

“Dude, Greg, you might wanna go easy on the beers. Or like.. you know, empty out a bit?”

The squirrel grunted as he dragged the two coolers behind him through the sand, closer to the water. A lean-built tiger was waiting for him, sprawled on a beach chair and airing himself out. As the mention of 'emptying out' the tiger's entire lap jumped and twitched, a half chub bobbing up briefly as its owner chuckled and two honeydew sized balls dangling onto where people would usually rest their legs.

“Fuck *that* Rob, just bring em over! I wanna get 'swole' for a bit if you get what I mean. Spring Break isn't gonna last much longer, so let's *do this~*”

Hauling the coolers the rest of the way over took more effort than Robert was happy with but he consoled himself that he only had to do it once. With *that much beer* on hand for them both it wasn't likely they would need to restock. Given how Greg wasted no time grabbing one of the bottles and chugging that was probably for the best. Robert wasn't far behind him, unfolding his own chair and laying a towel over it, then opening his own cooler. It didn't take long for either of the two students to feel the effects kick in, despite the beer being on the cheap side. A little tingle in their heads for starters, and then a creaking trickle of weight in their balls.

On the second bottle Greg twitched a little and looked down between his legs. The tiger watched as his nuts sagged lower down the chair and onto previously untouched plastic that was warmer than he expected. Enough to shiver and wriggle about, though not quite enough to be painful. Reaching out and rubbing at his cumbersome, heavy sack left the big cat shuddering from tail to nose and moaning quietly before he could stop himself.

“Oh.. *oh man*, yeah that's the stuff.. Let's get a few more in there. Like.. a dozen or two more. Fugn.. *That heat* is why you put the towel down, isn't it?”

Robert could scarcely hear his friend over the sound of glass clinking and himself swallowing. While Greg had gone in fast and then had his moment to stop and reflect after the growth shocked him briefly, Rob had taken precautions. That, and he might have been nursing a need to indulge that would seem out of place in his smaller and wiry frame when compared to the tiger next to him. One after another – two and then three empties tucked into the sand next to him – Rob just kept going. It was around the fourth one, when the squirrel looked like he had two vaguely defined bowling balls resting between his legs, that Greg reached over to touch his friend and snap him out of it.

“Hey! Dude! Wasn't it you telling *me* to go easy on stuff?”

The squirrel still finished the one in his hands before coming up for air, slumping back against his beach chair and letting an out-of-breath belch out while the buzz set in.

“Y-yeah, b-*Bwurphhb*- but.. you're right about Spring Break, and like.. man, I just.. I've got too much on my mind, ya know? So uh, so let's.. screw it. I bet I can get these things bigger'n you can before we run out? Heh~”

A bit of squinting on Greg's part followed, but the squirrel was already at it. This could be poked at later.. after he won the drinking contest. The tiger leaned back and started tucking in, one after the next. In both students the results were obvious – their cheeks grew redder, their movements just a bit more sluggish and less coordinated, and their balls? After even a single bottle or two anyone would have to pee, but six in to who knows how many their balls were overloaded already and neither of them was slowing down. If anything they seemed to be picking up speed and getting into the moment. Rob certainly felt something like that as his nuts brushed up against the edge of his knees and started quivering from the gentle contact lighting his nerves up like fireworks.

“H-heck.. that, *hoo*.. You ever wonder just how much these boys can hold?”

The tiger reached over and gave the squirrel's turgic sack a gentle poking at, which was enough to nearly make Robert drop his next bottle as the squirrel's cock twitched and jerked while the rodent clutched at his drink and slipped into a moan.

“C-crap.. man! That.. warn me first! I don't wanna cum and lose all this early, ya know?”

Unable to stop himself from grinning, Greg gave his own increasingly huge nuts a rub and a slosh just to show he could take it – even if he did sputter a bit while trying to drink at the same time. The big cat was half erect still, but it seemed to have stalled out roughly there. More than likely on account of all the alcohol.

“S'fine man! See? Can take thish nice an sloooow. Or you can lemme win, since I'm gonna anyway, heh. -*hic*-”

It was half drunken idiot teasing, half calculated effort to keep his friend's mind off whatever was bothering him. Which meant it worked fantastically both ways. The squirrel flicked a bottle cap at Greg's nuts and then got to work continuing. Both of them did. Every empty they set aside the things were bigger than before, creeping downward and soaking up more fluid, like spongy balloons that set off almost debilitating rushes of delight every time they were so much as touched or kissed by a firm breeze.

The 'end' of the contest didn't actually come with the coolers were empty, both of the young men ran out of steam before they'd gotten quite that far in. Rob couldn't seem to stop groaning as he lay there, curling his legs around his overly full balls and hesitantly pawing at them while he kept letting out little squeaks and quivers. The sight of it was *adorable*.. particularly compared to the grunting mess that was Greg next to him.

“H-heh.. you sound like a creaky valve man. You stuck?”

Greg was definitely drunk, but he was still working hard. Not on getting deeper in, though he *did* have a couple left and kept idly reaching out to sip a bit more, but rather on getting *himself* hard. With all that booze in his system it wasn't easy. The tiger had to grab and rub at himself for a few before he could get stiff enough to even get started, and even then it wasn't happening quickly. Which *did* have the nice effect of dragging on the repeated washes of relaxation and bliss.

“D-damn man, you uh.. You just, you're going.. *you look good with those, a-and..*”

Robert trying to reach over didn't go smoothly. The squirrel tried to stand up in the process only to find his legs far too shaky and his nuts far too heavy. Tumbling right back down into his seat and whining a little in the process, Rob found himself stuck just watching as Greg finished. It was a bit mesmerizing, starting with just rhythmic stroking but turning into something more energetic as the tiger got close and those over-inflated orbs of his started to churn and slosh audibly. It was when Rob found himself muttering 'you really look good with those~' again then Greg came. Which looked almost 'normal' at first, a quick spurt of something thick and cloudy, but turned quickly into an eruption that left Greg collapsing back and groaning as he held onto his dick and flooded the sand in front of him.

“M-maaaaan.. I.. I need that, I think? Like.. I uh. I mean, I need to *do y- that-*”

Once it started it just *kept going*. Rob watched, clutching a bottle with both hands, feeling his own nuts get heavier by the second as he just stared while the tiger shrank – emptying himself and leaving a frothy, pungent wet patch in front as he kept spraying – and then trickling. Even a good minute after the most powerful outburst stopped he was still drizzling, especially after standing and letting gravity help matters. Greg was shaky on his feet, but he managed while trickling a trail the whole two steps it took to get over by his friend. He leaned down from there, putting one hand on Rob's shoulder and the other on his cock, curling his fingers around it and watching the whole squirrel shudder and twitch before starting to relax a little bit at a time.

“Heh.. Broke up n'.. s-shtuff? Look, m-man.. Look, you're *real cute* and.. and I was maybe hoping to do this anyway? So, uh.. So if you want some help with that~”

A slow exhale out of the squirrel was as good as a 'yes' to the question about a break up. After that, Robert shut his eyes and nodded to his friend – and worked on finishing his current drink. By now the gently wobbling heap between his legs was starting to quiver and tighten a little, but not enough. Not until he felt Greg's hands start slathering lotion over him and coaxing him into something a bit firmer. Something the tiger could slowly, carefully drop himself down onto while he kept one hand planted against Rob's chest.

Having his friend's weight pushing down on him, feeling the tiger's ass spread and give him something warm to sink into, that brought the squirrel around and got him through the booze induced haze. It got him *hard*. Enough, at least, for Greg to start grinding and rocking against his friend's lap.

It wasn't *just* having the tiger on his lap though, having Greg's balls resting on his as they started to sluggishly refill a little at a time just made the moment that much better. Having his own over-full, needy sack pressed on and kneaded at like that left the squirrel reaching up to run his hands over the tiger's chest, then dig them into the fur of his hips and start grinding back.

Buried under the weight of his friend and with his inhibitions melted down and sloshing around in his nuts along with all that cheap beer, Rob finally felt himself tip over the edge when Greg gripped him just a bit tighter and he felt those claws – and the tiger's ass – clench. Rather than just drenching the sand this time around it was Greg's belly being flooded. A hot deluge, bubbling like up like struck oil, leaving the tiger with one hand over his belly while he kept gently squeezing and rolling his hips against his friend's.

The pressure did eventually end up a bit too much. Rob found himself still buried to the hilt and still steadily spraying piss up into his friend while the tiger's ass overflowed and left the squirrel's lap resembling a spring with a very questionable 'river' flowing down from it, over his thighs, down onto the towel he was resting on. Not long after that Rob finally started to slacken a bit and the fit became a bit less tight, which just made for a few fresh gushes from the tiger drenching both of them. Particularly when Greg leaned forward and Rob popped free, only to end up with a mound of still drunk tiger lying on top of him while they both drizzled and trickled steadily. Greg mumbling in a daze while nuzzling at his chin left the squirrel with a warm bubbling feeling inside that had

nothing to do with his nuts or an overabundance of drink this time.

“That was.. that wsh *real good*. I'm gonna nap, kay? Then.. let's do it again?”

Feeling himself clench and empty out a bit more, but able to tell that his body was still working through some of the booze and he was going to swell right back up again, Rob tucked his face up against his friend's chest and nodded while he nuzzled into it.

“Yup, let's do this *all the time* maybe.”