



The Dive

(MF, rom)

By Anonymous

A story about a sexual encounter underwater. (MF, rom)

Beach is empty at this time and only a few persistent joggers trot along the water line. I walk on the cool sand with a large sports bag slung over the shoulder. The bag contains one of the most important advancements in the world of underwater swimming since the invention of scuba gear. It is one of the reasons for my being right here right now.

My thoughts are far from this brilliant invention as I look sideways at the wonderful creature who walks beside me. Julie. The goddess of my fantasies. Her slender body looks gorgeous in a swimsuit as the muscles flex in her swaying hips and breasts bounce slightly with every step she takes. Her breasts are not large, yet not too small, just the perfect size to fit in my hand as I stroke them gently while...

"George, I still don't understand something," she said interrupting my musings. "This device splits water into hydrogen and oxygen, and we use the oxygen to breathe. So where does the energy for splitting come from? The battery here looks much too small for that."

"You're right, it is too small. If all needed energy came from the battery, then you would sink under the battery's weight. When the water is split, only part of the oxygen that's produced goes to the breathing tube.

Whatever is left over is rerouted and reacts with hydrogen to produce water and electricity. Electricity partially recharges the small battery and water is dumped. In other words, we have a fuel cell. Freshmen chemistry, remember?"

"Sort of... So, the battery is supplemented and last longer than the traditional air tank, thus making you the inventor of a very valuable piece of equipment. Well, congratulations!"

"That's it, in a nutshell. I knew you'd understand sooner or later."

She playfully pushed me in the shoulder and an excited current ran through my body, as it always does at her touch. This reminded me of something incredible that happened not so long ago -- we kissed for the first time.

An uncertain touch of two pairs of lips grew into an ecstatic embrace and I felt like the happiest person in the world. I still feel that way with her beside me.

Finally we came to the right spot by the water and I unpacked the gear. There were two pairs of flippers, two masks, and two devices that looked like props from one of my favorite movies, "Ghostbusters." They were two large backpacks with an intricate array of tubes and wires visible under the semi-transparent plastic cover.

I noticed Julie's skeptical stare as she studied the water splitters.

"This looks almost too complicated to work when it'll have to work."

"Are you saying you're scared and want to leave?"

"Hey, I didn't wake up at this ridiculous time just to come to the beach and go home. If it was tested, then there is nothing to be scared of. I'm a little anxious, but that happens with every new thing in life."

With that settled, we put on the backpacks, masks, flippers and prepared to enter to enter the underwater looking like the some exotic animals of the deep. I noticed how light the water splitters were -- their weight never ceased to surprise me, even though I've used them several times during the tests. Finally, we were in the water and the ocean

enveloped us with a warmth that was left over from yesterday's the scorching sun.

I pushed off with the flippers and found myself floating in complete weightlessness, as if the ocean's surface was a magic barrier that protected everything below from the pulling hand of gravity. Fiery columns of sunlight shot through the green water and danced on the swaying weeds, which moved back and forth so slowly that I once again doubted the existence of gravity. Am I still on the same planet?

That thought reminded me of something, and I checked the oxygen pressure indicator to make sure I stay that way. So far, the backpack was working perfectly.

I breathed with relief as Julie, swimming a few paces in front, did the same and seemed to be satisfied.

With every minute we grew more and more used to this strange environment. Julie seemed very interested in the dark green weeds, small fishes and an occasional seahorse that were lurking along the sandy ocean floor. She was a graduate student in biology and, even though marine life was never her particular field of study, I could see she was fascinated to see in nature everything that was so familiar from textbooks.

I stared at something that was much more appealing than fish and sea shrubs. Julie's thighs were moving up and down in small arcs as she propelled herself through the water, emphasizing the graceful curve of her hips and buttocks. At that moment, my mind went blank as I tried to think of a body that was shaped better than hers. An iron-hard pulsing erection came to life under my shorts and an image that was half-memory, half-imagination filled my mind.

The taste of her smooth, delicious smelling skin on my lips, the sensation of myself inside her, her eyes locked with mine as we cry out with ecstasy. I longed to be on firm ground so that could continue what we started, but that will have to wait a few hours... or will it? I moved closer to Julie, took her hand and we continued to move through the water.

The touch of her hand excited me even more and she noticed my erection, which was apparent in the horizontal position of swimming. The resistance of water to my erected cock gave me a sensation as if I was being masturbated by some skillful invisible hand and my penis began to slightly pulse up and down.

At this point Julie slowed down for some reason and I completely stopped. She stared at my shorts with great interest and then looked up. How I wanted to kiss her! "No, can't do" - I commanded to my hand as it started the movement that would pull out the mouthpiece.

I saw her beautiful large grey eyes through the transparent mask. At that moment for the first time in my life I understood what countless writers meant when they described how

one's desires are reflected in the eyes. "I want you," her eyes said, "I need you as bad as you need me." She tenderly put her hands on my shoulders, still unsure of what she wanted to do. After all, ten feet under water, with our faces covered by masks and mouthpieces, was certainly not a conventional setting for any kind of love-making, no matter how willing the participants are.

My first reaction was a brew of emotions. She wants me! But couldn't she wait until we get out of the water to express that, what can we do about it here? Yet, there is nothing to prevent us from trying, I thought, and embraced Julie.

Her body felt soft and warm, which created a sensuous contrast with the water surrounding us. We were suspended in weightlessness between the surface and the bottom of the ocean, so that our only sensation was each other's body. Julie's touch did not seem to disappear once she touched one spot and moved on to the next -- I felt her in every crevice and on every square inch of my skin.

I untied her bra and for a moment was completely frozen while taking in her beauty. My hands slowly caressed her, roving over each breast then moving to her thighs and buttocks. Our bodies pressed toward each other and Julie wrapped her legs wrapped around me as my unyielding phallus began to rub against her vagina. Both of us shuddered with pleasure upon the first contact.

I slid the bulge in my shorts up and down Julie's bikini-covered Entrance to Paradise, as one Hindu poet precisely called it, and felt more and more energy build up in my groin. My body cried out for more and I felt that Julie wanted to go on. I pulled down her bikini and she rid me of my shorts in a slow, teasing movement. Our clothes flowed down to the bottom like so much dumped garbage.

My penis, now unrestrained, pointed straight up. Julie grabbed it and started gently rubbing her clitoris, which drove me more and more crazy with every touch. Our movements were slowed down by the water and everything seemed to be a dream, one of the best dreams I've ever had. A thought crossed my mind and was gone in a millisecond - "I'd better not wake up now."

Finally, we could no longer stand to be separated as two bodies and had to become one, at least temporarily. I entered Julie and felt the hot warmth of her inner sanctum. The phallus slowly dove until its entire shaft was inside her and the first wave of pleasure coursed through our bodies. I withdrew, then entered her again and Julie closed her eyes in bliss as she grabbed my butt and pushed me inside herself with a stronger force.

We slowly sank down to the sandy seabed and softly landed on our sides facing each other. I hardly noticed it; all of my senses were filled with the beautiful woman whose body was joined to mine. Much later, I will realize that none of this would've been possible with bulky conventional scuba gear, but at that moment I was very far from these thoughts.

The urge to kiss her came back with a new force, but that was impossible. I felt the energy of orgasm building up faster and faster. Julie swayed her hips to match my strokes as her body was beginning to tense and I sensed that we both were on the brink of ecstasy.

I imagined that I could feel her waves of pleasure build up in strength together with mine and resonate through both of our bodies, making the explosion in my groin many times more intense than I've ever thought possible. That was the moment when Julie came into orgasm. Vaginal muscles gripped my penis inside her, her body tensed and I could almost hear her scream out in throbs of pleasure as clouds of exhaled bubbles carried away any sound she would've made. At that moment I lost all awareness of my surroundings.







All I could feel was Julie's body next to mine and myself inside her, both caught in a tsunami of ecstasy that carried us to the its peak. Several moments, or it could've been minutes, passed and the wave began to subside. These amazing spasms grew weaker and weaker as I slowly withdrew from her after a few more strokes.

We lay on the sea-bottom in blissful exhaustion caressing each other's bodies and feeling a newfound closeness that was created without saying a word, or making any other sound. Julie pointed up and I knew immediately what she meant. We picked up our clothes, ascended to the surface and took off the masks and breathing tubes as soon as it was possible.

Julie pressed herself to me and covered my mouth with a hungry, starving kiss so that I knew she was suppressing the same urge as myself. I responded in kind and felt the deliciously sweet taste of her tongue against mine. At that moment we stopped all movement and the next taste I felt was that of salty ocean water as we were caught by the oncoming wave with our diving masks off. "Let's go back," she said with a smile and I didn't argue.

I was already looking forward to us coming back to my apartment after the beach and

this prompted another full-power erection.

I love how a woman looks underwater...

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