

All around Kawena was surrounded by nothing but ocean and sky, each reflecting the other in a warm stirring turquoise, the first broken by white puffs of foam and the latter with little clusters of clouds instead. The boat in which he had come out here – a canoe of sorts, a standard outrigger just big enough for himself and a small sack of his things – rocked and gently lurched with the rhythm of the sea, the waves out here constant and steady. Eyes closed, hands entwined in his lap, back straight yet body relaxed, he let the presence of the vast sea wrap around and enclose him within his thoughts and its presence.

As a druid of the islands much of his time was spent in thought and contemplation, in communion and oneness with the world around him and all of its inhabitants, visible and otherwise. Sitting here with his hands in his lap, his eyes closed, his mind open, he could feel the touch of the wind across his bare skin, cinnamon-tan and wreathed with the swirling marks of his people, hook and tongue and wave and wing needled along his arms and shoulders in black ink. Each inhalation carried with it the salt and scale of the sea all around, the rich minerality of jagged outcrops of rocks sticking out in the distance, the distinct savory verdancy of the forests of stringy seaweed and kelp that he felt stirring in the depths beneath him.

Kawena wet his lips and swallowed, straightened up a bit, tilted his head back, felt the touch of the sun on his forehead and bare shoulders... and let his breath back out, imagining the swirling currents that the puff made in the air before him. Then again and again, following the rhythm of the ocean swells as much as they followed him, each pushing and pulling against the other to a sweet, balanced center. Sometimes he could spend hours out here floating across the interminable sea, vaguely aware of the change in his own position as well as the passage of the sun across the sky, while he cast his consciousness down and through the water, into the depths and among everything that stirred there.

Today, casting down as a watcher, an observer, another subtle presence there with everything else, he could feel all of that and more – in particular a stronger, brighter awareness. Kawena felt joy, familiarity, warmth, and...

And a sudden bump and lurch knocking him out of his peace, forcing the druid to splay where he sat and grip onto the side of the boat. For a second panic lanced through him, only to turn to relief and humor when he saw the familiar black-and-white shadow sliding just beneath the surface of the water, close enough that the orca's movement jostled and swayed his boat. Little gemstone eyes beneath the white false-marks glimmered at him, the same joy and humor that he had felt before shining there.

The moment gone, Kawena laughed and leaned over the side of the canoe, hands braced on the edge there. "Natia," he said, looking around but not seeing her. A small impulse made him turn and look over the other side instead, where his companion swam lazily alongside the length of the boat. "I was wondering when I would see you today."

The whale's mouth parted and moved, giving voice to whistles and clicks clearly audible so close, yet far quieter in the open air than if they were to speak beneath the water instead. Kawena tilted his head, his smile spreading warmly. He could understand her, of course; he waited for her to finish and then sat back on his rump, resting his arms over his knees. "Well, it's nothing that I can't pick up later," he said, reaching over to his sack. "It's always nice to see you. I have something for you here."

The canoe swayed again as the excited orca dipped back beneath the waves, disappeared into the shadowy depths for a moment, then breached along the other side, splashing Kawena in warm salty

spray. Natia rolled over and over again as she came into place beside the boat, her size dwarfing the smaller object's. The human kept one hand on the boat's edge for support while he rummaged around in his sack with the other, digging between sheaves of thick banana-fiber paper – coated in a fine oil-based wax, seeing how often he made these voyages – and other things before he found what he was looking for.

Arm still hidden inside the sack, he leaned over again and reached down to run his other hand across Natia's bared side. She felt like sleek rubber, skin so smooth and soft, warmer than expected by the kiss of the sun and the pleasant heat of the near-tropical waters. The orca turned beneath his touch, angling herself so that she could keep an eye on him – though she promptly dipped back beneath the waves and repositioned when she saw the mackerel he held in his other hand, lightly salted after its catch this morning, whole and still somewhat moist.

Another noise issued from the whale, this one more of a general expression of excitement and joy than anything, and she opened her mouth wider than before. Kawena grinned again, watching the way the black and white skin parted and opened to show the fresh, soft pink inside, still bearing some of the splotches of darker coloration throughout: sharp, thick teeth tinted yellow-white, each one almost the length of his full hand, lined up in a clean row both along the top and bottom jaws, jagged and repeating.

Natia's broad, flat tongue pulsed and stirred in anticipation; Kawena leaned in a little further, the counter-balance of his canoe lifting briefly out of the water, so that he could run his other hand down over those teeth and her tongue. It had been a bonding exercise long practiced between the two of them before they had settled their deeper connection, a show of trust on both of their parts: the druid felt the power and hunger in her body just as he did the compassion and appreciation. The tongue itself felt much like the flesh of the fish in his other hand, though without the grains of salt and the scales across the skin – smooth and slick, almost slimy, cool to the touch. Kawena swallowed, his gaze drifting up and away from the tongue and teeth towards the orca's gullet, patterned and speckled with naturally ink-black flesh among the pink, the muscles and meat stirring and twitching with the beat of her heart and strength of her hunger.

Then, in a pair of quick, practice moves, the fish went in and his arm came out, and those powerful jaws snapped shut. For a moment Natia disappeared beneath the surface, leaving nothing but a patch of disturbed water and a trail of bubbles up towards the surface. Kawena leaned over again, heart thumping in his chest, and watched for her – and then felt the boat sway in the other direction yet again as she came up on the other side.

More chirps and clicks tickled at his ears. Kawena slid over to the other side of the boat again.

"Yes – I used a little bit from the reserves when I caught it this morning. Did you like it?" Even when the beast slid back beneath the surface and swam about, the druid could still "hear" her just as clearly. He paused to listen, then grinned again. "Even if your belly is full from your hunt?"

Yet again she came up on the other side, but right as Kawena moved to slide over she disappeared once again, only to come up on the near side. He laughed, though the sound soon faded in his throat in the space of awe, curiosity, and something else stirring there: this time when Natia came up she did so with a smooth turn of her body, tilting herself belly-up and angling her head beneath the waves, so that her

bare underside came into full display. Kawena of course noticed that there, further down among the smooth unbroken white, waited the orca's genital slit slightly swollen, fresh rich pink, eager.

He felt a blush touch his cheeks as well, warm like the touch of the sun across his bare shoulders and back. When it came to hunger it seemed as though his companion had one fulfilled and one still to be sated. Slowly, carefully, he wiped the salt off of his other hand and reached down to stroke along her bared underside, running his fingers in close to that revealed mound.

She clicked at him, gemstone eyes flashing beneath the water. Kawena swallowed.

"I know, but – I can't really do anything out here, on the water..."

This time before Natia slid beneath the waves she gave a little kick from her flukes, splashing the druid in surprisingly cool water. He jumped, laughed, and stayed where he was, expecting her to come back up on this side again; the little boat swayed and leaned, and a small splash on the other side drew his attention – only for a forcible, very intentional bump from the orca on this side to make it lean again.

"Natia..."

Every time her head breached the surface her noises sharpened a bit, teasing and making fun of him. Before long the human ended up clutching both sides of the boat just to try to keep himself from wobbling too much.

"Look, I still have some studies I need to do – I didn't get the chance yesterday, and..." The boat swayed again. It felt like she was purposefully pushing him towards one direction in particular. "No, no, I know. You know I *do* want to. I-" Here he had to scramble to scoop his bag and his things back together, as the orca nearly pushed the boat off-kilter. Kawena ended up sitting sideways on the floor with one arm over the edge, fingers trailing in the water. Sure enough, that rubbery whale skin brushed along him, there and then gone in another second. "Can't you – take care of it yourself?"

She couldn't, and she made sure to remind him of this with a rather sharp chirp. That was why she often enlisted him to help out. It helped to deepen their bond, of course, and then there was also the simple truth that Kawena enjoyed it at least as much as Natia did. Sometimes for days after one of those encounters he would still think about, remembering the texture and sensations on his fingers and hands, up to his elbows, along his face and neck...

The canoe rocked again, this time nearly pitching him head over heels backwards into the water. The human slid over to the other side and held on there for support, and poked his head up over the edge to catch her attention. The orca swam by, a huge shadow in the blue water, then disappeared for a moment before coming back around again.

"Fine," he said, raising his hands in concession. "Okay. You wore me down. Let's make it *quick*, though, I really do need to-"

He didn't get to finish under the sudden burst of energy and speed that his agreement gave to the orca. This time she jumped nearly out of the water, sending another tall wave splashing over the side – and before Kawena could gather himself and sit back up he felt the wind on his face and the rhythm of the boat as it bounced over the waves, pushed along the support bar by the powerful orca beneath the

surface. Every now and then he could hear her noises of excitement between the splashing and roar of the wind, the waves gradually sharpening and picking up as they pushed further. Off in the distance the rocks of the islands came into view, these serving as a visual standard for the border of the shallows.

Jostled back and forth by the boat slapping and jumping along these hard waves, Kawena kept one hand shielding the sun from his eyes and the other tight along one of the support bars. Natia had to repeatedly slide away from the boat and then come back against it from behind, as it of course had not been designed for orca-power, and thus had no easy spot for her to push again.

“My, my,” the human said to the waves and the beast within it, “you’re *eager* today, aren’t you... did something happen? Something to make today different?”

The next time Natia came away from the boat she rolled over again, her wide mouth parting in another series of noises before she flashed her swollen sex at him again. The combination of both of these, what she had told him along with that lovely view, left his face burning and his loincloth a little bit skewed.

Often during their little “bonding sessions” they retreated to one of the many small coves hidden along the far faces of the tall rocks, carved over long years by the wind and waves. Kawena could see now that Natia did indeed push him towards these ways, at a speed and angle that, had he not known better, would have sent him to a panic; instead his excitement and arousal both grew the closer they came, even as the waves became uneven and choppy. He bore down in the boat, gripped onto the side, licked his lips against the salt spray of the ocean – then nearly lost his grip as Natia pulled away again to reposition herself.

Then, finally, he *did* lose his grip as an unexpected hook of a wave came in at an angle and knocked his canoe first in one direction and then sharply in the opposite. Kawena felt himself tossed sideways into the air, saw the sky stretch above him, and then a half-second later gasped as the chill embrace of the ocean shadowed by the rocks wrapped around him and held him tight.

He was under for only a quick moment, though, before the druid righted himself and came up above the surface of the water. Natia lingered around him, her presence close to his and urging him forward; within another few seconds she had pressed against him from the side and then turned to partially wrap around him, angling her body so that her white underside pressed against him. Still a bit breathless from getting knocked out of his boat, Kawena reached forward, stroked her smooth skin, grinned at where he knew would be able to see it, and then let his hand drop a little bit down, a bit to the side, angled up... and there felt that swollen section of skin and flesh, soft yet at the same time firm in its own way, the skin coming in and pinching towards the supple slit.

This time he didn’t need to hear Natia’s chirps to know her thoughts and feelings. His four fingers slid easily into the width of her slit, slipping in along the permanently-slick, slimy flesh inside, similarly cool as the water but with a hint of bodily warmth – and then she twisted and slid away from him again, only to come up underneath to ferry him into the cove.

It took a little bit of awkward positioning to find a comfortable spot, but soon Kawena had draped himself sideways along Natia’s smooth body with his arms at her dorsal fin, the water streaming and cutting easily around the two of them. The exhilaration of the movement as well as anticipation of what was to come jittered through him again and again, keeping his senses high and his energy peaking as the

high-arched ceiling of the shaded cove finally closed in around them, almost instantly blocking out much of the noise of the crashing waves outside.

Inside the cove the scent of the ocean and mineral rocks washed back over the two of them, surrounding them in their privacy and presence. Kawena lifted his head up as Natia slowed in the shallows, the water deep enough for him to slide off and wade over to her other side while still allowing herself enough room to move and maneuver.

“Quick,” he said, running his arms up along the side of her snout. Her black gemstone eye glittered at him in the dim light through the mouth of the cave and the little pockmarked holes up in the ceiling. “Okay? I really should get back – *ah* – to...”

The human found himself lifted up and back a bit with the parting of Natia’s mouth, as the orca let her broad tongue out to drag up and over his body. Another small chirp and squeak came with that lick, and Kawena blushed and half-turned away when she flicked his loincloth up and over his own excitement – though he quickly rushed to brush it back down.

“Yeah,” he murmured, letting his arms drop down a bit. Cool ocean water turned to the slightly warmer, slightly stickier grip of marine saliva; he slid his fingers and then hands in along her lips, ran them over the curves of her teeth, reached in a little deeper... “Yeah, I know, I know. Let me... just...” ...and then he closed his eyes and leaned down a little bit further, this time running his hands in underneath that broad, heavy tongue and lifting it up.

Both her tongue and her breath smelled faintly of fish, of course, as well as any number of other things from the ocean and her regular day, but Kawena didn’t mind. It was a rich yet subtle mix of scents and aromas, all of it distinctly touched with what he could only identify as *her*, and it was this scent that dominated when he slowly, carefully inched his way into her open mouth, leaned down, and ran his pursed lips over the surface of her tongue.

This was soft as well, though more textured than one might think looking from a distance. Kawena knew and *had* known this for a while: he swallowed, licked his lips, and pressed them in again, bringing one hand around from the underside to spread his fingers over the surface, pressing into the soft, faintly-warm flesh as it pulsed and strengthened beneath his touch. There were the little bumps along the surface, the slight folds, the wrinkles of the muscle, and then Natia’s own twitches and flicks in response to his kiss. He inhaled her breath – orcas *could* breathe through their mouths, he had discovered, if only a little bit – and then let it right back out across her tongue, his own lips parted and his hunger trickling down over the slick surface. One kiss led to a second and a third, which led to his own tongue coming out and dragging up and over, lapping off some of that clinging stickiness and bringing it into his own mouth, and then he retreated from her maw, wiped at his mouth, and this time adjusted his loincloth again – only for the orca to paddle forward the half-foot towards his body, take the cloth gingerly between her huge, dangerous lips, and give it one, two tugs forward and down, for the fastening in the back to come undone.

Kawena stood there for a moment, clothed only in the dripping cloak of ocean water from his mishap earlier as well as his own twitching arousal. There was no hiding it this time: he felt her eyes on him and enjoyed it, their bond giving him more than a little bit of insight as to her thoughts and feelings, and he knew that her arousal and interest mirrored his own for her quite well.

“See what you do to me?” he said, reaching up to scratch at the nape of his neck. When his hair got wet, the bun into which it tied it had a tendency to come partially undone right there. Natia chirped again. “Yeah, I know. I know you know. That’s why I never say no. Now, come on – like I said, we need to be... be quick...”

While he spoke the druid waded back around towards the orca’s side, the water coming only slightly further up along his waist. Natia bubbled softly, splashing around in the water and causing little ripples to push and carry along his bare thighs and waist, urgent enough that he actually needed to reach out and clasp onto her for support – until she turned and rolled onto her side again, rubber-smooth skin pulling beneath his fingers, easy and gentle.

Then there it was again, soft sweet pink bulging slightly out of her otherwise cloud-white belly, the folds of skin coming together near the back end of her underside in a smooth, sleek cornered slit, swollen and pouched out just a bit with her burgeoning arousal. She had a need that she wanted him to relieve, Kawena knew – and he did not need to look or feel to tell. It was in her behavior, in the way she looked at him, in the way she *spoke* to him.

Slowly the druid came face to face with that slit, itself nearly the length of one of his arms stretched out. He brought his thumbs in first, sliding gently into the swollen skin and pressing into the slick, supple flesh inside, the touch itself so small and so slight to the orca yet *just* enough; he looked up as he did so, running those thumbs back and forth, and grinned when Natia’s eyes met his own. An easy turn of his hands put his fingers inside her slit as well, and then all it took was a small grip and tug to show the bright, glistening pink flesh inside, folded and wrinkled, so sweet and inviting.

This close to her Kawena could feel her noises and “words” through her body almost better than he could hear them, every little bit urging and coaxing him on further, closer. He swallowed again and looked back down to her spread sex, the single heart-shape patched of charcoal-black flesh centering in around her slit right where all of those wrinkles and folds came together to the center point.

Kawena adjusted how he stood a little bit, bringing his face in closer to that puckered center. He kept one hand up to spread her while the other came in closer, fingers running gently along the sleek wrinkles, poking and pressing at the sensitive flesh there and earning the little twitches and rumbles from the huge beast... and then, just as slowly, the druid closed the distance, the orca’s size and natural elasticity allowing him to hold her open more than enough for his nose, his lips, his face.

There, so close to her, he could feel the natural, deep heat of her body, a more subtle emanation from further inside – and the aroma strengthened and redoubled, sharper and warmer, a touch more acrid, infinitely more inviting. The druid drew in a breath through his nose and let it out through parted lips, then did so a second time, a third time, and a fourth, and at the tail end of that sigh finally came in and ran his parted mouth over those wrinkles of flesh, Natia’s sex already at least as slick and wet as his own tongue. He could still both taste and feel her saliva in his throat, and now with careful little licks and gentle suckles he brought a different fluid of hers in as well, one that coated his tongue and mouth and made him want it even more.

It didn’t take long for Natia’s sounds to devolve into just that, just simple sounds and noises of enjoyment and deeper pleasure. Kawena dragged his tongue up and over through her folds, pushing himself along the length of her slit in the shallow water. One arm stretched to the side, he brought his fingers and thumb together to a point and teased and dug at her puckered entrance, the outer layers of

skin folding back in around his arm and wrapping around his head where he worked, lips pursed, mouth open, tongue flicking and dragging. Just as he made his way up he turned and started back down, other hand braced against Natia's lower belly for support as he went, that taste of salt and ocean and something else washing over his tongue and nose.

Where her exterior skin felt like smooth, moistened rubber, this interior flesh, the lovely glistening pink and folded wrinkles of sensitive sex, felt more like slick, supple meat, vaguely warm and growing ever more so beneath his attention and ministrations. The slickness strengthened as well, turning from a general thin layer of that clinging juice to a thicker, dripping sort of stringiness, settling against and pulling on his lips and nose each time the smaller human retreated for a breath, rolling into and over his tongue and throat, dripping down along his chin and plopping into an oily sheen along the water at his waist.

Panting softly, breath heavy and thick with her scent and taste, the human drew back for a moment to catch his breath but kept his hands in place, the one with his fingers tapered right at her entrance and his other a little bit up, a little bit back. Nestled there right at the peak of her slit, just barely hidden beneath those folds of skin, was something else that he knew desired his attention. As he started to press that one hand in, folded fingers pushing and squeezing rather easily into the slick walls, he dug his other hand in against the tighter pucker right there at the end of her slit, fingers teasing and touching over the wrinkled flesh, testing the ring of muscle, pressing their way one by one in past the orca's rim, well-slickened by her natural lubrication.

Natia chirred and wriggled at that touch, coaxing Kawena to dive in deeper. Her sex sucked and squelched around his hand the further it slid in, up to his first knuckle, then second, then bridging the gap to his palm and thumb.... and then she nearly pulled him in further, the human needing to brace himself against her lower body to resist tumbling forward against her. The wet heat grew the deeper inside he pressed, to the wrist, past there, along his forearm, all the while he did the same – but at a slower pace – against her tailhole.

Back here he needed to squeeze his fingers together and then stretch them out, pulling against the natural clenching of her body. As he did so he licked his lips, swallowed, tasted her there again, then looked back down. Where he had first seen and tasted slick, soft pink folds and walls now squeezing around his arm halfway to his elbow, a lot more than *distantly* warm, just below and past his fingers angled and held in place, keeping her tight ring open, was a richer, redder flesh, puckered wrinkles glistening with interior slickness. For a moment the druid forgot about his buried arm, even as Natia squeezed and clenched around it, and brought his fingers together again and pushed forward – so that her tailhole gripped and settled around the wrist of his other hand as well, tight and wet and so inviting.

The whale's noises bounced and echoed in his head, urging him on further, inviting him to pump each of his arms inside of and against her. The seawater had started to slough off and dry along his body, though when he pulled an arm back out to the wrist it came streaked and smeared with that thick, clinging juice, tickling at his nose and enticing his arousal further.

His right arm, buried elbow-deep inside the whale's sex, felt all of those soft, satin walls pulling and squeezing at him, gentle folds caressing his fingers and his palm while keeping him soaked and coated – while his other, pushed just past the wrist inside her tailhole, felt a hotter, tighter pressure, the closer wrinkles pushing back and forth over his fingers the deeper he pressed. It was like sinking into a slight

funnel, the insides squeezing and tightening the deeper he went, sucking and pulling and clenching – and if he angled his arms he thought he could *almost* feel his other hand through the whale’s insides.

Another glance up at the orca, still squirming and chirping around him, brought him back to the present. This time when Kawena pulled his arm back, he brought it out so that the crown of his wrist slid free from her slit, then turned it and pushed it back in. Wet meat sucked him back in.

“Natia...” he began, his breath heavy. He could tell that she wanted, and *needed*, more. “I know we’ve been working towards it, and I know that... that you...” He pulled his other hand free from her tailhole, the puckered flesh remaining gaped open for a short while before a reflexive clench caused it to wink shut, then slid that one up alongside his first already-buried hand. With his fingers flat against his arm he pressed forward, pushed in... felt that flesh spread and squeeze around the back of his hand, then tightened that one into a fist alongside the first as well. “That you want it, too. Are you sure that – you think you can fit... *all* of me?”

The orca, as always, responded with her body as well as her words. For a moment Kawena could do nothing but squirm and struggle against her underside, both arms held tight inside of her as she alternately squeezed and pushed, forcing him to work his fists inside of her while she rolled slightly back and forth, her squeaks and chirps and whistles ringing in his ears.

“Okay-” he said, struggling in place. “I know. I get it. Let me... just...”

It took some more adjustment and shifting of his position, and at one point he had to tug one arm back out of her – the air of the sheltered cove felt so much cooler by comparison to the humid heat inside of her body – and then turn partially sideways. This time he ran his hands together, slid them into her sex, tugged slowly, gently, carefully out, to spread those pink walls and show the churning, squeezing interior, the natural space within that he knew could stretch and fill out to accommodate, as they had discovered before, at least half of him.

If he had his arms positioned *just* so, he could turn his hands and pull himself up and forward, and... that warm wetness pushed in against his head, soaking and sticking to his hair and nearly undoing the bun at the back of his head. He closed his eyes and held his breath, though he also knew that he didn’t have to, and pushed off from the smooth, rocky bottom of the cove, the seawater splashing and pouring down off of his waist as he did so. Natia’s rubbery body slid up against him and his arousal as Kawena lifted himself up, head pushing its way into those wet walls, making room for himself as he went with his arms up and forward, pushing back against her reflexive clenching to bring himself deeper in.

From one cave to another, he thought with a little smirk – and then a gasp and a sigh as the wall of tight scent and heat hit him. Hanging strings of liquid arousal wrapped and fell around his face as he pressed deeper, angling his body to get first one shoulder and then the other in, Natia’s body working and clamping around the much wider stretch but still managing to accommodate him.

It was slow going, and Kawena made sure to tamp down his arousal and excitement for Natia’s sake, but it seemed that she was as into it as he – though in a less literal definition, naturally. Every time she turned her body or twitched, all of these broad, wet walls squeezed in around Kawena’s upper body, pressing in on him enough to coat him again and again in her inner slickness yet not enough to squeeze the breath out of him, the air inside here hot and humid and so, so thick.

He had to keep his arms up and out to make sure there was still room for himself inside of Natia. That thought and realization rolled back and forth in the human's head – inside of her. *Inside of her*. All of this dripping stickiness and clinging moisture rolling over his skin, the muscles pushing back against him as he continued to pull himself in, careful not to push or poke in any one part of her too firmly. It was dark too, with the occasional beam of light coming in through her parted slit or gaping sex as he adjusted: entire upper body to his waist inside of her, he slowly lifted one leg, brought it to his chest, found a point of leverage, and brought his other in as well.

And then, in one wet, sucking swallow, Natia wrapped back around him again and completely encompassed the smaller human inside of her body. Kawena let out a sigh that he hadn't realized he'd been holding, the little puff of arousal and anticipation only adding to the humidity inside her body. He reached up to press in and out at her inner walls, feeling the way the nerves and muscles clenched and responded and squeezed back on him.

No matter whether he breathed in through his mouth or his nose, Natia's entire *presence* remained solidly in his senses and awareness just like before, clinging to the back of his throat, dripping in through his nostrils, filling his lungs and his belly and only adding to and sharpening his arousal. With that one arm up and fingers spread along her tight, strong inner walls, the human slid his other down his body – it felt as though he had just come from one of the hot springs on the island, coated in a thin, sticky layer of who knows what – and wrapped it around himself, finally giving a touch to his twitching eagerness. Immediately that heightened pleasure lanced through him, forcing him to arch his back and press back against the wet flesh all around him, another breath working its way through parted lips and clenched teeth.

All around him she wriggled and tossed with the excitement, the sensation, and the arousal, forcing Kawena to near-constantly readjust and gather himself all over again. He loved the way that she tightened around him again and again, her body reflexively responding to every little movement of his own, whether he bumped an elbow back into one of her sensitive spots, stretched out inside of her and squeezed on her walls from inside, tilted his head to the side to pull in a deeper breath, adjusted his position to switch arms... at this rate it wouldn't take him long, and he could tell from the pace of her twitching and clenching that she was well on her way too.

Him being inside of her provided more than enough for the whale's purposes; Kawena could easily tell this, as not all of these clenches were unconscious and reflexive. She tightened back against and around him, again and again, wrapping him tight in that thick wet warmth, strings of dripping arousal settling along his hair and face and shoulders and parted lips, for him to lap off and swallow down; he leaned forward, one arm braced against the roof of her insides for support, while he worked at himself as well, legs carefully crossed beneath him, entire body thrumming and tingling with the peaking excitement of both of their shared arousal.

"Hah..." Kawena breathed, eyes scrunching shut. He licked his lips again, unsure whether that was his saliva or Natia's arousal that dripped down along his chin. "Natia, I-"

She was there, too. Another series of clenches, each one a little sharper, a little quicker, a little tighter than the one before, and then Kawena felt her roll over her edge: those rhythmic squeezes became faster and more urgent, closer together than she could do herself. For a moment it seemed as though she was going to crush him inside of her, the entrance to her sex clamping shut and pressing back in along his feet – but then a moment later the whale's entire body shook and shuddered, and in another

few tight squeezes of all of that wet flesh around his body, Kawena became aware of a sudden intense, wet heat around him. He sighed, swallowed again, pressed his face sideways against her dripping, trembling walls, and in another few seconds bucked and jerked as he, too, hit his peak, emptying out along the soft, slick interior pink all around him.

Those trembles continued even afterwards, with Kawena resting back and stretching his legs out as far as he could inside of the whale. It was hard to breathe in here, but part of him naturally enjoyed that fact and the sensation and weight of doing so; he wiped an arm across his forehead, resulting in only spreading the sticky slickness that had gathered there.

“Natia-” he began, then yet again had to readjust as the orca turned again. Light filtered in through her parted slit; she had rolled over onto her back to float in the shallows. “Are you gonna – let me out? I need to get back to... my studies...”

A rumble echoed all around him, accompanied by another little wiggle and then, finally, an intentional if weak squeeze around him, the folds of her slit coming in and sealing around him again. The druid breathed a tired laugh and pressed out on the wet walls around him.

“Guess that’s a no, then...” he said, and settled into place. It *was* cozy, and even though he had just reached his peak, the ever-present scent and humidity kept him right there as well; his still-hard shaft twitched against his belly every time he breathed in.

Around him Natia chirped and whistled. Kawena froze, then let out a sharp laugh. His breath bounced back in across his face.

“Okay. You got me. I’m at your mercy.”

There could be worse places to spend his time, after all.