

Dolphin Heat Tamed

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written and published  
by

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Foreword

Welcome to the ebook edition of *Dolphin heat tamed*. This story started a while ago on a holiday of mine. The place and experience stayed with me. I had dreams of dolphins. Nothing I could remember afterwards, except for them being beautiful and vivid. The dreams faded, but the idea for a story lived on.

When I later wrote my first *Dolphin heat* story, I exaggerated upon those dreams. I made the telling pure fantasy. Mainstream publishing sites blocked the books distribution. *Dolphin heat* contained descriptions deemed unacceptable for a general audience. I made the book available anyway and it is my most read, with many thousands of downloads.

I have revisited the *Dolphin heat* story, so it can enjoy a wider audience. Here it is: a tad tamed; though still a wild ride. I have endeavoured to make sure I lost none of the original spirit of the story. Focusing on the women's journey makes it better than before. I have added other elements to this book too, in keeping with the story's theme of exploration.

I invite you to treat this story as a whimsical saga. Life lived well is such a journey. We need to be open to all its possibilities, as we continue to work out our own boundaries and preferences. Before you start, a reminder. This is a work of erotic fiction.

My own standard for erotica is enjoyable explicit writing about sex and sexuality. It encourages reflection upon the main characters actions, qualities, quandaries and values. Erotica engages the reader in ways that give them pleasure on several levels. I hope you find all this in *Dolphin heat tamed*.

Ronnie F Strong  
6 June 2018

The road was hot. The sand was hotter! Everything baked except for the air, steaming thick and heavy. Three days like this now and people were cranky and tired. Not me! I had never been so horny.

Last night's sex with Michael was great. As soon as he arrived at my little apartment I was kissing him and telling him to fuck me. I dragged him to my bed, pushing him down.

Ripping off his shorts, my shorts, and climbing onto him took thirty seconds. Before he had had a chance to say a word, I was fucking him, needing him to please me right.

I pinned his arms up above his head and let my weight press down on him. That kept him still. He mewled and jerked underneath me. I would not let him touch my breasts. He strained his head up to reach. I leaned forward to let them tease his lips and tongue. I pulled away again before his teeth closed, jiggling and squirming.

Michael howled. He wanted to rush and bang away. That was not allowed. I was in control and this was only the beginning. I wanted to fuck him slow in the way that got me hotter and hotter. He could wait for me this time.

Feeling selfish, I pressed more of my body weight down on his thighs and shoulders to hold him still under me. I shifted back on my knees, finding the perfect angle.

To help things along I steadied myself against his shoulder with my left arm. Then I reached down with my other hand. I parted and rubbed in fast little circles with my thumb; his prick sliding in and out between my fingers.

I could only stay like that for a minute or so before I had to use both hands to push Michael down again. He had a great body, which pleased me no end, but I was not going to let him change positions for a while yet.

A good five minutes of this had me shuddering and moaning. I released my hold to let him feel and bite my breasts and neck. Unable to stand it any longer, I swung around, pleading with him to fuck me from behind. I could not stop smiling in the wardrobe's mirrors as I watched him going for his life behind me.

My face shifted between half-snarls and wide grins. I looked further up at Michael standing above and behind me. His eyes glazed as he grunted and gasped. Neither of us could speak.

My whole body shook. Now Michael grunted and howled fuck fuck, fuck, as he thrust, thrust, thrust. His yelling pushed me all the way there. We collapsed upon the bed, shaking and jerking. His thick cum foaming with my own fluids streamed out of me in spurts, mimicking his ejaculation.

All I had needed after that was a cold shower. The night was too hot to sleep snuggled against Michael, so I sent him home. Completely spent too, he did not argue. Some nights we fucked until the wet patch stretched from side to side right across the bed. Last night I was not so insatiable and fell asleep straightaway.

It might have been the relentless heat that made my dreams so vivid. I lay in bed trying to wake up, puzzling over these weird fantastical dreams. I soon forgot them, smiling at last night's amazing sex. These memories could keep me in bed for a bit longer. There was still time to amuse myself before I got up to leave for work at my family's boat-cruise business.

Business was good. My mother and father were flat out every day taking the boats on the cruises up the river and out to see the whales. I helped in the office, taking bookings from the holidaying tourists. Most of the customers were families with children. Sometimes the dads and mums were cute and flirty. Then I could have a little fantasy as we worked out the details.

I always got noticed by the men, happily-married dads included. I was not too flashy. I liked simple nice tight jeans or shorts and top to show my figure. I smiled for them as filthy thoughts ran through my smutty mind.

I especially liked it when pretty women noticed me. Attempting to explore this growing bi-curiosity of mine had not been too successful. A couple of times on a night out I had kissed and fondled girls in the same drunken condition as me. Things had not gone any further than that, so far.

I hoped that one day a nice beautiful woman would seduce me. All she would need do is ask me to make love with her. Then she could take me home and caress and explore me in all the ways I so wanted. The thought of tasting a lovely woman's honey drove me wild. Despite that, I was not confident enough to proposition a woman. Even coming on to a man I fancied was beyond me, except for Michael. He was different.

At school I had been plain and bookish, full of big words and clever ways of saying things. Even worse, I was more used to two-way radios than texting or chats with my phone. My ways did not make me popular with either girls or boys during my teenage years. Being a nerd did mean I had lots of time for reading and fantasising. It also meant spending lots of time with my one close friend of either sex, Michael. He was my real-life boy-next-door and I was no longer a shy and uncertain schoolgirl.

Apart from being with Michael, I still found the whole sex and relationships thing hard. My body and the books I read gave me the ideas; but getting to know people my own age was more difficult. Having to do small-talk seemed like a minefield to me.

I found it easier to talk about stuff and what I wanted if I was a little tipsy after a few drinks. The trouble was I did not like losing control. I found myself torn between wanting to let go while fearing letting go.

Luckily for me, and Michael too, we had added benefits to our close friendship. He satisfied my body's desires, without me having to worry about how I appeared to someone I did not know.

It was a bit confusing, but I figured I would work this stuff out, without having to hurry. After all I was still young and in the meanwhile I could please myself with Michael.

Thinking like this again about making love with a woman made me wonder if I should talk to Michael about it. He might have another girlfriend who could join us for a threesome. This stray thought magnified the sensations I was giving myself.

An amazing amount of fluid poured from me, making my thighs glisten. I laughed, wondering why this idea had not occurred to me before. Michael would be up for it for sure, but first things first. I had to get ready for work, and spend another long day sitting around our jetty office in the stifling heat.

After that start to my morning, I allowed myself a languid breakfast, not rushing. After a long shower I got into my most fetching white cotton bra and panties. I was in that kind of mood and I looked dead-set sexy. I would have preferred skimpy black lace, but that was not practical for today's sweltering heat. Then I got into the skimpiest pure-white shorts and singlet top that I could get away with as my father and mother's employee.

Within minutes of beginning walking, I was sweating from the unusually high humidity. For a Saturday morning, there were few people around as I made my way to the jetty.

Those who were out and about in the relative cool of the twenty-eight-degree morning wanted to get things done before the heat of the day kicked in. Most people were avoiding venturing out. They remained inside, hiding from the heat in their air-conditioned apartments, homes and shops.

There was no one waiting at our boathouse office when I got there. My father would have taken out a few keen anglers at dawn. They would be back soon, complaining the fish were not biting.

It would not worry me if we had hardly any customers for our boat cruises today. Whale and dolphin watching had given us good business over recent years. Our seven boats were heavily booked most days. A slow day or two would not be cause for panic. Maybe my parents could relax a bit and avoid the heat too.

As I opened the office a stunning woman appeared on the promenade. She slowed, waiting for me to make my way inside. I could only take in a little of her appearance as I fussed with the locks. What I could see of her had me flustered and fumbling. She cooed to me in a melodic gentle voice. "Don't rush honey; I can wait until you are ready for business."

Something about the way she said that, with a hint of playful impishness, got me extra hot and bothered. Her clothing was much like mine, her mature and lovely body more graceful and full. Quite the bombshell, her body was not conventional pin-up.

She looked like a woman-shaped torpedo with her powerful sleek curves. Her legs were long and strong, bulging with muscle. Her neck was long too, not thick, yet somehow the torpedo impression remained with me. I kept glancing at her as I switched on lights, checked the radio, and did the other daily opening routines.

She wore no cosmetics or jewellery and her feet were bare. Her singlet top highlighted her full round breasts under the thin straps across the bodice. Her skin was glistening golden, not brown or white. Micro shorts showed off her tight butt and powerful legs. Her muscular thighs were larger than for most women. They complemented her statuesque body.

Short dripping-wet black hair framed her angular, almost squarish face. She did not need makeup. Her full lips and cheeks, grey-green eyes, black hair and perfect skin were stunning enough. What made her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen was her nose. How it set off her face. It was largish, blunt and round, with flaring nostrils. Something else too, other than the mischievous glint in her eye had me entranced.

The way she held herself and shone with a glowing intensity was enthralling. I could not take my eyes away and tried to take in everything about her, helped by her skimpy clothes. The suggestion of a small circle low on her throat took my eye. It looked to me like she may have had a tracheotomy at some point. Could she have choked on something as a child, or had some kind of accident? I pondered this blemish upon her otherwise outward perfection, completely besotted. I forced myself to stop staring at her.

Uncomfortable prickling sensations were breaking out all over My body. Being in her company had me shrinking back to a nervous, gawky and insecure teenager. I thought I had shed all that awkward self-consciousness. Now all my self-doubts were back again.

I got past her somehow and went behind the desk, using it as a shield from her overwhelming impact upon my senses. She waited for me to collect myself then spoke, cooing like before.

"Could you please take me up the river to see the dolphins? I can pay whatever you need to charge for a special trip on one of your boats." Her voice was gentle and vibrant; the sound and energy of her voice touching me right to my core. My vagina swelled open with raw carnal desire. Wetness started oozing there, threatening to run down my thighs. My nipples pushed against my flimsy top. They were ruby hard, pointing out erect from my swelling breasts. The tip of my clitoris bulged, the heat of its engorgement stirring deep within the lowest part of my belly.

My body's quick and abundant reaction to her presence and request was beyond unsettling. For a moment I froze, not saying or doing anything as I fought with lust for control over my response. A moment went by as I waited for sensible words to return to me. She smiled, aware of her

strong affect upon me and withdrew a step backwards. Then I could avert my eyes, breathe again, and try to think of something appropriate to say.

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