him to find out, though.

The otter's walls relax for a moment in their churn, releasing you from their hellish hold. No longer surrounded, your suffering senses slowly begin to gather themselves as best they can… and, with them, you realize that you are little more than musk now. Your beaten body is saturated from head to toe in potent and virulent seed. It clings to you like a thick coat of hot tar, both on the outside and the inside of your body… because you have, after all, been forced to swallow plenty of it in the painful process of being within here. Not only that but it's begun to infest your wounds, rubbing into the abrasions and cuts that line your body like salt.

All you can taste is his musk as it drips down the back of your throat. All you can smell is his musk as it swirls thick and heady in your horrible atmosphere. All you can feel is his musk from his hot cum clinging to your body. Fuck, it's so intense that you might as well be able to somehow hear and see. It is your everything right now, your very being. Really, if it wasn't for its presence as a bitter-smelling salt, your tortured conscience would've fled your agonized body long ago.

The otter’s testicle shudders. A terrible feeling of pure doom feels you as your body spasms in fright… and then, once again, it clenches around you once again in a fiercer churn than ever before. More vulnerable things pop inside of you as your body is pulverized. More bones are snapped in more places as your limbs are once again twisted into angles that they shouldn’t be. More of his musk infests your body, becoming you.

Outside, the joyous otter releases a happy whimper. Very close to his climax, he grits his teeth, quickens his pace, and tightens his hold on his member as his hips lift from his bedsheets. ”Fuck,” the otter manages to grunt. ”Can barely feel you for all my pleasure… but if you’re still alive in there, I’m about to *let you out*.”

With your head aching badly, your senses flooded with masculinity, and testicle and seed beating at your already beaten body, you barely hear the otter’s words… but they fill you with dread regardless. Assuming you survive the process, being *let out of here* is not going to be pleasant in the slightest. Especially not with how hard you’re going to make Oscar cum.

You’d brace yourself… but even if you weren’t bound so tightly then your body is so broken that you couldn’t really hope to manipulate it at this point. The best that you could do is twitch - but you can’t even do that right now. Barely able to string a coherent thought together, all you can do is mindlessly panic as you feel the otter’s balls begin to drain themselves.

Soon, you - and what feels like sixteen gallons worth of otter cum - are sent rocketing up into Oscar’s shaft.

While you might *feel* as if you've been ground into a paste resembling ejaculate, your body is still very much solid, busted up or not. You travel up Oscar's madly throbbing shaft slowly while his cock pumps his fertile seed up his shaft in pressurized ropes all around you. This, of course, means that you're being struck time and time again - not only by bolts of cum, but by the aftershock of it squirting out of his cock, too.

Let's just say that by the end of the experience - by the time that your body is beginning to lazily ooze out of his urethra and back into the outside world - your body is truly ruined. In fact, you are an unrecognizable cum-splattered shade of your former self. Pitiable at best and utterly gross at worst.

The otter lays sprawled on his back with his brown belly dripping with his own spilled seed, panting heavily while holding a hand over his eyes. A chuckle comes out of his mouth - not because he’s particularly amused, but because he can’t *help* but laugh at how good he feels right now. Forget anything else that he’s felt in his life up to this point. A *million* of his past orgasms couldn’t add up to this one. ”Who knew that being bad could feel so good?” he murmurs to himself lazily.

Uncovering his eyes and blinking a few times to clear his eyes of all the stars, he glances down at his belly and the thick ropes of cum across it. He expects to see you amongst it - or, something resembling you, anyway - but, to his surprise, there is nothing but the usual creamy white. Confused, the otter wonders briefly if he imagined the whole encounter somehow…

… but then, looking just a *little* further down his lean body to his cock, he spots your form half oozing out of his cock like the last rope that he needs to squeeze from it. He grimaces slightly as he sees your state. How his cock has mangled your body into a nasty red tangle of its former self. How you're struggling to even breathe. How… truly disgusting you've become.

Gulping in as much air as you can through your almost broken throat, you watch through extremely blurry eyes as Oscar tilts his head down toward you. You can’t see his face properly, but… you truly hope that he’s looking at you with pity. That he might help you somehow, or, at the very least, put you out of your misery quickly.

But your hopes are for naught. ”Ugh,” the otter grumbles, sounding thoroughly unaroused. ”You’re fucking disgusting. I’m putting you somewhere where I don’t have to look at you.”

Grunting, the otter presses his thumb down against your head and shoves your musky little mess of a body back down into his shaft. The one advantage of all your broken bones is that your descent back down into his balls is a lot easier - for both you and the otter. Given that his testicle is a place where you *very* much don’t want to be, though, this, like this entire event, only serves as an advantage for Oscar, really.

Groaning quietly as he feels you settle back down into your new home, the otter gives a glance toward his cum splattered belly and considers whether or not he should clean himself up. He probably *should*, but… at the same time, he’s pretty sure that his legs wouldn’t work properly if he tried to stand up. And after seeing all the injuries that were inflicted upon your little body, he’s in no rush to hurt himself, so…

… sighing and figuring that he can deal with it in the morning, he rolls over onto his side and presses his cheek down into his pillow, smiling as he feels the vague sensation of you twitching gently within his sack. He doubts that you’ll still be present in the morning, but… he doesn’t doubt that he’ll have a lot of fun jerking what’s left of you out of himself.

The otter closes his eyes and drifts into a peaceful sleep. Inside of him, your mangled body suffers through its final moments precisely where it belongs - surrounded by the most intense musk.