

## LUST IN THE LAGOON

They were in love.

Malana did not need a coconut to fall on her head to see it. Leilani had bested her again. Of course, she herself had been smitten the moment her amber eyes had laid upon the tall, well-built black wolf. She had thought about raising a paw in greeting to him from the water, but when he tumbled headlong into the sea, all she could do was roll her eyes at her companion Kalea and laugh. She had no idea he was trapped underwater or she would have gladly dove down to rescue him – had Leilani not gotten to him first.

The light brown sea otter sighed as she came to a clearing and pulled away resisting branches and palm leaves to reveal a sparkling lagoon surrounded by rocks and entwining flowers, with crystal clear water running from a towering waterfall into the basin with the sound of rolling thunder. She stood at the water's edge and removed her only cloth, a bright light blue pareo. For a moment, she allowed the cool mist from the falls' sprays to play over her bare form, before diving headfirst into the lagoon.

Underwater, Malana dove deeper, skirting the rocky bottom approximately twenty feet down, delighting in the water's caress. She paused briefly to cling to a large rock and look around her, kicking her legs slowly and blowing bubbles. Here she felt most at ease. Any stress or anger she ever encountered in dealing with the chieftain's daughter could fade.

She felt the gentle current between her thighs and reached there to rub, bringing a few trickling bubbles from around her pubic fur. She burbled her pleasure and continued rubbing, suddenly in need. As more air escaped her, she turned around onto her back and laid on the bottom, touching herself intimately, first her breasts, stiffening the dark nipples to ripe, full points, then to her stomach, feeling anxious butterflies there ready to take wing, and then finally to her sex itself. With slow tenderness, she teased her folds until they were swollen, and still holding her breath, pushed a digit inside.

She let out another bubbly sigh and added a second, and then a third, until her warm, silky walls could clamp down on them comfortably. The black wolf, whom they had called "David", came to her mind, and she worked her digits in and out of her faster, imagining him swimming down to her now, naked and fully aroused, with a hard, thick, and long member bobbing between his legs. She would lie there on the bottom, moving her hips sensually, teasing him to swim to her. And as the wolf wrapped his arms around her to make love, she would in turn wrap her legs around him, digging her heels into his back, eager, waiting, wanting...feeling his throbbing lust pushing deep into her body, filling her completely with hot, throbbing flesh...

Malana cried out as she lost her senses completely, and a generous stream of her inner juices released into the current. As each orgasm rolled over her, she fitfully jerked back and forth, fighting with her lungs to stay underwater until the last of her climax could complete. Finally, spent, she realized her

breath was gone, and she quickly pushed off the bottom and swam for the surface, inwardly cursing the land-based side of her that needed to breathe and could not live in the sea forever.

As her head broke the surface, she took a few huge gulps of air, coughing up a bit of water, and then rolled over onto her back, panting from a combination of the prolonged dive and her intimate offering.

“Thought I might find ya here, lass!” A deep growl interrupted her reverie and she startled and rolled back over again to look at the bank. Jamie, a brown and black wolf she had first encountered from the visiting boat, stood by the water, arms folded, holding a faint smile. “Now what would a lovely otter like yerself be doin’ all alone out here?”

Malana, who had found the wolf’s English hard to grasp from the start, catching only bits and pieces, sniffed haughtily and rolled once more onto her back. “I swim,” she retorted.

“Aye, you lasses certainly do that well.” He straightened a white pair of short cut-off dungarees on his hips. “Ya know, I’m a fair swimmer me’self. Might I join ya?” Without waiting for a reply, the wolf pushed off the bank, dove headfirst, and disappeared below.

Malana watched the surface warily as a few bubbles popped up then suddenly felt a strong paw on her foot. Before she could kick free, she was dragged underwater and into Jamie’s arms. She burbled at him and slapped at his chest before he finally let go of her and allowed her to swim back up.

Jamie surfaced close by her and chuckled, spitting out water. “No need to be skittish, lass, I’m just bein’ playful.”

“I do not want play, only swim!” the otter growled and splashed him.

Jamie ducked but stayed his distance. “Aw, come, lass...we never really got around to introducin’ ourselves very well.” Slowly he approached her, still smiling. “Yer beautiful, Malana...that’s yer name, right? Do you know that’s about the most beautiful name I’ve come across in me life?”

Malana blinked several times. “I am beautiful?”

The wolf pressed forward, now just a foot or so away from her. Their legs brushed against each other’s in the water, and the otter stiffened. “Has no one told you this? Yer very beautiful. Even more beautiful than Leilani.”

At mention of that name, Malana chuffed. “Leilani is more beautiful. Leilani swim more fast. Leilani dive more deep...” She sighed and shook her head and finally her eyes met Jamie’s. “I mad sometimes. She is daughter of Sachem Ahomana, but-“

“She flaunts it, yer thinkin’?”

Malana looked at him strangely. “Flaunt?”

“Right,” he eased his paws down to hold her hips and was gratified that she let him. “She’s a big deal to yer tribe. I get that. Ya feel lost in her shadow. But you...” He pressed his nose to hers. “Yer not lost, lass, ‘cause I found ya...” and without waiting, kissed her mouth softly.

Briefly, Malana pulled her head back, afraid and unsure, but as the wolf’s tongue prodded her mouth, the girl opened it and allowed her tongue out to slowly caress his. In seconds, her body heated up to near burning, and the lust she’d felt earlier welled up within her like a wave ready to crash onto the shore. A tender chirping sound came from her and she slowly brought her arms around Jamie’s shoulders, letting him support her floating as she kissed him passionately back.

When they finally parted, Malana was panting. Jamie noticed this and reached for his drawstring. “Think I’m gonna take these off now...” he said gently to her and pointed. “Would Malana like to help me?”

Malana did not understand at first. “Help you...?”

Jamie chuckled and took his paw into hers, placing it at the bulge in his shorts. “Aye, lass...help me take this off?”

She gasped as she felt the warmth there – and then a soft smile crept to her face and she nodded. Taking a breath, she dipped her head down beneath the water, and floated at his thighs to remove the shorts.

The otter slowly stroked the wolf’s member as it practically leaped from the confines of his shorts, and then tugged at it to bring it to its full thickness. She watched the wolf’s member bobble in the gentle current and then delicately surrounded it in her paw again to feel it throb and pulse. She was not a virgin and knew the pleasures of sexual fulfillment and desire. It was not so much an act of love to her, but more of an urgent need for gratification – and most certainly her own.

Malana stayed underwater a few moments, stroking and pulling at the wolf’s hardness. His was a bit larger than others she had been with, either tribal companions or temporary visitors like he. In truth, she had never been with a wolf before. She wondered suddenly how he tasted from the others, and pushed her nose up to his groin, surrounding the tip of his heat with her mouth and sucking gently. Bubbles broke from around her lips as she eased more of his length inside, up to half of his flesh, and sucked again, swallowing the lagoon’s waters in several gulps as she took in his taste.

She felt strong paws on her shoulders that held her down and she wiggled her body, a bit afraid. Jamie was quite powerful and while he could breathe, right now she could not. Thinking quickly, she raked sharp teeth across his member, reminding the wolf she was still in control and could just as soon make him sex-less if she chose. The grip on her shoulders lightened and then came away entirely and Malana pulled free of his member and kicked back to the surface for her first breath in a long time.

“Ohhh, lassss...” Jamie moaned and looped his arms about her waist. “Like an angel you are. Practically a mer-fur yerself.”

“We...fuck now...” Malana panted, completely out of sorts and filled with lust. She grinded her swollen nethers against his member and tried to mount him.

Jamie laughed and pushed her away. “Fuck? Where in the devil did ya learn that word, lovely otter?”

“From others,” she replied simply, “When I want them...Enough talk...fuck me.”

The wolf looked at her sternly. “Well, there’s no cause to be usin’ their language, lass. Now...get back down there and finish...” He suddenly pushed Malana back below the surface and the otter burred against his stomach before reaching for his member again and putting it into her mouth. As she continued her oral with him, she reached between her legs to find some kind of release herself. If the wolf would not sate her, she would do what she had done many times and sate herself. She pushed her head forward and took as much of Jamie’s flesh as she could, and fantasized the digits digging into her folds was David’s hardness, pushing into her heat and driving her mad with lust.

She pulled her digits apart, opening the silky walls, nearly pushing her whole paw into herself now as she worked harder at the wolf’s member. She knew he was close to orgasm. It was easy to tell. She had been oral with several others before this one, and there was a moment, when the member pulsed more quickly and began to jerk, that it was ready to explode, either inside of her mouth, or in her paw.

She opted for the latter and pulled her mouth from around his member, releasing air she had been holding in her lungs as bubbles over his groin, and gripped him tightly, jerking his member side to side, then up and down savagely, while her other paw stayed buried inside her and moved quickly. She closed her eyes tightly as a rush of several orgasms overtook her at once, and jerked harder at Jamie. When she had finally finished cumming, she opened her eyes again and saw several tendrils of milky flecks around Jamie’s member.

Satisfied, she wiggled her ruddertail and swam underwater towards the lagoon’s bank before surfacing and pulling herself up from the edge and sitting primly on the rocky ledge.

Jamie followed her, but stayed in the water. “W-Why did ya leave, lass?”

Malana smiled softly down at him from her perch. “You cum, I cum. Our fuck finished.”

Jamie blinked a few times. “F-finished? You don’t want to do anythin’ else?”

“Why do more?”

Now he was at a loss. “What d’ya mean why do more? Don’t you ever want to cuddle or snuggle or anythin’ once you had sex? Or just talk or touch or even kiss?”

Malana shrugged. “When both cum, fuck finished,”

“So then, what do you usually do next?” he growled.

“Next?”

“Yes, after fucks.”

The otter thought a moment. “After? I swim. I eat. I shit.”

Jamie frowned and shook his head. “You know, you’re not quite the angel I thought you were, lass.”

Malana seemed unfazed and her amber eyes bore into his steadily. “I am not angel.”

The wolf snorted, “Quite the opposite perhaps.” He swam over to the bank and got out of the water to sit beside her. “You’re a devil.”

“Devil?”

“Oh aye, a temptress. Females like you hunt males for themselves, then take the souls right out of them.”

“I not understand.”

Jamie faced her and slipped his arms around her shoulders. “It means yer a very bad otter.” In one strong, swift moment, he gripped her body tightly, pulled her up from the rocks and carried her in his arms. As she protested, growling and kicking, Jamie turned and heaved her back into the lagoon, laughing.

Malana sputtered to the surface, her eyes blazing, and splashed him hard with her tail. “You are bad wolf!” She spat at him.

Jamie glared at her and began stroking himself. “Oh aye...I am...” He dove into the water almost on top of her, and before Malana could swim away, she was jerked violently underwater and into his arms again.

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They rested much later, spent and dripping on the rocks, cuddled close. Malana nestled against his body, spooning to his side, and caressed her legs and feet over his. “You are still bad...” Malana sighed against his cheek before kissing it softly. “I like...bad.”

Jamie chuckled and nuzzled her cheek. “I confess, I’ve never fucked underwater before. That was just amazing, devil-otter.”

She smiled and reached for his member to stroke gently. “Underwater fuck is best. You stay down long time. I am happy.”

“Oh aye, I’ve got a good pair of lungs on me. Part of me trainin’ in World War I. I was in the Navy, ya know. Held my breath damned near four minutes tryin’ to get off a sunken vessel.” He frowned suddenly. “A couple of mates, though, they weren’t so lucky. I watched ‘em drown.”

“Drown? Oh...the sea took them?”

“Aye, it did. “

They were silent for a moment. Malana kissed his cheek again. “I stay underwater long time.” She paused. “Leilani stay more long. She dives deep. Brings black oysters.”

“Black oysters?”

“Yes. Inside are black pearls. We trade with others.”

Jamie sat up. “Wait, black pearls, did you say?”

“Yes.”

The wolf smiled coldly. “And you say Leilani dives deep for them, eh?”

Malana scoffed. “She always find black oysters.”

“Why can’t you dive as deep as her, lass?”

The otter shrugged and sat up, folding her paws in her lap. “I...I dive deep. But never find.”

Jamie nodded and got up from the rocks to stretch. “What say we get something to eat, devil-otter?”

Malana allowed the wolf to take her paw to help her to her feet, and she reached for her pareo to get dressed. She pointed to the water. “Jamie...your clothes-Eeeee!”

She giggled as Jamie tackled her and sent them both plunging into the water again. They surfaced in each other’s arms kissing, and the wolf eagerly moved against her, pushing his member inside willing flesh. She moaned her pleasure, then sighed and wrapped her legs around his waist to kiss back passionately before both sank below the surface to ease urgent lusts again.