

Ichthyrotica

Conclusion

By The Preve

Thanks to Todger 65 for the edit.

Black faded to indigo, indigo to silvery gray. Amanda and her captors swam upward, cumming as one entity. When they broke the surface she barely noticed, lost in her heat.

Her two captors parted from her with the same sudden surprise of her capture. Tongue and cocks slid out of her body. The two men disappeared with nary a ripple. Amanda was alone, gasping, confused, treading water and leaking cum.

"What?! Who?! What the...?! Who were those men?! And where the fuck am I?!"

The water was unfamiliar; for all she knew it was the middle of the ocean. Her first impulse was to curse, "Those bastards!" And then she saw the moon, "?! God!"

At least she thought it was the moon, or a moon. When she dove into the ocean the moon's position, ripe and full, was as it had always been: a silver disc, half dollar or tea saucer oft exaggerated by poets and romantics.

This moon was ten times as large and so close, every mare on its surface stood in detail. Amanda could almost reach out and touch it. "Impossible!" she gasped.

The silver glow it cast over the ocean was fairytale beautiful, akin to etching chrome across obsidian. "I'm not in the cove...or am I?" A silvery line of beach, brighter than any seen before, beckoned. Beyond the beach, silhouetted against the dark starry sky, was a shadow line of cliffs, unfamiliar and forbidding.

Amanda glanced around. "It's the only land in sight girl. I better go in before those....men come back." The thought of their return brought out strange feelings. Amanda was shocked at the ambiguity of her thoughts. She was outraged, violated, had every intention of finding the nearest cop once ashore, yet, "Why am I still wet?"

She strode ashore onto the soft, white sand and saw a sight that brought a gasp to her lips. The sound disturbed her for the fact that only part came from fear. The other feeling was something undefined but unsettling. "They're here!"

Two sets of footprints led away from the sea. The soft surf was slowly erasing them. Amanda saw they tracked across the sand to a cleft between two black rocks.

Common sense offered advice, "Head down the beach, find a way to civilization, and get the cops. Maybe they can track the footprints before the tide comes in." But someone else also spoke in her ear. She didn't know who; Mister Reckless, Mister Curiosity, Mister Foolish, or (she

didn't want to admit it) Miss Lust but that someone said, "Follow the prints yourself, see where they go, and then find the cops."

Amanda debated the two options before making a decision. "If I'm careful and they don't see me, I might find where they're staying." Then she giggled, "I feel like Nancy Drew."

Following the tracks was easy. Amanda, however, was struck by the odd shape of the footprints. She didn't see any indication of toes in the imprints. "So they wore flippers." It didn't surprise her. "Maybe they came from the yacht. They watched me dive and came after me."

Mr. Dull did mention he did occasional skin diving but gave it up as too dangerous. Amanda dismissed him as a culprit. "Too bold and audacious for him. He may be dull but I'll give him his decency."

The cleft in the rocks revealed itself as a cave. "No, not a cave," she thought. "It looks like a tunnel, maybe a passage."

The cave vaulted high above her head. The walls seemed made of pure obsidian. Soft, white sand made up the floor. At the end of the tunnel, a faint glow reflected off the walls. Amanda was fascinated. The nearly magical effect converted her from Nancy Drew to Alice.

She crept along the tunnel, following the glow, hoping not to catch up to her assailants...or so she convinced herself. The glow maintained a low glimmer as she approached, drawing her as a moth.

Amanda became aware of a scent, musky, wet, faint at first, growing stronger as she continued through the tunnel. The scent brought forth hidden feelings. She started to breathe heavily. Warm sweat beaded on her skin, moisture between her legs. "Something's odd," she thought. "I better turn back, let the cops handle it." But her legs continued to move forward.

She put her hand against her breast, feeling the heartbeat. "Are my nipples hard?" she asked. Her tit indented the palm of her hand. Closer to the end of the tunnel she came. The tunnel curved until it stopped at the entrance. A boulder, created from volcanic glass, partially blocked the way. Amanda padded up and peered over, and saw the source of the glow.

The tunnel opened into a circular vault, open to the sky. The bright moon and stars shone upon the snow white sand floor. High stone walls of black obsidian rose into the jeweled night.

Set within the white sand was a circular pool resembling a shallow bowl. Black water sat within the bowl, mirroring the stars with such perfection as if a piece of the sky rested before her.

Amanda marveled at the sheer otherworldly beauty of this natural formation. A place this wondrous could not be secret. People had to know. "So why have I never heard of it?" she wondered.

Tempting as it was to explore further, Amanda knew the time was past to look for the authorities, but when she turned the path was blocked.

They'd crept behind her, soundless. Amanda gasped, startled. There were five. The shadowed tunnel hid most of their features but Amanda knew these men were companions to her kidnappers. "My God! Their eyes! They're so....blue!"

The astounding feature was the only detail standing out on their faces. Amanda could not discern noses, mouths, or ears. Five pairs of glowing blue eyes, blue as china saucers, bluer than Elijah Wood, gazed at her.

Amanda was surrounded quickly. They gave her no time to pick up a rock to defend herself. Two grasped her arms with the same strength as her assailants. The other three pushed the rock from the tunnel entrance. Amanda, struggling, was dragged into the vault.

In the glowing moonlight, Amanda finally saw her captors in full detail. Years later, she would recall that moment, never understanding why the sight did not cause her to scream.

"Gasp! You're not human!"

Years ago, when Amanda was in college, she watched a movie; a low budget, ugly thing about a seaside community terrorized by mutant fishmen, who killed the men and raped the women. Amanda hated it and quickly grew to hate the soon-to-be ex-boyfriend who'd dragged her to the trashy theater. *I guess I'm in the movie now.*

They stood tall, like sculpted statues of black marble; so they looked in the moonlight. Amanda later found their color to be a sleek dark green. The "men" displayed an otherworldly beauty which drew another soft gasp from Amanda; not that they could be recognized as human.

Other than ethereally blue eyes, their faces displayed few manlike features: no noses but small bumps with two near indiscernible slits for air; a suggestion of a mouth with lip-like impressions, wide but flat, like a tattoo against the skin.

Their ears were small, like seashells, flat against their heads. Their bodies were hairless, as Amanda noted earlier. Their skin glowed, smooth and slick, whether from sweat, seawater, or a strange body oil Amanda knew not.

They were well-formed with streamlined muscular bodies. *Swimmer's bodies!* Amanda realized, shocked, but their cut forms shamed many of the male swimmers she used to ogle and admire in her competitive years. She also came to the realization these creatures' bodies were built, in literal terms, for swimming, from the smooth, dolphin-like skin to the sleek shapes with little variance. *The lack of a nose, the flat ears . . . everything is meant to enhance speed underwater,* Amanda marveled.

Feelings clashed within her mind. The two who kidnapped her to this world, and it was most definitely another world given its impossibly large moon, were among these "men".

But how did they do it? And what do they want me for?

Along with the questions came fear. *What will they do to me when they're done? What will they do period?*

Unbidden, a thought slithered into her head; thoughts of sharks, piranhas, man-eating sea monsters from B-movies, blood in the water. She shook her head. *If they'd wanted, they'd have eaten me in the ocean.*

Lingering traces of outrage walked through her head as well. The circumstances of her abduction could not be ignored. Along with the outrage, though, marched a compelling curiosity.

The otherworldly beauty of the creatures' sculpted bodies was fascinating but a persistent question remained. *How big are they?*

Her experience in the ocean only presented a hint of her captors' cock size but Amanda had not seen them in full. Her eyes panned down to a sight which brought forth another, "Gasp! Fuck!"

Amanda's dating life, like many other women her age, was reasonably active if not spectacular. She could count the number of long-term relationships on the fingers of one hand, plus a couple of one-nighters.

As such, she'd experienced her share of cocks, of varying lengths and girths. The longest she'd ever seen, for example, was on a business major she'd dated for all of two seconds in college: eight inches at full mast, three inches thick. It felt good between her thighs and the boyfriend performed well enough. Unfortunately, the man's character was not up to his sexual prowess. She had enough problems making the Olympic team than dealing with a controlling, braggadocio, cheating, egomaniac.

The memory of the ex's cock was a brief flash as it, along with her eyes, took in the almost impossible display dangling from the "man" before her. Amanda's memory took one look, put its hands between its legs, and scampered away, emasculated, into a deep dark corner, never to be seen again.

Oh! Fuck! I've never seen one so . . . so . . . It's impossible!

It was difficult to accept two of those things had recently been inside her. The cocks these creatures sported looked too long and thick to fit. The feel of them against the walls of her front and back tunnels, while they stretched, did not imply the thickness on display. Such cock flesh shamed porn stars.

They were as perfect in shape and form as a sculptor could carve erotically. They hung from their hairless groins, patterned with throbbing, pulsing veins. Their testicle sacs were smooth and round like ripe peaches. The ends were rounded like mushroom caps.

Such erotic perfection fascinated Amanda but the lengths proved more shocking; the smallest easily came to the knees. The size of the men themselves made their natural endowments even more impressive.

The one standing before her, Amanda estimated at a six foot height, *6.1 maybe*. The other to his side looked slightly taller by three or four inches. The two who held her arms were taller still. The fifth man established to Amanda a general height of six plus feet among all. She had to call these creatures men.

They exuded an aura overwhelmingly male, from their bodies\' chiseled perfection to the strength displayed holding her captive. She even detected a faint musk, a near cliché from an Old Spice commercial.

Amanda prided herself on her own strength. She was a former competitive swimmer who exercised regularly; her old stamina was still intact. She could handle herself against overbearing men. She\'d done so in the past without trouble.

The present circumstances altered her paradigm. Amanda knew, from her own experience, that the two kidnappers displayed considerable strength bringing her here. The young swimmer could be forgiven in deciding not to struggle. *They are too strong and too many*. Besides, a deep, hidden curiosity lurked as to their motives.

One of the men let go of her arm and stepped aside. Another immediately grabbed both of her arms and twined his around them. Amanda\'s arms were wrenched behind her body. The quick, forceful action drew a startled grunt from her mouth.

The man wrapped his legs around Amanda\'s and wrenched them apart. Her body was forced against his. Once again, a slick groin ground flush against Amanda\'s ass. The man\'s tuberos cock slid like a snake over her crack. Her body, from the nape of her neck, through the curve of her spine, down to her round ass, molded into every contour of his body.

The man\'s warm, rubbery, slickness triggered a reaction in Amanda\'s pussy, still filled with memory from the oceanic encounter. *Oh God! I can\'t be getting wet, can I?* The earlier encounter was not entirely consensual but her body reacted differently.

"I think, in hindsight, the sea men\'s body oils might have had something to do with it," she told the Stranger. "With everything that came after, I always felt triggered when they touched me. I couldn\'t think of any other explanation. Really I couldn\'t think at all."

Her mind conflicted with the yearnings of her body . . . and it was losing. *I should be screaming no but what if they don\'t understand me?*

Amanda\'s bondage took a stranger turn as her captor performed an act of such amazing strength and flexibility, Amanda, looking back, could scarce believe it, even as she related it to the Stranger.

The man bent back . . . back . . . and back, until both leaned at a forty-five degree angle.

Amanda was astonished. *God! Such . . . strength!*

She was against the man\'s body, displayed as if on a living platform. Her body glowed faintly in

the moonlight with sweat and lingering moisture. Her breasts quivered, her belly trembled with fear and, deep in her mind, some anticipation.

Something was about to happen; something was going to happen. The strange position caused the muscles in her body to tense, lending an erotic athleticism to her sight. Her position also seemed to spread her legs, and the rose between them, wider.

The sea man before her stepped close; its long cock undulated sinuously. Amanda watched, eyes wide, open and curious. She had no questions; it seemed useless to ask his purpose. It only remained to see.

The sea man placed his webbed hands on her thighs; his touch surprisingly warm. He ran his hands over her inner thighs, where the legs met the torso, and then across her quivering groin.

His touch stimulated strong erotic feelings within Amanda. It wasn't a tickle. It was a stroke, a caress which sent mild shock waves across her warm, moist skin. "Nnnnghn," Amanda moaned faintly.

She experienced mild frustration, wishing for something, anything, to happen, acutely aware of her captor pressing his moist, slick body into hers. "Mmmm," she moaned a second time.

The hands moved down, down to her pink rose. Amanda saw over her heaving breasts, her wet heat, gleaming pink and swollen against the dark fingers stroking her petal. The fingers cycled around her vulva, creating a spasm through her body, and a gasp from her lips.

Her ass clenched, grinding against the groin behind her. The sea man's cock pulsed against her crack and slid along the crevice. He made nary a ripple, otherwise.

Amanda took no notice of her captor's extraordinary physical discipline, focused as she was upon her opposite's hands, whose fingers now found her clit. Her bud, swollen and sensitive, reacted as a trigger to a gun. The subsequent orgasm, while not as intense as expected, was, at the least, greater than the brief earlier climax.

It manifested as a clench of her groin, a ripple through her belly reaching her quaking breasts, and it exited her throat as a soft "Uuuunnngh!"

She allowed herself a brief moment of wonder, afterwards. No male had ever made her cum with just a mere touch. He was not human, yet had brought her further than any other. Amanda wondered what it said about human men and their imaginations.

The sea man stopped and drew back. Amanda responded with a yearning moan, not quite able to bring herself to beg. She was still mindful of her captivity but a lust had awakened, and she wanted more.

The sea man was preparing her for something. It felt like that. Her pussy was wet, ready, and spread open.

"I knew they were about to enter me," she told the Stranger, "I didn't expect what happened

next."

In her years of dating, Amanda had seen her share of erections. Her reactions ranged from unimpressed to moderately so. The size of the sea men's cocks promised erections to shame a horse. She wasn't disappointed.

The sea man's cock, however, performed acts demonstrating the otherworldly nature of himself and his kind.

He placed his webbed hands on her hips, watching her impassively. His cock lengthened until its tip nearly touched the sandy floor. The cock then raised itself, sinuously, to hover near Amanda's groin. It swayed and undulated like a boa. Amanda watched, mesmerized.

Nothing ramrod characterized this cock; no stiff wooden pole with throbbing veins. It was fluid and limber; its resemblance to human penises only in the mushroom shape of its glans or faint ivy pattern of veins along its length.

It gleamed with moisture in the moonlight, and other small details were discerned through a moonlit reflection here or there.

Its tip, cock hole beaded with pre-cum, hovered bare millimeters above her lower groin. It slid down to her bud, leaving a thin, syrupy trail on her sweat-slick skin. Amanda's wide open eyes stared, fascinated, at this impossible organ. A vague query, *Will it fit?*, surfaced briefly, but vanished, dismissed as an intrusion upon the magic wonder of the moment.

The cock tip lingered at her rose; both were moist and ready for the other. The glans came directly against her mons, an almost perfect ring of flesh against her vulva. Its touch, similar to cocks from other lover, yet different. Amanda uttered a soft moan.

There was a sensitivity in her quim she'd never felt before; not a tickle but smooth, like silk against her pussy. The alienness of the cock itself seemed to arouse a lust stunning in its intensity. *I'm horny for this thing?*

The head pushed in, wetly. Amanda's vulva briefly widened to engulf the mushroom. Her soft flesh enclosed the glans and its band of flesh, then formed a circle around the rest of his cock. Thin, vein flesh, slick with cum and natural oils, slid against each other.

Amanda's tunnel flooded with moisture. Her swollen clit licked the cock's underside, spasming when a throbbing vein or pulsing artery glided over it. Sensitive nerve endings transmitted shocks into Amanda's groin and her belly. She bit her lower lip, grimacing, and rattled a low, "Uuunnngh!" The bulge in her groin, traveling upward, was barely noticed.

Muscles in her ass, groin, and belly clenched and relaxed. Orgasms burst through her body. Amanda moved her hips against the sea man's fingers and ground her ass into the other's crotch.

The sea man plunged further into Amanda's hungry pussy, which devoured its length as if

swallowing a thick snake. Her toes curled at her feet. She clenched and relaxed her hands in cycles. She alternated biting her lower lip and flicking her tongue across her upper one.

Amanda wasn't the type for loud, hard sex; no screaming, no profane utterances. She preferred her sex quiet. Quiet, she noticed, was the atmosphere surrounding herself; the soft sounds of the surf, the faint, wet "slurp" of the sea man's flesh winding through her tunnel, and the low, continuous moans lowing from her mouth.

None of the creatures made a sound; neither the one holding her captive, nor the one plumbing her rose, nor the three standing sentry. They stood impassive, noiselessly watching with almost ritualistic attentiveness.

Amanda took in her sea man's stillness. His hips did not move or thrust as a lover's would. The only motion was his impossibly long penis plunging deeper into her body. Amanda, still processing the unique experience, marveled, briefly, at the Herculean stamina of her other captor. The angle he held her at should be impossible to sustain, even for a short minute. Yet, he was stiff as a plank, molded and curved into the contours of her back, and she, flat against him, her knees bent with his.

The bulge in her groin inched slowly upward. Amanda moaned, grunting as punctuation. "Uuuunngh! Mmmnnn! Uk . . . uk . . . uk!"

Her moist pussy bulged around the dark cock, both streaked with moon-shined silver cum.

"It was like I lost everything that made me in control of myself," she told the Stranger. "I was a competitive swimmer once. Everything was about control, of myself, of my body. I was held captive by these . . . men. I was entered and cumming, and not wanting to stop. I couldn't recognize myself . . . and it happened in such a short time."

The sea man's glans reached her cervix. It didn't enter but Amanda felt it right at the entrance. The sea man's testicles began to pulse. The peach-sized ball sacs assumed a pumping motion, like a respirator or balloon. In other circumstances, Amanda would laugh at the sight. Instead she quivered with another orgasm.

The cock expanded inside her. The strain on her pussy caused another moan, "Uuuunngh!"

Throbbing, pulsating veins on the creature's cock stood in stark relief against its black skin. *He's going to flood me.*

Liquid heat filled her womb. Amanda tilted back her head, eyes rolled to the whites, and ululated loud and long. Her body convulsed and her belly rippled. It curved outward, smoothing out the bulge from the sea man's cock. She felt no pain, only a mild tickle, like water filling a sack.

"Ooohhhh . . . uck . . . uck . . . gasp!" Amanda grunted before her body settled.

She rested, lost in an erotic daze. A sliding touch to her back alerted the woman to her captor's

cock. It slid backwards until his tip touched her back end. * Oh,* she thought, knowing what was to happen.

It's oil slickened tip slid between her buns with the same ease as under the water. Her subsequent moans followed the voyage of the prehensile cock as it slid inward and upward. They faded to a soft hiss, tiny drops of spit expectorating between her gritted teeth. Sweat poured from her body; her skin gleamed in the moonlight. The two sea men penetrated deeper into her body than any before, human or otherwise.

Amanda's body shocked her with its reaction. The intense, convulsive orgasms surpassed her previous experience.

"I felt like a porn star," she later told the Stranger. "My whole body was in complete convulsion. I couldn't think. It was like I was made of jelly and then, what they did next . . . I still can't believe it."

The sea man's cock reached the door to her large intestine. It could have delved further in but flexed and expanded instead, anchoring against the sides of her rectum like a balloon. It caused no small amount of pain but not intolerable. Amanda grit her teeth and hissed a small moan. She barely noticed her captors repositioning their bodies.

The sea man at her back straightened upright, moving her closer to the one facing her. He let go of her arms briefly before grasping her hips in an iron grip.

Amanda's body, held in place with the sea men's cocks acting as poles, slid against the back sea man as she came closer to the other. The shift in position lifted her body upward. She admitted to the Stranger, "My arms were free. I could have fought, I think. I wasn't quite as captive, at least from the waist up, but I didn't know what they'd do if I did. I didn't think I was on Earth anymore, really. Plus I was kind of curious what would happen next. So I put my hands on the other sea man's shoulders, so my body wouldn't bear down on the cocks inside me. I didn't need much help, really. The other sea man held me by my hips. It was strange, my actions after what came before."

Amanda moved closer, watching the sea man. Her lips were parted, teeth gritted, breath hissing through. *This how I sound when I fuck?* she asked with detachment. The other three watched, dark statues in the tunnel.

The two sea men moved together, Amanda between them, until the trio stood flesh to flesh. The sea men's cocks and bodies held her off the ground. The sea man at her front buried his head between her breasts. The one to her back, between her shoulder blades. As with the ocean, the sea men molded their bodies to Amanda's curves.

Once the young swimmer was properly fitted between them, the fucking commenced. The sea men ground their bodies, flexed their hips, and pistoned into her simultaneously. Amanda responded with grunts and moans, running her hands across her opposite's back. She embraced the moment, closing her eyes while her body came over and over. She stayed

unaware of any other motion until the trio moved towards the pool.

The other sea men moved the boulder blocking the entrance. The sea men bracing Amanda fucked her while bearing her to the pool.

"I don't know how they did it. They walked and thrust at the same time. So strong . . . I barely noticed my surroundings. I didn't know there were others, except for the other three."

The interior was circular, like an arena, with the pool at the center. Amanda was reminded of the Colosseum in Rome. The entire area seemed made of obsidian, open to a starry sky, more stars than she'd seen in her life, with white sand at the bottom.

Caves and tunnels were set in the rock, and eyes, hundreds of blue, glowing eyes, watched them from the dark shadows. Amanda spared only a couple of seconds' wonder. Her overlapping orgasms distracted and cum soaked her inner thighs, running down her legs.

The eyes resolved into dozens of dark bodies emerging from the caves, and climbing down ledges and steps set in the stone walls. They flowed like a black wave, converging on the pool.

"I stopped counting after twenty. There were just so many, and everyone of them were male."

Amanda noticed no youngsters among the crowd. *No women, no children. Something happened here.* She looked at the sea man before her.

"They were all going to fuck me. I knew. It was impossible. I'd die just from these five alone but, I thought, it doesn't really make sense. Why drag me to this strange place just to, well, fuck me to death?"

There really wasn't anything Amanda could do to resist. Instinct told her a hidden purpose was involved. All she needed do was brace her body and find it.

The experience, in the following days, exceeded her wildest fantasies. They didn't fuck her to death, of course, but the marathon brought her close. The days were uncountable, experienced as vague perceptions of starry, moonlit nights and overcast days. Most of her attention was taken with cock, cum, and orgasms; her pussy, mouth, and bung constantly stuffed, her belly and womb full of seed.

The sea men took turns; one withdrawing from one hole, replaced immediately by another. They let her rest, sleep, recover, and then repeated the cycle. They fed her strange fishes and seaweed, comparable to sushi. They cleaned her frequently and took her to areas where she could relieve herself among other ablutions.

The majority of her time was spent fucking, and fucking, and fucking with slick, smooth bodies sliding against her, and prehensile cocks delving deep into her cavities, her body bathed in sweat and cum. Each day they fucked her to exhaustion.

"It was like a drug den, like I was always high. Everything felt mechanical, automatic; eating, fucking, peeing, shitting . . . I did everything they wanted, without question. They never spoke,

never made a sound and yet, I just knew. If there was a cock in front of me, I opened my mouth. If they entered me, I spread my legs wider. I'd never been like this before . . . with anyone. I'd fucked a few boyfriends before but never like this . . . orgy."

Time blended; night and day it was eat, sleep, fuck. Amanda's awareness faded to a soft, erotic haze. The miasma of smooth, moist skin and fucking so much her existence, her confusion was genuine when, after a warm, wet body-encased sleep, she awoke to soft cotton sheets, a dry, firm hospital bed, and Harry and her family asleep on chairs next to it, keeping vigil.

Harry woke first. His burst of questions woke her parents. The ensuing cacophony helped her confusion but little.

"It took forever for things to sort out. They said I was missing for a month but it felt longer. Harry called the police when he didn't find me at the house. He thought someone snatched me on the beach. They questioned him, the party guests, my boyfriend, the locals . . . Then search and rescue got involved. They thought it was a shark, even though attacks were rare here. It became a recovery after a week. People said it was a shark or riptide. Some local guy looking for clams found me in a pile of seaweed. He thought I was a corpse. The police were shocked I was alive.

Everybody asked questions but what could I say? That I was kidnapped by alien fishmen? I wasn't sure it actually happened myself. I didn't remember them taking me back to the beach. The whole thing seemed like a crazy erotic hallucination. So I told them I couldn't remember a thing. That I was swimming towards the shore, thought I heard a splash, felt a tug, and the next thing I knew, I was in the hospital.

The doctors and police speculated I might have been raped. They saw bruising around my hips and groin and ran a test. 'Inconclusive but suggested intense and prolonged sexual activity,' they said.

The police, doctors, my parents, Harry, reporters, they all questioned me. The police even arrested a few local men with records. They brought me in to look at the line up. I didn't I.D anyone. They had me see a rape counselor, and my parents asked me to see a psychotherapist. I think the counselor and therapist knew I wasn't telling the whole truth about my amnesia. Then people, a few cops, some reporters, suggested my 'disappearance' was a hoax. It got bad for a few months.

Some people, supporters I guess, did point out I didn't want to talk to the police or reporters really. Hoaxers usually want attention. Everything got confused after that, which is how I wanted it, I guess.

I left the hospital, the frenzy died down, I went back home, and things went back to normal for a while, and then I puked up my dinner, and took a pee test."

"Hmmm," said the Traveler. "A most remarkable story. You opted not to have an abortion. Is there a reason?"

"Well," Amanda was pensive, "That was my first thought but . . . I thought back to that . . . strange experience, and how I didn't see any women or children, and how maybe the reason they snatched me had something to do with it. I don't know . . . it's just a feeling I'm supposed to do this."

"Ah, hmmm, and perhaps returning to this beach is related to this . . . feeling?"

Amanda thought again, "I think so. Once I decided to have . . . them, I've been dreaming of this place. They became more frequent the bigger I grew. I took a sabbatical from my job and moved back into the beach house four months ago. Harry and my parents were good about it, sort of. They didn't understand but supported me overall. The media and the cops had moved on, and the locals are good about my privacy. Strange things happen on the beach, they say, so they're not too curious. It's just waiting now."

"Yes, I guess it is, isn't it? I've collected stories from across the worlds. You're not the first who've forged connections with Others; certain 'people' I've found are subtle."

"I think maybe less subtle. My dreams of them have been more frequent for the past month, and the babies are stirring more often these days. So I think I'm . . . unnngh!"

The Traveler looked down; fluid was gushing between Amanda's legs.

"Close," she gasped.

"Oh! Do you want me to get a . . .?"

"No," Amanda said, laying on her back.

"Would you like me to stay?"

"Mmmm . . . I think you should move back a distance. I don't think they'll want you here."

The Traveler was sorely tempted to stay, mainly out of curiosity. He obeyed Amanda's wish but decided to stay close enough, to observe, and act in case she needed aid. He sat down some distance off, close enough to hear her moans and grunts, far enough so as not to pose a threat, if such beings made an appearance.

"Such sensuality," he thought, in Amanda's strain. In the way her large breasts and belly wobbled and vibrated, like gelatin. The way her hands stroked over her curves and valleys. The sweaty strain on her face, moans and hisses aspirating through her slightly parted lips. The gleam of her wet, golden skin in the overcast light of the afternoon.

The Traveler had seen women give birth on his journeys; a painful, agonizing experience for which he marveled at women. He saw little of the sensual in those moments but something here separated it from the others. He made sure to inscribe the scene in his mind, observing every detail: the beach, the sky, the sea, and her. He paid close attention to his own feelings, and the ethereal, erotic atmosphere surrounding the woman.

They emerged from the sea with nary a ripple: tall, dark, sleek, hairless, and beautiful. He scrolled through his memories, seeking the race to which they might belong. They did not seem selkie or fae, possibly some branch of merfolk, or an extradimensional race resembling such. This beach had thin walls; any manner of beings could come through.

They looked neither malevolent nor the opposite; emotions were difficult to read on their faces. They didn't seem the progeny of the Great Old Ones either.

The sea men numbered seven; six to kneel on each side of her, one to kneel between her legs. They glanced at him briefly, without interest, before tending to Amanda.

Their hands joined the young swimmer in smoothing over her curves, whether to comfort, or massage, the Traveler knew not. The seventh stayed between Amanda's legs, his actions obscured, partially, by her gravid belly.

The young swimmer continued to moan and grunt, and then gave a brief sharp gasp. The seventh moved, briefly, from between her legs, bearing a small, dark object which he placed against Amanda's left breast. The Traveler could see, faintly, the baby's umbilical cord leading back over the belly.

Amanda began another series of moans. She gasped again, and another baby was brought to her right breast.

The day drifted on with soft sounds and sensual heat; the quiet sighs and gasps from Amanda, the soft, warm breeze over the water, the gentle lap of the surf.

The sea men caressed Amanda's belly, pressing gently every other stroke. Amanda gave soft gasps or grunts, each time producing a baby. One sea man or another would stop to replace a baby at her breast, allowing each new one to nurse. The Traveler watched rapt, until she produced six children.

The sea men's hands moved rhythmically, massaging her belly, changing out the infants. The Traveler took note of Amanda's semi-conscious state, punctuated by an occasional moan. He found the synchronized motions of these strange creatures entrancing. When they shifted positions and lifted the unresisting swimmer, the choreographed movement rivaled the best dancers.

"Indicative of a race living in complete harmony with one another," thought the Traveler.

The sea men kept Amanda suspended between their two groups, with the seventh holding her legs under his arms. Their bodies were packed close together, their arms linked under Amanda's body. The babies lay on top of her torso, held there by the umbilical cords and the sea men ringed her.

They moved as one, striding into the water, carrying the semi-conscious woman. The Traveler marveled at the near complete unity in their movements, almost as a single entity. Their skill in causing almost no disturbance in the water was remarkable.

They quickly disappeared; one placed his mouth on Amanda's before they went under. The Traveler sat on the sand, watching the blue water, pondering over the day.

"Most interesting new people and a story for my journal," he mused out loud. "Somebody must know information about these beings."

He resolved to write on this encounter in his journal at the hotel.

The Traveler lingered in town for several more days, in case the woman returned. He questioned a few of the locals as to the nature of the beach and surrounding waters. A few were suspicious, initially, not happy with the earlier attention Amanda's disappearance brought to the town.

"We couldn't blame the sheriff," one said. "He had to go through the motions, but those reporters and outsiders . . . they don't know the cove."

"The cove takes people and sometimes gives them back," another said, "But it never really lets you go. None of us were surprised when she came back."

The Traveler, after several days, and deciding Amanda would not be back in the near future, left the Vanderdecken Town with a good story, pleased with the experience of meeting an intriguing woman. He set off for California, to investigate rumors of satyrs at an old estate near San Francisco.

She can still be seen sometimes, swimming on some moonlit night, or sunning herself on the beach. She comes to the town but rarely. The townsfolk respect and treat her kindly; most know to leave her alone.

Very rarely, some tourist or backpacker would try to see her, intrigued by her beauty. Some were extraordinarily rude, like the drunken fratboys who blew into town one summer and followed her to the beach house. Nothing more was heard of them after that.

Some visitors she received, like her parents or her friend Harry. Most stayed away. The locals knew; she was watched over.

One day, while swimming, she noticed a man on the beach. She recognized him. He was away off from the shore, with a small backpack, passing through.

She swam close and stood, a nude sea nymph in the summer air. The man's face held a question. She smiled and mouthed, "Six girls," and waved.

The man smiled back, nodded, waved, and strode away. The woman turned and dove back into the warm, mystical waters of Vanderdecken Cove, with nary a ripple to mark her presence.

The End.