

## AFTER HOURS

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"I can't believe we're doing this."

"Shh! Keep your voice down!"

"Sorry."

Under the cover of almost total darkness, two shadows left the cover of the wall and headed for the gate. "Gimme the pick," said one in a loud whisper, shining a small flashlight on the somewhat tarnished lock.

"Hang on. I know it's in here someplace...." The second voice trailed off, and the sound of pockets being turned inside out was heard. "Ah, here it is." Moments later the tinkly sound of metal hitting the pavement followed. "Aww, crap."

The first person sighed heavily. "You're a klutz, you know that?"

"Sorry. Shine the light down, so I can find it." The second bent down and, after a few seconds of intense searching, found the dropped pick. "Don't drop it this time."

"I didn't drop it, *you* did." Holding the flashlight in its teeth, the first figure inserted the pick into the lock and started working away at it.

"I don't know why you didn't just borrow the key from your brother."

A muffled click signalled the success of the lock-picking exercise. "Because it would have been far less fun, that's why. Now get in there so I can lock the gate behind us."

Seconds later both were inside the pool complex and heading for the Olympic-sized pool which was the main feature of it. Both undressed quickly, revealing their slim teenage bodies to the pale moonlight shining down upon them from behind a cloud. It could now be seen that they were otters, one standing at around six feet, the other several inches shorter. Their breasts, with nipples hardening from the slight chill in the air, stood out from their chests, showing that they were female as well. Short hair, pale on the taller one, dark on the other, was cut close to their heads. "You look good, Brynn," said the taller one. "Have you been working out?"

"Not really. Could be the five-mile jog I do every morning." The other otter looked more closely at her taller friend. "And you seem to be piling it on, Sara. I'd lay off those chocolates if I were you."

"I don't eat too much chocolate!" Sara protested. "It's just a slow metabolism."

"Just kidding ya," Brynn replied, batting her friend lightly on the shoulder. "You're just slim as you've always been." She turned and glanced down into the black water of the pool, the surface shimmering slightly as a light breeze ruffled it. "Hmm. Wanna race? First one to complete twenty laps wins."

Sara giggled and nodded. "Loser has to...umm...pleasure the other to climax," she suggested with a sly grin.

"I'm not sure if that really counts as a punishment," Brynn said, grinning widely. "I, for one, *like* doing the licking!" She started walking towards the nearer end of the pool, where the starting podiums would normally be during a race, her hips swaying seductively.

"As I'm the weaker swimmer, I should have a head-start. Say, five seconds?" Sara stepped up to her place next to Brynn and bent over into the starting position.

"Suits me fine. On the count of three you go, then I'll follow later, okay?" At her friend's nod of confirmation Brynn started counting. "One...two...three!" She continued counting to eight before diving in after Sara, with barely a splash.

After a couple of laps, Brynn overtook Sara and moved into the lead, where she stayed until the last few laps, when, to her surprise, she found herself being passed by a brown blur. *What the hell?* Brynn faltered, causing her to fall even further behind. Suddenly she recalled several occasions when Sara

had said she had things to do when asked if she wanted to see a movie or something. *You bitch! You've been taking lessons!* she thought with a mental grin.

"Beat ya," said Sara once Brynn had touched the pool's side to finish. "Time for the winner to claim her reward!"

"I don't *think* so! You've been secretly taking swimming lessons, haven't you?" Brynn pointed an accusatory finger at her friend, though she couldn't keep her stern expression for more than a few seconds before she broke into a fit of giggles.

Sara tried to look shocked. "I wouldn't *dream* of taking lessons just to beat you in a race, dear. Well...actually, yes I would. It's taken me three months, but I finally did it!" Before Brynn could frame a reply she dove forward into the water and streaked down to the other end in a stream of bubbles.

"Well, I never," Brynn muttered, following close behind.

When she got to the other end Sara was sitting on the edge of the pool, legs spread to show off her femininity. It glistened invitingly; whether it was from the water or her juices Brynn couldn't tell. She bobbed in the water, looking up at Sara's smug expression. "I think you should be punished for making me believe that you were still the slow otter you always were," she complained. "You deserve a good spanking, missy!"

"Oh no! Anything but that!" replied Sara, placing the back of her right hand against her forehead and making like a Southern gal in distress. "I promise I'll be good from now on."

Brynn thought for a moment. *She would enjoy a spanking, knowing her. Hmm...how to punish her.... Ah!* "I know how I can punish you." She pulled herself up to the pool's side, eyeing the damp cunny nestled between Sara's legs. "Open wide," she murmured, leaning forward and gently swiping her tongue up from her friend's tailhole to the sensitive nub of her clit.

The other otter shuddered and moaned softly, leaning back a bit more and spreading her legs wide to afford Brynn better access. Her arousal grew with every movement of Brynn's tongue. She could feel her musky juices dripping out of her, to be lapped up eagerly. "Mmmm, it's been so long," she mumbled, lying back completely and fingering her firming nipples. "Keep it up..."

*Oh, I will...until just before you come.* Brynn delved deeper, spreading the puffy labia surrounding her tongue apart with her thumbs to do so. She loved having a long tongue; it was at times like this that it really came into its own. With a bit of effort she managed to slip three inches up into Sara's cunny, wiggling it around in the tasty juices before she withdrew it and went to work on the swollen clit jutting out from its small hood.

It was almost too much for Sara to handle. Not even her boyfriend could pleasure her so intensely. She kneaded her breasts harder, tweaking her nipples until they became little fires of pain/pleasure. Her breathing devolved to panting, her pulse quickened, her pussy started to spasm as she was brought to the brink of orgasm.

Sensing Sara was about to blow, Brynn pulled away totally, leaving her friend teetering on the edge. She smirked to himself when Sara opened her eyes, looking rather bewildered. "Huh? What happened?"

"I'm punishing you, of course. I figured you'd enjoy being spanked, so I'm...depriving you of your climax. I think...five times should be enough, hmm? One for every second's head-start I gave you."

"Aww, come on! That's not fair! I was so *close!*" Sara complained.

"Don't worry. Only another four almost-climaxes to go before I'll let you come to your heart's content." Brynn swam closer, and starting massaging her friend's legs to pass the time until she felt that Sara had cooled down enough, at which point she went back to eating sweet otter pussy, moving down a little to dig into her tight pucker as well.

Over the next half an hour Brynn teased her increasingly desperate friend to the heights of pleasure again and again, denying her the sweet release that she so craved. Eventually she relented and went all out to give Sara an orgasm she'd remember for months to come. She dipped her finger into the soaking

cunny that she was busy licking out, then gently pressed it against Sara's nether hole, twisting it slowly until it began to slide in, all the way up to the second knuckle. Having achieved that, Brynn began to move it in and out, stroking against the thin membrane separating both holes. She suckled at the creamy fluids seeping out of her friend, alternating between that and nibbling on her clit.

Sara's orgasm, when it finally hit, was the most intense Brynn had ever induced in anyone. Several squirts of translucent pussy juice hit her in the face, dripping down into her nose and mouth, and down over the tightly clenching tailhole that her finger was still in. This was accompanied by the (quite possibly) loudest screams of ecstasy she'd ever heard, amplified by the concrete wall on two sides and the bleachers on another. Brynn grimaced; the aural assault was giving her a headache, as well as making her anxious about someone coming to investigate the unearthly sounds coming from the complex. "Gods, Sara. Wake up the whole bloody neighbourhood, why don't you?" she muttered as she pulled her finger out of her friend's ass and rinsed it off in the water. Then she remembered that her face was covered with cum and dove underwater to wash that off too.

Sara took a few minutes to wind down enough to respond. "Fuck," she murmured, slowly sitting up with a dazed expression. "That has got to be the *best* come I've had in...forever, I think." Seeing Brynn come up for air, wiping at her face, she decided that cleaning up was a good idea and eased herself into the pool.

Suddenly Brynn's ears picked up the distinct, though faint, sound of footsteps coming closer. "Shit! Someone's coming!" Glancing at Sara, once she'd come back up, she asked in a loud whisper, "How long can you hold your breath for?"

"Uh...I dunno. A couple of minutes? Why?"

"Get ready to take a deep breath and go under. If we're lucky, we won't be found."

The sounds of the lock and gate being opened were followed by the entry of a portly fellow whom both recognised as the night watchman. As he wandered closer, waving his flashlight around, Brynn suddenly realised they'd forgotten something. "Our clothes!"

It was too late to get them now. Any moment now the watchman would be almost directly on top of them. He'd be sure to see their piles of clothing just lying on the concrete.

"Under, now!" Brynn whispered, before following her own advice and plunging under with nary a splash, Sara right behind her.

Two nerve-racking minutes later they surfaced gently, trying to not make a sound. They sighed quietly with relief when they saw the watchman was just leaving the complex, whistling a jaunty tune. Under his arm was a large bundle. "Well, that's just *perfect!*" hissed Brynn, leaning against the edge and pouting. "Now we're stuck here, *and* without a stitch of clothing. Or the pick, which was in my pocket."

"It's not *my* fault!" protested Sara. "You were the one who insisted on 'punishing' me. You know how loud I am when I climax."

"Yeah, well...I can't plan for everything." Brynn sighed heavily. "*Now* what do we do?"

Sara thought for a while, running over the rather limited options they had. "I have an idea. It's just a fence behind the bleachers, right? What about climbing over it? It's only...what, ten feet or so to jump? I know they're a couple feet higher than the ground on the other side."

"Hmm...that could work. Come on. Let's go investigate." Brynn pulled herself out of the pool, shook herself to get rid of the excess water, and slunk over to the bleachers, which did, fortunately, abut the fence, though there was a foot-wide gap separating them. She climbed up to the top and peered over, almost losing her balance. "Damn. Can't see how far it is."

"It can't be *too* far, surely," said Sara, coming up behind Brynn. "Maybe if you lower me down, I can fall the rest of the way, though I'm a bit worried about breaking something upon landing."

"It's a risk we'll just have to take. There's no way I'm hanging around here to be found. I don't particularly want to get suspended for the fourth time this year."

If anyone happened to be passing by at that time of night, they would have seen the rather odd sight of two nude otter girls trying to climb over the fence. The first one dropped from the other's arms and fell with a pained thud to the ground – thankfully just grass – some twelve feet below. "Careful! That first step's a doozy!" she called up, rubbing at her shins. "It's further than I thought."

"Oh, great," came the reply. "Look out – coming over!" The sounds of frantic scrabbling were followed presently by a heavy thump and several nasty swearwords. "If this hasn't sprained something, I'm bloody lucky."

Sara chuckled in spite of herself. "Just remember that this whole situation was *your* idea in the first place."

"Yeah, yeah. Rub it in," Brynn muttered darkly, massaging her now rather sore ankles. "Gimme a few minutes, then we can hightail it out of here. Dunno how we're going to explain what our clothes were doing in the pool area."

"That can wait until the morning." Sara yawned widely. "All that action has made me tired. Let's just get home to our beds, hmm? We can figure something out in the morning."

"You go on ahead. I'll be here for a while yet."

Sara said her farewells and wandered off into the darkness, pretty much total since the moon had been obscured by a rain cloud, leaving Brynn to nurse her injury. After a few more minutes she gingerly stood up, decided that she should be okay for the fifteen-minute walk home, and limped off in the same direction Sara had taken.

The cloud chose that moment to release its heavy load.

"Aww, crap."