

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

It was everything I had dreamed of. Almost.

My wife and I had talked for years about quitting work early, and moving somewhere warm, just the two of us. We had read all of those articles about Americans retiring comfortably in Belize, and it sounded like just what we had in mind. Neither Sara nor I had any family left, to speak of, so the thought of striking off on our own was no problem at all.

We had put things in motion, looking into the real estate market down there, and soon we found what we were after ... an affordable little bungalow on the coast, with its own private stretch of deserted beach. Excited, we put in an offer, and suddenly we found ourselves with a firm closing date. We started getting everything in order for our retirement (neither of us was terribly old, we wanted to do it early enough that we could still enjoy life), and suddenly everything started falling into place.

Nobody could have known that a drunk driver was going to run a red light, hitting Sara's car in a high-speed T-bone, as she drove home on her last day of work. It crushed her rib cage, snapped her neck, and killed her instantly.

So now, here I was, in a tropical paradise, and nobody to share it with. The last several days were a complete blur of Sara's funeral, the movers coming, a long drive south, deep into Latin America ... The movers had arrived early my first morning here, with all of our furniture and stuff, and had swiftly loaded it all in, with minimal help from me, and now they had gone.

I looked around the now-quiet little house, full of shrouded furniture and sealed boxes, and suddenly I felt very alone. I could almost hear Sara's cheerful voice, talking about rolling up our sleeves and getting to it, and my eyes started to well up. *I could use a hand right about now*, I thought, wiping away the tear that started to roll down my cheek.

But help was not coming. I had to tackle this on my own. Doggedly, I threw myself into uncovering the furniture, and shoving it into something like a proper arrangement. That began to make it feel more like a home, which helped, and as my eyes dried, things moved along easier. I managed to get the boxes consolidated into out-of-the-way spaces, and even unpacked a few of them...

It was everything I had dreamed of. Almost.

My mate and I had searched for many mooncycles, to find warm, quiet waters with plenty to eat, a safe place to stay and bring our pups into the sea. We had found it, and we were moving our small pod into the protected place.

Nobody could have seen the rogue shark that attacked from below, just as the last of us arrived. It smashed into my mate, taking an enormous bite from his body and killing him almost instantly.

The rest of us killed the shark, but now my mate would never get to enjoy this tranquil place. The water was clear and calm, the feeding was good, but I was alone in our new home, with nobody but my few pod-mates to share it with.

Filled with sadness, I swam behind them, paying little attention when they tried to get me to play. I missed my mate, and had no interest in our usual games. Bless their good souls, they tried to

comfort me with little nuzzles, but it was not working...

... by early evening, I was tired. It was hot, and I was sweating. Mental note: must check the air-conditioning this evening. Right now, though, I wanted nothing more than to jump into that water and cool off. So I went to the front of the house, which had an open deck, and down the steps to the sand. My clothes were mostly packed yet, so I had no intention of trying to find a suit — after all, there was not another soul in sight, anyway — so as I crossed the sand, I tossed my clothes behind me, reaching the water butt-naked. I walked out to about thigh-deep, and then just flopped into the water back-first, letting its warm saltiness wash over me.

The temperature of the ocean here had to be about 80 degrees, not quite bathwater, but close. The surface was almost smooth, here in the cove, and it ever-so-gently lapped at the shore. The sandy footing seemed to go out a long way, in front of me ... I could see the bottom as the water gradually deepened. With no surf to speak of, the tide had managed to wash up lots of dried kelp and other flotsam and jetsam onto the sand, and without anyone here to keep it up, the beach was littered with it. Another project for another day. Right now, all I wanted to do was float here and feel it soothe me.

With the water in the cove so calm, I could hear a long way, and there seemed to be a splashing sound, coming from further out. I wondered if I had some neighbors, somewhere down the beach — I could see a house or two, much further around the cove — but I saw no people, and heard no voices. What I *did* see, as I sat up and concentrated, was a small pod of dolphins swimming by, and it was apparently their breaching that I'd heard.

I'd always been fascinated by dolphins and whales, so I stood up and watched as they made their way past. Such sleek, muscular creatures, spending their entire lives swimming, eating and mating. They must have found good fishing in this quiet cove, so they probably loved it here and would be frequent visitors...

... I felt the far-off splash, more than heard it, my senses on alert after our recent tragedy. But this was no shark, nor another one of us. I heard no beating of fins and tails, only a soft swishing, as if this creature had neither. Intrigued, I and two of my pod-mates separated off and swam to investigate.

The newcomer turned out to be a landwalker. We had all seen them before, of course, moving about the water's edge on their thin limbs, or trying to swim with their pitiful excuses for fins. They always seemed to admire us, watching or even waving as we passed, and so we had come to enjoy showing off for them...

... three of them separated from the pod, and swam a little closer to me, evidently interested in this new creature bobbing at the edge of their domain. Holding their heads above the surface, they called to me ... that soft screeching that sounds like children's laughter. It made me laugh out loud, and I waved to them. "Hi, folks!" I shouted, "Nice to meet you, too!" One of them showed off by rising up on his tail and "walking" backwards, another performed a magnificent backflip, and then they were gone. I smiled to myself, thinking I had just met my favorite new neighbors.

... we called to this one in greeting, and it waved and called back to us, in its strange language. That meant it was a good time to give it something to watch, so one of my friends stood high on her fluke, and the other one flipped up out of the water, landing in a great splash. I simply watched the landwalker's face, its pleasure obvious even to one of us. As we turned to swim away, I considered that this might be a nice neighbor to have. For certain, it was something to take my mind away from

my sorrow.

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## Chapter Two

By late morning of the second day, my little bungalow was beginning to take shape. I stood back, looking around me at what I was making.

The house was never meant to be a luxury palace, and we had chosen it for its simple utilitarian beauty. The entire living area was on one raised level, to protect it from rising waters in any storm-surge, and it consisted of a single nice-sized bedroom, a small guest bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, and a cozy living room. The living room overhung the beach, with plenty of windows to let in the view and the morning sun. There was a door on the end which led out to the big wrap-around deck, perfect for enjoying my morning coffee or relaxing in the cool of the evening. There was no real “downstairs”, just a shelter for the car, to keep it out of the sun’s heat. Simple, functional, and more than enough for two people, let alone one.

I stepped out onto the deck, the blazing heat of the mid-day sun striking me like a hammer. *Now I know why we always saw Central American men wearing those big white hats, in all those movies*, I thought, and I resolved to pick up a few, on my first trip into town ... the couple of hats I had brought with me (still packed away, somewhere) were going to be woefully inadequate for this blazing tropical sun.

Way out in the cove, I could just make out the splashing of the dolphins, and I smiled. It would appear they were going to be a regular part of my day, here.

The growling in my belly suddenly reminded me that I needed to get something to eat. The fridge and cupboards were bare, and it was long past time that I did something about it. Time for a drive into town, to take care of the matter.

The nearest civilization was about a 20-minute drive, just north to Dangriga, a modest little town along the coast. For any serious shopping, I’d have to go further, to Belmopan (which looked like about a 40-minute drive, inland) or all the way up to Belize City (maybe an hour), but for a grocery run, Dangriga would do fine. Many of the roads down here were kind of iffy, but I was pleasantly surprised to find that this one wasn’t too bad, and I got there without hitting any major potholes. Belize is an English-speaking country (one of the reasons we’d decided on it), so it was a simple matter to locate a decent shop and buy what I needed. I even managed to find a good hat store, and picked up one or two for starters. The trunk loaded with my haul, I headed back home, whistling, looking forward to stocking the kitchen — and to a nice ham and cheese sandwich, and a cold beer.

By the time I had stocked the fridge and pantry, and filled my belly, it was early afternoon, but I was feeling much better about the world. I could do this. Life would go on. I took the last of my beer out to the deck, once again feeling the hammer-blow of the heat, now at its peak. *Have to invest in some white clothes, too*, I thought, as my gringo T-shirt started to stick to me. Within moments, I was anxious to rinse in the brilliant blue water. *Just for a few minutes*, I told myself. Besides, the dolphins were back...

After tossing back the last swallow, I strolled down to the sand (again leaving a trail of clothes) and waded out into the warm water, flopping the rest of the way into it back-first. The dolphins were closer, this time, and heard my splash, two of them swimming over to investigate. “Hello, again!” I called, as they approached, and one of them answered me with a couple of screeches. *Bottlenosed Dolphins*, I noted, for the record, now that I was paying attention. Bottlenose are known to grow up

to 8 feet long, but these appeared to be smaller, more like 5 to 6 feet. I seemed to recall that the males grow larger than the females, but I had no real way to tell which was which, at this point.

The two of them came bobbing up to me, obviously in a playful mood, and one of them poked me gently with its snout. Giggling with surprise, I poked back. This prompted the other one to swim around and poke me in the butt, and I laughed out loud at the unexpected contact with these delightful creatures. We played like that for just about 3 or 4 minutes, whereupon the two of them circled me, gave one final squawk, and swam away.

Alone in the water now, I considered my little beachfront haven, and decided I needed a dock, of some sort, resolving to whip one up, before too long. It would also be nice to have some kind of little boat, maybe just to row out into the cove and back. Rowing was such good exercise, and I was going to need some, if I didn't want to get completely out of shape. Besides, with a dock, I could walk out closer to where the dolphins swam, without even having to be in the water. Sounded like a plan...

The next daycycle, the landwalker appeared more than once, in the same way, paddling weakly in the shallow water. One of my pod-sisters came with me, the first few times, and she was confident enough to try playfully poking it in the belly with her rostrum. Its delight was plain, in the sounds it made, so I grew bolder and poked it from behind. This earned me an even happier response, and so the two of us played this way for the rest of the short visit, and the next...

It was strange to me that my sorrow began to lift a little, each time I was playing with the landwalker. Perhaps it was simply the joy it showed, when we were around, but I did not believe that...

Our people are empathic, able to feel what each other feels, at times. Not quite actual thoughts, but feelings of joy, anguish, fear, contentment ... these things we could hear in each other without speaking, it has always been that way. And in this landwalker, I became certain that I could feel a deep sadness ... one that was lifted when we came to play with it. I began to wonder if it had suffered a great loss, as I had.

The next time, I decided to visit the creature alone, to hear its inside voice more clearly. We had become comfortable enough by now for me to nuzzle it under its limbs, which seemed to please it. So I took an even bolder step, and rolled upside-down, inviting it to nuzzle my underside...

... twice more, that afternoon, I paddled out into the water a bit, and was rewarded with the dolphins coming to play. The same two seemed to come back, at first, but the last time, it was just the one who had been bolder about poking me in the backside. That time, after it nuzzled up under my arm, it even rolled over on its back, inviting me to rub its belly. Their skin felt like smooth, slippery rubber, and I marvelled at the beauty and strength of these highly-intelligent animals, our aquatic cousins. Somehow, I felt deeply honored by their attention...

*... the landwalker understood quickly, stroking my skin with its small fin. This felt warm and smooth against me, and I found its touch oddly soothing, alien as it was. But more, I could sense the creature's tension easing, both of us becoming calm and contented, as my thoughts became attuned to its own, not so alien at all...*

... as this one let me stroke its upturned underside, I wondered again whether it was male or female. I had no idea how to tell for sure, an ignorance I resolved to address in the near future. There seemed to be an almost-invisible slit, down toward the tail, and out of pure curiosity, I slid my hand to it and gently traced its couple inches of length, with one finger...

*... as it touched me lower, around my female parts, my body began to tingle, and I shuddered in spite of myself. This land-creature was arousing feelings like my mate once did...*

*... suddenly, I felt the dolphin shudder, and with a subtle flip of its body, it pushed up against my finger, which went smoothly into the slit before I even realized what was happening...*

*... without even thinking, I twitched upward against its fin, and one of those skinny appendages went into me. Oh, gods...*

*... well, I guess this one is female, I thought, as I felt the sudden heat of her insides, such a contrast from her cool skin...*

*... I expected the creature to back away, startled by my impulsiveness — but I didn't sense anything in it beyond mild surprise, and then curiosity...*

*... she continued to float there belly-up, showing no sign of unease ... and I couldn't resist slipping my finger in a little further, exploring this interesting creature who almost seemed to crave being touched...*

*... it not only kept its skinny fin-part — finger, it calls it a finger, I sensed — inside my female spot, it began to reach deeper, exploring me, making me quiver as the finger bumped the hardness of my pleasure-nub...*

*... her vagina was smooth and deep, I couldn't feel the end of it. And on the upper end of the slit, there was a harder nub which made her shiver again when I brushed it. So dolphins have a clitoris, too....*

*... I saw that something had grown hard on the landwalker, too, down at the bottom of its midsection, and I suddenly understood ... this is a male!! These creatures had males and females, just like us!...*

*... I suddenly realized I had a raging hard-on, from our intimate contact, and it was bumping against her smooth, cool skin, as she bobbed in front of me. That mildly embarrassed me, for no particular reason...*

*... I was being touched and aroused by a male landwalker, and the touching had aroused him, too! But there was no revulsion, as I might have thought, there was only what felt like a growing connection with this creature. He found this relaxing and fulfilling, as did I, I could sense it...*

*... for the sake of comfort, I moved closer to her, and positioned myself so that my hard shaft was laying against her, rather than teasing the sensitive head...*

*... I didn't even mind as he rested his male hardness against my flank, its hot firmness caressing me also...*

*... we stayed like that for just a few more minutes, before I eased my finger out and returned to stroking her belly. A minute or so later, she smoothly rolled over, squawked goodbye, and left...*

*... after a short time of this strange, new experience, he pulled his finger from me, and resumed lightly stroking my underside. The tingling slowly faded, and what it left behind was a strange feeling that I had somehow bonded with this land-creature, that we might become more than playmates. I was not sure about these thoughts, and so with an effort, I rolled over, told him goodbye, and swam off...*

... the experience had left me a touch unsettled, as I shook my head and climbed back up to the beach. It had also left me feeling more lonely than ever, knowing that Sarah and I would never again be sharing our easy intimacy ... an intimacy I had just experienced with a completely different species. Dolphins were said to be capable of many things, maybe even higher thinking. But one of them choosing to cuddle with me, out of sympathy? I found myself once again feeling strangely honored — but almost guilty, as if I had somehow cheated on Sarah...

*... had I been unfaithful to the memory of my mate? This seemed an odd thing to consider, but I pondered it for a long time, wondering what he would have thought of this new friend of mine...*

... once completed, that last thought made me laugh, breaking the spell, and I went back inside to dry off and resume work. That time, in what would become a frequent thing for me, I did not get dressed again. What was the point? I was expecting no company, and it was comfortable that way. Naked and unconcerned about it, I dug back into the endless unpacking.

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Chapter Three

It was later that same evening, the sun almost down, when I finally came across a box of pictures. I should have known right away that I was headed for trouble.

Here was Sara standing by a waterfall, on our vacation 3 years ago. There she was sitting in a boat, that summer we went up to Lake Placid. Here was one of the two of us, taken at that scenic overlook near Asheville, by a willing stranger. Sara holding a puppy. Sara on a beach blanket. Sara and her brand new car. Sara, Sara, Sara.

I couldn't help it, the tears just came, as the memories flooded over me. Blindly, I kicked the box away from me, scattering some of its contents. *You should be here with me, Sara, it's not fair!* I stumbled out to the deck, and onto the beach, inconsolable with the sudden weight of my loss, all over again. Hardly paying attention to what I was doing, I slogged out a little way and sat down in the shallows, miserable. I was in about 20 inches of water, and it softly sloshed around me as I wept...

Late in that same daycycle, I heard what was becoming a familiar splash, and knew that the landwalker was back. With an odd feeling of gladness, I swam to meet him.

But this time was different, I knew it immediately. The creature was sitting in shallower water than before, and his head was down. But the biggest change was the way he was feeling ... I sensed a great weight on him, a sadness deeper than before. It was so powerful that I even caught shreds of images in his mind. A face — his mate? It was someone he missed terribly.

Wife, he calls her. It was his wife. This must be what the landwalkers call their mates. Man, I also caught, he calls himself a man. And he misses his wife.

Now I understood, and pitied this creature — this man — whose loss was so like my own. And I understood why I felt the deep connection I did. Perhaps the gods had brought us together for a reason...

... I must have sat like that for several minutes, oblivious, when I realized that something was gently nudging me. Opening my eyes, I found one of the dolphins looking up at me. I was fairly sure it was the same one which had cuddled with me earlier. She had quietly paddled over and was rubbing her snout against the inside of my knee, almost as if she had heard my distress and come to console me.

"Thank you, girl, that's nice of you," I said, sniffing, and stroked her on the head. She nuzzled in closer, essentially easing into my lap, and we sat together like that in the water, her gentle weight comforting in some way I couldn't define. I put my right arm around her, grateful for the contact, any contact. My left hand went to her head, patting and cradling her in a sort of hug...

... he had not noticed me approaching, but now I nudged him, and he looked up with tired-looking eyes and spoke to me, stroking my head. His sadness was so like my own, and we both needed comfort. So I paddled closer, to place my body next to his. He wrapped his two skinnier limbs around me, and held me close. I could feel his heartbeat now. We rested like that, drawing comfort from each other, two creatures as different as nightcycles from daycycles, but the same inside...

... I had never been this close to any of the dolphins before, and in another part of my mind, I was taking note of new things. For one, with her snout nuzzled up to my left shoulder, I became aware of her steady respiration. Dolphins breathe through that blowhole on top of their heads, and I was right in the path, each time she exhaled. As you might expect, her breath was a bit fishy-smelling, but it didn't really bother me. It simply reminded me that this was an air-breathing mammal, just like me, who happened to live in the water. I decided she really needed a name, but I was in no mood to come up with one just now.

As the water slowly undulated around us, my dolphin friend naturally slid back and forth a little in my lap, her smooth skin slippery between my legs and against my belly. It was soothing, like the knowing embrace of an old lover. Despite my frame of mind, I once more developed a good hard-on, which now pressed against her slick body, slipping gently back and forth as she almost imperceptibly paddled in place, holding her position...

... with the two of us in this embrace, I could feel his male hardness return beneath me, and its gentle pressure on my underside began to make me tingle again, memories of joining with my mate coming back to me. How we had loved that pleasure, the joy of our togetherness! With those good memories strong inside, I naturally began to rub myself against the hard shaft beneath me...

... in fact ... it felt like ... she almost seemed to be deliberately rubbing her skin against me. What... ?

Dolphins are highly intelligent creatures, everybody accepts that. What is less-publicized — a fact I had read once, now that I thought of it — is that they are one of the very few beings other than humans who will engage in sex just for fun. Male dolphins in captivity have even been observed masturbating, rubbing their erect penises against the walls of the tank. It suddenly occurred to me that this dolphin probably knew *exactly* what she was doing, and was providing the only kind of comfort she could think of. And in fact, I found my morose mood lifting, as this sensitive creature ministered to me in her own odd but tender way.

This is nuts! Yet I found myself wanting to return the gentle affection she was showing me. I began to stroke her belly again, reaching down toward where I remembered her slit to be. When I found it, down past my knees, I started caressing it, just as she was "caressing" me with her body, letting my fingers slip gently through the folds...

... I could feel the man's sadness start to lift, and he began to stroke my skin with his fingers. The tingling rose higher in me, and when his fingers found my female parts, they were already swelling with my arousal...

... she pressed herself against me a little more firmly, and holding her with the other arm, I let myself relax into our odd, intimate cuddle. It was very soothing, sitting like that with her in the tropical water. But the dolphin's body, just like mine, seemed to be warming up to our contact ... it

felt like her slit was opening up more, swelling slightly to form definite lips. As one finger slid through the slippery folds and into her heat, I noticed that her oily juices were making her much more lubricated than before ... and as I brushed against that hard nubbin, there was an immediate reaction, a full-body shudder which startled me with its power. Then, with a deft flip of her body, she drove herself down against my hand, burying my finger in her hot flesh, and then started... *humping it...*

... as one of the fingers probed me, and slid over my hard pleasure-nub, I was helpless to do anything but swish my fluke and bear down, the sudden motion pushing his finger up into my body. The tingling sang in my ears, it had been so long ... my body began the motion it remembered so well, the pleasure as familiar as life itself...

... I held onto her, incredulous, but there was no doubt in my mind, now, what this dolphin wanted. She had sensed my despair, and was offering to console me by making love to me! I had no time to consider the craziness of the situation, she was already straining forward in my lap, basically stretching me out beneath her slick, undulating body...

The man knew, and began to extend himself to meet me, suddenly removing his finger and placing his male hardness at...

... suddenly, my hard cock was at her eager slit — I pulled my hand out of the way, and... *UNNNGGHHH!!!* She shoved me *hard* into her hot insides, the slipperiness of the salt water and her oiliness combining to *bury me to the balls* in one smooth stroke...

... *GODS!! the thick shaft sank into my slippery body, the feeling so close to having my mate back, I could see him when I closed my eyes...*

... I was having sex with a dolphin!!! But even as that thought flashed through my head, the pleasure of our crazy union took front and center, it was suddenly all I could think about...

... but this was not the mate of my memories, this was a man, and his hardness was very different. Shorter, but so much thicker, stretching me tight as its heat filled me...

... I immediately felt the *fire* of her, that hot, muscular love-canal rippling around my shaft like a velvet glove, much more powerful than any woman's...

... and hard, hard as the rocks at the sea bottom, gods, I had never felt my mate so HARD inside me!...

... Christ, the dolphin was *good* at this, her body working me, it was almost ... like being in someone's *mouth*, with an agile tongue expertly teasing you. She humped her body against me *hungrily*, hammering my butt against the sandy bottom ... without even thinking about it, I wrapped my legs around her and began pushing back. *God!* ... her nimble muscles gripped and pulled at me, and I found myself eagerly driving into her, our thrusts falling together easily, like we were made for it...

... the man wrapped his longer limbs around my body — legs, he calls them, I could hear it — and accompanied me in the glad joining that was as old as the sea itself, the water splashing around us, his body beginning to sing with mine, oh gods how I had missed this...

... the dolphin's body was about a third above water, which began to splash around us as we took each other, harder and faster by the minute. The feelings were so overwhelming, our feverish

thrusting very quickly pushed me to the edge — my hips suddenly arched upward and I exploded into her...

... and then he reached his summit, gripped me, cried out in his pleasure, his body arched upward against mine...

... I yelled out, wordlessly, I couldn't help it, gripping tightly to her with all four limbs as I came, helpless in her smooth, muscular grip, what felt like gallons of my cum spraying into her body...

... he released his seed into me in a hot torrent that went on and on and on, its steaming heat splashing inside me, never so much before, so GOOD...

... my God, this was good!! She felt it, because she pushed down hard and held me, her muscles milking me, pulling every last drop of cum from my pulsing shaft, my balls aching with the intense release. She even folded her flippers gently around me, holding me in a tender embrace, as I clung to her...

... I knew this was a sensitive time for the male, so I forced myself to cease the motion, to breathe, only kneading his shaft inside me as he trembled with pleasure so strong that I could share it...

... we stayed like that for a little bit, as the peak subsided, my body weak and trembling from this powerful, unexpected encounter. I felt no trace of my earlier sadness. "Thank you, girl," I whispered hoarsely, "You knew what I needed, didn't you?" I stroked her smooth head with my hand, trying to show my appreciation for her tenderness...

... after a brief time, the man spoke softly to me, and I knew from his thoughts that he was thanking me. How strange his language was! But his overwhelming feeling of gratitude for our joining was unmistakable. He also stroked my head with his flip- no, they were his hands, that is what he calls them, his hands — which I found soothing...

... but the dolphin wasn't done, yet ... I realized I didn't recall her reaching anything resembling a climax, and wondered what it might feel like, if she did...

... the singing had never stopped in me, only quieted a little as we rested. My arousal was still strong, and his thick shaft was pressing directly against my sensitive pleasure-nub, stretched as I was. I could feel the man's hot blood coursing through his swollen hardness, and I badly needed to reach my own release. Slowly, I resumed the motion, pushing him deeper into me with each press of our bodies...

... almost without me noticing, she started slowly undulating against me, pushing my still-hard cock a little deeper with each twist of her body. I held on, joining with her in this slow, gentle lovemaking...

... the man joined me, his own pleasure still strong in my mind, the combined singing rising like waves over me...

... this time, I tried to concentrate on her, pressing deep into her on every third or fourth lazy stroke, and was rewarded by her shivers, her muscles gripping me each time. Eventually, our slow lovemaking became more deliberate, the dolphin seeming intent on every arch of our bodies. I stayed focussed on those warm folds around my shaft — *Your turn, now*, was all I could think — making each thrust of my hips count, as the water began to splash around us again...

... this time, our joining was more of a slow rhythm, our bodies responding to each other, his

hardness probing deep into me ... teasing my pleasure-nub, filling me, getting harder to think about anything but his shaft his seed in me his skin our skin together two bodies one...

... all at once, her body went into a frenzy of humping, slamming me hard into the sand...

... our song rose to its loudest, and with sudden energy from the gods, I thrust that hard shaft into me again and again and AGAIN...

... and then with one final stroke, she went stiff, her muscles squeezing me tightly, her body trembling...

... suddenly I was at my own summit, my whole being part of the singing sea, pushing down hard on the man's body, letting it all wash over me shivering in the ecstasy we had found together gods oh gods GOOD GOOD...

... so this is a dolphin orgasm, I thought, contentedly, as she held me deep inside her twitching, muscular pussy... Not so different from mine, after all...

... breathe, have to breathe...

... the joining was stronger than I had ever known, and all I could do was remain clamped to his throbbing shaft, the song loud in me and my blood pounding, too weak to move yet...

... both of us more than satisfied, now, I just held onto her gently, as the sun sank below the horizon, the rich blue water slowly turning to ink around us as the tropical night deepened. Neither of us seemed willing to break the spell, just yet...

... the man and I stayed locked together, as our blood slowly cooled. We had shared an intimate bond, and I knew it had been as rich for him as it was for me. The sadness had been banished in both of us, at least for this daycycle...

... but there was a limit to how long I could remain in this awkward position. Her slow paddling and our natural buoyancy helped to keep both of our heads above water, but just barely...

... as different as we were in body, there was physical fatigue for each of us, from our strange joining, and I did not think it odd when he rolled me gently to the side and pulled out of me...

... patting her on the head, I reluctantly rolled her away from me and pulled out, the cooler water a slight shock to my penis, after her body heat. "Thank you, girl, thank you so much," I told her softly, before she flipped over on her belly and swam off...

... again, he spoke in that soft, strange voice, trying to communicate the gratitude that both of us now felt. I left, knowing that together, we had done a good thing.

... and I vowed that as soon as possible, I would come up with a name for this tender creature who had come to me, sensed my pain, and had given me the greatest gift she knew.

Dazed and weak in the knees, I found my way back to the bungalow, gave myself a cursory drying, and flopped onto the bed. I don't think I've ever slept so soundly in my life, as I did that strange and incredible night.

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## **Chapter Four**

When I awoke, it was mid-morning, the sun already halfway up the sky. I thought I remembered an odd, powerfully erotic dream, where I was making love to a mythical creature, before I realized it was no dream. She had come to me, and given me what we both needed, it seems, an unselfish gift in all respects.

A sudden wave of irrational guilt washed over me, quickly killing the erection I had woken up with. *I had been unfaithful to Sara*, part of me was screaming. *Forgive me, love!* It was too fresh for me, still, and tears came to my eyes again. Sara and I had been really good together, soul-mates, and I would always miss her. How could I have enjoyed such intimate contact with another — no matter what species! — while her memory was still so strong?

Yet I knew, for certain, that Sara would never want me to grieve for her forever. In my head, I imagined I could hear her sweet voice, saying, *It's okay, love, let me go. Find happiness again, however you can. And I will always be with you.* That thought brought more tears, and it was a few minutes before I could compose myself. But life would go on, Sara would want that, I was positive. I wiped my eyes, and faced the new day...

*As I swam through that nightcycle into the next light, I knew that something had changed in me, forever. I found myself wanting to be with the man again, and wondered at this strange longing. We had shared a very intimate time, more than simply the rubbing of bodies together, yet I knew not what.*

*The man did need to have a name, I felt certain. My lost mate had been called WaveDancer, after his powerful fluke that let him rise up on the water so beautifully. After some thought, I decided to call the man DeepSinger, both for his low and soothing voice, and for the glorious song we had made together. The memory warmed me, and I hoped he would like the name I had chosen for him...*

... I had gone to bed without eating anything last night, and now my belly was rumbling to prove it. So the first order of business today was grabbing something quick to fill me up. As I wolfed down my simple breakfast, I remembered my promise to find a name for the dolphin, so I located a box I knew contained some books, including an old set of encyclopedia. For whatever reason, it seemed fitting to look for a name associated with some classical god, so I located the volume covering the Greek pantheon, and began looking through it. There were so many of these major and minor deities, I knew I would find one that suited my new friend. And there it was, it stood out clearly: Galene, the Greek goddess of calm seas. Galene it was. I might eventually come up with something to call her other friends, too, but they could make do with lesser names.

With the set of encyclopedia out, I also did some “refresher” reading on dolphins. I thought I had a pretty good handle on the anatomy — from first-hand experience! — but it helped to see it in a diagram. I was right ... the dolphin's clitoris is positioned very similar to a human one, hiding in the folds of flesh at the upper end of her slit. They are indeed very sexual creatures, often engaging in it for extended periods of time. I also learned that despite its rubbery feel, their skin is extremely sensitive. It functions for them the way our hands do, helping them make sense of their surroundings. So I guess a pat on the head might mean more to Galene than I thought. I was also reminded that dolphins are easily identified by their dorsal fins, which are almost as unique to them as fingerprints are to us. I made a mental note to be a little more observant, the next time any of them came around.

Speaking of which ... I stepped out to the deck and looked out into the cove. Sure enough, there was my little pod, out there in the sparkling water. I pictured them chattering to each other, Galene telling them all about last night, and the thought made me chuckle.

There was a hodge-podge of deck and beach furniture out here, some of which I had brought with me, some of which was left here by the previous owner. So far, I hadn't used much of it, but suddenly I decided the deck needed to be settled, just like the rest of the house was getting to be. After all, this was a wonderful place to relax in the early morning and the late evening. So I started taking stock of what was there, and did a quick "decorating" job. There was too much for all of it to be out on that deck at once, so I took a few pieces down to the sand below, including a comfortable-looking armless lounge. The rest I stowed underneath the other end of the house, where the car was parked.

After just that little bit of effort, I was sweating once again, in the rising tropical sun. *Is it always sunny here?* I thought, and laughed at myself for the stupidity of choosing a sunny paradise spot to retire to, then complaining about all the sun. It was just something to get used to. And besides, the blue water was always close by ... a most pleasant way to rinse off, which sounded pretty good at the moment...

Splashing into the water, I wondered momentarily if I would even *see* Galene again, or if our intimacy was the dolphin equivalent of a one-night stand. After all, as nice as last night had been, she *had* to prefer her own kind ... didn't she?...

*... the light was growing strong and warm, when I felt him splash into the water once more, and I swam to meet him with gladness in me. I could sense his pleasure at my approach, and I called to him before coming to nuzzle...*

... the question was quickly answered when, not long after my noisy entrance, Galene swam over to say hello. (I remembered that little scar on the left side of her dorsal fin, and the way its tip was slightly crooked, now that I thought about it.) She called to me once, and then came over to nuzzle between my legs. "Good morning, Galene," I said, trying out her name as I stroked her head. And then she rolled over, offering me her belly...

*... he began caressing my skin with his fingers, and I gave him my underside — belly, he calls it, my belly — with no hesitation. The tingling began immediately, this time, his touch so pleasing to me...*

*... Well, I guess she remembers me fondly...* . This time, I remembered what I had read about the sensitivity of her skin, and I spent a long time carressing her belly with both hands, lightly kneading and massaging with my fingers. And of course, I was eventually drawn back to the smooth folds of her slit, which looked slightly swollen this morning, from last night's workout. (I was hard again, just thinking about it!) Yet she welcomed me touching her there, and as I softly played with her, she shuddered with pleasure again, with no indication that she wanted me to stop. In fact, after a few moments of this, Galene started lightly humping against my hand, again...

*... my female parts were still swollen from our joining, but at his gentle touch, the motion came without any thought...*

... I could almost *feel* her eagerness, even more than seeing it. Hell, I wanted it too, all of last night's aching pleasure rushing back to me. But also remembering the awkwardness of trying to half-float with my head above water, I had a sudden inspiration. "Wait here, girl, I have an idea," I said, patting her lightly on the belly. As I stood up, she rolled over, curious as to what I was doing...

*... I could feel his response to me, both the warming of his spirit and the hardening of his shaft, and so it puzzled me when he stopped caressing me, speaking to me as he left the water...*

... I ran up the beach, grabbed that lounge, and brought it down into the water. It had a metal

frame, so I was able to set it on the sandy bottom next to Galene, reclining it nearly all the way back. I stretched out on it, leaving my head above water, and reached over for the dolphin, coaxing her to me...

*... it was not until he returned with the strange thing and positioned himself on it, that I understood ... he was trying to find a solution to our floating awkwardness. The thing held him in a better position, and might make it easier for us both. Gladness leapt in me...*

... she grasped the meaning almost immediately, paddled backward a foot or two, and then swam up into my arms. It took just seconds for us to get lined up, and... *ummphhh, God!...*

*... sensing his happiness with his choice, and his eagerness for what I also wanted, I swam into his embrace, and happily took his... GODS!!...*

... my hips arched upward involuntarily as she sank down on me, taking my cock smoothly into her warm body again, *God*, she felt so good...

*... that fat male hardness felt so GOOD as it pushed into me, stretching my opening tight again, the song rising in us both...*

... both of us immediately began humping, but with the lounge under me, I was much better prepared, this time. The vinyl webbing cradled me comfortably, with just enough give to let me bounce back for the next thrust. I was able to feel Galene's weight on me, now (heavier than a woman, but not uncomfortable at all), as she rode me there in the warm water, the lounge keeping us together perfectly...

*... even before any water splashed around us, I could feel the deep pleasure from both of our minds, our bodies joining more easily now, good, GOOD, I shuddered as he thrust that hard shaft deep into me, clinging tight as he stretched me filled me the song the SONG...*

... *God*, her sweet, powerful pussy was so *good*, so oily and muscular around me! I was in no hurry, this time, and Galene sensed it, our thrusts deep and deliberate, her body and mine finding a smooth rhythm and staying with it...

*... with DeepSinger positioned on his new body-holder, we were able to stay together a long, long time, finding pleasure with each other, drifting from one summit to another, the singing never stopping. At our peaks, the water would splash around us, but I almost did not notice, so rich was our joining...*

..."mmm, so nice, my sweet girl," I half-whispered to her, little nothings, as I stroked her head and her dorsal fin with both hands. It was nice not to have to hang on for support, and I was able to simply hug her from time to time, another way to show my affection for this amazing creature...

*... over and over we thrust together in joyful union, his limbs wrapped around me to hold us close. This last was a new thing for me, and I decided that I liked the way it made us feel joined more fully. Our song went on and on, and I found that I wanted it never to end...*

... we made love for what had to be a good few hours, that time, the hot sun rising in the sky while the water kept us from getting too warm, our thrusting sometimes slow and gentle, sometimes feverish ... now and then, the water would splash around us, as the lovemaking rose in pitch, one or the other of us cumming in a furious flurry of thrusts ... By the time we finally eased to a stop — with my more-than-satisfied cock still buried inside her, just gently holding her in my arms — it looked to be almost noon. Incredible...

*... with the sun high above, and many summits behind us, our thrusts finally slowed and then stopped, the song gradually deepening to an undercurrent as our blood cooled, still locked together...*

... and I knew, at that point, that my life had changed. It felt like Galene and I had formed a bond with each other, something that transcended the differences between us. She had come to me, sensing a need inside me that she could try to fill...

*... I was becoming more attuned to the man's thoughts, and I could feel his deep contentment. I also sensed that he was becoming aware of my own feelings, that he was beginning to understand the need in each of us. And this, too, made me glad...*

... at the same time, I felt a need in her as well, a hunger for the intimacy we were sharing, although I didn't understand why. Perhaps she had suffered a loss, too, and was finding comfort with me; I didn't know, and might never. But for whatever reasons, we seemed to be drawn together, and I felt as sure of it as anything I'd felt in my life, as crazy as it would have sounded to anyone else...

*... but for now, a more basic feeling was taking shape in us both: hunger. DeepSinger and I both needed to feed, and I was not surprised when he gently pushed me away, speaking to me again as he did so...*

... for now, my stomach was reminding me of the time, and I was sure Galene needed to eat, as well. "Let's go take care of our bellies, girl," I told her gently, kissing her on the head and patting her fin, before slowly and reluctantly rolling her off me. "I'll meet you back here later."

*... I bid him goodbye for now, and we both went off to attend to what life demanded, whether in the sea or on land.*

... as she once more righted herself in the water, she gave a little squawk, then swam off, in search of her own lunch. I grabbed the lounge (oh, what a good idea that had been... ) and dragged it back up onto the sand ... it wouldn't do, to have that wash out to sea, at least for now. Although, having made such good use of its position in the water, other possibilities were clicking into place. Hmmm...

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Chapter Five

After scarfing down a sandwich, my mind awhirl with ideas, I pulled out a pad of paper and sketched out some rough designs, balling up and discarding a few before I had what I wanted. Yes! that would do it. What I had in mind was a very specialized kind of dock. And I was no stranger to building things, I had brought all of my tools with me. This would be a piece of cake...

Twice more that daycycle, we met on DeepSinger's body-holder, coming together with increasing ease — by the eternal waters, I was coming to crave that thick shaft tightly inside me! — and each time, I could feel his thoughts a little more strongly. He had something in his mind, some plan I could not fathom. His first thoughts were for our joining, but this was underneath. It was somehow related to our continued bonding together, which made me happy, but I would have to wait for him to reveal this plan, before I would understand it...

... I wanted time for Galene and I to meet again in the shallows, that afternoon, and again that evening under another gentle sunset (*God*, I was learning to look forward to the weight of her in my arms, the hot, slick feel of her pussy as she sank down onto me!...), but the next morning, I got right to work on my little project.

It took a few trips into town, over the next couple of days — once, all the way to Belize City — to find everything I needed. Once or twice, I had to modify my plans. And I couldn't carry all of the materials in the car, I had to get some of it delivered. But within less than a week, I was assembling my creation on the sand. Two or three times a day, I would take a break, pull the lounge into the water, and meet Galene there for more love-making, before resuming work. When we weren't together, she began watching me from the water, sometimes, no doubt curious as to what in hell I was up to. "Patience, girl," I told her, "This is for us." She would squawk back at me, with what I assumed to be the dolphin equivalent of "Don't cut your arm off, goofy!" Typical of a mate.

(Did I just say "mate"? Yes, at this point in our story, I think that's just what it felt like. As I rolled the word around on my tongue, it seemed to fit, as strange as it sounded even to me. At the very least, Galene and I had become interspecies lovers, but for some reason it felt like a much deeper connection than that. I rolled the idea around in my head, and it was like tasting a good wine...)

... over the next few daycycles, I watched as he brought what appeared to be many long, dried sticks, and began to shape them with his hands and with things I did not understand. I had seen the landwalkers create things, before, of course, but the concepts and methods were all foreign to me. Yet I caught one clear thought from DeepSinger: I'm making something for us. Trust me. The concept of trust was new to me, but I was learning it meant to expect good things. And so I trusted him, since he had brought me nothing but good.

In between our joinings, I had time to ponder the nature of this new and wonderful bond that was forming. As strange as the thought was, could it be that I had found my new mate, in this creature from a very different world than mine? Certainly, we could never bring any pups into the sea, an absurd thought!! Yet I knew that having a mate was more than making pups, it was a joining of spirits — and of bodies, making the song together, as DeepSinger and I were doing so joyfully. My head hurt when I thought about this too much, and so I decided to put more trust (DeepSinger's word, again) in my feelings, and just enjoy it all...

... finally, on about the 8th or 9th morning, I had it completed, and with some major back thrown into it, I pushed it out into the blue water, in three sections. (These would be bolted together, once it was off the sand.) The finished product of my labor was a dock that floated on pontoons, anchored to the sandy bottom by a set of poles through loose sleeves, which would allow the dock to raise and lower with the tide. The end section spread out and around to form a kind of corral, open in the middle to the sea, into which I had hung what amounted to half of a hot tub. That occupied about the front 5/8 of the corral, suspended about 15 inches into the water.

Galene had watched in curiosity, as I completed the final assembly, methodically tightening up each bolt one more time. Finally satisfied with everything, I walked to the end, descended the short ladder into the corral, and called to her...

... at last, he moved the strange things into the water and connected them into one large piece. He examined it (for flaws, I sensed), and then invited me onto it. There was a part near the end furthest from the land, which was partly open to water...

... after a little hesitation, and some coaxing from me, she figured it out, swam under the dock, and popped up in the corral, beaching herself in the "hot tub" end. It was like one of those dolphin shows at an aquarium, where they finish by beaching into a shallow area and taking a bow. "That's my girl," I told her, patting her gently. "This is just for you and me..."

... and as I swam into it, I understood ... this was a body-holder for both of us at once! It gave us a smooth ledge which I could swim up onto, yet he could also rest on it beside me. He told me this, in

his soft voice, but I already knew, from his thoughts. This was his plan, to make a place for us to be together more easily. Joy leapt in me, as it all made sense ... and as I felt the depth of his feelings for me...

... By design, the water in this place was shallow enough that I could lay in it without fear of drowning, more or less like a filled bathtub. Yet there was enough to keep the dolphin's skin wet, too ... drying out would have been painful for her. The idea was, we would have a place to meet in the middle, between our two worlds...

... he lay down beside me on the ledge, put his arms around me (his smaller limbs, I had heard the word in his head two daycycles ago), and we simply nuzzled each other, for a long time. I had never known such contentment as we both felt...

... I stretched out next to Galene, put my arms around her, and we cuddled. Our physical differences were much less important here, we were able to just be with each other. I could feel us both relax, a wave of contentment that was so strong I could almost sink my hands into it...

... the singing began as a quiet undercurrent, with DeepSinger's hands stroking my skin, so gentle in their touch. Most of the time, I stayed upright, so that I could breathe properly, rolling a little to wet my skin every now and then. But I wanted to give him my belly, and so I finally turned over, flexing my large fin as much to the side as I could...

... at one point, she lazily rolled most of the way onto her back (her dorsal fin limiting her there, a minor problem I would have to think about), and after stroking her belly, I had a sudden urge to try pleasing her in a new way. I gently spread her slit a little with my fingers, and then experimentally slipped my tongue in...

... he began to touch my female parts again, and the tingling was immediate ... but then suddenly his MOUTH, his MOUTH on me, sweet sweet sea currents!...

... would it be rude, if I told you she tasted like tuna? But that didn't seem so out-of-place in a sea creature, and besides, I think I was the only one who had been in there, lately. And I did like tuna, anyway...

... this was not something our people knew of, but landwalkers must... GODS!! His mouth was so...

... I found myself pulling closer and taking her completely in my mouth, teasing and sucking on her clit...

... his mouth was as hot and supple as my own female opening, that slick red thing inside coming out and... AIIIIIEEE!!! ... it teased my sensitive pleasure-nub, like nothing nothing nothing I had ever felt oh gods oh gods oh gods...

... Galene shuddered with pleasure, obviously enjoying this new kind of attention, and started humping upward against my face. I hung on and rode it out with her, as she rose to a furious orgasm, her juices welling up into my mouth. I had never known what copious amounts of it were secreted by her pussy, until now, but I drank them in as fast as she could produce them, loving the exotic taste of her...

... he held on more tightly, sensing what he was doing to me, and drove me quickly to a hard HARD summit, my body thrashing with ecstasy I had never never never known the song oh god THE SONG rising to drown out all else...

... inflamed with desire for her, I climbed on top of her thrashing body and slid my aching hard-on into her hot, wet, helplessly-spasming pussy...

... before I could get beyond that incredible peak, he moved his mouth away, raised himself up above me, and plunged his thick shaft into my thrashing body, GOOD, so GOOD, stretching me as he bore down, his own body in motion with mine, IN mine...

... this was the first time we had been able to make love with me above her, and I think we were both drunk on the newness of it all. We humped *hard*, her body thumping the tub as we rose to a fever pitch...

... his weight above me pushed him into me hard, deep, gods, DEEP, what a good name my choice had turned out to be...

... suddenly, my hips arched forward violently, and I came inside her, God, *poured* cum into her...

... joining me at my summit, both of us arched against each other, his four limbs clinging tight as he emptied his hot seed inside me filling me with it so GOOD so GOOD...

... my pulsing cock-head swelled huge as she gripped me, squeezed me, held me ... the fireworks went off behind my eyes, it was that good, that all-engulfing...

When I could finally move, again, I rolled us both to the side, still connected with each other, and kept one leg wrapped around her flank. This allowed her to breathe more freely, and we lay like that for a long time, neither of us wanting to leave...

... and at that moment, I knew, KNEW, as surely from his thoughts as from within my own... This is my mate. We are one. With the song soaring to new heights in both of us, we were as two souls in one body, inseparable in our joining of spirit...

... the entire rest of that day was spent there together, hunger be damned, cuddling and making love on and off, though much more tenderly. As the evening softly fell around us, I pondered my good fortune in finding Galene — or in her finding me. I had the strongest, most undeniable feeling that we had each found our mate, like this was going to be the shape of my new life, now. In fact, I could almost see her in my mind, smiling and agreeing with me, her thoughts beginning to touch mine in some way I didn't yet understand...

... I sensed him smiling, and wished that I could, also...

... this was going to be interesting...

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## **Epilogue**

*It has been many, many mooncycles (years, is DeepSinger's word), and we have indeed been mates ... better together than I had ever dreamed mates could be. We spend much of our time together, in the little water-place he created for us. He has made this larger and better, as time passed ... more comfortable for me, which always gives me joy, to know that he cares for me so...*

It has been almost 10 years now, and Galene and I did indeed remain together. With the relative life-spans of our two species, I expect us to have many more years of our strange and wonderful interspecies "marriage" to enjoy.

We have continued spending most of our days and evenings loving each other in our little getaway. I have expanded on it, over the years, giving us more room to relax and play together; some areas are shallower, some are deeper; there is one spot with a padded “couch” for us (which we use a lot), which includes a generous slot up the middle to accommodate her dorsal fin, when I’m on top ... a favorite of both of us...

*Early on, I was able to show him that his thoughts were also in my head, and I have been able to teach him how to listen to my own. In this way, we have learned to speak to each other. I have learned many things about landwalker life, and he has learned of my kind as well. But mostly, we use this ability to listen to what is in each other’s heart (DeepSinger’s word for our innermost feelings)...*

Over our first few months together, it became clear to me that Galene was able to “hear” my thoughts, not word-for-word, but strong images and feelings were easy for her to pick up on. In time, I learned to hear hers clearly as well, and with practice, we have found ourselves able to communicate quite freely. This has been such an unexpected joy to me, that I am like a little child, constantly thrilled with the wonder of it. I sense that Galene previously thought us “landwalkers” (her word) were a rather dense and uninteresting bunch, although she has never said so. Certainly, our deep connection has opened a window into each other’s worlds and lives.

I did get that little boat, and have enjoyed seeing more of our little cove. I’ve also taken up scuba diving, so that I could begin to explore more of Galene’s world, and she has been an eager teacher. That, coupled with her ability to hold her breath for long periods, has given us the gift of making love underwater, deep in her universe for a change. The fish would lazily swim past as we joined with each other, both of us virtually weightless, her “song” loud in both of our heads, now...

*His desire to know me fully led him to find a way to swim under the water with me, for long times, using a strange-looking pair of things attached to another thing on his face. I was warmed by his effort, and we began joining bodies under the water, after that. To me, this was natural, but to DeepSinger, it was a new and wonderful experience — I could sense his intense feelings as he clung to me and filled me with his seed, both of us drifting happily as the song soared...*

Each time we come together, losing ourselves in pleasure, the thought will cross my mind (both of our minds, really) how nice it would be if she and I could produce our own offspring, creatures able to live in both worlds. But of course, that will never happen. And Galene and I are both content with that ... and with each other, for the rest of our strange and amazing lives ... together.

*My only regret (another landwalker word) is that we will never be able to bring pups into the world together. With the knowledge of our two worlds combined, and our unified spirits, they would be a gift to us all. But I have more than enough contentment to last several lifetimes, with my wonderful mate from another world.*

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**Author’s note:** Before anyone decides to complain, let me remind the reader that this is a work of fiction. By its very nature, there are usually some liberties taken, and this story is no exception. For one thing, it is thought by some that adult dolphins travel in pods of the same sex; males and females are equally good at fending off predators. If this is true, then they do *not* mate for life, and dolphin sexual encounters become casual, happening in a flurry of promiscuous rutting whenever a male pod runs into a female pod. This is not a universally-held theory, though, and dolphins have also been observed showing strong attachment to their mates, pining and anxious when separated. For purposes of this tale, I chose to go with the second model, since that alternative fit the story line so much better.

Also, there is no evidence to support the notion of dolphins possessing empathic abilities, that was purely my own invention. It would make a lot of sense, however, in a species with limited ability to shape their environment in physical ways ... just as a blind man's hearing will become supernaturally acute.

I hope my readers will understand, and appreciate the story for what it is ... a work of fantasy, purely for enjoyment.

**The End**