

Moonlight Lover

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Relaxing on the beach as the moon shone down on the water, my lover took me.

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I dropped into the chair that I had dragged onto the beach. I swirled the drink in my hand, hearing the music of the party, but trying to focus on the waves going gently back and forth. With each sip of my glass and the waves crashing on the beach, I was slowly falling into a blissful numbness. I turned around and looked up at my house where my friends were having their party. I watched as couples gyrated on the make shift dance floor that we had constructed just that afternoon. Couples were pairing off and finding quiet places to be alone. I was bored. Sighing, I turned back around towards the waves. I pull on my long blonde hair, staring at the split ends, thinking it's time to get a cut. I have hazel eyes and a shy smile. I am 5'6" with long legs and ample breasts. With the temperature being in the 100s today, all I had on was a simple sundress. The breeze from the water was at least helping. I sighed again, leaning back, and staring out at the bay. I spread my legs hoping some of the breeze would go up my dress and relieve some of this oppressive heat. The moon was full tonight and its reflection gleamed across the water. It almost looked like a stairway to the stars. Part of me wished that it were true. Getting away from this heat would be nice. I took another drink and out of the corner of my eye I saw a huge fin come out of the water. I put my drink down and stared hard, thinking I had been seeing things. Then there it was again! I stood up and staring out into the water. What was that? I focused on the light the moon was providing. A body popped out of the surface and then dove back into the water followed by a tail and a large fin. I blinked and sat back down hard on the chair. I stared hard at my drink. I had only had this cup and it wasn't even finished. I'm a light weight but I was only warm, not tipsy. I heard splashing and it was close. I looked up and it looked like whatever it was, was making its way towards the shore. I turned to see if anyone besides me had noticed the noise. Not a soul was looking this way. The music was way too loud for anyone to hear. It had to be some swimmer taking a leisurely swim in the middle of the night that just happened to be wearing fish fins. I stared hard at the shore, my eyes slowly adjusting to the darkness. The figure was now close enough to shore that it could stand and walk. I squinted as it walked closer and gasped when he came into focus. It was a very big man. With each step, I was able to make a more detailed shape of his body. I licked my lips as the water fell off his body. Whoever this man was, he was built nicely. He had beautifully defined shoulders and arms. His chest looked solid and his abs looked solid There was a dark trail of hair that lead down to... I involuntarily squeaked, accidentally biting my tongue. This man

walking towards our beach was naked. I quickly stood-up looking around aimlessly, trying to figure out what do. I looked back just to make sure he was there and I met his eyes. He had been watching me and he was smiling at me. I jumped yet again; embarrassed. (Which I found hugely ironic, he was the one standing around naked.) He then continued walking towards the shore again. I couldn't help but look down again. Two more steps and I noticed his thighs were strong and firm, and moved with each step. When his feet hit the sand I slowly looked back-up into his eyes, and instantly stopped breathing the moment we locked eyes. There was heat. He was a good 10 feet away from me, and my body was aware of every inch of it. I could feel my breasts firming and hardening, along with a growing warmth in between my legs. I closed my eyes and shock myself. I wasn't some horny teenager. I was a full grown woman. I breathed in deeply and tried to focus on something else besides the naked man. It worked only for a second, then the thoughts running through my mind made me blush. While trying even harder on containing my thoughts, I hadn't noticed him coming closer. When I did I squeaked and quickly took a few steps back. He seemed to notice that he had spooked me and stopped. He was only 5ft away from me right now, and I could feel the heat from him. I allowed myself then to take his face in for the first time. His jaw was soft and had a tiny cliff; his lips were thin but still defined enough that the desire to kiss them grew strong. His skin was the whitest I had ever seen on a person. His eyes were a piercing blue that seemed to swirl and constantly change shades. I had to close my eyes because the effect was dizzying. When I opened my eyes, he smiled and I then realized he had taken another step towards me. I blurted out, "Are you on drugs, because your eyes are doing something crazy weird?" He smiled, and then broke out into a huge grin, "No, I'm not on drugs." "Oh," I nodded, still fascinated with his eyes. I then ran my eyes down to his neck, down to his arms, and then down to his big hands. I frowned then, he seemed to have fish scales on his arm. I took a tiny step towards him and tentatively reached out and touched his arm. It felt that they were actually attached to him. I looked up into those eyes and asked, "What are you?" His mouth opened and what came out was the sound of the sea and then he said, "I am a man of the sea." He grabbed my hand and pulled me closer to him. I tried to push away but he just kept me locked close to his chest. He pulled me closer and rubbing his nose in my hair, whispered, "You smell of earth." I stopped. Did this guy just sniff me? Then I realized I was being held tight against a naked man. "Thank you. I guess." My ear was being pressed into his chest and I could hear his heart beating incredibly fast. Way too fast for any healthy human. While listening to his heartbeat, I began to relax against him. Taking in a deep breath and breathing him in. He did smell of the cool sea and something I could only describe as man. I pulled away gently and looked up at his swirling eyes. He began to say something and all I could think about was how I wanted to just nibble on his ears. The longer I stood there in his arms the more I just wanted to take just a little nibble. He had been talking to me for a while when I finally reached up and nipped his ear. He stopped talking, loosening his grip slightly and looked down at me. "I'm so sorry. I do not know what came over me. I just saw your ear and then wanted to nibble and so I did. Then I realized that was probably the wrong thing to do since I barely know you an..." I continued stammering on with whatever excuse popped into my head, but I knew I had crossed a line. I tried to pull away, but he wouldn't let me go. I stared

at him, I just took a bite of this guy and he wouldn't let me go. I struggled even more, seriously embarrassed. Then his lips were right in front of me and he kissed me. I stopped moving for a second, then slowly returned his kiss. He tasted of sea salt and warmth. I parted my lips slightly and flicked out my tongue gently across his lips. He grinned, opened his mouth and kissed me deeply. His tongue gently flicked across mine and beckoned for mine to respond. I felt his hands begin to slowly rise up my side. I questioned for a tiny second on whether this was a good idea. When his hands finally found my breasts, I let out a moan and forgot everything else. His hands gently massaged my breasts and then slowly began move to the top of them and finished with a slight pinch. He grinned at me at what I would describe as a devilish grin and reached down in one quick movement had me out of my dress. I was left standing there in just my underwear. He got down on his knees in front of me and I instantly shivered at the knowledge of what he would do next. He looked up again with those swirling pools of blue eyes and he grinned as only a man would and began to pull down my underwear. I quickly stepped out of him and he wasting no time, lifted my left leg over his shoulder and dove in between my legs. "Fuck", I grabbed the back of his head for leverage, and that is when I felt his tongue graze against me. He started all the way from the bottom and finished with a quick flick on my clit. I let out a tiny cry as I dug my fingers into his back of his head. First his tongue was down, then up, flick, down , up flick. My legs where beginning to quiver and he grabbed firmly onto my ass to support me against him. He began to suck on my click, and then did tiny, quick circles over it. After only a few minutes I was ready cum, and he must have felt it for he stopped focusing on my clit and began to fuck me with his tongue. I began to move my hips against him, while his tongue moved in and out. I begged him to finish me. Finally he took one his hands and began to finger my clit. Within seconds I came. I screamed with such release, my nails digging into his skull and my back bent backwards. He grabbed my ass firmly to make sure that I wouldn't fall over. After the blissful release I dropped down onto him. I was spent and my body felt like a pool of butter. He stood me up, quickly grabbed the back of my legs, and picked me up. With only two steps, he pushed me onto the beach wall. He kissed me hard and I could taste myself on his lips and on his tongue. I wanted this man full inside me and I began to squirm above him, and he grunted. After what seemed like eternity he braced himself and then slowly lowered me onto him. Painfully slow, I felt him come inside me. After only an inch, he would pull out. I cried out from frustration, but then again he would enter me slowly. Repeating this process; slowly in and then slowly out. Every time only a inch more of him would be inside him. I began to fight and wiggle, trying to get more of him in me. I tried to pull him up to me somehow with my hands. He just grinned up at me, knowing he had full control. He grabbed my hands and pinned them above him. He lowered his other hand right under my ass to adjust. I was being tortured. I was begging for him to speed up whatever he was doing. I began to promise him anything he wanted to just get a move on. I began to whisper that if he would just finish me; I would take him in my mouth. The second the words came out, he looked at me straight in the eyes with that heat. I grinned, I had him and he knew it. I began to tell him how I would start from the base of him and then slowly work my way up with the tip of my tongue. When I reached his head I would make slow circles. Then I would wrap my mouth just around the tip and suck like I would a lollipop. He

shoved fully in to me right then. I let out a surprised gasp. He growled in my ear, "Have it your way woman." I smiled nibbling on his ear and whispered, "Please." With that there was no more control. He dropped my hands, and he braced himself against the wall. I kept my hands where they were, scraping my fingers into the wood above me, trying to get some sort of leverage. After a minute of futile efforts, I just sunk my nails into his back and let me ride me. As he thrust himself in and out of me, my back was being slammed into the wall and I knew that tomorrow I would be in pain. Tonight though, any pain I felt was masked by the pleasure he was giving me with each sweet movement of his hips. I was beginning to come close to an orgasm and I could hear his breath change into a more panicked urgency. I let go of his back and grabbed his face as he looked straight into my eyes, wrapping my legs tighter around him. I quickly kissed him, and as I felt my orgasm come closer and closer I held on to his face. I wanted to see his eyes as he came. Closer the build-up came, more and more the rolls of pleasure were coming faster. Then the wave began to start and I tried so hard to keep contact. I let out a tiny moan and bent backwards in a defeat, crying out. Two more thrusts and he growled, bit into my neck and came inside me. He held me there for a couple of minutes, him still inside, his teeth still on my neck, listening to each other's breaths. We were riding the after effects of one of the best orgasms I had ever had. He pulled me towards his chest, turned around till his back was against the beach wall and slowly lowered us down into a sitting position. He murmured nonsense into my ear and rubbed my cheek against his cheek. He slowly fell out of me and I cried out from the loss of connection and he kissed me. He pulled me back into his arms and held me. Feeling safe in his arms, I slowly drifted to sleep. As the sun began peaking over the horizon, I woke up. I was cold and it took me a second to realize it was because I was naked and alone. I quickly sat up looking around for him, but the only sign of him was foot prints that led back to the water. I pulled my hair behind my ears, breathing in deeply, grabbed my dress and pulled it over my head. I felt something drop down to my feet. I looked down and it was a beautiful shell that I knew was from him. Every night since that night, I waited for him to come back. After many nights, sitting there waiting, and feeling foolish; I began to accept that I was just a simple one night stand. Then the full moon shone on the water and I saw a familiar tail waving in the moonlight. I let out a cry and quickly got up and ran towards the edge of the shore, and waited in the sand for my lover to come and claim me again. This is my first story, please comment and be merciful. This story was part of a challenge to myself. I hope you enjoy it.