

Shark Fin Shores

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What was the price to live in paradise? For Alexander Eli, he had the blessing that he was paid to work there - though he wasn't paid much more than room and board. Shark Tooth Shores was an up and coming tropical beach destination with turquoise waters and mesmerizing rose quartz sands. There were cabanas built on stilts along the crescent shaped bay, each with steps down into the waters. More economically priced huts sat inland, along with several of the amenities like 'The Beer Hive' where Alex spent half his shifts.

The young man certainly looked as if he belonged on a tropical island, from his sun-bleached curly hair with shaved sides to his fallow, over-tanned skin. He had boyish good looks that defied the fact that he was old enough to drink and his toned body would have been prime content for tiktok if the island had any reception at all. His only uniform was a modest pair of sapphire and aquamarine blue swim trunks emblazoned with the shark fin logo of the resort company.

Many had mistaken Alex for a student on an extended spring break. Even when they learned he was on staff, they had still considered him fair game to flirt with. Women may have been cougars, but men were sharks and Shark Tooth Shores catered to them. Alex didn't mind. Gay men were often good tippers, and yet it seemed that he was perpetually on the edge of starvation. Part of that was his own fault, but Alex wasn't beyond helping himself to anything left behind as he bussed the tables.

The blond haired cabana boy lifted a few cups and set them on his tray, leaning in to sip the leftover drink from the straw; vodka and orange juice, sharp and tart, a good buzz for the day. A few tables later he'd had a surprising amount of mimosa and a modest serving of really good tropical crab salad. Alex was licking his pouty lips clean by the time he made it into the kitchen to scrape the plates and start loading everything into the dishwasher. A pair of shrewd eyes darted up as Alex entered, an exasperated sigh crossing the other worker's lips as he reached to tie his dark dreadlocks back into a ponytail.

"Ahlex, yinna kerpunkle up already? It only ten in the morning!" he protested in his version of the creole that was common to the region. Alex looked half way over his shoulder as he kept working.

"It's not like they left tips, Cyril..." Alex replied, separating out the silverware from the other dishes and dropping them into the holder. Cyril, however, didn't seem ready to let his lecture drop that easily.

"Ya keep skylarkin' like that and your big boonggy not going to save you." Cyril said. Alex' brow furrowed.

"That's the strangest way to compliment my big big dick anyone's ever come up with." Alex said, though he was promptly rewarded with a wet sponge splashing against his chest. The infraction only made Alex break out into riotous laughter that seemed infectious enough to get Cyril laughing with him. Alex finished up the dishes and got the machine going before he moved to help Cyril prepping food for the lunch crowd. While Cyril got the fruits and veggies ready, it was up to Alex to prepare the protein; fish, crab, lobster and cracked conch. Even in an

uncooked state, it was enough to make Alex's stomach growl. If he was lucky, Cyril would have brought him some extra pigeon peas and rice for lunch. If not, he'd just have to get creative.

If a resort didn't have the best amenities, it had to make up for it with aesthetics and Shark Tooth Shores did just that. Alex had finished the lunch rush at the bar, had his customary extended lunch break between meals for the guests and finished his shift ferrying dinner out to the cabanas by the bay before returning to the island hotel to clear out the room service Cyril had left behind. It was probably the only place on the island where you couldn't hear the comforting growl of the ocean.

The main lights of the hallway were off, leaving recessed cream colored lights under the polished wooden guide rails that ran along the walls for the inebriated guests. The far end of the hall had a fishing net hanging down, but the courtyard on the other side had a constellation of glass blown fishing floats with lights inside that sparkled all the shades of the rainbow. It created a gentle, cozy glow that felt to Alex like the early hours of the morning when you realized you could go back to sleep guilt free.

Alex pushed his cart down the hallway slowly, half because he didn't want to wake any of the guests and half because he was driving it one handed. The other hand was bringing the remnants of a t-bone steak to his lips, his teeth stripping it to the bone with skill that would make most piranhas envious. Alex returned the bone to his cart as he came up to the next room, looking down at three rather full looking glass bottles sitting out of one of the rooms.

Cyril had once joked that it had become Alex's job to clean up after everyone because his own life was such a mess, but how was he supposed to resist when life gave him such opportunities? The mimosas at breakfast had been delicious and if the universe wanted him to have a nightcap, then that was just what the universe wanted. Alex carefully lifted the bottles from the floor and added them to his cart, pushing it a few paces down the hall before easing to a stop again. Glancing around to ensure none of the doors were ajar, Alex tipped the bottle up, allowing the amber liquid inside to drain into his mouth.

The flavor was acrid and tart, enough to make his eyes water. The beach bodied young man pulled the bottle from his lips, half coughing and half wheezing. He'd consumed the fermented versions of almost every beverage and he'd never had anything like that before... but in moments he was rewarded for his daring. A warm, tingling heat blossomed from his throat and stomach, radiating outwards. It made his entire body feel comfortable, airy, almost like he was floating in the water. It made his teeth numb and his nipples hard, a most peculiar and welcome combination.

With a bit of a mischievous grin, Alex tipped the bottle back again, this time not holding back. His Adam's apple bobbed as he took down a gulp, then another, then a third. His mouth was burning like it had been filled with fire ants. His sinuses were seared from the heat. His tongue throbbled, but so too did his cock. Six, seven, eight - eight was clearly the limit. Alex broke off, gasping for breath, then moaning slightly. His blue shorts tented as blood rushed to his manhood, his nipples poking out like hard diamonds. His skin burned and it felt as if each of the freckles that stretched across his handsome, perfect shoulders were glowing like fireflies.

The cabana boy looked at the bottles, trying to discern what they were. There was no label. They seemed to be the generic bottles the island used for half a dozen different home brew beverages - after all, when you lived on an island, anything being shipped out or shipped in had a hefty price tag. Glass bottles could be sterilized and reused, but obviously whatever this was hadn't agreed with the guests. Whye lse would they put the bottles uncapped outside of their room? Alex started to push the cart forward again, realizing he was going to need to use both hands. The hall was undulating around him, bobbing up and down like the surf... God that sounded like a good idea. The water would be cool against his hot skin and it might feel good to go for a swim after work... He never did that, and that idea seemed preposterous now that he thought about it.

Alex made it past the last two rooms, only one of which had ordered room service. With his cart loaded up and his work for the night nearly done, Alex took a few more gulps of the mysterious drink that he'd happened across. With a few more gulps, the first bottle had been drained. Alex set it down carefully, avoiding making a clinking noise. The grin on his face was priceless, stretching nearly from ear to ear. As he gazed out at the rainbow of lights before him, the black of his eyes seemed to dilate outward, taking up more and more of his vision. Alex reached down, fingertips grazing across his smooth stomach and brushing across his swim trunks, adjusting the cucumber sized erection that was making itself known.

"That's some good shit..." Alex muttered to himself, forcing his hands back to the cart to resume his trajectory down the hallway. Was that what really good alcohol did? Did they even have really good alcohol on the island? Surely he would have discovered something that good with all the samples he'd helped himself to before now, unless it wasn't the drink itself... Drugs? Had the bottles been laced with something? Had he inadvertently roofied himself and taken the evidence away and... were the colored lights always that beautiful?

Alex had reached the end of the hallway where the web of fish floaters hung, the rainbow shining and sparkling in the dimly lit hotel. Alex was mesmerized by them, enough that he reached up to touch one. The glass felt surprisingly cool against his skin - still warm from the bulb inside, but a clear indicator that Alex felt like he was burning up. Alex's rapture ebbed slightly as he realized his skin did feel like it was burning. It reminded him of the time that cyril had him try wasabi, pretending it was fancy guacamole.

Instinctively, Alex reached for the beer bottle on the cart, pausing when his hand touched the glass, realizing that was likely the cause of his current sensations. It felt as though he should have been sweating but he was as dry as a bone and still overheating. He had to cool off, he had to find relief, even if it was just a few moments. Alex parked the cart at the end of the hall, pausing just long enough to move the remaining purloined bottles down to a lower shelf just in case. He padded down the hall on bare feet, rounding the corner and moving towards the back end of the building.

Rippling light beckoned Alex before he had even reached the pool room. Turquoise lights shone up through the rippling surface, jets pushing water around in relaxing plumes of bubbles. One of the benefits of wearing swim trunks as a uniform was that Alex merely walked forward over the side of the pool, plunging into the water. His feet bounced against the foot of the pool, allowing him to bob upwards, breaching the surface. The water should have brought relief, and in some small way it might have, but even as the water settled to nipple height, Alex couldn't help but shift his focus from his hot skin to his raging erection.

He clumsily tugged at the knot in his swim trunks, pushing them down and wriggling his legs free. The trunks caught on the jets of the pool and were carried away in swirling eddies, leaving Alex naked. Turquoise lights illuminated the water, his long dick actually casting a shadow. A drunken grin of appreciation crossed Alex's lips. This... this was why life was good. He lived on a tropical island, he didn't have to work that hard, and he was hung like a god. Alex licked his teeth, wincing a little as he realized they were a bit sharp, but he focused on coiling his fingers around his raging erection. His hand began to slide up and glide down, working up speed and momentum. Technically Alex was cut, but a lifetime of jacking off had stretched the flesh enough that there was ample pliability.

Alex leaned his head back against the edge of the pool, his crown of curly bleach blonde hair and his overly tanned shoulders looking like any tiktokker might. He closed his eyes, undulating his hips, letting the buoyancy of the water lift him up before he pushed back down. The pool began to slowly slosh at the edges, ripples becoming rhythmic waves. Alex moaned softly, sinking lower into the water, groaning at how hard his cock was. It was harder than rock, it felt like hot metal... and it was so long, longer than it had ever been.

"Shit!" Alex cursed, the pain blossoming and radiating down his dick like a lightning rod. It hurt, yes, but it also felt better than anything he'd ever felt before. Alex forced his eyes open, stunning himself a bit. He'd had no problem jacking off. His hand was very familiar with his dick and he worked it up and down with ease. What Alex had not been prepared for, however, was the fact that there was more shaft than he'd ever had before. As he watched, centimeter after centimeter was oozing up above the edge of his fingers. There was a whole section of hard, veiny cock untouched. That simply wouldn't do.

With care and curiosity, Alex wrapped his other hand around the top of his shaft, letting his left pinky rest on his right thumb. Alex began to jerk off anew with both fists, actually starting to pant. His lips parted as he moaned and thrust, floating up and down, barely able to stabilize himself now that both hands were on his cock. The world swirled around him almost as much as the pool did. His tongue and throat felt parched, his lungs dry. His eyes stung and so did his neck, but he couldn't stop.

Alex murmured, feeling his heart thumping in his shaft, every ounce of blood that he could spare reinforcing it. He hadn't gotten any less aroused, but the skin beneath his hand was starting to feel... different. The core was hard, yes, but the surface was getting spongier, softer, almost sort of rubbery. He didn't care, it just let him squeeze harder.

Up and down, up and down. The water was splashing at the edges of the pool, lapping up onto the edges, starting to splash his face. The water felt so good on his eyes, in his ears, even where it splashed into his mouth. It was refreshing, cool, and tranquil. It was the moisture that he had been missing. Alex knew it was crazy, but he opened his mouth and let the pool water come rushing in. The dryness of his mouth remained only a moment before the sensation began to ebb, a great contentment coming to the beach boy. No longer fearing it, Alex sank down lower into the pool. The water engulfed him, his curly hair waving like seaweed as he submerged fully.

Blue lights washed over his tan skin, his hands frantically working his huge dick. Bubbles escaped from Alex's nose despite him trying to hold his breath. His body no longer felt like molten lead, water cooled. His lips opened and closed, each time revealing teeth that were just a bit sharper, just a bit longer. His gums felt swollen and irritated. Alex made the mistake of

running his tongue along the edge, murmuring as he felt a sharp ridge along the gums where they met his teeth. He had to be losing his mind, going crazy, but why did it all feel so good?

Alex had been going at it for who knew how long, holding his breath, wriggling around in the water. His legs splayed out, his shoulders flexed. His mind struggled to make sense of the sensations engulfing him, but they couldn't. His cock felt just as hard as it had been, but the surface was so much softer, so much stretchier, especially down the middle. Both of his thumbs had found a slight groove running up the length of his cock and, the more he squeezed, so did his fingers brushing the underside.

The more Alex played with it, the deeper the groove got. If surface mass was the trick to orgasmic bliss, Alex was rising to an entire new level. The creases deepened, his cock stung and ached, the grooves were massaged by hungry fingers. What had been rubbery became taut. Alex might have been able to stay there forever, jacking off, lost to himself. He felt amazing, he felt so horny, and he felt water in his lungs. The realization made Alex suddenly kick and thrash, sending him toppling over, and as he did, his hands went separate ways - and so did the two sides of his manhood.

There was no sound, underwater, but Alex felt the sticky peeling sensation as the creases connected to one another and two independent columns of flesh were liberated from one another. Alex was now in a state of double shock. He had no idea how long his lungs had been filled with water from the pool. Had he simply started breathing in the water part way through his jackoff session? Wasn't there supposed to be some sort of pain? Had he really just felt his dick split? Why was he still feeling so good?!

When Alex's eyes finally did open, the black of his pupils had flooded outward, claiming his irises and the rest of his eyes until they were inky black spheres. Bubbles rushed out of his mouth as a second row of sharp teeth jutted out behind his original set, though even they had stretched into sharp spikes. Even the burning, searing, stinging pain on his neck ebbed as the skin flaked, feathered, and then split to reveal three gill slits on either side. His twin cocks wobbled from his groin, his legs thrashing less and less.

Chaos became calm, uncertainty boiled away by Alex simply taking stock. He wasn't drowning, at least as far as he could tell. He focused his... breath? Could you still call it that if it was water? In and out, in and out. His tongue cautiously tested his new fangs and he reluctantly pulled one hand from his right cock to reach up and touch the gills on his neck, the left hand remaining in his shaft. The self exploration revealed no other changes, no other facets. He blinked his dark eyes a few times until he realized there was a new shape above the rippling surface of the water, a silhouette.

Alex rose upward, the water crashing off as his head emerged. His golden hair stuck to his head as he surfaced. Water poured out of Alex's nostrils and his mouth, dribbling free until the last drops were expelled. His gills fluttered shut with such precision that they seemed to disappear and the black of his eyes drained down the center, returning to claim just his pupils. Alex blinked a little, though he still felt both of his newly minted cocks as he looked up at one of the most beautiful men he had ever laid eyes on...

The figure was in his late twenties, long silky black hair down to his shoulders. His skin was a rich caramel brown, contrasting the black mustache on his upper lip.. And his entirely black eyes. The tip of his tongue began to poke at his sharp teeth and the loincloth the Filipino prince wore did little to hide the obvious double dicks he sported. Alex looked up sheepishly,

laying one hand on the side of the pool before he pulled himself a bit closer, trying to peek up under the loincloth. A black eyebrow arched sharply.

“Are you trying to look at my junk?!” he asked. Alex shrugged as nonchalantly as he could.

“Well, I mean, yeah? If you’re into that kind of thing?” Alex offered. It was a pretty safe bet given what the island was famous for. The Filipino man looked almost scandalized.

“You really grabbed my garbage from outside my room and drank from it?!” he asked. Alex slowly eased back away from the edge of the pool, paddling his feet slightly to keep afloat.

“Well, I mean, we don’t ship away a lot of refuse and-” Alex was cut off.

“That wasn’t old beer you drank, you pig! That was my piss!” the man all but hissed. Alex’s brow furrowed in confusion. The beer had tasted particularly acrid, like ammonia and batteries... Even the aftertaste was tart and sharp and...

“I drank your piss...” Alex whispered before looking up again, “Your piss gave me double dicks?!” he asked. The Filipino man grimaced at that, looking around to ensure they really were the only ones. Seeing that they were, he exhaled a sigh and started reaching for his loincloth.

“It’s called a hemipenis, and it’s one of the traits of my kind.” the man said in a more hushed voice as he dropped his clothing and stepped over the edge of the pool, dropping into the water. His dark hair spread out in every direction before he bobbed back to the surface and it clung to him instead. Alex watched with glee as the man’s eyes darkened even further until they were ghostly black orbs.

“Your kind?” Alex repeated.

“I suppose our kind now...” He replied, “I am Bayani.” he said. Alex grinned brightly, though he nearly cut his lip on his sharp teeth.

“Alex.” he replied, offering the other man a hand that had just been on his junk. Bayani merely shook his head.

“What sort of bottom feeder are you, Alex?” Bayani asked. Alex frowned, crossing his arms over his pert, muscles chest.

“Who pees in glass bottles and puts them outside for housekeeping to clean up?” Alex asked. Bayani winced at that but nodded. It was a fair question.

“It’s a long story.” Bayani said. Alex shrugged, still not uncrossing his arms.

“It’s a long night.” he countered. Bayani reached up, brushing a dark wet lock from his face and tucking it behind his ear. His gills were momentarily visible as the water lapped against them before they disappeared invisibly on his skin again.

“It’s breeding season near the reef and I didn’t want anyone to get the wrong idea. I came to shore so I wouldn’t confuse anyone.” Bayani replied. Alex was visibly confused. Bayani frowned slightly. “Shark pee can be used as an attractant? It indicates if someone’s virile and all of that...” he added. Alex still looked confused, something that only irritated Bayani more, “And I didn’t know if this resort just flushed the waste water into the ocean, which would tell them I was here, so I used the bottles, not thinking anyone would be dumb enough to drink from them.” he said in conclusion, letting out a sigh of relief as some form of recognition finally crossed the dumb boy’s face.

“Why wouldn’t you want to make babies?” Alex asked. A short, sharp breath passed over Bayani’s double set of sharp teeth.

"Ano ba?" Bayani muttered, "You work here, don't you? In this gay resort? A resort I paid for a room in?" he asked. Alex's eyes widened.

"You're gay!" he said in wonder, his brow furrowing a little more, "And a... mer-"

"Don't you say it!" Bayani said sharply, "I am not a merman. I am a Sharklander, and I suppose you sort of are now too." he said, looking Alex up and down. He certainly had a swimmer's build and skin that looked as rich as some of the finest sands. His hair was sunbaked, his face handsome enough. Bayani just hoped when he sobered up that this boy's head wasn't as empty as a conch shell. The Filipino nodded his head, "How long you been on the island?" he asked. Alex smiled.

"Almost three years." Alex said proudly. Bayani seemed somewhat impressed.

"And you been robbing leftovers that whole time?" he asked. Alex' smile faltered slightly.

"Sort of, I guess." he admitted. He was used to Cyril giving him crap about his habits, but to be called out by a guest was something else, even if they were both naked in a pool together. Bayani leaned back, spreading his arms on either side of himself along the edge of the pool, letting his legs float in the water. His ample set of double dicks swayed in the water jets, turgid and rubbery. They weren't quite as long as Alex's but they were each almost twice as thick.

"They don't pay you well enough to eat?" Bayani asked, still thoughtful. Alex shrugged a little, one hand slowly returning to one of his own twin members beneath the surface of the water, stroking it idly.

"You ever see those specials on HBO or Comedy Central or whatever? The ones where they do a deep dive on working conditions? On paper they pay us well enough. Room, board, meals, but no disposable income. I guess I just took a few nibbles here and there at first, it was just going to compost otherwise. I got sort of sloppy I guess." Alex said.

"You do know a lot of your guests come off cruise ships and stuff, right? You never know where they've been." Bayani said, rubbing at one of his dark nipples, "How about I give you a way to supplement your diet. Fresh, organic, plentiful, and clean." he offered. Alex's eyes opened wider in awe.

"Are you a vegan?" Alex whispered. Bayani's face scrunched up.

"Susmariosep! I am a shark, boy, please try to keep up with me." Bayani grunted, shaking off the annoyance, "It looks like you dosed yourself pretty good, enough to be a shark for at least a week, maybe more... But if you want to make it a more permanent thing, you'll need a little more. Bayani offered. Alex looked up, grinning a menacing, sharp toothed grin.

"Really? I could be like this forever?" he asked, looking down at his double dicks. Bayani nodded slowly, sliding over in the water, wrapping an arm around Alex until the blond boy's head rested against his hairy armpit.

"A wild animal, a force of nature." Bayani agreed. Alex smiled a little more.

"Will I have to hide on land during breeding season too?" he asked. Bayani's dark eyebrow arched.

"With fishing poles like that? I don't doubt it." Bayani said. Alex grinned again, glad to have his ego stroked as much as his dicks. He snuggled in against Bayani's chest. Bayani smiled, giving Alex a squeeze before he sunk down into the pool water. Bayani's hair billowed outward, his gills flaring open, his eyes starry black voids. Alex considered taking a big breath but he exhaled instead, clearing his lungs before he sunk down under the water as well.

After the resort boy's rather underwhelming responses, Bayani had expected to have to show him his way around the water as well, but when Alex's hands slipped around him from behind in tender, sublime caresses, the sharklander was pleasantly surprised. He was even more surprised as tender yet dangerous kisses were peppered across the crook of his neck, his shoulder, then his upper arm. Alex swam around him like a true predator, a grace that belied his rather shocking behavior. Perhaps this was where the blond boy was meant to be - somewhere he could let his hands do the talking instead of his lips.

Not to be outdone, Bayani swirled, kicking off the base of the pool, circling around Alex. By the time Alex predictably turned in the water, Bayani slid up in front of him until all four of their cocks were nestled together. Alex flushed, his heart racing. His twin cocks were like long spears, but they brushed against the throbbing clubs that Bayani sported. The other man leaned in, bringing his lips to Alex's. Alex had kissed many men on the island. Some he'd enjoyed more than others... But there was something different about Bayani.

While Alex was the experienced one, Bayani was confident. Each movement was intentional and targeted. His fingers caressed the edges of Alex's gill frills, his hip, his legs. Their cocks brushed and pressed together. Alex couldn't help but paddle a little, pushing his body into Bayani until he bounced back, repeating it over and over again. Bayani grinned a menacing, shark toothed grin before he grabbed Alex's head and kissed him once more. Bayani's tongue slithered around his mouth, their legs tangling together, their bodies slowly sinking... but it didn't matter. They could breathe, they were alive - more alive than Alex had ever felt before.

He should have been focused on the passion, on the pleasure, on the chemistry that Bayani was exuding.. But Alex's mind had bounced back to the name of his employer, Shark Fin Shores... Did they know the Sharklanders were out there? That they were potential guests? Was the owner one of them? Was it just a coincidence? Was this meant to be, or some random chance that-

"Ungh!" Alex moaned out as bubbles escaped his lips, feeling his double cocks suddenly sink into a very hot, very dangerous maw. Bayani's mustached upper lip was sliding back and forth over both of Alex's cocks, dark starry black eyes gazing up at the blond boy as he did it. Alex moaned, wincing as he instinctively bit his lip, only realizing how much sharper his teeth were. He reached down, a hand caressing Bayani's long black hair. Any other man might have tangled their fingers in the hair of their partner to hold them there. Any sensible person might have taken a little precaution before attempting what Alex was about to do, but the cabana boy twisted his body, maneuvering over, using his hands to rotate until he was inverted. He flexed his back just enough as his feet floated toward the surface of the pool. Reaching out to grab Bayani's legs for support, Alex slunk in and returned the favor, licking at and then carefully drawing in his partner's cocks.

Bayani shuddered in surprise, especially given the fact that Alex was still getting used to his new teeth, but before long he felt the rubbery, slick interior of the blond boy's mouth and his hungry tongue. The two began to bob back and forth, lapping and slurping at their partners. Their bodies drifted around the pool in a tangle, guided by the water jets, their bodies seeming almost bluish gray beneath the turquoise lights. Slight rubbery protrusions had pushed out of Bayani's forearms and elbows as well as his calves. The changes were subtle, he was still almost entirely human, but he was shark enough where it counted.

Alex blinked his glassy black eyes, relieved that they could see as well as they did underwater. He'd heard that sharks didn't have the best eyesight and he was sure chlorine wasn't the most calming to most beings, but he felt perfectly at home. He felt at home with a dick in his mouth if he was honest, and somehow having two suited him even better. Alex tried to adapt the techniques he'd developed over the years to bring Bayani great pleasure. He teased the slits, he caressed the underside, he maneuvered his tongue across every contour and edge to the cock heads.

Bayani let out an inaudible moan as he sucked Alex off, tangled with him, his heart fluttering and his gills flaring. How had he not done this sooner? The heat in his veins had ignited the fire in another. Seeing the rubbery fins pushing out of Alex's over-tanned legs only made Bayani more aroused. His nipples stung, his nostrils ached, his teeth throbbed and his dicks spasmed. He had been born gay, that was not in dispute... It wasn't unheard of in his community either. Breeding season was tough because of the natural instincts that drove them... but this? Had he stumbled onto a way to fulfill his impulses? He had made another Sharklander, he had just done it a different way... and if he was going to mate, to breed, there was no reason to hold back...

Alex knew his skin was changing. It was more rubbery, pliant, tough and yet flexible. He was feeling the water currents in a way that was more precise. He could smell the chlorine, Bayani's sweat, even a little of that acrid ammonia flavor from before... It was as if he'd turned the sensitivity of his senses up to eleven to detect the most subtle shifts around him, making it all the more surprising when two huge plumes of shark semen suddenly exploded in his mouth. They were like the black smokers of the deep, ushering out massive ejections of sperm. Alex was engulfed inside and out, it was in his mouth, his nostrils, his gills... and he loved it.

He just wasn't sure what to do with it exactly. He couldn't drink the pool just to get the cum, but he could return the favor.

Orgasms were a funny thing. Once they got going, there was no stopping them. In that tender moment before, it was like lightning in a bottle. Some people edged for hours, others were on an incredibly short fuse. Alex seized that charge inside of him and let it arc outward, jolting from his brain to his groin and back again. His back arched, his legs kicked and his two long shafts suddenly erupted with their own flow. There were a few spurts of semen that coagulated into a blob of insoluble semen - the last of his human seed. Bayani tasted it, breaking it apart with his tongue, savoring it... but then he was gifted the murky cloud of shark semen that he had hoped for, and it was glorious.

Much like a fine wine, Bayani's refined senses picked up such interesting accents to Alex's cum - pineapple, citrus, traces of ammonia, a little bit of spice. All in all, it wasn't bad. Bayani took it in as much as he could, remaining where he was until Alex had no more to give. As the currents ebbed, he slipped off and grabbed onto his partner, flipping his body rightside up. Alex looked at him, a little love drunk, though the blond boy looked down at the short fins his arms had developed. He kicked his legs a little to see that they, too, had fins now.

A flurry of bubbles escaped Alex's lips as he tried to speak. Bayani drew water into his gills and expelled it in an aquatic sigh. His new partner was a wonderful lover, but he had a lot to learn. Looping one arm around Alex's midsection, Bayani pushed off the bottom of the pool, sending their bodies towards the surface. The water sloshed and splashed as they breached,

bobbing along the top of the now translucent pool. Alex looked around, laughing a little nervously.

“Curil is going to kill me, it’s his turn to clean the pool...” Alex muttered. Bayani looked at Alex, brushing his cheek with a thumb. Alex looked back at Bayani, blushing a little before his dark eyes deflected, “I’m sorry, that’s not a very romantic thing to say.” he admitted. Bayani murmured.

“No, but it’s nice that you think of your friend so fondly. You must have some likable attributes.” Bayani grinned. Alex forced a smug expression.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll grow to love me. Besides, aren’t I like you now?” he asked. Bayani nodded.

“YOU are a Sharklander through and through.” Bayani replied.

“I think it’s pretty cool, and still having legs instead of a fish tail seems a lot easier.” Alex said.

“Not a merman.” Bayani replied. Alex simply nodded.

“And I think we can find better options for you than having to pee into glass bottles.” Alex added. Bayani’s eyebrow arched.

“You really did like it, didn’t you?” he asked cautiously. Alex shrugged.

“Out of all the things I’ve done on this island? That’s hardly the strangest.” Alex said. Bayani groaned.

“Do not let the eels hear you speak like that...” Bayani muttered. Alex’s eyes got huge.

“Who are the eels?!” he asked. Bayani merely gave Alex a playful look before he dipped back into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. Alex grunted at that, pushing off the side before diving after him. The water sloshed and splashed as the two fit and fertile men wrestled and collided beneath the surface before settling into another shark toothed embrace.