Whatever yearning I had for a good night’s sleep disappeared the instant I saw the large metal box in front of my apartment entrance. The sight made my wolfish tail wag and my cock grow hard beneath my dirtied work jeans and the beer belly I’d given up on years ago.

It wasn’t an ordinary package that could be stolen on impulse. It had the logo for ‘Rent A Whore’s Replication Services’ stamped all over it in neon, glow-in-the-dark paint. It was large enough to dwarf my height and possessed defenses that would activate unless the one touching it gave my fingerprint. When I eagerly pressed my thumb to the scanning pad, the delivery container hummed, then opened like a closet in front of me.

The merchandise stepped out of the opened box like a graceful nymph. A handsome, slender river otter with blue highlights in his hair, mahogany brown fur perfectly brushed along his naked form, a wide smile with white teeth that made my knees buckle, and a rudder-like tail which won his DNA donor a couple of New Olympic gold medals. The synth standing before me was a perfect replica. Even down to the heart-shaped birth mark above his left nipple. The only thing I cursed Rent A Whore’s Replication for doing was giving the otter lad a pair of white boxer briefs. Like society or even my next-door neighbors demanded some form of modesty.

“Hello, master,” he spoke in a deep yet flamboyantly friendly voice. Gods, even he sounded the same. “How are you doing this morning?”

“I—uh, I’m…good,” I spoke nervously.

If the otter was turned off by my stammering, he didn’t show it. He didn’t even wrinkle his nose in disgust at the fact I just returned from a twelve-hour shift at the factory and smelled like elbow grease dipped in sweat.

“Tell you what,” he offered, “you look tired, master. So why don’t you go take a relaxing shower, and I will get myself ready in your bedroom for when you come out? Or maybe I can join you in the shower too?” He winked.

The boner in my pants turned into hard marble. However, I sadly needed to table the thought of bringing such a beautiful Twink with me into my tiny shower stall.

“I’ll uh…” I gulped, “let’s go with the first idea.”

The otter clapped his paws excitedly. “Great! You look like you’ve been through the ringer today.”

I relaxed somewhat and laughed. “Tell me about it.”

Turning around to unlock my apartment door, I didn’t notice the delivery container already crawling down the hallway to the elevator, returning to the headquarters to ship another synth. After I stepped inside and directed the otter where to go, I suddenly felt my long work shift take its toll and began shedding my clothes on my way towards the bathroom. By the time I peeled down my boxers and stepped into the shower stall, I sighed at the feeling of warm recycled water blanketing down my chubby body.

I wasn’t an attractive timber wolf. I admitted it. Comparing myself to the other slender and muscular mammals that made up the population, none of them wanted a guy like me. They’d often prefer it if I had more muscles in my arms or a six-pack on my stomach. The skinny guys who saw my gut on hookup apps either apologized for not being interested in me or downright blocked me after receiving the photos. Once in a while, a cute mammal that was my type didn’t mind the chubby exterior but being in an era of body modifications and semi-affordable liposuction made fat wolves like me stand out. It didn’t help either that I had been losing weight due to the increased hours at my job.

So, I began saving up for a synth. The perfect replicant to serve my needs.

Feeling refreshed and invigorated and dripping with recycled water, I stepped out of the shower stall and stood under the blow dryer. I sighed in annoyance at the thought of waiting longer to fuck my otter synth, deciding to half-dry my body fur, then walked out of the bathroom without even wearing a towel. Instead, I let everything hang loose and a wrecked while strolling into my adjacent bedroom.

There I found my purchased lover looking out a half-closed window blind. Streaks of city life and neon lights bathed the otter’s completely naked body in multiple colors. When he turned around to face me, I chuckled at seeing his boxer briefs hang from a fang. Giggling at my reaction, the otter spat his remaining article of clothing to the floor and approached me with a single purpose.

Yawning, I let my eyes continue admiring his perfect belly and sculpted hips. I reached over to grab his left butt cheek, and suddenly feeling confident in a way not felt before (maybe because synths didn’t judge), I pulled him closer. My cockhead brushed against his thigh, while my belly pressed to his taut stomach.

He kissed like an Angel. Tasted like one too, with a hint of strawberry chap stick and musky saliva that pressed against my lips. I didn’t even realize my lungs required oxygen until I started to feel lightheaded.

“Ahhh!” I inhaled and exhaled, smiling with drool on my lips. “So…perfect.”

“Mmmm,” the otter hummed, grinning up at me, “you ready for me, big guy?”

Hearing him call me ‘big guy’ ignited my lust like a wild inferno.  Once again, I was reminded of why I purchased a synth, and decided to skip foreplay, teasing, and oral sex straight for the synth’s anal virginity.

He backed up onto the bed, shifting around with his tail raised high to give me full access. The manufacturers were kind enough to lubricate him in advance. They knew I would immediately use my otter synth the moment he arrived, and they were right.

Oh yeah.

Ooooh fuck.

His tight walls clenched around my cock, and I thrusted in earnest as he moaned under me. My belly hung over his lower back, tail wagging and fingers groping his spread ass cheeks as far apart as possible, relishing in the way he squeezed around my previously neglected shaft.

In that moment, I didn’t care if the otter was a clone or not. He wasn’t a boyfriend or a friends-with-benefits acquaintance, but an expensive flesh light and genetically engineered live-in servant. He wouldn’t amount to anything other than cleaning and maintaining my apartment while I worked my ass off at a job that saw me as replaceable. Still, I indulged in the fantasy. I imagined the otter was a loving partner. I imagined we were making a lot of that dark morning. I imagined we were soulmates that found each other at long last. It wasn’t real but, in that moment, it was real enough for me.