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"Take care Clint. Have a good weekend!" Tigra said to her teammate as they walked to his car.

"You too. You sure your OK with being on call on your own?" He responded as he balanced a thermos, and a small briefcase, as he fumbled with his keys.

"Don't worry about it. I know the routine. If a crisis calls in, I contact the team, scramble the Quinjet, pick you all up, then save the world. No problem."

As Clint opens the door, the keys slip out of his hands and fall to the ground.

"I got 'em." says Tigra, as she bends down to retrieve them.

Clint blushed instantly. Though they've been living in the same mansion for almost a year, gone on dozens of high risk missions, and saved the world at least once, Clint still felt like a high school teenager when situations like this came up.

Tigra aka Greer Grant was from a species call The Cat People. He didn't know much about them, and Greer wasn't too forthcoming about her origins. But she was a great fighter and good friend, and that's what mattered most to him.

Her appearance and personality was what made her unusual. Not that she was ugly or disfigured. Just the opposite.

She was a gorgeous young woman. Just under 6 feet tall, slender body and large breasts.

Where she differed was her skin is covered in sleek orange fur with a black tiger-stripe pattern. She has the vertically-slit pupils of a feline, as well as cat-like fangs, claws, slightly pointed ears and a prehensile tail that stuck out just above her bikini bottom. Being naturally coated with warm fur, Tigra had little need for clothing and finds it uncomfortable and restrictive. For modesty's sake she usually wears a black bikini, decorated with animal claws in the tradition of the Cat People.

Tigra arched her back, her buttocks up in the air and her tail whisking as she retrieved his keys.

"Here you go." she said, as she placed them back in Clint's hand. "Something wrong?"

Clint could feel the heat in his cheeks. "Nope. Uh, fine. Must be the sun....I might be dehydrated....maybe I'll get an iced coffee on the way home."

He climbed into the drivers seat and turned the ignition. "Take care, Greer." He closed the door and pulled away from the mansion.

Tigra turned around and stepped though the grand entrance to the Avenger's Mansion. The Shangri La of superhero resorts.

This was where all the great heroes like Iron Man, Captain America, Hawkeye, and so many others kick back and relax on their off time. The mansion held dozens of high end suites, recreation lounges, training rooms and her favorite, the outdoor Olympic size swimming pool. It also housed a major supercomputer that monitored world communications for global threats that might need superhero intervention.

That was why Tigra was the only resident this weekend. It was her turn on the rotation to keep an ear open for any bad guy chatter. But it was a beautiful day out and she did not plan on sitting indoors looking a screens.

As she passed the alcove filled with monitors and other equipment she hit the voice recognition switch. An electronic voice piped through the speakers.

"Yes Miss Grant?"

"Computer. Continue monitoring all frequencies, if anything pops up patch it to the outside speakers. I'll be poolside."

"As you wish, Miss Grant."

Tigra stopped by the doorway and reached behind her neck. She loosened the knot to her bikini and let the clothing fall to the marble floor. The black patterns in her fur made little swirls around her nipples. The bikini bottom followed right after.

This was another reason she didn't mind being by herself. She didn't have to conform to everyone's sense of decency, and silly embarrassments.

She stepped into the warm afternoon sun and let it envelop her. The cool ocean breeze excited her senses as she took in the landscape. She soaked in the feeling and began walking down the steps to the pool, her hands stroking her tail that draped over her shoulder.

Tigra absolutely loved this pool.

Not only was it on acres and acres of private land, and close to the ocean, it was actually fed by the ocean too. It was at least 50m x 25m and made out of some exotic stone Tony Stark had found. But its uniqueness came from how the underground pumps pulled water from the ocean and filled the pool. No chemicals, no seaweed. It was a perfect natural pool.

As she approached the pool, she noticed a large shadowy shape in the far end. She didn't remember seeing that the other day. Her kitty curiosity getting to her, she slowly walked to it.

As she soon as she recognized the shape, she called out.

"Computer!"

"Yes, Miss Grant?"

"Why the hell is there a friggin' dolphin in our swimming pool?"

"Master Namor had rescued it during a battle while at sea. It was injured, and he brought it to the local marine vet, but there was no room for it to recuperate so Master Namor offered to keep it in our residency for a few days to heal since it resembles it's natural environment."

"Dammit, I wanted to relax for awhile." Greer sighed.

"The mammal has been sedated, and should be asleep for some time."

She crouched down and examined the floating mammal. It was almost 7 feet long and it bobbed slowly in the water, its head above the water as it inhaled through it's blowhole, it's tail slowly waving to keep it afloat as it slept.

"I guess we can share." She relented.

Tigra retrieved an inflatable raft from the pool shed, and placed it in the water. Tony's a multimillionaire, but we still have cheap inflatable pool lounges. Sheesh.

She stepped down into water from the pool ladder and slid onto the lounge, laying on her back. She kicked off from the edge, and let the sun start to warm her fur.

Stretching out her toes, a low purr emerged from her throat as she relaxed, utterly lost in the laziness of the hot day.

After about an hour, she rolled over sluggishly so she could warm her backside, her head resting on her arms.

Her ear twitched as her sensitive hearing picked up a small splash. She opened her sleepy eyes and saw 2 large dark eyes staring at her!

Startled, she leaped up in the inflatable lounge, her back arched and her hair puffed and hissed intimidatingly. Unfortunately, when scared, felines extend their claws instinctively.

A growl was just forming on her lips when the air mattress disintegrated underneath her in a puff of air and shredded plastic, plunging her into the water.

Tigra's head came to the surface as she spit out a mouthful of salt water, her eyes wide and alert for the intruder.

She sensed something behind her and she turned in time to see a large shape leap from the water and land back in the pool with a heavy splash sending a wave over her. It was the damn dolphin.

A second later a large smooth head popped from the surface and made a high pitched whistle. It dove back under and swam circles around her, occasionally bumping into her affectionately. It resurfaced and chattered happily at her.

"Hey, big guy. I'm sure your happy about being rescued, but it wasn't me that did it. Thank Namor when he gets here tomorrow."

She paddled over to the remnant of her pool float and swam to the edge, tossing the scraps onto the cement.

"Guess I can swim a few laps before heading back in."

She began her laps with a front crawl stroke to work her upper body. The dolphin simply floated to the side watching her.

After her second set, she switched to butterfly strokes and slowed her pace. Suddenly the dolphin appeared next to her as she swam matching her speed. As she kicked off the wall it spun around also and swam with her. About half way across it propelled itself into the air over her to land on the other side.

"Oh my god. That is so adorable." she thought. She laughed at how cute he was acting.

When she reached the wall to turn around again she shifted right when he leaped to her left, and left when he leaped to her right, making figure eights as they swam the length of the pool.

Greer put her hand on the edge of the pool and swam in place catching her breath. This was defiantly a work out.

She looked to see where her friend had gone, when it rose straight out of the water an inch away from her.

It chattered happily at her, and bobbed up in and down in the water churning the area. It's large body pushed lightly against her, it's smooth chest rubbing against her furry breasts.

"Hey flipper, how bout some space?"

As she protested he inched a little closer and she felt something else rubbing against her. She looked into the water and saw a large penis protruding from under the dolphin. Each time it swished its tail it would rub it against her legs.

“Whoah there big guy. I ain’t that kind of kitty.”

She pushed away from it and waded in the water.

“What’d you think we were doing back there, flirting? That was just for fun.”

She began swimming to the ladder to get out. As she made her way, it would keep swimming into her, bumping her from the side, and even coming up from under her belly to belly, its penis erect and ready for action.

She managed to get to the ladder, and grabbed one of the rails. She turned and saw the dolphin floating in the middle, it gave a slow sad squeak and submerged.

A wave of guilt hit Greer when she saw him. The look in its eyes made her regret instantly on pushing him away. She was being so mean to him. It truly looked disappointed.

Tigra reflected on her decision. She’s been known to be promiscuous with many other mutants, meta-humans, and even aliens. Who was she to discriminate against other species. She’s half feline herself.

And from what she could remember from biology, dolphins were the only mammals besides humans, that had sex for fun. She was always up for a good time, why not with this fishy guy?

Her decision made, she dove under the water to find her friend. He was in the center of the pool swimming in circles in a melancholy state. She swam to intercept him, making him face her. She gave what hoped looked like a very apologetic face, and reached out to caress the dolphins nose and head. Stroking softly from the base of its nose to the back of its scalp.

She changed to a more sultry, seductive expression as she maneuvered her feet in front of her to position them on either side of his penis which was beginning emerge again in arousal. She brought her feet closer, and began to massage his growing member slowly. She was sure the soft fur on the bottom of her feet felt great against his penis.

She could tell that he understood what she was offering, so she broke off and began swimming backwards to the surface with him following behind.

They emerged simultaneously. Their eyes locked.

She held onto him, as she made her way over to the ladder.

He opened his mouth and gave a quick chirp. She leaned over and gave a big kiss on the tip of his nose.

“I’m sorry I was mean. There’s no reason we cant have fun too.”

She leaned back to settle herself in. She hooked each arm through the railing so she could support herself in the water. Her arms, head and her breasts were the only visible parts showing.

She relaxed her legs and let them float out in front of her. When her toes broke the surface she spread her legs and presented her fuzzy orange pussy to the dolphin. She felt her heartbeat though her fur and she was getting warm with expectation.

“Come and get it lover”

The dolphin glided in between her legs, its head and chest meeting hers. It began to thrust its tail to get its penis in place.

“Let me help you.” she whispered.

She hooked her legs behind the dolphins lower body and pulled it towards her.

The dolphin’s penis buried itself into her, the impact from the penetration forcing the air from Tigras lungs. It finally settled into a rhythm, thrusting deep a few times, then a few quick strokes.

Greer let out a low yowl each time he went deep. She couldn’t believe she was banging a dolphin in such a gorgeous location. She never thought she’d get turned on by an creature that wasn’t partially human either. This was opening many new doors for her.

She could feel the dolphin getting stiffer inside her and she knew he was getting close.

She clenched her pussy muscles and started milking the huge penis inside her. She started to pant as she was approaching orgasm and she timed it to the dolphins strokes waiting to cum together.

The dolphin gave a long squeak, almost like a squeeze toy being stepped on, just as Greer started cumming. She was not expecting the force or the amount of ejaculation that this mammal had pent up inside it. It felt like a fire hose had erupted inside her, filling her womb and expelling what didn’t fit out around the dolphins shaft into the water.

Tigra shuddered as wave after wave of orgasms shook her body as she let go of the railings and locked her arms around the dolphin.

Without anything to keep them braced, they began to slowly sink under the surface. Tigra took a deep breath before her nose went under, refusing to let go of her lover until the she could stop cumming. The dolphin continued to pump more semen into her as they floated down, their bodies surrounded by the escaping seed that wouldn’t fit inside her.

At last the dolphin gave a final pump, and she disengaged herself from its body. She was shocked at how cloudy the water became from the mixture of both of their cum.

Breaching the surface, she sucked in a mouthful of air and climbed out of the pool.

She sat on the edge and regained her breath. The dolphin happily emerged and splashed her with some water as it swam around the perimeter.

She laughed as she wiped the water from her face, then noticed how matted her fur was. All that cum in the water adhered to her fur like a magnet. She ran her hand over her arm and the sticky fluid spread between her fingers. “Maybe Petco has something to help with this.” she chuckled.

Her belly churned and she put her hand over it. She felt a little swollen, but a little squishy too.

Tigra gently pushed on her stomach and her vagina gave a little burp and a stream of dolphin jizz seeped out and puddled on the ground.

“And maybe I’ll have to stop at Macy’s too for some more bikini bottoms, I have a feeling this’ll take some time to drain out. Don’t want to embarrass the rest of the team.”

But that can wait til later.

She stretched herself out parallel to the ground and curled up in a fetal position to bask in the remainder of the afternoon sun, her fur shining. Tigra reached down for her tail and brought it to her lips. She nibbled on the end, and licked at the drying cum as her lover leaped into the air, its silhouette imprinted on the sun.