

"Fuck," Castel said, as he struggled with his big, fat, heavy nuts. Again. The tropical sun slanted through the soft billowing curtains, inviting the black backed jackal to come outside and frolic with the other tourists. He could hear the cabana music and the splashing of water, could smell the fragrant, *potent* fruity drinks that were being dispensed, and could *almost* feel the cool, sharp kiss of the pool's water against his aching muscles. What he *couldn't* do was get the resort's 'mandatory swimwear' to hold the bulk of his endowments. The shiny, cobalt blue

"Come *on*, you cheap ass piece of shit," Castel muttered, as he pulled up on the waistband. The material was stretchy enough, but there just wasn't enough of it. He wondered if perhaps he had been assigned a women's swimsuit by mistake; there was no way that normal sized guys could be expected to fit into such a skimpy garment, right?

Of course, whether Castel recognized it or not, he was far from being 'normal-sized'. The jackal's knotted penis, festooned with piercings up and down its underside and another thick ring piercing through the tip, could barely be contained in the jackal's sheath. The subtle rubbing and squeezing and nudging along it as Castel worked to fit it down into the overpacked underwear only worked against him, as it pried the garment away from his inner thighs. That little bit of a gap was all the jackal's tan-furred grapefruits needed to plop their way out of their prison and into the open. Then, as he tried to fuss them back in, pulling the swimsuit down to stretch over those heavy furry bulbs, his sheath flopped up and out of the waistband.

A bead of sweat traced down Castel's temple, as he finessed his big bulge with the care and delicacy of a bomb defuser. Sheath pushed down over and between his balls, and the swimsuit pressing both balls together against it, created a sort of free standing 'lock' that, as he sauntered back and forth in front of the mirror, held up. It was almost painfully tight, and he could feel the warm breeze from the window caressing against the sides and backs of his balls and the root of his sheath, but the swimsuit was in place. *Perfect*.

He checked himself in the mirror, adjusting his soft, violet bangs back behind his ring-studded ears, and rubbed a stray fur from his matching violet nose. His pelt was a mix of autumn hues, orange and ruddish browns and dark chocolate, and the garishly shiny, bright blue swimsuit contrasted sharply from his earth-toned exterior, but, what was he gonna do? It was *mandatory*.

He grinned at himself. He looked good. Damned good. He needed this vacation, and he was going to have a blast. Now, he just needed someone to have a blast *with*.

The afternoon sun cast a warm golden hue on Castel's thick, furry pelt as he ambled towards the pool area. The resort was clean and tidy, an open layout with large umbrellas and palm trees offering some shade from the overhead sun. The tropical breeze tickled against the jackal's ass crack, a delighted shiver working up his spine as he sauntered past the conglomerations of other males who were sprawling and scouting for fun on this luxury resort. Castel enjoyed looking at them, and he enjoyed the thrill of knowing that they were looking at him, as well.

Zebras, lithe and tall and striped and sexy, cavorted in the pool, bouncing an inflated volleyball between them. Their sleek forms darted through the water with a grace that Castel hadn't expected. He admired the way their fur glowed and gleamed in the bright sun, walking directly into the back of a bull. The tan-furred behemoth turned slowly at the jackal, who was blushing furiously.

"Shit, sorry, wasn't looking," He stammered, as the bull looked him up and down with a slow, growing smirk. Castel took a peek at him, his embarrassment doubling as he noticed that the bull was stuffed into a swimsuit just like his own - only his *fit*. The fabric was stretched around the bull's pubic mound, with no definition of a sheath or balls to distort the shiny spandex. "Oh!"

"First day, huh?" The bull chuckled. He took a long sip of his drink, gesturing to the jackal's own groin. "Still haven't figured out how to pack it all away, eh?"

Castel chuckled, at once both embarrassed by the open acknowledgement of his bulge, and excited at the complement. Then he felt the breeze. No longer kissing along the fur of his butt crack, it tickled around and over the scrotum that struggled to hold his right testicle. He glanced down, and realized his fear: his rebellious nut had slid right out into the open. "Oh, *dammit*."

The bull chuckled, and patted the jackal's head. "I remember having a similar problem when I first got here. You're gonna be *really* popular, I bet." He sauntered past, leaving the fretting jackal to work his nuts back up into his shorts. His nut felt larger than normal, as if being compressed into the too-small pouch had spawned some rebellious physiological streak. Castel realized that he was handling and playing with his junk, right in public, but he couldn't imagine how embarrassed he would be if he just walked around with his balls hanging out! He rested his wrists on his inner thighs, the tips of his pinkies and thumbs holding his swimsuit in place, and carefully waddled off to the side, between some tall bushes.

He tried to look like he was just admiring the view, staring off into the middle distance as he furiously palmed and squeezed, cajoling his fat balls back where they belonged behind the thin barrier of his swimwear. It took half a minute or so, the jackal's ears folding back as he casually felt the heat of his stiffening prick pushing against his palm. He was starting to get hard, and not only was it clearly outlined in the sleek fabric, it made it even harder for him to walk without his junk just flopping out into the open!

Still... he was on vacation, and he could not just hide behind the bushes all day. He had a lot to offer, and... what was the harm if he accidentally flashed someone? Maybe... maybe it would attract some attention. Maybe someone tall, dark and handsome would saunter his way to help him with his not-so-little problem.

Castel put his most relaxed, cool as a cucumber face on, and sauntered back out from behind the bushes and towards the tiki bar. Almost immediately, it happened again. He felt the pinch of the edge of the swimsuit as it disgorged his left nut into the warm, balmy air. The right, now with much more space in the jackal's swimsuit, jumped shit out the other side, leaving him with his

balls totally exposed. Castel paused, but only for a moment, swallowing hard and smiling widely as he continued on his journey to the bar with only a slightly increased pace to his step.

He could feel the gazes following him, expressions shifting between envy, desire, and awe. No anger, no shocked shouts of disgust. Castel's fur bristled as he felt *everyone* staring at his big, hanging balls, his dick stiffening in the newly emptied swimsuit with the excitement of having so much attention. Finally, he made it. Slapping his hands down on the bar, he grinned maniacally at the bartender, a tiger with gray eyes and one quirked eyebrow.

"A... a mojito, please," Castel said. He nodded briefly to a big brown bear, who was sitting on the stool next to him, blatantly staring at the jackal's dangling endowments. "Sup."

"Dang, that's a nice set," The bear whistled ruefully. "You mind if I borrow them for an hour or so?"

Castel sputtered at the bear's forwardness, awkwardly smiling. "What? These... old things?" He said, glancing down to his dangling nards and shrugging. "Oh they're just... um.. single player only."

"Ah," the bear said, with a nod of his head. He continued staring, hunger tightening his lips and a sort of wistful sadness crinkling around his eyes. "Well, I hope you use the fuck outta them."

"Thanks," Castel said, as he gratefully took his drink from the tiger and stepped away from the small bar. He made it ten or so steps before the cunning plan of his errant testicles unfurled, in dramatic fashion. His nuts had slipped out on either side of the dainty strap that led from his swimsuit back up along his taint, and that meant that their full weight was resting - dangling, really - on that strap, and that meant that the strap was being pulled downwards, which, with Castel's flexing, half-pudged dog dick pushing against the waistband, was all it took.

Castel stiffened as his swimsuit yielded, his springy dick flopping up into the open air. The row of barbell piercings along the underside caught the sunlight, flickering brightly as if signalling 'hey, check me out!' to everyone nearby. There was quite a bit to look at, as the soft-knotted, sleek-tipped pink flesh jutted out an easy ten inches from the jackal's groin. Someone in the pool cheered, and a fox sunning on a chaise lounge lifted up his dark sunglasses, taking an admiring peer at the sudden exposure.

"Dammit, dammit," Castel said, his cheeks hot and red as he tried to pull his swimsuit up with one hand, the still-full mojito carefully held in the other. There was no way he could get away with his entire package hanging out of his swimsuit, but he needed both hands to finagle his suit up!

"Here, lemme take care of that for you," a deep, gravelly voice said to the jackal's right. Someone that he hadn't noticed had slunk closer, a dark shadow separating from the other

shadows in the nearby showering stall. It was a panther; a jaguar, really, with silvery rosettes shimmering along his jet black fur.

"Oh, thanks-" Castel managed to say, offering his glass to the panther, but the feline's paw had dipped below, grasping his cock instead. "Oh!"

The panther's paw was thickly furred, his pelt glossy and bristling, the warm grip dry and soft and pleasant as it held his dick. The unruly knotted canine specimen twitched, filling the feline's palm as he slid it down to nudge his fingers against the half-swollen knot. "I'm Swale. Nice ta meetcha."

"Ah, uh, um, I'm... Cassie... Castel!" Castel stammered, as a flush of heat burned through his ears, creeping up his neck and painting his cheeks a bright red. "Is this a normal form of greeting here?"

"Yup," Swale said, his white fangs gleaming as he bared them in a knowing smile. Unlike Castel, and the bartender and the rest of the tourists that were carefully bedecked in their official 'resort swimsuits', Swale was wearing nothing at all. His equipment dangled, saggy and warm and heavy between his thighs, his fat short sheath plump with the hint of a pink cock sticking out of the end of the warm holster. "I mean, it is if you're a *local*, like me, anyways."

"Oh, a local," Castle said, his eyes fluttering with the stimulating sensation of the panther caressing and holding his shaft. The panther smelled like rum and salt and green peppers. "That's great, I'm from... somewhere else...."

"No shit?" The panther said, his smile widening. His forearm flexed as he slowly jacked the jackal off with his soft warm paw, as his other hand reached underneath, cupping up under one fat jackal ball. "Do y'all usually wander around with your family jewels on display, where you're from?"

"N-no, of course not," Castle said, struggling hard not to bite his tongue. His voice seemed so quiet, like it didn't want to leave his mouth, as the panther handled his junk so openly, so *easily*. "Are you allowed to-"

"What are they gonna do, kick me out?" The panther snorted, as muzzle scrunkling in a smug sneer as he glanced around the pool area. "They know me here. I'm just one of the, uh, *perks* that guys like you get the rare chance to experience while visiting." He paused, letting the jackal process that, the handsome canine staring at him with half-lidded eyes and a lolling tongue. "I'm a tour guide. Kayaking? Snorkeling? Dive bars?"

"Ooooooh, cool," Castel said. "Is this.. how you find customers then?" Castel bit his lower lip, his hormones surging, unable to keep himself from staring at the panther's audaciously displayed equipment. The panther's nuts, smaller than his own, nevertheless *brimmed* with a sort of solid heftiness that made the jackal want to crouch down and worship them.

"Yup," the panther laughed. "And it works, too, though admittedly, I'm not used to finding guys like *you* here. You're in quite the predicament - you know you've got to wear this swimsuit *everywhere* when you're on the island, right?"

"I knowwww," Castel whined, his hips pushing his erection against the panther's paw. He was leaking precum, now, though it seemed to vanish into the soft dry glossy fur, evaporating away and leaving only the sensation of the soft, dry, plush fur against his sensitive shaft. "But I can't fit in it, it's too damned small!"

"It's really not," Swale said, his eyes glittering with a mischievous shade of mustard. "You're just a bit of a showstopper. I know a trick, though, a way to front load your party pants to make sure they fit you perfectly, all day long."

"No shit?!" Castel said, his dick twitching, straining in abject sensitivity. "You can... nnnf, you can do that?" His mind swam; it was clearly a sleazy pick up line, the panther suggesting that a good purge of his fat balls might help shrink them down enough that they could fit. "That sounds *awesome*. What do you gotta do?"

"Me?" Swale's paws were busy, softly pushing the jackal's behemoths back up towards his groin, forcing them back up into his swimsuit, and then flopping them over the waistband. "I'm not doing anything, champ." He released Castel's package entirely, and slid his hands to the tourist's hips and pulled the straps upwards. It caused the now-empty swimsuit to tighten up, lightly 'cutting' into the back and underside of the knotter's dangling sack. "You, though, are going to suck my dick."

Castel was shocked, his mouth dropping open in stunned silence, which Swale nodded agreeably to. "Exactly like that. Mouth open, brain empty. Now get on your knees."

"Here?!" Castel hissed, glancing around. People were staring, but not everyone, and nobody seemed to be *offended* by the panther handling him so openly.

"Yeah, *right here*, in front of the bartender and the lifeguard and that nice married couple from Oklahoma," Swale chuckled. His thick dark tube tail flicked with a swish through the air behind him, and he spread his muscular legs, his paws gesturing to his half-hard dick. "Come on, big guy. My dick *likes* you. It wants to give you a special treat."

Castel wanted to protest, to play demure, to play it safe, but... but *damn*, Swale was hot. The panther was so dang casual, so confident, just gesturing to his naked erection like it was only natural for Castel to service him, right in public. Which, Castel thought with a surge of excitement and arousal, maybe it *was*.

He found himself on his knees, hands moving to cup and rub the panther's heavy testicles, using them as saddle horns to pull the salted flesh of Swale's thick shaft between his jaws. His

own balls rested in a puddle on the warm concrete of the pool deck, the smell of chlorine and cat musk stinging his nostrils as he wrapped his lips and tasted Swale.

The connection was immediate and complete. He felt a jolt of pleasure, of electricity, of arousal, sparkling from the cock in his mouth directly down his spine and into his own groin. He felt the bulk of his cock and balls as they dangled out in the open air, tingling in excitement as he painted a stripe of saliva over the panther's shaft. He could feel his dick tightening, the skin drawing taut as he grew immediately and fully erect.

What he couldn't feel, was the way his dick shortened by a quarter of an inch as it did so. The jackal's balls churned, the loose puddled scrotum slowly tightening around the heavy balls as if it were being vacuum sealed. Castel couldn't pay attention to it, the sensation feeling no different than any normal surge of arousal. He moaned, his eyes scrunched closed to prevent him from seeing who was watching, as his fingers squeezed and rolled the panther's fattening grapefruits between his palms. They were so warm, so dense, so heavy against his palms, solid and potent. They were brimming with seed; he could taste the salty slurry already mixed heavily in the feline's precum, his mouth tingling with the sluicing panther sauce that oozed and seeped out of the hard shaft in easy, regular spurts.

'Dammit, I needed this,' Castel thought, not noticing as his balls were gripped by his shrinking scrotum, being gently pushed and squeezed together by the retracting soft leathery scrotum. His dick began to soften as well, as virility itself was siphoned slowly out of his loins. Each slurp, each lick, each smooth and suckle on Swale's maleness caused Castel's maleness to diminish, the hard straining knotted flesh sagging slowly down, pointing towards the concrete as the flesh of it began to disappear.

The bear at the bar watched, shaking his head with a rueful smile. He lifted up his half empty beer in a toast to Swale, who held up Castel's drink in kind, toasting the bear back before taking a swig. The jackal was good, his violet hair held up and out of his face by the panther's other hand as he twisted his head, bobbing and wetly lapping. The jackal pulled back, after a bit, breaking the connection with the panther's dick and just staring at it, admiring it.

The panther must have only been half hard, Castel rationalized, as he rubbed his snout against the tip of the panther's maleness. It had only seemed to have been a nice eight or nine inches long when he had first slotted it into his mouth, and it had fit just right. Now, straining towards the sky was over a foot of panther cock, the head a beautiful dark wine red, sumptuous and slick with oozing seed.

Castel's cock, meanwhile, had *retracted* down to a piddly six inches. The tip no longer rested on the pool deck, however, the smooth metal ring that used to adorn the tip still did. As the shaft shrank, shivering and throbbing and shrinking with each pulse of the jackal's heart, the adornments festooned up along the underside of the shaft began to shiver their way through the flesh. There was no tearing of flesh, no pain or ripping, just the slow reveal of the hidden bars of metal that kept the piercings attached. The jackal's pink-hued glacier was retreating, revealing

its hidden treasures. *Tnkl*. Another barbell fell to the ground, as the jackal's penis shortened past it. The remaining barbells clung on, barely, as they were slowly extruded out from contracting masculinity.

The jackal's testicles were not faring any better. By the time they had lifted up off of the concrete, they had retreated down from the size of grapefruits, to the size of oranges. Now they were the size of limes, smaller than most of the other balls on display around him. His scrotum had withered along with them, keeping them snug and tight against his groin as they reduced further and further, his virilic essence drawn out in hard, straining pulses of his imminent orgasm.

The jackal could tell that he was close; he had never felt quite so hard and erect, his groin tense, the gentle pilfering of his most prized assets happening just under his nose as he focused his attention on worshipping and slobbering and jerking the hard, slimy flesh of the panther standing over him. He could feel *something*, yes, but it was all so pleasant, his headspace so strong, the release of his inhibitions so intoxicatingly alluring, that the pleasant, effervescent tingling of bubbles fizzing and popping throughout the mass of his shaft and deep within his eggs just didn't concern him much. Neither did the occasional sound of metal clinking against metal, as more piercings dropped to the ground.

Castel could *barely* get the head of the panther's dick within his jaws. He knew his teeth were probably grating against the granite-solid flesh, but he felt like if he did bite down, he could chew all day and not draw blood. The panther finished Castel's drink, his hips bucking with an easy flow as he worked to shimmy the hugely-inflated shaft back towards the jackal's warm, gripping throat, where he had spent so much time in the beginning of this impromptu servicing.

Their entire engagement had been almost entirely silent, save for the wet, slick sounds of Castel fellating Swale. Now, the panther growled, a deep dark groan that reverberated through the jackal's bones as Swale gripped the back of his head and pulled him needfully in against his groin. "Here it comes... prefer to lose it all."

'*Prepare to TAKE it all, he means*', Castel thought to himself, as he felt himself close to orgasming himself. He was close, *so close*, and as the panther's dick THROBBED against the inside of his cheeks, as he felt the hot slimy shot of his ejaculation SPURT into his mouth, filling his throat with a salty splash of his warm panther cream, Castel moaned.

The jackal's swimsuit, having *nothing* to keep it pinned down, slid up over the front of the jackal's bulge, covering the soft, fuzzy mound where his huge balls and handsome cock had used to hang. There was a nub there, buried in all the fur, a soft spot that pulsed out a diminutive, easily-missable blob of his cum. That single blob would be *all* that Castel could ejaculate, now - his entire masculinity had been absorbed, his stolen vigor transplanted from between his legs up into Swale's. The panther's teeth gritted as he climaxed, his ejaculation as loud and dramatic and messy as Castel's was demure and subtle. He pulled back, only after three spurts, leaving the jackal's throat clogged with his hot sperm, and grabbed his massively

oversized shaft. Sixteen, maybe eighteen inches long, he stroked the dark veined length, milking out ribbon after ribbon of hot slick panther pudding, to coat the emasculated tourist's snout and brow and ears. Each spurt was *heavy*, clinging to Castel's muzzle, soaking through the fur and oozing down over his cheeks and down the back of his neck. He was being marked, the feline cumming as much as most guys *pissed*, his huge mango-sized testicles swinging and thumping against the panther's inner thighs.

"Good job, tourist," Swale said, his fingers slowing down as the great burst of his orgasm passed. The panther's shaft was still hard, still brimming with excess testosterone and libido, all donated courtesy of the unknowing jackal. He angled his dick from one side to the other, checking it out with an appreciative nod. "Yeah, this is great. You were *really* packing, huh?"

Castel didn't know how to *process* that. There was something that was wrong, something he needed to understand, but his mouth was still full of Swale's cum, his body so close to orgasming. He had thought he *had* orgasm, but the soft shiver of pleasure, and the ooze of fluid he had felt seeping out of his groin was nothing like an actual ejaculation, it must have just been him being excited.

Before he could clear his mouth enough to respond, before he could even finish gulping down the panther's cum, Swale had turned and was walking away. The jaguar's dark fur gleamed as his buttocks flexed, his magnificent endowment swinging hot and heavy, still dripping as he swaggered away, and Castel reached down to his own package, intent on cranking himself off the rest of the way.

He couldn't blame Swale for leaving; the panther was clearly satisfied. Castel had to remind himself not to *swoon* over a random hookup; he was going to be having sex with a lot of guys, and he couldn't... he couldn't...

Castel looked down, his eyes widening as he stared at the smooth blue spandex swimsuit that his hand was resting against. He gawked, trying to fathom what he was seeing - or rather, what he wasn't seeing. That asshole had been right, he HAD helped Castel fit into his swimsuit, but he hadn't told him he would be doing that.

"HEY!" He gargled, trying to get the panther's attention, but Swale was already at the gate, casually hopping over it and off of the resort's properties. Castel glared at him, then crouched down, scooping up the bits of metal that he had shed during Swale's little 'party trick'. "Goddammit, I can't believe it, I can't believe it! On my FIRST day!"