



Ocean's Mist Press

SEA OF LOVE

JANUARY JAMES

Sea Of Love by January James

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DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To my family, for keeping me from becoming a starving artist.

SEA OF LOVE

BY

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PART 1

Cyra had an obsession that intrigued her so completely she was willing to risk her life to experience it. As she crouched behind the rocks, the cold blood flowing through her veins boiled. A slew of intense sensations that she only experienced in moments like this heated her entire body. Her scales, protesting their overexposure to the sun, cracked but Cyra paid little attention to her pain. Nothing would make her turn away.

The sea was calm. All of the turmoil was on the sand in front of her as the lovers fought to get enough of each other. She watched the man's fingers glide over the woman's tanned skin. They grasped and caressed areas that made her sigh with pleasure.

Cyra could almost feel the touch of his body. The woman moved against him. She took him in her arms and rested her chin on his shoulders. With her heightened vision, Cyra saw the love shining in her deep blue eyes just before she closed them in pleasure.

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This was the best of human nature, she thought. This is what kept her spellbound. She longed to experience it. She longed for legs to wrap around a man's waist as the woman was doing. She lifted one breast and offered it to him. He took it gently in his hand before lowering his head. He kissed her nipple before taking it into his mouth, pulling the pink bud, causing her to cry out in pleasure.

Cyra started to caress her own breasts. Their sun kissed tips begged to be touched, twisted, and pulled. She trailed her fingers across her smooth flesh. Her breathing grew heavier as she imagined the man's wet mouth wrapped around her oversized nipples. She groaned as much in frustration as in desire. Incredible as they were, Cyra knew that the sensations flowing through her body would never be fully satisfied because she lacked that rare flower, that pink bud between the woman's legs that she was now playing with. It was what she most coveted, the portal through which she would receive the ultimate pleasure.

The man lay back on the sand, giving Cyra a perfect view of what she wanted most. His penis stood straight up from his body, big and proud. The woman straddled him facing away from him and towards Cyra. Cyra watched in amazement as she impaled herself on him. His penis disappeared inside her. She moaned and closed her eyes, as she gracefully arched over his body and began to gyrate her hips. Her breasts danced on her chest in beautiful, fluid motions. Cyra crawled closer. While locked in the throes of passion, the couple lost sight of

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their surroundings. That was her time to be little bolder, enjoy the experience more closely.

She watched the woman lean back and bury her hands in the sand. This new position gave Cyra a graphic view of the man's cock moving in and out of the woman's body. The man grabbed her hips and started catapulting himself into her. The sea wind picked up their cries and carried them to Cyra. Heat flooded her body. She was unconscious of the cries that escaped her mouth. When the spasms began, Cyra cried out with them. Her body shook and the warm flush that spread across her face and chest told her that she had experienced a little of what the woman had in her own body.

She slipped back into the blessed release of the cool water; knowing she wanted more. She needed to be fully woman to experience their pleasures fully. There was only one person who could help her do that. She had to go to the most evil creature of all, the sea hag.

She made her way to the bottom of the ocean, far beyond where anyone of her kind would ever dare to venture, where even vegetation was afraid to go. As she swam into the blackness, she wondered if she was going too far. The sea hag had been banished to the depths of the ocean centuries before by Cyra's mother and grandmother long before she came to be. She'd grown up hearing stories of her evil tirades, the mermaids, and sailors she had tricked into her web of torture.

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The first things Cyra saw were her bulging, neon eyes and picket fence teeth. The shock of her appearance was followed by a booming voice that shook Cyra to the core. The apparition in front of her was so hideous; Cyra's hands flew to her mouth in terror.

"Well, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" the hag asked. The hag's already pronounced eyes bulged even further. She couldn't believe that the Goddess' daughter was in her presence, thousands of miles away from her mother and defenseless. At this young age, she hadn't fully come into her powers yet and the hag knew she would be so easy to hurt. The hag's hands itched in anticipation of planting them around the child's beautiful neck. It would serve the Goddess right for banishing her to hell. But she could see in the girl's eyes that she wanted something desperately. I'll just have a little fun with her before I damn her to an eternity like my own, she thought. "What can I do for you, my child?" she asked.

The hag knew Cyra didn't trust her. Yet she wanted something from her. Could it be that she wanted something more mundane than to become goddess of the seas one day? Could it be that Cyra had the same desires for a man as her mother? The hag smiled. Wouldn't that be poetic justice, she thought.

She'd always known Cyra was different. She'd watched her grow up from a distance and she wasn't like all the other mermaids. They all seemed content with their fate in life whereas Cyra had never seemed comfortable in her own scales. She'd spent more time observing human behaviors than learning the ways

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of the sea. She could see now that Cyra was dying inside. She had an empty look in her eyes and the hag knew exactly why she felt the way she did. There were no men in the sea. Most of them were spawned from a long line of mermaids. But Cyra was different. Her mouth ached to tell the child the truth about her identity but she wanted to see Gaia's precious daughter suffer like she was suffering. The truth would be revealed soon enough.

She smiled. "Tell me what is in your heart child," she said softly.

"I ask you to grant me a wish, sea hag," she said. "I wish to have the body of a human woman. I want a chance to live among them and find true love."

The hag laughed. "Ah romantic love, it is a love our kind should know nothing about."

"Yet I seek it with all my heart," Cyra said defiantly. The hag floated around her.

"You're a very beautiful woman," she observed. "I am sure that you can find a foolish human male to fall in love with you. But what will you give to me in exchange for true love?"

"If I don't find true love you will not have to reverse the wish. I will give up my immortality and live the rest of my life as an ordinary woman."

The hag gave her a quizzical look. "You mean that you are willing to give up the opportunity to rule the seas into infinity for a chance at love with a mere human? Surely this cannot be."

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“Nevertheless, it is,” Cyra said. “I’d rather be happy for a lifetime than spend a million lifetimes in pain.”

The hag thought about how much losing her beloved daughter would hurt the Goddess. There was no way that she wouldn’t grant the mermaid’s wish. “Very well, my dear, your wish is granted. I will give you one month to find your true love.”

Cyra gasped. “One month?” That is not enough time.”

“But it is all the time that I can give you. Do you still want it?”

Cyra hesitated, but she knew that she had no choice. Her true destiny was calling her. “Yes,” she said simply.

The hag gave a version of a smile. “Very well. I grant you the wish of a woman’s body to match your woman’s heart.”

Cyra sighed in relief. “Thank you.”

The sea hag’s grin turned lecherous. “No, thank you. Now get out of here before your mother comes looking for you.”

Cyra swam away as fast as she could. She didn’t see the hag following her at a safe distance. She didn’t want to think about her family and friends. If she dwelled on what she was leaving behind then she would never leave. She couldn’t bear to think about causing her family pain into eternity. Surely there was a way that she could have what she wanted and keep her family too. She just had to figure it out for herself. Instead of going home she swam to the top of the sea. When she got close to the shore she felt her scales melting. She tried not

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to let her fears get the best of her. When her tail disappeared she sank under the water.

As the black water filled her new lungs, Cyra struggled to get to the top. You're not a mermaid anymore, she reminded herself. You cannot breathe under water. You have to swim like you've seen humans do. She began to kick her legs out. She came up coughing and gasping for air. Her chest burned, but in only a few minutes she was swimming like she'd been doing it the human way for decades.

The hag watched Cyra get comfortable with her new body. She laughed. "You foolish child. You don't think that I'd make things that easy for you did you?" She raised her heavy arms and the waves around Cyra rose as well. With each motion of her hands the sea tossed and tumbled Cyra's body until she could no longer fight it. The hag was happy to test her new skills. She'd been slowly stealing the powers of lower level sea demons by holding them captive until they had little strength left but to surrender and serve her. One day, she would be strong enough to plan her comeback. Right now she couldn't shift the ocean floor the way Gaia could, but her little storm was enough to hurt Cyra.

As the water filled her lungs, Cyra cried out for her mother. She tried to sing their siren song but she couldn't seem to manage the haunting strains of the first melody she'd been taught. Maybe it was a side effect of being human. The siren's song was a mermaids lifeline; a way for her to summon help no matter where she was but Cyra had a sinking feeling that one could hear her.

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On the other side of the ocean Gaia was so in tuned with the sea that she felt the slight tremors of the churning water. Instinctively, she tried to sense Cyra but she couldn't find her spirit anywhere. She listened for her call but none came. Instantly she knew her baby was in trouble. Her heart told her that the sea hag was involved in some way. She'd just been there all these years, lurking in the dark and planning her revenge. Gaia had always expected and feared the day when Cyra was out of her control. Still it would not be impossible to find her. It would just take a little more time. By then Cyra could be in serious trouble. She called her mother and the elders of the council together. Something was wrong with her child and she would move hell and high water to find her.

PART 2

It had been a long day for Nate. Miami summers always were. With all of the added residents he and his team had the added stress of keeping them in check. Bored, unsupervised high school and college kids pulling pranks and fights kept them on their toes. He finally made it home about eight. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had something to eat. He was debating between sleep and some leftover beef stew when his dog Butch came over to where he'd dropped on the sofa and offered him his leash. Nate groaned, but he had no power against Butch's puppy dog looks. "Okay boy, once along the beach. Maybe a brisk walk will be good for me, too."

He noted that the sea was unusually rough. It had been such a calm day. He realized that he was more tired than he'd thought. He removed Butch's collar so that he could run to his little heart's content while he lagged behind. When he finally caught up with him, Butch was sniffing something in the sand. Curious, Nate walked over to him but took a step back when he noticed a hand. Most of the body was covered with seaweed. In a second he was down on his knees, clearing the face and feeling for a pulse. There was one, though faint. Immediately he started CPR.

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The few times in his life when he'd had to perform CPR, Nate always said a prayer, asking God to breathe the breath of life into him. The thought of losing someone seemed unbearable to him. At first, his ministrations and his prayers seemed to be of little effect. The white face remained ghost-like. He'd seen that look before.

In fifth grade his best friend Bobby had drowned during a birthday pool party. He remembered standing there helplessly while a grown-up had administered what little CPR he had known. By the time the ambulance showed up, Bobby was gone. Nate had made it his mission to become a certified lifeguard.

He'd never lost anyone else and he wasn't about to lose this strange, beautiful creature. Taking a deep breath, he blew into her mouth. When he pulled away he noticed that there was a little pink in her cheeks. Another breath, and she gasped. Then, she started coughing.

Cyra felt something pulling her out of the abyss that she'd sank into. Something was urging her to breathe, to live. Her spirit flew up towards the life force guiding it. She came to expelling from her body the water that had once been her life force. She coughed uncontrollably as someone slapped her back. She heard a dog barking and a gentle voice telling her that she was safe and that everything would be okay. The clouds that had been obscuring the light of the moon suddenly parted and Cyra found herself staring into the most beautiful male face she'd ever seen.

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How could someone have eyes of so many different shades? Cyra wondered as she stared into Nate's big, hazel eyes. His face was filled with such relief she knew immediately that he had a kind heart. She knew he would not hurt her even though he was staring at her as if he'd never seen a woman before.

For Nate, her face was unforgettable, almost mythical. From the long, golden tresses and sky blue eyes to the pale, porcelain skin and gentle curves, the stranger he'd found on the beach held him spellbound. He gazed into those mysterious eyes for what seemed like hours before he realized that she was naked and shivering. He took off his shirt and enclosed her body in its warmth. After lifting her in his arms he took her to his house and placed her in his bed.

He slept fitfully at best. Every few hours, he would get up and check to make sure she was still breathing. The steady rise and fall of her chest comforted him. She seemed to sleep peacefully until the following morning.

Nate was a little tired after a night on his lumpy, old couch with visions of her body in his head. He hadn't meant to look at her on the beach, but he seemed to have little willpower where she was concerned. He made a pot of coffee and watched the news while he waited for her to wake up.

A strange, but wonderful smell tickled her nostrils. Cyra opened her eyes and saw Nate staring at her from a chair. He looked away in embarrassment. "Hi," she said timidly.

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“Hi,” he answered. Cyra was wearing his shirt. The smell of his cologne was intoxicating. She smiled at him. He looked even more beautiful in the early morning light. “How’re you feeling?” he asked.

“I feel fine. I need to use your bathroom,” she said trying out a word she’d never had to use before.

“Sure, down the hall to the left.”

“Thank you.” She got out of bed and made her way to the bathroom.

When she peeked through the bathroom door she noticed that Nate had left some clothes for her by the door. They were a little big, but they made her feel comfortable. As soon as she entered the kitchen Butch left his bone and jumped up on her. She smiled and ran her hands through his soft fur. There was no way to avoid falling hopelessly in love with Butch. “Hey boy,” she cooed. Butch wagged his tail and licked her hands.

“Would you like some coffee?” Nate asked from the kitchen table. “I’ve only got doughnuts. What can I say, I’m a cop.” Cyra knew that there was a joke in there somewhere but she just didn’t get it.

“Coffee and doughnuts will be fine,” she said though she had no idea if they would be. Nate poured the dark brown liquid into a cup. “Sugar, cream?” She said yes to both. Cyra sat down at the table and Nate placed a box of doughnuts and a steaming cup in front of her.

She’d never been so hungry. Cyra cradled the cup in her hands and brought it to her mouth, savoring the rich taste of the coffee on her tongue. It was

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the most amazing thing she'd ever tasted. Placing the cup on the table, she picked up a doughnut. She ran her fingers over it, wanting to memorize its feel and texture. Her teeth sank slowly into the soft, sweet dough. Sitting across the table and watching her in amazement, Nate was highly aroused.

He'd never met anyone so tactile, so intent on simple pleasures. It was like she was experiencing it all for the first time. Watching her made him feel primal and raw. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt sexual towards a woman. He'd sort of forgotten about that area of his life after his last relationship ended six years earlier. He had allowed his work to consume his life. He always managed to bring some kind of paperwork home with him, something to keep the loneliness at bay until sleep claimed his exhausted body.

However, the loneliness he'd seen in Cyra's eyes the night before on the beach had touched something deep in his soul. His true emotions came bubbling to the surface. He'd been trying since then to push them back into the neat little, dark box he'd built for them. He cleared his throat and forced his mind into a safer route.

"Where are you from?" he asked. "I don't think that I've seen you in this area before."

"I'm not from here," she said.

"What brought you to this part of the country?" Nate asked. Cyra shrugged.

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"I just needed a change." Nate understood. He'd moved from Chicago to escape his demons six years earlier. He decided not to pry into her personal life and why she was in the water during a storm. She would tell him if and when she wanted to.

"Can I give you a ride somewhere?" he asked.

"No, I prefer to walk. It's such a nice day and it's really not that far." She got up from the table and held out her hand to him. "I really appreciate everything you've done for me, Nathan. I owe you my life. I will never forget it."

Nate took her hand in his. A current of electricity ran up his arm. He tried to swallow the lump her touch and her words had formed in his throat. "I'm glad that I came along in time to help," he said. She couldn't know how she'd also breathe life back into him. He felt as if he'd just come out of a fog. He was feeling again. All of them weren't pleasant emotions but at least he knew that he was still alive.

After she left, Nate followed her. Cyra intrigued him to no end. He intended to use every avenue available to him to find out everything he could about her. She was definitely the most fascinating woman he'd ever met. Though he'd gotten a glimpse into her soul, he knew that she had deep secrets. Had she been trying to end her life? Was she really happy that he'd saved her? He watched the way she walked. Just putting one foot in front of the other seemed like pure joy to her. Her slim hips swayed from side to side. She'd chosen to go

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without shoes than wear one of his slippers. He smiled to himself. What retro hippie commune had she grown up in? he wondered.

Cyra couldn't enjoy the feel of the warm ground under her new feet. She was too conscious of Nate behind her. She diverted into a store hoping that he would give up and leave her alone. He did, but she knew that it was not for long.

The hag could feel the sea Goddess approaching. She was the only one who could make the ocean floor tremble like that. She had been waiting for her. A ray of light filled the sea hag's cave but it was quickly followed by wet fireballs from the Goddess' anger. When she finally came into view the hag was surprised to see that her normally beautiful face had been transformed into something almost as hideous as hers by her anger and turmoil.

"Where is my daughter?" she boomed. "I know you granted her a wish and taken her away from my presence."

The hag smiled. "It's not my gift to talk someone out of their wish no matter how silly I may think it is. My duty is only to grant them."

"Where is she? I will not ask you again."

The hag shrugged innocently. "She wanted to experience human love so she asked me to make her human so that she could go and find it." She noticed gleefully that her words put a little of the fire out of the Goddess.

"She wanted human love?" she asked in a weak voice.

More confident now, the hag relaxed. "Yes, she does and she has one month to find it."

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“Or what? I know you did not grant her wish out of the goodness of your heart.”

The hag bowed her head in mock consternation. “No, as we both know I do not have one.”

The Goddess’ face turned red with anger. She lifted her hands. Balls of fire so powerful water couldn’t tame it, shot from her palms and into the hag’s deformed body. The pain was excruciating. She cried out, her voice a mournful sound that echoed through the deep.”

The Goddess Gaia swam aimlessly around her cave. “I have to find her mother,” she said.

Her mother, Ilia sat in a corner, her face filled with anguish. “What will you do when you find her?” she asked.

“I will bring her back here and make them reverse this wish of course. What else would I do?”

“Will you tell her the truth?” Ilia asked.

Gaia stopped cold. “You know I can’t do that.”

“But how do you know that she will not try to escape again? What if her feelings never change? When she comes into her full power there will be nothing stopping her from granting this wish for herself. And if she finds out the truth some other way then she may not forgive us for keeping an obviously important part of her life from her.”

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Gaia's expression was adamant. "I don't ever want her to know that she's part human. As far as I'm concerned she is fully mermaid."

Ilia shook her head. "On the outside, she is mermaid, but inside where it matters most she certainly seems to be more human than anything else."

Gaia sighed. "Mama, I can't tell my child not to do something that I once did. Not something she wants as badly as this."

"Then maybe you can grant her wish," Ilia suggested. "Then she would be in our control."

Gaia shook her head. "Cyra's destiny is to rule the oceans when my reign comes to an end, just like I did when yours did. I cannot let her know that I was once stupid enough to fall in love with a sailor. He broke my heart, remember? I gave up my life for him and he put a baby inside me and left. Another human will do the same thing to her."

"He left you with Cyra, your most precious gift," her mother pointed out. "That was how it was meant to be. That is why I granted your wish when you wanted to be human. It was your destiny to rule the seas not to live as a woman. But if you hadn't for a time you wouldn't have your daughter. You have to allow her the time to fulfill her own destiny, whatever it may be."

"If her destiny was to be human then she would've been born more human," Gaia said.

Ilia smiled sadly. "Let's be honest with each other, darling. We've always suspected that Cyra wasn't quite like us. We both felt the beat of her human

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heart when she was a baby. You know that she didn't develop her powers as fast as the other little mermaids. You may not want to admit it, but Cyra may not have the ability or the desire to rule the seas."

Gaia sighed. "I didn't want to accept that Cyra may be more like her father than me. I wanted to erase him and the pain, but Cyra has his heart and soul."

PART 3

Cyra couldn't believe how much her life had changed in such a short time. In a matter of days she had a wonderful job and a place to live. She'd met Mae the day that she'd hid in her pet store. She'd offered her a job and the little apartment above her store. She hadn't seen Nate since the morning she'd woken up in his bed with his beautiful hazel eyes on her. But he'd been on her mind that first night alone in her new home. Outside, a light rain beat against the windows embracing her in a sexual cocoon and drowning out the rest of the world. She sat on the bed in front of the headboard mirror and spread her legs open wide. She was wet just from thinking about her new toy. She spread her sticky lips apart. Her desire clung between them like thick, sweet syrup.

She began to caress her clit. It felt so good! Beyond anything she'd ever dreamed of. Her bud swelled under her loving fingers. She started rubbing it slowly. She felt wonderful sensations building in her body. She began to breathe slowly as visions of Nate, sexy as hell, filled her mind. She tried to imagine what his naked body would look like. She would've been pleased to know that at that exact moment Nate was lying naked in his bed thinking about what she looked like naked.

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The vision of her that night on the beach then later after he'd placed her in his bed, had him nursing the most intensive hard-on he'd had in ages. He hadn't changed the sheets. They smelt of her hair, body, and pussy. He grabbed his cock, closed his eyes, and imagined himself sliding into her pink softness.

Across town, Cyra's pussy was starting to tingle. Desire uncoiled itself from the tips of her toes and slithered up her slim legs. It flowed upwards to her stomach, dipped around to her ass before traveling up her back and snaking over her shoulders. It wrapped itself around her full breasts forcing her to remove one hand from her pussy and caress her nipples.

She moaned softly. She trailed her fingers over her nipples imagining that it was Nate's tongue instead. Her pussy muscles contracted. She slipped one finger inside. Her eyes flew open in shock. She watched in the mirror as her body swallowed her finger. God this alone was worth getting a pussy for, she thought.

Everything she touched brought her pleasure. She pulled her fingers out and brought them to her lips. She deeply inhaled the intoxicating aroma of her own desire. Slowly she opened her mouth and slipped her fingers inside, groaning deep down in her throat. Nate has to taste this, she thought.

Nate was wondering what she tasted like. He wanted to eat her the way that she'd eaten her breakfast in his kitchen; like it was the first time he'd tasted pussy in his life. He ran his hands up and down his cock. The lube mingled with his pre-cum making him smooth and slippery. As he thought about all of the nasty things he wanted to do to Cyra, the ache in his cock became unbearable.

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Cyra slipped her fingers back into her pussy. It felt so soft and warm there. No wonder men loved to place their cocks inside of it. It felt like Mother Earth welcoming the essence of life. She fell back onto the pillows. She rolled her nipples between her fingers. Her fingers slipped out to play with her clit. She loved it mercilessly until her hole screamed for her fingers again. This time she shoved three fingers inside. It's so tight, she thought. Yet she knew that it could take all of Nate's cock and still beg for more.

The said cock was getting the stroking of a lifetime. Nate's moans filled the room as his hands moved faster over his shaft. The slick sliding sounded loud in his ears. He imagined himself buried deep inside Cyra. One of his hands moved down to cup his balls. He covered them with the slickness from his cock before rubbing them roughly, envisioning them in Cyra's mouth, her full lips grabbing them greedily.

He wanted to feel her teeth on his large cock head. He longed to feel her tongue in his hole. He saw himself squirting his load into her open, eager mouth as he felt himself go over the edge.

Cyra found the place that she liked best, a small ribbed area that caused her to shudder violently each time she touched it. She rubbed it fiercely. Her cries filled the room as the sensations spiraling through her body reached a fevered pitch. Her body went stiff, frozen in a moment of pure, unadulterated ecstasy. Suddenly the iceberg erupted as her body spun out of control. Her teeth rattled together with the force of her orgasms. She screamed out Nate's name

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and across town his cries echoed hers as thick, white cum spewed out of his body. It landed around him like salty snowflakes.

It was a long time before Cyra could move. Her first true sexual experience had been overwhelming. When she was finally in control of her body again she curled her weakened limbs into a ball and fell into a deep, blissful sleep.

Nate was glad when his mother invited him to dinner. He was tired of his four walls and daily routine. Ever since he'd met Cyra he'd seen the world in a different light. He'd taken note of a sunset for the first time in ages. The day before, he'd eaten his lunch down by the dock, the salty wind kissing his face instead of at his desk surrounded by a stack of paperwork.

His mother's approving appraisal when she opened the door to him made him a little suspicious. His blue stripped shirt and dress pants in lieu of jeans did not warrant the excitement in her eyes and voice. "It is so nice of you to join us darling." She took his hand in hers and led him into the dining room. Nate stopped dead when he saw who else his mother had invited to dinner. Cyra sat at his family's dining table, sharing a glass of wine with his father, while his brother relayed with a little too much enthusiasm, an embarrassing trick he'd once played on Nate involving magic shaving cream in a shampoo bottle.

To Nate, Cyra seemed even more beautiful. Her cheeks glowed from the wine and her soft laughter. She looked over at him; her smile froze as the rest of

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her heated up. "Do you know her darling?" his mother asked. He finally remembered that she was standing beside him.

"Yeah," he mumbled. He walked over to the table.

"Well look what the cat dragged in," Max said. He gave Nate a big smile.

"How're you son?" his dad asked.

"Fine," Nate said. He barely looked at them. But his mother's eyes were all over his face. She noted the look of excitement, the blush that stained his cheeks. Her heart sang. After so many attempts at trying to set her son up with a woman, she'd finally hit pay dirt with Cyra.

"Hello, Nate," Cyra said shyly. "I didn't know that you belonged to this wonderful family. He smiled.

"I didn't know that you knew my wonderful family." They stared and smiled at each other stupidly. Joe grunted. "Well now that we all know what needs to be known, let's eat." Mae gave him a disapproving look but moved towards the kitchen for the first course. Cyra tore her eyes away from Nate and volunteered to help her.

"How do you know my son?" Mae asked when they were alone.

"He saved my life," Cyra confided. Mae's hands flew to her breasts. Her mouth hung open in surprise. "A few nights ago I went for a late night swim and got caught in a sudden storm. I would've died if Nate hadn't come along when he did."

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Tears formed in Mae's eyes. "Oh, my child, thank God you're okay." She hugged the younger woman tightly.

When they brought the food out she gave Nate a hug. "Cyra told me what you did. I'm so proud of you, baby."

"What did he do?" Max asked around a mouthful of chicken.

"Oh, it's so brave and romantic," she said. She recounted their adventure on the beach in dramatic, romance novel vernacular. When she was finally done even Max was teary eyed.

Nate blushed. "Anyone would've done the same thing." But when his eyes met Cyra's across the table he added: "But I'm really glad that it was me." Cyra smiled.

"I'm really glad too."

Dinner was a pleasant experience, filled with laughter and love. Cyra longed to one day have a family of her own. She imagined herself cooking dinner until Nate came home from work, taking care of their children, growing old with him. Being a mermaid couldn't compare to how she felt when she saw Nate's smile. They began spending their evenings together. Nate could feel himself falling in love with her but he still didn't trust her. Trust was important to him. His ex-wife had shattered it when she'd cheated on him. He couldn't risk being hurt like that again.

But on a beautiful Saturday morning, he was powerless to resist Cyra. He felt her warm breath on his face luring him closer to her soft pink lips. When he

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touched them his knees went weak. He sank into her like he would a warm bed on the coldest day in December. They wrapped their arms around each other as the kiss overpowered them. His arms tightened around her impossibly slim waist. He felt himself grow hot. His erection came fast and hard. His hands left her waist and cupped her slender behind. He violently pressed her body to his. Cyra felt the power of his desire against her body. She felt herself melting. The sensation swirling between her legs were new and exciting. She ran her hands down his chest and down to his flat stomach. Boldly she tried to bury her hand in his pants but he pulled away from her.

Cyra stared at him, hurt and confusion clearly written across her face. "I just want to show you how much I love you," she explained. "I know that we haven't known each other long, but from the moment I met you I felt something special." Nate ran his fingers through his hair in frustration.

"I felt something too," he admitted. "I want to explore that, but I don't think that having sex right now is the way to do that."

"But sex is how we express love to each other."

The moment the words were out of her mouth, Cyra knew she'd said the wrong thing. The times when she'd witness human love had always involved sex. It had never entered her mind until that moment that you could have one without the other. Apparently there was still so much for her to learn. "You obviously have a different definition of love than I do," Nate told her. "It shows how much we really know about each other."

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When he offered to take her home she didn't protest. She had disappointed him and herself. After he dropped her off, Cyra made her way down to the ocean. It was the only place that could bring her comfort from her turmoil. How could she love Nate when she didn't even know what human love was? She was so wrapped up in her thoughts she didn't notice the woman walking towards her until she was close enough to touch. The woman called her name. Cyra looked up and gasped, "Mother!"

PART 4

“What are you doing here, Cyra?” Gaia asked. Cyra lowered her eyes.

“This was just something that I had to do,” she said.

“But did you have to do it with the sea hag!” Gaia screamed, showing a little of the fire that she was known for.

Her heat inflamed Cyra’s own anger. “Who else was I to turn to? You would never have helped me. You wouldn’t even listen when I tried to tell you how I felt. I was dying inside, mama, but with all your power and insight you couldn’t see that.” Gaia deflated like an overstuffed balloon. She’d always been torn where Cyra was concerned.

“I’m sorry I never listened to you, baby. Like all mothers I thought I knew what was best for you. You have to believe me that this is not your destiny.”

Cyra flopped down in the sand. Gaia unsteadily lowered herself down beside her, still trying to get use to having legs once again. “I can’t go back,” Cyra confided. “I’ve found someone that I really like but I don’t know how to love him or to make him love me.” Gaia wrapped her arms around her child. Cyra’s pain showed her that she had no choice but to help her. Cyra wiped tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. “Maybe it’s just not possible for a mortal to love me,” she said.

“Yes, he can. I know because a mortal loved me once.” Cyra stared at her.

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“What are you talking about mother?” she asked. It was Gaia’s turn to shed tears.

“I don’t want you to hate me baby, but I have been keeping a secret from you your entire life.” Gaia’s face was tortured.

“Tell me now,” Cyra pleaded.

“I fell in love with a human once. He was a sailor. I saw him one night and fell instantly in love. I hadn’t come into my full powers at the time so I begged my mother to give me legs so that I could come ashore and meet him.”

Cyra gasped. “So you felt the same way that I did!” Gaia nodded.

“I did find him. For a while he seemed to love me too. Then I became pregnant with you.”

Cyra pulled away from her. It was all a little too much for her to take in.

“Are you telling me that I had a father? That I am half human?” she asked.

Gaia started to cry. “I didn’t think that I could get pregnant, but I did. I knew that I had to tell my lover William about my true identity. I knew that you would not be a normal baby. But when I did, he told me that I was crazy. I didn’t mean to hurt him but I did.”

Cyra tried desperately to latch on to her mother’s words, but was lost in her own pain as tears streamed down her face. She kept repeating that she didn’t mean to hurt him. Cyra took her shaking shoulders firmly in her hands. “Mama, tell me, how did you hurt my father?” she asked.

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Gaia looked at her as if she suddenly remembered where she was. "Have you heard stories about the ghost sailor?" she asked.

Cyra racked her brain. She remembered Mae telling her something about a number of New England ghost including a sailor who had drowned years earlier, but appeared to two women in the early 1900's. Suddenly the truth dawned on her.

"You killed my father?" she asked.

Gaia shook her head. "After he abandoned me I stayed on land until you were born. When you came out with a tail, the townspeople thought that you were the child of the devil. We barely escaped with our lives to the ocean and your father did nothing to help us! He ran to his boat instead. Mama and I unleashed our fury on New England with the worst storm in its history. Your father drowned that day and a part of me died with him. I couldn't tell you because I knew that you would hate me and your grandma."

Cyra took her mother in her arms. "Oh mama, I could never hate you." Gaia held on to her child and cried as if her heart was breaking all over again.

It had been a long, restless night for Nate. Ever since he'd dropped Cyra off he hadn't been able to think of anything else but her. He'd thought that she was seriously interested in a relationship with him, but he wondered now if she was just looking for new arms in a new town. Most of his friends would say that he needed to have his heart or better yet, his tool examined for not taking her up on her offer, but Nate was a man led by his heart. He couldn't help but put it

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along with his penis inside a woman. What would happen to him when she suddenly decided to leave town? He would be right back where he started. If Cyra wanted his body then she would have to get to his heart first.

He was in the kitchen making breakfast when the doorbell rang. Cyra stood on the other side of his door, tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry," she began. "I admit that I don't know what love is. I've never experienced romantic love before, but I do know that I can't stop thinking about you. Every time I'm around you I just melt. I'd like to know what love is and I want you to show me."

After her impassioned speech, Nate couldn't help pulling her inside and into his strong arms. She lifted her tear stained face up to him. His fingers tangled in her hair. With a groan he lowered his mouth to hers. She tasted of salt and promises. Her mouth opened, inviting him into its warmth. It would've been easy just to sink into her softness. Her silken tresses entwined themselves around his fingers as sensuously as her arms entwined themselves around his trim waist. Her smell intoxicated him; her tongue lured him deeper into crevices slick and sweet.

It took all of his willpower to pull away from her. They were both breathing heavily. The sound sliced through the sexual tension in the air. "I didn't mean for this to happen," Cyra said.

"Neither did I," Nate admitted. "I think that it was beyond our control." He took her hand in his and led her into the kitchen. "Would you like some breakfast?" he asked. Cyra smiled. "I'd like that."

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The conversation flowed easily. Cyra told him truths about her past that didn't make him suspicious. She told him that her father had died at sea and that she never knew him. She confided that she'd lived a life where pleasing her family had become more important than pleasing herself. She told him of her mother and grandmother and what strong women they were.

Nate soaked it all up. It felt good to finally get inside her heart. For Cyra it felt even better not to have to lie. She finally found the courage to tell him her big secret.

"Do you think mermaids are real?" she asked. Nate looked confused.

"Of course not. They are mythical creatures."

"What would you say if I told you that mermaids were indeed real?" she asked.

"I'd say that you have to get your head examined," he answered.

"It's strange to you because your mind cannot accept it," she explained. "I know that they exist because I am one."

Nate stared at her, too stunned to speak. She looked serious, like she actually believed the words coming out of her mouth. "I know that this is a lot for you to take in, but you have to believe me. I have never been more honest with you than I am right at this moment."

Nate finally found his voice. "So you're telling me that if I poured water on you right now, you would spout a tail?" he asked skeptically.

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Cyra gave him a timid smile. "We're a little more in control of ourselves than the movies made us out to be. Legs are not a part of our make-up. We cannot change from one species to another so easily. It is just not the way life works."

"But here you are sitting beside me with legs," Nate pointed out.

"I have legs because I had a wish granted to me. I wanted to know love, human love, the kind of love that I could never experience as a mermaid."

Nate tried to wrap his brain around what she was saying. "So you came here to find love and then what? You would remain human forever?"

"Yes, or at least as long as the wish lasted which could be a lifetime, but there's no way to tell. But I wanted to be fully human, to have human love and human babies and there's only one person who can give that to me."

Nate ran his hand through his hair. "So, why me? Why did you pick me for this sick little game of yours?"

Cyra's face twisted in pain. "It's not a game, Nate. Everything that I've told you is true." Nate pulled his hand away from her and got up from the couch. "You expect me to believe that this shit is real?" he shouted. "How stupid do you think I am? You're either totally deranged or you have a sick sense of humor. In either case I'm not buying it."

While he paced, Cyra called her mother telepathically. The only way that Nate would believe her was if he had the proof right in front of him. When his doorbell rang she jumped up and answered it. She pulled her mother inside.

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“Nate, this is my mama,” she said softly. Something in the woman’s eyes made Nate stop his pacing. She seemed so strong and confident, so in command of everything around her. Her steel blue eyes bored into him. It felt like she could see all the way to his soul.

“I see why you want him,” Gaia said to Cyra. “He is a good man, though very confused right now.” She swept her hands over her daughter. Nate saw stars and then Cyra on the ground with a mermaid’s tail. He backed up against the wall.

“Who the hell are you people?”

“We’re rulers of the sea,” Gaia told him. “My daughter has a human father, but she’s next in line to rule the largest city on this planet. Yet she’s willing to give all of that up for the chance to love you.”

Cyra lifted anguished eyes to Nate. “I’m still the same person. Inside I’ve always been the person that captivated you.”

“If what you’re saying is true then you’re not even a person at all and I don’t want anything to do with you.”

“Do you love her?” Gaia asked him gently. Nate stared at the creature in front of him. She was Madison from Splash come to life!

“Look into my eyes, Nate,” Cyra pleaded. Nate knew that he’d made a mistake the millisecond his hazel eyes connected with hers. In their blue depths he saw her soul, the essence of the person who made him laugh and his heart sing with joy. She was the only woman to set fire to his balls and heart. As

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bizarre as the situation had become, Nate knew that he'd never felt the same about a human woman.

"Yes." He expelled the word out of his body. "Yes, I love you, Cyra."

Cyra started to cry. "I love you, Nate. I think I loved you from the first moment I saw you."

"I just wished that you'd been honest with me from the beginning, too," Nate told her. Cyra's hand swept over her tail. "How do you begin to explain something like this?" she asked.

Nate nodded. "Then please understand when I ask how do I begin to comprehend something like this?" His eyes turned cloudy with pain. "I don't think that I can," he stated. He grabbed his keys off the table. "I'm going out. When I get back you two freaks must be gone." He stormed out of the house. Cyra curled up into a ball as unbelievable pain ripped through her body. Gaia knelt down and gathered her in her arms. "Let's so home, my baby. If you and Nate are meant to be together then he will come looking for you."

The sea hag's screams could be heard from the bowels of the ocean. They tore through her haggard body in a thunderous release. She pulled at her gray, stringy hair. Her eyes turned black with rage and disappointment. "He loves her," she chanted over and over. Nate's admission had shaken the ocean to its core, alerting her that her plan had failed. Once again Gaia had won. Not only had her daughter found love, but by helping Cyra deceive her family in the first place she'd given the Goddess enough rage to condemn her to a fate worse than

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death. The hag tried to calm herself down. This was no time to panic. She would be a fool to just wait for Gaia to destroy her.

PART 5

There was only one place for Nate to go. When Mae opened the door and saw him a big smile spread across her face, but it quickly disappeared when she noticed the tortured look in his eyes. Immediately she took him into her arms.

“Nate darling, what’s wrong?” she asked him.

Nate tried desperately to not cry in front of his mother. “I don’t want to talk about it, ma. Can I just go in and watch the game?” He could hear Max and Joe screaming in the living room.

“Is this about Cyra?” Mae asked him.

“Yes.” “She told you she’s a mermaid, didn’t she?”

Nate stared at her. “You knew about that?” he asked.

Mae smiled. “Cyra didn’t confide in me but I sort of figured it out on my own. I found this old book at a garage sale on mermaids and she was in it.”

Nate laughed nervously. “It couldn’t possibly be her.”

“The resemblance is too uncanny for it to be a coincidence. She was seen by someone a long time ago and they grew a pretty accurate picture of her.”

She took her son’s face between her hands. “Just think how difficult it must’ve been for her to confide in you. Don’t sweat the fact that she may not be human, my child. She told you the truth which means that she has more integrity

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than any human woman you've dated in the past." Nate had to admit that she'd made a good point. Still a truthful mermaid was a little out there for him.

"I'm not like you, ma. You've always believed in that stuff. I just can't wrap my brain around it."

Mae ran one hand down the side of his face. "Then stop thinking with your brain and think with your heart."

Cyra's spirits hit rock bottom. Her mother and grandmother were too busy making plans to destroy the sea hag to notice how depressed she was. All she could think about was losing Nate. Even if they managed to destroy the sea hag, Cyra would have to live on into eternity with the pain of losing him.

The hag was quickly forming her army. Under the veil of darkness in the dredges of the ocean floor, she was amassing loyal followers of blood hungry sea mutants who hated the Goddess and her loyal subjects almost as much as she did. Suddenly the seas began to rise and change. In the distance they took the shape of majestic, translucent, black horses. The hag led her army, her wizened tail spurred on by her excitement. They were ten thousand strong and pure evil, ready to conquer good in the ultimate battle. Her shining eyes glowed with passion. Her high pitched voice shrieked the cry of victory. Around a circle the mermaids started to chant, commanding the seas to take shape, turning them into mighty white stallions a million strong. On their backs rode the protectors of good, from distant planets and galaxies to the four corners of heaven and earth.

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The sea hag watched them in amazement, but it was too late to turn back now. She gave a brave cry as the white horses descended on them.

Nate was in his car when he noticed the tidal wave. His heart sank. He glued his foot to the gas pedal and sped down to the beach. He heard the screams before he saw the people running for their lives. Jumping out, radio in hand he called for all the back-up and emergency help the city could muster. By the time he reached the shore, the beach and most of the nearby homes had become a part of the sea.

Nate dove into the torrid water just as the sky turned black, its only light the glorious slashes of yellow lightening zigzagging across its surface. His only thought was to find anyone trapped inside the houses. The next hour was a nightmare. Nate searched flooded houses as best he could. A few other officers and EMS workers joined him, but they all came up empty. Nate prayed that it meant that everyone had gotten out alive.

Finally, exhausted, he made his way to dry land and like the rest of the town's residents, tried to figure out what the hell had just happened. Later the news reports started flooding in, stories from all over the world reporting tsunamis, earthquakes and freak storms. Nate knew that somehow Cyra and her mother had something to do with it.

When the earth finally calmed down the sea was rancid with the smell of dying mutant flesh. The hag surveyed her slaughtered army. She was shaking.

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She knew that her time in the ocean that she loved had come to an end. She lifted sad eyes to Gaia and her mother.

“Say it. Just say my name once before you destroy me. Remember that I had a name once, that I was your daughter and sister once.”

“You would still be if you hadn’t turned against us,” her mother said. The hag laughed. “You left me little choice. She was always your favorite.” She turned red, angry eyes on Gaia. “That’s how I grew to despise you. I am the oldest and you took everything that belonged to me including William!”

Gaia stared at her. “What are you talking about?” she asked.

“I saw him first!” the hag screamed. “I loved him from the moment that I saw him but you took him from me!”

“William never loved you,” Gaia reminded her.

“Yes,” the hag said in a slow, sweet drawl. “That is why I killed him.”

Gaia gasped. Her sister enjoyed her pain.

“Oh yes, little sister. Your lover didn’t die in that weak, little storm you conjured. I put a stake through his heart afterwards when he refused my advances.” Cyra who was standing beside her mother started to cry. Not only was she related to this hideous creature, but her parents probably would’ve shared the same kind of love she’d found with Nate if her father had lived.

Gaia boiled with anger and the seas reflected her pain. They tossed and turned. She was ready to incinerate her sister. “Calm down,” Mother Earth told her calmly. “You know what happens when we let our emotions get the best of

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us.” Cyra thought about the innocent lives that were probably lost from the storm. They had caused enough damage.

“Let’s just get her the hell out of here,” Gaia said.

They all joined hands and started to chant: “We come as one, the power of three, to banish this evil for all eternity. Rise up legions of earth, sky and sea, let this creature never more be.”

The three forces of nature locked their hands and pointed at the hag. Fire shot out of their palms as the chants grew louder. The flames rocked the hag’s already battered body. “Goodbye, Adria, may your name never be uttered again,” Ilia said. The hag screamed as her body and soul erupted in flames. The waters around her exploded like a volcano, spewing her evil from it. When her screams ended the water was clean and clear once again.

Nate finally admitted to himself that he’d blown his chances at true love. The odds of Cyra finding one of his letters were slim. He’d hurt her too badly at a time when she’d been the most vulnerable. He’d written her numerous messages, tucked them into bottles, and tossed them into the sea. All he could do now was wait. If it was his destiny to be with her then she would find his words and come back to him.

She’d found another one. Cyra sat in a cave just a short distance from the beach where Nate had rescued her and read his note. The words moved her to tears- happy tears. They slid down her cheeks and she welcomed their softness. It was time for her to go home.

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Gaia's heartbeat quickened when she saw the excited look on her daughter's face.

"Nate loves me and he wants me back!" Cyra announced to her and her grandmother. "You want me to make you a woman," Gaia confirmed.

"Having known love yourself I'm sure that you understand," Cyra told her.

Gaia closed her eyes. Her smile was bittersweet. "Yes, I know the power of that kind of love but I don't want to lose you."

"Can't I have both?" Cyra asked.

Ilia shook her head. "That's just not the way that life works my child. You cannot be two species at the same time."

Cyra's tears flowed down smooth cheeks. "I don't want to lose my family but I cannot bear the thought of an eternity without Nate."

Gaia took her daughter's face between her hands. "You will always have me, baby. As long as the sea is here I will be here. Just walk down to the ocean and I will find you." Cyra smiled. "Maybe in my next life I will come back as a mermaid."

Gaia laughed and threw her arms around her child. "I will look forward to that. This is your home also. I am sure that you'll be back one day."

Cyra hugged both women for a long time. They all cried. It was the last time that she would cry mermaid tears, tears which sparkled like the sun on the water on a perfect summer's day.

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Nate couldn't stay away from the beach. It drew him every day. He scanned the rocks hoping to get a glimpse of Cyra. His heart almost dropped to his toes when he saw her walking towards him.

She ran towards him, her breasts swaying beautifully. Nate soaked up the vision of her naked body moving gracefully towards him. He groaned when her body wrapped itself around his. No words were necessary, their eyes and body said it all. Cyra helped Nate rip the clothes from his body. Instantly he was hard. Cyra grabbed his cock. Her eyes and hands explored every inch of it. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. She knelt down and took the large head into her mouth. The taste of him made her cream. Her desire ran down her thighs.

Nate grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock deeper down her throat. There was no time to be gentle. They were too hungry for that. Cyra had waited too long. She almost choked on all of his gorgeous meat but she took a deep breath and devoured him again. "Is it everything you expected?" Nate asked. Cyra allowed his cock to slip out. "It's better than I ever dreamed."

"Let me taste your pussy." He pulled Cyra up from her knees and backed her up against the large rocks. "Lift your leg over my shoulder," he instructed. Cyra lifted her right leg over his shoulder. Nate buried his face in her pussy. His wet tongue made her scream. As his tongue explored her, Cyra tweaked her nipples. Just when she thought that she would die from the pleasure, Nate removed her leg and spun her around. He ran his tongue up her ass before

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opening her cheeks and burying his face inside. He took wide licks from her mound up to her waist.

“Are you ready for me?” he asked.

“Yes,” she whispered. He placed his cock at her entrance. Cyra held her breath as he slowly slipped into her depths. His cock made her feel complete. They set a furious rhythm. They tried to savor the moment but it was too damn good. They strained for release as their hips bucked together. Nate exploded inside of her. Cyra cried out in ecstasy as his warmth filled her. Nate pulled out of her slippery depths. He lifted her up into his arms and headed for the caves. Their loving and their life, had only just begun.

THE END