

CATCH OF THE DAY

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Written for Sabien

Aldrin sighed. Looking around, all the middle-aged tiger could see was a pale grey mist surrounding his small dinghy. The only sounds he could hear were the raucous cries of the gulls and the waves sloshing against the sides of the boat.

“I don’t know why I bother,” he muttered, moving up to the bow to open the locker he kept his nets in. “I never catch much when it’s foggy like this. Comes from not being able to see the fish, I suppose,” he mused to himself.

He retrieved his nets from the locker, and spent the next few minutes tying bait to it, before casting them out over the sides to drift down into the dark water, with the aid of heavy lead weights attached to the bottom. Having done that, he lay down on the thick padding he’d put in the bottom of his boat and relaxed, taking a book from under the seat to resume reading it. After about half an hour of reading Aldrin drifted off to sleep, lulled by the book’s content and the waves rocking the boat, tail wagging slightly from side to side.

A couple of hours later the tiger awoke with a start, feeling slightly nauseated. After a few seconds he figured out it was because the boat was being jerked this way and that. “Damn...must have something big caught in the nets,” he grumbled. He hated catching anything large; they were difficult to haul up out of the water due to sheer weight.

The tiger waited a while for his inadvertent capture to tire itself before reaching over the side and pulling in the nets, groaning as his arms protested lifting whatever it was to the surface. Gradually the nets, with a few flapping fish caught in the holes, piled up in the boat, until only a few metres were left.

At first Aldrin thought a dolphin was trapped in the net. On first appearance, it certainly appeared so. However, closer inspection revealed it to be one of the Delphins – the dolphin people. His eyes widened when he realised that fact. He’d heard of them, but never until now had he seen one, not even a picture. It was probably about the same height as himself, if it stood upright. It had the usual dolphin features, such as the dorsal fin, a tail, a beak and a blowhole. In addition to these, it also sported a pair each of arms and legs.

Aldrin glanced over it critically, noting that it appeared to be injured. Along its grey sides were scratches, and a couple of contusions, as if it had been caught in rocks or something. “Hmm,” he muttered, wondering what he should do. He could dump it back into the ocean. That would be the simplest option. He could take it back to land; perhaps someone there might know what to do, though the likelihood of that was relatively slim. Or he could try to treat it himself. His first-aid kit had been quite useful on a number of occasions. However, he wasn’t sure if what he had would work on this dolphin being.

“Okay,” he murmured, “let’s get you out of those nets first.” He reached for his sharpest knife and began to carefully trim away the netting. As much as he hated to lose it, he could always get a new net later. As he cut, he realised that some of the injuries had been caused by the coarse rope that formed the net; he definitely knew what damage it could do – he’d experienced it himself several times.

After a few minutes the Delphin was free. Having done that, he carefully moved him onto the padding lining the bottom of his boat. “Hmm...right. Now, let’s see if this salve I have works on you.” He opened his first-aid kit and rummaged around for the oil-based gel that he used for covering scratches and other similar injuries. It had a number of herbs in it that helped to promote healing of the wounds; hopefully it might work on the thick grey skin of the Delphin. “I wonder if this thing has a name,” he murmured to himself, unaware that he was being watched through a half-opened eye.

He lifted his head, startled, when he heard what seemed to be an almost comprehensible croak coming from the Delphin's beak. Blinking rapidly he asked, "Say again?" The croak was repeated, a little clearer. Straining his ears, Aldrin forced his mind to figure out what the Delphin might be saying. "My name is...." The last word wasn't quite clear enough for him to understand.

"Cidnie," came the answer, with a little more clarity, followed by a low groan. He shifted restlessly, clearly in some measure of pain.

And they talk too! Aldrin exclaimed inwardly, not wanting Cidnie to think him completely ignorant. *That should make things a little easier.* Speaking aloud he now addressed Cidnie. "I am Aldrin," he said, pointing to himself. "Are you hurting much?"

"Yes...and no," murmured Cidnie. "Not sure." He made gestures towards the worst wounds, on his chest and around a slit on his lower belly. "Hurt more."

Aldrin nodded. "Okay, then." He opened the jar of salve and scooped some out. "I will put this on your skin. It should help. Okay?" Getting a slow nod of understanding, the tiger smeared a little on the chest wound, working it in gently with his fingers, making sure he got good coverage. Cidnie hissed in response to his ministrations, but otherwise did not move.

While he was at it, Aldrin treated some of the minor injuries, before moving down the body to work on the other major wound. Some blood was coming out of this one; he wondered how Cidnie had managed to do so much damage – his nets weren't that dangerous. "Hmm." He reached for a towel – not particularly dry, but it would do – and began to gently clean away the blood, gradually working the fabric carefully into the slit, where some of the blood had leaked.

Cidnie watched with a critical eye, not moving a muscle while the tiger worked. At least, not until Aldrin began slipping the towel into his genital slit. At that point he felt the first stirrings of arousal. He tried to suppress it, but his maleness inexorably hardened and began to slide out of his slit.

Hello! Aldrin stopped cleaning within the slit and pulled back a little, watching with interest as a long pinkish shape began to swell and extend from what Aldrin suddenly realised was Cidnie's genital slit. He mentally slapped himself for not recognising it for what it was earlier. Slowly the dolphin's cock grew until it was about ten inches in length, and three inches thick at the base. It had a remarkably human look to it, but it was more pointed and curved.

Aldrin glanced at Cidnie's face, somewhat pleased to see a slightly red blush to his grey cheeks to match the colouring in his ears. "Um...sorry," he muttered. "I didn't mean to, uh, do that...." He trailed off, feeling rather silly. He looked down at Cidnie's cock again, unconsciously licking his lips. Despite its different looks and shape, it was still a cock, and he had a low-lying urge to touch it, caress it, lick it.... But that would be going too far. Touching in the interests of helping, perhaps, but just because he wanted to get a feel of his big cock....

The Delphin watched Aldrin's facial expressions with something akin to bemusement. Now that his maleness was fully exposed, he waited to see what Aldrin might do. Amongst his people it was not unusual for males to fondle each other, or even have intercourse, but he was unsure of whether that applied to those living on the land. He smiled inwardly when he saw that the tiger's shorts were tenting up. *Perhaps...* "Aldin," Cidnie began, unable to quite articulate the 'r' sound, "please...you may touch me."

The blush in Aldrin's ears grew fiercer and nodded. A little nervous, he extended his hand and lightly brushed his fingers against Cidnie's maleness. Not getting a negative reaction, he gently clasped it in his hand. He was surprised at how cool it was, considering it had been inside Cidnie's body.

Aldrin stroked his hand up and down slowly, watching Cidnie's face for his reaction. He was pleased to see that Cidnie was leaning back a little more, his eyes closed. He wasn't entirely sure how Delphins expressed their pleasure, but he fancied that he was smiling. Feeling more confident he leaned forwards and licked the tip of the large pink cock a few times, even going so far as to take the first couple of inches into his mouth.

As he suckled gently, Aldrin realised that it had a different 'taste'; Cidnie's cock seemed to have a slight fishy flavour to it, which he didn't mind all that much. A warm musky-flavoured liquid

welled up from the Delphin's cock slit, which Aldrin surmised to be his precum. *Hmm...not bad. Almost like my brother's.*

The tiger went at his task with more enthusiasm now, fully enjoying giving pleasure to another male, despite the obvious species difference. He slipped Cidnie's member further into his muzzle, taking almost the whole length, swirling his raspy tongue around and over it, eliciting various pleased noises from Cidnie.

His hand moved lower, down to the base of his tail. After a few seconds his fingers found what they were looking for; one finger gently pressed inwards, pushing through the tight ring of the Delphin's anus into his warm depths. Aldrin's finger was squeezed tightly as it pushed in, then the pressure lessened as Cidnie relaxed.

Aldrin began to slowly finger-fuck Cidnie, continuing to suckle on his thick cock, swallowing the milky precum that was continually pumped up the shaft. He introduced a second finger, making Cidnie groan with what seemed to be a mix of pain and pleasure. As he slipped his fingers in and out of the Delphin's tailhole, he could feel it loosening up, accepting every thrust with ease.

Cidnie groaned loudly, and reached down to grasp Aldrin's head, gently pulling him down onto his cock. The tiger braced himself for the deluge of cum that he knew would almost immediately follow; his own partners did the same thing just before they came.

Suddenly his muzzle was flooded by several long spurts of watery liquid. He choked and gagged for a few seconds as the cum ran down his throat before he could properly swallow. Semen leaked out of his mouth as he tried to cope; he pulled his head up until only the tip of Cidnie's cock was in his mouth, then began gulping quickly to keep up with the flow. The taste was unusual, with a definite flavour of fish, he was sure, but it wasn't too strong.

Barely a minute later the Delphin was spent, his 'smile' giving every indication of having enjoyed Aldrin's oral massage. "Very...good," he murmured, eyeing Aldrin with bright eyes.

"Thank you," the tiger murmured, licking his lips of any remaining cum. He pulled his fingers out of Cidnie's ass, and rinsed them briefly in the water. At that point he realised that he was still hard, and almost painfully so. He glanced at Cidnie's hole again, then at his cock. "Um...Cidnie? Would you like me to...to fuck you?" The insides of his ears blushed furiously again.

Another 'smile' and a nod. "Please...if you wish, I would like that." Cidnie slowly spread his legs apart, flicking his tail a little.

Aldrin quickly removed his trousers and his underwear, sighing with relief at releasing his turgid tigerhood from its confines. Still nervous, he approached Cidnie lightly stroking his cock. Cidnie's, he noticed, had retracted back into his body. Lubing his cock with a bit of spit on his hand, Aldrin positioned himself between Cidnie's legs. He took a deep breath, and pressed the head of his cock against Cidnie's anus. Pushing in, he felt the Delphin's tailhole widening, accepting him into the warm depths within. A moan escaped his lips as the wonderfully tight hole engulfed his cock.

As he rested his body on top of Cidnie's, taking care to not press against any scratches, he looked up into Cidnie's face. His eyes sparkled back at him, and a grey hand came up to caress his face. "Feels good," he murmured quietly.

"Mmm, yeah...it does," replied Aldrin, almost reluctant to pull his cock out of the warm embrace of Cidnie's asshole for another thrust. After a few seconds of relishing the light grip around his member he pulled out until the tip of his cock was just inside, then slowly slipped back in.

Over several minutes Aldrin made love to Cidnie, gradually increasing the speed of his thrusts until and he and the Delphin were both moaning with intense pleasure. The tiger felt his climax approaching fast, experiencing a slight pang of regret that he would soon have to leave the nice hole that massaged his cock so wonderfully.

"Oh, gods...Cidnie, I'm coming!" Moments later he rammed his cock hard into the Delphin's tailhole and let loose a flood of tiger cream. He felt the minute barbs on his cockhead rasping against the sides of Cidnie's rectum, sending small shivers through him. Cidnie moaned loudly, putting his arms gently around Aldrin and holding him close as the tiger came inside him.

It seemed like forever, but as Aldrin came down from the heights of orgasm, he knew it wasn't even a minute – and a very intensely pleasurable one at that. He lay on top of Cidnie, looking up into his twinkling eyes. Neither said anything for a short while.

Aldrin slowly moved out of Cidnie's embrace and slipped his shrinking cock out of the Delphin's now gooey asshole. A little trickle of cum ran out and down onto Cidnie's tail. "I...I don't know what to say," he murmured. "That was a wonderful experience."

"Yes," replied Cidnie, amusement colouring his tone. "I enjoyed it very much also."

They fell silent, just looking at each other. Finally Aldrin spoke again. "I should see to the rest of your injuries..." He trailed off, reaching for the salve again. As he rubbed it on the other scratches and little wounds that were scattered across Cidnie's skin he asked if he'd ever been on land. "No, I have not," the Delphin replied. "Those of us who have described it as...hot and dry."

The tiger chuckled. "Yes, well...they obviously weren't on land long enough to experience winter at its worst." He went quiet for a few moments before asking, "I may not be able to visit your home beneath the waves, but...you're welcome to visit mine...and I'll be able to treat you a little better than here on the boat. Would anyone miss you for a day or two?"

Cidnie thought about that. "No," he said slowly. "I suppose not. I am...alone. I have friends, but not many." He sighed a little wistfully, staring out at what little ocean he could see through the fog.

"Well...you've got one more now." Aldrin smiled and kissed Cidnie lightly on the beak. "We're from two different worlds – water and land – but we can still be friends."

The Delphin nodded. "Yes...I would like that. I would like to see your home." He smiled back at Aldrin.

Aldrin rumbled a low purr in response. "Good. I'll just tidy up a bit first, then we can go." He began to gather the damaged nets and put them back into their bow locker, removing the fish and putting them into a large box filled with seawater. "Okay...now we can go, I think." He moved to the back of the boat, and readied the motor for starting. "This might be a bit loud, so you might like to put your hands over your...er, earholes for a bit." Cidnie nodded and did so.

"Right." Aldrin tugged hard on the starting rope, repeating the motion several times until the motor chugged into life with a roar. Sitting back down, he turned to face the bow. Cidnie had taken his hands off his head, and was now facing forwards.

As the boat picked up speed, the barely perceptible breeze became a cool wind streaming over them. *Hmm, Aldrin thought idly. I'll have to figure out where he's going to sleep. I can't see him sleeping in a bed. Ah, well. We'll sort something out.*

The boat disappeared into the fog, heading for the distant land.