

The dock swayed gently beneath them, the smoothworn wood warmed by the afternoon sun. Water lapped at the weathered planks in a lazy rhythm as Meadow's hand traced slow circles along Syd's thigh. The thick sheath responded to her touch, the pink tip beginning to emerge from closeness of her touch. The sheep's fingers crept higher with each pass, dancing closer to the substantial bulge that filled out the front of the otter's cheap red nylon swim shorts. The lake stretched out around them, mirror-smooth and empty save for the occasional ripple from unseen fish below. Behind them, the coarse-gravelled beach was spattered with families and couples, the tinny echoes of top ten songs echoing out over the warm, calm water.

"You're terrible," Syd said, the otter's cheeks flushing red as his girlfriend blatantly stroked her fingers up closer to his package. "We could get caught."

"Well, this is a fishing dock... We're *supposed* to be catching... something." Her eyes twinkled with mischief. The white curls of her wool caught the sunlight as she leaned closer, her innocent eyes fixed on Syd's face while her hand finally made contact with the thick ridge of flesh snaking down the inside of his left thigh. She wrapped her fingers gently around it, and stroked down, following the impressive curve that jutted down his left leg. The shorts did nothing to conceal what lay beneath, the outline of the otter's limp shaft clearly visible as her palm worked up and down along it.

"Someone's getting excited," she giggled, her melodious voice sweet and teasing. Her fingers traced the shape more deliberately now, gliding along the thin material and feeling the responsive throb of his body as his cock stiffened dumbly into her touch. Syd shifted his hips, spreading his legs wider to accommodate the growing pressure of his erection. The movement pulled the material tightly against his blatant stiffness, the heat of her firm touch causing his shaft to visibly pulse. Meadow's hand continued its exploration, squeezing and tugging, working the entirety of his shaft out of his sheath and into a fulsome erection that crept closer and closer to the hem of his swimming trunks.

Meadow's fingers beat him to it, finding the opening at the leg of his shorts and slipping inside. Her finger tips made direct contact with hot, slick skin, snaring around the end of his shaft and pinching firmly around it. He gasped, but she was ruthless, tugging firmly to tug the rest of his shaft free of his sheath and pulling a good three inches of his dick out into the open air. She slid back up, feeling inch after inch of his pink, tapering flesh sliding against her palm, the shaft glistening with natural lubrication as it escaped the confines of the sheath.

"Jesus, Meadow," Syd breathed, glancing around nervously. "You're gonna get us arrested."

"Nobody's looking at us, silly." Her voice remained light and encouraging as she continued stroking, reaching deep up the leg of his shorts to grip and stroke down along his shaft. He was *rampantly* erect, now, and his shaft was remarkable in its length, *easily* sixteen inches long from groin to the slippery tip. The base of his cock was thick and heavy, easily as big around as her wrist, and the long smooth shaft tapered down to a narrow, pale-pink tip. The whole length had

a slight curve to it, more pronounced on the last four inches, and the whole of it created an obscene, banana-shaped bulge that reached nearly to his knee.

Syd looked down at himself, feeling pride in himself and loving how small Meadow's paw looked compared to the size of his huge dick. His cock was impressive, and he knew it. The way it stretched down his leg, the weight of it slapping against his thighs, the sheer mass of it... all of these things filled him with confidence. But relaxing here on a public dock with his girlfriend's hand wrapped around it? Even through his shorts.. it felt way too risky.

"We should probably..." he started, but Meadow cut him off with a playful shove against his shoulder.

Relaxed and staring at the shore, the push caught him completely off balance. Syd flopped awkwardly over the side of the dock with a surprised yelp, hitting the water with a loud splash. He came up sputtering, his webbed feet finding purchase on the silty bottom. The water only reached his waist, leaving his lean, muscular brown-furred torso exposed to the warm air.

"Meadow! What the hell?" But he was grinning despite himself, running a hand across the wet fur of his scalp.

The ewe laughed, a bright musical sound, and scooted to the edge of the dock, dipping her hand down into the water and swirling it lazily about. "Oops. My hand slipped." Her eyes traveled down to where his shorts clung wetly to his body, his massive bulge now even more prominently displayed. "But, you know... as long as you're already wet..."

"As long as I'm already wet, what?" Syd said, enjoying the way she ogled him so openly.

"You could just take those off. They look so tight... so uncomfortable." She tilted her head, affecting an innocent expression. "Besides, it's not like there's anyone else around... And I want to see it properly."

Syd hesitated, glancing around the lake once more. The people on the shore had not seemed to notice the commotion, doing their barbecues and volleyball and sand castles. The lake water was murky, clouded with algae and sediment. To be fair, even if someone *did* come by, they wouldn't be able to see anything.

"Come on," Meadow urged, her voice dropping to a sultry purr. "I've been playing with your dick for like... ten minutes. Don't you want to feel my hand on you... for *real*?"

That decided it. Syd hooked his thumbs into the waistband and pushed the shorts down over his hips. The fabric caught on his erection, requiring him to pull it forward and down carefully. Even with the waistband fully stretched, it scraped along his dick, the urgent length eager to escape. His cock sprang free, jutting out from his body in a proud arc, the tip surfacing just enough to send a set of ripples out over the mostly smooth water. His pink shaft looked even more impressive now that it was freed from its constraints, tapering from the thick base to the narrower tip, the whole length gleaming in the dappled light streaming through the rippled water.

He stepped out of the shorts and lifted them into the air, before dropping them with a confident smirk onto the dock next to Meadow. He moved closer to her, resting his side against the dock, one elbow on the dock next to her and his erection proudly displayed for her. His shaft floated slightly in the water, the buoyancy making it bob and sway with each small movement. Meadow's hand immediately found him, wrapping around the middle of his thick shaft just below the water's surface. The contrast between the slick water and her rough, firm grip made him shiver. She stroked him slowly, feeling his meat as her fist glided up along his length, feeling every ridge and vein as she pulled along his sturdy flesh.

"God, you're *so big*," she murmured, genuine appreciation in her voice. "It's beautiful."

The sunlight filtered through the rippling water, creating dancing patterns of light along her hand and his submerged cock. The pink flesh seemed to glow beneath the surface, shimmering with each stroke of Meadow's hand. Syd watched her dainty fingers work him, fascinated by the sight of his own impressive anatomy being pleased in such an unusual setting. It was *almost* public. They *might* get caught. But right now, she was jacking him off out in the open with the sun beating down on them and the pleasant sounds of a summer day shifting through the air nearby. He could feel the first blob of precum ooze out through his shaft, could feel the tickle of the lake water as his salty pre was washed away by the gentle current. He imagined a little cloud of salt leading seeping back to his dick in the fresh water.

"You really like showing off your huge dick, don't you?" Meadow's tone shifted slightly, taking on a quality that was harder to define. Still sweet, but with an edge of something else beneath it. "It must feel soooo good, having something so big, and long, and thick. Do you like knowing that *everyone* can see just how hung you are?"

"Yeah," Syd admitted, his voice rough. He did. The way it hung heavy between his legs, the way people noticed. It was unabashed proof of his virility. "You know, I work hard to stay in shape. Everything proportional, you know?"

"Mmm, I wouldn't say you're proportional. Your dick is huge, compared to the rest of you." Her grip tightened, stroking him with more purpose now. "And right now... your dick looks like such a tasty snack, dangling in the water like that. I bet all the big, hungry fish swimming around down there would think so, too."

The comment made Syd laugh nervously, even as his cock pulsed harder in her grip. "What? That's a weird thing to say."

"Is it?" Meadow's strokes intensified, her fist pumping along his length with steady pressure, keeping him rock hard, milking more of his precum into the water. "I mean, it's true - your dick probably looks like a big tasty kipper or something, and I just think it's hot, imagining all those fish down there, seeing this huge, meaty thing swaying back and forth. I bet they're getting *curious*. I bet they're swimming closer to investigate."

Her other hand joined the first, both of them working his shaft in tandem now, one stroking the base and middle of his shaft while the other gripped and twisted light and slippery over the tip.

Syd's breathing deepened, his hips beginning to rock slightly in time with her movements. The water sloshed gently around them, disturbed by the motion.

"You're *such* a stud," she crooned, her grip occasionally tightening around the thick base as she squeezed and twisted more intently around his sensitive tip. "I love that you're so proud of this perfect cock. I love watching you show it off."

Syd groaned, his fingers strokin through the back of Meadow's curly-furred shoulders, toes digging into the soft silt as she milked along his flesh. He was entranced; the combination of her words, her touch, and the warm water created a symphony of sensation that he had not felt before. He had always loved jerking off in the running water of the shower, and the sensation of being surrounded by the ripples of the warm lake felt intensely stimulating and relaxing at the same time. His shaft throbbed powerfully with each beat of his heart, the pink flesh darkening to a deeper hue as blood engorged the tissue even further. Beneath the water's surface, his heavy testicles drew up slightly, responding to the building pleasure. He realized that it had been several days since he had last cranked it, and he was already getting close to getting off.

Maybe Meadow picked up on that. She leaned closer to him, watching his dick, her sweet breath washing over his face as she continued her relentless stroking. The strange predatory edge in her voice grew more pronounced, though her smile remained innocent and encouraging. "Just relax and enjoy it, baby. Let everyone see how proud you are of this big, beautiful dick."

At that moment, something cold and slippery brushed against the back of Syd's thighs. The sensation was fleeting, scales sliding against fur and skin, but unmistakably alive. It moved between his legs from behind, and *something* nudged against the underside of his sack, nudging his testicles up and forward from where they hung all warm and heavy and exposed in the murky water.

Syd jumped, his dick thrusting up through the water and slapping against his chest. He watched a sliver of silver snake out of view in the water, and a bolt of fear ran up his spine. "Shit! What the hell was that?!"

"What was what?" Meadow laughed, watching as as Syd hurried to clamber up onto the dock.

"Something just touched my balls," Syd said. He twisted, sitting on the dock, water dripping through the slats down below and his hard dick twitching in the open air up above. "Screw *that*."

"Probably just a fish," Meadow said, her tone unconcerned. "They're curious about new things in their territory."

"I don't care what it is, we're leaving." Syd looked around, his cheeks turning red as he realized that his swimsuit was nowhere to be found. "Wait... where is my-"

Meadow's hands wrapped around his shaft again, one over the other, and she began stroking along him with a confident intensity. Her grip was firm, possessive, and she worked his length

with long, deliberate pulls. "Must have floated away. You should probably get back in the water... you don't want all those innocent beach goers to see this, do you? You could get in a lot of trouble for public nudity..."

"Meadow, stop," Syd said, his biceps tightening as he gripped the edge of the dock. It was true, though - people were starting to look, to point to the naked otter sitting on the edge of the dock with the huge erection pointing up at the sky. "Did you seriously... throw my shorts away?!"

"Me? Don't be silly. That would be so... mean..." She grinned, her thumb pushing firmly along his slit and making the otter's back arch. "You're just nervous, but that was just a silly little fish. It was just checking you out. This *is* a fishing dock, after all, it probably thought your dick was just a fishing bobber. Anyways... even if it *was* hungry..." her voice dropped lower, taking on that predatory edge again, "doesn't it turn you on? Knowing there are all these big, hungry fish down there, eyeing up your big, meaty cock?"

"That's not..." Syd started, but the protest died in his throat as pleasure shot up his spine. Her hands felt incredible, the dual stimulation making his hips rock involuntarily. His shaft pulsed in her grasp, still rock hard despite the momentary scare.

"I'm serious," Meadow continued, her melodious voice wrapping around him like silk. "The idea of some big pike or bass seeing this massive, meaty thing and thinking it looks... *delicious*. Getting closer and closer, opening its mouth..." Her hands twisted and pumped, spreading the fresh precum that continued to leak from his tip down over the lake water-moistened shaft. "God, that makes me so **wet**. The thought of some hungry fish thinking your big, beautiful dick is just *food*..."

"You're LEGITIMATELY crazy," Syd managed, but he wasn't pulling away anymore. His brain struggled to process her words. Why was she saying this stuff? And why was the way she was saying it... arousing? The image she painted should have been terrifying, but the way she said it, combined with the relentless pleasure of her stroking, was creating a euphoric cocktail of confusion, arousal in the horny otter. "That would be... that would be terrible."

"Mmm, **so** terrible," she agreed, her tone making it clear she felt the opposite. "Now get back in the water, and tell me *just* how terrible it would be."

Syd's cock throbbed in her hands, responding to the fantasy despite his rational mind's protests. He felt himself slipping off of the dock, the warm lake water swallowing around him, her paws never leaving his erection. He warily stared into the murky water around him. "I mean, fuck, what if something actually *did* try to eat it? This is my dick we're talking about. It's *perfect*. It's huge, and... and everyone knows it. If some fish came along and thought it looked like food..." He trailed off, leaning tentatively back against the dock again, watching Meadow wagging his dick slowly back and forth through the slick warm water.

"What would you do?" Meadow prompted, her strokes never faltering.

"I mean, well, obviously, I'd..." The otter blushed, his brain unable to come up with a response. He had never, ever thought about fish trying to eat his dick, not once in his life, and certainly not when his aching balls were starting to do the little wiggle they did when he was getting close to climaxing. "I mean... you should come down here," he said, grasping for a solution that fit the game she seemed to be playing. "Come in the water with me. The fish can't eat my big beautiful dick if I have somewhere safe to hide it." He tried to make it sound playful, matching her energy, though genuine nervousness colored his voice.

Meadow giggled, that sweet, innocent sound at odds with the expert way she manipulated his cock. "But I like the view from up here. I can see everything. It's more exciting thinking that your cock is in danger."

The cold, slippery sensation returned. This time, Syd watched as the water in front of him rippled. A dark shape glided through the murky green, moving with purpose toward where his shaft jutted out from his body. It was a torpedo shaped fish, and *massive*, easily four feet long, with a flat, duck-like snout and flat, black, emotionless eyes.

"Meadow," Syd's voice rose in pitch. "Meadow, there's actually a fish. A big one."

"I see it," she breathed, and her hands didn't stop moving. If anything, her strokes became more deliberate, making his cock sway and bob in the water, the motion apparently irresistible to the approaching predator. "But that's just a salmon. They're totally harmless."

Syd didn't know what a salmon looked like, but he wasn't sure it looked like *that*. Something about the fish suggested that it was the kind of fish that other fish kept away from. It circled around the otter slowly, its body undulating in the shimmering underwater light. It passed within inches of Syd's shaft, and he could see its gills flaring, its mouth opening and closing as it assessed this strange, pink, gleaming thing. The fish's belly scraped against his over his hips as it passed behind him, under the dock and out of sight.

"See? It's just curious," Meadow assured him, though her breathing had quickened. "It was just admiring you. Just one of your many, many fans."

The fish faded into view again, in front of Syd, its body emerging from the murk and slowly swimming directly towards Syd's cock. Its mouth opened, revealing a dark interior, with lumps that looked distressingly like teeth lining the inside of it. The fish surged forward, jaws distending, and Syd instinctively yanked his head back away from it, unable to stop watching as the end of his cock speared into the fish's maw.

*Cold.* That was Syd's first coherent thought as the big fish's mouth engulfed the front third of his shaft. The fish's throat was a vice of muscle, slick and frigid compared to the warm lake water. Its jaws closed around his girth, and he could feel the press of sharp bony things against his dick, the flexible spines of the fish's 'teeth' pressing into his flesh without quite breaking skin, just dimpling the pink surface with countless points of pressure.

Syd froze, every muscle in his body locking in place, and his mouth gawped open soundlessly as he stared down through the water at the impossible sight of a massive *fish* wrapped around his erection. The fish's body thrashed as it adjusted its grip, flicking its thick tail to push itself down further over his cock. The fish had taken at least six inches of Syd's length into its mouth, his big tapering pink cock disappearing abruptly at the thin gaping jaws of its lipless mouth. The pike's eyes were pointed up at him, flat and black and utterly alien.

"Holy fuck," he whispered, urgently. "Holy fuck, Meadow, *it's got my dick in its mouth.*"

"I know, baby, I can see." Her hands remained on the exposed base of his shaft, still stroking the few inches that remained outside the fish's mouth. "It's okay. I don't think that's a salmon... I think it's actually a pike."

"A pike?" Syd splashed at the water, trying to shoo it away. Meadow was still stroking him, and his cock was *not* getting softer. "Is that bad??"

"Nah. Pikes are just... confident. They're always trying to eat, uh, 'big' things, things that are too big for it to eat. It just thinks you're food. But you're way too big for it to actually swallow. Once it realizes your dick is attached to the rest of you, it'll get bored and swim away."

The fish gulped, or something, its throat clamping down around Syd's length, and the otter splashed his hands against the water more urgently. The pike's throat *rippled*. The muscular contractions moved in waves, pulling Syd's cock deeper with a smooth, gulping motion. He felt another two inches slide into that cold, tight passage, the sensation unlike anything he'd ever experienced before and which he never wanted to feel again. It was completely alien, the firm grip of the gullet massaging his length, the fish's body temperature so much colder than any mouth that had ever touched him.

"It's swallowing," Syd said, his voice strangled. "Meadow, it's actively trying to swallow my dick."

"I know," Meadow said, watching intently. "It's really trying to take your whole cock, isn't it... It really wants to eat your big beautiful meaty dick. It's so hot!"

Another gulp. Another inch disappeared. The fish's flat snout was passed the halfway mark, wiggling its way further and further down his dick, and Syd could feel the vibration of the pike's body thrumming around and against his most sensitive flesh. Terror warred with the unquenchable intense stimulation. The throat was rough and slimy and **tight**, tighter than anything, the rippling contractions creating friction that his body interpreted as pleasure despite the circumstances.

"Fuck," he breathed. "Fuck, this is insane. Why does it feel-"

"Good?" Meadow supplied, her fingers dancing along his base, the amount of dick she could play with being reduced, second by second. Her fingers occasionally brushed against the pike's snout, but she never tried to push it back. "It's because you're so fucking *hard*, baby. Because your huge, perfect dick is being squeezed and sucked, and it likes that, even if it's by a fish."

The pike's jaws clamped down more firmly, beginning a chewing motion that massaged Syd's shaft on the top and bottom. The teeth scraped along his aching length, not quite breaking skin but definitely making their presence known. Each chew sent conflicting signals to his brain - pain, pleasure, pressure, fear. His heavy balls drew up tighter beneath the water, responding to the intense stimulation despite the surreal danger.

"It needs to let go," Syd said hoarsely, but his hips shifted slightly, an involuntary motion that pushed another fraction of an inch into the fish's throat. "Meadow, chase it away. Make it let go."

"How would I do that?" Her innocent tone had returned, even as her grip on his base tightened to an almost painful degree. Her fingertips pushed deeply into the root of his cock, and he could feel his pulse straining to pulse pack the compression of her grip. "I don't want to. This is the hottest thing I've ever seen, watching this big, hungry fish try eating your massive cock. Look how much of you it's already swallowed. Gosh, I think he's going to eat your *entire* cock."

She was right. Syd looked down at himself and felt his stomach drop. Only about five inches of his shaft remained visible outside of the fish's mouth, Meadow's hands wrapped around the base where it emerged from his sheath. The rest, more than ten inches of his pride and joy, was buried in the pike's throat. The fish's body bulged visibly with the girth it had consumed, and it showed no signs of stopping.

"Oh god," Syd moaned, the sound equal parts terror and arousal. "Oh fuck, Meadow, I think... I think I'm gonna cum. Get it off, I don't want to cum in a fish!"

"Really?" Her eyes lit up with that unsettling mix of innocence and hunger. "You're going to cum from a fish trying to bite off your huge, beautiful penis? That's so fucking **hot**, baby."

The pike gulped again, its entire body shuddering with the effort of trying to consume what it had caught. Syd was not sure that it was realizing that the meat in its mouth was attached to a very large creature. It seemed to be trying to scarf down as much of his cock as it could, as fast as it could. He felt his cock pulse in that cold, muscular prison, his body responding to stimulation it couldn't distinguish from pleasure. His testicles drew up tighter, preparing to empty themselves down the throat of a predator even as it wiggled down another inch. "Fuck, meadow! *Meadow!*"

Meadow's free hand moved to his sheath, fingers gripping the soft fur and skin. She peeled the sheath back, gripping and tugging his cock firmly to make sure that every last inch of the thick, smooth root of his pink cock was bared. Syd's cock swelled even harder, the final surge of arousal before orgasm pushing another two inches from inside his body, offering an even more impressive length to the eager pike.

"There we go," she murmured. "Every last inch."

The newly exposed flesh glistened in the filtered sunlight, darker pink where it had been sheltered. The pike responded immediately to the increased size, to the sensation of that dick in its throat flexing hard enough to lift it up in the water with a hearty throb, its predatory instincts fully engaged. It surged forward with renewed hunger, its bony lips wrapped over the base of

Syd's cock, bumping against where Meadow's clenched grip held the root. It's teeth pushed against the straining erect flesh, the tips no longer scrabbling but instead pushing in, slowly piercing into the flesh.

Syd felt the bite, but couldn't put the pieces together fast enough. His body was responding to the threat - to the tightness, the pressure, the cold muscle squeezing his entire length. It sent Syd into the start of his orgasm, his brain racing with nothing except the imminent ejaculation. His testicles contracted hard, pulling up against his body as the orgasm began its inevitable journey, synapses firing as his brain prepared to release its load into the belly of a fish. He could feel it starting, that point of no return, his groin tightening. It was going to feel SO-

The pike bit down with its full jaw strength.

The pressure instantaneously shifted from a tight pinch to a crushing sheer in an instant. Syd's voice poured out, high and panicked, as pain exploded up through his groin, completely eliminating the glowing joy of imminent orgasm that Syd had just been savoring. The fish's teeth, hundreds of them, all curved and pointing backward, sank into the top and bottom of the thick root of his cockflesh simultaneously. There was a moment of resistance, his rock-hard erection refusing to yield despite being impaled, the tissue engorged with blood and rigid with arousal.

The pike twisted its head violently to the side.

The tearing sensation was immediate and total. Syd felt the wet rip of his cock being torn free from his body, the fish's powerful neck muscles and razor teeth combining to shear through the otter's flesh as casually as it had torn through hundreds of fish and frogs and turtles. He watched strings of tissue stretch from his groin to the pike's mouth, that was pulling away from his groin. He felt the sharp snapping sensations as they twanged and tore, and felt the sudden slackness when there was nothing left connecting his body to the massive beefy otter dick that the pike was now swimming away with.

"No!" Syd lunged forward, his hands plunging into the water, trying to grab something, anything. His fingers touched scales, slippery and cold, but the fish skirted through his grasp. "Wait! That's mine!"

The pike dove deeper, and Syd could see it slink deeper into the murky water, could see the obscene bulge in its throat. His cock, all eighteen inches of it, was lodged inside the fish. The pike's body rippled as it tried to swallow its prize, swimming in erratic patterns as it struggled with the massive mouthful. A slight bit of the torn root of his shaft peeked out from between chewing jaws before they finally snapped closed, sealing the organ's fate for good.

His dick had just been *eaten*.

Even if his brain understood what had just happened, Syd's body didn't. His orgasm was still locked and loaded, his body trying to trigger it with contractions wracking through muscles that

were no longer connected to anything. The sensation was bizarre, and his balls ached with unreleased cum, the pressure at maximum but with nowhere to go.

"Oh baby," Meadow's voice penetrated the shock. "Come on, get up here, let me take a look at you."

She had her hands under his arms, pulling him up out of the water. Syd let himself be guided, his body moving automatically while his mind remained stuck on the image of that fish swimming away with his dick down its throat. The dock was warm against his back as Meadow hauled him onto the weathered planks. Water dripped pleasantly onto the lake surface below.

Syd's hands moved to his groin. He had to look. He had to confirm what his body was telling him couldn't possibly be true. Between his legs, where eighteen inches of proud, thick cock had jutted moments ago, there was nothing. Well, almost nothing. His sheath remained, the furry covering soggy and limp, no longer stretched pleasantly around the fat meat of his dick. His fingers shook as he gripped and tugged at the loose, floppy skin, the soft fur dangling limply beneath his fingers. He could feel *something* inside it, but it was a distressingly short amount of firmness. His brain roiled as he clumsily skinned his sheath back, finally revealing the extent of his loss, which was almost entire. All that was left was... a stub.

The injury was surprisingly clean. Barely any blood seeped from the wound, perhaps because of the way Meadow had been squeezing it, or perhaps because of some natural ability of the pike. The stub was maybe two inches long, still pink, effectively the same size as a can of tuna. A can of *fish*. It was so small. So impossibly, pathetically small. He sobbed, releasing his sheath, and it folded over and engulfed the little nub entirely.

"Let me see," Meadow said again, and her hands moved his aside. She examined the remains of his manhood with clinical interest, her fingers probing gently. "Oh wow. It really got almost all of it."

"That was my dick," Syd heard himself say, his voice flat and distant. "That fish took my dick."

"It sure did," Meadow agreed. Her fingers traced around his sheath, then gripped the furry covering and pulled it back. The motion exposed the stub again, and Syd stared at it with numb horror. Without the length, without the impressive size he'd been so proud of, it looked almost cute. Just a stupid little pink nub, barely qualifying as a penis at all.

"I can't believe..." But he couldn't finish the sentence. There were no words to quantify the loss. That had been his pride, his proof of virility, the thing that made him confident. And now it was gone, simmering inside a fish's stomach.

"Poor baby," Meadow cooed, and her hand wrapped around the stub. Her fingers easily encircled it, her fist covering the entire remaining length. "Is this all that's left of your huge, beautiful cock?"

Something about the way she said that infuriated Syd, but as she began to stroke, Syd jerked at the sensation. The stub was incredibly sensitive, as nerve ending that had serviced nearly eighteen inches or other dick now only serviced... two. Her touch was almost too much, overwhelming in its intensity.

"Meadow, don't... I can't..."

"Shh," she soothed, her grip tightening. "I know it's different now. You're so much smaller. But it can still feel good, can't it?"

It could. God help him, it **could**. Despite the trauma, despite the loss, despite everything, the stimulation registered as pleasure. His body was still primed from the interrupted orgasm, still desperate for release. Meadow's fist pumped slowly over his abbreviated length, her thumb swirling gently along the edge of the bitten-through flesh.

"Gosh. I guess you're not so proud now, are you?" Her sweet voice took on that predatory edge again. "All that magnificent cock, just *gone*. Eaten by a fish while you were hard and leaking. And now all you're left with this tiny little stub."

The words devastated him, but his body responded anyway, his stub swelling as much as it could in her grip. It pulsed with each heartbeat, the flesh darkening with renewed arousal. His testicles, still full and aching from before, began to tighten again.

"That's it," Meadow encouraged, her strokes becoming more purposeful. "Show me you can still cum with your cute little stub. Prove it still works."

Syd's hips lifted slightly, pressing into her grip. The shame of it, the humiliation of being aroused by her taunts after losing his magnificent cock, somehow fueled his body's response. The pleasure built quickly in the hypersensitive flesh, concentrated and intense.

"I'm gonna cum?" he wheezed, confused and overwhelmed. "Fuck, am I gonna-"

The reignited orgasm crashed through his body with surprising force. But without the length to expel through, without the impressive shaft to pulse and spurt, the release was muted and strange. His balls contracted, pumping cum up through the abbreviated length, but there was nowhere for it to go through, so it simply pooled instead. The ejaculate filled his sheath in warm, pleasant, unfocused gushes. It remained cupped and trapped inside the furry holster, creating a warm, wet, slippery bulge around his spasming remnant of a dick.

Meadow milked him through it, squeezing every last drop into his sheath, until Syd lay gasping on the dock, his groin a sticky, shameful mess. She finally released him, wiping her hand on his fur, and sat back to admire her handiwork.

"Well," she said brightly, her innocent tone fully restored. "That was exciting."

Fifty feet away, on a different dock, a fishing rod bent double. A striped fisherman with a sagging fat and a cooler full of empty beer bottles gripped his rod with both hands, his half-finished Molson falling over onto the dock as he fought against whatever had taken his lure. The rod tip dipped and jerked, the reel screaming as line peeled out into the lake.

"Holy shit!" the tiger bellowed, his words slightly slurred. "Boys, I got a big one!"

Two other fishermen, a bear and a wolf, scrambled over to watch, their own rods forgotten. They shouted encouragement and instructions, clearly as inebriated as their friend. The tiger played the line expertly despite his impaired state, letting the fish run when it surged, then reeling steadily when it tired.

The battle lasted several minutes. The fish broke the surface once, thrashing violently, and the fishermen whooped at the sight of the massive pike. The tiger's arms shook with effort, his claws digging into the rod's grip as he fought to bring his prize closer to the dock.

"That's gotta be a foot-footer!" the bear yelled.

"Bigger!" the wolf insisted. "Look at the size of that bastard!"

In time, the pike's resistance waned. The tiger reeled it up alongside the dock, and the bear leaned down, sinking his claws into the fish's gills and hauling it onto the weathered planks with a wet thud, where it flopped weakly.

"Fuck yeah!" The tiger pumped his fist in the air, then knelt beside his catch. "That's the biggest pike I've ever landed."

The fish was indeed massive, its body thick and muscular, easily four and a half feet long. Its flat snout gaped open, revealing those backward-pointing teeth, and its eyes were glazed with exhaustion. The tiger grabbed it firmly, one hand behind the gills, and worked to remove the hook from its jaw.

"Damn thing really swallowed it," he muttered, his thick fingers probing inside the pike's mouth. The hook was deep, lodged in the back of the throat. He pulled out his pliers and reached in, trying to get a grip on the metal.

His fingers touched something else. Something that definitely wasn't the hook. The tiger paused, confusion crossing his features, then reached in deeper. His hand closed around something soft and thick, and he pulled.

The pike's jaws stretched wide as the tiger extracted his find. Inch after inch of pink flesh emerged, slick with fish saliva and mucus. The tiger's eyes widened as he realized what he was holding. The other fishermen leaned in closer, their alcohol-fogged brains taking a moment to process the sight.

"Is that..." the wolf began.

"It's a fuckin' *dick*," the bear finished, his voice filled with awe. "That fish bit off someone's *dick*."

The severed penis dangled from the tiger's grip, still remarkably intact despite its journey through the pike's throat. It was huge, easily sixteen or so inches from base to tip. The tapered shape was clearly weaseloid, and even detached, it retained an impressive girth. The base where it had been torn from its owner showed ragged edges, but not much blood, the tissue already pale and waterlogged.

"Holy fuck," the tiger breathed, holding it up to examine it more closely. The weight of it was substantial, the flesh heavy, cool and meaty in his hand. "This is fucking huge. Look at this thing!"

He turned to show his friends, dangling the severed cock between them. The shaft swayed with the motion, the tapered tip pointing downward. The bear reached out and poked it experimentally, making it swing like a pendulum.

"Some poor bastard lost a hell of a dick," the bear observed.

"Or some lucky bastard, depending on how you look at it," the wolf added with a drunken laugh. "Probably couldn't find pants that fit."

The tiger swung the penis in a wide arc, the motion unconsciously celebratory. "This is the weirdest fucking catch I've ever had. You think I should mount it?"

"Mount it?" the bear asked.

"Yeah, like a trophy. Get one of those plaques made. Have it shellacked, or... whatever." The tiger held the cock up against the sky, examining it from different angles. "This is definitely a story for the bar. The day I caught a sixty-inch pike that had eaten a twenty inch dong."

Their laughter carried across the water, loud and raucous. The sound drew Syd's attention. He had been lying on his back on the opposite dock, one arm thrown over his eyes, trying to process everything that had happened. But the hooting and hollering penetrated his shock.

He sat up slowly, looking toward the source of the commotion. Meadow sat beside him, already watching the other dock with interest. Syd's eyes tracked to where the three fishermen were clustered, and then he saw it. Saw the tiger holding something pink and familiar, swinging it around like a toy.

"No," Syd whispered. "Oh fuck, no."

He knew that shape. Knew the exact length and girth. Had been proud of it every single day of his adult life. And now a drunk tiger was waving it in the air, showing it off to his buddies like a prize.

"Is that..." Syd couldn't finish the question. His hand moved to his groin, touching the empty sheath, confirming what he already knew. "That's my dick. That tiger has my dick."

The fishermen's voices carried across the water, discussing their find with the casual interest of men examining a curiosity. The tiger held the severed penis up to the light, commenting on its impressive size, completely unaware that its former owner sat watching fifty feet away.

"You should go get it," Syd said desperately, turning to Meadow. "Tell them it's mine. Make them give it back."

Meadow tilted her head, considering. "I don't think that's how it works, baby."

"What do you mean? It's my cock!"

"Was your cock," she corrected gently. "But the fish ate your dick, and the tiger caught the fish. Finders keepers, right? That's pretty much the rule." She patted his thigh sympathetically. "Besides, what would you even do with it now? It's not like they can reattach it."

Syd stared at her, then back at the other dock. The tiger had produced his phone and was posing with the severed penis, his friends taking pictures. They arranged it in different positions, at one point holding it up next to the dead pike as if to document where it had come from. Their laughter continued, obviously cruel in its casual enjoyment.

"He said he's going to mount it," Syd said, his voice hollow. "Like a trophy."

"That's kind of fitting, actually," Meadow mused. "I mean, it is pretty impressive. Err, sorry. It was pretty impressive," she corrected, glancing down at his groin where his sheath covered the pathetic stub that remained. Seed oozed out of the deflated sheath and onto the wet dock wood. "You should probably be flattered. Not everyone's cock is trophy-worthy."

The tiger had moved on from photos and was now showing the penis to the other dock occupants who had wandered over to see what the fuss was about. A small crowd had gathered, everyone wanting to see the pike's unusual prey. They passed the severed cock around, weighing it in their hands, marveling at its size. Someone made a joke that got the whole group laughing.

Syd watched his former manhood being handled by strangers, examined and appreciated by everyone except him. The tiger tucked it carefully into a cooler, nestling it in between beer bottles and plastic wrapped sandwiches, presumably to preserve it until he could follow through on his mounting plans. The casual way he handled it, like it was just another fish or a lucky rabbit's foot, completed Syd's humiliation.

His beautiful, perfect, huge cock, the pride he'd carried between his legs, the source of his confidence, the thing that had made him feel powerful... was now just a novelty item. A conversation piece for a drunk fisherman's wall. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Meadow stood, brushing herself off and reaching for her towel. "We should probably head back. You need to get cleaned up." She said it matter-of-factly, as if they were leaving after an ordinary afternoon swim.

Syd looked down at himself one more time. The sheath hung limp and small between his legs, covering the stub that was all he had left. Then he looked back at the other dock, where his real cock sat in a cooler on ice, waiting to be shellacked and mounted.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "Let's go."