



CARA NORTH

Seduction
of the *Siren*

SEDUCTION OF THE SIREN

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“What a fine day for killing.” Morgan smiled as she swam out to her favorite spot. The rock she had been coming to since she was born, located in a remote part of the water where only a few surrounding islands were in view. As she pulled up to rest on the rock and enjoy the sun, she looked around and enjoyed the view of the great water.

The sapphire blue waves turned aquamarine and lighter shades of blue in patches. In the distance she could see a recreation boating vehicle carrying two men.

She could sense them, smell their beer, and hear their laughter on the air if she tuned her senses just right. She stretched her body along the rock and let her fin sway in the water. Her nipples beaded and stretched to greet the warm sun that stroked them with warm welcoming rays. Morgan bit her lower lip. She could easily find pleasure at this place. In the simplicity of the ocean and the sun, two worlds combined on that rock, the world below the water and the world above. Her kind had a choice, but that choice came with a price. One not many were willing to pay.

Many mermaids had lured, loved, and left their lovers at the bottom of the ocean. It was the only way to ensure safety for the mermaids and at the same time relieve the never ending throb inside. The ache deep within drove them to the surface to find a mate. But every time Morgan kissed a man, she thought of only one.

The one that got away.

From that point on whoever was in her clutches paid for her mistake, with his life.

Her fin flipped and sprayed a bit of water over her naked upper flesh. The cool drops were a relief to her warming skin. Morgan thought about it for a while. Right now she could call to the boat and have two men please her at once. And they would, if she would let them, and then she would have to kill them. She sniffed the air one more time. They were so drunk they were liable to drown on their own without any help from her! Yuk!

She sighed. Today she didn't feel like luring sailors or taking lives. She simply wanted to enjoy the water, the sound of the waves, and the smell of the crisp breeze. She inhaled deeply, closing her eyes.

As the scent filled her lungs, Morgan snapped her eyes open and turned to look at the closest island. There she caught sight of the man who had wandered onto the beach. Morgan had only known of one family living on that island, and they had not been there in years. Not since the accident.

She tuned her senses to the shore. Fully absorbing the man. The tall broad body walked lazily toward the water.

He wore only a towel wrapped around his waist. Once he got closer to the water's edge, he dropped the towel and started into the water. Her jaw dropped with it.

Morgan snapped her mouth shut. She had never had such a reaction to a man. It was unheard of. She was a mermaid for crying out loud. Men reacted to her!

Her thoughts turned more lascivious in nature as her heartbeat thrummed and her body ached. She could call to him. Lure him farther away from shore, right into her arms. Ease her now aching body and then watch him drown. Watch him swallow all of her heartache as he sank to the bottom of the ocean. The bitterness began to rise along with the memory.

Morgan had loved once.

The visions formed clearly in her mind as she remembered that day so long ago. A boy she had saved when she was but a child herself made her fall in love with him. It was the touching that did it. She made contact with him out of the water. For those brief moments she felt human, whole.

“Justin Reed,” he had said then passed out.

Morgan swam back to get the other man on the boat with Justin, but it was too late, and he was too heavy.

She was so young then. The boy was the first human she had ever touched. His skin was so soft and smooth. Morgan was only twelve at the time. She was just learning to control the urges and feelings that seemed to take over during that stage of a young mermaid’s life.

Not with all her keen senses and abilities could she have saved the older man.

The family left the island the next day. Her love left with them. No one had returned to this spot. He never came back to see if she was there. She had saved his life, committed a crime among her people, and he didn’t even care to see if she was real.

When a mermaid touches a human for the first time, she is instantly bonded to him. He is to be her mate, and then her first kill. Morgan was too young to mate, and one look at his sweet face told her she wasn’t able to kill him.

As she grew older, she grew colder. Year after year she came to this place and reveled in the bittersweet spot.

Every man who crossed her path felt the wrath of lost love. This man would feel the same! Pulling her thoughts from her memories to the present she sat straight, combed her fingers through her long auburn hair, and slowly sucked in the surrounding air.

Oh, she could almost taste him. He was in the water now, floating on his back as though he had not a care in the world. Completely oblivious to the fact that today would be his last.

A smile curled uncontrollably on her lips.

Morgan began with a low hum. She lifted her eyes in expectation, but he still just floated along. Morgan sat up straighter, looked over her shoulder, narrowed her gaze, and could see the boat had changed direction. They had heard the hum, and those men were many miles away. With a little more determination, she took a deep breath.

She sang the song of the siren. Louder as the moments passed yet he didn’t respond by swimming toward her, by looking at her, he didn’t do anything. At last he stood. Her heart beat faster as her lungs strained to contain another verse already aching to call to him.

Her gaze turned confused when he simply walked back toward the beach.

Morgan loosened her shoulders and looked around.

In the distance there were now two boats heading her way, yet this man with the broad tan shoulders and muscular ass was walking away from her.

New determination filled her.

Morgan swam closer and perched in view of the man on the beach. He didn’t look at her. He picked up the towel, shook the sand off, then loosely wrapped it around his hips, and started walking back toward the house.

She was ready to combust with anger. This wicked man was toying with her. How he had resisted she had no idea, but he would not resist the call to sea. It saved a mermaid a lot of trouble, one song and they dove in to their doom.

Smoothing her hair she gave him the full vocal call of the siren. The two ships behind her steered toward direct impact both trying to get to her. The man on the beach never looked back. Morgan sang until the ships collided at sea, feeling her wrath. The man on the beach finally stopped, but he just stood there, looking down.

She stopped, hopeful. He squatted, stood, and then carried on as though she didn't exist.

Fury.

There was no other word in her vocabulary to describe what she felt at this time. Morgan knew her blue-green eyes flamed with anger.

She left the men at sea, who no doubt were trying to figure out how they had steered into one another, to salvage themselves. Released from her spell they were free to save each other. There was only one man she wanted to lure to his doom now, the one walking away from her on the beach.

Morgan dove into the water and swam in haste to the beach. He would not get away from her. In thousands of years no man had ever resisted the sirens song. This man would be no different.

As she approached the beach, the water became transparent, and she had to transform. From below her navel to the tip of her fins she was a fish. Only underneath that, she was a woman. Mermaids were but women who had been cursed and thrown to the sea by St. Patrick of Ireland, for being lustful and pagan, or so the story goes. But Morgan knew her namesake came from none other than Morgan Le Fay. And though St. Patrick cast them to the water, Morgan Le Fay had given them the power to walk out.

Within the blink of an eye, scales and fins were replaced by legs and feet. Morgan had never used these legs before. Her great, great grandmother was the one originally cursed to the water by St. Patrick. The sorceress, Morgan, had granted them the ability to reproduce and indulge in the very carnal desires they had been cast out for, or so her grandmother's story goes.

Then there was the song of the siren. Mermaids were given a voice that would compel any man within a hundred miles to do their bidding. After men had returned and told tales of the mermaid, it was too risky to love a man and set him free. Once mermaids became hunted, they used the song to lure men, sometimes for love, sometimes for revenge.

For thousands of years no mermaid had ever left the water to pursue a man. Until now.

Morgan planted her feet in the sand and walked toward the beach. Feet for crying out loud, she had feet. Her hair began to feel thick and heavy, weighted by the water. The more she emerged from her fluid home, the heavier her entire body became. Legs that seemed sturdy in the water threatened to collapse under the weight of her body. Hair that touched her knees clung to her naked form and pulled at her scalp.

"Damn it!" Morgan cursed and wobbled out of the water onto the sand. The man still strolled along. From this distance she could see him clearly, in full detail as if she was standing right next to him. Then he grew fuzzy. As she blinked, he looked farther away.

"Great." she yelled. "Now I have the sight of a human. I hate land dwellers!"

In more of a staggering march than a walk, Morgan headed toward the man. As she cleared the distance, her legs began to burn from the inside out. Muscles that had

never been used were screaming at her to take it easy. Morgan, however, was determined she was going to get that man if it killed her.

“Hey! Hey you!” she called but he continued strolling along.

“You there.... *Man!*” Morgan felt the strain on her newly used limbs and began to pray she wouldn’t have to crawl on her belly to get back into the sea. “Male. Guy. Dude!”

Nothing worked.

With a burst of fury, she launched into a run. How the legs carried her she had no idea, but they burned, they stung, and the sand was coarse and biting to her feet. The salty air sank into her lungs as they stretched and heaved in an attempt to adjust.

She was within arm’s reach. Just one more step and she could touch him. One more inch and she could feel that sun-kissed skin. The flesh of a man.

Chapter 2

A conch shell was what stopped him. But it was the woman that toppled over him who demanded his attention.

Justin fought to control the fear pounding in his heart. It was startling to have someone suddenly tumble over him. Especially since he was on a private island and to his knowledge he was the only inhabitant.

She looked, well, she looked amazing, and a mess, out of breath, and somewhat angry.

Of course she looked angry, he thought. She had probably been trying to get his attention, and he couldn't hear her. He couldn't hear anything. He swallowed the lump in his throat and prayed she wasn't hurt too badly because there were no phones. No one had been to this place in years. Justin hadn't been to this island since he was a child. He was eleven then, small and scrawny, unable to help his uncle get the boat off the rock it had collided into. He didn't know what happened that day. He only knew he woke up on the beach and his uncle was never found.

"Are you okay?" he asked and hoped the vibrations he felt in his throat still produced the voice he could no longer hear.

"I have been trying to get your attention!" Morgan screamed.

"I see. I, well...I..." Justin now realized it wasn't a woman in a fuzzy bathing suit lying in the sand before him. It was a naked woman with the longest red hair he had ever seen. He looked her over and noticed her legs were trembling and her feet bleeding.

Dear God, she must have fallen overboard and swam all the way. No wonder she looked ready to pass out.

"Let me help you." Justin reached for her but then pulled away as she scrambled to stand. Without her facing him there was no way for him to know what she was saying, but it was a mouthful he could tell. When she stood on her shaking legs, she fell into him, and he wrapped his arms around her waist. He was conscious of her naked state but determined to be a gentleman and help her, despite the rising erection he could feel.

"...and another thing, when I say something you respond to me!" Morgan drew her brows together and gave him an evil stare.

Justin smiled. He couldn't help it. She was beautiful and full of fire. She had obviously been through a lot, but she was a survivor and determined to play by her own rules.

Unfortunately, he had one rule of his own. "If you want me to respond to you, you have to look at me when you are talking."

"What?" Morgan quirked a brow.

"I can't hear you unless you are looking at me." Justin watched her eyes. They seemed to be blue one minute and green the next. Not typical colors, no, true colors, solid and pure like the water.

"Well hear this. You will obey me!" She said that loud and clear.

Justin laughed. God, it felt good to laugh again. It was a terrible thing to do. The woman obviously was scared and making demands to protect herself from him, but he wasn't a threat. Of course, she didn't know that, and it made him wonder how she ended up here. Had someone dumped her in the ocean?

"What's your name? How did you get here?" Justin picked her up and started back toward the home his great grandfather had built.

“My name is Morgan. And I came from the sea.”

“Well, my name is Justin, and I came from Ohio.” He felt more relaxed about talking to her. She didn’t seem to notice his voice was off. Of course he couldn’t tell. He just tried to speak as he had all his life. Only now he was aware that he may talk too loud or too low. Morgan seemed to hear him just fine.

“No one has been here in years. Why are you here?” she asked.

“It’s my grandmother’s place. My grandfather...”

“George?”

“Yes. George Reed. How did you...? Have you been staying here?” Justin continued to walk, but he felt her tense in his arms. How she knew who his grandfather was seemed a little off. Maybe she was squatting in the house. She was right. No one had been there in years. Every three months a housekeeper boated out and checked on the place, but it would be easy for a woman to hide on the small island. Even in the house. Men had stopped coming after two had died. It was as if the little island was cursed.

“I’ve lived here all my life.” With that she dropped her head.

Justin continued the walk and tried to sort out in his mind what, if anything, he was going to do with his new friend. If she was living in the house, it would be difficult to open it up for rental property. Now that his grandmother had passed and left everything to him, he had to make decisions. Decisions about the company, decisions about the property, decisions about his life.

Within the last two years he had literally been destroyed and rebuilt. First the car accident that left him in the hospital for months. A few scars along his cheek reminded everyone of the injury. He had lost hearing and the deafness remained. Six months ago his grandmother passed away. She left him the entire inheritance. Reed Custom Stationary had grown to a lucrative business. One he wasn’t sure how to operate since he couldn’t communicate the normal way anymore.

At thirty-two Justin was living a second chance for the second time. He was lucky to survive the boat crash at eleven; he was damn lucky he survived the car wreck at thirty. He wouldn’t take anything for granted.

Especially beautiful naked women who jump on him at the beach.

Chapter 3

Morgan hung her head and cried. Justin, her Justin, had returned, yet he acted as though he never knew her. Here he was carrying her to his home, just like in the fantasies she had as a teen, and even occasionally as a young woman. He would invite her in, make love to her, give her part of his soul because he loved her.

Instead, he was carrying her, ignoring her tears, and by some unknown power resisting her voice. He had laughed when she told him he would obey her. Laughed right to her face! She wanted to set him on fire with her mind, but it was she who had burst into flames.

The moment his arms moved around her she began to feel warm. He was so much bigger than she ever thought he could be. He towered over her. If she stood back to back against him, her head would stop at his shoulders. What broad lean shoulders they were.

Morgan fought the urge to lay her head against him. Her body was weak and lifeless, her muscles ached, and every movement was an effort. Her throat burned for him and for water. She really needed water.

The short hike to the house seemed to go on forever. It was the silence making it unbearable. She tried to speak a few words once she had her tears under control, but he ignored her.

Once inside the house it seemed larger than she imagined it to be. Built into the hillside it was hidden and secure through hurricane season. She had lured and questioned a worker many years ago. Since then, no workers would come to the water, and they approached on the opposite side of the island.

As if she didn't know they were there.

Justin stepped into a small room and sat her on a cold porcelain seat. She wanted to jump up at the feel of it, but he placed a firm hand on her shoulder holding her in place.

"Stay here," he said. "I'll be right back to clean and bandage those feet."

Morgan attempted to say something, thought better of it, and crossed her arms defiantly instead. That earned her a smile. A high wattage smile making her guts twist and her stomach warm.

Justin left the room and returned with a plastic box. He still wore only the towel, and it had loosened up. If the knot gave just a little more, he would be as naked as she was. He knelt before her and cleaned off her bleeding feet.

"Oh look, it's just a small cut on these two toes here." Justin placed something that stung over the wound then a bandage.

"And only a little one on the heel here." He treated that foot to the same care. "That's a lot of bleeding for two little cuts."

When he looked at her, she noticed the scars next to his left eye and along his cheek. Faded thin scars that made him look older, rugged, as though he had really been through something in his life.

"How did this happen?" Morgan reached out and traced the longest scar. It didn't detract from his looks one bit. He was still handsome. If anything, it made his innocent face look more grown-up.

"I was in a car accident." Justin tried to lean back out of reach, but it was all the strain the towel knot needed to come loose and fall around him.

Morgan watched as he shifted his attention to the towel. His face heated as a warm pink flush crept across his chest and neck before fully flushing his cheeks. This was her chance, and she was damn well going to take it.

“Justin,” she said as she pushed her hands behind his head and pulled him to her lips.

He was startled, she could tell. His arms spun in a full circle before coming around her. Once they were kissing, he submitted easily. His lips opened, and his tongue dipped into her mouth. It was strange and erotic. Morgan had been presented with more than her share of opportunities over the years to experience a kiss with a man, yet she couldn't, or rather, she wouldn't.

Now, this was Justin and he was amazing. He gently explored her mouth as though he needed the kiss just as badly as she had. He teased her tongue, sucked it into his mouth, and caressed it with his own in a manner that made her want to feel his tongue on every inch of her body.

The ache to surrender to him was new. In the ocean the need to pull a man into the water was a live thing—to control him, to have him submit—yet here in this cold little room on this hard little seat, it was all she could do to keep control.

Chapter 4

Justin wasn't about to deny her. The moment his lips locked with Morgan's he was home. There was no other way to describe the sensation. He had made love to many women in his day, but never did a kiss rock his world to the very core.

Wanting, no, having to have more of her, he slid his arms around her and pulled her up into a standing position. His cock nestled against her abdomen and twitched against her warm skin. The bathroom was no place to do what he needed to do to her.

With all the energy he could muster, he pulled out of the kiss.

"Come with me," he pleaded and gathered her in his arms.

With just a short walk down the hall, he was in the master bedroom. He placed her gently on the bed and arranged himself beside her. He watched her eyes for any sign of doubt, but he could only see lust. The same power driving him was reflected in her expression.

"Justin, make love to me," Morgan rasped.

God how he wished he could hear her voice. Hear his name on her lips. It had to be the worse kind of torture not to hear this woman say his name.

"Yes," he replied and hoped the word actually made it out.

Justin tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear and focused his intention there for a moment. His fingertips caressed the shell of her ear and his lips followed. He wanted to taste her, every single inch of her body. Claim her in every way known to man. He had never felt so strongly about anything in his life. The need to be inside her was biting at him.

Determined to take his time and make it worth something for the lady, Justin eased his way down her neck, spreading kisses along her collarbone.

"You taste so good. So sweet, like you didn't just walk out of the ocean." Justin looked at her face for a reaction, but her eyes were closed and her head pressed back into the pillow. Her lips moved, but he couldn't make out what she was saying.

Her hands slid over his arms, and as her fingers touched his shoulder, he decided he knew exactly what she was asking for.

Justin placed a trail of well marked kisses down her breastbone. He stroked one erect nipple with his tongue and pulled the mate with his fingers. It was as if he had awakened her with the touch. Her body moved against him. Her hips lifted, stroking one very wet pussy along his thigh. She kept talking, but with her chin raised he still couldn't read her lips and make out the words.

Chapter 5

Justin continued to wrack her body with heat like she had never known. Morgan pleaded for him to complete her. To take her. To drive his manhood into her and make her whole. Justin prolonged the act at a torturous rate. Instead of following her lead he began licking and kissing her nipples. When he consumed one and sucked on it, Morgan actually felt her womb pull tight in response. She was leaking, fluid sprang from her nether lips and each stroke against his hair roughened leg made more moisture pool and seep.

Justin finally let her breasts go free, and though she caught one breath, it was only to lose the next. His tongue was devouring her. It stroked down to the mouth between her legs, which ached for him to touch it, to kiss it like he had kissed her lips. He didn't dive right in and ease her pain; instead, he simply spread her thighs wide and ran his chin along the inside. He pressed kisses down each inner thigh until he was at the juncture. Then he switched to the next.

"Justin, please!" Morgan wailed putting every ounce of compulsion she had left in her tone. He didn't respond. In a haze she remembered he said she had to look at him for him to hear her. She gripped his cheeks with both hands, and his head lifted to look at her.

"Please!" Morgan used every bit of compulsion she could force through.

"Okay," was all he said. Then he grinned like a rogue.

Justin's hands slid along her inner thighs and met the slick lips of her weeping sex. With his thumbs he parted her. His brow quirked.

"What's this?" He touched the soft pearl that lay there blocking her opening. How it had not slipped out was beyond comprehension.

Morgan stopped pulling at him and gasped. She was on land, not in the sea. If he did this here, the pearls could not be replaced. She would become human. The curse of the transformation, of allowing him to remove the strand of pearls meant that she would either take half of his soul and they would become one, or she would be doomed to walk the earth alone and without a soul.

Justin pulled the pearl with his finger and thumb.

An entire strand followed. Morgan, who seemed just as shocked as he had been, fell back on the bed in what could have only been viewed as ecstasy.

"Justin. Justin." Morgan flailed like a fish out of water as the pearls were removed one by one and her body solidified the transformation to that of a land dwelling woman. A woman in the throws of passion.

Orgasm. She had heard of it before, but the word seemed inadequate to describe the sensations.

From head to toe she tingled, tightened, and released. "Justin."

"Justin." He heard her. He could have sworn he could hear her. Again she called his name and begged him to take her.

Without further delay Justin moved over her. Her eyes were a storm of colors, blue then green, swirling and crashing like waves on the shore. "Take me," she whispered. He could see her lips moving, read them. Those were the words, but he heard

her again. Somewhere in his mind he could hear her sweet voice calling him. It seemed somewhat familiar, yet still so far away.

Justin took her lips as his cock surged into her virginal opening. He had thought for sure a woman who played with sex toys in the middle of the ocean was well experienced. There was no denying what he felt. The thin barrier broke as he thrust with more intensity than he would have, had he known the truth.

“I didn’t know.” He wanted to apologize, but she held on to him for dear life and wouldn’t let him go. Her hips moved against him, accepting his thrust. Within moments she had adjusted around him, and they found a sweet rhythm.

“*It’s okay. I’m okay.*” Morgan was fully joined with him now. Her link and bond complete. She was there in his mind and could feel the tenderness, the longing, the loss he felt. She understood now he was deaf. He couldn’t hear her before. She was grateful. Had she lured him to sea he would be at the bottom of the ocean instead of loving her.

“I can hear you.” Justin pulled back from the kiss and panted. He buried himself deep within her and looked at her eyes. Blue. Like a flawless sapphire, sparkling and bright, there was no trace of the green he had seen there before.

“Yes.” Morgan nodded. “*We are one now, you and I. Man and mermaid.*”

Justin could have sworn she said she was a mermaid, but that was insane. She didn’t give him a chance to think about it. Her hips lifted against him, s as her mouth captured his again. Inside his head she laughed. A sweet laugh that made him smile.

Morgan wrapped her legs around his back and drove his thick shaft deeper. She could feel the moment rising. He pulled his head back to gasp for air. His body tightened as his thrusts came faster. She could feel her womb tighten around him. The quick flicker of fire threatened to consume her again. Then with another thrust she was there.

Her toes curled and every muscle tensed. If she sounded anything in his mind like she did to her own ears, he would surely think she was a banshee. He groaned and bit down on the tender flesh between her neck and shoulder. His body tightened and shuddered. She could feel his release as if it were her own, and before he had emptied, she was there again, clamping down on him milking every last bit of seed.

Chapter 6

Justin collapsed on top of her. He was holding her tightly, as if they would both fall apart if their bodies disconnected. Morgan knew exactly how he was feeling, but he was getting very heavy.

"You're squishing me." She pushed her thoughts into his open mind.

"Oh. Sorry." Justin rolled to the side, and Morgan followed, facing him. It was in that moment he realized he was talking out loud, but her lips were not moving. "Say something to me."

"Like what?" she asked.

"No. Not like that. Say something in your head and really think about it. I swear I can hear your thoughts." Justin concentrated on her in earnest.

"Of course you can, silly. You're my soul mate." Morgan winked and watched as his eyes grew wide.

"Did you just say that I'm your soul mate?" It was barely a whisper.

She understood as his fears flashed in his mind freely. He could be in for a terribly painful experience if she rejected him. Then he would be crazy in addition to being deaf.

"Yes." Morgan said aloud and in his mind. He was adjusting quickly. She realized maybe that was why the binding process always happened after sex. The male was a little more relaxed and receptive.

"This is impossible. I could have sworn I thought you said you were a mermaid. But you know I can't hear. I mean that. I'm deaf." Justin swallowed and focused on her eyes. He was as serious as the day is long.

"I am a mermaid. Or at least I was. You removed the pearls of pleasure. They are yours now. So am I." The humor faded for a moment. He could reject her, deny the feelings he clearly held. Then she would be alone. There was no going back to the ocean once the pearls were removed and she was bonded.

Justin laughed nervously and rolled to his back. He stared at the ceiling a moment then allowed a memory he had buried very deeply to surface. He rolled back to face her.

"When I was kid, I thought I saw a mermaid." He gulped.

She saw his memory as clear as he thought. He had been scolded for saying it at the time of his uncle's death. The family was grieving and just thankful he had survived. "My uncle took me out on a small boat. That big rock way out in the water, for some reason he steered us right into it. I was standing, trying to stop him, but I couldn't. It was like he was under a spell or something. I fell out of the boat once it hit the small rocks below it, hit my head."

Morgan stared and tears welled in her eyes. It was her fault. She would tell him the truth, but he needed to finish the story, tell her he believed. *"Go on."*

Watching her, feeling her feelings, reading her mind as though it were his own, he knew. He knew it was true. The girl who saved him was a mermaid. It was not a dream. She did go back for his uncle, but he was too heavy. Then another with brown hair came and pulled Morgan away. It all became clear as his memory of that day

merged with hers. He knew she was there on the other side of that rock, singing. Her song was what had caused the accident.

“Justin, I...”

“No. You were a child, Morgan. It was an accident.” Now was the real question. “Do I love you because of some magic, or is it truly how I feel?”

“I don’t know.” It was the truth. She didn’t know. *“But if you stop loving me, if you cast me out from your soul, I will walk the earth without one.”*

Tears streamed from her eyes, and there was nothing more to be said. Justin pulled her against him and kissed her forehead. The sun had started its descent. In the morning they could decide what to do next. For now it was enough just to be together. To feel whole.

Chapter 7

Justin awoke to an empty bed. The pleasure pearls were on the nightstand next to him. He grabbed them, studied them to be sure he had not dreamed the entire thing. They were real. Morgan was nowhere in sight.

“Morgan?” Justin called and rolled out of bed. With the pearls in hand, he opened the dresser and pulled on a pair of shorts. “Morgan?”

He knew if she heard his voice she could answer him. He could hear her if she wanted him to. Why didn’t she want him to find her now? He searched the house and then started out for the beach.

In the distance he could see her. She was standing ankle deep in the ocean, the waves nipping at her shins gently. Her long red hair was practically floating around her. She wore one of his T-shirts. It covered her to mid thigh. His chest expanded and his heart felt full. Spell or not that woman loved him and he loved her. She didn’t care about his money, his status, or his hearing. She cared about him. She had saved his life once.

For the third time in his life, Justin felt like the luckiest man alive.

“*Morgan.*” He projected to her as he approached.

She turned. A smile tried to hide the tears.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“*They won’t know what happened to me. I can’t swim.*” She spoke softly aloud and in his mind.

Justin walked the last few steps between them and hugged her. With her in his arms again, he could never imagine letting her go. Settling himself against her he leaned back enough to look into her blue eyes. “What can I do?”

“Nothing. Unless, you want to swim out to the rock and wait for Merlina to come looking.” Morgan laughed.

“We’ll swim out.” Justin pushed his shorts down. As he stood he hooked his thumbs on the T-shirt and pulled it over her head.

“I can’t swim. I tried...”

“I can.” Justin kissed her lips.

As her lips parted allowing him entry, his cock thickened and pressed against the softness of her abdomen. “You don’t think they will be looking for you already, do you?”

Morgan laughed and then moaned as he lifted her. She wrapped her legs around him and held onto his shoulders.

Justin walked out into the clear blue water of the Caribbean. The warmth of the ocean surrounded them like a blanket, accepting them both without prejudice. Once he was chest deep, he refocused his intent to the woman in his arms. His hands moved to allow him access to the tender flesh between her legs.

Morgan arched back as Justin pressed two fingers deeply inside her. This was the way it was supposed to happen. Only afterward she would still have the pearls in place, and the man would be disposed of. There was no getting rid of Justin now. She couldn’t let him drown as a child. She couldn’t lure him to his doom as a man. Instead, he had effectively seduced the siren. Lured her to the land and given her half his soul, binding them together for eternity, in life as partners, in death as one being.

“*Take me, my love,*” Morgan pleaded.

Justin positioned her over his cock and slowly sank into her warm sheath. Her soft round breasts brushed against his chest, the nipples hard and teasing against his

flesh. He gripped her around her waist with one hand and held her shoulder with the other. He pulled her down on top of his erection over and over again.

Morgan moaned and relished the feel of his cock inside her and the water all around her body. Soothing her senses and enticing her lust. Opening her eyes she could feel his inner smile, the pure joy of possessing her mind, body, and soul.

"You possess me, too," Justin pushed back into her mind. He had been reading her thoughts. It was amazing to see what his partner could see. She focused on his lips and liked how he bit down on his bottom lip as his pleasure increased. Something he wouldn't have realized he did.

"Justin, I feel it," Morgan thought as her body tightened around him and the first twinge of the sensation built inside her.

"Yes." It took all of his restraint to wait for her to climax. Feeling it as if it were his own orgasm taking hold, he couldn't hold back. Thankfully as he began coming, Morgan's walls began the slow pulse around him.

"You are addictive," he whispered.

Morgan smiled against his neck and held on to him. Holding him close in the ocean seemed so right. She would never be able to swim again. That was part of losing her fins. She imagined there wasn't a lot of water in Ohio to be worried with.

"No. There isn't, unless you like the river." He squeezed her tight then more gently. "So what do I need to do to set this right?"

"Merlina should be looking for me soon. We'll get the pearls, so she knows it's true." Morgan smiled. *"Your mind is moving too fast. Tell me what you're thinking."*

"Later," he promised.

"Hurry," Morgan spoke aloud and in his mind. *"We have to tell Merlina. Once my family knows I am safe, I will take you into that room and seduce you like you seduced me."*

Justin turned around while keeping a grip on her. Morgan settled onto his back, and he carried her out of the water. Back on land, she slipped the T-shirt on and followed him back to the house.

Justin grabbed the pearls and examined them in his large hands. "Pleasure pearls?"

"Yes." Morgan nodded. *"I'll show you the many ways these pearls can be used."*

"But you said they were mine," he teased and held them above his head as she reached for them.

"Oh, I'll use them on you as well." Morgan watched as his face went blank and his eyes blinked. She sent images of her rolling the pearls down his chest, over his erect cock and between his thick thighs. The cool pearls, soft and luxurious, caressed his skin.

"And you." Justin had plenty of ideas to share with her as well. He thought of teasing her nipples with his tongue and the string. He thought of replacing them from whence they came and removing them again. He watched her visibly blush. Then he thought of placing them in a new opening.

Morgan now had the blank stare and blinked.

"Oh," was all she said.

"Let's get this over with." Justin nodded. Morgan followed.

Chapter 8

“Here mermaid, mermaid, mermaid,” Justin called. Then he got a scolding in his mind from Morgan.

“*She is not a canine. She is my sister.*” Morgan crossed her arms and squinted toward the rock. She left her mind open to him, but with human eyes she could only see his silhouette. Even with human ears, though, she could hear him laughing.

Justin half believed if her sister saw a man stranded on a rock she would probably try to kill him. No sooner than he got the thought out Morgan confirmed it and told him that was why he had the pearls.

Now he regretted calling out to her as though she were a dog. He felt Morgan laugh. He promised to reap the full rewards of putting his life on the line, once he got back to the beach. He could feel her response and grew hard.

“Merlina,” Justin called. He had to get this over with and soon.

He could feel Morgan’s unease as his own and knew her sister was in the area. Apparently she was singing, trying to lure him. He laughed and thought, *All women planned to lead a man to their doom.*

“*As you have led me to mine,*” Morgan replied to that thought.

Before Justin could respond a Brunette emerged in front of him with a scowl on her face. Her eyes were swimming with anger in a storm cloud of colors. “Merlina?”

“How dare you call me by name!” Merlina looked at him as though she wanted to rip him in half. Then he held out to her his right hand and opened it to present a long string of pearls. Not just any pearls, pleasure pearls.

“How?” Merlina gasped.

Justin pointed to the shore where Morgan stood impatient and nervous. He realized right then she could not stop anything from happening to him. If Merlina chose to kill him, he would have to fight, and if history proved anything, he wouldn’t win.

Morgan assured him he stood a chance because the sirens song held a man powerless.

“*Thanks, honey,*” he mentally projected back to Morgan.

“I love her,” Justin spoke to the brunette still eyeing him cautiously. “I will marry her when we get back to Ohio.”

“What!” Merlina shouted. He read her lips, but he heard it through Morgan’s ears.

He thought she really was going to snatch him off the rock, but she huffed then turned and started toward the shore, toward Morgan. Justin dove in behind her and started the long swim toward the shore. He could see the fin rise above the water every so often. She was so fast and walking onto the shore, stumbling actually, toward Morgan before he was a quarter of the way there.

“Morgan, what have you done?” Merlina stalked toward her on human legs. Morgan stood steady and natural, accustomed to the legs now.

“He’s the one,” Morgan answered, raising a stubborn chin.

“No.” Merlina shook her head.

“Yes,” Morgan replied. “He’s Justin.”

“Justin?” Merlina softened and turned to look at the man still swimming toward them. “You can’t mean...”

“Yes. The boy.” Morgan smiled. “Will you tell them? Tell them I am of the land now. That I have a soul, that it is all true.”

“Yes.” Merlina nodded. “Will you not return then?”

“I don’t know.” Morgan frowned as the overwhelming loss consumed her at the thought.

Justin could feel her sorrow like a kick to his gut. Thankfully he was close enough to stand in the water. He made the best of walking the rest of the way to the shore.

“Yes.” Morgan lifted her eyes to meet her sister’s. Morgan and Merlina, after Morgan Le Fay and Merlin, the great wizards of Arthurian times. “Justin said we will return as often as possible, maybe even live here if it can be arranged.”

“You must,” Merlina said. Pressing one hand to Morgan’s abdomen, she explained, “A child of the sea grows here.”

“But...” Morgan looked to Justin who basically collapsed from the long swim, and the sea of emotions they were both sharing at the news.

“Your sea legs were taken so you could not conceive in the water, yet you returned and that is where you conceived. Your child will have to be born here.” Merlina shook her head and expressed concern. Merlina had the gift of sight, the oldest child was always given an extra gift. “No, you will not lose your child to the sea. I can see that much, but it will need to feel this water, to be a part of it, until the child decides.”

“Jesus,” Justin whispered in exhaustion.

“It will be alright. The man child will be just fine.” Merlina gave her sister a smile. Still holding Morgan’s abdomen, she said, “The merchild will be the one you have to worry about.”

Morgan’s conversation with her sister began to register as Justin focused on her thoughts.

“Wait a second, how many children do you think are in there?” Justin pulled up to his knees and began dusting sand from his chest. The conversation he was hearing in Morgan’s mind was so unreal he had to make sure he was hearing it correctly.

“Two.” Merlina turned to face him. “A male, from the first mating, a female from today.”

“How can she get pregnant on two different days?” Justin asked in disbelief.

“We all conceive on the first mating. But anytime she mates in this water, she will repopulate our species. How do you think we all got here?” Merlina looked over his shoulder at the women of the sea.

Justin turned to see a full audience of heads at varying distances. Not one of them was male. “But she said to tell them, are there no men in the sea?”

“No. Our father was a sailor. Our mother mated him twice before killing him.” Merlina sighed. “Morgan is the first to test the legends. Several of the women you see here are our sisters. Different fathers of course. We live hundreds of years in the ocean, but she will live a mortal life now.”

Justin stared at the sea and the sea of women looking back at him. They were smiling, some waving. Morgan explained why. They now had hope. They now knew if they allowed the human male to remove the pleasure pearls on land they would be given a soul, a chance at love, at a mortal life. His heart broke with the knowledge he would

have to live near the sea until his daughter found a mate. He would not allow another one of his children to be conceived in the ocean. Morgan was definitely grounded.

"I agree," she spoke into his thoughts. Then she walked to him and placed her hand on his sun warmed back and kissed his shoulder. *"I am sorry."*

"No." Justin turned to her. "It changes plans, but not the way I feel for you, or them." He placed the hand the pearls were wrapped around onto her abdomen.

Morgan and Merlina both sighed with relief.

Chapter 9

“So what do you like to eat?” Justin looked into the refrigerator and thought about it.

“*No sea food.*” Morgan smiled. He spoke out loud when he talked to her though she didn’t know if he realized it or not. She simply spoke directly to him through thought.

“No.” Justin laughed. “How about cows? Do you think you could eat steak?”

“*I’ll eat anything you make. Will you teach me to use all this stuff?*” Morgan traced her hands over the kitchen appliances. “*Get that out of your mind right now, buster!*”

Justin laughed. He needed to practice shielding his thoughts. Morgan was already getting better at keeping some thoughts private. “What? A woman, barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen is a rare species these days. Even more so than a mermaid.”

“*So that is why land dwelling women cut their men off from mating.*” Morgan smirked. “*Smart mouths.*”

“I’m an excellent cook though. There is no need for you to learn how to operate anything other than me,” Justin conceded.

“*Shameless man!*” Morgan laughed.

“You tell me what you want to know, and I will teach you how to use it.” Justin smiled. “Like this countertop for example. It’s sturdy, flat, and comes right to my waist.”

“So?” Morgan stepped closer to examine the marble countertop.

Justin slid his arms around her and inhaled the scent of her shampooed hair. The long curls now only trailed to her knees and brushed against his thighs. In a heartbeat he had stripped off his shorts and could feel the soft tendrils against his entire front side. His erection nuzzled against her butt cheeks. His hands came around to caress her breasts beneath the T-shirt.

Morgan’s breath hitched, and she pressed back against him. “*You’re not hungry?*”

“I’m starving,” Justin replied and playfully nipped her neck.

“*Then show me how to cook steak.*” Morgan pressed back against him as she sent the words.

“In two minutes.” Justin lifted the T-shirt with one hand and found her opening with the other. “You can’t get pregnant again, can you?”

Morgan laughed. “*No. Two will be enough for a while. But we will have to be careful after they are born.*”

Justin circled her clit, cutting her laugh short, making it a moan. Then he pressed the head of his cock against her slick opening. “This won’t take long.”

“*I sense that,*” Morgan rasped. She closed her eyes and felt his urgency.

As Justin sheathed himself inside her, he relished the feel of being whole. It was more than making love with Morgan. It was as essential to his life as air was to his next breath. She was his other half, and he only felt fully complete when they were joined in the most intimate way. The rest of the time became the moments leading up to that first moment when he connected with her again. They merged, mind, body, and soul.

“*Deeper.*” Morgan pressed against him. “*Yes. Justin, yes.*”

“Come for me, Morgan, please,” he begged and his finger circled her clit in desperation for her to achieve climax with or before him.

“*Justin!*” Morgan cried as he sank into her over and over stretching the orgasm out to unbearable lengths. Then he released his own.

“I love you,” Justin said as he slumped against her.

“*I love you, too. Now feed me before we starve.*” Morgan nuzzled against him and smiled.

Chapter 10

Justin held his son on his hip and watched as his daughter learned to swim using her fins with her aunt and two cousins. Morgan sat on the beach and watched her family. Shawn and Serena were born nine months to the day. Serena was unlike any other mer-child ever born. She had the ability to change at will. At first they thought she was a human child. She had legs and feet at birth. Then one day in the bathtub she splashed her daddy and brother with a set of fins, then smiled and cooed as though she knew what she had done.

Morgan and Justin feared she would need to be in the water, like all mer-children, so they came back to the island. Now at four, they realized Serena was not a mer-child, or a human. She was both. She was a new species. A revelation that made her father very happy, since he wouldn't have to stand vigil at the oceans edge to see his baby girl.

Justin turned and waved. The past five years had been magical. He now had two beautiful children and a wife. Morgan ruled the company with an iron fist. His grandfather would have been proud. His family was shocked at his return with a new bride in tow but quickly realized Morgan had a way of communicating that enlightened her mate to every word said around her. He had regained more than his hearing, though he only heard through Morgan. He had regained his life. The ability to communicate with a group of people who had at first chosen not to learn sign language, now learned to sign so they could talk to him and avoid Morgan's wrath.

He loved to see her in action though.

"Give Shawn to Merlina, and I'll show you some action," Morgan invaded his thoughts. Smiling he called for his sister-in-law who swam up with Serena right behind her.

"Can you watch them for about an hour?" Justin blushed as he asked.

Merlina winked and transformed her lower half to human legs then took the child.

"Come on everyone, move closer to the land," Merlina called and three little mermaids followed.

"You don't want to leave the ocean?" Justin asked of Merlina.

"No. But their father doesn't either. He's a fisherman. I think he likes playing sailor catches the mermaid." Merlina laughed. "But these will be our only two."

Justin laughed.

As he approached the beach, Morgan stood as her round belly, just beginning to show, peeked out from the T-shirt she wore.

"You are beautiful like that." Justin stepped into her dry body and dripped ocean water all over her as he hugged her.

"And you, look like a man of the ocean like that." Morgan smiled. "Now let's go test out that counter, my love."