

The fresh salty air filled Bolívar's lungs as he rocked back and forth on the calm morning sea. With nothing better to do, he lay his hands over the sides of his board and soaked in the warm sunlight. With a bored sigh, he leaned his head back against the plastic and took in the sounds of the breeze.

A few drops of cold water fell upon his face as a nearby wave splashed against him. He coughed up the brine and looked around, terribly confused as there were no other nearby crests arising from the sapphire seawater. As he turned his head back and forth searching for anything but the flat blue ocean plane, but found nothing. This should have reassured him, but he had always been a bit on the worrisome side and sat up. The chilled saltwater quickly surrounded his lower legs as he searched around beneath him, but his eyes revealed no presence other than his own.

Then, a shadow. From the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a flicker of motion beneath the surface. He looked around more closely but found only the azure abyss. Whatever lurked within the tide hiding just out of sight. Knowing sharks were common in the area, he produced a knife from his belt strap and paddled back towards land. He wasn't far from solid ground and it wasn't like he would catch any waves today.

The atmosphere around him seemed to calm as he moved. Perhaps he was overreacting, the chances of encountering some large marine creature out here were next to none. As though the gods were slapping him for finding the slightest modicum of peace, a sharp force yanked at his ankle. He grabbed hold of his knife only a moment before the pull dragged him from his bored and below the water's surface

Bolívar shut his eyes as the saltwater burned at them. He coughed up a stream of large bubbles as the surprise overtook him. All but the low frequency sounds were cut out as the equatorial waters whirled around him. He lashed out blindly with the steel blade, but another force tore at his wrist and yanked the blade from his hand, letting the weapon sink downward into the seemingly endless deep blue. He cried out as he felt several warm, rubbery masses press up against him; the cry quickly cut by the surrounding water.

He was being pulled deeper and deeper beneath towards the seafloor. The surroundings stung at his exposed organs for the first few seconds, but after a short while his eyes grew accustomed to the brine and the pain subsided.

Darker now, but the bright sun above illuminated the space around her. Now able to see, he looked at his attackers. Stone grey flippers pumped away, dragging him farther and farther down. A dark-skinned dolphin had grabbed hold of his ankle and was dragging him below the waves. Another circled around him, prodding at him with its snout every so often, its skin so light that it practically shone like a pearl. Finally, a third dolphin swimming around above him and looking down, its grey skin stained with a hint of blue.

Getting a hold of his panic, he shut his mouth and tried to conserve what little air he had left. The three dolphins must have decided he was deep enough below the waves as they let go and began playfully nudging and rubbing against him, pressing down upon him every so often to prevent him from floating to the surface. He remembered stories about this, a few members of the species pulled a swimmer down every so often. They never seemed to have malicious intent, simply playful and lacking any knowledge of a surface dweller's lung capacity.

Bolívar's lungs burned and screamed for oxygen as his minimal reserves were chocked away. He looked upwards in fear and attempted to pull himself upwards. The large dark dolphin would have none of this and took hold of his leg within its mouth. A few bubbles flowed up from its blowhole. *Was it making fun of his lack of air, or was that simply how they asserted dominance?* He wondered for a moment, before the suffocation once again arrested his attention.

Chattering, the lighter dolphin swam in front of him and loosed a few high-pitched squeaks and crackles. Before he could even begin to question its intentions, the animal turned around and pressed its head against his face. He grunted in surprise just before a blast of air shoved its way through his lips. The dolphin had placed its blowhole right against his mouth and forced a burst of air directly into his lungs.

Sputtering in confusion, Bolívar felt the pain subside as a new wealth of oxygen entered him. The dolphin squeaked in amusement as the human stared at it, bewildered. With a few quick strokes it resurfaced and dove back down to their human captive. It nudged his ribs, tickling him slightly before moving downwards and slipping off his bathing suit.

As its human reddened with embarrassment, the blueish dolphin nodded. Seemingly content with the display below it, it let out a commanding squeak. The other two dolphins acted, curling their necks around the human's arms. He fought with all he had, but the animals had the advantage in both terrain and strength. Using their chins, the two cetaceans trapped his arms and left his front exposed and defenseless. As the blue dolphin swam down in front of him, he kicked out, fighting with the last of his strength against the creature.

Eventually the four stopped moving. The three dolphins gave their human a chance to calm down and the human realized that fighting was fruitless as he looked into the animal's eyes. Seeing the placidity, the blue dolphin moved up and pressed its blowhole against Bolívar's mouth. He resisted for a moment, but the animal blasted another gust of air into his lungs, its hot breath seeming to cling to the back of his throat. The blue dolphin backed up and opened its mouth, a pulse of sonar bombarding the human captive.

He winced in pain, his human ears could not consciously detect the frequency. Even so his ears rung, and his head ached as the sonar echoed around his head, resonating through his brain. For a moment, the human could think of nothing else; only replaying the screeching sound in his own mind. Not giving the human a chance to recover, the leader of the three dolphins loosed a series of clicks and squeals.

Bolívar felt as though his mind was fabric, a complex tapestry of memories, thoughts, emotions, and everything that made him human. Each chirp and sound echoed through his skull, sounding over and over in his ears, without a single truly audible sound reaching him. Each little noise seemed to pull away at the strands of the tapestry, slowly unraveling it into an indiscernible pile of string.

His head rocked back and forth as the chatter filled him. *What was I doing here again? Surfing right, I was pulled underwater while on vacation in... Where am I again? Water, I'm vacationing in water.* He thought as his thoughts became frayed and scrambled. Each sound feeling harder and harder to fight against. His chest burned, and it hurt to struggle. *Why hurt?* He said to himself as a final click echoed from one ear to another, bouncing back and forth through his brain.

He didn't even try to resist the creature's mental intrusion, he no longer possessed the presence of mind to want anything. All that seemed to exist was the sound, it replaced his will and memories entirely. Not beautiful or horrible, just a force of unraveling chaos.

With one final blast of sonar, the blue dolphin pulled loose the final thread and his tapestry crumpled to strands. For the first time, Bolívar actually heard the squeal. The force of destruction tore away thought and ability to produce them, leaving him an uncaring, unthinking husk. The human went limp in the dolphins' grasp, his eyes glassy as the waves serenely washed his hair around. The blue dolphin moved forward and pushed another gulp of air into his lungs. Encountering no resistance this time, peacefully accepting whatever might become of him.

Feeling his limpness, the two lesser dolphins released their catch and prodded at the complacent human. Their motions triggered some of the deepest areas of his brain, touching only the basest of instincts he possessed. Comfort, love and desire occupied what was left of Bolívar's mind as the blue dolphin moved forward, placing its beak against his forehead. It cooed softly against him, its squeaks and clicks once again resonating through his head. Its voice seemed to take on a different note now. No longer a force of chaos and destruction, but a soft song of creation.

It sounded almost like words, sentences, music. He couldn't quite make out any individual words or meaning, but he certainly felt it. His brain seeming to vibrate as the tapestry that was him slowly wove back into wholeness.

The blue dolphin let its tongue slide from its mouth and taste the new catch, never letting up the endless stream of clicks and squeaks. As the tapestry was rebound, Bolívar began to make out images along its cloth. The void was quick to take in anything it could find, eagerly accepting the memories as they returned to him. He... no, she had lived in this ocean for quite some time now, always protected by her handsome podmates. *Bolívar, what a strangely masculine name for myself. It must not have been the right name, maybe the correct one would come once my alpha tells it to me.* She thought to herself, as her mind was slowly reforged, her past recreated within her.

The warm rubbery sensation of Bolívar's podmates' skin against her own, sent delightful shivers of pleasure through her entire body as they circled and rubbed against her. The song from

the dolphin grew louder as the blue dolphin reached its crescendo. The construction within her hummed loudly, the noise blocking out all other thought as she finally became what she knew she was meant to be.

Her podmates smiled and clicked happily as she looked up. Happy to simply be within their presence, Bolívar tried to click at her companions, but the sound came out at such a strange frequency. Her lungs called out to be refilled, and she looked upwards. With warm coos, her podmates quickly raised her to the surface of the water. She grew red with embarrassment. *How ever did I forget to swim properly?*

Breaching the surface, Bolívar took a deep gasp of air and thankfully poked her alpha's back. The rubbery warmth of his skin sent waves of joy through her as she felt the sensation seem to leech into her. Her flesh turned a steely grey and grey rubbery at all points of contact. The lighter of her other podmates swam up to her and curled around her waist and legs. His touch filled Bolívar with longing as her legs fused together and formed a long tail. All the while the darker of the three passionately nuzzled at her arms. Her fingers fused together and were followed by the flattening of her arms as they morphed into short fins.

The three began swimming around her as Bolívar felt herself fill with a balmy, liquid sensation. The feeling permeating every inch of her insides. She barely noticed as her body rounded out and her organs shifted. A dorsal fin burst free from her back as the alpha passionately nuzzled her face with its snout.

Belinda (as she had realized her real name was) was plunged into sensory nothingness. She went blind, deaf, and even lost the ability to breathe. A strangled noise escaped her throat as her windpipe moved through her and opened on the back of her quickly disappearing neck. She sucked in a desperate breath as she felt her jaw yanked forward into a thin beak. As she opened her eyes, she found her field of vision had drastically widened, but at the cost of her depth perception. A pressure built up in her skull as her forehead pushed outward into a sizable lump.

Suddenly, a chorus of sound graced Belinda's earholes and lower jaw. With her new organs she was finally able to hear the songs of her podmates. "High time you tried out that new body of yours bonita," the blue alpha said softly as the other two dolphins backed off.

“Always ready,” Belinda laughed as the two dove back down beneath the water. The two twirled around one another as they danced downwards. The blue dolphin moved in close, the light bending through the water and dancing along his body majestically. Belinda felt a powerful need stirring within her. She didn’t want to blink, the brief moment where she could not look upon her people seemed like a torturous eternity. She sang in sonar and he sung back, their music filled the air as she admired the male’s powerful, yet graceful physique.

Low needy clicks escaped Belinda’s throat as her alpha pressed against her, the pressure forcing her penis backwards. Hot jots of pleasure resounded through her body as her former member inverted itself and wormed its way deeper inward. Her rubbery skin squeaked as she pressed herself against her lover. The powerful male dolphin nuzzled against her snout as a slit formed against her underside and a set of female reproductive organs appeared within her.

Apparently satisfied with teasing his lover, the alpha male thrust his member into Belinda’s virgin folds. A squealing screech burst from her as a river of pleasure poured into her. The two clicked in unison with each heartbeat as they swirled through the sea. A constant flow of bliss buzzed around her body, each movement of their genitals sending a new flame of paradise into her head. These flames burnt away any thoughts that may have found their way into her head. Replacing them with only the electric bolts of love and pleasure.

The songs of the seemed to bind them at far more than their waists. For the briefest of moments, they were of one mind, awash the burning pleasure and nothing else. Their thrusts became far more rapid and heated as they approached their climax together. Their soft clicks grew quiet as they felt their insides turn to liquid. Each moment injecting a new pulse of bliss directly into them.

Finally, the two sang out, their sonar mingling as they burst. Belinda’s body shook violently as her alpha exploded into her. She shook violently as he sprayed against the most sensitive points of her innards, her own juices flowing out with her orgasm and mixing with his. Her mind shattered by the climax, but her muscles worked on their own, her slit milking away at member.

The two just lay there for a while, linked as they floated aimlessly on the warm currents. She basked in the afterglow of their climax. She was completely at peace with her new form, with her new company.

Eventually, her alpha pulled free from her and swam back to the group. She was left for a moment, still relishing in the residual pleasure of lovemaking. However, as the blue dolphin left, she was left with a problematic feeling of emptiness. That wonderful sensation of bliss and fullness, she wanted it, no, needed it.

Belinda cast a seductive glance at her other podmates, who were watching ardently. She clicked a few times in cordial invitation. They nuzzled each other as they swam in circles. She knew her strong podmates would protect her loyally, in return, the least she could do was keep them happy.