

# Seaweed

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*Of course, we all know I'm an exhibitionist.* Sarah Fenton lay nude in the warm Caribbean water at the edge of a little cove beneath the cliff where she and Joe Horn had built a house.

Joe's daughter Mary and his four year old granddaughter Sharon poked through the sand about a quarter mile away, looking for sea shells and birds. No one else disturbed the golden warmth of the beach.

Sarah still thought it odd to be called "Gramma." Joe might be sixty but she had just passed thirty. Then again, Joe didn't look a lot older than her, for reasons having nothing to do with Botox or clean living.

As usual, thinking of him made her think of sex. Fortunately, he not only encouraged her to fantasize, he insisted on it. *Yes, sir.*

She closed her eyes and imagined a handsome young stranger appearing from nowhere. *He'd stare coldly at me, telling me he had seen me here before and wanted my body, and I'd try to scare him off but he'd quickly imprison my wrists in one of his very strong hands and I'd feel deliciously helpless. His voice would be low and commanding and he'd use it to excite me and make me beg for his cock...*

Something touched her and she realized a mass of oddly delicate seaweed had drifted in with the tide. The gently lapping water caused the waving green fronds to stroke her in a way that felt distinctly erotic, stimulating her fantasy of being dominated

by the stranger. Instead of masturbating as she would normally have done, she stretched her arms over her head as though being held against her will.

The hard eyed stranger gave way to a Mer-creature, inhumanly beautiful, coldly irresistible. The tendrils of seaweed slid over her like sinister tongues, making her weak with excitement. Arching her body toward the sky she gasped, "Master!" and came with a harsh cry.

She lay entangled in the seaweed, breasts heaving as she caught her breath. Her body tingled from the intensity of her orgasm. "My God," she whispered.

A shadow fell on her.

She gasped and tried to get up and scramble away, but the mass of seaweed that had just conspired to drive her to the heights of ecstasy held her down.

"You are beautiful, Sarah."

A tall, nude and very muscular man stood over her. He smelled of the sea, wild and raw. His body threw off a chill like the dark, alien depths of the sea, but his dreadlocks and ebony skin confirmed his liquid Caribbean accent.

She hesitated, momentarily awestruck by his physical presence. "What do you -- want?"

He smiled without humor. "I am Jongo. I want your body." His cock stiffened, growing to a prodigious length.

Her fear became mixed with arousal. Like her fantasy, Jongo seemed cold and powerful and uncaring. Instinctively she arched her body slightly, presenting her heavy breasts, wishing they were larger. *What am I doing?*

"You want me to use your body."

Like the seaweed, his salty musk and deep voice entwined themselves in her libido. The thick fog of her desire swallowed her fear. She wanted him not in spite of the absurdity of this situation, but because of it. Her breathing deepened and she lay back. "Say it," he intoned.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

He crouched beside her and seemed to blend into the seaweed. "I am your Master. You will beg me to own you. Present yourself."

She raised her arms back over her head. Seaweed encircled her wrists.

His cold touch made her gasp but instantly aroused her. She began to move her body under his hands.

"I already control you, but it pleases me to clarify my ownership this way." His liquid voice resonated with the chill loneliness of the empty sea. He pinched her already erect nipples and they lengthened even more. "Ah, that is good, as I wish," he murmured. They grew until he could stroke them. "Yes. I like them like that."

"Oh," she whimpered. "Please." She quivered with hungry lust. "Ah!" She came with a sharp cry. "Yes!"

"You are helpless, Sarah. You can do nothing except as I command." His voice evoked the cold depths of the ocean and the stillness of death and yet shredded her will. "You want my cock. Say it."

"Yes," she whispered. "I want your cock."

"You will do anything I command."

"Yes!" she hissed. "I -- I'll do anything!" She rolled her head as if in denial but thrust her body at him.

He moved between her legs and penetrated her. Sitting back on his heels, he held her in his lap while she thrust and thrust, her legs held straight out like muscular spears, her body curved upward, taut and shaking. She pumped her hips hungrily, moaning, "More! More!"

He chuckled. "You're so easily enslaved. I had expected more resistance."

She whimpered as he manipulated her like putty. *He's a monster, an alien life form, a thing!* But she cried, "You own me!" as she came again, vaguely aware that warmth had begun to drain out of her.

"That was good, Sarah, but I want more. Give me more of your heat!"

Sarah gasped, "Yes! Take me, Jongo! Take all of me!"

More warmth drained from her as Jongo's hands and his voice and his long, hard cock sucked out her will and replaced it with pleasure like none she had ever known. "Fuck me forever. Fuck me to death!"

"Ah, sweet death!" he groaned and came with hard, powerful thrusts, filling her with intense, cold pleasure. He did not relent and continued to fuck her, running his hands over her undulating body, murmuring, "So, beautiful, so sensual, you are enough for me to want and take for eternity."

His rumbling voice titillated her mercilessly. She came again, a thunderous, quaking explosion that blew away the last vestiges of her sense of self. Her will dissipated like fog in the sun.

"Now I'm like you," she whispered as the cold settled deeper into her body. She felt sated and hungry at once, the way Joe made her feel... Joe? The name had once meant something to her. She felt sad, but the sadness faded, having no place in her now. "Please take me again."

Jongo smiled as he rose. Steam rose from his shoulders and back. "Now you are my slave." He walked into the water, toward the open sea.

The seaweed fell away from her body. She felt something around her neck and realized she had been collared with a tight band of woven seaweed. "I am your slave," she whispered.

She followed and the water rose slowly to her knees, her hips, her waist. She felt little resistance, as though she had entered an environment more suited to her than the one she left.

"Gramma!" The small voice barely penetrated the haze of her submission.

Ahead of her, only Jongo's head remained above water. He turned to look at her. His eyes held nothing she understood.

"Gramma!" The voice triggered something -- a memory? She stopped and turned. On the shore, far, far away, she saw a tiny figure running. She wondered where she had seen it before.

"Come, slave."

The woman who had been Sarah turned to follow her Master, but then the image of a small, wondrous face pushed its way into her mind. She stopped, resisting the pull of endless seduction. Her thrall lifted like a veil of mist.

The collar fell away. She touched her neck and looked at Jongo. This time his eyes held something she knew. His lips twitched upward a bit. "Perhaps you shall not yet be my slave. But there is now a small bit of me in you, the cold that makes you shiver when you feel you are being watched. That is me, wanting you, Sarah." After a moment he said, "I am Jongo." He disappeared.

She waded ashore, feeling cold in spite of the sun. A squeal of delight made her look up. A small girl scampered after a gecko that sped across the hot sand. A slender young woman followed more slowly.

Sarah stared stupidly for a moment. Her heart shuddered with the need to... remember.

"Gramma, Gramma! Look!" The little girl ran toward her, holding a handful of small shells. "Look!"

The little girl's wide grin enfolded Sarah in waves of warmth. She knelt in the sand, nude and exhausted, and held out her arms as she, too, grinned like a child. "Sharon! What do you have? Let me see!"

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