

The druid sighed and took a moment to let the sensation of the gentle waves wash back and forth over him, the water warm here in the cove as it trailed and swirled in from the bay outside. He felt at home here, surrounded by the ocean and wrapped in the presence of nature, warm and comfortable and – of course – quite wet, head to toe. Enough room in the shallows here for him to stand weightless in the water, one arm and part of his body draped over his companion, the other running up and down the orca's revealed underside, skin soft and smooth, cool to the touch with a distinct heat simmering from deep inside.

It was this heat that had brought the two of them, druid and orca, into their secret little cove. So much time before spent here, communing with one another and with nature, delving deep into the energy that fueled this bond of theirs and bringing it out to its bright, beautiful limit... and for some more mundane purposes, too. As Natia squirmed and shuddered beneath him, a low rumble reverberating through the orca's huge body, Kawena leaned in again and traced his nose along the pale skin of her underside there. He knew to keep a gentle touch, to tease and graze and rub with lighter fingers than one might expect for such a large creature; with his face in place there and hand spread, fingers tracing down over wrinkled skin and folds of fresh, glistening pink flesh within, he felt her clench beneath him again and then release as another wave of pleasure arced through her.

"That's good," he murmured, looking up at her, "isn't it?" and then again slipped his hand in between those folds, the disparity in size between the two allowing his entire hand to disappear within that sleek, hidden heat. Natia wriggled again and moved herself closer to him, the water between them splashing and bucking up – and Kawena continued up, drawing in the cool essence of the ocean caught along her skin, the comfortable, familiar scent of salt and scale... and, soon, the taste that always came with it.

That hand positioned just right, another murmured affirmation and encouragement trickling from his lips like the orca's simmering arousal down into an oily sheen over the water, he closed the distance to the point where that skin bunched back together again along her lower body. The human swallowed, licked his lips, slid down a bit, and curled his tongue within that spot, searching and digging for where rubbery skin gave way to sleek, supple flesh inside – and again Natia squeaked and jerked against him, leading him to squeeze his other arm more firmly along her body.

Sometimes she had to float on her back with him straddling her for this, and even then she tossed him off every now and then. Not that she didn't want it – far from the opposite, of course: their bond told him this much, his head constantly full and fizzling with not only his own thoughts and feelings but hers as well – but just that it felt too *good*. That was part of the enjoyment for him as well, knowing that every little thing he did, from spreading his fingers within that slick flesh and pressing into her interior, to swirling his tongue over the little nubs and bumps buried there inside her folds, to closing his lips deeper in and suckling along the clinging, dripping stickiness, and drawing that taste into his mouth and throat.

Another rumble of pleasure echoed both through her body and their bond, igniting a satisfied smile on the druid's face. He looked up past her body again, ran both of his hands along her soft, rubber-smooth skin, then slid them back down, spread her sex with his thumbs, and took a moment to sit back and take in the lovely sight. The pale greyish-white of her underbelly, like misty clouds on a cool down, swirling in and wrapping around that distinctly heart-shaped section of the deeper, brighter black, its apex the focus of his attention here.

Natia squirmed again, and for a moment Kawena couldn't breathe for the wet, clinging flesh pressing up against his face and around his head. He braced himself against her lower body and with a heavy, wet *slurp* pulled himself free, thick ropes of the liquid of her arousal hanging between the two of them for a moment. He licked off what he could and broke the other strands with splayed fingers, and then dove right back in: with his thumbs and fingers tracing up and between those sensitive folds, sticky wetness dripping and rolling down his arms just as he felt it along his lips and chin and cheeks, he slid down and then came back up, tongue out and swirling, lips nipping, tugging, suckling.

He knew it would be hard to push her to her peak from just his mouth alone, looking at the size difference between them – so as Kawena felt her interior muscles tense and squeeze together, as he felt her draw closer and closer, he focused all of his attention right up there in that spot nestled between skin and flesh. He swallowed, then swallowed again to try to get down the high, thick stickiness that already coated his throat and filled his belly, distinctly tinged with the cool roundness of the sea and then, brighter and sharper, the so-familiar bite of Natia's musk and arousal. That part, Kawena knew, would remain on his breath for at least the rest of the day.

He had to straighten up and halfway throw himself over her lower body, then, as the combined work of his mouth and hands along her sex pushed her close and closer, all of her muscles tightening and straining, the noise in his head growing and becoming ever more muddled – until yet again the orca nearly tossed him off in the throes of her orgasm. Kawena drew his head away and slid a hand in between those squeezing folds of flesh, hand working fast and hard, as he felt her squeeze and clench around him, each full-body buck and squeeze sending another pulsing wave of that hot slickness pouring and spraying from between her folds, over his arm, across his face and the side of his body. He rubbed and tugged and rode her through that peak, the orca's noises of pleasure reverberating out around the cave – until finally, exhausted, she dropped the rest of the way back down to the shallows with a heavy *splash*.

All of that noise and need in his head fizzled away to a distant rumble, exhausted and satisfied. With some effort the druid pulled himself up onto his companion's body, fully aware of his own arousal twitching and squeezing against her smooth skin.

"All better?"

A single bright eye on this side flashed open and looked down to him. He knew her response before it came across to him.

"Yes, I know." The human reached down and tossed his little loincloth to the side. "For now."