

The Porn Note
Chapter 8: The Unaligned Resort
By Draconicon

There was less security in the tropics than he expected, though still enough to make Malcolm nervous. They had come without papers or passports, after all, and there was little record of them leaving System territory. He slowed down as they stepped off of the plane, hesitating at the end of the landing bridge into the airport, and grabbed Rashii and Taj as they followed him off.

A quick write-up in the Book took away their former disguises, leaving them as their natural mouse, snake, and tiger forms. He waved them in, shaking his head a few times.

“I need to make sure that you’re okay with this before we keep going.”

“I’m certain that we can be okay with anything that you write in the book. Of course, we might be okay only because the book makes us okay, but -”

“That’s what I want to avoid. I mean...I could do it, but that...that didn’t go so well at the school.” Malcolm sucked in a breath, let it out slowly, and continued. “I want to make sure that you tell me if you think it’s a good idea. I don’t want to just...just do it. I might make another mistake.”

“Hey, sometimes you gotta.”

He glanced up at Rashii, but the snake shrugged her shoulders.

“I’m serious. Sometimes, you have to make a decision. You can’t come looking for people to back you up all the time.”

“I guess...but this time, I don’t have to do that. We’re not in a hurry. Let’s talk about it...while walking.”

Moving away from the nearly-abandoned bridge between plane and airport, the three of them followed the mass of passengers towards the checkpoint. All the while, he was muttering back to them.

“Got a couple of ideas. First, we can get the security people too interested in us to actually ask questions. Might lead to getting taken home with them, though.”

“Or getting taken to the back rooms for a ‘security search,’” Rashii muttered. “Next?”

“Orgy?”

“I believe that would be more likely to cause attention, unless the book leaves it as a celebratory thing that the passengers do as they come off the plane. But even so, it will make us all the more likely to be seen, since we are not participating in what they see as real,” Taj pointed out.

“Good point...Hmm.”

He went quiet as they reached the back of the passenger blob, the group slowly sorting into lines between the different checkpoints. There was one line for System citizens, and one for people coming back from vacations. A third, ostensibly for people from Crypto, was abandoned. He thought that it might be an option, but there were no sexy ideas that came to his mind for the land of the dead.

So, how to get by this without papers?

Hmm...

“Well. I just had an idea...”

“Better be a good one. We gotta start picking a line soon.”

“How do you feel about your passport being your pussy?”

“...”

“I must say, I have an interest in being identified by my shaft. I have always believed that it was special enough for it.”

“Taj...shut up.”

“Ah, shutting up, Rashii.”

The tiger cheekily snapped his mouth shut, twirling his fingers by the corner of his mouth as if locking it closed. The snake looked down at him, the mouse blushing a bit, but it was the best thing he could think of. She pressed a finger to her chin, and he wasn't sure if she was trying to think of a way out of it or a way to make it better. After a minute, at which time they were halfway towards the front of the line, she smiled.

“Heh, I'm up for it...but there's one more thing we need.”

“What's that?”

“New identities.”

#

Taj was the first to step forward, and Malcolm blushed as he looked at the tigress stepping up to the checkpoint. The commands in the notebook had changed Taj's gender, as well as shifting him from a normal tiger to a white and black one, but it was the other commands that he was a little more concerned about. He had altered the rules about checkpoint procedure when Taj had reached the front of the line, so if it hadn't taken full effect, he wouldn't know until the tiger had been arrested.

The white tigress walked up to the man at the desk, talking to the peacock official with a smile on her face and altogether too much cleavage showing. He couldn't see what they were talking about, but the avian didn't seem too upset. They seemed to exchange pleasantries of some sort, up until the point where the bird gestured off to the side.

Here we go...I guess...

There wasn't a passport scanner any longer, but rather a flat, glass surface for the females, and a long tube for the males. The official gestured for Taj to sit down, and as the tigress did, everyone in line got a perfect view of a pair of pussy lips getting flattened against a piece of glass. Malcolm blushed, his cock twitching lightly in his pants, trying to ignore the feeling of how weird this was. He kept the notebook tucked under his arm, not wanting to touch Rashii by accident. She'd made it very clear that she didn't want to see this as anything but normal until it was over.

The tigress wiggled back and forth until the bird told her to stop, and the screen was lit up with a little laser scanning over the half-spread pussy. The pressure from above had made it open, giving everyone a perfect look at the pink walls inside. Every passing second made him more nervous and more embarrassed at the same time, and yet more turned on than ever.

Finally, the laser screen shifted, showing a picture of the same tigress as was squatting over the glass. The peacock smiled, gesturing for the tigress to stand up, and patting her pussy, giving it a stamp just above the clit.

"There you go, Ms. Star. Have a good stay."

"Mmm, I shall, if everyone is as welcoming as you."

"I assure you, we all are. Next, please."

That would be him. Malcolm stepped forward, trying to adjust to his new body. Rather than keeping his mouse shape, he'd gone with something bigger, a little more...impressive. Much as he would have liked to show off a little bit - at least, in front of the strangers - Rashii was right. A different body and face would be better for disguising themselves, particularly if they were people that couldn't be identified later. So, he walked up to the booth as an elephant, his ears twitching back and forth nervously. The peacock looked up at him, smiling.

"Long trip, sir?"

"Fairly, yes."

"Don't worry, we're always happy to have more guests in our city. This won't take long, and I promise, it's quite pleasant."

"I'm...I'm sure."

Malcolm swallowed a couple of times as he unzipped his pants, drawn over to the back of the booth by the bird's gesturing finger. The hole looked rather small for his new equipment, but he pushed it in regardless.

Almost instantly he felt it getting sucked on, pulled deep into the hole and stretched to its full length. He bit off a gasp as the machine started scanning him, though the laser playing over

his cock felt more like a tongue working him over. If he hadn't seen his big, gray cock getting stimulated to full erection on the monitor beside him, he would have wondered if he'd stuck his cock into a gloryhole rather than a piece of technology.

And the peacock chose that moment to start talking.

“Reason for visit?”

“P-pleasure.”

“Ah, a vacation, hmm? A lovely time of year for it, particularly with the smog storms on the borders.”

“Nnngh. Yes, good to...to get away from that.”

Did they have to show the screen to the entire airport audience? He was blushing worse and worse with each passing second, knowing that people were seeing how hard he was getting, but at the same time that was making him harder still. The laser drew a line down his urethra, the slight heat from it making him harder still.

“Do you have accommodations already?”

“Not - mmmph - yet. Need to...find one. But have the money for it.”

“Very good. I'm assuming that you have nothing to declare?”

“Nothing but a notebook and a pen.”

“And a very fine dick, let's not forget.”

He groaned, not needing the reminder. His cock felt like it was stuffed into a tight, constantly sucking orifice, and it wasn't helping him think straight in the slightest. The machine pinged quietly, and the peacock looked at the readout. His elephant face popped up on the screen, the border glowing green.

“Ah, yes. Mr. Jerkin Offa. Nice to have you visiting.”

“Yes, um...thank you. Can I -”

“Sure, unless you'd like it to finish you off? Some of our guests don't like to walk around with a hard-on, understandably.”

“I'll, um, I'll deal with it later.”

“As you say, sir. Have a wonderful trip.”

He pulled back and reached down for his pants, though he wasn't allowed to pull them up before the peacock pulled out his little stamp and got him right on the crotch. He saw the little scan marks left behind on his crotch, right above the base of his cock, and couldn't quite shake off the feeling of being marked for merchandise. The idea left him shivering a bit.

He pulled his pants back up, his dick sticking into his shirt from its sheer size as he walked over to Ms. Star. He stepped up to her side, knowing that Taj was waiting - though 'she'

didn't know why - and tapped her on the arm with the notebook. As soon as it made contact, the white tigress blinked, looking down at herself.

“Oh...well, now I get the chance to experiment again.”

“Can't you wait until we find a hotel room?”

“You gave me boobies. I'm not going to waste this chance.”

The 'elephant' rolled his eyes at that, and just waited. It was Rashii's turn now, and considering just what she was, an elegant bird of paradise in little more than a bikini, he figured that they were going to be there for a while.

#

Vehicle rental, thankfully, wasn't a problem, though they had to wait longer than he expected. The peacock turned out to be a veritable Romeo when it came to dealing with Rashii, and she'd been too in-role to be able to see that there were people waiting for her. He'd seen her get taken back to the back room, and then heard the squawks of pleasure that had come afterwards. Nobody batted an eyelash, let alone her, when she came back out, stamped across her chest with a visa with extra approval.

When she got back to normal, she looked surprisingly calm about it, though. Perhaps it was something to do with the notebook, or perhaps it really had been that good.

In either case, they went straight to vehicle rental afterwards. It was automated, just needing a credit line to get started. In the case of the machine, he was able to get it to work off of a gloryhole mechanic, and a slight AI crush on him.

I'm doing this a lot lately...here's hoping it doesn't come back to bite me in the ass.

The machine leased them a trio of jet-scooters, each one drawing in the air from around it and pushing it down with sufficient force to keep it off of the ground. Malcolm had to stop the tigress from leaning down and pressing her pussy against it, arguing against further experimentation until they were somewhere private.

Still, he had to admit that the scooters were good. Once they were out of the airport and able to put them to full power, it was like riding on your own personal hoverboard, reaching heights of over thirty feet before the thrusters started getting weak, and able to move up to a hundred miles per hour. He shot forward over the parking lot, ducking under some of the other users, and soon found himself over water.

This is amazing, he thought as he looked down. The air was clear, the water was clean, and while it wasn't quite as 'pure' as the safe System areas, it was...amazing. There was vibrancy here that he'd never seen before, and one that he wished existed in the rest of the world. The Unaligned States really had no idea how much better they had it, he swore.

With Taj and Rashii catching up to him after a few seconds, the three of them started following the coastline. There were other scooter riders among them, but they were riding the different air currents coming off of road and sea, pulling off tricks and playing around rather than using them as serious transport. He avoided them, and they avoided him.

“So...where are the hotels?”

“Hotels are located on the south side of the island. Your current location is twenty miles from the nearest hotel.”

He blinked, looking down at the scooter. A blue light started glowing between the handlebars, and emanated a map in front of him. Above it was a digital soundwave, which flickered as the feminine voice spoke up again.

“There are four hotels within twenty-five miles. Do you have a preference as to your destination?”

“Uh...the second biggest one?”

“The second-largest hotel is the Grand Reef Hotel. Setting as destination.”

Suddenly, the scooter’s map zoomed out to what he assumed was a twenty-five-mile radius, showing the airport and the south side of the island behind him. The scooter hummed softly, and the voice asked another question.

“Would you like me to set your transport to auto-pilot?”

“Uh, no. I’ll do this myself, thanks.”

“That is fine, sir. Is there anything else I can assist you with?”

“Are you a person, or -”

“I am the Artificial Maternity Intelligence for this island. You may call me AMI.”

“Okay then...Ami. Thanks for helping.”

The voice went quiet at that, and he turned the scooter around to face the right direction. His friends followed him, the three of them gunning it for the other side of the island. He was glad that he’d tucked the Book into the back of his pants and tucked in his shirt. Even with the forcefield coming up from in front of him, cutting off the worst of the air flow, he still felt it trying to knock him off of the scooter.

It didn’t take long, less than fifteen minutes to get there. Even so, he could feel his feet starting to fall asleep as he stepped off of the scooter. It was like a constant vibration down there, leaving him tingling from the weird feeling as he stepped off of it. He pushed it along towards the front door of the hotel, only for a shark in a suit to step forward.

“Pardon, sir, but you cannot take the jet-scooter within the hotel. No, no, you must leave it outside. It is not, as they say, an inside vehicle.”

“Could you tell me where to leave it, then?”

“Yes, right over here, sir.”

The shark pointed them to a parking lot over to the side of the hotel, where a good dozen of the jet-scooters were hooked up to the wall of the building. He could see that they were still sucking in air, and he wondered if they were somehow supplying moving air to the different

floors of the building by pulling it in and dispensing it through ducts in the building. Shrugging, he put his scooter in place. There was no way to turn it off that he could see.

“Ami, could you -”

“*Switching off your vehicle, sir. Would you like to turn off your companions’ vehicles, as well?*”

“...”

Okay, that is NOT a normal AI. He told her yes, but he resolved to get more information on what this Ami was. As the vehicles shut down, the shark nodded his thanks, and helped them into the hotel. Helped, as in offered to accompany them for a bit in hopes of getting a tip. Malcolm turned him down.

Making an excuse, he suggested that Taj and Rashii make their way to one of the restrooms while he made his way to another. A quick little note in the Book took away their old disguises, and - with a second note - turned them into something else. The mouse blushed as he was back to his old size...but with a rather different perspective, considering the bouncing breasts at his chest.

‘She’ stepped out of the bathroom, adjusting her rather revealing clothing in the process. The bright red along her chest and tight black around her hips hid nothing, and Malcolm couldn’t quite keep the blush off of her face as she remembered what she’d written.

Me, Rashii, and Taj will look like a trio of prostitutes. As prostitution is legal in the Unaligned States, we will be simply getting a room for our business for the next few weeks, and nothing will be out of sorts with this at all. Taj and Rashii will remember who they are, despite looking like an iguana and a gryphon, respectively.

As the mouse looked around the lobby, she saw the scaly and feathered ‘sluts’ step out of the women’s bathroom. They were dressed as provocatively as she was, if not worse - hell, she was pretty sure that she could see at least one nipple on Rashii before the gryphon covered herself with a wing - and they walked over to join her. Before she could head over to the front desk, though, Rashii grabbed her by the shoulders.

“If you think that I’m actually selling myself this time, you’re crazy.”

“I...come on, it’s just a fantasy as a disguise.”

“Your fantasies have a way of getting me creampie. Next time, you’re selling yourself.”

“Is it really my fault that people keep wanting you more than me?”

“Considering you’re the one with the fucking Book? Yes!”

“...Fair point.”

Malcolm nodded.

“If there needs to be anything like that, I’ll...I’ll do it.”

“You better.”

“Well, I would be most interested in experiencing what the other gender feels like in an intimate situation -”

“I’ll get Malcolm to write in a strap-on if you want it so bad, Taj. For now, let’s just get that fucking room.”

The mouse led the way to the front desk, blushing slightly as she felt her nipples getting harder from the strange stimulation of having her shirt rubbing them. It was like getting groped, in a way, and she could feel her nipples about ready to push themselves through the fabric by the time she came to a stop. She cleared her throat as she rested her hands on the high counter, and an orca turned his head, looking down at her with a smile.

“Oh, my, ladies. Such a lovely set of guests to grace our hotel. Please, if there is anything that you need - anything at all - please give me a call. Including if business is slow, hmm? Hehehe.”

“Uh, um.” Malcolm cleared her throat. “We’re here to get a room for a couple of weeks. We need someplace for safe...business.”

“Oh, you’ll be quite safe here, I assure you. Nothing will happen that you don’t invite. Speaking of which, are your schedules as wide open as the gaps in your clothes, or is that just my hopes and dreams being dashed to pieces?”

“We...we’ll let you know. Now, um, a room?”

It was surprisingly hard to keep talking when people were treating her like this. Even though it was completely legal - so she’d written - she hadn’t expected to get this kind of attention from people who thought she was a prostitute. Despite having the notebook, she still hadn’t done that many sexual things, aside from getting into the orgy in the church. Outside of that, almost everything had been accidental or had happened to other people. It was...weird. She shouldn’t have been so flustered, but she was.

The orca was busy looking through the computer, so she took that chance to take a deep breath and calm down. One deep breath, then another, and another -

“Mmmph!”

Her eyes went wide and her tail went up as she felt a clawed, scaly finger exploring around her backside. She didn’t dare turn around, knowing exactly what was happening and how she had *not* written sex acts in public as okay. If she made a scene, Taj could get them all thrown out with this. She hissed under her breath, so quietly that she wasn’t even sure he’d hear.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

“Well, there is a rather loose skirt here, and you don’t have underwear. I have been dropping hints that I would like to see your mousey rear all year, and you are rather showing it off right now...”

“It’s a disguise! A disguise!”

“You picked the disguise, knowing I would be behind you and seeing you like this?”

...Fuuuuuuck you, Taj. I don't need logic right now.

The feeling of that scaly finger working around her rump was a rather powerful distraction. Despite the situation, the mouse had to keep her lips locked together, her mouth clenching tight as Taj kept exploring her backside. Each little rub, each little circle of that digit got closer and closer to the spot between her ass cheeks that she wouldn't be able to ignore.

Just as it slipped under her tail completely, rubbing against her rim and making her maul her tongue to avoid squeaking, the orca turned back to them. He was grinning like mad.

“Oh, you're in luck. We have one of the best suites in the hotel available. As long as you can make a down payment by tomorrow morning, you'll be able to have it for three weeks.”

“B-by tomorrow...morning, you say?”

Taj, I swear, if you don't take that finger away, I'm going to turn you into an octopus and let Rashii 'play' with you!

Her mental threat didn't do a damn thing, and it took everything in her to not gasp as the iguana's claw slipped past her rim. Her breath huffed and puffed, and the orca desk clerk grinned.

“Oh yes. I must allow you girls a chance to earn some of the money before charging you. Trust me, I know how it is. You can't exactly carry around bank accounts full of all that money yet, because of legislation, but just make sure that the cash gets to me before noon tomorrow. Speaking of business, are you taking reservations now?”

“I am not -”

“Why, she certainly is,” Taj said, pushing her finger in even deeper.

It was everything Malcolm could do not to moan at that point, her teeth clenching together so tight that her jaw hurt. She hadn't thought giving herself a prostitute's body would make things this sensitive, but she supposed that the notebook made everything as sexy as it possibly could for the person going through it, unless it was told not to. And it didn't help when Rashii nodded.

“In fact, the mouse's schedule is wide open. She can have you anytime, if you want to come by.”

“Ooooh, I would love to do that. I get off-shift a little after four. So...let me give *you* a down-payment.”

The orca smiled at her, and Malcolm could only stare through wide eyes as the clerk pulled out a roll of cash. He fanned it out, showing four twenty-dollar bills, before wrapping them into another tight circle. It only got worse when the big guy reached over the counter and under her skirt, sliding it into her - by now - slippery pussy. Malcolm blushed, a slight gasp leaving her mouth.

“I know you probably cost a lot, dearie, but I'll be happy to pay what it takes to get in there.”

“Oh, you’d be surprised. She can be a cheap-ass whore sometimes, particularly for the big guys.”

“Nnngh.”

“And she is ever open to new experiences. Please, make sure that she sees everything that you have to offer. And do not be afraid to suggest something new.”

“Nnngh...g-girls...”

She’d almost given that away, shaking her head. It didn’t matter. She wasn’t going to do this, she wasn’t going to be giving it up. As soon as they got back to the room, they could change the story again. As soon as they got the room key -

“Yoink!”

Rashii snatched it from the orca before she could, and Taj grabbed the Book of Porn out from behind her back. She gasped, turning to stare, but the two of them were already running off, and Taj was writing something in the book right then and there. She shook her head, opening her mouth -

“Mmm, actually. I’m off right now. How about you and me start talking price, huh?”

The mouse turns her head, smiling up at her first client of the night. The first client ever, for that matter, as she feels her pussy getting wet. She chuckles, slowly pulling at the front of her top, almost letting her nipples out -

Taj, you fuck...

“Mmm, I think you can have one freeby...but for anything else, it’s going to cost you good.”

“I’m good with that, ma’am. Now...let’s see if you can take an orca where it counts.”

He doesn’t even take her to the back room. Instead, he pulls her onto the counter, sliding the money out of her pussy, and goes to town. From the first thrust, she cums, moaning like the whore she is, and she won’t come back to the room until midnight.

Midnight.

Midnight?!

As soon as I can walk straight, Taj, you’re getting a first-hand experience with a feral dolphin fucking the living fuckity fuck out of your pretty boy ass! Malcolm thought, even as her body moaned, and soon, her brain followed.

The End