

Saltwater

(F/sharks, sci-fi)

By by Komsomol

People will always have dreams, and when technology progresses the methods of attaining those fantasies will become more available... But what worth does a fantasy have if it could easily be fulfilled?

Walking through the rainy streets of San Francisco, Jeanna Nolan made her way towards an appointment she had reserved a month in advance. She walked at a slow, determined pace - knowing what she wanted and yet willingly taking just a sweet while longer before reaching it. The rain didn't really matter to her as it ran down her coat and shin-length chigos. Water was an element that came to her naturally. Became her, some might say. It certainly made the genuine cotton garment fit her trim body in a manner which brought the best out of it. A marvel of a lady on the better side of her twentieth year.

A few onlookers whistled at her, probably just for that. Looking over her shoulder and casting a smile that was sweet and icy at the same time, the message "hello boys - already taken" made clear. She didn't have anyone, though, at least no real, breathing lover of flesh and bone. She didn't have to worry for herself either.

Although that was a clear wolf-whistle, by a group of bike-riding gangers to boot, she was confident. Her body was in shape with the martial arts training she had been through since her early years. She'd need nothing else to protect herself with, and her confidence and the way with words she had usually settled problems before they even started.

Technology had advanced by a great leap at the start of 22nd century. No true breakthroughs had been made besides medical advances and fusion power, which basically ended the global war to be fought over resources before any actual claims on foreign land had been made by any party.

The advances in entertainment had followed rapidly with the niche left by ever increasing personal wealth and welfare throughout the world. To the better part of the society, at least, though some of it bled down onto the other side of the fences which protected the middle and upper class from the Mass.

She had taken up a part-time job to fund her personal interests; this was her hobby and her pastime. Seeking out her dreams. Some of them had actually started out of recurring dreams, like this one, which was clearly her most absorbing challenge. On her way into the nightclub, Mirrorsphere, she bumped into someone she hadn't seen for a while. Her ex-boyfriend. He was nice, but it didn't work out for them - something was always missing, and they broke up nicely after 7 months of an affair, and neither bore hard feelings.

- "Hi." "Hi."

- "Heading for the lady's night out, eh?"

- "Bet I do. It's been a while, Ron. Are you on duty?"

- "Ehh, yeah."

- "Shame. Could've popped by for a few drinks."

- "Maybe sometime later. You haven't been doing anything suspicious with that Rinaldo guy, have you? They've been keeping an eye on what he does for a good while now, upstairs."

- "Mike? He's an angel for all I know, though he spins drinks like the devil himself."

- "Okay, just checking. None of my business, really, but I got to keep an eye on things if I

want to keep my job. If you catch my drift."

- "Heh, sure do. Don't worry, mister officer... I'll be safe at home before my bedtime.

She gave her a kind smile as she slipped into the club, while the bouncer gave a glance to the cop. He shot one back in return with a smirk, lighting a cigarette and leaning against the wall, sheltering from that rain under the front of the club. Inside the Mirrorsphere everything was as usual. It was a constant party everytime she came or left the place, and the place had no windows in order to maintain that kind of atmosphere.

In the beating of bass, amidst the feverish dancers and neon lights, she made her way toward the counter, taking a stool and patiently waiting for her turn. She usually came here to dance the night or day away, but this time was different. No alcohol, light eating and a good rest beforehand, she had been instructed.

Mike Rinaldo was a barkeeper, and good at it. He was something of an artist, knowing what people wanted even if they couldn't really bring it out into words, and usually taking just a glance to know what kinds of drinks people would order. Sometimes he made a show out of it, entertaining the regulars with this sixth sense he had, bringing out a good laughter everytime he just leant a drink into a patron's hand before they had time to even tell what they were coming for.

She had been one such case, and he had taken time to talk with her at the counter on one less frantic night. He had a flashy smile which was like a cherry on top of his mid-american look, wearing straight black trousers and a shiny club-shirt. They had taken time to discuss what she really might be after when she sought entertainment from places like this, and with a few nights more had come to a conclusion. He had led her a bit, having more to offer than just the fare served at the bar. He could sell dreams.

He had a REMshaper rig at the basement of his club. It was new tech and still under federal supervision to keep it "in control during commercializing", the methods having been perfected a good while ago but the manufacturers' licensing wanting to maximize their profits out of it. Mike had a degree in psychology, and worked with this sort of equipment to gather information for supporting theories. They had used theirs to just record the dreaming process and the subliminal mechanics of the mind. The project had come to a stop just as he graduated, the sponsors lifting their profits out of the deal.

They left the bar together and went into the back room, Mike telling his right-hand Tina to look over the bar while they went about on their business. The basement of the bar was well maintained, not like a basement at all but a private club - and indeed it was one. Mike had put some good time and money into it, and a designer he knew more than personally had done the planning for it. The setup was quite simple, and didn't really need more than just resting somewhere comfortable and attaching a number of small electrode patches onto the subject's forehead.

- "Is everything ready, Mike?"

- "Of course, my darling... I've spent a good while doing studies on your subject of interest. To make it as real as possible. That's what you wanted?"

- "Yes. I want the whole thing to be as close to real as possible without actually going into water and -"

- "But you can, and should go into water. I've had a tub brought here." He smiled. "I even have the salt to go with it. Your very own slice of the pacific."

- "Thank you, Mike. You're a darling, too, but you have someone saying that to you already. I don't really have anyone, and honestly don't even feel like I need someone to say that to me. I'm past nice with those dreams, they just keep on - god. The thing I hate most about them is that they're just shadowy feelings about things I should do, and they vanish a mere moment after I wake..."

- "Don't worry. This will be something you'll remember for a long time. And I'm not talking about the experience itself; the way it happens is a simulation of a true experience. It'll be like actually living through it, and then remembering it like just as life. - I was a little frightened at times at this, but I know that this is what you want. I did it just for you, every second and every sensation."

- "Muchos gracias, Mike."

She gave his curly hair a kiss, taking a look at the vast amount of material he'd been collecting for this. Videodiscs, books, recordings... It had been quite a job. She'd paid for it in full as an artist should. The thing about REMshaping was that it couldn't be just programmed - if feelings and ideas were to be inserted, they had to be imagined in every vivid detail. It was indeed a work of art.

She stripped herself free of clothing, letting her toes play on the rug of the floor, and then slipped into the briny bath which was so close to human body temperature that it could allow her to stay in the water nearly indefinitely without fear of hypothermia. He helped her lay on the support inside the tub, the scent of saltwater filling her nostrils as he worked the patches accurately onto her forehead. After confirming him that everything was OK, he nodded back to her and started the REMshaping. She drifted off into sleep, feeling like she was sinking underneath the water. Darkness took hold of her vision.

Waves splashed about her as she floated in the sea, seeing the sandy beach of an island not far behind her, and the bright sun brought out the beautiful scene in the bottom of the ocean out into her sight through the crystal clear water. She took a dive, and soon noticed that she could hold her breath indefinitely, even accidentally taking in water which made her expect a sudden gagging fit didn't have an effect. Good thing. Everything else was so live, so real - She'd been freediving earlier and knew what to

expect, and this was truly it. If this wasn't real life nothing would be. She also noticed a chain-wrapped armsleeve running from her left wrist up to her shoulder. Excellent, he grinned to herself. Mike had indeed thought of everything.

Back in the basement of the club, Mike heard footsteps from the staircase and the door creaking open.

- "What is it, Tina? If the lemons are out, there's nothing I can do. We're out of them."

- "I'm afraid I'm not here for the lemons."

He suddenly shook up from his chair and looked to the door. The cop. He knew him from earlier, having been an acquaintance of both. This could ruin everything, he thought. They had a brief conversation about what was going on, the illegality of such methods of entertainment without a license, and came to the subject of her dreams. He knew that she had certain obsessions about the challenge her dreams seemed to give her... They made a deal. He could stay around and follow her dream through the videoscreen which was used for monitoring the experience, or bring him over for questioning and have her dreams cut off. He chose the former.

She dived forward under the waves, enjoying the soft currents as she drifted with them. Slowly she removed her swimming suit, enjoying the feel of water as it supported her and caressed her with those soft currents, waiting for the other to make an appearance.

At the same time, she felt a current wash against her back, and looked on in shock and awe at the first time she saw and felt such a creature swim past her. A real shark. The magnificent animal slid past her effortlessly with a flick of its crescent tail, and she brushed her hand against its skin. Sleek, hard and so exciting to feel. The creature had a clear tigerstripe pattern along its grey back, breaking its pattern with darker lines. The overall look of it, the feel of it and the knowledge that this was one of the ocean's apex predators made her so excited. She stood up to the challenge and took hold of its tail as the shark flicked past her.

It was a male, which was soon evident to her by the sight of its claspers in her clear sight. She leaned her way further along the creature, who seemed to care little for her advances, until her searching hands ended on one of the penile fins. The shark arched its back and tried to joust her off of him, trashing about with its tail until it succeeded. One of the wild lashes of the beast slid along her thigh and down between them, slicing between the folds of her treasure and eliciting a loud scream of pain and pleasure from her.

She brought her hand to her lower belly which was so violently and so erotically touched, giving it a tender caress with her fingers, feeling the burn of that lash and the flame which burned even more fiercely inside her... Having little time for it before the male came for another pass. This time it seemed intent on attacking her, but she could flick

herself with one agile roll out of its reach and underneath him, holding onto his pectoral fins and bringing herself up against his bellyside.

The shark's skin was sleek in one direction and rough in the other, and the firm grasp of her squeeze and the strong, determined flicks of his body as it swam forward made her breasts pin against that hide. She started rocking herself against him, feeling that burning in her pussy that she couldn't contain anymore. There was something so erotic and overwhelming about this whole experience that it nearly drove her unconscious with the rush she was having. The way her body ground to his, the rasping of his skin against her stomach, breasts and thighs was so wonderful, and the feel of that immensely strong tail flicking between her thighs made her moan out... "Ahh, you big fucking beast, I have caught you now, and you'll either fuck me like you mean it or just chomp at my ribs..."

Those seemed to be the alternatives as she held on for dear life. The shark raced in a broad circle, soon slowing down its pace as she kneaded her hips against him, the scent of a female in heat caught in his immensely keen sense of scent... She could feel its erection brush against her thigh now, one of the claspers swollen and pointed forward with a clear trail of creamy juice running from its tip in the water like a wisp of smoke from a cigar. This was the moment she had been dreaming about, this was the thing she had expected.

She leant forward along the body of the shark, taking its snout between her hands and giving a kiss on its pointed nose. Not knowing whether it meant anything to it or not, probably the latter, but giving her expression of gratitude that it had chosen to mate with her. He took hold of her presented arm, grasping onto the armorsleeve with its teeth and rushed forth. The shark's body was arched over her and between her thighs, her free hand reaching to take hold of the tip of his clasper as it raced forward.

The wild grasp of the shark was something she hadn't even imagined, with the armorsleeve taking most of the force and all, but this! She could feel how the beast struggled between her thighs and over her, the magnificent tigershark making use of all of its 15 feet body to copulate with her, the predator of sheer muscle thrusting forward with its lower belly and hitting its mark! She didn't know whether to moan, scream or die at first, the overwhelming feeling of such a wild lover taking her so intense... She bit down into his pectoral fin in return, grasping with her thighs around that thrashing tail which drove the hardened penis-fin into her, suddenly filled with a cool fullness that yet seemed to stretch her so tight!

"Ooooh you striped bastard, don't you dare to hold back one bit! Nnnnrgh... Fuck me like the female I am, and like the male you are!" She screamed into his fin, biting on it like he bit down on her sleeved arm, taking all that the shark could give her and getting more in return. She thrust her hips against his body and helped more of his penis slide into her, making new room within her tightness which had for so long been without fulfillment, now feeling like she could finally reach it. The male pounded with feverish thrusts, its entire body arching into her as it took her.

She willingly gave herself into it, tossed herself into the moment of it all, but it didn't seem to end! There was always more and more of him to sink in, his teeth began to push lightly through that sleeve and touch her skin which gave her a huge kick, his wild mating giving her orgasm after another... While that cock pounded into her, driving itself deep home and making her know that this was her home... She needed someone like this, with a feeling of locking together so seamlessly that no more words were needed, her desire to scream out her violent challenges now past and seeming useless in retrospect.

Reaching her arm around his body, she held on and rode this magnificent male. Giving him what he sought for, and receiving what she had been devoid of for so long, it felt so wonderful, the pain of their joining so real and yet fulfilling in a way she never imagined possible. She now knew what her dreams had been about; this was the animal in her, for which she willingly gave over her body, transcending her human consciousness. Returning into the sea...

And suddenly brought back from her introspection by the wild, jerking hilts into her as the male gave forth his seed, giving her his breed, the sheer joy of it making her scream her pleasure into the fin which she held onto with her teeth. The mating pair shared their bites of passion, both taking and being taken, giving and being given, her smooth hips dancing against his rhythmically pumping tail as gushes of his sperm burst into her tightness, the excess spurting out in clouds of creamy smoke into the brine surrounding them.

Ron couldn't turn his gaze from the vision in front of him, suddenly realizing how little he had known of her. This might have been the reason why they never could seem to fit together - both trying to balance the fine line of being sensitive or lustful, deep or impulsive. The answer was that her thoughts had been of a completely alien sort to him or any other human being. Mike followed the scene with some interest, mainly just maintaining the experience, smiling to himself as he knew that she was indeed living out her fantasy.

They watched as he floated and swam with the tigershark, spending hours with the creature after copulating before wanderlust took over both of them, but sharing their wordless promises of meeting again. Both knew that it was likely that both female and male would meet others and mate again, but didn't do anything to try and be possessive about the other once their time was past...

She saw the last flicks of her lover's tail, caressing herself with her hands as she rose to the surface and observed the wonderful landscape. This was indeed the land of her dreams, but in living reality! The aching feel of her body, the feel of seawater salt sinking into the slight scratches she had gotten, everything... were bumped aside when she felt something more.

The scents of mating had brought out another shark; this one was approaching her from

the front, a sportive-looking, eight-foot Mako displaying its deep ultramarine back and the smoky underbody which were divided in a distinct border between the colours. It was also male as she noticed the telltale look of its claspers aft of its belly, and this male took no time in familiarizing himself with the female but seized the opportunity which she gladly presented.

It approached her on a second pass, and surprised her with its sudden barrel-roll over onto her backside. The male slid along her back with a rough bump against her spine, and before she could protest he had slid his pectoral fins beside her body onto a tight grasp.

She was wracked with another surprise as the male's penis knifed into her anus, something which she had never given out to anyone and had been planning to keep as her private property. The painful entry was lessened by the copious amounts of slick slime the male produced, her vagina still leaking with the previous male's gift... She grasped at his fins and tried to jostle him off her back, but the wild pounding made her squeal in sudden pleasure as she found it.

The male was showing her the pleasures of backdoor loving, and the bastard was clearly more than enjoying the lovely creature which it distinctly could notice as being less than a match for his own species, but the scents were such a good match, the mating making the right things click inside its head - no, this was a lovely, tight female!

Deciding to just give into the moment, she squeaked more in her pleasure as her behind bucked up to him, getting his tail slapped against her cheeks with a hilting thrust. The mako pounded into her, stabbing its less sizeable maleness in and out of her, trying to milk itself off as rapidly as possible, in-out, in-out, and off into search of a new female... They were more opportunistic in nature and had more defined mating seasons than those of tigersharks, and it showed up in their behavior. She wasn't complaining, anymore that is, and gave his cock a firm squeeze inside her. That was enough to get the swift hunter to joyfully give up his semen, the shark's tail giving a few rapid bucks into her behind as it made sure it was in there to stay.

She gave the sleek little shark a nice kiss on his chin before it sped up along its way again, going as fast as it came, leaving her with another sore spot but warming her heart... This is where she belongs. She swam back to the shore for a brief moment. Looking onto the sea, she could feel a certain feeling of anxiety, knowing that this could be over so soon again, and like dreams, it would be impossible enjoy a similar experience without some key, some kind of focus, a lasting link...

Back in the club, the cop had decided to enjoy a double scotch on the rocks, while the barkeeper took some sips out of an energizing drink to keep up his attention. Every detail was available to them that existed in visual - it was like watching an immensely detailed computer modeling, because none of this could happen in reality. That's what Ron thought. It couldn't. This couldn't be the same girl he knew.

He had always been slightly taken back by their separation, but had concealed his true feelings from her well. A new kind of understanding sparked out in him, not sure whether it was the shock of the material he was now seeing or a new insight above that. He wasn't sure of himself, but he was truly happy for her; through her dreaming her expression displayed her clear contentness.

Leaving the beach for the sea again, she could see numerous splashes in the water, fins cleaving the surface of the crystal clear brine. It was clearly a gathering of sharks this time, and she swam up into the middle of it. She knew that most were too preoccupied with each other to pay attention to her, having fed themselves full beforehand, and she was left by herself to search. She didn't know what she was looking for, and swam with flicks of both feet together like a mermaid as she made her way past the joining sharks... Noticing that there were all kinds of predators locked together in the lustful dance, and she knew then what she was searching for, what the focus and the link she sought was. She knew that she had to find herself a pair.

Very few species of sharks were said to pair up for life, and even fewer were seemingly out looking for any. She suddenly felt very lonely, before her eyes connected with ones across the underwater orgy into deep, black eyes that immediately captivated hers. She swam closer and saw that this one was also searching, looking in frustration, looking for her... They had found each other. This magnificent creature must have been the keeper of her dreamworld, an impressive male with a regal presence, a great white shark.

They swam past each other at first, letting their sides connect, her hand sliding along his sleek side while his fin ran from her chest to her toes. She let out a deep, passionate sigh at this touch, feeling the pent-up search which they both had done for so long, and now -

She arched herself for him, beckoning for him to take her, granting him her body and soul to take and either abandon or make his own. The shark swam with strong, slow flicks of his crescent tail, the swollen displays of maleness swaying along with the heavy mass of muscle... His broad and pointed nose touched to her thighs, running up along them as he drew in her scent and grew more and more excited with every passing whiff of her. The scent of this female was so enticing and beckoning. He took a while searching her, studying her while she reached out with her arms and took his head into them, holding his front to her in a desperate, firm hug... Until it was time.

The male was impressive, and outright frightening unless seen through her passionate eyes, over twenty feet of sheer hunter as it circled her slowly, presenting her with a mating dance as was customary. She returned a similar one, displaying her deep longing for him, her willingness to give herself up into the moment of wild and feral rut, to have his breed inside of her. She did not blush of such thoughts anymore, but let them wash over her like a crashing wave.

Their union was not without problems, at first, and they felt very awkward, the male

growing frustrated and grasping more firmly at her arm as it tried to enter her. Its tail bucked and it rammed its white underbelly at her repeatedly, trying to have her, and to the onlookers it did resemble like it had merely attacked her. There was something more, though, and the male soon gave up this method, letting her show him the ways of loving.

His underbelly felt so heavenly against her, and she loved to just knead her breasts against the raspy feel of the skin, the hard nipples so exquisitely tortured under his strong body which waited patiently, swimming along as she held on to him, fingering herself off to orgasm after orgasm while riding with him...

She then eased herself slowly down between his pectoral fins, caressing his smooth underside and sharing the lovely feeling of touching together, but soon just taking a hold of the fins, holding them to her shoulders. He wasn't a creature of gentleness or caring, driven by simple wills and drives to feed and to breed, the first having been fulfilled and now eager to complete the second. His maleness stood forth bravely, again just one of the two as she leaned her thighs up along his sides, locking into an embrace and leaning her hips down toward his tail.

He started sliding within her, and she now felt what tightness really meant. It felt like he was going to splice her in two with that maleness, which was meant for females far above her size, but just kept on going down on it. She screamed out in pleasure as his strong tail flicked slightly faster and further while he swam on, and couldn't do much than hold on when he noted the entry.

The white started mating her in a wild, frantic pace, its tail thrashing down between her thighs and going further into her than she dreamed possible. She felt like she was losing herself as that wonderful lover mated her, having arched its entire body over her and pounding wildly... The lashes of his tail made her body grind against his, the teasing on his nipples and the violent penetration making her suddenly peak out in an orgasm, screaming her pleasure into his snowy underside. His preseed flew freely as they swam together in a mating dance, him leading her, her giving out to him, breaking the surface of the water together...

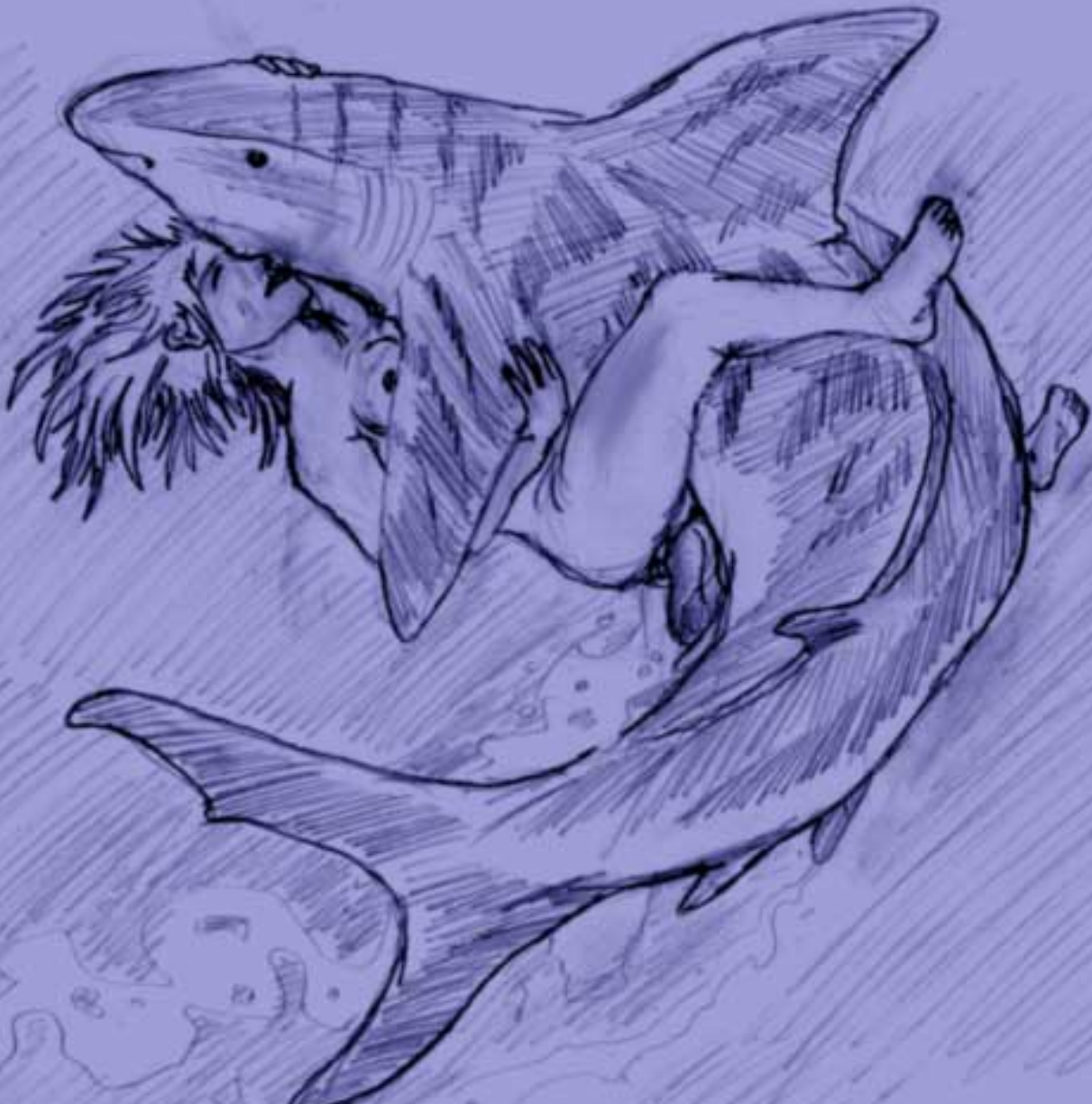
Grasping onto those fins for dear life, she helped him push harder and deeper inside her when he found it too difficult to go further or decided that this must have been the end of it, relighting his flame again and again! The shark mated her, bred her, their pairing feeling like it had been going on for hours and still as they had just touched each other for the first time. This was her pair, and she was his; nothing seemed more natural at the moment than just letting this immense shark ream her, ravage her, love her, caress her in the substitutive hold of his fins instead of his teeth. She kissed his underside when they slowed down their pace, or kicked her knees against his sides at her peaks when his mating was most fierce.

She looked around herself, and noticed that the brightness of the day had past, and they were just by themselves in that sea. The glowing moon bathed them in its rays as they

crashed above the surface of the water, dancing together before falling down into the sweet caresses of the waters around them. She was now trying her best to please him, and he was giving her his best... They came together, again and again, her insides being filled with more and more of the male's thick creamy pudding, filled with the promise of breeding. The pair celebrated their finding several more times under the light of the moon, diving back into the deep blue before crashing through the surface again.

The cop had left the club, reporting that he had seen nothing that evening. So did the bartender, withholding the secret of her past lover's visit from her. Upon being brought back into reality, Jeanna cried out for a good long while, not out of sorrow or guilt but out of completion, knowing that now she had met this entity that made up her dreams and fueled her life. In the following days, she was filled with an energy that occasionally made her friends wonder whether she was on chems; she dismissed these doubts with a hearty laughter, and a smirk that she had found something far better.

She would be going back to Mirrorsphere, once she had acquired enough creds again.



Another noon was approaching in SFO bay area. It rained almost constantly when global warming made its effects clear, the humidity making the streets seem like a jungle of their own. Jeanna made her way on foot through the streets and business centers, heading toward a familiar spot again. Her confidence had grown greatly since the last month, her shadows of doubt now out of the way, and it showed. The way she walked, how she went about on her daily business, everything. And then the nights. She didn't have those dreams anymore, she now slept deeply and peacefully. She had gotten herself a waterbed, having saved slightly more with an extra job than she would need for the Mirrorsphere club's special offers.

Rinaldo had made a deal with her, cutting down on the usual price. They were friends, and didn't have trouble coming to an agreement. It was also easier on him, knowing that it would be a steady supply of income and he wouldn't have to deal with newcomers. He didn't like that; every new face that would seem enthusiastic and eager at first could be a snoop dressed in plain-jane.

He could see through most charades based on his excellent eye on behavior, and that was of great help to him. The PD could manage their job more than well enough, and when trying to figure a potential client's background one would have to spend a lot of time. This would either drive the snoop suspicious or piss off a true client. He stood behind the counter, polishing glasses and pondering the events that had taken place, wondering whether he should move the dream-rig from the private club to a safer place, whether he could trust that cop that had barged in during Jeanna's ride.

It was a quiet day back at the club, and surprisingly there was no one inside except for a couple of guys she knew were handling a pimping business further up north. She hadn't have to rely on their kind of employment as she had connections in the right places. She did some translation and escort service for small-time russian businessmen, though her body was never a part of the deal. She was talented enough to stand out from the crowd and had connections - that's how she kept herself in a position where she could decide how she lived, though she wasn't really keen on living in a big house and driving fancy cars.

She preferred the liberty and that certain camouflage one has when living in an apartment building just like anyone else. Leaving the three to their table and not giving another look at them, she headed for the bar. Mike wasn't behind the counter, and she assumed he was at the privy club. Probably doing accounting or checking the inventory, he was usually pretty accurate about things like that.

She took the liberty to enter the backroom of the club. Looking around and seeing no one, she decided to go down into the private club by herself. She had been around there

earlier, so why not? The spiral staircase made no sound under her feet, covered in plush of very high quality that still made her think about cheap - come to think of it, without the usual lighting the place would've looked like a students' party apartment. The lights were dim, however, and she could feel faint noises coming from a lounge.

The videodisc player was running, and she soon noticed that not only had Mike been doing recordings of all the kinds of requests his clients had, but on top of it this was his assistant watching them! She decided to keep a low profile for a while, noticing that Tina was now going through her own recording from the last time.

Peering carefully further into the lounge, it became apparent that she was rather occupied at the moment, feeling herself through and under her clothing, the tell-tale buzz of a pleasuretoy also notable whenever she pushed her hand down the front of her unbuttoned trousers. She was having an intense thrill with her recordings, and Jeanna couldn't help but to feel it herself as well, watching those recordings of the last time, now from a third person's view, as if she was a pornstar herself.

Occasionally the camera's view was blocked by crashing waves, sometimes it dove underneath the surface to witness every frantic thrust of a tail, the swimming motions of the shark rocking its penetration from side to side... She decided to let her have that fun, even if she was slightly offended and angry at Mike for keeping those records. But Mike didn't exactly have tastes for women... They were probably necessary for the studies and for maintaining the experience between separate visits, as he had to craft each REMshaping dive apart from the others.

No similar dreams could be fashioned, unless the sleeper could bring them out herself. In that way it was a sort of lucid dream, giving the dreamer complete control over the situation but only in the personal sphere of one's thoughts. She decided to leave Tina by herself after a while, thinking how embarrassed she would be if she knew someone had caught up to her. She met Mike in the stairs, as surprised to see him as he was to see her.

- "Oh!"
- "Ah, good day, ms. Nolan. Don't worry, we don't have locked doors for people we know around here."
- "I'm sorry. And it's just Jeanna, please."
- "Of course it is." He smiled. "Fancy something to drink, per chance?"
- "Make mine a fresh orange juice. If you have oranges, that is."
- "Certainly. I make sure to always have some around."

- "I kind of expected you to."

He took a clear glass from above the counter. Real glass, not polymer - a display of class that was often forgotten at these times when life became more and more abstract and people forgot their personal pursuits. That's what they talked about for a good while, Jeanna sifting at her drink now and then while Mike polished glasses. Both were happy to see Tina appearing from the backroom door. Mike gave her a list of things to pick up if she had some time to visit a local supply. Jeanna gave her a smirk which made her blush at first, then straighten up her demeanor and head swiftly out to street without a word. The bartender gave her a questioning look, to which she replied with just a shrug and a little giggle. She finished the remaining juice in one pour.

She had been wondering why the club was so empty, and decided to ask now when they had some time to spare. He told her that the club was reserved for tonight, wondering whether she hadn't seen the sign at the door? She shook her head, trying to apologize before he cut her speech and let her know that it was all right. The cellar club wouldn't be a public region anyway. Some suits had apparently made a reservation, with guests coming over from the east side. It was quite customary to small-time companies to reserve popular clubs for entertaining their investors, "seeing the nightlife of the city" while keeping it comfortably behind locked doors. She laughed quietly at the idea while he just smiled, polishing the glasses.

Later, before the guests arrived, they tried to time their plays so that she wouldn't have to leave in the middle of the private party, nor having to wait while he would be more or less busy. The REMshaping could be run at its own pace now when the subject was familiar with the experience and no abnormal reactions were detected. She spent some time with Mike by the counter as he instructed the stand-by staff. It looked like they wanted their own staff to run the place as well, and while Mike didn't exactly like handing something that was his both personal project and life's work away for some goons to handle, he didn't really object either as it would give him a nice free evening to socialize with the patrons, who he knew to be at least somewhat influential in the corporate circles.

Tina was in the cellar clubroom while Mike and Jeanna appeared, about to prepare her for another REMshaping experience. Tina was about to leave when Jeanna smiled to her and asked whether she'd like to stay. She also admitted frankly that she had seen her going through the recordings, including hers, which made her blush. Mike took to the situation and grinned, asking whether she had been at it each time she couldn't hear him ask for something from upstairs. Tina was turning red from the embarrassment when Mike suddenly asked whether they would enjoy a ride together? It would be possible so that both would share the same dream. Jeanna smiled. Why not, indeed?

After a moment's preparation they dived together into the calm, crystal clear waters of the pacific. Jeanna had no swimming garments on, arriving as she had left the last time, and smiled to Tina who was still growing accustomed to the briny environment just as she had on her first dive. They soon swam and dived around, playing together in the

water for the sheer joy of it. Tina soon became scared at the thought of what Jeanna was about to do, not wanting to remain in the water, soon swimming back toward the shore while the shark-loving girl stood still, waiting.

She didn't have to wait for long, the familiar visage of her own great white soon steering its course toward her, swimming in slow and steady strokes as she treaded water, waiting for him to pass her and then take hold of his dorsal fin, bringing herself along for the swim. The shark swam up along the surface of the still waters surrounding the island, Tina following and trembling with excitement as the other girl rode that dangerous animal, even going as far as to masturbate herself against the majestic male's back, straddling his fin between her thighs.

Jeanna rode on that shark which was so familiar to her that she could have known the male for years, but yet so alien and distant from the human world in which she had lived all her life. She didn't let that matter now, though, and indulged in the pleasures of feeling his rasping skin against her thighs, squeezing the muscular back of the shark between them and kneading her pubic mound against it.

The splashing water and the jostling feel of his tail flicking from side to side were soon enough for her, making her moan out in pleasure, holding tightly onto that beast's fin as it sliced water, pinching at her nipple and jumping her waist to have the backside of his fin fit between her puffed lips. She whimpered as she rode the shark, riding the wave of ecstasy of her orgasm, while another girl on the beach witnessed all of the unreal scene before her eyes, soon touching herself as she did before when she viewed the videotapes of it...

Tina couldn't help but start caressing herself, taking in the sight before her eyes. She waded into the warm water, bringing her fingers to her pubes as she parted them and started massaging her slit slowly, running a finger along them. She watched as Jeanna and that beast swam together in the water, alert when she suddenly dropped off his back.

The shark swam faster as it took distance to her and turned around - she let out a surprised scream as the shark headed straight for Jeanna and bumped into her. Both vanished under the waves, only to emerge mere seconds later, and Tina's alertness turned rapidly into a thrill. She started fingering herself rapidly, unable to do more than just caress herself in the wonderfully massaging waves, looking in trance as Jeanna had been speared by the shark's maleness, making her scream out in joy, the male's freely flowing preseed running along her thighs.

Taken by her lover again, Jeanne was in sheer heaven... That male who took her so dominantly and possessively while she gave herself to the beast, leaning against its skin to feel the tingling caress that was like fine sandpaper as it rubbed to her exposed clit and the nipples which were rapidly becoming hard like two rubies. Each powerful stroke of his tail made that cock sink deeper into her, the force of the current pushing her down on it, and she let her body be skewered on his clasper, feeling the pulses of his preseed

as it ran into her.

She loved the feeling, being taken so fully... While his thrusts were not as frantic and fast as the tigershark she had first been taken by while entering this watery domain, they were certainly filled with passion, patience and pent lust. She held onto his pectoral fins, bucking her hips playfully down and away from him, but he wouldn't leave her voluntarily. Arching its body to enter her more readily and starting to pound deeper than he had ever been, he soon had Jeanna holding down yelps of joy as the shark entered her most private chamber, feeling his thrusts rush inside her every crevice. She closed her eyes and whined in pleasure, letting him have her freely.

And he did, the shark's swollen maleness hilted deep within her as they started swimming forward together, his female holding tightly onto him as he gained in speed, racing through the clear waters of the pacific. They leaped out of the waves and crashed back down, the relentless pounding of his mating making her peak in her pleasure over and over again. No matter how real it all feeled, the slight pain from his entry which was overcome with sheer joy, the slight coolness of the water, every little rub and bump of her massive lover, the way she was getting dizzy and how her toes curled, it was all becoming so surreal.

His swimming stopped as they drifted toward the shore, the great white now concentrating on just hilted into its female, and she helped with a grasp of the base of his cock, bucking her orgasming hips up to his bellysides... And both came together, the pulsing penetration swelling out with the gush of sperm that followed, each slash of his tail in sync with the pulses of his load, her thighs locking firmly around the shark's rounded tail as she took it all in, proud and ecstatic. Her squeals of joy were muffled by her lover's light white underbelly, until it was sadly time to part again.

Tina had caressed herself into an orgasm, having watched the two join with an animal lust and heard her pleased noises, now standing chest deep in the water and enjoying its soothing cool caress on her heated body. She started massaging between her thighs again, now thinking of Jeanna as she did. Her preferences spanned both guys and girls, having been first introduced to the latter shortly afterwards she left her parents' house and went to study accounting at an university, her roommates happy to have her along with their games...

She imagined for a good while, masturbating herself until she noticed something pushing against her pubic mound. The sudden touch made her jump and scream, but quickly joined Jeanna's giggling when she surfaced. The girls soon laid together in the shallow coast water, hands moving slowly and exploring along both tanned bodies, and not much later both were pinching nipples between fingers or stroking along patches of pubic hair and diving in between.

Tina blushed as she felt the along Jeanna's slightly open slit, letting two curious fingers slip inside and felt the slickness, her fingers soon entering and caressing within her

pussy which was drenched with the shark's come. She soon received similar treatment herself, the girls playing in the water by the island, Tina being oblivious to the way Jeanna was taking her slowly further from its coastline.

Tina was kneeled over Jeanna, giving her some oral attention as she caressed her head, keeping it down, and she couldn't notice her mischievous little smile before it was too late. She could feel a sleek breeze past her as a curious Mako shark circled the two, soon deciding to join in on the fun as it was driven wild by the scent of these females. Tina felt something brush along her raised behind, raising her head in surprise only to feel her head hitting into the chin of the shark, onto which Jeanne took hold by its fins. She received another surprise in her heated cunt as the shark arched out, penetrating her in one sleek thrust, screaming in surprise and pleasure as the 8 foot long shark noticed its purchase and started to pound on her!

Jeanna smiled to her and gave the shark a kiss on its nose, keeping Tina between her thighs as she struggled at first, not really sure whether she wanted this. She decided to just go with the flow as the male humped wildly into her, driving her into a sexual frenzy, leaning her hips into the lovely arch of her lover's crescent-ended tail. She had never imagined it to feel like this, the shark's clasper feeling like a cock did, only smoother as it didn't have that finishing-grit sandpaper like feel of the rest of its body.

It was nothing like a man's humping, or even the one of a dog - she had been quite curious during her university years, having flunked the school when she decided on living a bartender life... Instead it was a rapid, 8-figure thrusting as the shark made swimming motions against her, held back by Jeanna's hands on its fins and the bumps it made against Tina's sweet, shiny behind, the idle but still slightly swollen clasper rubbing against her thigh.

Tina started moaning louder and louder, encouraging that newfound lover of hers, "ohhh, yeah boy, give me a good pounding, do you love my pussy, mmmh, you sure do, give me that cock and bang me good..." She whimpered in pleasure and bucked back, nearly dismounting the shark who caught onto the name of the game quickly and decided to ride her like it was rodeo. It held fast onto her shoulders with its fins, leaving Jeanne her arms free to pinch down on Tina's nipples. She was getting a thorough fucking and loving every second of it, spurts of the male's preseed escaping her tight little pussy whenever it withdrew and sunk back in.

Jeanna noticed that the shark was nearing its orgasm and let go of Tina's sides. Tina whined in pleasure and surprise as she was taken toward the surface, not being held down by her grasp anymore, and decided to go fully into it. She leaned her waist away from the shark's grasp and turned around to grasp her arms around him, and the male swiftly resumed its interrupted task, hilding back within her. Only this time it hit her anus instead of her pussy, having gotten used to the location he found at first and now misaligned when she had turned around.

It didn't care, a tight and warm hole was as good as any other to him at that point, and it mated her with a fever that was beyond the agility of his larger cousins. Tina screamed in both sudden pain and sweet pleasure as she was taken anally, not a newcomer when it came to backdoor sex, but the suddenness and his wildness were certainly more than she was used to. The shark's freely flowing preseed slickened things up nicely though, and soon she succumbed fully to that lovely hard and fast mating, catching a glance at Jeanna from the corner of her eye.

She was left by herself, watching the two go at it while swimming slowly up toward the surface. She didn't make it far before she was bumped in the back by a broad nose, noting that her lover had come for another pass... She smiled up to him as she turned around, his tooth-lined mouth seemingly grinning back to her. She settled against him in that familiar position again, leaning downward until she could feel his erection push at her thighs and at the touch of his pre-seeping tip, let herself fall down along his underbelly and be speared down on that lovely cock. She winced in pleasure and grasped his rounded body with her arms, circling her arms as far around him as she could.

She loved getting seed from him, the great white shark that had been chosen by her. She had been chosen by him as well, the creature being only the sum of all her dreams, fears and lusts, her private thrill. In this simulated reality, however, he was very much a handsome hunter, a real shark from nose to tail... She was very happy that the shark's penile size was not in equal relation to their body size as it was with humans; She could take a lot of him inside of her, though she could feel him opening up new space within her as he pounded roughly, the shark taking her with a burning passion. She screamed in joy at the first orgasm, her hands raking along his skin as she grasped firmly on this wonderful beast, wanting to let him breed her as he wilt...

Tina could feel the male pounding her go faster and faster, nearly feeling like he would break something inside her ass, but instead just squirmed in pleasure, budding his body between her ample breasts and loving the way his skin felt against them. She whimpered out, "Mmmh, that's the way boy, give Tina a good pounding, mmmmh oooh yes, yes, give my ass a royal fucking!" as she broke to the surface of the water with him, feeling how his crescent tail stroked in the water and how his cock dug its way deeper inside her ass, the shark growing closer to its release and more desperate in its mating. She couldn't stand much more of it and just let go instead, pulling his body further up her chest and letting his tail thrash freely underneath her as the shark came. Its rapid slashes of tail turned into firm jerks upward into her, and she could feel its seed spurting forth and warming her rear, getting a good fill from him.

Jeanna moaned up to the shark when she could feel another breeze run along her back, noting that it was the familiar tigershark she had seen before. She couldn't tell whether she knew him by the markings or his demeanor, but there was a certain feel of familiarity as she felt it settle against her back, the great white bucking up toward her and mating

her with its slow, royal style, its tail treading both water and her pussy while she disregarded the tiger's slow slide against her.

She was suddenly made to give attention to him as she could feel its erection slide between her thighs... She squealed in surprise and pain as she received a big sharkdick up her anus, one huge cock already hilted inside her pussy! Suddenly she was being fucked from both sides, both males mating her, not competing about it as both were able to enter her. She sort of hoped that her white shark would drive the other away, but it was too occupied with mating her to care for one or the other, instead gaining in pace when the shark sandwich moved slightly faster through the ocean.

Tina was back in play with her earlier acquaintance, noting that it had brought a friend along, and now she found herself trying to get into a similar predicament that Jeanna had gotten herself into. She grinned to herself, amused at the way karma seemed to be at work against Jeanna for making her be taken in surprise. She didn't have much time to giggle at her, for she got her own pair as well, both sleek mako sharks taking both of her entrances which she had offered so eagerly - and now got her will...

She moaned in pleasure as both males went to town at the same time on her, mating her in unison. She got a deep and thorough pounding from both, letting herself be carried by them as she leaned her arms behind herself, wrapping them around the shark which was wildly fucking on her rump as it was a new female for him, and bringing her thighs lovingly around the gently swimming male that had taken her at first, now back in her pussy that was rightfully his by claim... She moaned and took turns, bucking back against both of the sharks.

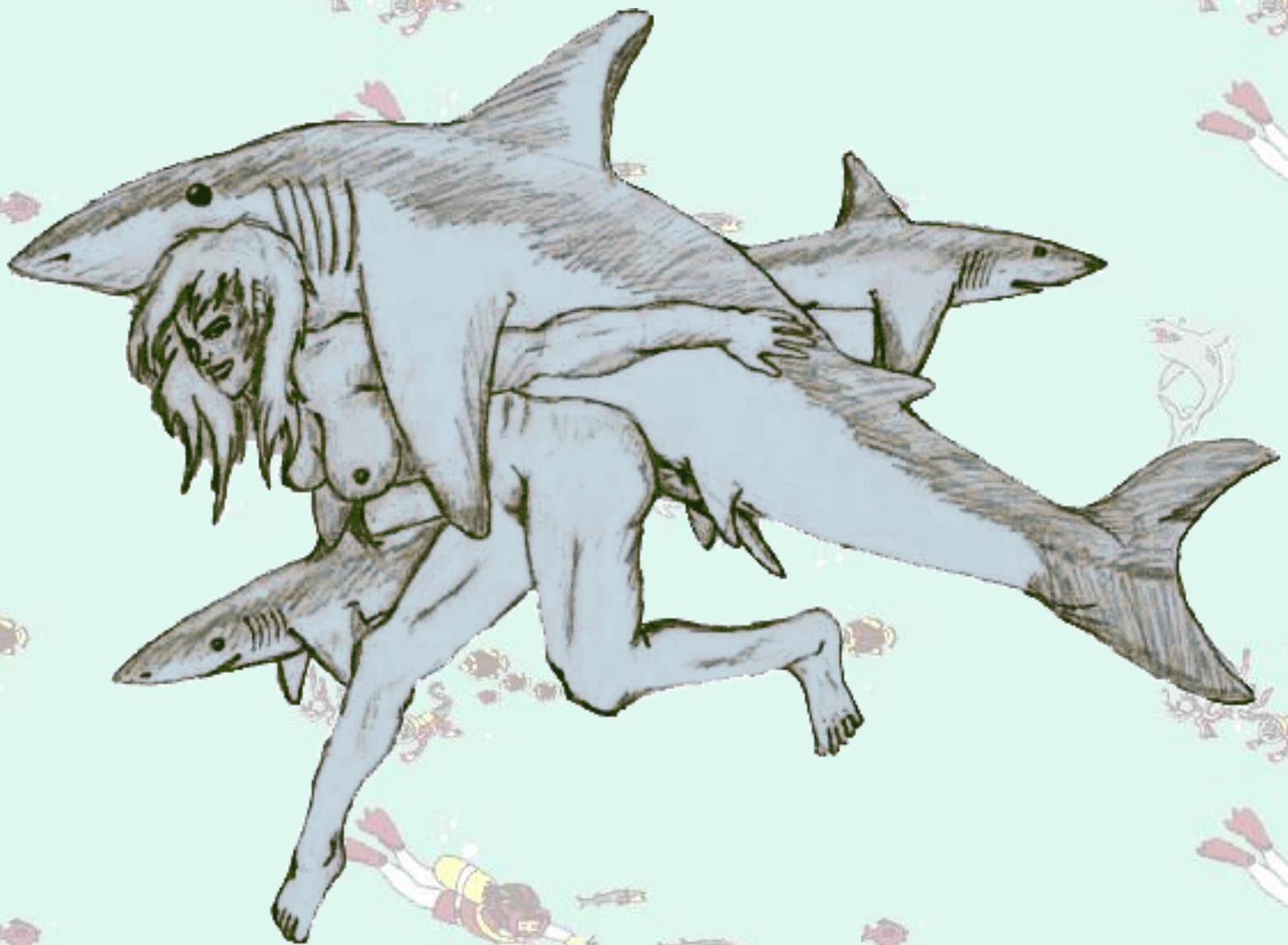
The surface of the water was live with the wildly mating males circling both of the girls, eager to sink themselves deeper into the warm tightness and give their loads for their females... Jeanna winced in pain at the firm fucking her ass was getting, screaming in pleasure from the deep and slow mating the great white was giving, his cock sinking deep into her pussy with each stroke of his tail, nearly slipping out on the stroke out as the tigershark on her back contributed with plenty of wild slashes with its tail, eager to come within her.

The shark on Tina's backdoor hadn't gotten its turn to spill seed either, the more fittingly slim dick banging her experienced rump for gold. She bucked back against it, only to have the one in front of her pound forward with its tail, the fucking becoming a dance for them.

Jeanna was no longer at a crossroads with her two males, the tiger's pounding away at her rump being more pleasurable now that his preseed had lubed up her behind, succumbing fully to the wild mating, grasping at both males with her arms as she was sandwiched for pleasure. Tina was soon reaching another orgasm, unable to hold back from the wild and passionate pounding, Jeanna feeling her own peak approaching rapidly as well, and then a tidal wave of pleasure started to roll in the frenzied orgy, both

girls coming from the wonderful attentions they were receiving, each male coming at their turn and filling their claims with hot sperm...

They had no idea they were being watched. Both were laying comfortably together in the bathtub, away in their own simulated world while a projectorwall had been setup in the cellar club, and several of the high-ranked corporate officials were enjoying the show along with their lapdancing girls. Some of the group were smiling, some where astounded at what they saw. At the end of the show, Mike examined a business card a foreign executive had left for him, "and the girls" as he had said...



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