

## DEEP PLUNGE

Sea otters have very little sense nor knowledge of depth. Leilani was never told there was a limit to how deep the mighty Pacific could be, that there were places out in the open sea where the bottom could not be seen nor reached. All she and the rest of the otters who shared her island knew was that there were certain personal limits, and when one reached those limits, the sea affected the body negatively. The head would begin to pound, vision would become blurry, and holding breath became a struggle of life and death. They were also unaware of the scientific aspects – that the waters could become so crushing as to break bones apart into splinters, or rip the oxygen out of starved lungs.

Leilani knew only that she loved the feeling of the deep water, and the deeper she explored, the more the sea clung to her form. “The sea will take her someday,” Malana had growled at Kalea once within the princess’ earshot. “She will dive deep and never return.”

“She is brave,” Kalea scolded in reply. “She is daughter of Chieftain Ahomana-”

“And Chieftess Malina. You say many times,” Malana retorted and her ruddertail twitched angrily. “But the sea take Chieftess Malina, yes?”

Kalea had bitten down on her tongue to keep from replying rudely and instead shyly cast a glance over to Leilani in askance. But there was nothing more anyone could say.

Instead the princess had hung her head and walked away. The tribe had never forgotten Chieftess Malina. From acting as a mid-wife and babysitting for growing, curious pups on the beach, to assisting in the creation of floral clothes and accoutrements, and once soothing a young male otter getting his first mark, the chieftess had prided herself on being seen and heard every day, giving a little of herself when she could. She had instilled these beliefs into her only, prized daughter, and praised the young girl from the very beginning.

Unfortunately, Malina was also foolhardy and fearless. One morning, she joined other, stronger divers to the bottom of the sea to prepare net traps, an invention she herself created, that they could pull across the sand and catch massive amounts of fish and other delicacies for the tribe. She became tangled in some of the hemp net very deep below and drowned before anyone could reach her to cut her free.

For years after her mother’s untimely death in the depths, the girl had wanted to show her tribe-mates how truly like her she was. Through her childhood, she strived to show she was not only as kind and giving to her fellow otters, but was just as bold and daring. By the time she had reached her mid-teen years, she was diving deeper and holding her breath longer than most if not all the most powerful, and strongest members of her tribe.

Now, at sixteen and nearly an adult, Leilani floated on her back naked, buoyed by the beautiful blue waves that surrounded her, panting, her heart still racing. It had been a deep dive, a dangerously deep

dive. She had no idea how far down she had gone, or how long she had been underwater. All she knew really was that her body told her she had been deep enough, and her lungs indicated her breath had been held long enough. And still she hadn't touched the bottom like she wanted to.

She sensed and then heard movement behind her, not the steady murmur of the waves but the splashing of a ruddertail and she smiled softly as she chittered in the lutrai tongue. "Swim?" She didn't open her eyes nor roll over to see who it was. Her other gift was getting along well with the others, no matter their personality or demeanor. Well, perhaps not always with Malana.

"Yes, early still," replied a gravelly yet soft, male voice whom Leilani recognized at once as belonging to one of her pup-hood friends, Rangi. "Nets not ready." He nosed her foot playfully and the girl tittered and rolled over to face him. As their bodies touched, the girl realized her companion too was nude and, judging from the way thick flesh pressed against the softness of her stomach, he was aroused.

"Come!" She suddenly sucked in air and dove down in front of him, and Rangi swam hard after her, following the girl into the blue. As they dove together, the light from above glittered around tranquil reefs and rocks, then softened and faded the deeper they went. Rangi caught up to Leilani and grabbed her tail in both paws, meaning to try to stop her and wrestle, and the other sea otter chirruped with glee and rolled, twisted, and spun before she could get free of him again.

As she started back up, Rangi caught hold of her foot and yanked her down into his arms. "Mate..." he growled and kissed her suddenly hungrily, pushing his tongue into her mouth and joining with her own. Leilani instinctively wrapped her legs around the otter as she kissed feverishly back. She wanted him just as much.

"Mate..." she cooed back and blew a stream of bubbles across his face. Rangi was a favorite lover of hers, strong, fierce, with dark blue eyes and short, tufted dark hair she loved to run her paws through. Unlike her dark chocolate brown fur, Rangi's was lighter, less brown and bordering closer to russet. Oftentimes, the two would steal glances when she was combing along the shore for pretty shells, while he busied with the stronger males on the island to lift and cast the nets to the sea for food. Rangi was also one of the better divers of their tribe, as powerful a swimmer as she, and who could descend into the farthest depths, spending a seemingly endless amount of time underwater without a breath.

Rangi entered her easily as her folds were already open and swollen and then let out a sigh as he sank into her body completely, burying his length within. Leilani tightened her legs around him as they floated almost motionlessly in the deep. They kissed again passionately and then with a flick of his ruddertail, Rangi thrust hard and then down with his body, swimming atop the girl and kicking them deeper.

Leilani moaned and began kicking steadily with him, down into the greater, darker depths of the sea, until the light from above was nothing more than pinprick rays. Her head began to pound and she realized she was at her limit. But Rangi kept swimming deeper.

She fought to control the warning signs going on inside her, but before she could wiggle free, she felt the soft, sandy bottom of the sea at her back and Rangi had her pinned on the bottom, kissing her with much demand. She churred and blew hard bursts of spent air from her lungs, for the moment releasing the pressure of holding it in, then eagerly re-wrapped her legs around him, grasping for his head, keeping it at hers, and moaning with desire.

Rangi thrust quickly, pounding his lover's hips, enjoying the ease with which his hard lust penetrated, and then was squeezed in return. He held the otter's head close to his chest as he felt the stirring of release beginning. With a loud, bubbly cry he mashed his body suddenly quite hard into the girl, knocking precious air from her lungs, and ejaculated wildly into her. Leilani felt several quick, steady streams of his seed pooling against her walls, and they eagerly clenched and unclenched, milking his member for every drop.

The male shook his head, dizzy from his orgasm, and pulled out of her warmth, still flowing tendrils of seed from the tip of his member. The girl churred lovingly and pushed off from the bottom in an effort to go back up and refill her lungs, but Rangi held onto her foot, smiling. Leilani looked down at him questioningly and shook her head, pointing up.

"Must breathe..." she churried and used her other foot to shove him away as she made the long, slow ascension back to the surface. Rangi followed with her, every so often swimming and rubbing his body around her own, and she giggled and shooed him away. She eyed his member as it bobbed in the current and realized she wanted him inside her again and soon.

At the surface, they both gasped and clung to one another, nuzzling affectionately. "Nets...ready...?" she asked breathlessly.

Rangi took several deep breaths and was already enveloping his member into her warmth again. "No...m-mate...more..." He clung to her tightly.

Leilani took several breaths with him and then he was rolling forward atop of her and forcing her back under with her. Together they kicked strongly, joined at the hips, penetrating the cold, dark depths once more. This time the girl rolled over and then down, forcing Rangi onto his back on the bottom. The girl quickly straddled him, keeping her legs around him as she bounced and rocked slowly atop of him, cooing and running paws through floating hair, then down to ripe breasts. A few times Rangi tried to roll over but Leilani ceased his struggles by bracing on his chest, teasingly threatening his lung power by pushing down firmly.

The male smiled up at her and gripped her butt cheeks tightly, forcing her to stay on his member as he aided their union by pushing his hips up to meet her liquid motions. After several minutes however, Leilani was growing weary again. She made a motion to him that she needed a fresh gulp of air, but he paid no heed, instead tightening his grip upon her, keeping her anchored to him.

"N-No..." he bubbled at her. "Stay..."

Leilani bubbled back, "Air..."

“Mate...more...” he growled and closed his eyes tightly, feeling his coming orgasm.

Leilani struggled with him, trying to push away, and the hard, quick movements only aided Rangi’s member. Soon it was throbbing inside of her, and Rangi felt his whole body tremble hard and stiffen. She made one more attempt to pull free, her lungs nearly empty and burning, and then he was rolling her over and pinning her underneath him as he released again into her.

Leilani let out a few weak churrips and bubbles poured from her as the rest of her breath left in a sigh. She closed her eyes and felt a strange warmth enveloping her, which was impossible because the water was ice cold at this depth.

“Daughter...” she thought she heard in her mind. “No... let sea take...you...”

She reached out within her mind and it felt like she was floating, not in water, but in more of an ethereal blue mist. It was cool on her nude body, and yet she was not afraid. “Mother...?” she spoke into the mist. Her vision became cloudy, and she felt dizzy and lightheaded.

Suddenly the mist was replaced once more by the sea and it surrounded her. She felt the soft sand beneath her and realized with terror where she was.

“No!” her mind screamed and she grabbed for Rangi’s tail blindly, fighting with her mind to keep her lungs from trying to breathe. Having gotten hold of the appendage, Leilani brought it to her mouth and bit on it as hard as she could. The male squealed in pain and rolled off from atop of her, holding his tail. Leilani shoved him away, pushed off the bottom and bolted for the surface.

Rangi quickly regained his composure and realized he too had been underwater far too long. He pushed off and scrambled quickly upwards, following the otter back towards the light.

At the surface, Leilani spat out sea water in ragged gasps, choking, and she felt an intense burn within her lungs as the salt water oozed first in, through, and then out again amidst rampant coughs. She sputtered as she saw bubbles breaking on the surface and Rangi’s dark form clawing hard through the deep still several feet below. As she watched in horror, his form started to jerk and his arms and legs moved like broken sticks. Taking a quick whistling breath, she dove back down and headed for Rangi, grabbing his paw and tugging him with all her might to the surface, until they both collapsed on their backs, still panting and coughing sporadically.

When the burn finally left her lungs, she glanced over at her companion, chirruping once more in their language if he was alright.

He replied with a growl that he was and splashed the surface hard with his tail in disgust. “Sea almost take you. I sorry. I wanted mate. I wanted you. I sorry.”

Leilani smiled warmly and rolled over again to face his hip, nuzzling his spent member slowly and giving it several long licks. Already the vision she had experienced, whether it was real or only in her mind, had

faded. For a brief second she thought she remembered her mother's voice, but it too was gone. At least for now.

"Mate," and she tittered, touching his stomach.

"But nets-" Rangi started to protest and then she was kissing his growing flesh, causing him to roll over until he could face her and kiss her back lovingly.

"Nets wait..." Leilani giggled and then pulled away from him. She took several hard gulps of the salty air, filling her lungs, and then dove.

Rangi grinned and pulled air in and out of his lungs. "Leilani truth. Nets wait..."

He swam down to join his lover again until the pair was lost amidst the tranquil blue tapestry.

END