



Intriguing cover, huh?

Mayan Calendar Girls

The Great Meso-American Novel



The very last word in very last words.

Light, vital reading to kill what time we have left.

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Kindly Erotica Or "Dolphin Porn"

It's only one chapter (though part of ongoing love affair between Curtsy and her delphine objects of desire) but it's gotten more press and over-reaction than anything else in the book. Praised on Salon, dished on AbsoluteWrite...You decide. First the published chapter, then the uncensored online version that got, obviously, censored

By the way, for fans of human/dolphin love, our friend Mac Brenner has an entire novel, "Wet Goddess" See it at the [Wet Goddess website](#).

SHE SLEEPS WITH THE FISHES

In two weeks she'd learned the ropes, picked up the drill, gotten to know the guys. Who had shown her around extravagantly and indicated their inclinations to extend the show and tell as far as she'd care to follow. Highly hetero, the dudes here at [Dolphin Discovery](#). Probably why she got the job in the first place? But Curtsy didn't care. Dolphin groupies can't be picky over how they get to their inner tabernacle: access to living cetaceans.

She also gotten to know the various dolphins in the park, differing from her acquaintanceship with the male "guides" in that she actually gave a shit about the bottlenosed, grinning gray torpedoes that frisked around inside the basin closed off from the Bay by a double chain-link fence. A fence that Curtsy was now inversely "climbing" down in the dark; grabbing the squares of wire and pulling herself towards the dent in the bottom she'd seen her third day on the job and snuck in at night to enlarge and enable.

She come out all the way out from the beach underwater; using her seven minute breath-hold not for depth, but to cruise without surfacing or trailing bubbles, driven by powerful full body flex/ripple pushing water off her Russian-built, carbon fiber [Glide Model 1](#) monofin.

She loved the monofin: not only the fastest way a human can travel in water, but mimicking dolphins in look and function. She felt most like a marine mammal when undulating deep, shivering through the water with the skulling of the rounded black "tail fin". She was saving up for a [Lunocet](#); less cetacean-looking than than the Glide, but faster, sleeker, more powerful with it's outer space tex/flex. But for the moment, as she approached her personal grail and obsession, she had slipped her feet out of the twin footcups and secured the fin to outer fence. This situation was not one where she wanted her feet bound together.

She had also peeled the sleek black rubber cap off and leaned back to shake out her hair, a blonde eddy around her head as she scanned the catwalks and landings of the delphinario. She'd tugged the strings on her black bikini and stuffed both piece into the foot cups, then taken her careful, measured "packet breaths" and slid silently down the wall.

She found the hole quickly, groping in the total black of underwater night; too narrow for even the smallest female to slip out, but enough to squirm her slim torso through. She patted down the sand beneath the bulge in the fence and checked for any shifting or filling, feeling for traces of monofilament fishline, the true nightmare of a gunkholing freediver like herself and the real point of her omnipresent quick-release, hook-bladed knife. She kipped under and in, twisting and tucking her tight tummy to turn the corner up from the silt towards her goal. And oxygen. She was actually trapped beneath the fence for a few seconds, wriggling her butt in the oozy sand. Nothing to alarm a tuned athlete with her kind of downtime. She surfaced slowly and cautiously, sipping air as she scanned the walkways and buildings for night watchmen she was pretty sure would be in Alfredo's office watching the Toluca game. She looked up to make sure her chalk mark was where she'd surreptitiously placed it to mark her exit, on the catwalk on the catwalk where tourists stood to gawk at marine mammals performing in what they no doubt thought of as a natural habitat.

She'd felt them even before she came under the inside fence, "felt" their sonic scans with her skin. She'd felt an alpha male brush her as she paddled up towards the surface. But as soon as she moved away from the fence, they were all around her. Twenty three healthy bottle-nosed dolphins. Already her friends. Over half of them males that she knew by name, sight and touch. Already her lovers. But now she'd come to make that a reality.

She felt more bodies sliding against hers, smooth muscles under skin as taut and slick as a wet watermelon. She heard their short, fluty breathing, reached out to stroke them their moving forms. The beauty of it, the power, the sensual overload. Her breathing quickened, fluttered.

She felt stubby noses nudging the soles of her bare feet. The signal for her to spread her legs and let them bear her up and "noserside" her across the pool. Not tonight: she'd have to be quiet. One more love that dare not show its face in sunlight. But she kept her legs spread anyway, keeping her face above water with helical movements of her hands. She felt Bruto brush by in front of her and threw her arms around his torso, thrilling in his sleek, wet glide through her embrace. This was the way to discover dolphins, by God.

A flank slid under her left foot, slick and insinuating. Something about the way it flexed told her it was Mayab, her favorite female. Then Caruso cruised between her legs, a smooth force on her inner thighs. She clamped onto him and he wagged salaciously. At the last moment of his transit her flipped on his side and the tip of his right fluke brushed her pubic hairs. She caught her breath, felt a hot flush in the cool water. No wet suit needed, she thought, I can get plenty wet with no suit.

Then she felt a blunt nose, the size of soup can, smooth as a wet dildo, bumping against her mons. Tap, tap, tap. Sniff, sniff. Yes, Chito, you can come in. Her pheromones must be sifting through the water by now, browsed by the entire clan. She reached down to place her hands on Chito's head and hunched against his nose. He drove up in a powerful lunge, hoisting her upper body out of the water and tailwalking her twenty feet before letting her slip back down into the water. She dove, heading all the way to the bottom, handstanding in the sand, legs spread like a "Y". And Cisco surged down and slid between them, pushing her downward, his big thick body thundering across her widening slit. She came to the surface with a gasp that was not all about accessing air.

And Pinoccio moved up under her from behind, bearing her up on his back like a bronco queen, sliding under her, rippling more than necessary. She leaned forward, leaning on his back as it slid under her, then his dorsal fin slipped between her butt cheeks, dragged along her trough, and bore up against her until the last second, when it slipped out, kissing her slit with a little fillip. She was crying now, lost in sensation and emotion, beloved union at long last achieved.

Two of the males moved along side her hips, mimicking a move from the show. She laid her hands on them, rising up on their support even as they slickered along and vanished into the night water. Then Pinoccio was back, sliding under her again. She spread her legs as wide as she could as he cruised under her saddle, curving upwards as he slowly finned forward. She fell against him, feeling his pale belly skin slipstream along her tight nipples. She shuddered and moaned, getting off on riding their bodies, giving full rein to what she'd always felt around dolphins.

She rolled and dived, grasping Pinoccio to her, lying on top of his belly with her legs moving up and down along his upper body.

Pinoccio was obviously aroused. And so were other males, zipping in to smoothe along her flanks as she slid her lips down the alpha male's sleek throat. She he fell away, looping downward. She floated face down, shaking. Her heartbeat, normally as slow as any athlete's, was racing, pumping heat and pinkness all over her. Her eyes fluttered and she turned her head to breathe and moan. Then he was back, a long traverse of her, his fin moving between her legs, then throbbing along her pussy. She coughed, stifled a yell, rolled onto her back as her first orgasm shook her like small craft in a squall. She lay her head back, her hands stoking dreamily below her. And Pinoccio surged up onto her, the way her blasted out of the water onto the platform to splash and delight the damned tourists.

She took a deep inhale as he skidded along her, his flippers caressing her arms, his belly slicking up along her breasts. She almost blacked out as he bore her down under the sea.

She had figured out early on that a dolphin in the throes of sex could easily bear a woman right down to the bottom, even her own exceptional strength and flexibility as nothing compared to his. Could drown her there, maybe thinking her death throes were a faked orgasm. But she felt no risk: dolphins know about life and death in humans and have been observed saving our lives, but never taking them. Unlike the way we treat them.

And in fact she did feel her shoulders touch the bottom as he plunged against her. She just threw her arms around him, fondling the tender spots behind his eyes. And had the biggest orgasm of her life: the culmination of a lifetime love, combined with the dangerous rapture of apnea. She was dying, her life shaking itself apart from within, the lights flickering down while colored dazzle wove and flashed across a black expanse of velvet ending. Then he was gone and she floated, rather than swam, to the surface.

She broke the water face first, still rumbling with the orgasm, hot tears trailing off into cold water, her heart stopped, then re-started in a new world, inner muscles tussling and sunfishing, eyes closed to watche the play of light.

Light which suddenly smashed into her eyes, on a wave of raucous noise and squawking. She popped them open and nearly came out of the water in sheer shock. A powerful flashlight was on her face, others playing over her naked body under inches of water. Torches held by the night crew and a dozen of their work buddies, screaming with delight at having caught that stuckup gringa bitch naked and fucking the fish!

Caught flagranti delicto and still dazed from the peak experience of her love/sex life, Curtsy just gaped for a long moment. A moment richly enjoyed by her male fellow employees, swigging their beers and joints. Only Alfredo wasn't laughing. He was totally pissed off, like supervisors get. Besides, Toluca had lost.

The futbol fans whooped it up over this unexpected double-header treat, howling with laughter as Curtsy finally reacted. She kipped into a racer's turn took two butterfly strokes towards the chalk mark and went down. Sickness and shame flooding all over the rapture she'd felt just seconds before, she drove down to find the notch, twisted out through it and angled up towards the top of the outer fence with a strong breast stroke, truncheon kick. She drove upwards with hands extended, and when the hit the top of the fence she surged over it in a sort of modified Fosbury flop. Halcogen lanterns highlighted her golden piss as she went off; cheers and catcalls lampelled her. She ignored the suit and cap, just crammed her feet into the monofin and powered off, deep enough to block the light and hateful sound. She was at the beach in three minutes, fin already off as her feet found the chalky bottom, running bareassed to the palm copse where she'd left shorts, shirt and shoes in the basket of her rented motorscooter.

Alfredo's voice echoed over the water, "You are so fired, Kurtz. Don't even show your ass here again, ever."

Román yelled, "No, no, come back Güera. I'll put on a fin and squeak while I bone you. Just feed me some fish."

THE NASTY BITS

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It didn't really matter that much: she was getting off on riding their bodies, giving full rein to what she'd always felt around dolphins. But full contact is nice. How many women have actually had a dolphin dick inside them? How many know what they taste like?

The nudging moved on, the final thrust parting the blond thatch on her belly. Not fully extended, she was thinking. Pinoccio, you need to tell more lies. She rolled and dived, grasping him to her, lying on top of his belly with her legs moving up and down along his upper body. And grasped what she had sought. Short, thick, softly firm. Salty to the taste, but not fishy. Chicken of the sea.

Pinoccio was obviously aroused. And so were other males, zipping in to smooth along her flanks as she kissed and sucked and trembled. She he fell away, looping downward, his alien member sliding out of her mouth. She floated face down, shaking. Her heartbeat, normally as slow as any athlete's, was racing, pumping heat and pinkness all over her. Her eyes fluttered and she turned her head to breathe and moan. Then he was back, a long traverse of her, his fin moving between legs, then throbbing along her pussy. She coughed, stifled a yell, rolled onto her back as her first orgasm shook her like small craft in a squall. She lay her head back, her hands stoking dreamily below her. And Pinoccio surged up onto her, the way her blasted out of the water onto the platform to splash and delight the damned tourists.

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