

Swimming Otters

“They are taking too long. Did they get lost because of the directions I gave them.”

A coyote with golden brown fur was walking laps on the outside of his new pool. He had fairly decent muscle tone. He had patches of maroon fur on his eyes and the tips of his ears. His tail was twitching with impatience. He was dressed in a green shirt and wearing orange shorts that exposed his bare legs.

Don't worry, Carel. It's just been a few minutes. Besides, the otters won't get the payment if they don't show up. They have to show up.

The coyote wasn't a mean person. But he was a bit high strung. He got anxious and paranoid when nobody fulfilled the deadlines. He felt more patient when he got calls telling him about delays, but he didn't want to be pushy with the otters.

They'll show up eventually. It's very common for delays to happen. Just wait a bit. They're only fifteen minutes late. Endure until they're an hour late before calling them.

Carel was outside his Cardio Coyote gym. He was currently in one of the buildings connected to it. The swimming building had changing rooms for male and female customers, a glass ceiling to provide ambience during the day or the night. And it was filled with an Olympic sized pool with different depths for any kind of swimmer.

The pool was brand new. It was untested. That's why he wanted swimming experts to give it a try and their approval before he made it official. He hired a trio of expert swimmers to get their input.

The room was currently reserved. Only he and the otters were capable of entering it, him via his authority as owner of the gym and they thanks to some VIP passes they were going to get at the reception.

Maybe they're taking too long because the reception is making their VIP passes right now. Paperwork can be a pain in the ass. I should have made the passes and deliver them via mail after the interview.

“We're here, Carel!”

The coyote stopped walking. Taking a sigh of relief, he calmed down enough to turn around and meet the otters.

“I'm glad that you arrived, Leilani,” Carel greeted at Leilani with an amicable smile now that his stress was disappearing.

Leilani was a beautiful otter, born on a tropical island. She had brown fur and long black hair that ran down her back. She had green eyes that were sparkling like emeralds. Her nose was a darker brown than her fur, yet it looked so cute on her face. She was wearing a red dress with floral patterns. The dress had a slit that provided freedom of movement for her bare legs, and a nice view for those lower appendages. She had a large thick tail that was resting on the floor behind her.

“Sorry for the delay,” Leilani laughed sheepishly. “We had to prepare for today’s routine. Malana and Kalea had their own ideas, so we had to come up with a compromise. I think you’ll be satisfied with what we have in store for you.”

“We decided the routine, but we didn’t decide the order yet.”

Another otter stood by Leilani’s side. She had brown fur like Leilani, but her fur was lighter in color. She had medium sized black hair that ended at her neck. It had a couple of fringes that framed her face. She resembled Leilani, but her eyes were golden, and her features were slightly rougher.

The new otter was dressed with the same type of slit dress that Leilani was wearing, except that hers was green with yellow stars. Taking a closer look to the dress, Carel could see that the otter was slightly more muscular than Leilani, yet also keeping a feminine figure. With a sight of her hidden musculature, Carel could see how fit she was compared to her two childhood friends.

I never noticed how strong Malana is. She looks like she does more than swimming. I want to ask her exercise routine, but I don’t want to intrude.

“You’ll have to excuse her,” Leilani apologized on Malana’s behalf. “She can get a bit competitive when someone else has different opinions than her.”

“At least we got here,” Malana snorted, crossing her arms. “But we’ll need him to be a tiebreaker for this.”

“Tiebreaker?” Carel questioned with a confused frown.

“We each have a routine that’s different from the other. We need you to decide which one goes first.”

The third otter arrived. She had darker brown fur compared to Leilani. Her black hair curved to the sides to show her facial features and ended in a braid. The new otter had purple eyes resembling amethysts, brown tipped nose, and a more playful yet relaxed expression.

She was dressed in a blue slit dress that had floral designs. He could tell from her limbs that she worked out, but she had a more feminine shape than Leilani and Malana. The way she stared at him was somewhat flirtatious, looking at his shoulders, his chest, and his legs.

“How do I do that, Kalea?” Carel asked the new otter. The coyote learned her name when she and her friends came to the interview a few days ago

Kalea giggled playfully as she replied. “You listen to what we had planned for today and decide which one is the best choice to go first,” she winked at him. “Then you decide which one should go second, and the remaining one is for last.”

“Sounds like a good plan,” Carel rubbed the back of his head. “Can you three tell me what you had planned for this demonstration?”

“I wanted to do some synchronized swimming,” Leilani answered first to give the coyote a clue of what was happening. “I know that you wanted some advanced swimming techniques, but I don’t like the competitive swimming aspect of it.”

“Why not?” Carel asked nervously. “This is a good athletic pool. I spent a whole week choosing it among many. It has different depths so that any athlete can use it.”

“It’s restrictive,” Leilani sighed as she pointed at the lanes that separated the pool into segments. “We swam at the beach, so we appreciate swimming across whole bodies of water, not just being limited to a section.”

“And running laps gets boring,” Malana added with a roll of her eyes. “It’s too simplistic for our island. We prefer open water swimming.”

“That’s why Leilani chose synchronized swimming,” Kalea added helpfully. “It’s the perfect sport to show our swimming skills and work on our teamwork.”

They must be one hell of a team if they chose synchronized swimming. That requires a lot of coordination, coming up with a choreography, matching the rhythm and technique of all the team, and other aspects. Will they use a choreography that they learned back home, or will they improvise one?

“I can try to remove the lanes to give you more space,” Carel offered, wanting to accommodate the otters. “While I work on it, what were the other two activities you wanted to suggest.”

“Underwater martial arts,” Malana chimed, having already gone to one end of the pool to pull a lane. “I noticed that you have some martial arts or fighting sports in your gym. Maybe we can show you something we learned on our island.”

“I didn’t know that you can fight underwater,” Carel went to Malana and started removing the lane besides her.

“It’s part of our cultural heritage,” Leilani explained as she and Kalea were removing lanes to help open up the space for the pool. “Otters are naturally good swimmers who rely on

fishing. But we need to learn how to fight underwater to survive. The sea can be a merciless place if you don't know how to defend yourself."

"Malana is one of our best fighters in our island," Kalea grunted as she was removing her own lane. "She hasn't found many sparring partners besides us though. She's afraid of getting rusty."

"Do you two know how to fight as well?" Carel asked, feeling curious. The otters were already beautiful enough as they were now. The idea of watching them fight piqued his interest a bit.

Leilani and Kalea didn't answer him. They just gave him smirks that were as flirtatious as they were teasing and confident.

This is a hard decision. Synchronized swimming will allow me to see their graceful style of swimming. But I also want to learn their underwater fighting techniques. I don't know which one to choose. Maybe Kalea has something better to offer to the table.

"What's your idea of a routine?" Carel asked Kalea.

"I was thinking of submersion," Kalea replied with a wink. "Water is the perfect space to relax your body. You can use it to prepare your muscles for a warmup or to rest them after you finish training. It's also good to do in between events, so I don't mind which place I get. This kind of activity works for the beginning, middle, or end of a swimming session."

Carel crossed his arms and pondered what was going to happen, ignoring Malana's protest at abandoning his lane duty, forcing her to pick up his slack.

Her offer is very tempting. But it's not as elaborate as the other two girls. I better prepare an order. Maybe I should choose Leilani first. Synchronized swimming is a piece of cake for her species, and I don't think she'd be able to show her full talents in just a pool. Then I can try the underwater martial arts. I can use the submersion as the final part of the routine.

Having made his choice, Carel returned to helping the otters remove the lanes. He was looking forward to seeing what they'd be capable of doing once they had the necessary space for their show.

The girls were right. The pool looks way better without the lanes.

"It's so beautiful," Kalea clasped her hands together. "The water is sparkling with the sunlight just like the beach back home."

“Any idea of how we’re going to do this?” Malana asked roughly. “We don’t have the whole day.”

“I think we can make up with the half an hour we missed by taking an extra half an hour from your schedule,” Leilani proposed to Carel.

“I don’t mind,” Carel shrugged his shoulders. “I mostly do paperwork that I can finish easily. I’d rather do sports or watch them.”

“Which one did you choose?” Leilani asked, one second before Malana and Kalea did, making it seem like the three otters asked him at the same time.

“Synchronized swimming should be easy for you because of your swimming prowess and lifelong skill,” Carel answered via explanation to avoid hurting feelings. “I’m sure that this will be a warm up to you girls. Then we move with the underwater fighting for the hard exercise. Finally, we end with the submersion to relax after our session is over.”

Leilani stuck her tongue at Malana playfully. Malana snorted at Leilani for her gesture, annoyed at losing to her. Kalea just giggled, excited at the program.

That didn’t end up as badly as I expected.

“The female dressing rooms are on the left side...woah!”

Carel gasped as he saw the women removing their dresses. He covered his eyes and turned around to avoid seeing something he shouldn’t see.

“I said the dressing rooms are on the left!” Carel shrieked in embarrassment.

“We don’t need them,” Malana rolled her eyes. “We’re already dressed. Turn around and you’ll see.”

Carel uncovered his eyes, listening to the words of the tough otter. To his surprise, the trio was dressed in their swimming suits.

“We live at a beach,” Leilani chuckled with her hands on her hips. “Our everyday clothes are made for swimming. Swimsuits are mainly done when we need to dive faster.”

“We had our swimsuits beneath our civilian clothes,” Malana rolled her eyes, annoyed at the coyote’s outburst.

“Though nudity is somewhat common in our community,” Kaela giggled. “Do you like what you see, Carel?”

Carel gulped. He already considered each of the otters attractive. But seeing them in swimsuits made him realize how much they had in common and how similar they were.

The trio had slim bodies with a bit of musculature in the abdominal region. They had some lean muscles in their arms and legs. Their backs looked well-defined, showing how a lifetime of swimming sculpted them.

That was the beauty that they had as a group. Their individual beauty made them different to each other, each woman had features that made her different from the other two, and yet it also complemented them as well.

Leilani had large breasts for her size and strong shoulders. Her flat belly had some firm muscle tone. Her thighs looked slightly larger, the legs turning leaner the further his eyes scanned them. She was wearing a red bikini that consisted of a large bra and a slim thong.

Malana was wearing a one-piece swimsuit that was skin tight. He could see that she was better-endowed and had a better six-pack than Leilani. Her arms and legs were slightly thicker with more muscles. She was stretching by raising her arms above her head, allowing him to see the shifting of her trapezius muscles.

Kalea wore a light blue bra and a cloth that was tied around her low section, exposing her legs at him. She had larger breasts than Leilani and Malana, but she had a flatter stomach with barely any muscles than her arms and legs. She was sitting down with her legs stretched, stretching her upper body to touch the tips of her toes with her fingers. He was able to admire the webbing that she had between her digits.

“Aren’t you going to change?” Leilani raised an eyebrow at Carel. “The demonstration requires you to be at the center of the pool.”

“I have to participate?” Carel asked, surprised at the turn of events.

“The choreography has us act like the waves surrounding an island,” Malana explained, pointing at Carel. “You’re supposed to be the island.”

“Okay,” Carel nodded. “Let me just get changed.”

“You don’t need to change,” Kalea winked at him. “Just take off your shirt and jump to the water.”

Carel stared at his clothes. He was wearing an impermeable pair of shorts. And he was sure that the three otters stared at bare-chested guys on their island. Sighing, he took off his shirt, showing his chest at them.

He had a decent set of pectoral muscles and a flat stomach. He had thick shoulders and biceps with big legs. His back was strong with weight lifting, but it wasn’t as flexible as a swimmer.

The girls stared at him, exchanging smirks and looks. They huddled next to each other and spoke in whispers.

I feel like I'm in for a surprise the second I enter the pool.

Sighing, Carel set foot on the pool. The water was cold at first, but then it warmed up with his body heat and the sunlight after he gave the second step.

He took a couple more steps, and then he started swimming to the center of the pool, feeling a bit nervous.

It's my first-time swimming in this kind of pool. I hope this demonstration doesn't turn into a nightmare.

The coyote didn't know what the otters had planned for him.

It took him a few minutes to reach the center of the pool. He moved his limbs to keep himself afloat.

The otters didn't say anything. They just nodded and moved to different points of the pool. They were outside the pool, but facing Carel from different perspectives.

Leilani was standing in front of Carel. Malana and Kaela were standing behind him and at opposite corners. The three women created a triangle that didn't go unnoticed by the coyote.

Somehow, I feel like I'm trapped at the Bermuda Triangle...a sexy version of the Bermuda Triangle to be exact.

SPLASH!

Leilani dived into the pool, barely making a splash. Carel turned his head to see if Malana or Kaela were going to dive after her. To his shock, the remaining two girls were missing.

They must have dived at the same time as Leilani. The simultaneous dive synchronized the sounds of their splashes into one.

Carel focused on the pool. He noticed shadows surrounding them. The swimmers were moving their bodies like fishes. He was sure that they were using their arms and legs to move, but it was hard with the water's reflection and the sunlight.

Light and darkness prevent me from predicting their movements.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

The three otters came out of the water, floating in the air, and then landing back into the water. It felt like Carel was watching mermaids at work rather than otters. His eyes focused on how they surfaced and how they sank back into the water.

Leilani was the most graceful member of the trio. It was clear that she was in charge based on her skill. The way she moved her arms to swim, how she alternated her body position to breathe, and how she kicked her legs at a steady rhythm made Carel think he was a judge at the swimming Olympics.

Malana, for her size, was still moving with great dexterity, trying to match Leilani and Kalea to keep up with them. She was splashing more water because of her arm movements, and her legs were kicking bursts of water with each slap of her feet into the surface.

Kalea wasn't as strong as Leilani or Malana, but she was still a good swimmer in her own right, moving with speed and agility that wasn't expected to rival her partners. She barely made splashing, but she wasn't in the same level as Leilani.

These women are amazing. What kind of role do they play in the routine? They are all strong and agile in their own way.

A team in synchronized swimming was split into three roles. The flyer was the most agile and flexible member of the team. Then there was the base reserved for the most balanced member of the team that required great leg strength and a solid core. Finally, there was the pusher, which aided the base and the flyer with their superior strength.

Based on body type, I'd say Leilani is the base, Malana is the pusher, and Kalea is the flyer. But they all move in such synchrony that I feel like either one of them can be on any position.

SPLASH!

All three ladies ascended out of the water, but they didn't leap. Instead, they were spinning in place, creating ripples in the water. Carel spun his body around, trying to see what each of them was going to do.

SPLASH!

All three otters sank back to the pool in a simultaneous splash. Carel's eyes searched around, but he found no shadows. They sank underwater. He couldn't track them with the sun's reflection.

SPLASH!

They came out again. Except that only part of them did. Carel saw three pairs of beautiful female legs coming out of the water, pointing at the ceiling. The toes were spread, showing the webbing and paw pads. The legs moved sideways from each other until they touched the surface of the water.

Then the legs spun. Three sets of ripples were directed towards Carel as he watched the legs spin like turbines. At first the rotations were slow, but then they increased in tempo. He was getting waves of water sent at him, splashing his face.

They're spinning their upper bodies while they swim upside down. Their legs are sending stronger waves by matching the faster spins of the upper bodies.

He was in a whirlpool right now. His body was being manipulated by the waves the three women were sending at him.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

Waves of water were spiking out of the pool. Carel noticed from the corner of the eye that Malana's legs were pointing vertically again. However, one leg folded, falling down to slap the surface of the water with the sole of her foot. The impact sent water splashing at him, and then the leg raised back to point vertically at the ceiling, while the other leg crashed down to send another wave at him.

Carel coughed, some of the water hitting his face entered into his nostrils.

This is more than a whirlpool. I feel like I'm in a hurricane. Leilani and Kalea are the whirlpool. Malana plays the role of the storm. And I'm the island being hit by the hurricane. No. I feel like I'm a ship that was unlucky enough to sail on the ocean during a storm.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

Now Leilani was kicking water at him. The storm got stronger with Leilani and Malana working together. Kalea's legs were still spinning. They were slower than the other two pairs of legs, but they were steady, bringing Carel to her.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

Kalea's legs started kicking the water again, splashing Carel when he was close to them. The coyote would have voiced his annoyance if he wasn't busy spitting out the water entering his nostrils.

A force was pulling him away from Kalea's splashing legs. It was Malana. Her legs were spinning again at full speed. The ripples were pulling him away from Kalea and into Malana.

SPLASH!

The three pairs of legs stopped splashing and spinning. They returned to vertical position, and then they sank back into the water. Carel was back to the center of the pool, confused at what was happening.

Leilani, Malana, and Kalea came out. They started swimming circles around Carel, keeping half of their bodies above water as they swam around him. They increased the tempo

of their laps as they circled around him. The laps got shorter as they formed a ring around Carel, surrounding him.

Carel suddenly felt a pair of arms grabbing his legs and a head beneath his groin. Then he felt two pairs of hands, one of them grabbing his left arm and left shoulder, and the other pair grabbing his right arm and right shoulder.

Carel was left dumbstruck as he saw Malana holding him in the air while Leilani and Kalea were draping over his sides. The two otters were stepping on Malana's thighs and shoulders for support.

"What was that?" Carel asked the three.

"That was a school play," Leilani winked at him. "It was made to show the power that the sea had over the island and those who travel on it."

"Most people back home know how to make it," Malana shrugged her shoulders. "But very few are selected to play it on festivities."

"The three of us have made this dance many times at parties," Kalea boasted, giving the coyote a playful peck.

"That's one hell of a party," Carel was breathing hard.

I don't think I'll like the sparring match after this.

The three otters and the coyote took a small break. Though the island girls could start the sparring match right away, they decided to give Carel a moment of respite due to the water that entered his nostrils during the play.

"I think I got the water out of my nostrils," Carel was rubbing his nose with the back of his hand. "And my throat no longer aches because of the coughing."

"You better be ready for more coughing," Malana crossed her arms. "Underwater fighting is taxing on the lungs."

"We'll try to go easy on you," Kalea winked at Carel. "We need you on one piece for the immersion session."

"Take as much air as you can breathe," Leilani instructed Carel.

"I'll try," Carel promised. "Fighting is very taxing on the ground because we're going all out. I don't want to imagine underwater. I'll need all the air I can take."

The coyote breathed slowly, absorbing air and releasing it with his mouth. He was trying to release as little air when he exhaled to increase the amount of air that he was storing during inhalation. He took a minute of breathing before sinking to the bottom of the pool.

He ignored the sting of chlorine in the pool water that was making his eyes itch. Even without goggles protecting them, his eyes were searching for his surroundings.

Treat each sparring match as a real fight. In this case, you're getting ganged up by three opponents in their natural habitat. I can't let my guard down.

WHOOSH!

Malana appeared in front of him with a scowl on her face. She meant business with this fight.

Oh crap! I need to attack now!

Carel threw his right arm forward, his fist traveled across the water, sending bubbles around the limb.

WHAM!

Malana's paw slammed into his gut. She'd given a little jump and then kicked out with her other leg to smash Carel in the stomach. He opened his mouth, releasing most of the air he had stored on his lungs in a large bubble. The impact pushed Malana and Carel in opposite directions.

What went wrong? Even with the surprise element, I'm sure that my fist should have hit her face before her foot hit my belly. Unless, the water is slowing me down. But how is she this fast underwater? Is it because of her years of swimming? Or maybe it's some anatomical element on her fur that makes her more dynamic in the water.

SQUEEZE!

Leilani caught Carel in her arms. She suddenly floated on her back, placed her hands on his shoulders and her feet on his back, and then launched Carel upwards. He felt the rest of his remaining air getting kicked out of him as he was sent flying to the surface of the pool.

This feels like fighting Yu Ame Tai in the air. I am heavily regretting my choices.

Kalea appeared in front of him. Carel panicked, throwing a side kick at her. The otter simply stepped on his leg, planted a paw on his chest, and then she backflipped away to kick him in the jaw with the other paw.

She's strong. They're all strong. I don't think I can do this underwater fighting like this. I'm already lost all of my air in less than a minute.

The blow sent Carel to the surface. He was breathing hard, trying to suck as much air with his mouth as possible.

“They’re so strong!” Carel coughed, wiping his nose to get rid of the water.

“And we’re not done~” Kalea wrapped her arms around Carel’s neck, pecking him on the cheek.

The coyote’s blood froze as he felt her arms on his neck, her lips on his cheek, and her breasts on his back. Normally, such contact would have filled a man with excitement. In this moment, it was a promise of further torment.

SPLASH!

Kalea wrapped her legs around Carel’s waist and bent her body backwards, sinking Carel underwater. They descended headfirst into the floor. Mercifully, Kalea broke the hold to avoid the coyote from colliding into the bottom of the pool. She wanted to give him a scare, not to seriously injure him with that move.

SLAM!

That being said, Kalea changed her technique once they were on safe distance. She wrapped her legs around Carel’s torso again and backflipped, slamming him back first into the floor.

WHAP-PAP-PAP-PAP-PAP!

Leilani snuck behind Carel and used her leg strength to lift him above her. Then she moved her legs as if she was riding a bicycle, spinning Carel into a circle.

Is she juggling me with her feet?

Truthfully, this wasn’t a real fighting technique. It was more of a playful gesture underwater. Some people at the island created games like that, exploiting the weightlessness of the water to make them look stronger and more dexterous than they were on land.

He’s a very cute one.

With each revolution of her legs, Leilani felt the coyote’s body with her paws. She felt his chest and abdominal muscles. His back was stronger than the male otters back home. And he had a chiseled jaw.

I’m looking forward to the immersion session already.

WHAM!

Malana swam and struck Carel headfirst into his back. She was a missile that was soaring upward, taking Carel back to the surface.

Once again, the coyote was sucking air. He'd lost the reserves he took faster in this onslaught. Malana's head disappeared from his back. He couldn't see her. But he didn't care at the moment. He just wanted air.

SPLASH!

The three otters emerged again. But only one half of them emerged. Their legs were pointing upwards. A memory of what they did on the synchronized swimming gave Carel an idea of what they were going to do.

TAP-TAP-TAP!

Each woman flexed a leg and tapped Carel on the head with their toes. It was a playful gesture. The coyote was stunned, having expected a kick to the skull.

TAP-TAP-TAP!

One foot tapped his head, retreated, and then the other foot tapped him. The island women repeated this cycle. Carel could see that they had something planned for him, but he didn't move. Curiosity was freezing him in place.

BAM-BAM-BAM! BAM-BAM-BAM!

His indecision costed him. The legs were folding and retracting faster. The taps turned into slaps as the trio of legs started assaulting him with kicks to the head. He raised his hands above his head, but he was always kicked on the sides he couldn't protect.

I shouldn't have stared at their legs that long.

The otters alternated the tempo. First, they hit him simultaneously. Then, one of them started the kicks onslaught, followed by the remaining two, with the order of kicking changing to prevent Carel from figuring out their rhythm.

The legs stopped moving. Carel was grunting, rubbing his head. He noticed that the legs were no longer pointing at the ceiling. They were spread in a perfect split. He remembered the whirlpool leg spin they made. And then he realized that he was within range in a fight rather than a show.

"This is going to hurt," Carel deadpanned.

WHAP-WHAP-WHAP!

Malana's legs spun first. Her toes were spread to increase the surface area. The water on her fur increased her mass. The first kick he got across the face made him feel like he was whipped by a wet towel. He was sent away from Malana, who barely gave his back a slap with her second kick.

Then came Leilani's legs delivering faster kicks to his face and torso, spinning Carel in place for more kicking. He felt like he was being juggled underwater again, except that being on the air made the kicks more painful now that the buoyancy of the water wasn't depriving their strength anymore.

Finally, Kalea's legs spun, delivering multiple kicks to Carel's body. She wasn't as fast as Leilani or as strong as Malana, but she exploited her weakness to juggle Carel longer. He wasn't being as damaged as her fellow swimmers, but the cumulative damage made each kick more painful than the last.

Suddenly, Kalea's legs spun at the opposite direction, forcing Carel to relive the spinning kicks the trio gave him. Clockwise and counterclockwise, the island otters were bouncing Carel back like he was a living pinball.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

He felt Malana's paws slapping his face with a vice grip. Then Leilani's legs wrapped around his torso. Finally, Kalea's legs wrapped around his ankles.

This is going to hurt.

The otters pulled Carel back underwater, using a simultaneous backflip to throw him to the floor again. The coyote landed on his back. All the air fell out of his lungs. And then he fell asleep.

He woke up, spitting water out of his mouth. His mouth tasted like fruits. He opened his eyes and saw Kalea's face close to him. Those amethyst eyes looked worried, but then they sparkled with joy when she was him in good health.

"I'm glad you're okay, Carel," she hugged him.

"Never thought that swimmers were so tough," Carel coughed.

"We didn't take into account how different our bodies were," Malana looked ashamed at getting carried away.

"We can stop the demonstration if you feel like it," Leilani proposed, not wanting to hurt the one who was going to pay them.

"No," Carel shook his head. "I want to see this to the end."

He barely did anything at the demonstration, but he felt his muscles exhausted. Maybe it was his lust to see what these beautiful otters could do with their swimming talents. Perhaps his pride was telling him not to quit. Either way, Carel decided to take another risk.

He stood up and entered into the pool without looking at the otters.

"I'm ready," he told them.

The trio was surprised. The women exchanged glances. They spoke in secret and then giggled among themselves.

SPLASH!

They dived in as one. Two seconds passed and Carel got a clue about the type of activity the immersion was when he saw their swimsuits floating on the pool's surface.

SPLASH!

Leilani and Malana's legs came out in front and behind Carel. Leilani's legs folded, squishing Carel's shoulders with her dexterous toes and playing with his hair using her paw pads. Malana's legs were tracing downwards, prodding Carel's chest and belly. Suddenly, they reached Carel's shorts, pulling them off easily with her toes and the buoyancy of the water.

Carel slapped his hands to his crotch. He was having an erection from the paw teasing the otters gave him.

SMACK!

A pair of paws clamped on his dick and then yanked it down, pulling Carel underwater. His eyes were able to recognize Kalea giving him a sensual look as her paws were jerking up and down as he and her descended to the floor slowly.

Leilani snuck behind Carel, using her body as a cushion. Her webbed fingers were giving him as shoulder rub. Malana was at Carel's side, using her tongue to lick his muscles, her teeth to nibble them, and her lips for kissing and sucking.

No wonder this was left for last. This is way better than the sparring and the swimming. I want more of this.

Kalea used the water to continue the pawjob in many poses. She gave him a reverse grip so that he could stare at her ass while she used the sides of her feet to stroke him. She swum above him to clamp the head of his dick in between her toes, spinning her body to give him a twist stroke. She gently tiptoed over his balls and shaft, knowing that the water wasn't going to let her hurt him.

This feels like sex on zero gravity.

Malana's lips were on him. She was sharing her air with him. The coyote relaxed, enjoying the kiss. She snuck her tongue on his maw, forcing him to use his own tongue in return. He felt the taste of the sea within her mouth. It was salty, delicious, and a bit acidic from her warrior's diet.

Malana gently slapped Kalea's legs, silently telling her to get her paws out of the coyote's dick. Kalea gave a disappointed frown, complying with the order anyway. She gently stepped on Carel's back instead, wiggling her toes and stretching them over his trapezius muscles. For her part, Leilani moved to the front, caressing Carel's front with her fingers.

SLURP!

Carel's eyes widened as Malana's mouth and tongue were on his shaft. She was sucking the head and licking the rod with her tongue. He gritted his teeth, but Leilani hugged him close and Kalea pinned him down.

I'm gonna have to clean the pool after this, but I don't care.

Leilani's fingers were rubbing his shoulders. Her breasts were beating against his chest. Kalea was sitting down, using her legs to stroke his back while her hands were caressing his cheeks. She started raining playful kisses on his head. Following her example, Leilani started kissing Carel's face, ending at the lips

Her tongue was a bit more playful than Malana. It was more agile too. She moved it slowly, wanting Carel to synchronize with her. She's had a lot more romance experience than Malana and Kalea, so she used it to her advantage on this kiss.

Her lips are so soft. And her breath. It has a fruity smell and taste. I feel like I'm on the beach, drinking a cocktail.

SPLURT!

He came inside Malana's mouth. The large otter didn't mind. She just swallowed. He didn't know if it was experience or the water in her mouth making it easier for him. He was still impressed nonetheless.

Leilani broke her hold on Carel, using her tail to signal Malana that it was her turn to have fun with him. Malana snorted, but she complied anyway. She got behind Carel and hugged him from behind, using her strong arms to press her breasts against his back.

For her part, Kalea was walking on top of Carel's torso, feeling his muscles beneath her pads. Her toes splayed, using the webbing to increase the stroking surface.

WHAM!

Slowly, Leilani did a split and sank Carel's erect dick into her womanhood. Carel and her bit their lips in synchrony. She used the movement of the water to bounce up and down on him, then used her vaginal muscles to contract, stroking Carel from within.

Carel gasped, but then he felt Kalea sharing her air with a more intimate kiss. Once again, his tongue came to work. He felt Kalea's taste on his tongue, identifying many fruits on her lips. It felt like he was eating a tropical fruit as he traveled across an island. She didn't have

the salty and acidic taste that Leilani and Malana had. It was sweet with a good aftertaste, but it lacked depth.

For her part, Malana was biting Carel's neck and shoulders. She wanted to show that she was good at everything. Her nibbling made Carel gasp. Her nails were digging into his ribs. It was a bit painful, but it was the good kind of pain that turns into pleasure in a couple of seconds.

The three otters worked in unison, pleasuring the coyote until he reached his limit.

SPLURT!

He came inside Leilani. The way her back was arching and she closed her eyes indicated that Carel made a good job. Slowly, she disengaged from Carel and swam back up. Kalea followed behind her. And Malana carried Carel in her arms.

The coyote and the three otters emerged from the water. They all took deep breaths, gathering air into their lungs.

"How was it?" Kalea asked innocently.

"I think that was the best part of the demonstration," Carel sighed, enjoying the treatment he got from them.

Kalea cheered at winning the competition. For their part, Leilani and Malana didn't mind, as they had a lot of fun with their session.

Note to self, tip these girls extra.

It was the end of the afternoon. The four pool users got dry and dressed. They were back on Carel's office, talking about the pool.

Carel paid the otters the agreed payment for their service and input. He also gave them a tip for the private session. The otters were delighted at the extra payment, asking Carel to visit them to show them the best places to swim at the beach.

"We found some private spots that most people don't realize," Leilani promised him with a wink. "It's perfect to take a date in there for some private time."

"We already took some people there," Kalea kissed Carel in the cheek, letting him know that she was open to the idea of a second meeting.

"This is a privilege," Malana crossed her arms defensively. "Don't bring other girls to our private spot unless you ask us first."

"Noted," Carel laughed, rubbing the cheek that Kalea kissed.

The trio of otters talked again. They shared stories of their native island that made Carel interested in visiting it in the future. Having been satisfied, Leilani and her friends left Carel alone.

The coyote sat on his chair and relaxed. That was indeed one hell of a first swim.

He remembered the pool. Then he frowned when he realized what went within it a few days before it became open for the public.

“I have to get some chlorine and drain it,” Carel frowned a bit. “I don’t think my clients will visit me if they get an infection or something.”

Sighing, Carel started searching for chlorine stores and tips on cleaning up a pool.

It was a big responsibility, but it was worth the cost.

I wonder if I’ll ever get another underwater session like that.

Sighing, Carel stared at the address that the otters gave him.

Thinking about it, I think that a visit will do me some good after I’m done with the paperwork.

He grinned as he started doing his paperwork for vigor. He was looking forward to having a nightly swim with those three otters.