

THE OCEAN'S KISS

A SHORT STORY BY

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THE SEA SHONE like a sparkling blue diamond, reminding Anya of everything she wasn't allowed: adventure, daydreams, a life where *anything* happened. The afternoon sun burned hot on the back of Anya's neck as she closed her eyes to taste the salt of the ocean that thickened the air. What she wouldn't give to be a pirate, to charge the open sea and sail from port to port with rum buzzing in her belly and the promise of treasure tangling hope into her wind-blown hair. Of course, that would never be her life. She was resigned to her station as a poor baker's daughter slaving over buckets of flour and tending to the pastry stoves. She would never run her fingers across the embroidered stitching of fine clothes or eat fancy chocolates from silver dishes, gazing across a glass of cherry cordial into the eyes of a beautiful gentleman. Heck, no need for a gentleman. She'd take the drunken lust-filled eyes of a pirate if he promised to let her stow away in the belly of his ship. She could get used to being a pirate's mistress, wrapped nightly in the strong arms of a man who spent his days tying up sails and battling the wind.

Anya brushed off her apron and started down the pier,

winding her way through the maze of floating boardwalks where all of Capriconia's seamen moored their boats. It was an elaborate web of narrow alleys, each a floating pathway hidden between seacrafts of every shape and station, from half-sunk dinghies to the grand schooners that had sailed the high seas. The rough wood felt warm under Anya's bare feet, her toes digging into the sun-withered planks as the boardwalks rocked from the lull of waves. She moved deeper into the maze, ducking below tie lines and nets, every step taking her further from the shore and intensifying the flutter in her stomach. The uncertain slosh of the floating rafts taunted her with one simple fact: Anya could not swim.

This was a truth that would keep most girls from the docks, but perhaps that truth was the exact reason Anya came here every day—to feel danger beneath the wood and to tempt what little excitement she could muster. After all, drowning might be her life's greatest adventure.

Anya headed for her favorite spot, the secluded dock past the bustle of merchants and tarpon silvers. It was the east-most pier that overlooked a deadly crash of bridle rock that marked Capriconia's cove. Those jagged boulders had sunk more than a dozen ships a year, a point of pride that made this port infamous in all of the Caribbean. Of course, such a legacy brought in the fool-hardy and the recklessly brave: thieves and pirates and every manner of bait-soot that could be scraped from the bottom of a barrel. Men made for mongering rather than trade. But beyond that noose of jagged stones was the wide open sea, and *that* was what drew Anya to the docks to brave her fears—to dream of what it would be like to live beyond the horizon.

A sharp whistle from a bait merchant whipped against Anya's ears, followed by the lewd suggestion that he'd like to smell her buttery skin.

“Anya!” he called. “I’ve been dreaming of licking all that sugary-flour off yer wicked maidenhead. How much, eh? How much do I have to pay yer father to taste yer pastry?”

“Piss off, you toads swallow!” Anya swore, giving him a gesture that made him cackle like a wheezing raptor. “You wouldn’t know a woman’s tit from a raisin, especially with the size of your pickled brain! Not to mention other things.” The merchant only laughed harder and tipped his hat, as if to say it was only a matter of time before she’d come strolling down his dock to accept his invitation.

Anya picked up her pace and darted between two oil barges that lead to the east boardwalk. It was a daily occurrence for the bait merchants to suggest she be bent over their fish barrels and give into their grunts as they tangled blistered fingers into her ribbons. Such indelicacies were an expected fate for a girl of her station. After all, she wasn’t blessed with beauty to turn the head of a finer gentleman. Anya dreamed of being exotic, of being born with hair the color of corn husks like the fair ladies who sailed in on the schooner-heads, their ringlets tied with gold ribbons. Heck, she’d even settle for the midnight locks of a gypsy, able to enchant a pirate with a low neckline and a wicked smile. Anya had spied plenty of quartermasters and boatswains with their pants around their ankles, crying out the names of their seafaring gods, their hands lost in the ocean-black hair of a gypsy.

Occasionally, one of the trade merchants would tell Anya she was beautiful, which would give her pause to consider the offering. At least trade merchants were made of a finer stock than the bait-scum who stank of fish guts. She could knead dough all day till her shoulders ached, then enjoy the powerful hands of a trade merchant as he massaged her troubles away. Only the problem was that in

all her fantasies the trade merchants transformed into sharp-witted pirates tearing off her rags in a surge of unbridled lust, scandalizing her with their unsheathed cocks as they held her hostage. Anya knew the trade merchants would never have the velvet flocked quarters she imagined her lusty pirates would stow her away in. Still, a trade merchant was a better fate than the sailors who'd take her below the wharf at low tide and press her up against the barnacle covered pilings. She'd spend each thrust wincing as the shells tore up her back, making the whole affair hardly worth it. Her sister Melda had come home with such marks scratched into her sunburnt shoulders. Scrapes of pleasure Melda had called them, before recounting the way her sailor made her arch against the splintered wood.

"You think you want pillows and seduction," Melda taunted. "You'll change your tune when your perfect prince never sails into port, but by then you'll have missed all the good men. Soon you'll be begging me to find you a happy fool willing to give you barnacles and thrusting."

Anya shook her head, weary of her sister's chants that girls like them weren't meant for more. Only, she had gotten older and Anya was starting to wonder if her lot in life was to smell like warm croissants and accept the aggressive sailors who'd mangle her skirts in search of her buttered treasure.

Anya reached the end of the dock and sat down, her sister's prophecies grating in her mind. Indeed, the sun never weathered a maid into anything more beautiful with time, and despite her foolish wishes, her fantasy pirate had not yet come to whisk her away. In truth, Anya's own imagination had taken to fantasizing about exotic mer-creatures to satisfy her adventuresome heart. Dreaming of fabled men and women whose bodies were made of silver scales and human skin, beautiful creatures known to lure you under

the surface with a deadly kiss—which to Anya seemed like the perfect escape from this place.

Perhaps it was that momentary dally into fantasy, dreaming of half-men and sea creatures, that led Anya's eyes to drift to the necklace of deadly rocks that ringed the bay. Or perhaps it was the burn of afternoon sun dizzying her senses, for when she looked up, she swore she saw a man swimming in the white-capped surf.

"No one can swim in those rocks and survive," she muttered to herself, but a flash of skin made her sit up. A hip flashed against the light as the man dove back into the water, his skin reflecting the sun in a dazzling streak of silver-blue. It was a spark that lit her imagination, for the flash was the same iridescent color that filled the bay when the bait merchants drove the schools of herring into the cove on harvest day. She remembered how those fish had danced with a thousand scales and fins breaking the surface.

Anya stared at the water a long while, hoping for another glimpse of the creature, but when the sea rippled like a mirage and bore nothing but waves and surf, she told herself it was her own foolish yearning—not just the possibility of fins and scales, but the man in his entirety.

"Don't I wish," she said, rolling her eyes at herself and slinging her feet over the edge of the dock. She plunged her feet into the brutally cold water as punishment, the harsh chill crawling up her calves. She leaned back and turned her face to the sky, basking in the contrast. Today, the sun would be Anya's lover. She'd let it tease the rim of her blouse and slip its warm rays under the flimsy fabric to graze her breasts. Or perhaps she'd take two lovers: the sun and the sea, allowing the sun to climb on top of her with its burning heat, and the sea to lie beneath her. The sun would burn her lips as the ocean's waves would lap at her knees, rising with the tide to kiss the length of her thighs. She'd

chosen this dock because of its seclusion, flanked on both sides by abandoned boats that hid her from the view of Capriconia's merchants. Here she could lie on her back and pull up her skirt and feel the slick dribble of seawater between her fingertips. With her legs open to the sun, hot rays of sunshine could then slide inside the forbidden darkness that no man had ever touched.

It had been a long day and no one was around. Anya knew this would be her only opportunity. If she went home, she'd be surrounded by family, and this private time—to imagine, to dream—would be wasted. And if there was one joy Anya found in this life, it was in the imagining.

So she lay back, pressing her spine against the sun-bleached wood, fisting her skirt as she lifted it. The drag of fabric teased her exposed skin and made her imagine impossible things. What if there *was* a merman in these waters? Would he break the surface to find her open and touching the delicate pearl between her thighs? Would he be mesmerized as her elegant fingers dipped inside?

She touched herself slowly, imagining the merman was out there battling the waves, then swimming closer to get a better look. After all he would need an education, being unfamiliar with a human female's anatomy. He would need ample time to watch and be taught. There's a proper way to touch a woman that the bait-mongers and merchants had been too distracted by their own nets and cocks to take the time to learn.

What would a merman's mouth feel like if it covered her open flesh? Anya parted the sails between her legs, and using her slick arousal rung the delicate pearl at its apex. The thought of a sea creature pulling himself out of the water and onto the dock betwixt her thighs—what an image! He'd hook her knees over his broad shoulders as his tail glittered in the sun, that long powerful fin, larger and thicker

than she'd originally imagined, still halfway in the water beneath him. Anya danced her finger over her throbbing bud, imagining it was the merman's mouth, made of something slippery and decadent, his tongue stroking with feathering abandon before he latched on—hotly sucking—devouring her earth-like taste that was otherworldly and exotic.

“Oh Gods!” she gasped, her hips lifting off the dock as her fingers dipped, imagining it was the rough brine of his tongue—thrusting inside her, thick and robust. Mermen didn't have cocks, but she could imagine a hundred dirty things he could do instead. Tie her up in strands of kelp and explore her body with his powerful fins. Anya panted, imagining him looking up at her from between her thighs, his eyes the color of abalone shells.

“You have no clue how badly I need to be fucked,” Anya growled at the sky. In her mind, the fact that her merman was a creature from the deep meant he'd have no clue what she was saying, and she could say as many naughty, improper things as she wanted and he would still devour her. He would still be intoxicated by the exotic taste of her hot land delicacy.

“On the contrary,” a dark voice responded—only, it was not a voice in her mind, but the voice of a man, a real person.

Someone was watching!

Anya shot up, tearing her hand away from her aching flesh, horrified to have been caught! “Who's there?” she snapped, whipping her head around to look down the dock. Only, she didn't see a nasty mongrel peeping on her. No one was there! Her eyes flung to the boats swaying beside her, but they too were empty.

“Over here, you delicious thing.”

Anya's heart ratcheted as the voice rang out again.

Someone *was* there, but the voice had come from ... She looked to the ocean, to the edge of the dock, where—

A man was in the water!

His hooked an arm on the edge of the boardwalk, his strong, elegant hand leading up to exposed muscular shoulders. For a moment, Anya thought he had been skinny dipping, except his silver eyes were staring at the space between her legs where she was open and bare.

“I can see *exactly* how badly you need to be fucked,” he crudely said, tossing her a crooked smile. Anya snapped her legs together despite the pulse of heat that streaked across her trembling flesh.

“What are—?!” She frantically pushed her skirt down. “What are you doing watching a lady—?”

“A lady?!” he interrupted, laughing boastfully. “*You’re* not a lady! Trust me. I’ve drowned plenty of ladies in my lifetime. They’re stuffy little prudes who wouldn’t dream of exposing themselves to the sun the way that you have. No, you...” His eyes sparked as if he’d found a prize catch. “*You* are something altogether different. I couldn’t say exactly what, but I’d never insult you by calling you a *lady*.”

Anya glared at him. What in Davey’s Locker was he talking about? Drowning ladies? Insults? And had he just complimented her for touching—? She must have sunstroke!

“Who are—?” Only, she caught herself, taking in his muscled arms and the beautiful structure of his face. She’d never seen a man this beautiful in her entire life, nor in her wildest imaginings. And yet, there he was, with arms sculpted and silver eyes that could only come from a treasure buried in the depths of the ocean. Not to mention, he was in the freezing cold water—swimming! Water that would give anyone the chill of death, but not a single goose-bump peppered his flesh. “*What* are you?” Anya corrected, not ready for the answer.

He tossed her a crooked grin, his torso lifting out of the water just enough to show off his chest, slick and ocean-drenched. Anya leaned forward to see if he *was* what she imagined, but the sea water was too dark to reveal his hips or legs. She wasn't sure what would startle her more, if he was human and she got an eyeful of his naked cock, or if she'd seen a brilliant merman's tale where legs should have been.

"I'm what you think," he said smoothly, and Anya couldn't deny the fact that his skin was pail. It was a blue-white color that looked as if it never saw the sun and there was a sheen of translucence making it shimmer.

"And what is it you think, *I think*, you are?" Anya asked carefully.

He smiled slowly, never looking away from her. "Well..." he began. "I've watched you day after day. You always come to this dock and stare out at the ocean. You want someone to sweep you off your feet and take you away."

Anya frowned. "What kind of game is this?" Had he been watching her? And from where? The ocean?

"Of course, I could just drown you," he rebuffed, only to pout as if that would be the most boring thing in the world. "Or..." He reached out and ran a knuckle across the skin of Anya's ankle. She stared at him, frozen, knowing she shouldn't let him touch her like that, especially after he'd mentioned drowning so casually. "Somehow I don't think drowning would leave you satisfied. No, I'd rather..."

His knuckle lulled over the bone of her ankle, setting her body on fire. Anya searched her senses, but they seemed to have floated out to sea. She must be crazy, because it sounded like he was offering to—to—touch her? Pleasure her?

Anya swallowed hard. "And I suppose you would drown me after?" she bolstered, trying to cover for her own

innocence and arousal. Telling herself that this was a rascal sailor, hungry for a poke. All his drowning talk was a ruse. He wasn't a *real* merman.

"Maybe," he said coyly, running a finger over the bridge of her foot. It was barely a touch and yet Anya's heart pounded.

"Why would I let you touch me?"

His hand unfurled, blueish fingers draping over her ankle with an erotic gentleness, like the slither of kelp promising to slip under her skirt and wake her most sensitive skin. Anya bit her lip. It was nothing more than a hand wrapping her ankle like a tiny chain dangling over the delicate bones of her feet, and yet it was the raciest thing she'd ever experienced.

"You want me to touch ..." his words drifted away, his fingers dancing in their place.

"That's a little bold, don't you think?"

He smiled again, complimented, then reached forward to take her other ankle in his hand. "Well, the truth is, you're already letting me touch you." He slid both palms along the underside of her calves, causing Anya to shallow her breath. He was positioned at the end of the dock between her legs, exactly as the exotic creature had been in her fantasy. "Of course," he continued, his large hands ringing her calves. "I could drown you right now!"

His grip tightened and Anya gasped at the prone position she'd allowed herself to be in—heels at the edge of the dock, stranger clutching her legs. Instead of panicking, she held her chin high, glaring at the man—daring him—waiting to see what he would do. Drown her? Yank her in? Inch those fingers beneath her skirt to where her thighs were aching?

Anya's breath hitched as a mischievous smile hooked the merman's lips. She'd fantasized about rakish men threat-

ening her before the seduction, but the real thing was even more exciting. The dampness between her legs started to throb, matching the pound in her chest, anxious to see what he would do next.

“Orrrr,” he purred. “I could fuck you in ways you’ve never dreamed of.”

Anya’s thighs clenched – pure lust lashing her cunt.

“An—and—why—?” She could hardly manage to speak, her breast heaving. “If—if you’re what I think, then you don’t have a cock. What would you get out of it?”

Fingers tightened on her legs and the wickedest smile broke across his lips. “Oh trust me, I have my reasons. The least of which is watching you come.” His eyes dipped between her legs to where the thin fabric of her skirt no longer hid how aroused she was. “I could’ve watched you finish yourself off minutes ago with those tiny unsatisfying fingers.” He tilted his head to look at her. “But I’m selfish, and I want to feel the way your thighs ripple when you realize how much better my tongue is.”

Anya’s mouth dropped open, scandalized by his words. But his eyes sparked like golden coins, turned on by her innocence.

“You humans,” he growled, “smell incredible when you’re excited.” His gaze cut to the tremble of fabric between her legs. “I don’t know how you land creatures do it. It’s like your body creates its own ocean.”

Anya’s pussy throbbed, her entire body flushing. Taking his cue, the man spread her ankles, exciting Anya so completely she reached down to grab the hem of her skirt. Not thinking as she hitched the cloth up over her hips, and for the second time that day she exposed herself to the elements. Only, now her glistening clam was deliciously wet.

“Maybe,” Anya said bravely, roused by the shameless

way the man's eyes slid over her swollen folds. "Maybe, I'll be the one to drown you."

"Gods, I hope so!"

He yanked her forward—roughly—making her yelp as her ass was pulled to the edge of the dock. Suddenly, her legs were open and inches from his mouth. Both of his hands spread her thighs, holding her wide. Anya gasped, strung like a fish in the air, her slippery flesh dangling before him. Sinfully turned on, Anya barely registered that he was still in the water below her, holding her up with both his hands, which meant—he was no longer gripping the dock. *Something* else was holding him in place, supporting him as she dangled precariously over the edge with his lips exhaling upon her swollen bud. All Anya could fathom was that it must be his tale, his thick and powerful tale pumping in the water below him, holding him up.

The merman leaned forward and inhaled deeply, his eyes rolling back as he savored her incredible smell. Anya never imagined a man would appreciate her scent, not even in her pirate fantasies. For once, she was something exotic and special, bewitching this beautiful creature with the parts of her that no mer-woman would have.

He took his time, studying her quivering as his breath rolled over her slickness. The sun bore down on both of them as the hot bleat of his breath made the tiny muscles of her sex clench. Anya had never felt so needy or ravenous.

"What are you waiting for?" she panted, chest heaving as his head turned to place his lips against the inside of her thigh. Her core throbbed at how close he was, his soft lips nibbling her smooth flesh like a thousand minnows opening and closing their lips over her sensitive skin, yet avoiding the one place she ached to be—

"I need to be fucked!" she cried out desperately. "I—I mean—" she gasped. "I know you don't have a cock, but—"

Hands clenched her thighs as teeth scraped inward, stopping at the edge of her quaking pussy. Anya moaned as his tongue ghosted over her entrance without actually tasting her.

“Curse the sun!” She ran her hands up her chest to flick her own nipples in frustration. “Please—! Your tongue, your hands, anything! I need—!”

“You promise?” His playful tone danced over her wetness.

“Yes! Fuck me with your tail if that’s even possible.”

She felt him smile against her thigh. “I need you in the water then.”

“Yes, okay! I just can’t swi—”

But then—he covered her trembling flesh with his mouth.

“Oh God!” she cried out. His mouth was so soft, and so hot, and the flicker of his tongue made her hips buck. He licked the seam of her folds and she saw sun spots, black splotches of ecstasy filling the sky. He dove with his tongue to her core, lashing and waging till Anya’s thighs rippled against his cheeks as she arched, toes curling. He found her pearl, sucked and swirled, the brine of his tongue seducing the swollen nub. Anya’s feet dug into the muscles of his back, her legs slung over his shoulders as her ass hung off the dock.

“You don’t taste like salt,” she heard him say, a moan reverberating off his lips as he devoured her like she was the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted. “You’re wet, but your skin is sun-kissed and hot and—”

He thrust his tongue, deep and startling, shocking her with its substantial entry. She gasped at his girth, gripping his hair as he plunged deeper and deeper. She’d touched herself before, but his tongue was firmer and more filling, igniting her in a way that her own hands never could. Then

he pulled his wicked tongue back and thrust again, ravishing her fully.

“What *are* you?” Anya moaned, his pace increasing like a gathering storm. Anya gasped at the sky and its incredible vastness. She’d spent her whole life wanting to be somewhere else because her world felt so small, when the whole blue and perfect sky was always all around her. She’d dreamed of sailing out to sea, but now the sea was coming to her, *taking* her.

She pumped against his embrace, the crisp air filling her lungs in sharp contrast to the fire of his thrusts. It was more intense than she’d imagined, more primal and—her pussy clenched, starbursts flashing through her vision.

A moan tore from her throat.

Wicked, pounding, clenching—

His hands wrapped around her ass, pulling her forward, pushing his tongue deeper in search of her treasure. The merman slid Anya off the dock as the orgasm wracked through her. Anya’s body bowed in a bridge of tension, her shoulder blades pressed into the dock, her spine arched, her legs wrapped around the shoulders of an ocean demon.

She was weightless and flying, bursts of euphoria tearing through her. She was the wind, a bird high above the world, able to reach a whole other continent. The merman smiled against her trembling, triumphant. This is what he’d wanted, wasn’t it? To feel her come so savagely?

Her entire body was on fire as he lowered her legs into the water—the icy water that came as a shock, making her flesh tense and goosebumps ripple up her abdomen. Only the water sent a new wave of excitement through her. She gripped the side of the dock, only holding on by her fingers and shoulders, the rest of her suspended.

“I can’t swim!” she yelped, still ravaged by the after-shocks echoing through her legs. The merman lifted his face

from her aroused flesh and smiled at her, holding her precariously with her knees dangling in the water and her ass bobbing against the surface.

“I’ve got you,” he said softly, kissing her belly just above the treasure he’d found. Then, watching her carefully, he moved Anya lower so her legs wrapped around his chest and her throbbing pussy was doused by the ocean. She gasped at the shock of it, cold crawling across her most intimate skin. He dug his hands into her hips, reassuring her that he had her, as he lowered her further. Anya’s mouth fell open as her swollen flesh slid over his washboard abs, creating a delicious friction of ice and heat. Soon her thighs were clutching his hips and she could feel how his skin had changed. His lower section—hips and thighs—they were not made of the soft flesh like his chest; instead they were scaly and slick. Anya lowered her feet, tentatively brushing his backside only to find—

A powerful fin!

“You’re—!” she shook her head. He couldn’t be! She’d imagined him as a merman—for fun, as a game—but her rational brain had played that indulgence off as erotic fantasy. Only now—her naked legs wrapped his thick wide tale and his butterfly fins were tickling her thighs. She could no longer deny what he was.

“I told you,” he teased, before cupping the back of her neck with one hand and kissed her deeply. His lips were soft and pliable as a sea sponge, kissing her tenderly at first, then hot and testing, exploring her mouth as he had her maidenhead. The taste of her arousal mixed with the salt on his lips, increasing her pulse as she kissed him back. He could drown her right now and she’d let him.

Her thighs clung to his scaly hips as his second hand slid up to the front of her dress. With her arms spread wide and her shoulders digging into the dock, her breasts were

not yet underwater. She pulled back to look into his heated eyes as he tore her bodice down to release her bosom. Her breasts splashed in the water, droplets of ocean dotting her white skin. The merman looked down at her perky rose-colored nipples and smiled, before taking the swollen weight of her breast in his hand, caressing it with a tenderness that made Anya pant. His touch was so warm, yet the ocean made her skin cold and tight, so when he brushed his thumb over her pink nipple she moaned out of pain and excitement. Thrumming her nipple again, he watched her gasp as the tiny bud tightened.

“Let go of the dock,” he commanded, before taking her other nipple in his mouth. Anya cried out as he lavished her tits, sucking deeply and shooting streaks of pleasure straight between her legs. He wasn’t done with her, not in the slightest. The feel of her thighs against his face had just been his opening invitation.

Against her better judgment Anya let go of the dock and tangled her hands in the merman’s hair. He bit her nipple in approval and adjusted, flipping his weight under her so she was straddling him. It was then that she felt the true power of his tail. His fin pumped under her to keep them afloat and the undulating motion caused his muscular tale to drag across her bare cunt. Each pump was an exquisite thrash of heat, and her head fell back as she bore the fin’s erotic texture. His muscular tale had a rugged slickness, the surface of it bumpy and ridged like the skin of a whale. Her thighs clung to his sides as she slid up and down his tale like a horseman riding.

Her inner muscles clenched as her pearl slid across his glittering fin. “Gods in heaven!” she exclaimed, grabbing his shoulders as she increased her rocking. His fin was slippery and rough and lubricated. Anya had no clue the Gods had made such a creature, or that sin of this kind was possible.

The merman lay back, grabbing her hips as he pumped his tail in the water. The motion made Anya's mouth gape open and her tits bob in the sun. Then, using his powerful arms, the merman intensified the pace at which she was ground into his silver column.

Thighs burning with sensation, Anya felt a new ridge develop between her legs. Unsure what to make of it, she slid back on the merman's tale for a better look.

"What is—?" Anya looked at the thick ridge pressing up beneath the skin of his tale. It was the size of a half-baguette, bulging where a human groin would be.

"You're not the only one who's excited," the merman said hotly, sliding his broad hand over his impressive ridge. And then, to Anya's astonishment, he dipped his fingers between his own scales.

"What are—?"

His tale had a flap—like gills—and it swallowed his hand up to his wrist. Anya gasped at what he pulled back out.

You have—?" Anya could barely get the words out she was so turned on. In the merman's hand he gripped an extraordinary silver cock.

"Even mermen have secrets," he whispered darkly, stroking himself from fin to tip. Anya stared mesmerized at its beautiful shape, made of delicate translucent skin that was silver blue and large—larger than she thought she could take.

"I've never been with—" she looked at him tentatively. "Not even a human man."

The merman smiled, as if to say that didn't matter in the least. Instead, he took Anya's hand and placed it on his silver heat, groaning as she took a hold of him and stroked.

"Trust me, the water makes it better."

She shook her head, not sure how he would know such

a thing, but before she could respond, he wrapped both his arms around her and they were kissing. Anya's pink tits raked against his slick chest, and she no longer wanted her dress. She needed to be naked. Ravenously, she tore at the laces and ties that held her in, ripping at the fabric until it slipped off her hips and floated away like a jellyfish into the depths.

She was bare in the water with the sun at her back and the merman beneath. Lost in the arms of a seaman who kissed like the devil while his impressive cock pressed against her belly. She wrapped her legs around his tale again, overwhelmed by the contact of their skin, her core throbbing. Anya sucked on his tongue, which had already satisfied her, and yet now she knew it would be nothing compared to his saltwater cock.

With two powerful pumps of his tale, Anya's back was pressed up against the post at the end of the pier. The thick log ran from the dock down to the depths of the ocean, her ass pressing against the slick wood as he pinned her against it. She was sandwiched, broad merman on one side, and hard, ancient wood at her back. She clung to the merman's neck, shivering in anticipation.

"Will you fulfill your promise?" she asked, panting. "To fuck me like I've never been—"

"Impatient, aren't we?" He lifted her ass, reaching between them to position himself. Anya's fingers dug into his blue shoulders as he ran his thick tentacle through her aching folds. Then she felt his nuzzled tip at her entrance. He already felt huge, and there was still so much more of him to take. "Hold on to me," he instructed as he adjusted her knees on either side of him so she was ready.

Slowly, he pulled both of his hands out of the water, allowing his tale to pump against the surf and pin her perfectly against the log, his cock ready to splay her. The

waves rocked Anya on the tip of his cock, deliciously erotic, as the soft kiss of his head promised a perfect harpooning.

“How many days have you sat on this dock dreaming of me?” he asked, reaching behind her to grip the log and cage her in between his arms.

“All my life,” Anya whispered, gazing into his silver eyes. “All my—”

He pulled upward with his arms, silencing her, the impressive girth of his cock parting her wide. Anya gasped at the slow controlled heat of that first inch, and then the next. Thickness filled her as he kissed her worshiping mouth, pulling himself up slowly by his powerful arms, then pushing himself back down, as he moved hotly with the waves at his back.

Anya’s channel rippled and clenched, sucking on his thickness. He moaned as she took him deeper. Wasn’t this supposed to hurt? It was her first time. And yet, it felt like he was already so deep inside. He moved in another inch and then another. She gasped at how delicious and full he felt, probing her depths till she took him to the hilt.

“H-how?” she looked into his eyes, not understanding how her body had captured his engorged size, especially without pain. He kissed her softly.

“I’m not human,” he explained. “I accommodate you.”

He pulled up on the log again, thrusting harder this time and turning her wild. “You’ve ruined me,” Anya cried. “I’ll never be satisfied by a human man now.”

The merman increased his pace, pumping in a powerful rhythm that made her cunt quake.

“Don’t forget,” he said, dragging his lips down the column of her throat. “I may still drown you after.” He lifted her breast to his mouth and Anya crowed.

“I may beg you to do so,” she agreed, dropping her face into his shoulder. He pounded into her then—fast—creating

waves and splashing. He pounded her against the log, making her ass slap against the slick wood, her hands clawing at his back as her pussy met his thrusts. The friction of scales, the taste of seaweed and crustaceans—the ocean would forever turn her on after this encounter. The smell of slippery fish would be an aphrodisiac. The taste of salt would get her wet. She would have to learn how to swim so she could touch herself in the cold shivering waves and remember what it felt like to be fucked so perfectly by a merman.

Over his shoulder Anya saw the sun inching lower in the sky, and to her surprise she didn't want to be the sun, slipping into another life beyond the horizon. It was the first time she wanted to be exactly where she was—naked, spread, seduced, savored.

He kissed her as she cried out in ecstasy, her thighs clenching and her whole body violently thrashing. He kissed her last breath as he pulled her down under the water, still thrusting into her perfectly. The water covered her head, but the shock only intensified the pleasure with a deeper pain. Anya gasped again, but water filled her throat, and the panic she ought to have felt didn't come.

He was dragging her down—just as he said he might, but his cock was still inside her, fucking, his powerful tale thrusting them deeper into the underneath. The orgasm that tore through her didn't subside. Instead, it was as brilliant as the light receded, vibrant and shattering as he pulled her down into a darker night.

Anya knew then that there was nothing more powerful than being taken by the sea, to be swallowed in gasping ecstasy by the watery depths—to be fully claimed and stolen from the wild and breathing world, to feel alive as the water filled her breath and stole the light. A merman's kiss was indeed the great adventure she'd dreamed of, like the songs

sung on the lips of sailors caught in the current and dragged down to kelp-filled graves. Anya, the girl who sat on docks to dream and wait, exalted when the ocean came to take her away.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Elle Berlin loves writing smart, sexy stories that get your pulse racing. She's been traditionally published in other markets and is now venturing into the wild world of indie publishing. She writes contemporary romance and fantasy romance, and she is inspired by travel, old cities, delicious food, gorgeous dresses, and fairytales. When not writing, you can find Elle sipping wine, oil painting, wandering through art museums, rocking out to Taylor Swift, and binge-watching *Game of Thrones* (yes, again).

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