As a final goodbye to my reliable transport, I invited a jaguar twink for an illicit shag in the Fjord truck’s tailgate. Not long after stopping at a tiny gas station a kilometer within Maine, I filled up the gas tank, then cruised through the profiles until I found my second-to-last lay in the contiguous United States. I didn’t know him, he didn’t know me, but boy did I give him an in-depth tour of the tailgate after finding an abandoned nature park, putting a blanket over the metallic floor, then ravishing the needy jaguar beneath the starry night sky.

He purred like the Fjord’s reliable engine, mewling as I pounded a load into his rear end, then snarling delighted when I made the thick, creamy deposit underneath that soft tail. Afterwards, we cuddled together amidst the sound of hooting owls and the ambience of crickets, before I dropped him off in front of an apartment building in Docklands, Maine.

The very next day, I traveled to my next destination: a small village along the New England coast named Kingsman, special for being a tourist destination to those who wanted to use its extensive beach as well as a relaxing place to enjoy retirement with your loved ones. Rumor had it that Stephen King himself owned a small cottage somewhere in the surrounding wilderness, but such a rumor was never confirmed. Not even by its resident Gossip Queen.

“Sebastian Drakos!”

The large orca waved to me in his speeder boat at the edge of the small wooden dock, beaming as I exited my soon-to-be-returned Fjord truck.

“Bailey Ahearn!” Laughing, I ran over to jump inside the speeder boat, then wrap my arms around the muscular killer whale. He patted my back to the point I nearly felt the spine of my tail crack, and I no longer would need to get a massage. “My friend, it has been too damn long! How is Carlisle doing today?”

“Carlisle’s taking a swim back on the island, eager to see you,” Bailey finally released me from our hug, and pecked my left cheek. I blushed like a bellhop at seeing the bulge in his cerulean swimming trunks. “As you can see, I’m also eager to see you, eheheh.”

“Let’s wait until we get to the island, big boy.” I winked up at him while relaxing in the boat’s passenger seat. “Will I need to worry about the truck?”

“No, the parking rules remain the same. Overnight is allowed on weekends.”

Grinning back to the orca as he reversed the speed boat into the waters, I braced myself once the acceleration kicked in, and the sight of Bailey’s Island could be spotted over the horizon.

Bailey Ahearn loved the ocean. Made sense, given he happened to be an orca with over thirty years of knowledge navigating the seas as an oceanographer. After all his research and a 401(k) paid off, Bailey decided to retire with his husband to a small town on Maine’s coastline, on an island he purchased just for them. A private paradise for them to spend the rest of their days together. Not quite as big as my own island back in Greece, but it certainly worked for them as a private slice of Heaven.

Carlisle was quite an exotic bottlenose dolphin. I didn’t know which ocean Bailey discovered him in, but he sure looked stunning without a stitch of clothing. Especially once Bailey slowed his boat down near the island’s dock, only to be startled when a certain mammal jumped in from the port side, his swimwear but a distant memory.

“Sebby!” He cheered, wrapping his slender arms around my broad torso and pressing his bare form against mine. An instant hard-on sprung to life between us, and I was feeling my dogcock beg for freedom through the shorts. Chuckling, Carlisle playfully cooed with a glance to my crotch, “Why, hello to you too, old friend.”

“Carlisle, you continue to surprise me,” I murmured, half-moaning.

“I don’t know about you, Carl, but I feel like he needs a dip. Don’t you?”

Carlisle wryly smirked with a swish of his leathery tail. “He sure does!”

He briefly grabbed the collar of my shirt, and I growled, knowing exactly what the bold bottle-nosed twerp was about to do. “Don’t you even dare,” I told him, then sighed as he continued pulling me closer to the boat’s edge, unabashed by my warning. I sighed in defeat. “At least let me put my phone and wallet away…”

He obliged, but no sooner did I place them away did I suddenly find myself pulled backwards into the cold water. Bailey’s laugher boomed above me as he steered the boat away towards the nearby dock, leaving me at the mercy of Carlisle. His sexy dolphin siren, the same one gracefully circling me like a hungry shark as I stayed afloat. Couldn’t they have also at least let me strip off my shirt, pants, and underwear first before getting to the soaked foreplay?

Speaking of my clothes, Carlisle finally sprung his attack. He seized the belt line of my cargo shorts and swiftly pulled them from my legs from underneath me, letting them descend downward. Whatever feeble protest I had about losing my clothes died out once I felt certain cetacean lips engulf my raging boner. My arms quit moving due to the sudden jolt of electric pleasure, and I fell underwater for several seconds, gasping and moaning. The lack of air didn’t even register to my brain until several seconds later, when I kicked back to the surface.

Ever tried to get an underwater blowjob while swimming?

Between the sensation of a dexterous dolphin tongue swirling sweetly around the needy shaft of my erect member, as well as curling my canine toes at how it felt to let his smooth lips swallow my entire scrotum, I often was distracted enough not to keep afloat. It didn’t help either that Carlisle liked being handsy, letting his fingers roam my toned glutes and perfect ass, occasionally gripping the base of my tail for support. At least at the hotel with the leopard seal, we were in a hot tub. Here, I didn’t know how deep the waters went.

Luckily, another fellow predator made his way through the waters. Completely naked and proud of it, Bailey surprised the dolphin from behind, and had him come up for oxygen after giving him an underwater smack to the bottom.

“Naughty, naughty,” he deeply snickered at the blushing dolphin, now finding himself caught between a rock-like or a body and the hard cock of a dominant Doberdane. “Sweetie, you need to be punished for saying hello to our guest before I could join the party. And out here on our swimming grounds, no less. Hey, Sebastian?” He glanced over Carlisle’s smooth shoulders to grin at me. “What do you say we give him the double-trouble treatment?”

My muzzle broke out into a lecherous grin. “I’d be honored.”

“Raise that tail up for us then, Carlie,” Bailey teased the dolphin lad, who giddily obeyed as his orca lover positioned himself while grass pig my shoulders. Our cocks lined up to that silky tailhole, almost like a magnet. “Ooooooooh, yessss.”

“Ahhhhhhhhh!” Carlisle moaned between our muscular pecs, pushed together to the point our nipples nearly lined up perfectly, if it weren’t for build size. “Oh, Dadddddyyyyyy. Fuuuuuck, mmmnnnngh!”

“That’s a good lad, mmmffh!” I snarled at the velvet tightness gripping not only my dogcock, but the orca cock too, sliding against my shaft. “Mmmmm, like that, like that.”

Ever been double penetrated by a muscled orca and an equally muscled Doberman/Great Dane hybrid while flaring out in the middle of the Gulf of Maine? I couldn’t imagine the Heaven that Carlisle experienced, but I did enjoy the salvation of his smooth walls wrapped around my dogcock, while sliding in and out beside my orca friend’s member too. The sensation of Bailey’s gargantuan black member rubbing beside mine, our scrotums floating and slapping against each other’s, drove me wild. Nothing commanded respect like pure dominance. As we rocked our bodies together and kicked with our might, swapping tongue and oxygen whenever we fell under the waves, I nutted a single load inside the dolphin.

Carlisle certainly appreciated it. His gelatinous-like tongue licked up the side of my neck in affection and proceeded to make out with his husband as I simply pulled out. Content and immensely satisfied, I faced the cloudless sky overhead and let the waves gently cradle me in the water.

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We swam our tired bodies back to the island as soon as the afterglow wore off. Bailey and Carlisle glided through the waters without much issue, but my aching legs led to me using my arms instead. Once Carlisle got too impatient waiting for me, he opted to pull me onto the beach, then butt in a few jokes about land mammals at my expense. In return, I promised to make him sore during the rest of my stay, which he winked at as we joined Bailey inside the modern cottage’s foyer, and eventually, their large shower. Nothing beat oceanic threesomes like having a marine twink and a hunky top help you soap, shampoo, then wash down the hard-to-reach places of your own body. As well as vice versa.

We exited the shower wearing nothing else. Carlisle and I decided to catch up on things in the kitchen while Bailey volunteered to bring in my luggage.

“I promise I’ll get your clothes before dusk, dude,” the coy dolphin reassured me, nuzzling his nose into my shoulder as we relaxed on his couch. “Me and Bailey do it all the time out there.”

“Fish for abandoned clothing or have aquatic sex in the bay?” I asked amid a grin.

“One can’t happen without the other, Daddy,” he giggled. Clearly, he enjoyed feeling the warmth radiating from my buff canine body to the point I could hear him subtly inhaling my scent. “Mmmm, so this is your last state?”

“Sure is,” I replied with closed, relaxed eyes. My finger teased his ticklish blowhole. “I still have one more city to visit before returning to Europe though, but for now, I’m happy to enjoy my time with you and Bailey.”

“Awwww,” Bailey came inside with arms full of my suitcases. “So, are you up for some lunch? I can cook up some clam chowder. Soup?”

Carlisle chirped in agreement. Nodding, I licked my chops at the prospective few days ahead, as well as the rest of my vacation.

“Coming right up then, boys!” Bailey set my luggage near the guest bedroom door, then casually strolled naked into the nearby kitchen.

Without shame, Carlisle rose from his seat and followed him, giving me an eye full of his supple rear end, and his cetacean tail seductively inviting me with them. God, I loved my life.