

Veneratio Piscatoris

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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End of term.

The words are like a benediction.

The lapping water mouthed the shore seductively; the sight and sound of the wind-driven waves caressing touch-worn pebbles stirred him, warmed him deep in his belly.

At the far end of the loch stood a willow bent almost double, leaves languidly stroking the surface of the water. Branches swept forward to create a secluded bower, a bower he was drawn to like siren song as soon as the children were safely ensconced on the train home.

He divested himself of his clothing slowly, each button released revealing his pale skin inch by inch – each button released raising the heat of his anticipation. As the last piece of cloth fell to the ground, pooled at his feet, he shivered.

But not from the cold.

He smiled to himself as he walked to the water's edge. Before swallowing the gillyweed clutched tightly in his hand he closed his eyes and whispered, "Melusina." Then he dove, transforming as he swam, deeper, deeper, and deeper still.

At last. When he saw her waiting for him (as she always did, as she always would), his not-breath caught as he gazed on the long tendrils of her hair waving around her still form like the fronds it so resembled. Although little light from the surface could reach these inky depths, her scaly tail shone as it wound around the sunken rock upon which she perched.

His eyes drank her in, traveling slowly up the sensual curve of her tail, trailing up as scales made way for the glimmering, silky surface of her skin. The sight of the swell of her breasts quickened his heartbeat, and his lips parted as his gaze rested on her now smiling face.

Her arms raised, calling him forward, demanding his embrace. Her chill met his heat, her sinuous body molded itself to his hard form, as lips tasting of the murky depths met lips tasting of sunlight, of fresh air, and of bergamot.

Tongue met tongue as they twisted in the water, arms holding tightly, hands traveling down, down. A long tail curled around two long legs, its fin caressing buttocks clenching, and unclenching, and clenching in a languid rhythm.

Slowly, forever in a moment and a moment is forever, they coupled. Tongues mimicked the sinuous movements of their bodies as they tasted and explored, never needing to stop for a breath.

His hand clutched her hip as he moaned into her mouth, sound lost to the water. Their movements quickened, sharpened, grew erratic until both jerked, clinging to one another as her head fell back, face twisted in a silent cry. He was aware of nothing but the sensation of her slick flesh holding him in an impossibly tight embrace as he shuddered in her cold arms.

Leisurely they drifted to the bottom, still entwined as heartbeats slow, as their gills pull in water with less desperation, as hands soothe, heat warming chill and chill cooling heat, feather-light circles drawn on backs, on buttocks, on faces filled with the same wonder they had another leaving day, when a solitary teenager braved the Grindylows at sunrise to reach the depths, to harvest the gifts at the deepest part of the loch, to find the embrace of the cold, dark water far more warming than he ever would have imagined.

And he would worship at her altar all summer, as he had every summer before.

The words are like a benediction.

End of term.