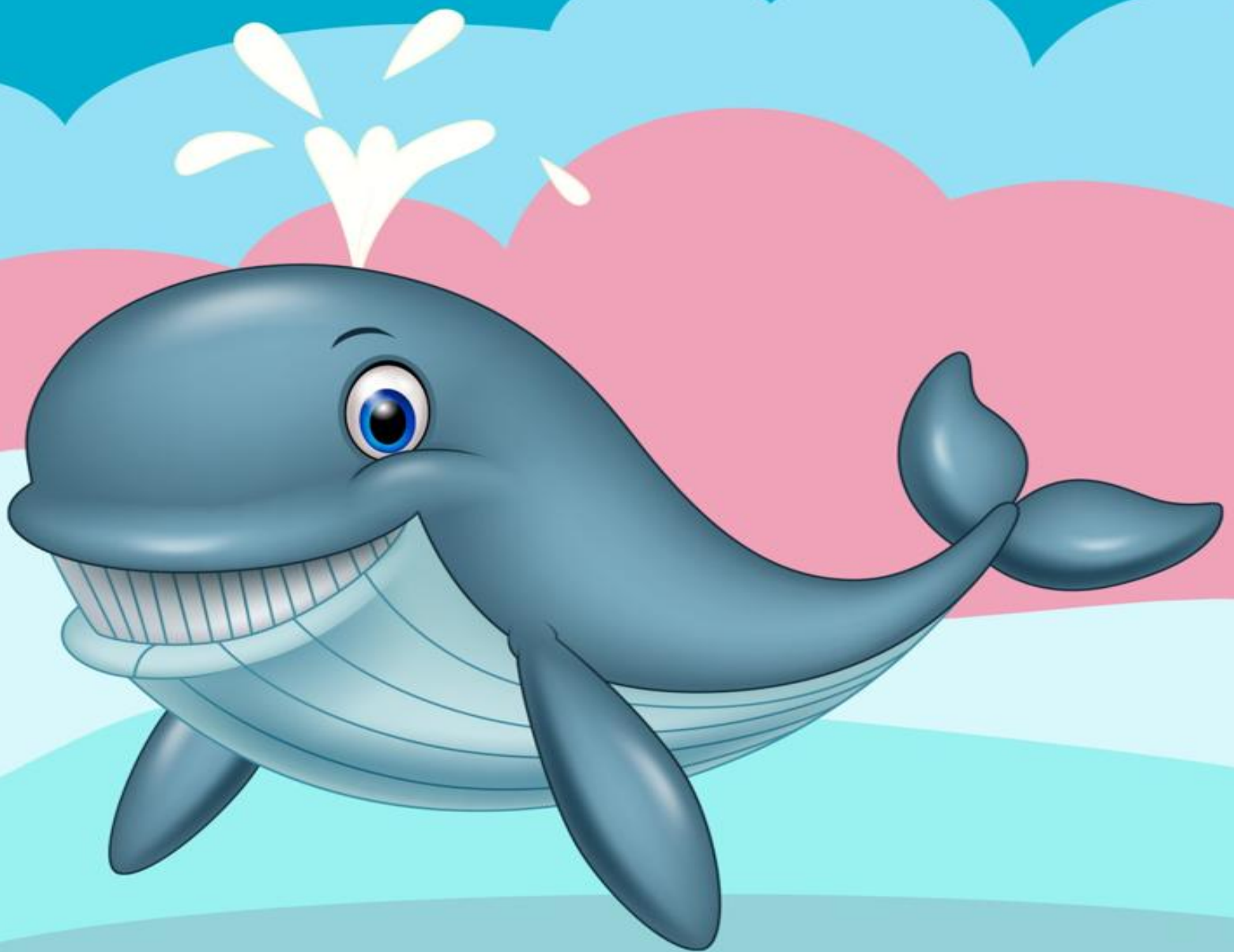


MCHARDY

HAWKER

# Blowie





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*To our favourite crippled gimp John Tomlinson and Doll Peule,  
for her continued support and friendship.*

My name is Leo. I live on a remote research station on Stanley Island, off the coast of Tasmania, with my dad, the world-renowned, Australian marine biologist, Dr Jerald Hood. I've had a fantastic childhood, full of adventure and wonder. I wouldn't swap it for anything. Well, that was until I went through puberty. Now, instead of running riot over the island and getting myself into all kinds of mischief, all I can think about is girls and how much I want one. Chances are I won't be getting a girl anytime soon, either. Dad's going to be stationed here monitoring the aquatic wildlife for at least another five years. I have the internet, of course, and all the porn I can wank to, but it's not the same. I want to feel the flesh of a living, breathing female.

It's early morning, and though I've already rubbed two out before I even get out of bed, I decide to stretch my legs on the beach to try to take my mind off my cock's banishment to *No Pussy Island*. It doesn't work. From the windswept beach, I can see the mainland and the city on the distant horizon. All I can think about is the women on the far shore, their plump asses and pendulous breasts squeezed into micro bikinis. Bald, bronzed cunts, fat camel toes, and juicy, erect nipples that would make a man foam at the mouth. I can picture them now, luscious ladies greedily sucking and fucking big, hard cocks. The thought gives me a giant woody as rigid as a surfboard.

"Not this time, buddy," I scream at my wayward cock above the roar of the ocean. I'm sick of being a lackey to my prick. Maybe some vigorous exercise will take my mind off sex. I sprint along the soft, golden sand with the wind and salt spray stinging my face. My lungs burn, my legs turn to jelly, and my cock collapses in defeat. I breathe a sigh of relief and decide to indulge in one of my favourite boyhood pursuits - beachcombing. Some really interesting seashells wash up on Stanley Island, and I have amassed a huge collection of them at home, from rare conchs to colourful mitre shells.

Within fifteen minutes of scouring the sands, I have a smile on my face and bulges in my pockets. Dad will wax lyrical over some of the beauties I've found. I'm thinking about returning home to deposit my treasures when I spot a dolphin washed up on the beach. Foamy water laps around its tail and fins. I've seen dolphins swimming off the coastline before, but never one so close that it risks being stranded on the shore. Poor thing. Tiptoeing

across the sand, I gently approach the shiny, bluish-grey body. The dolphin eyes me warily.

“It’s okay, I mean you no harm,” I say soothingly with my hands held out in front of me. The dolphin lies half on its side weakly flapping its tail. No injuries are visible, and I carefully check the other side. She’s a girl. She squeaks as I roll her onto her tummy, and into a shallow depression beside her. I splash her with water and run a reassuring hand over her sleek skin. “There, there, you’re going to be fine.” She quietens down, seeming to sense I am here to help her.

She’s a big girl, around four hundred kilos. There’s no way I can move her by myself, but Dad will know what to do. I’m about to turn around and run back home to fetch him when the blowhole gurgles and spits out a frothy secretion. I freeze, transfixed by the sight of the bubbling orifice. It looks like a sphincter farting out a creampie in one of those anal, gangbang videos on *Pornhub*. My cock has a seizure in my pants. My left eyebrow shoots up, and I look up and down the beach. There’s not a soul in sight. I’ve always been partial to the bigger ladies. Kimmie Buffet and Monica Mozzarella are my two favourite porn stars.

My trembling hands caress her flanks, and I slip two fingers into the blowhole, all the way up to the knuckles. She squeals, and I jerk out my fingers in fright. What am I doing? This is so fucked up. I just fingered a dolphin’s blowhole. Am I really that horny and desperate? Her moist, soft insides did feel good around my digits. Really good. I sniff my fingers. They smell faintly fishy with a slight scent of ass.

Before I know it, I’ve slipped my leg over the dolphin. As I straddle her like a horse, I unzip my trousers and pull out my cock. Droplets of pearly precum bead the bulbous, purple head. I can’t believe I’m going to do this, but I can’t stop myself. The blowie looks too good not to stick my cock into, and I’ve been desperate to fuck something since my first pube. I scoot forward and spank the hole with my dick. The meaty, wet slaps make the veins in my shaft pulse angrily.

“You want this don’t you, baby girl? You want my spam javelin deep in your filthy, tight blowhole.” She cranes her head to see what I’m doing on her back. I tease my throbbing nob around the rim and then slip it in. “Oooh, fuck.” I shudder. The hole’s snug and hot, and envelops my tool like a friendly hand.

The dolphin lets out a high-pitched squeak as I edge myself into her until I'm balls deep. "Easy there, girl," I whisper into her earhole. My soothing words calm her. I slide my ass back and forth over her smooth skin and thrust deeply into her quivering hole. My balls smack against her body and the froth seeping from the hole lathers into a cream, coating my prick.

The animal bucks and her tail churns up the sand. I grip onto her fins and hold on for dear life. How ridiculous I must look, ass in the air and cock slamming in and out of a dolphin's blowhole. Dad would be ashamed if he saw what I was doing to this highly intelligent, friendly mammal of the sea. The tightness of the hole plus her Japanese porn star squeaks are too much for me. I can't hold back my load any longer. "I want to be a marine biologist!" I scream, as my cock erupts and I pump heavy streams of warm spunk inside the dolphin's salty gape. I roll into the shallow water and lie on my back beside her, panting. "That was incredible, baby girl." She rolls her eyes, not looking too good, and her blowhole queefs and gurgles. "I'll go and get Dad now."

I hoist up my trousers and speed off along the sand. Dad's bent over a microscope in his laboratory, examining some phlegmy substance in a petri dish. His head jerks up as I barge into the room. "A dolphin is stranded on the shore and needs our help urgently," I gasp, my chest heaving.

"Is it hurt?" he asks.

"I've checked her over, and she looks okay, but she's too heavy for me to drag back into the ocean."

"Whereabouts is she?" Dad flings off his glasses and jumps to his feet.

"In an almost straight line down from that old banksia tree. We've got to hurry, Dad." Dad claps me on the shoulder, and together we race down to the beach. The dolphin eyes us suspiciously as we approach, no doubt concerned I've brought a pal back for a threesome.

Dad circles the animal. "Good lad, you've done the right thing fetching me. She looks distressed." He squats in the sand beside her and peers into the blowhole. "She seems to be having problems breathing." His fingers probe the clogged aperture, and he scoops out a clump of congealed cum. A sudden whoosh of air escapes from the blowhole, spraying jizz in Dad's face. Dad wipes away the strands of spunk dangling from his nose and

eyelids. “Oh dear, she must have a cold,” he says after spitting some of my man mayo from his mouth.

A red tide of embarrassment washes over my face, and I curl my toes into the sand. “I guess so, Dad.”

“Now we’ve cleared the spiracle we need to get her back into the water as quickly as possible. Grab the tail, son. The two of us should be strong enough to move her.” Dragging a four-hundred-kilo dolphin over wet sand is no easy task, but after several minutes of heaving and grunting, we reach the shallows. Dad gives her a friendly slap, and we let her go. The dolphin flips her tail and sprays us with water before disappearing beneath the waves. “That’s gratitude for you,” Dad says, smiling proudly from a job well done.

I nod in agreement and go to stuff my hands into my shell-stuffed pockets. My flaccid cock is stuck to my thigh, and I wriggle around trying to peel it off without Dad noticing.

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After my tryst with the dolphin, all I can think about is blowholes. I spend my days combing the beach and sailing around the coves of Stanley Island in a little dingy, but I don’t see another dolphin. I think my blowhole beauty tipped off her friends and family about what I did to her.

I order an inflatable whale sex toy online. It arrives in a discrete brown box addressed to me. The damn thing is so big I nearly faint blowing it up. It’s a huge disappointment when I hump it. I may just as well fuck a plastic bag. Frustrated, I resort to jerking off over blowhole videos and photos on the internet. I even join a blowhole enthusiasts’ web group called *Blowhole Watches*. I ask what types of blowholes people are into fucking, and I’m kicked out of the group immediately and blocked.

I need to get off this island and get myself some real aquatic mammal hole. I apply for every job working with marine animals I can think of: marine mammal trainer, fish and game warden, aquarist. I even apply to Greenpeace. I get the same rejection letter after each application. They say I’m too young and inexperienced. One morning whilst I’m choking the

bishop to reruns of the TV series *Flipper*, Dad knocks on my bedroom door. “You in there, Leo?”

“Shit,” I mutter and then yell, “just a second.” I tuck my cock into the waistband of my undies and pull up my bed covers. “Yeah, Dad, what’s up?”

Dad pushes open the door and pokes his head around the corner. “I’ve got some interesting news.”

Oh great, another boring lecture on the mating habits of sea anemones or some such shit. “Mmm?” I try to sound enthusiastic.

“Greenpeace called. They said a Japanese whaling fleet is chasing a pod of blue whales off the coast of Australia. If they keep to their current trajectory, they’ll pass close by Stanley Island early this afternoon. I thought we’d take the boat out and see what we can do to help Greenpeace protect the pod. What do you say, son?”

My eyes light up, and a grin splits across my face. Blue whales are the BBWs of the sea. There’s no mammals’ blowhole I’d rather fuck. “Yeah, Dad, let’s do it!” I say, pounding my fist in the air.

“Thatta boy.” Dad gives me the thumbs up.

We gather up the supplies we’ll need for the trip and rush down to the wharf. Our boat isn’t large, only big enough to get to the mainland, but it’s a beautiful day, so we should be safe on the open sea. The afternoon sun sparkles off the calm, azure waters. We head five miles offshore, and I scan the northwest horizon for the pod of whales.

The afternoon sky is changing from gold to crimson when I spot the pod being escorted by the Greenpeace vessel, *Sea Wolf*. The Japanese whaling fleet is hot on their trail. One of the whales has broken free from the pod and is being pursued by a whaling ship. Several crew members are on deck, shouting excitedly in Japanese and pointing at their target.

“Shit, Dad. We have to help.”

“It will be dangerous, son.”

“I don’t care. We came here to help the whales.”

“I know, but we’ll need to be bloody careful.” Dad opens up the throttle and veers off course to shield the distressed whale. The sea’s become choppy, and I’m forced to grip the side of the boat. Our small vessel is

dwarfed as we draw alongside the whale. I've never seen an animal so majestic. A jet of water spouts thirty feet into the air.

My hands slip into my pants and grasp my stiffening cock. I know I shouldn't attempt what I'm about to do, but my lust for the blowie consumes me. Before I can stop myself, I say, "I'm going to climb onto the whale like in that movie, *Whale Rider*. They'll never shoot it with me on top."

Dad's body goes rigid, and he stares at me with his eyes frozen open. "Absolutely not! It's madness! The harpoonist may not even see you."

"I'm going, Dad. It's worth a try."

"It's a hell of a way to enter manhood, but I won't stop you." With one leg hoisted up onto the edge of the boat, I prepare to jump. The glistening, bubbling hole is so close, my prick dribbles like a hungry dog. I leap, then land on the whale's huge back. My fingers scrabble around the blowhole, trying to find a grip so I don't slide off and fall into the sea. "Don't let go! Hold on tight," Dad yells above the roar of the ocean.

I manage to work my pants down with one hand. My eyes sting from the constant splash of briny water, but I don't care. God, my engorged cock feels so good pressed against the sleek flesh of the blue whale. I haul myself up, and my throbbing member slips deep inside the blowhole. My prick touches only one side, but it's pulsing, warm, and wet. The sensation is electric. A deep groan rumbles from my depths. This is ecstasy. My naked ass bobs up and down as I pump the hole vigorously.

"Jesus Christ, boy. What the hell are you doing to that whale?" Dad shouts.

"Getting my end off, Dad," I shout back.

The blubbery insides of the blowhole cushion my shaft as I hammer the fuck out of the throbbing nostril. No homo sapiens' snatch could be anywhere near as good as a blue whale's blowie. Dad jumps up and down in the little boat, yelling at me to stop and get back on board. The Japanese whalers' excited babble gets more frenzied. A couple even snap photographs of me and my aquatic beauty. A large crowd of long-haired men and shaven-headed women gather on the top deck of the *Sea Wolf*. They scream angrily, boo, hiss, and throw things at me. Their hatred is palpable, but all I care about is emptying my nuts into this enormous, divine creature.

I smash the whale's hole hard and fast, edging towards a climax so intense I might pass out. As a flood of hot seed erupts from the mouth of my cock, a searing stab of pain slams into my back and knocks the wind out of me. I shoot high into the air on a jet of water and cum, then I'm yanked backwards before splashing into the cold ocean.

The pointed end of a harpoon protrudes out the middle of my chest. Dad's manic shouts become muffled as I sink to the murky depths. A cloud of blood blooms from my wound, turning the sea around me bright red. I watch the whale get smaller as it swims into the distance. My vision blurs, and I feel light as a feather. *Sorry, Dad*, I think to myself. That was one hell of a final orgasm.