

Krakallu was wonderful place if a bit too humid for the cat's liking.

Gavin's journey here had been a safe one, arriving after a few days of travel by airboat. His guides, Tine and Manina Patter had been excellent hosts, and had opened his eyes to a few things he needed to know before he arrived on Krakallu. The first being that women wore very little clothing above the navel for most of the year, and soon as he sat foot on the island that was proven to be true.

Men and women dressed lightly due to the warm weather and humidity. Shirts and blouses were reserved for formal occasions or were worn by tradesmen that needed the fabric or leather for their protection. Or if they just needed the pockets.

But the aspiring merchant that was Gavin Reev could not let himself be too distracted by all of that. His boat ride to get him here had desensitized him to nudity, especially so since the Patters frequently went fully nude about their own boat.

What Gavin was here for was to figure out what would make the dogs of the islands salivate enough that they would want to part ways with their money.

Out of everything he'd brought with him to peddle, he'd sold it all. The value he'd gotten for it was about equal to what he'd spent, which was good, but that was more due to a lack of haggling on his own part. He didn't feel the items he'd brought were going to do well here on Krakallu if he made a return trip to sell more of them.

All his luxuries were flops, essentially. Culturally, the canines living in the islands just didn't seem to value the same things felines of the continent did. The luxuries that these dogs admired were all sourced locally and so Gavin had no means to procure them himself to flip for a profit.

This had proved to be a problem for him at first, but then the unexpected happened. While he'd been traveling on the Patter's airboat, he had been invited to have dinner at their parent's, and Gavin had taken them up on the offer out of politeness, and since Manina Patter had bragged openly about how good she could cook if she had her mother's 'big kitchen' to use. Gavin had agreed and spent an evening with the Patters and some of their family.

They were all lovely, warm, and friendly people, and something then began to occur to him. Food was very important to the people of Krakallu! Sure, his countrymen on the continent enjoyed food as well, but the islanders seemed to revolve their family time around the dinner table.

So, after a very pleasant dinner he started planning a new method of approach, and the next day he was out doing more research. What he found was that cooking meals had a powerful cultural importance, and yet the people here often used lower quality tools with which to make such meals. The islands didn't have equal access to metals like the continent did, and they frequently used wooden instruments here.

The only metal he saw being used commonly was for ovens and some pots and pans. Most of those were brought over from the mainland and were highly valued for their longevity. Most kitchenware, Gavin soon discovered, was awfully expensive for the islanders to get since they were essential ordering items from paper brochures that came across the sea by boat.

What a terrible way to do business!

Gavin had already figured out what to do to make money off the island. He could go back to the continent and buy a large amount of basic kitchenware that was of decent quality but low cost. Once in hand, he could transport the whole lot to the island of Krakallu and sell them at a small markup to the local shops. The islanders suddenly have access to lower cost tools to stock their kitchens with, and Gavin is making small profit.

The wheels were turning in his head even more, since if he was making regular trips back and forth to sell kitchenware, then obviously he would eventually run out of customers. Pots and pans and the like don't just wear out in a day. They can last a kitchen for years! But before he runs out of customers, he can bring over other items in bulk and sell them to shops for a small profit same as he did the kitchenware.

He just needed to make a list of what those items should be! If he planned it well, then he could have many years' worth of business making money by selling everyday items at a sensible, fair price that the islanders would gobble up! Obviously, there were potential pitfalls to be suffered, things he might overlook...

Gavin was just a very excited cat! He felt he was onto something profound that might actually work! He could have a regular flow of business between Krakallu and the mainland and live in a real house! He could have a home of his own and actually sleep in it! No more traveling across the land in search of goods and gander! No more horseback, no wagons!

He'd already started a list of items that might work well, but he'd need to add more to it. Gavin needed to make it as impressive of a list as he could so that when he returned to the mainland, he could start figuring how much it would cost to buy them in bulk. There was so much more work to do, but he was on the cusp of success. He was so grateful to himself for making this journey!

"Lo, Gavin!" A woman's voice shouted to him from the docks.

Gavin was always punctual, and he'd given himself a very set number of days to do what he needed here in Krakallu, and now that that was all concluded he was making his way back to the docks with his luggage and backpack in hand. Since he'd sold everything, he'd taken to show off to the local merchants his luggage was thankfully much lighter now than it had been before!

"Hello, Manina!" He called back out to her, the missus of the Patters waving to him in greeting.

She was standing by the gangplank with a wooden box tucked under one arm. When he got closer to her, he saw that it was a box of what appeared to be straw?

"We are not set to sail until a few hours, Mr. Reev, but if you are here so early then perhaps you can carry this down to the kitchen?" She immediate told him and offered him the wooden box.

"I'd be happy to. Is Tine here also?" He asked.

“No, he’s out making a trip to fetch more supplies. I ‘spect he’ll be back within the half hour.” She told him, then patted him on the shoulder to encourage him to step up on the plank and make his way onto the boat.

Gavin did, and with both arms now full of luggage and a heavy box he struggled his way down into the boat to first find his room. The small cabin that was going to be his for the next few days had its door left open, and he tossed the box onto the bed along with his luggage before removing his backpack.

Manina wanted her box in the kitchen, so he picked it back up off the bed and walked it down the hallway to the front of the boat where the helm and kitchen were located. He sat the box down on the counter over the stove and before leaving he snooped through the box to see what it was.

He sighed.

It was new bottles of rum, and it looked to be the same label as what they’d served on the journey out here. Oh well, it’s their boat and if they want rum then rum it is. Gavin left the kitchen and returned to his room to sort his belongings into their proper places, and when he was settled there, he returned topside to see if there was anything else Manina needed help doing.

His few days on the water had taught him that the ship the Patters called home was a reliable boat, and relatively new. It was in good condition and very well cared for. Its deck was not so heavily laden with cargo this time, only having half of what he remembered seeing when he sailed down to Krakallu with them.

“Is there anything you need me to help do, Manina?” He asked her, having found her walking circles around the cargo they had lashed to the deck. She wasn’t checking if any of it was secure but counting with her finger while mouthing something to herself silently.

He waited a moment until she stopped what she was doing and turned to face him.

“No, Gavin, but when Pappa gets back you can help us bring supplies onboard, and then we can teach you how to tie a nice and proper knot for all of our cargo!” She told him with a broad smile.

And so, Gavin waited in his small room, organizing his things into their proper places again so that they wouldn’t spill about or slide as they made their way back to the continent. He also tucked the promised 80 coin for his fare into his pocket to give to them later at dinner.

When Tine did return it was with several crates and burlap bags of goods, and Gavin volunteered to help bring it all on board, helping where he could, and like Manina had promised he was taught how to tie a strong knot. They did not have as much cargo this trip, so it didn’t take very long for them to secure what they had tightly to the deck of their boat.

After a few hours of preparation, they finally set sail and the weather was in good spirits. The seas were calm, the sky was blue, and the Patters were again nude. He handled himself much better this time than he had before, though not without suffering a few moments of personal weakness where he stole glances at both Manina and Tine. Islander ways were too different for him to easily ignore, and the Patters were too pleasant to not have his attention stolen away by them, especially when they asked him for help managing the boat’s needs.

Manina made skewers for them again that night for dinner, and they were very happy to be paid another 80 coin to carry him across the sea. They might not have been merchants as Gavin was, but the sight of a stack of coin still lit up their eyes. This was especially so since after having walked the sand and shore of Krakallu he now had a much better understanding that coin from the continent carried a much higher value on the islands than it did on the mainland.

If his business plans worked well enough in his favor it might actually be wiser for him to build a house on Krakallu!

The next day started as the first had with calm waters and clear sky, but clouds again began to gather in the distance as the day progressed. With every passing of the hour the potential for a storm grew as the sea behind them fell ever darker beneath the thickening cloud cover.

The Patter's instincts for the weather told them that they should hunker down before nightfall, expecting the storm to hit them. They turned the wheel and sailed away from the deeper waters towards where they knew the sea was shallow enough for their anchor to make purchase on the seabed. Gavin helped where he could, but the pair of dogs had most of things under control, and so he simply sat and watched, studying what they did and why they did it.

When the clouds finally reached them the afternoon sky turned dark like nightfall, but the rain had yet to drop. Gavin knew it was coming, having seen storms aplenty on the continent since birth. These were storm clouds; the thunder just hadn't reached their ears yet.

"At least we've made it a day at sea before we saw rain, right Pappa?" Manina said as she tied her apron around herself to start preparing dinner, the dog in just her fur, save for her apron.

After having spent several more hours in their company he felt like he was starting a new routine. The Patters had started the day wearing their bottoms when they were still in port, but Tine had been the first to ditch them once they were sailing and soon as Manina noticed she discarded hers as well. With their modesty absent, Gavin had to adjust and remember that it was rude to stare.

As much as he would have liked to let his eyes linger over Manina he knew he couldn't, and as much as he tried to not linger over Tine he found it a struggle not to. When the two dogs were in the same vicinity as he found that his eyes were bouncing back and forth between the two if he didn't have a third thing to focus on instead. Manina was a foreign and exotic beauty his young heart longed to gaze at, and Tine was this exotic, fit, male that left the cat with more questions than answers. It was more than a little emasculating to see another man's manhood be so much larger than your own.

The way it swung freely despite being so soft, left him blushing. It was made worse whenever he would hear Manina say something, and the memory of that one night came rushing back. Gavin had come so close to witnessing Tine's manhood finding purchase in his wife, only a single cracked open door had stood between him and...

"Aye, Mamma. Hold there, Gavin." Tine replied, then pointed up at the ceiling with a finger.

Doing his best to avoid staring at the dog's other finger, Gavin obeyed. Looking up, he was being directed to a spot on the kitchen table which was still latched to the ceiling. Gavin was to hold his hands up and press his palms to the table to keep it from falling.

The cat was doing his best to be helpful, assisting Tine in lowering the table from the ceiling so that they could lower it down and have a proper dinner. The table was heavy, but Gavin was a grown man and if Manina helped her husband do this daily then so could he. Tine unlatched the metal hooks that gripped the underside of the table and then carefully began to lower the thing, the table's weight catching on Gavin's arm and surprising him with its heft.

The two men stepped out from under the table and held it at both ends until they'd lowered it down. Soon as the feet touched the floor Tine took control and wiggled it into place, which was a set of four shallow notches carved into the floor to help keep the table from sliding about while they were at sea.

After the table was in place Tine excused himself to check topside one last time to make sure everything was as it should be. They'd already set anchor, and Gavin had helped make sure the cargo above was secure, but since they were going to be staying put for the rest of the night as the storm rolled over them Tine wanted to be extra sure that their cargo and sail were in proper order so they wouldn't wake up with any problems tomorrow.

"Gavin, I will be making fish patties tonight, do you know what to get from the storeroom?" Manina asked him, the canine pulling out the things she'd need to cook with, particularly a large frying pan and some tongs.

"No, I'm afraid I don't." He told her.

She sat the pan down and dropped the tongs into it.

"Then I will show you!" She spun around and made him follow her back to the storeroom.

With her leading the way, and with Tine still above deck, he guiltily let his eyes wander her back and down to her behind. The swish of her tail alone was enough to make him smile.

Once they were in the storeroom, she spent the next several minutes telling him where things were. During his last stay on their boat he'd learned a bit about where things were kept, and now he was being given the chance to learn even more. With him having already decided to use the Patters as his go-to transportation from the mainland to the islands he was eager to learn.

When she was finished instructing him, his arms were laden heavily with ingredients while Manina carried in her hands two large, salted fish, though of what kind he was uncertain, and as much as Gavin enjoyed salty foods the sight of something caked so thick with it that it seemed almost frozen with ice was... Unappetizing.

He followed her back to the kitchen where she stole the items from him, and then he was handed a pot and told to fill it with water from the cistern in the back of the boat. Gavin left and filled the pot halfway as instructed, and when he returned the previous ingredients he'd helped carry were now all neatly sorted on the kitchen counter while Manina browsed through her various utensils.

It occurred to him then that he could probably barter with the Patters in the future using quality cooking tools.

She took the two fish, each large enough to feed a two people if they'd been served as fillets and dropped them in the pot to soak and rinse. He was then told to sit the pot on the table behind her to let the water turn to brine as the fish rested in the water. He did that, and then stood idle, waiting for further instruction.

"Is there anything else I do?" He asked when no such instruction came.

"Can you peel a potato?" She asked him, turning and gesturing at him with a small knife.

"I'm sure I can." He replied with a smile, and then she gave him the knife and all five potatoes he'd taken from the storeroom.

He sat down at the dinner table and began to peel potatoes while the sound of rain began to appear above and around them. The chorus of raindrops on the open ocean along with the roar water against wood like a rapid drumbeat told everyone that the storm might not have carried with it much thunder, but it was certainly heavy with rain.

And Gavin did not know how to peel a potato.

When Manina stepped back over to him to check on the fish she scolded his peeling performance, commenting that she had given him five potatoes at the start, but they might be lucky to have three by the time he finished.

Gavin apologized, and lied that it was just the knife's fault, which it wasn't.

After a bit more Tine returned, now very wet from head to toe and trying to dry himself with a towel. He looked down at Gavin and the table, frowning at the poorly peeled potatoes, and the growing pile of peels that each had far too much meat on them.

"Is the rain going to get much worse still, you think?" Gavin asked him.

"Aye. Lots. Can't see it from the window, but east its dark dark. Rain so thick it's like a wall in the sky." The canine replied, gesturing with his hands to depict a wall of water so thick it looked solid. It wouldn't be too unlike his first trip at sea, then.

"You are dripping in my kitchen!" Manina told her husband.

"Aye." He replied and excused himself to dry himself down better.

Gavin continued to carefully struggle his way around the peel of a potato, trying to keep his mind off of the near naked woman to his right side and her dripping husband that had wandered off behind him. He'd made the mistake, while seated on the floor, of turning to look at Tine when he'd approached the table. The mental image of his manhood on display at the cat's eye level was still floating in his vision. Rainwater dripping not just his manhood but from his coin purse as well. If a man's wealth could be measured by the size of that particular purse, then Gavin would be the Pauper to Tine's Prince.

It made him reflect. At the end of his journey out to the island of Krakallu his seafaring companions had stopped asking him if he was comfortable with them going about their business as they did normally. Gavin had repeatedly insisted that this was their boat, and their home, and that he did not want to impose himself on them any more than he already was. His last day on their boat before reaching shore left the cat flustered, but strangely at ease when he set foot on the island itself and began to realize that the Patters weren't so unique after all.

He had quickly grown accustomed to seeing the Patters nude after a few days, and then seeing the natives on Krakallu frequently go about topless was a relief. The Patters did go about fully nude more often than he saw the islanders thought. He wasn't sure if that was normal or unique to the Patters, and he did not have the courage to ask. He decided it was best to leave it alone and be happy that the two canines were comfortable with Gavin living on their boat as he was.

Gavin, too, was beginning to find comfort in it as well despite his embarrassment. Perhaps if the pair had brought more attention to themselves, or even showed any sense of shame, Gavin might have felt more awkward. As it stood, their confidence and lack of shame made it easy to adjust to their way of life. If they weren't acting like they were behaving improper, then it was easy for Gavin to act like the part as well.

Tine returned to the kitchen and dropped to the floor to sit next to Gavin, still as nude as before. He reached out his hand and gestured for the knife. Gavin gave it, and then began to watch as Tine peeled the last potato with expert care. The thin slivers of peel were free of any meat of the potato, and then the canine began to chop the other potatoes into thick slices before dumping them all into the pot with the fish, along with even the peels.

"Fish patties, Mamma?" Tine asked.

"Aye, Pappa!" She replied, turning, and walking over to them to hand her husband a large wooden spoon.

He took it and began to stir the pot, looking into it. Gavin didn't know what the method was to make dish patties, so he simply sat and politely watched and waited.

Eventually, the pot was taken from the table and carried back to the counter where Manina removed the fish. At least Gavin understood what it meant to skin a fish, and then he understood deboning it. Little by little he understood what she was actually cooking.

Chopping and mashing the meat, mixing it with flour and other ingredients, she was going to mold the fish into 'patties', and then bread them. She then removed the potato slices from the pot and breaded them as well. In the end she was frying the whole lot of it in a pan of butter until golden brown, and the aroma was making him very hungry.

The waiting was torturous, but Tine helped to pass the time by explaining why he'd done such a terrible job at peeling potatoes, telling him how to better feel them the next time he helped.

When she was finished, she had a large platter of fish patties, all surrounded by the potato slices and even their skins. Everything was fried to a golden brown with a flaky, crispy texture. Manina sat the

platter down in the middle of the table before reaching over to scratch her husband on the top of his head.

“Go fetch us some drink while I get the cups, Pappa.” She told him, and then began to undue her apron.

Tine got up and began to walk back towards the rear of the boat while Manina returned the counter and began to fish for cups from the cupboard.

With Tine gone and Manina not looking, he grabbed some of the fried potatoes and ate them. Oh, they were good! He wiped his hands clean before the pair turned their focus back to the table. Manina dropped three cups to the table then, and her husband arrived just in time. Tine leaned down to the table to set two bottles of liquor onto the table, one familiar and one a mystery. He now had to wonder just how much the pair planned to drink tonight.

That first storm they weathered had taught him that the two dogs enjoyed drinking on stormy nights, and then their drinking led to them making love to each other in the bedroom. He felt himself flush at the memory of overhearing them. He’d seen them naked so much now that the memory of it was much more vivid and detailed than it had any right to be. He felt he could truly imagine what they had been doing now that he could close his eyes and see them clearly in his mind’s eye.

Tine took a seat at the other side of the table and Manina soon joined him at his side. Gavin had gotten better at keeping his gaze from wandering too much, so her bare chest was not so much trouble to avoid as it had been the last time he’d seen her bare breasted at the dinner table.

“We knew you did not care for the rum, so we got you beer!” Manina told him, reaching across the table to grab the mystery bottle Tine had brought.

As she opened the bottle Tine began to eat, encouraging Gavin to do the same. Manina filled one of the cups with beer and offered it to Gavin before taking up the other bottle to open it. With all her leaning and moving Gavin was back to struggling to keep his eyes away from her breasts as they shook in the open air. Every time he struggled with the fear that they were noticing his shy looks, and he truly hoped they hadn’t.

He thanked them for the food and drink, then took his first sip of his beer. It had a warm, smooth taste that tickled him with only a slight hint of bitterness. He took another sip and couldn’t imagine what kind of beer this was.

“Is this beer made on Krakallu?” He asked them.

“It is!” She replied.

The islanders have all sorts of funny things, but at least their beer tasted better than their rum.

When he finally dug into the food, he pretended it was the first time he’d tasted the potatoes, and then enjoyed his first ever fish patty. All of it was simple, but very delicious food! Cooking on a boat like this wasn’t as easy as cooking in a proper home kitchen, and he thanked Manina warmly for having made something so good at sea.



She happily accepted his thanks and encouraged him to eat and drink as much as he liked, as she'd made plenty now that she knew how to cook for three instead of two.

The pair began to drink their rum until they each had finished their first cups. Upon asking Gavin how he liked the beer, they each poured cups of it to try for themselves. Tine didn't like it, but Manina seemed indifferent. The dogs were clearly more favorable to the rum, but they still drank the beer so as not to waste it. Tine made ugly faces as he tried to quickly finish his cup so he could replace it with more rum.

Meanwhile, Manina impressed Gavin by tipping both her head and her cup back to begin swallowing down the rest of her beer with a string of big noisy gulps. He watched her throat work tirelessly as she drained the beer down her throat, the woman making it look like she understood well how to swallow a lot of anything on command.

When she was finished, she wore an ugly face that proved that she liked the beer about as much as her husband, and then she quickly took a bite of a fish patty to replace the flavor on her tongue while she refilled her cup with rum just like her husband had done.

"Do you both always drink a lot when it rains?" He asked for the first time, trying now to replace his assumptions with fact.

"Only when we set anchor. Only safe time to do so." Tine replied.

"Bad weather comes and goes, so we make the best of it like good blessings! When the sky is clear we sail hard, and when the sky is dark, we drink and smile!" She added.

"So, Gavin, did you do good business on Krakallu?" Tine then asked him.

"I think it did. When I get back to the mainland, I will have more work to do, but I'd like to see about buying and selling cookware and household items. I saw that a lot of things are expensive to get on Krakallu that are cheaper on the mainland." He replied.

"Cookware? Pots and pans?" Manina asked.

He nodded, and then began to explain over dinner what he meant. The two sailors were not merchants, and so they both did and didn't seem to understand all of Gavin's logic and reasoning, but they did understand the gist. They understood it well enough to know that Gavin was hoping to buy things cheaply on the mainland so that he can ferry it to Krakallu to sell at a lower price than what the islanders would normally pay.

And that meant he would need a boat to carry all those goods!

"So, will you be needing a boat then?" Tine asked the important question.

"Yes, once I know what I will be selling. I'd expect that if my plan goes well, I will have several crates of product, though I don't know what size or how heavy." Gavin replied.

Manina, now getting tipsy, clapped her hands eagerly enough to make her breast shake.

“We have a big boat!” She replied loudly, gesturing widely with her hands and nearly hitting her husband in the cheek.

“Big, but you’re sitting next to me Mamma!” He told her and pulled her arm down so she wouldn’t accidentally whack him.

“What kind of fee do you ask for when shipping cargo?” Gavin asked.

Tine smiled, and then began to reveal that between the two dogs he was the one that did all of the numbers.

As it turns out, they appeared to charge customers at least 100 coin per crate of cargo, since most crates they carried tended to be around the same size and sometimes weight. They did not appear to be too strict with this so long as the crate wasn’t so heavy that it needed a rope and pulley to lift it onto their deck. If the crate carried something flammable, they charged a doubled fee, and refused to ship explosives or weapons. For both their own safety, and to dissuade piracy, they preferred to ship things that had less value to thieves, which suited Gavin just fine.

Nothing he was planning on paying them to transport was either flammable or dangerous, and doubtful to attract a thief.

“If I am able to ship goods to Krakallu, I think I would like to travel with you along with the cargo so that I could personally sell the goods to merchant on the island.” He told them after a bit.

Tine was tipsy, too now, but sober enough to keep talking business. He’d been so focused on talking about what they shipped and for how much that he’d only gingerly sipped at his rum. Manina on the other hand was hugging herself against her husband, her arm wrapped around his while she ate and drank with her other hand. She was in a very good mood, one that improved with this talk of a potentially profitable business arrangement.

“We can carry you and the cargo! We will not even charge you for the room if the cargo is enough. What do you think, Mamma? If 400 coin we carry he sleeps for free?” Tine volunteered a number, and already Gavin doing his own math.

He would have to make careful purchases. Buy wisely on the mainland, then factor in the cost of 400 coin for shipment, and then the resale on the island... There were lots to consider, but it wasn’t the end of his adventure. He could figure this out.

“He is a helpful guest! More than most! 350, Pappa.” She corrected her husband, and then Gavin had an idea.

“If I am given a free room on your ship I will work as a deckhand if you’d like. I’ll earn my keep.” He told them, and Tine made a thoughtful face before sipping at his cup of rum.

“350 coin and you sleep for free.” He agreed with his wife.

"I can't promise you a time for when I can be ready to start shipping anything. I will still have to do some planning on the mainland and take good notes. After you drop me and your cargo off at port when should I expect to see you return?" He asked them.

"Mmm. Two weeks, right Mamma?" He asked his wife.

She nodded, then grabbed a handful of potatoes and messily ate them.

"We ship every two weeks for the port authority, back and forth. Is how we pay for our boat." Tine replied.

"I remember you saying that you were still paying down your debt." Gavin replied.

The dog nodded.

"So much debt!" Manina lamented, then leaned away from her husband to grab her cup, discovering it was now empty.

She leaned forward until her breasts were laying on the table so that she could reach for the bottle of beer. Gavin took the bottle instead and asked her to give up her cup, which she did. He poured her a glass of beer.

"We will be debt free by year's end, and then next year..." Tine said, stopping to wrap his arm around his wife's middle to drag her back upright so he could kiss her on the cheek.

"No more waiting!" She cheerfully replied and turned to him and kissed him back on the lips.

"Waiting?" Gavin asked.

"For children, Gavin!" Manina told him loudly and shamelessly.

"We couldn't have so much debt for a good boat and care for children well at the same time." Tine explained.

He nodded, remembering a past conversation with them where they'd mentioned wanting children. He'd asked if they'd had any, or were planning any, and he did recall them saying that 'next year' they may try. He'd not wanted to pry too much into their affairs at the time, but at least it made more sense now.

"This boat must have been expensive." He asked.

"It was!" Tine said, reaching out to gesture at Gavin for the bottle of rum.

Gavin lifted it, shook it in his hand. It sounded near empty but handed it to Tine anyway. The dog poured the last of what was left into his cup.

"We sold our old boat and used the money to get this one from the port authority, but it was not enough. We promised to haul cargo for them to pay off the debt. Been doing it for five years."

Five years! That's a long time to be paying off a debt.

"I'm happy to hear you'll be debt free soon, Tine. You, too, Manina." He replied.

Manina smiled and took a big swig of beer, but this time she made no sour faces because she was too drunk to care what the alcohol tasted like. Booze was booze.

"Once you are free of your debt, and if my business does well, I think it would be a good idea if I use your boat for most of my work. You have a good boat and you have proven that you know how to haul cargo reliably, especially if you've been doing it for the port authority for so long." He told them with some confidence.

"That would be lovely, Gavin!" Manina shouted, sloshing her beer.

"We would appreciate your business!" Tine agreed with a big smile.

"How much coin are you earning from the port authority?" He asked, the cat now wanting to compare his potential future business to their current existing one.

"None." They replied in unison.

"None?" Gavin asked, confused.

"They pay us nothing. They gave us boat, and in return we haul cargo for free for five years." Tine told him.

Gavin's mental wheels began to turn, furling his brow. Five years of hauling cargo.

"How much cargo?" He asked.

Tine began to answer him with Manian occasionally interrupting, and the more the dogs talked the more his brow furled until his numbers added up sour. The Patters were being ripped off! This was a very good boat, but their own numbers for how much they charged for cargo they could paid this boat off in full at least two years ago!

Well, Gavin didn't know much about the port authority, but they clearly conducted themselves the same as any other pack of bureaucrats.

"You don't make much coin for yourselves then, do you?" He asked.

They told them that they didn't. Basically, living in poverty despite working tirelessly for so long, no wonder they felt they had to wait before bringing a child into the world!

"I can assure you that you will see business from me and earn good coin." He told them, and Manina beamed.

"You are our favorite person!" She told him, her body now swaying, and her breasts much more so.

“Mamma.” Tine told her, the dog sounding embarrassed.

Gavin checked his cup and saw that he was near empty. He refilled his glass and raised it, offering a toast.

“To our future business.” He told them, and the Patters both lifted their cups and they clinked. Manina spilled some of hers.

Tine downed his entire cup, same as Manina, although she was making a mess. Gavin didn’t remember her being quite so sloppy of a drunk, but she was also much more comfortable with him being on her boat now. Tine finished his cup then poured himself another with fresh beer. Gavin watched the dog down the entire cup, wincing while he did it from the flavor.

“If you want rum, I can go fetch some, Tine.” He told him.

“I’m chasing after Mamma, it doesn’t matter with what.” He replied, turning them to kiss his wife who then kissed him back. Chasing her for what, Gavin did not think he had to guess hard to know.

When Tine tried to fill his cup again, he found the bottle was empty. Now they had no more booze to speak of.

“We need more, Pappa! Celebrate!” She said, and then tried to stand herself up but she was too wobbly.

“I can get it!” Gavin told her and stood up himself.

Manina was grabbed by her husband and pulled back down to the floor to sit with him while Gavin turned and began to walk back down towards the storeroom. They kept all their bottles of alcohol in the same place, and so it was simple to find what he needed, taking a single jug of rum. When he returned to the front the pair were kissing openly, making Gavin flush a little at the blatant display of their affection.

He sat back down and popped the cork out of the jug, which drew the pair’s attention back to him. He lifted the jug and beckoned for them to give him their cups. They each lifted their cups, and he poured them both rum, then poured himself some so as not to be rude. He didn’t like rum, but he could still drink it.

The dogs drank more, before Tine scooted back from the table just enough to grab his wife around her middle. He tugged her up into his lap so they could sit and drink.

Gavin’s mind was again reminded of the memory of his last stormy night with the Patters. He wished that they were not such an attractive couple! As shameful as it was to admit to himself, the Patters being intimate with each other was something he’d very much want to see. The alcohol was getting to him!

“Mamma, you have drunk too much.” Tine replied, the alcohol slurring his speech.

“You too, Pappa!” She smiled broadly, swaying in his lap as she tipped her cup back to drink some more, rum dribbling down her chin.

The pair were very drunk, but thankfully just like last time they were friendly and happy drunks.

Gavin did his best to stomach the rum, and it was good that he’d already drunk his fair share of beer earlier. Alcohol always helped wash alcohol down, and the rum didn’t taste as bad as he’d remembered it, and with every swallow it got better. He was getting drunk, too. When he poured himself another cup of rum Tine noticed.

“You like rum now!” he said loudly.

“I sometimes like rum.” He admitted, tipping his cup back and swallowing more of it down.

“Rum is always good! Drink up, you helped buy it!” Manina cheered, and then leaned away from her husband to sloppily reach across the table to grab the jug before dangerously refilling Gavin’s cup to make sure he had plenty, spilling some of it on the wood.

“Wasting good rum, Mamma!” Tine scolded her, leaning forward to wrap an arm around her back before tugging her back towards him and back into his lap.

Gavin noticed that Tine’s hand had found purchase on one of his wife’s breasts through the effort, and as the pair laughed and drank more, that hand did not leave her chest. The cat’s heart began to beat faster, a flutter like a bird’s wings in his chest as he was catching a glimpse at just a sliver of what their intimacy might have looked like.

“The trip I planned must have helped you out a lot. The money I paid you.” Gavin said, doing his best to speak clearly despite the alcohol in him asking him to do otherwise.

“Yes!” They both replied together and out of sync.

“80 coin is good! We buy cheap in Krakallu! Everything expensive on mainland! Awful!” Manina complained.

“Everything is on the mainland, even rum, and rum is cheap!” Tine agreed before draining the last of his cup.

The jugs of rum weren’t large, and Gavin lifted it and looked down the narrow spout of its opening. He drained his own cup then refilled it.

“Almost gone.” He said sitting it down.

Tine kissed his wife on the neck before pushing her out of his lap and onto the floor, Manina making an oof noise as she watched her husband carefully pick himself up from the floor.

“Then we need one more before the night is done!” The dog said, picking himself up completely and stretching his back.

Gavin got an unexpected eyeful of the dog, Tine's manhood not only on display but... Half a size larger. The cat was getting a bit too tipsy to have his best wits about him, and so he didn't have the instinct to avert his eyes as he stared for a moment at the other man's crotch while Tine swayed his way around the table to make his way back down the boat to the other side.

It was only after Tine was out of sight that Gavin realized what he'd done and felt embarrassed, staring back down at his cup of rum.

Manina started giggled hard, that delightful boyish laugh she was known for, and Gavin looked up at her.

"You are shy!" She laughed harder, leaning down to drop her elbows to the table, dragging her finger across the now empty plate of food.

She caught crumbs on her fingertip before licking it clean with her tongue.

"We don't walk around naked on the mainland." He replied, keeping enough of his wit to know what she was referring to.

"We walk lots naked everywhere! You always act shy and pretend you don't look!" She laughed again, her voice a lovely little feminine cackle that showed her teeth and jiggled her breasts.

The more drunk she got the more boyish and fun her laughter became, almost as intoxication to listen to as the rum that presently swam in his belly. But having her call him out about his trying not to stare at them left him blushing harder, feeling even more embarrassed now that he knew that they'd been noticing him the entire time.

"It's rude to look!" He protested in his defense.

Laughing again, she lifted her arms, her eyes moving from Gavin to something behind him. It was Tine returning. Gavin suddenly felt a heavy hand on his shoulder as the dog leaned down, using Gavin as a stool to keep himself from falling over. The dog dropped a fresh jug onto the table before leaning away and wobbling back around to his wife.

The dog's manhood was even larger now than before and Manina must have been watching his face because she started giggling again while her husband dropped to his butt next to her.

"He so floostered!" She told Tine, totally amused and giggling still.

"Why's that?" Tine asked.

"Because your mast is showing, Pappa!" She told him, reaching her hand across to her husband's lap where Gavin couldn't see.

"OH!" He replied, looking down.

Then he started laughing, too.

"I told him we notice." She said to her husband, Gavin feeling himself flush.

The cat took another drink from his cup really quick while her husband asked what she meant.

As she drunkenly informed Tine that she'd told him that they knew Gavin looked at them naked the other dog started laughing some more.

"You are embarrassing him! Look at how he drinks now!" Tine laughed.

"We are just very drunk, Gavin! Do men not look on the mainland?" She asked loudly.

"Mamma, he embarrassed!" Tine told her again.

Gavin was now so flustered, full of beer and rum, that he didn't know what he was supposed to say. Had he been sober, he'd have been quick witted enough to find a reply. He'd have been able to navigate the conversation much like he had the last time he was in a situation like this with the Patters.

But now he was drunk, and he lifted his cup and drank another swallow of rum.

"I like looking when it's polite." He replied, thinking of all the times he'd politely looked at a woman in the daylight and only when it was appropriate.

He wasn't thinking about looking at a woman, or her husband, at night and while they were both very drunk and naked.

Manina started laughing again and drained her cup dry before leaning over to her husband to kiss him sloppily on the cheek.

"Mamma! You are being extra!" He loudly told her, but her hand was already finding purchase on the other side of his face to twist him around so she could kiss him proper.

Gavin watched them kiss, heart racing while he felt his body sway under the strong influence of too much alcohol. They were a very friendly and handsome couple and the booze in his belly was making him dangerously unwise.

"I like it when Manina is extra." He quietly admitted, the pair breaking their kiss after hearing him.

"She's always this way when she drinks!" Her husband replied.

"If I pay 100 coin instead of 80 can we drink more like this?" He asked, face flushing red while he foolishly imagined that all his future trips with them could be just like this. Good food, good drink, the Patters stark naked and laughing so that Manina's lovely bust would shake.

"100!" Tine almost seemed sober for a brief moment before his body language revealed the truth. He turned back to his wife with eyes as big as the now empty dinner plate.

"Gavin, you don't need to pay more! We always drink when it rains!" Manina told him.



“But if it doesn’t rain you won’t drink!” Gavin replied!

“You want us to drink?” She asked.

“Yes, so you can get drunk and happy, and I can watch!” He replied, then his eyes bulged wide at the sound of his own words hitting his ears. His skin turned beet red under his fur and he felt himself shrink.

“20 coin to watch what we do anyways!” Tine replied, shocked.

Gavin was speechless with himself after his outburst.

“Pappa, that’s too much! 80 is plenty!” She told her husband urgently.

“It’s money, Mamma!” Tine replied back the two dogs staring at each other.

Gavin listened, and then the mind of merchant clicked, alcohol slowing him down but not stopping him.

“80 coin for travel! It rains you drink, and I watch, but if dry I pay 10 coin and you drink anyway and I still watch!” He haggled; still beet red in the face as his heart danced chaotically in his chest while a maelstrom of emotion raged within him.

The two dogs looked at him and then at each other.

“Mamma!” Tine whispered painfully, the desire for more coin to resolve their debt so clear it could be used for a spyglass.

She made a reluctant face, sour like she’d bitten a lemon. Manina turned to Gavin, her body swaying more than ever.

“Pay us only 90, Gavin, but no more! We will drink every night! 10 coin is lots of rum!” She told him loudly.

“Deal!” He told her, Tine looking delighted at the promise of earning more, and Manina looking pleased that she didn’t feel they were taking advantage of their guest.

She started clapping, then turned to her husband and grabbed him by the smiling cheeks and pulled him close for a kiss. He wrapped his arm around behind her back and hugged her tight until they broke their kiss with a noisy smack.

“I will get you 10 coin!” Gavin stated, slapping his palms to the table and shoving himself upright and onto unsteady legs.

The noise of kissing continued behind him as he staggered to his little room, and through the drunken haze of rum he found the piece of luggage where he had tucked away his money. His coin purse was heavy in his hand as he jerked it open, dumping its contents onto the bed before incorrectly counting out 13 coins.

When he got back to the table with coins in his palm the Patters were aggressively kissing one another, becoming aware of Gavin's return only when he dropped back to the floor next to them with a thud.

The cat reached across the table and smacked his coin laden hand in front of them, letting all the money spill out into a messy pile in front of the pair.

The pair saw the coins, eyes big with desire, then Tine grabbed the dirty plate and shoved it across the table and onto the floor before grabbing his wife by scruff of her neck.

"Pappa!" She shouted suddenly, a big smile on her face as her husband shoved her down onto the table, her breasts mashing against the wood and the pile of coins.

Tine rose to his knees, his erection rigid like the mast of his boat, and looking about as large to Gavin's drunken gaze. Mr. Patter was going to be packing so much cargo into his wife's hold that the cat couldn't believe that the woman could walk each day! He was huge!

Gavin, sitting only a foot away from them, watched as Tine clumsily groped at his shaft before lining himself up with his wife's slit. The cat's eyes were wide as saucers.

Sitting anxious next to the pair, his own erection now painfully swollen in his trousers, he watched as Tine roughly crammed his blunt tip against her folds. She let out a happy bark before his girth split her open, forcing a grunt from her lips as Gavin watched the dog slide all the way inside his wife. The dog hilted himself with a grunt before wrapping a strong hand around the base of her tail while his other hand remained firmly planted between her shoulder blades.

The cat's jaw went slack, eyes widening further, as the mild mannered and friendly couple he'd come to know began to educate him on what intimacy meant to them.

Manina howled under her husband, the noise of their union loud and wet, the table beneath them rocking and creaking into the wooden grooves that held it place. Tine was slamming his hips so hard into that their cups were tipping over and rolling off the table while he panted, rasped, and began drooling over his wife's back.

"Pappa!" She wailed, her legs kicking out behind her, toenails scratching across the floor as her folds visible clamped and flexed around her husband's dangerously thick shaft.

Gavin was mesmerized, transfixed on their union.

She wrapped her legs around her husband, struggling to cling and hug him tight while he continued to work himself in and out of her like the boiling hot piston of a train engine. Then she started screaming, clawing at the table until there were thin trails of grooves scrawled across its surface from her nails.

Tine fucked her harder, encouraged by her screams of ecstasy, like he was trying to break her in two, Gavin's fur standing on end, excitement like electricity dancing across his skin like goosebumps. Manina howled, lustily and loud, her eyes fluttering as the cat began to hear something wet splatter across the floorboards beneath them.

She was climaxing so hard at her lips were dripping like a waterspout, slinging her sparkling nectar across the wood as her husband continued to slam himself into her with heavy, thick thuds of his hips, the muscles of his arms taut like the ropes that lashed their cargo firmly to the deck of their boat. Rigid, tough, and strong!

Tine spat out an exhausted growl, ripping his length from her. His shaft twitched angrily in the air, bobbing and throbbing openly as the big dog grabbed his wife around her middle and lifted her up. He spun her around onto her back and dropped her back down onto the table before groping at her legs to shove them apart. Her one leg came close to kicking Gavin in the face as he split her legs wide apart with the now hungry dog drooling down over his wife's red and ripened petals.

He jerked his head, turning towards Gavin with a look on his face that momentarily froze the cat solid with its intensity.

"Go get the blue bottle from the bedroom! Go!" The dog shouted angrily, the first of its kind that Gavin had ever heard come from the other man.

The cat bolted upright, obedient, and stumbled his way out of the kitchen, his erection comically tenting the front of his trousers.

"The drawer!" Tine shouted after him, and Gavin nodded to the empty hallway as he stumbled towards their bedroom.

He entered the room, the noise of Manina moaning and gasping coming from behind him, keeping the cat's spear rigid with her musical voice.

His eyes darted across the unfamiliar room, their small bed, a chest of drawers, personal items, but there was no glass bottle! He was drunk, afraid that he'd never find it until he remembered the drawer. Next to their bed was a small nightstand of solid wood with three little drawers. He jerked the top one open, saw coins, paper, jewelry. He tried the second, saw more paper and a timepiece.

The third drawer had more of the same but with a green bottle resting on its side, no thicker than a broom handle or longer than an ear of corn. He yanked it out, held it up in the dim light of the room.

"Teal!" He shouted triumphantly; Tine did not know his colors!

He quickly returned to the front, stopping dead in his tracks in the doorway while he watched as Tine was devouring his wife. His scruffy muzzle was buried between her legs, licking and gnawing on her folds hungrily as his wife whined and squirmed under him, locking her legs around his head and clawing at his ears.

"Gavin!" She nearly howled his name as she saw him standing there, her head tilted back and hanging off the opposite end of the table.

Tine yanked his head away from her groin and looked up, his broad tongue slurping out to lick at his lips before his eyes zeroed in on Gavin and the bottle he was holding.

“Bring it!” He barked, and Gavin leapt into motion, quickly stepping close to the table to hand the bottle over to Tine’s eager grip.

He looked down, seeing Manina panting up at him with a drunk, dumb expression on her face.

There was a pop, and the cat looked up to see that Tine was on his knees looking down at his still rigid cock as he tipped the now open bottle over himself. A clear sticky liquid spilled from the spout, drooling over his shaft. Once Tine was satisfied, he lifted the bottle to his lips, then pressed the cork back into the bottle before tossing it to the side with a loud thud on the floorboards.

Gavin stared at Tine, watching the bigger man use one hand to smear the liquid over his cock until it glistened like starlight under the firelight of the lanterns.

A hand pawed at his leg, and the cat looked down, seeing that it was Manina.

“You like watching!” She slurred before laughing in her lovely boyish giggle.

He nodded, he did like watching! Then Tine was moving again. Manina suddenly gasped, and what Gavin saw was Tine cramming his slickened length back inside his wife with a low growl rumbling out from between his lips.

He stared, gawking again, but this time there was no... He could see between her legs, and he wasn’t inside her...

Oh!

Gavin’s heart started racing as Manina beneath him pawed at both his legs, her husband quickly shoving himself deep inside her. She let out an ugly grunt that morphed into another happy laugh that drew the cat’s attention back down. As she tugged at the fabric of his pants, she had this perfect look of pleasure on her face.

“Sit! Hold her still!” Tine barked suddenly, shocking Gavin again with the force of his words.

He dropped to his butt but didn’t know what he meant by holding her still. Manina’s hands were no longer pawing at his legs, she was looking up at him with her head tilted back, her arms reaching out and finding his own, and he froze.

Gavin froze, but she knew what her husband wanted, drunk though she might have been. Drunk though they all were, everyone seemed to know what needed doing except for the poor dumbstruck feline from the mainland. She tugged at his arms; her hands wrapped tight around his wrists until she was putting his palmed over her shoulders.

She suddenly barked, her eyes going wide as saucers, her husband now bucking his hips up into her. He was being rough, his strong hands wrapped tight around her middle until his thrusts were making her slide across the table until her head fell into his lap, her cheek brushing against his tented trousers. He shuddered from her touch, but then Tine was snarling at him to ‘hold her still!’

The dog yanked his wife back towards him, back to where she'd been, and he now understood. He pressed his hands down over her shoulders and when Tine started fucking her again the cat could FEEL how hard he was rutting into her, the force of his every thrust rocketing up through her body until it hit his palms and up his arms.

Poor Manina was howling, shouting, her head titled all the back as her husband ravaged her with spit falling and slinging from his teeth as he used her as wildly as he could.

"Pappa!" She screamed, her back arching tight as her legs flailing out around her husband, her toes spreading apart as her ripe red petals started spitting a fresh supply of nectar all across her husband's stomach, soaking him with her climax.

She tried to wrap her legs around his waist, but he was thrusting too fast, her legs couldn't grip him. Manina's hands were pawing at the table until she reached up and grabbed onto Gavin's own wrists.

Gavin stared down at her, first at the underside of her chin, her head hanging limp off the end of the table and into his lap. He looked up, at the mesmerizing sight of her pert and ample breasts shaking violently with every thrust of her husband's hips. When he looked further up, he stopped, mouth falling agape with a gasp of his own.

Manina was howling, gasping, shouting while her husband was growling louder and louder with every vicious thrust. And Gavin's eyes were glued on the spot of her tummy just below her navel. Every time Tine sank his cock deep inside his wife the cat could SEE how deep he was reaching inside her! Every thrust, every hump, with each of Tine's full-throated snarls, Gavin could see her belly bulge with his size, could see how thoroughly he was claiming every inch of her body!

Gavin could never do similar to a woman, no matter how petite she might have been. Tine had more masculinity in his manhood than half the continent had men. Had he been sober, he might have thought to ask if all canines were so well endowed, or if Tine was merely more blessed than most.

Then Tine let out the most vicious and guttural snarl Gavin had ever heard from a man, it sounded so primal, so feral, that all the fur on his back and neck seemed to stand on end in fright. He looked up, eyes darting to the other man's face. The dog's eyes were rolling back in his head, lips curled up in a snarl to show his pearly white teeth, each dripping with spit as the man's own fur stood on end around his neck.

The dog was now locked tight, stiff as a board, muscles taut as steel. His eyes looked down to her stomach, could see the bulge throbbing below her navel, pulsing rhythmically.

Below them both Manina began to squeal, loud and feminine, her hands squeezing Gavin's wrists so tight that it was starting to hurt. He looked down, saw her drooling over his tent.

There were no more thrusts, just two dogs singing their lust with the most lurid noises imaginable, the husband sewing his seed deep inside his wife's hungry backside. When Tine began to relax, a loud exhale escaping his lips like he'd been holding a breath for far too long, he let go of his wife with one hand.

As he continued to relax, almost sagging limp, he reached out and caught himself on Gavin's shoulder, using the cat to hold himself upright as the dog looked down at his wife.

Gavin looked down, too, finding the bulge of his cock inside Manian's now taut tummy. Her trim abdominals were no longer trim at all. The bulge below her navel was still twitching, still bobbing, still throbbing, and with every pulse her stomach grew larger, it grew more taut, it grew fuller. Gavin gasped, watching as Tine filled his wife to the brim until there was an audible drip, drip, and splatter of something wet escaping out from around a tight seal.

Three hands were now grabbing him with strong hands. Manina lost in her own little world as her husband continued to fill her, and Tine using him as an anchor so he could remain upright.

Tine let go of her with his other hand and clapped the now freed hand over Gavin's opposite shoulder. The bigger man continued to use him as an anchor, panting, almost rasping, until after a few minutes he slipped himself free with the lurid noise of something thick spilling out over the floorboards. When the dog collapsed backwards onto his rump, the cat could see the dog's cock. Still erect, still spitting a steady stream of seed from his tip, he was positively coated from tip to balls with his own virility.

"Gah-vin." Manina whined from below.

Her grip loosened until her hands fell from his wrists and into his lap, the cat looking down at her. She, too, was still panting, nearly limp across the table and with her very full belly. Both dogs looked exhausted, but Tine had enough strength to take his turn to watch, admiring the handiwork he'd done on his wife.

Manina, meanwhile, took the time to paw at his trousers.

The cat was so hard, her drunken touch was near enough to bring him to climax as she reached and fumbled until she found the drawstring of his trousers. He panicked, that alone almost enough to set him off, and he tried to take her by the wrists to move her hands aside, but she surprised him.

"No!" She whined up at him, and yanked at his trousers until her fingers found the string.

"Let her." A growl came rumbling from the other side of the table, and he looked up.

Tine growled again, nodding down at his wife as she pawed at his lap.

Trembling, he rose up onto his knees and helped her find his drawstring. Manina was looking up at him, finally undoing the loose knot keeping his trousers intact. Frozen still, he gawked down at her as she tugged his manhood free, the cat nearly losing control of himself in the process.

When he felt her cold nose touch the underside of his shaft, followed by her tongue sliding down his length and he finally could last no longer. He enjoyed his own climax, the first he'd ever experienced with a woman. He shuddered, his pleasure ricocheting up and down his body as he let himself go. His seed, pitiful in volume compared to what was now swimming in her belly from her husband, was still enough to rocket from his tip like an arrow let fly.

When Gavin was finished Manina had a man's seed both in her belly and across her face and chest. He dropped back to his butt, the dog giggling boyishly as she lazily licked at his manhood from her upside-down position, Gavin left dazed and confused at watching a woman taste him with a smile.

Tine purred out another growl before leaning himself forward and towards his wife. He started licking at her swollen stomach and Gavin watched in awe as the alcohol, and his first orgasm with a woman, made him very sleepy. When Tine had finally collapsed over his wife, using her stomach as a pillow, Manina had gone still as well. Both dogs were out cold, and Gavin felt his eyelids weigh as heavy as the anchor that held the boat in place.

He slowly crawled out from under Manina's head, before picking himself up off the floor to retreat back to his own room where something much more comfortable waited for him than the floor. The narrow cot that was his bed took him in like a warm hug and put him to sleep as quick as any mother's lullaby.

It was neither the sunlight nor the rocking of the boat that woke him. When he came to, it was first to the sound of a woman's voice trying to wake him, and then a splitting headache that could have roused even a dead man.

"Gavin?" She said his name for the second or third time before he finally opened his eyes.

He was still wearing what he'd had on the night before, and with a groggy and painful head he picked himself up off the cot and crossed his legs under him to sit while Manina took a seat next to him on the cot. It took him a few moments to blink and think before he was ready to face her.

What happened between them all came flooding back to him as painfully as the headache throbbed, and he suddenly sat upright on the bed with eyes wide open. Now that he felt like a splash of cold water had struck him, he saw that Manina was sitting next to him fully dressed and with her top and bottoms on, which was uncharacteristic of her.

"Good morning, Manina." He told her flatly, his emotions in flux between too many to count.

His memory kept returning to him second by second. As he looked her in the face he saw flashes from the night before, of Tine bending her over, her swollen stomach, her husband's snarling, of her face covered in his own seed. He felt his skin flush red under his fur as he remembered more and more of last night.

"Good morning!" She replied with a smile, but her body language and tone told him she was feeling awkward and uncomfortable.

"I overslept. I'm sorry I did not wake sooner to help." He told her, noting that it must have been sometime during the daylight hours. The boat beneath him was not rocking from the waves but riding on the air. They were clearly sailing the skies again.

"It's no worry, Gavin. We let you sleep since you drank so much last night." She told him.

“I, yes, thank you. I did drink a lot.” He replied, trying his best to keep composure despite the growing anxiety that his memory was triggering.

“Me and Pappa had lots to talk about this morning, and we want you to know that we aren’t the sort to honor a deal made over rum.” She slowly, cautiously replied while her hands remained clasped in her lap.

The deals over rum... The money he’d given them... Gavin watching them...

“I’m sorry, Manina.” He stammered in reply. “I was very drunk, and I did not mean to offend either of you with what I asked for!”

He was immediate in his apology. His shame, now in full force with no alcohol in his system to smear and blur his good sense and judgment, was leaving his own hands to tremble nervously. She reached out to him to place a hand on his knee.

“Gavin, shush! Be calm.” She tried to say but seemed to be struggling to find the words, the hand on his knee squeezing him for the time being.

“Rum and business do not well mix, we wanted you to know that the deal we offered... You can pretend we never made it. You even gave us too much; you did not count the coin proper.” She told him quietly.

She reached out to him with her other hand, a closed fist which she then opened palm up in offering. What was resting in her hand were the coins he’d given them the night before, and now that he was sober to the bones, he could see that he’d counted thirteen coins instead of the ten he was supposed to.

Instinct kicked in, and he reached out and carefully took the coins from her, feeling their gentle weight in his hand as the coins settled still in his hand.

“We are... We are upset with ourselves for how we let the night go. We got greedy. You were drunk and we were eager, and Pappa is sorry for how he acted, too. He shouted at you and this morning he remembered you looked so spooked of him. He was too ashamed to come and help wake you, so I came alone.” She told him, a healthy dose of shame in her own voice that left him feeling all the worse.

Gavin listened, opening his mouth to reply, but did so too soon to have anything to say. He was still struggling to process last night, his headache making it harder to cope with the situation, and the longer he was awake the more he remembered which added to the misery of the situation.

He had his own role to play in how far things went last night, and he thought to tell her so, but she spoke again before he could. The woman’s eyes were not strong enough to meet his, but instead remained low to the ground like she was afraid to meet his gaze.

“We hope that we have not broken your trust in us. We are excited to carry cargo for you, and we think we’ve ruined that.” She told him, worry thick in her voice.

Everything she was saying made it sound like they were owning all the blame for last night, and that left him feeling guiltier! They were the ones in debt, and they were the ones so desperate for money! He offered them more just to let him watch! Yes, he was drunk, but those were still his words! Gavin



reached up with his free hand and rubbed his face nervously, because he'd even let Manina... He looked her in the face again and recalled exactly what she'd looked like with his seed spilled across hers.

Gavin shook his head.

"I don't... I... I mean, I am more worried that I might have done something to break your trust in me. I drank a lot last night, but I did that of my own accord! I acted in ways I shouldn't have, and I would not fault you for being angry with me for it." He told her, feeling the thirteen coins grow heavier in his hand.

"We are not angry, Gavin!" She assured him, squeezing his knee with the hand. "We worry!"

"You and Tine are married, and I asked you to let me watch." He told her, bringing his hand up again to run his hand over his aching head and he drew in a big breath to stay calm.

She didn't say anything at first, but then her hand left his knee and reached out to find his empty hand.

"Shh, Gavin. That's no matter." She told him, squeezing his hand.

When he didn't have anything to say to that she got anxious, moving herself closer to him and squeezing his hand tighter.

"We are not hurt, Gavin." She told him quietly, concern in her voice.

"I watched you have sex with your husband! I even... I made a mess on you!" He replied, his panic matching her concern tit for tat as his shame and embarrassment roiled to a boil.

She let go of his hand then, but only to replace it with the other so that the other could wrap around his back and squeeze him tight to her side in an embrace. Suddenly, she was hugging him, and he was confused, bewildered, but her comforting hug and squeeze on his hand was like a salve for a wound.

"Manina?" Was all he could muster.

"You cats of the mainland are so thick, Gavin!" She cried, rocking him now in her grasp like a mother would a sullen child.

"Manina?" He squeaked again, more confused.

She broke the hug, huffing as she reached to the front of her shirt and starting undoing buttons until she was satisfied, then she tugged it off completely and tossed it to the bed next to her. Before he could so much as mutter a noise she stood and stepped in front of him, topless and shameless with her bare chest.

"You were on Krakallu for so many days! We don't care that you see!" She told him, gesturing to her chest, going so far as to grope one of her breasts.

He felt his face flush, his eyes unable to meet hers. She reached out and grabbed him by the cheeks and jerked his head up and aimed him at her chest.

“Mr Reeve, if me and Pappa did not want you looking then we would not be naked on our boat! You even told us we could!” She told him, her tone now angry like a scold.

“I did not want to be rude.” He replied weakly in his own defense.

She let go of his face and reached down to the drawstring of her trousers, yanked the cord, and then let them drop. He flushed hard, feeling his body begin to tremble with anxiety at being so close to her naked while being so sober.

“You are not being rude, Gavin Reeve! We don’t care that you look! Everyone looks! Mainlanders like to look, too, but they always lie about it! On the islands we are honest!” She said, gesturing again to her bare body.

He didn’t know what to say.

“We were the rude ones! You were drunk and we let you agree to pay money for something we would have given you for free if we were sober!” She shouted, planting her hands on her hips and staring down at him.

“F-free?” He blurted out, his voice even cracking like he was reliving his youth.

“You are a polite, honest, young man, Mr. Reeve. We would give you for free what we would make another pay! You work hard and earn your keep, except when you ruin my potatoes! But you will learn how to do that better because any man that can learn to tie one of Pappa’s knots is a man that can learn to peel a potato!” She told him sternly.

He was too overwhelmed to know what to reply, but the muscles of his jaw were flexing and working his jaw as he tried to fumble words that amounted to nothing.

“We are not mad at you, Gavin.” She broke the silence.

He nodded, still stunned.

Gavin reached out his hand, and then grabbed her by the wrist. She was confused, and when he tried to press the coins back into her hand, she tried to jerk her hand away to stop him. She was so much stronger than he knew women to be that she almost succeeded, but in the end he had all thirteen coins pressed into her palm.

“No, Gavin! We can’t accept it!” She protested.

“It’s for the potatoes!” He told her back.

Now she was looking bewildered.

“I did not know I ruined your potatoes and I’m sorry! Please, take it as apology. You can give it back to me when I learn how to peel them the way you like them.” He told her.

She went silent, and then slowly wrapped her fingers around the coins. When she had them firmly in her grasp, he let go of her.

“This is a lot of money for potatoes, Mr. Reev.” She told him.

He nodded, but his mind was trying to think, fighting against the headache that was still giving him grief.

“I don’t know anything about life on the islands, Manina. I don’t know what is and isn’t normal or appropriate. It’s rude to want to watch people on the mainland, so that’s why I’m acting the way I am.” He confessed.

She turned and sat herself back down next to him.

“You are living on a boat with two islanders.” She told him.

“I am.” He agreed.

She opened her hand and jingled the coins. With her free hand she reached over and picked out three of them, then offered him the rest.

He shook his head.

“Only 3 coin. That is your punishment for ruining my potatoes. If you forgive us for making deals with you while drunk, then you can give the 10 coin to Pappa and tell him you still want to watch us. But he has to be very sorry for shouting at you.” She told him.

He felt both cold and hot, his heart slowly beginning to race as he watched her hand, held high, gesturing for him to accept the coins.

“Do you want me to watch?” He asked, feeling uncertain.

“We never have anyone to watch! We live on our boat and work all the time, back and forth from island to mainland. Last night felt like when we first got our new boat. Exciting!” She told him.

“Pappa, too?” He replied.

“Pappa, too! He’s just afraid he scared you. He gets extra when he drinks too much.” She told him, smiling.

“You both get extra.” He replied, and then she laughed.

It was a quiet laugh at first, but then it grew until she was exploding with boyish laughter until Gavin was sitting there next to her with a smile on his face, too.

Suddenly, a face appeared in the doorway.

They both looked and saw Tine there, his expression hard to read but it was a mix of worry and curiosity.

“Pappa! Do you want Gavin to watch us?” She asked him bluntly.

He looked surprised by the question.

“It would be... Nice.” He replied, the sober dog having reverted back to his less outgoing, introverted self.

Meanwhile, his wife stood up and strode over to him and took her husband by the ear and began to whisper. Gavin watched his face flex between relief and confusion until he nodded.

“10 coin. We teach you to peel potatoes.” Tine then said, composing himself.

Gavin laughed, then stood up and walked over to the pair and reached for Manina’s hand. She dropped the coins into Gavin’s hand, then he turned and offered them to Tine who did not fully understand what was happening. He still took the coin.

Manina began to clap happily.

“Now! Pappa and I will be sober tonight for dinner, and we can talk more about shipping your cargo! No rum!” She said loudly.

“I can agree to that.” Gavin replied.

“Good!” Tine added, the poor man still looking somewhat confused as he’d missed out on all that had happened.

“And then Pappa and I will let you watch.” She then said, before reaching over to tug at the string that held the top of Tine’s shirt shut. “Take that off, Pappa, you look better without it!”

As her husband began to strip naked, then stepped back over to Gavin to put her hands back on her hip like a scolding mother. She leaned in close and lifted a single hand to poke him in the chest with a finger.

“And after you watch us, you will let me swallow.” She told him.

His face flexed in confusion.

“Swallow?” He asked, not understanding.

“You are very sticky! You were stuck all in my fur, Gavin! I had to scrub extra hard to get you out this morning!” She protested, pointing her finger at her face and chest.

First, he’d ruined her potatoes and now he was guilty of being sticky. Gavin was left speechless.