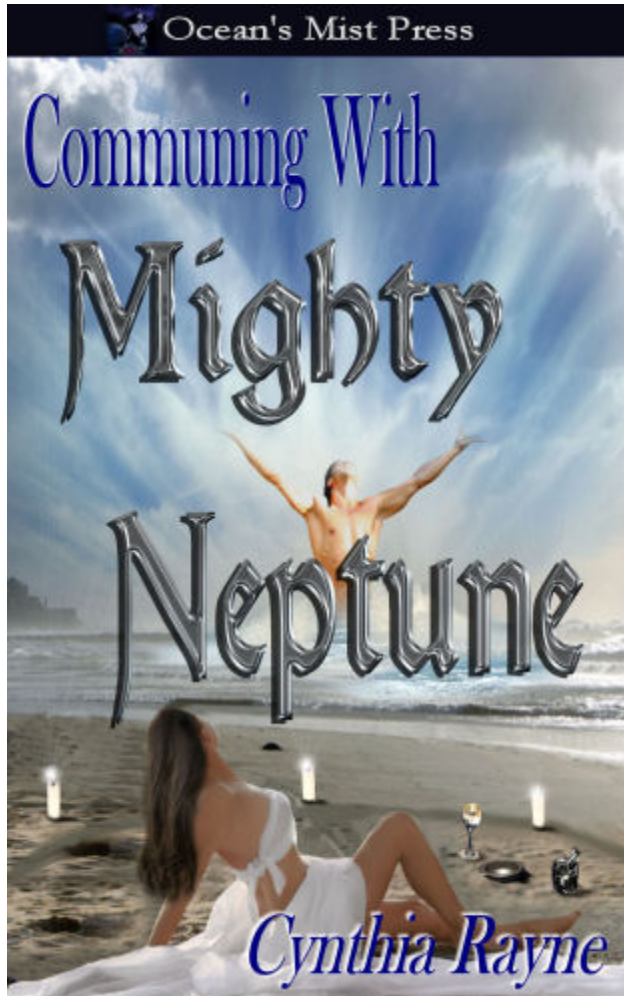
 Ocean's Mist Press

Communing With Mighty Neptune

Cynthia Rayne



Communing with the Mighty Neptune

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Communing with the Mighty Neptune

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Cynthia Rayne

DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This is for my parents, who patiently listened to all those early Sunday morning stories I told with rapt attention. You've always encouraged me, supported me, and believed in me.

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

Paying tribute to a pagan god is never an easy task. It's not like a simple Christian ceremony where you have to go to the local church, pray, and you're all set. No, there's always a ritual that needs to be translated from some archaic language. Then, there is the obscure ingredient list. Of course, the ritual must be done at just the right time on just the right night. And then there's the outfit that must be worn or, rather, lack of outfit.

That might explain why I was bare-assed on a moonlit beach at midnight in late March. Thank goodness for private little inlets. I'm not an exhibitionist. I don't even walk around my apartment naked. Those wacky pagans like to do things in the buff to celebrate the body and glorify nature. Not that I don't like nature, but I prefer to be fully clothed when I go out into it. But what the hell did I know, anyway? I'm Episcopalian and we're not known for naked picnics or church socials.

At least I was in Florida. It was reasonably warm but still only 70 degrees and that feels a hell of a lot colder when you're naked. Believe me. It could be worse though. I looked fabulous. My long hair was unbound and it flowed around me like some kind of flowing red dress. I always liked my red hair. It wasn't that carrot-like color, it was deep, a wine red almost. Despite the cold I looked good. Unlike a man, a woman's body was enhanced by cold weather. It made my skin whiter and pebbled the nipples on my breasts.

My friends would have howled with laughter if they could see me doing a naked ritual. Sometimes, I felt older than twenty-one, at the very least, more mature than my friends. Not that I spend my days thinking deep thoughts but I'd grown up quick. Being in college can extend adolescence but I think it made me a better person. It changed my view of the world. After all, the wonderful world of nature religions was now open to me. Sarcasm aside, the ritual was very serious to me.

I made my little circle of sea salt, lit my candles, and lay out my offerings, which included sweet honey and fresh milk -- as in straight from the cow fresh. What Neptune needed with milk and honey was beyond me, especially when you consider that, as instructed, I poured all of it into a hole I'd dug in the sand. It seemed like a waste of perfectly good food and drink. I did my little chant, broke the circle by stepping out of it, and proceeded to the ocean. I was down to the really iffy part of

Cynthia Rayne

the whole ritual.

"Go for it, Sylvie," I reassured myself.

I closed my eyes and lifted my arms up the sky, palms up and started into the water. I could feel the sand become damp and then wet under my bare feet. I squealed as the cold water lapped at my ankles. According to the instructions, I needed to submerge myself completely in the water in a pagan baptism rite. The directions said I would know the right time to leave the water. I'm betting the right time for me was when I couldn't feel my toes anymore.

I took a deep breath and walked out into the water as fast as I could. It swallowed me up as though eager to have me in its depths once more. I suppressed a shiver at the thought. The briny water stroked my body as it washed over me. When I was nearly submersed, except for my face, I closed my eyes and repeated the verse I'd committed to memory. Under normal circumstances, I would have felt ridiculous but nothing about this was normal or the slightest bit silly.

"Mighty Neptune, guardian of all waters, hear me now. I performed the ritual and have offered up the bounty of the land. Thank you for your assistance. Thank you for your safe passage. I offer you my devotion."

As soon as I finished speaking, the ground beneath me began to quake. Not enough to be a full-scale earthquake but enough to make me want to run for shore. I started to turn but my feet were rooted to the ground. I couldn't raise them up no matter what I did. I even grabbed a hold of my knees to try to pry my feet up and nearly drowned in the process. To make matters worse, bubbles began to cascade up from the depths. Large bouncing bubbles that streaked by my thighs and up my body before hitting the surface. It was like I'd stepped onto an underground geyser. Luckily, it wasn't hurting me. It was like the ocean was stroking me, welcoming me. Fondling me.

That's when I felt something brush against my leg. I tried to scramble away but it was useless. Whatever it was had been impossibly smooth and slick. It felt large, like a porpoise or a whale. What if I'd accidentally conjured up some sea creature from the ocean's depths?

Dazed, I tried to think of something appropriate to say to the Loch Ness monster or whatever I'd conjured up. The thing brushed against my hip but, unlike the bubbles, this contact was deliberate, it was touching me on purpose. I felt I'd somehow become someone on the cover of a tabloid

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

you pretended not to notice, but secretly enjoyed reading, in the grocery store. I even imagined my own headline, *Creature Caresses Cold Co-Ed*. I gasped as something emerged from the deep; something large and unexpected came to the surface. At first I thought it was a dolphin but it was something uncommon. A merman.

It was as if *Field and Stream* combined with *GQ* to produce the perfect cover model. His hair was long and black. Wet tendrils clung to his face and neck. The merman's face was perfection, symmetrical in every way. Two long arching brows covered eyes that were startling blue and pearlescent in the darkness. His lips were full and soft, with a slight pout to them. By contrast, his jaw was square, with just a hint of a beard. It almost shadowed the small gill-like slits on his throat. Water beaded on his muscular and well defined chest. Lower down, well, that was a different story. I could barely see through the moonlit water but below the waist he was a true merman. I could make out the slick sea creature skin he had. Not that it detracted from his beauty. Hell, even with the fish tail, he was a hottie.

"Sylvie, I have come for you," he said formally.

I was thrown out of my admittedly sexual perusal by a cool, logical voice in my head. A voice that reminded me that mermen weren't real. Of course, it was difficult to trust that voice since I was in the middle of a pagan ritual performed in the buff.

"Yeah, I'm sure that line works on a lot of surfer chicks, but I'm not interested. So, why don't you take your ass out of here, okay?" I reached out and grabbed a hold of an oh-so-obvious rubber fin. "What is this? A custom made wetsuit? Are you some kind of Dungeons and Dragons of the Sea nerd?"

The merman looked at me hungrily. His voice was deep and skittered down my spine, physically touching me. "That's it, Sweet Sylvie, touch me there." He arched an eyebrow. "I enjoy rough lovemaking."

Oh, God. It was real. He was real! I let go of him immediately. "I don't wanna go back to the ocean. You don't understand. I kept my promise. I came here and I did the pagan rite. I brought all of the ingredients and followed the instructions exactly."

"And that is why I am here." The merman smiled indulgently, as though pacifying a small child. "You imagine that I am here to punish you in some way, yes?"

Cynthia Rayne

Gulp. "Yes."

"On the contrary, Neptune is impressed with your loyalty and devotion. I have come to bestow upon you a wondrous gift, fair one. My name is Llyn and I am a lord from Neptune's court. I speak for him. I have come here to reward you."

I sighed, feeling nearly boneless in my relief. "Oh, um, thank you." Inane? Yes, but I didn't have much practice talking to mermen while I was naked. Or, talking with merman at all, period. Cool. A gift. I was hoping for some kind of jewelry.

"You are most welcome. Neptune does not have as many supporters as he once did. Your greedy Christian god insists humans pray only to him. Neptune gave you his assistance one year ago this night and he wishes you to continue your commitment to him."

My friend, Abbey, and I had rented a boat for spring break. We had spent the first couple of days drinking wine coolers and relaxing. The third day dawned gloomy and forbidding, but we had stuck it out. That night a storm developed, capsizing the pontoon boat. In the melee, Abbey fell, hit her head and became unconscious. We were three miles from shore and not being a strong swimmer, there was no way I could swim to land carrying both of us.

Asking Neptune for help was a silly idea, but I'd had a semester of Greek and Roman mythology. I also knew that many modern day sailors ask Neptune's blessing before they go on a long journey. Some sailors even do a little ritual when they reach the equator. In the chilly water, surrounded by the remains of the boat, I had cried out for help and begged for Neptune's protection and safe passage. I promised that I would pay him tribute. He granted my request in the form of a school of dolphins. As soon as I'd made my promise, they had surfaced around us, buoying us up with their bodies, and carrying us safely to this very inlet, where I was able to drag Abbey to safety. Of course, I had no proof that Neptune had sent the dolphins until now. But, I thought I had better repay my supposed debt to be safe. I didn't intend to spend the rest of my life on dry land.

"Oh, but I can't. I'm a Christian."

Llyn smiled condescendingly. "Many of the ancients practiced more than one religion and honored more than one God. So, it shall be with you."

"But the bible —"

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

"Your one god did not pull you from the yawning depths of the ocean. He did not send his supposed creatures to save you."

Right. Not a good thing to argue with the merman. "You've got a point." I could take this up with my minister at a later time.

"Neptune shall further show his devotion to you. He has imbued me with his essence, which I, in turn, shall give to you."

"His essence?" Was I going to be part god? That was, well, cool.

"His life force," the merman explained, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "He wishes us to....commune."

"Commune? Like pray together?" This was sounding dangerously like a cult.

"No, he would like us to have a connection. A physical connection."

"He wants me to, um, bump uglies with you?"

"I do not know of this bumping uglies you speak of, but I assure you that our lovemaking will be quite beautiful and pleasurable. Mighty Neptune wishes to thank you, not punish you, for your devotion and ensure your continued dedication."

"By having me do the deed with the original Aqua Man?" I asked incredulously.

However, Llyn didn't seem to understand my insult. "No, by bathing in his essence, his spirit. Accepting his love into your body, to cherish it always. It is quite an honor."

"While I appreciate the gift, I'm not sure that I want to *bathe* in his essence. I hardly know you and--"

"You do not wish to offend mighty Neptune," Llyn warned, watching me carefully. "After all, you offered yourself to him with your ritual. You allowed him to sample the sweet honey between your thighs and the milk that would flow from your breasts should his seed take root. You have blessed him with the rite of a son."

My eyes widened. The ritual finally made sense. "Son of a bitch. Always read the fine print."

"I will have you, Sylvie," Llyn said huskily, eyes straying to my body.

The words were said so matter-of-fact and with such desire. It was contagious. I could feel a rush of welcoming warmth between my thighs. *Communing* with Llyn wouldn't be such a chore but the anatomical issues were going to be a problem. This was madness.

Cynthia Rayne

"Um, I don't want to upset you but isn't this verging on bestiality?" I babbled desperately. "I mean, maybe it doesn't count if I don't do anything with what's down below and focus all my attention on the upper body parts. But, down below is kind of an issue for me. Besides, you don't seem exactly *equipped* to--"

Llyn gave me a smile that was distinctly male. "Oh, but I am equipped in every way. You might be surprised of what I'm capable of."

"This can't be real. I'm having some sort of delusional dream. Maybe I've been studying too long or not getting enough sleep. I need to take better care of myself. I bet I fell asleep on my couch and one of those fishing programs was on the background. Yeah, that's it. And I was looking at Cosmo earlier today; I just added an underwear model's torso to a fish. That's it! It's all perfectly--"

"I assure you that I'm quite real. In fact, I shall leave my mark on you so that you will know this entire experience really occurred. But, that is not all I will leave, sweet Sylvie. You and I are connected now."

With that, he reached forward and pulled me close. I was finally free of the ocean floor. "Thank goodness! I was beginning to think I'd grown roots," I said with a genuine smile.

He pulled me even closer so that my naked breasts were pressed against him. It was then that I noticed just how nice his chest really was. It was firm and glistened with water droplets. I had a wild urge to lick the salty water off. "Kiss me, sweet Sylvie."

Admittedly, I'd had very little experience with men. I'd had a very disappointing incident my freshmen year with a football player with an overblown ego. Then, there had been a drunken romp with an equally drunk fraternity brother that I didn't really remember much about. All in all, it was pretty tame and yawn-worthy. I didn't know if I could handle someone as sexually experienced as Llyn. I should have been trying the bunny hill on the sexual ski resort. Llyn was the Olympics course.

"Oh, I don't know about that. It might--"

"Surely, there is no harm in a simple kiss."

It was on the tip of my tongue to deny his request but then I thought about my incredibly weird and strangely wonderful predicament. At the very least, it would be a new experience. How many women can say they kissed a real live merman? Okay, so plenty. But women in mental wards don't count!

"Just a kiss?"

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

"Just a kiss."

I knew he was lying. He wanted much more than a kiss. Hell, *I* wanted much more than a kiss, but I didn't feel like resisting too much.

With a naughty look in his eyes, his mouth captured mine in a salty kiss. He coaxed me with soft nibbles and gentle licks. His tongue was expert, exploring my lips softly before daring to explore the heated cavern within. When he'd teased me for what seemed like forever, Llyn finally took my mouth with his, demanding complete surrender. I was more than happy to oblige him. It wasn't a simple kiss. Our mouths were making love.

He broke the kiss, breathing heavily he commanded, "Wrap your legs around me," his voice was rough. My body complied with his request on its own. I took a shuddering breath at the sensation of my heated flesh against his cool textured tail. With a knowing look, he gathered me close and settled his large hands under my bottom, rubbing me against him. "Doesn't that feel good, sweet Sylvie?"

Oh, God. I could only nod furiously.

Llyn's mouth closed on one of my stiff nipples. I arched my back, giving him complete access, hoping I wouldn't drown. The contrast between my chilled flesh and his hot mouth was nearly unbearable. He suckled both of nipples, taking as much of my breast into his mouth as possible. All the while, he rocked me against his body. Llyn moaned, as if the taste and touch was delicious.

"I could do this for hours," he growled. "Would you like that, Sylvie? Would you like me to do this all night?"

"I don't think I could stand it"

Llyn's smile was wicked as he bent his face, to abrade my nipples with the roughness of his beard. He was wallowing in the experience of touching and tasting me.

"Oh!" I moaned, squirming against him. Nothing had prepared me for this. I'd never been able to have an orgasm with a man before and I was perilously close. It was thrilling how mindless I was. I don't think I'd ever felt so free.

Llyn thrust himself upwards in the water, sliding me up and down his body as he did. I moved slickly against his skin. He was my entire world, pushing me to ride the waves of pleasure that washed through me. I felt as though the ocean itself were churning inside of me, relentlessly driving me onward.

Cynthia Rayne

"Give yourself to me. Let me have all of you, Sylvie. I *must* have all of you."

It was all too much and I came against him with a broken wail. He stopped moving me and I subsided against him, shaking. Llyn tucked my head under his chin, pulling my body flush with his. He held me close, as though he were afraid I'd leave him. At that moment, the thought of leaving his arms was unthinkable. I belonged here with him, to him, somehow. Llyn stroked and cuddled me as though I were a favored child, murmuring nonsensical soothing noises every once in a while.

As I came back to myself, his hands grew more and more possessive.

"You were made for this. Made for pleasure."

"I'm beginning to think you're right."

His stroking became more intimate and intense. He ran his hands down my body, squeezing my breasts, cupping my ass, and pushing between my thighs into the place that still craved him. Craved to be filled with him.

"You didn't—"

"I am patient at times. Enjoy this moment and our inevitable union."

"I barely know you, why am I letting you have my body?"

"Because you need me and I need you," he said simply.

I realized that he was right. We were bound together and had no choice but to see where it was headed. I had nothing to say, no snappy comebacks or arguments.

"Beautiful," he said, sliding his hands down me, moving the water across my body, as though he were brushing down a fine horse.

I was a die-hard feminist and it should have offended me, yet it didn't. I wanted to belong to him. No, more than that. I wanted to be owned by him.

We lazily drifted in the water. I'd never felt so relaxed in my life. I had sex with a merman. Poor, plodding Ariel gave this up for a foolish human prince?

Eventually, Llyn pulled me from the water and laid me on my back, so I was draped across the edge of a flat rock I hadn't noticed. It was a little harsh on my backside, but I wasn't feeling any pain. I was too eager for what was to come. The rock was partially submerged in the water and my lower half floated up. I was more than a little exposed.

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

"Lift yourself up on your elbows." I did so, which thrust my breasts forward. "That's it, sweet Sylvie." He licked his lips.

I felt like I was a centerfold shoot, only his eyes were photographing me. I felt beautiful and sexy as hell.

"What would you have from me, Sylvie? I want to give you anything you desire."

I drank in these words. Really, it was too much to offer. I smiled. "All of you."

"That you shall have and I will have my desire." His hungry gaze focused on the delicate lips between my legs that were completely open to him. "I have waited centuries for the taste of a human female."

"You haven't ever —"

"No, I serve my liege." "Did you know that mermen dream about snatching human women like you from boats and holding you captive for weeks on end while we indulge ourselves? That you are a delicacy? That most mermen ache for the sugared taste of a ripe fruit like yours?"

Drawn from his spell to the practicality of the situation, I couldn't help but ask a puzzling question. "How *do* you sleep with mermaids?" I looked at his body suspiciously.

His lips curved. "I assure you it isn't as pleasurable as this. They don't have the appeal that you do. Tonight I shall taste true honey. Tonight my hunger ends"

I have to admit, I wasn't sure if he was talking about physical hunger or sexual hunger. His gaze was intense. I yelped as he wrapped my legs over his shoulders and slipped beneath the surface of the water to fill his mouth with me. His tongue was rough and darted inside me eagerly. Sexual hunger. Llyn greedily lapped as much of me as he could. I was moving against his mouth, shameless in my behavior. He slipped his tongue deep inside of me, bathing his tongue in my core. He thrust in and out, persistently. So nice to have a lover that doesn't breathe the way humans do.

"Oh, God!" I screamed. I held on to the rock for dear life as I experienced another wave of pleasure.

Llyn pulled himself from my body, to lay his cheek on my belly. His mouth glistened and his gaze was scorching. "I cannot get enough of you. Your only god is Neptune now and you will worship me in his stead." His hand settled over my open sex. "Mine." He clasped me in his hand.

Cynthia Rayne

"Yours," I agreed steadily. Even if I never saw him again, I would still be his.

With a triumphant smile, Llyn lifted himself up on the rock beside me. His silvery blue tale glinted in the moonlight. I watched in wonder as, before my eyes, it changed. His tail fin transformed into two large male feet. The lustrous scales and sharp fins began disappearing into tanned, muscled thighs and calves. Between his legs formed an immense erection, nested in a deep thicket of hair. The tip glowed blue and I knew without being told that it held Neptune's seed. He was pulsing and eager to give me his child. However, I wasn't certain Llyn would even fit inside of me.

Involuntarily, I clenched my legs together. "Maybe we should wait a little bit."

He smirked at my reaction. "I told you I was equipped."

I rolled my eyes. What is it with the male obsession with the penis?

My eyes strayed to his newly formed human legs. The whole process fascinated me. "But how did you become human? Do you just grow legs when you need them? Or when you're on dry land?"

"I think the time for talking is over, sweet Sylvie." He loomed over me, gathering my wrists in his hands and holding them against the partially submerged rock. Llyn parted my legs with his newly transformed limbs, so I was spread out for him, an offering fit for a pagan god – or his messenger. "And now your god will take what is rightfully his and plant his seed where it belongs. You will bear him a strong son or daughter, worthy of a legacy."

I closed at my eyes at his words because that was exactly what I wanted him to do. I didn't want meaningless sex or tender lovemaking. I wanted to be fucked by him, filled to the brim with the throbbing length of his hot, greedy cock. I wanted to be mindless and uninhibited. I wanted to go with what my body wanted, not my mind. I couldn't even form words; I just lifted my pelvis towards him, urging Llyn to enter me and to own me.

Instead, Llyn inserted his finger and stroked me, easing his own entry. "You need me, don't you?"

"Yes!" It wasn't enough. I wanted all of him.

Llyn inserted two fingers and stroked me roughly.

Helplessly, my hips danced to the rhythm he set. I felt like a puppet on a string.

"Enough," Llyn growled. He withdrew from me and brought his

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

glistening fingers to his mouth, sucking the moisture from them with relish.

He penetrated me slowly, as though eager to draw out the moment of claiming me. My inner muscles fought at first but then gave way to his girth, unable to withstand the onslaught. At last, he was sheathed in me, there wasn't a centimeter inside me that he didn't occupy.

"Now you are his and you are mine." Llyn growled just before he took my lips in a dominating kiss. He tasted of me and of salt and the sea and I couldn't get enough. Fiercely, he thrust his cock into me, plunging himself over and over into my wet, open sex. He groaned with effort, stopping to ask me one last question.

"Do you want me, sweet Sylvie?"

"Yes!" I gasped.

"Then you shall have me," Llyn said gruffly thrusting inside me twice more, before letting loose a shock of power. I felt it go through me, as though something enormous were released. He bathed my insides with his warmth and his power. And then I passed out.

When it was over, he collapsed on top of me. His eyes were filled with a wicked sort of mirth. "I will petition Neptune and claim you as my lijah."

"Your what? "

He seemed to struggle with explaining the word. "My concubine."

That got my attention. "*Concubine*? As in magic carpets, Hammer pants, and sexual slavery? Don't get me wrong, you're a hottie, but I don't think so."

Llyn cocked his head to one side. "No, it is more tender than that. More dear. Perhaps, I used the incorrect word. My lijah, is my dear one, my lover." His eyes were soft. "A lijah is a sacred, honored being. One who has importance and meaning."

"A wife?" I guessed. Although, it was a little much to get a marriage proposal on a first date.

Llyn shook his head. "We do not believe in only one union. Love may be freely given to all, it is not something you can restrict and control. We share ourselves with many, but a lijah is the closest thing to what you are asking."

I felt unreasonable anger at the thought. What was wrong with me? He was a fish and I had a life to get back to. This was probably some sordid sex dream anyway. Why did I care? "So, you want to add me to

Cynthia Rayne

your little aquatic stable of chippies? But that's just great because I get to be the head chippie. No, I don't think so."

Llyn rolled over, dragging me with him. "You look for insult where there is none. I own you and you own me. Do you not feel it, Sylvie? We do not need a formal decree to sanction this joining. We are already joined."

"I don't want to be joined. I want to get the hell out of the water. I'm done with Sea World."

"No, you are not," Llyn contradicted. "Do not try to fight me, I will win in the end."

I shoved at his chest and tried to stand up, but Llyn held me fast. "I did not give you permission to go."

"I don't need your permission! I don't need anything from you!"

Llyn's expression was dangerous. "You need me." My legs were still open and he slipped a finger into my sex. "Right here for now, but soon I will be in your heart and your mind. You were mine the minute you stepped into the water. Accept me."

It was the last thing I remember before he claimed me once more.

I awoke hours later, just as dawn came rushing in. I was laying on the edge of the sea. Behind me, I could see bits of my carefully drawn circle left behind by the tide. There were still two deep holes where the honey and milk had been placed; only both substances had been swallowed up by the sea. The waves came rushing in, splashing over my legs and up to my waist. Surely, it hadn't all been a dream. Just as the waves rushed back, I looked down at my body, startled to see a triton, the symbol of Neptune, emblazoned on my sex in a silvery blue substance that I just knew wouldn't wipe off.

Llyn had *literally* left his mark on me. Not only on me, but also inside of me. We were bound together. I *felt* it. I would come here, come to him very soon.

I had communed with mighty Neptune and with Llyn. I belonged to the sea now. There was no going back.

Communing with the Mighty Neptune

AUTHOR BIO

Cynthia Rayne graduated from The University of Akron with a bachelor's degree in Sociology. She completed her master's degree in Counseling at Kent State University. Her romantic erotica stories have been featured in several anthologies and on several websites.