







# Enticing Him (Sirens #3)

**Author:** Rosa Mink

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** Celestia

When my two best friends and I learn that we have one chance to stop ourselves from becoming full-fledge sirens, we have to take it. We have seven days to find a man and make him fall in love with us—without using our powers to make it happen.

I can't believe that I'm walking around with humans like the ones I've seen on the beaches. This place is so much bigger than I expected, and I want to explore so much. Even more, I want to find a man that will love me the way I've dreamt of being. I'm shocked when I find a man that makes me want to never be away from him so quickly. This can't really be happening, can it? Finding exactly what I need like magic?

Hes amazing and makes delicious coffee, something I've learnt I love, and I want nothing more than to stay with him forever. But how will he react to learning my secret and is it even possible to get him to fall in love with me in just seven days? I pray to the gods that it is, because I don't want to leave him—not ever.

Dane

I was drawn to this seaside town seven years ago, not really understanding why I chose to stay when I hate the beach. Something about the place felt right, so I stayed. Met two guys who are my best friends now, and run a café and create specialty coffee blends, while ignoring all of the women that look my way. I don't want any of them, so what's the point in wasting my time even talking to them?

At least that's how I've felt until the most gorgeous girl walks into my kitchen, and I know the moment I see her that she's mine. The desire burning between us is something I imagined was as much a myth as love at first sight, but I'm quickly learning just how real they both are. Celestia is the most amazing thing to come into my life and all I want is to forever be her home.

She's only here for seven days. Is it possible to get her to fall as deeply in love with me as I am with her in that short of a time? Is it too soon to ask her to stay and be mine forever? I don't know what others might think about it, but I for one, don't think it is. I just don't want to run her off—but not telling her I love her gets harder every

# Page 1

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Celestia

Serenia and I break the surface of the lagoon at the same time, and I stare at Melodia curiously asking her, “Okay, what was so urgent you’d risk sending a message to meet you here through someone else?”

“Yeah, my mother almost got to it first and you know that woman would have flipped her fins to know we’re still speaking,” Serenia adds, her gold-green eyes slipping around the space with a smile. Of all of us, Serenia loves this place the most. Says it reminds her of the time she spent with her father before her mother found her. She’s the only one of us that ever knew a father’s love and maybe that’s why she’s been able to resist the pull of the cold so well, even beyond Melodia and me.

“What would you all say if I told you I found a loophole that could keep us from becoming full-fledge sirens? That if we do this, we can leave the ocean entirely behind us?” Melodia asks and I can’t stop the hope that hits hard and fast, but I quickly squash it down, not about to get my hopes up too much just yet.

“I’d say if you’re lying it’s the cruelest joke ever,” I reply and Serenia nods in agreement.

“I’m not lying,” she promises, her sweet turquoise eyes not holding a hint of a lie as her pink hair with its pops of white floats around her body and the hope comes back fast and hard. “I’ve been sneaking over to the records hall in the mornings before anyone else is awake,” she explains, and I nod in understanding as to how she’s gotten by unseen to have possibly found something the others wouldn’t want us to know.

Sirens are generally more nocturnal than other beings. It stems from ancient times as night on the ocean was most dangerous, and sirens could easily lure men to their deaths. Some sirens are attracted to the morning dawn as sailors would be tired from long nights, and most susceptible to believing that what they saw on the horizon was true, there really was a landmass just ahead and they were nearly home.

I'm even more so a night person than the other sirens in our Lycophron, whereas both Serenia and Melodia both love the morning dawn. When it breaks, I'm usually headed somewhere dark and quiet to get some rest. A lot of times I've been out spying on humans, wishing for what they have, and only part of it is their legs. I want someone to want to hold me the way humans I've seen do on the beaches—at least the nice ones. I'd be more apt to give into the bloodlust and kill someone if a man treated me like the mean ones.

"I hoped to find something in the histories that would show at least one other siren managed to stop the cold from overtaking them, but I didn't," Melodia states and my eyes turn to a glittering silver mist and the clouds begin to block out the sun without truly meaning to. Our powers are affected by our emotions, especially the ones that fill us with cold like anger and fury. The bloodlust rushes in though when we use them so we do our best to limit our intentional usage, but the accidental ones like this, we can only try to minimize afterwards.

"You said you weren't lying about finding a loophole," I state trying to tame the flash of anger deep down again.

"I'm not, I promise. In my research I found a single line of text that I think will help all of us though. It said that if a siren passes their twenty-first birthday without taking a mortal life, they are allowed one chance to find love, given to them by Aphrodite."

"That's it?" Serenia asks when Melodia stops, the hope in her eyes fades as quickly as what's in my heart is.

“That was all that was in that text, but I finally found another mention of Aphrodite in the ancient texts,” she answers us. “It said that after the sirens were plucked out of the sky and plunged into the water, that Aphrodite offered them a chance to find love once more. She gifted them with beauty to go along with the original sirens’ sweet songs and allowed them to transform when on land back into women.”

“But they ended up luring men to the water and killed them instead,” Serenia says, and I stare at Melodia for more because all of that is common knowledge amongst our kind. The only reason that Hera and Athena couldn’t chase the sirens further was because they were in Poseidon’s territory then, and they couldn’t fight their way through it. Aphrodite didn’t try to fight him to gain access to the sirens, instead, she had them lift their heads above water to grant them the gift of beauty and gave them the chance to have legs again when they touched the earth as it was no single god or goddess’ territory.

“Yes, that much of what we were told is true,” Melodia says, her tone calming as she continues. “What they never told us was that the men that they first killed were the same men that threw them into the water. Aphrodite was angry that they wasted their chance, that they allowed the coldness to consume them so easily, but she also understood the desire to avenge against the men that made them that way. Which is why she didn’t take back the gift of beauty she gave them. Instead, she offered the chance to those who didn’t have a cold heart to find happiness.”

“Meaning what?” I ask sharing a confused look with Serenia that makes Melodia smile a bit.

“Meaning that if a siren doesn’t kill a mortal man before the end of their twenty-first birthday, when our powers reach our full peak, that siren gets the chance to find love. For seven days, the same time that our ancestors had been on land, we will transform completely. We’ll have seven days to find a man, have him fall in love with us, without the use of our powers. If he does, then we cannot become full sirens. Our

mortal half will not die and turn to stone inside us, and we'll get to keep our powers, the ability to transform back into a siren when in the water, but the cold won't drag us to the depths with the others," she states and Serenia's jaw doesn't fare any better than mine as they drop hard.

"So, when you say transform completely on land, you mean have legs for real and not just the mirage that men see when they're lured to the shore to mate," Serenia asks, and she nods. "I could go run through a field of flowers again? Go deep into the forest and breathe in the untouched air?"

"And not just for the seven days if we find love," Melodia says, making the deepest hope flood through me entirely, so deep I don't think it'll be possible to stamp it down again, which is dangerous, especially if I go near my mother who never wants me to be happy.

She's furious that I've refused to kill, threatened me with harm if I don't learn to give into what I am. There's not much that can hurt a siren. We're immortal so most injuries heal without any lasting damage. It takes immense strength to kill a siren, most humans don't possess that strength, although other sirens and even god offspring might. Sirens only kill another siren as a final course of action. They'll gladly injure others if they've stolen their intended victim, especially amongst members of different Lycophrons, but most of those injuries are recoverable.

The only other option beyond killing a siren to keep them out of another's waters is to cause enough injury that would keep a siren from being able to swim. I've only heard of one instance of that happening before and while that siren is still alive, she's now become infused with the rocks that she lies on in a cave. She's more stone than anything as they've spent thousands of years forming around her. Even with all of that, she still somehow manages to lure men to her and kill them. That's how bad the bloodlust of a full-fledge siren is and why I want to avoid the risk of turning into a monster if there's the slightest chance of it.

“We’d be able to go swim whenever we want but we’d always return to mortal form when on land,” Melodia adds with a dreamy smile

“Sounds great, except in order to maintain it, we have to make someone fall in love with us in seven days,” I say a bit sarcastically to ignore how desperate for it I am. Probably more than Serenia or Melodia, since I spend so much time watching humans fall in and out of it. I’ve seen some deep love though and that’s what I want the most. Especially since we’re facing an endless life of cold bloodlust running rampant through our bodies.

“I know it’s not much time, but it’s not impossible. We’ve seen real couples fall fast when we sneak up to the beaches at night. It can happen,” Melodia assures us.

“Except we have to get through our birthday to get the chance, and you’ve heard that the urge that day is greater than anything else. It’s why we’re encouraged to kill before then, so the thirst isn’t as great and we don’t do something stupid and draw real attention to us,” Serenia warns.

“Which is why we’ll need to do this together. We’ve made it this long without giving in,” Melodia states calmly. “Our birthday is in three weeks. It should be easy to get to then ignoring the others urging us towards it and if we come here or to the other lagoon early on our birthday, together we can keep the cold from finding us.”

“I guess it’s a good thing we all have the same birthday, isn’t it?” I suggest when Serenia agrees it’s the only possible way to manage it.

“Really lucky for me since it meant my dad was able to find me before my mother made it into the ocean,” Serenia says with a sigh. “Although I think it’d be better to not remember that first transformation and I seriously hope it doesn’t hurt that much to do it now.”



Melodia gives Serenia a little hug, sensing her pain that we've agreed likely came more from seeing her father die than the physical transformation into her siren body.

Unlike fully mortal babies, sirens have to be born on land in order to be able to breathe outside of the water. If we're born in water, we're nothing more than vicious sea creatures as well. None of the beauty granted to our kind comes through which makes it harder to lure men in to feed upon their souls to survive.

It's uncommon for more than one siren to birth a child in a year, let alone to have three come on the same day. Serenia was the only one of us that was born on our mother's due date. I was nearly a month early, while Melodia was a complete surprise and was over six weeks early.

Thankfully, being early didn't harm either her or me. Our siren half gave us strength and once we'd drawn our first breath on land, we were whisked straight into the water and brought to our home where the rest of the sirens' powers helped to complete the transformation.

Us being early though left Serenia's mother with only one of the birthers to support her. Her labor was longer, but easier than Melodia's mother's or mine and no one thought there was any danger in leaving them.

No one gave a single thought to the fact that Serenia's father managed to escape her mother's first attempt on his life. He was what we would have called a warrior in ancient times, which is what drew her mother to him to start. He tracked her and when she was giving birth to Serenia, he managed to knock the birther out once Serenia was here, and he took Serenia inland quickly, keeping her away from the ocean until she was four. Which meant she didn't transform fully, had legs and looked like a normal child until then. Her first transformation didn't happen until her mother stole her back, and when Serenia first came to us, her terror was clear. Something about it drew Melodia and me to her, and since then, we've been the best

of friends.

Each of us has a different power, ones that the others in the Lycophron want to exploit because they're greater than theirs—more accurate and likely to work. Until we were teens, we didn't really understand the full depth of them, of what the others wanted from them, but once we did, we agreed to never use our powers to kill. That it was wrong. That even harming or luring someone made a coldness that we hated attack us.

“So, are we in agreement? The three of us, here, on our birthday?” Melodia asks us and we nod taking our time to get ourselves under control before we leave the lagoon.

I don't know how hard it will be to keep this from my mother, but I'm going to do my best. There's no way I'll survive living like this forever. Sooner or later the desire to kill will be too much to ignore, and I'll give into it.

No matter how much I don't want to, how despicable I find the thought of it, even towards those vile men that I've heard say awful things to women. I still don't think I could kill them. Not unless I come across another one that takes a life first. Especially if he's close enough to the water that I could drag him into it, or his attention can be brought to me, and I can put him under my control.

If I come across someone like that, there's no telling what I'd be capable of, and it terrifies me. Which is why this has to work. It might just be our only chance to not despise ourselves for all eternity.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Celestia

I make my way down the little walking path with Melodia, trying not to get discouraged that it's been a couple hours since Serenia was so taken with that man at the park that she couldn't help but leave with him. Neither Melodia nor I have seen anyone that's made us feel like giving a second glance towards. As quickly as it happened for Serenia, I'd hoped that we'd be the same too. But what's the actual chance that all three of us will find men in the same place that we can make fall in love with us?

Were we crazy to think it'd be so simple once we were past the worst of the pull of the cold? That we'd just find a man that we could entice and live happily ever after out of the water?

When Melodia came to us, telling us about the loophole to keep from being turned into full-fledge sirens, I'd never been so happy. It seemed simple enough. Make it past our twenty-first birthday—which was yesterday—without killing anyone, and we'd get to experience Aphrodite's gift. To have legs and walk on land for seven days. All we had to do to keep them, was to make a man fall in love with us, without using our powers on them.

Simple surely? But after seeing all of these men and being unable to even think of going near them, I don't know how simple that's really going to be, but I'm not giving up just yet. No, I don't want to go back to the ocean and eventually be unable to fight off the cold bloodlust that our kind are known for—to eventually kill.

I really hope we all find it, but even if I don't, I still want my best friends to be free.

They've always been softer than I was. I don't know if it was just my connection with the sky—particularly the night sky—that made me feel the urges deeper than for them, but it was a desperate fight to control myself at times. Especially the night I found that man attacking the girl whose clothes we're now wearing. If he'd been closer to the water, I can't guarantee that I wouldn't have attacked him in return.

I hold back a sigh as I spot a man and woman up ahead of us, almost blocking the walkway. It's not because they're blocking it, but because they're kissing, in ways that I've come across lovers doing on the beach late at night when they think they're all alone.

The ones that were rough, where the woman was calling out to stop, and trying to fight him off, I'd do my best to interrupt. A few times I used my powers to disorient them enough and the woman would run away. I would have to fight even harder to control the coldness that sliced through my body when that happened, making me fear I was just as bad as the others were, and it would be just a matter of time before I took a life.

But the ones that were sweet and kind, even if they were passionate, I would watch and wish for someone like that to come along for me. To want me enough, even if I was a siren and unable to live outside of the water, that we could have a daughter, and he would keep her safe—away from the water other than to come visit me. To let her live the life that I desperately wanted—on the land.

Now, I have one chance to make all of that happen, but in an even better way, because I'd be able to stay with them, live with them on land without fear of what I am destroying my life.

A sweet scent hits the air, and I can't stop from sighing aloud this time, "Mmm, something smells amazing."

“I don’t know about that,” Melodia states as I turn down a new path rather than crossing the one ahead of us with the other people.

“No, it’s like heaven,” I argue, my feet moving faster before I turn into a smaller path between two buildings and push open a door making her hiss at me but for some unknown reasons, I just can’t stop.

“What are you doing? This doesn’t look like...” Melodia stops when a deeper voice from inside calls out to us.

“We’re not open to the public back here.”

“Sorry,” I say, drinking in a deep breath that smells like pure absolute bliss, better than anything I’ve ever smelled. “Something just smelled so good.”

“That’s the newest coffee roast we’re making,” the man says coming out from behind a wall, his feet stopping when his gaze lands on me and a little gasp slips from my mouth at the sight of him. He’s gorgeous and big, likely as big as the man that Serenia went with, but his hair is sandy like the beach, whereas the other man’s was dark brown like the dirt. “Would you like to try some?”

“If we’re not supposed to be here,” Melodia says hesitating, and the man’s eyes slip to her for a second before they come straight back to me, making my heart race entirely. Melodia is stunning, soft, and sweet looking with her pink and white hair. While mine reflects the turbulence inside me more with its grayish-blue tone and the pops of golden sage that help keep me camouflaged when I’m resting just on the beach, amongst plants and rocks and sand.

“I own the place so I can make an exception,” he says to me, and a smile slips onto my face that pulls a deep sound from him that simply makes want to get closer.

“You make coffee?” I ask him and he nods. “I would love to try it.”

“It’s this way,” the man offers, holding out his arm to point through the space towards the front.

“I’m not a coffee fan, sorry, but you should stay,” Melodia tells me with a grin as I glance from her to the man, not wanting to leave yet. “I’m just going to check out the rest of town.”

“Are you sure?” I ask and she nods, backing back out the door leaving us alone.

I can’t take my eyes off the man as I move closer, my heart racing making it hard to hear as I draw up just in front of him. His eyes are the lightest blue I’ve ever seen, like the clearest waters over sandy beaches, and I don’t think I’ll ever be able to think of anything but him when I see them now.

“Hi beautiful,” he says, his hand reaching out and I almost collapse at the jolt that rushes through me when his hand slips so gently onto my cheek, those eyes of his studying my silvery gaze. “I’m Dane.”

“Celestia,” I get out on a breathless whisper.

“Pretty name for a pretty girl that reminds me of the night sky—beautiful and tempting,” he states making my body heat entirely and I can’t stop from leaning further into him, shivering a hint when his arm slips around my waist, keeping me there. “Are you new to town? Just visiting? I know I’ve never seen you before. I wouldn’t have let you go without finding out more about you if I had.”

“My friends and I are visiting for the week. We just got here this morning,” I add as he drags in a deep breath at the mention of a week. “We wanted to get away to celebrate our birthdays.”

“Yeah? When are they?” he questions, not letting me go but I don’t mind. In fact, I want even more of it. Of his touch. His hold.

“Yesterday, we were born on the same day—same year,” I add as his eyes widen a hint at that news. “We just turned twenty-one.”

“Babies still,” he teases, and I feel my cheeks heat more as his eyes twinkle my way. “Means I know you’ll be around for a long time though, won’t you, baby? Sweet, young, and mine now.”

“Am I?” I ask, sinking against him entirely, looking up into his face, seeing hunger there that makes every bit of me wake.

I’ve seen other men look at the sirens that way, but only when under a spell. There’s no sky in here for me to manipulate, to put him under, and the hope that just maybe this can turn from a sexual hunger into more by the end of the week grows deep within me. Feelings that only mildly were cruising through me when I’d spy couples on the beach are now racing through my blood, erasing every hint of cold, leaving just heat in its place that feels so good, so sweet, that I can’t begin to look away from him.

“Oh, you are, baby. Going to be all mine too. I don’t like sharing, not anything, but especially not my dates,” he adds on a low growly tone that slides straight through the heart of me. There’s an unstated pain within that tone and I want to know the stupid woman that hurt him to pay her back.

“Not even your heavenly smelling coffee?” I tease in return, smiling as his eyes return to that twinkling state that I loved. “Seems a shame to keep it all to yourself and not let others enjoy it.”

“They can buy it. You I’ll give it to for free, it’ll just cost you in another way,” he

suggests, a smile on his lips and my heart can't seem to stop jumping in my chest.

"What will it cost me if not money?" I question as his face dips down towards me.

"This," he whispers against my lips, claiming them and my heart instantly as his.

The heat from the kiss nearly engulfed me, dampening all of my other senses as I gave myself entirely over to it and him. His lips teased at mine, drawing them apart, his tongue teasing along the upper edge of my mouth, making me gasp.

The second his tongue touched mine, stars burst behind my closed eyelids, making me sink even further into him and his hold. His mouth fused to mine, his hands roaming down my waist over my hips and back onto my butt that's covered with a pair of black shorts. I moan when his fingers slip against the edge of the shorts, teasing my skin, and I can't begin to stop him when he lifts me up, pulling me entirely against his chest.

My legs wrap around his waist, as though they just know what they're supposed to do, rather than me controlling them as I had to in order to walk for the first time just this morning. My tail turned to legs just after midnight when our birthday passed and Aphrodite's gift settled onto us. It took a bit to get used to them to start, so now, for them to move like this is a bit shocking, but it feels so good being pressed tightly up against him. I don't want to pull away.

Actually, I still want to get closer.

My arms wrap around his neck, holding the back of his head as his tongue delves even deeper into my mouth from this angle. My legs squeeze tighter and my hips rock, pressing into his hard stomach, and something indescribable flows through my body, making me want to feel it again. My hips move again, pushing upwards a bit harder, and that feeling rockets through me once more, making me gasp beneath the



kiss.

The world tilts a bit, pulling my eyes open, and I moan as Dane pushes me back against the wall he came around earlier. His hands move to my hips, pulling me down just a bit, and I can't stop the cry that falls as his lips come down on my neck, at the same time that he presses fully against me between my legs. His hips push upwards, sending a hardness straight against the newly exposed part of me the legs created, and it feels like absolute bliss. Tells me why women want men between their legs, and I want to feel him between mine without these clothes.

My hands slip down, reaching for the button of his pants, and he jerks back a bit, cursing roughly before his hand gently wraps around my wrists, pulling them back. His breathing is as hard and rough as mine is, soothing me and my worries that I did something wrong and he's going to push me away, not want to see me again. I don't think I could handle that. There's no other man I'd want to make fall in love with me than him.

"I didn't mean to get so carried away in here, baby," he whispers to me before raising his voice adding, "Everything's fine, Chris. I'm going to be heading out in a few. Make sure to lock up for me."

"Sure thing, boss," I hear another person say, my cheeks heating entirely at the closeness of it. It sounds like it's just on the other side of the wall from us and my eyes search Dane's curiously.

"He must have heard you crying out, thought I'd probably gotten hurt on the machines or something. It's been known to happen when I'm working on new blends, and the beans don't grind as they should. Sometimes, depending on what I'm combing, there's moisture that gets trapped in the beans from the roasting process and it clogs the electric grinder," Dane says, his voice nice and soft, gentle as his hands wrap around me once more, pulling me away from the wall.

“Is that why...”

“You didn’t hear him yelling to see if everything was okay?” Dane asks and my cheeks heat even further. “You were too eager to get into my pants to worry if there was anyone else here, hmm? That’s okay, I like that thought, just not here where others could hear you crying out while I’m taking you or walk in and see your sweet little body all laid out and bare for me. I have blends I planned to take home and test in the morning and over the next few days, see if the taste was just as good after being opened for multiple days. What would you say to coming home with me? We can have a little taste test, and then I can see if anything begins to taste as good as your body.”

My heart races even faster, the look in his eyes saying exactly what he means as they linger on my breasts. “I say take me home, Dane.”

“Thank the fuck,” he whispers before his lips cover mine again, but it’s just a quick kiss before he’s sliding me back onto my feet. His hand wrapped around mine and I follow him through the space, letting him grab a basket with several containers in it, before leading me out another door and towards a car.

It’s a dark blue color and I love the smoothness of the seat he puts me in. It’s warm from the sun, teasing me into a drowsy state, making me feel like I’m floating in the lagoon sleeping as the midday sun shines down over me—the closest thing I’ve ever felt to true perfection until I was in Dane’s arms.

I want to live in them from here forward and I whisper a plea to Aphrodite to help me make him love me so I can do just that.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Dane

My mind is racing as I pull up to the house, my eyes slipping back to the most gorgeous girl I've ever laid eyes on resting in my passenger seat. Her eyes are mostly shut against the sun's brightness, hiding those gorgeous silvery eyes from me.

I want to see if they darken again when I have my mouth all over her. It was the sexiest look I've ever seen, and I'd have killed to have had her undo my pants and free my cock earlier.

If Chris hadn't interrupted us, I sure as hell would have taken her right there, in the roasting kitchen where I come up with new blends for my specialty line. Most people in town think I just run this small café and make up small batches of coffee, but in reality, this is just an offshoot from the full company. I opened it under a different name, so technically it qualifies to be a 'small business' but what most people don't know is that I come up with the recipes for the coffee blends and then the parent company my folks created produces them in larger quantities and sells them in cafés and supermarkets all over the country.

I worked alongside them, doing what I do here, finding new blends to enhance the coffee more, until they died in a plane crash a little over eight years ago, leaving everything to me. I was suddenly bombarded with women wanting to get their hands on me and my money—trying to do it in even more underhanded ways than Pamela did when I was twenty-one.

I was twenty-nine then and hated women already after Pamela's betrayal, and the attention finally had me ready to lose it. Just over seven years ago, I packed up, put in

a managing director at the company and took off, landing here somehow after several months of waffling.

I hate the beach and the ocean, even more than I hated women, stemming from an unpleasant trip to the Maldives when I was fifteen. My parents wanted to take this grand vacation to celebrate the company's success and drug me along on it. I was a late bloomer, only five-seven and about fifty pounds overweight. A beach was already a place I wanted to avoid but ones where there were all kinds of women walking around in little bikinis...talk about most teenage boys' dream, but I was a late bloomer in every way, which included sexually.

I had no interest in women though and ended up being laughed at one night by the sexy girl that swam up to the hut where I was alone. My mom and dad went off together for dinner and the girl attempted to put her hands under my shorts—discovering nothing was happening, making her cruel with her words. I never saw her again after that night thank god, but the things she said stayed with me, especially as over the years I still didn't really develop an interest in women—or men for that matter.

I wasn't even really interested in Pamela that way, but she was sweet—or so I thought—and gave me confidence in my new six-four body. The fifty pounds that once made me overweight put me right up to average with my new height, and I started working out more, turning it from fat into muscles.

I still couldn't get myself interested in anything sexual with Pamela even after a couple months but figured with as conservative as she seemed that it would be okay, that it would come and everything would work out somehow. The woman was nothing more than a gold-digger and I'm thankful that I caught her in bed with some jock on a scholarship in her dorm when I did. Showing me her true colors and making it easier to know I didn't physically want her.

It made me push myself to finish college quickly and I went back to work with my parents, ignoring all women since none of them interested me in the least.

I haven't begun to find one I wanted—until now. But how could anyone blame me for wanting sweet, delicate, delicious Celestia? Shit, even her man gets me hard, and that's one thing that's never happened to me until now. I mean yeah, my dick's gotten hard when I stroked it, and I've woken up hard, but it's never happened with another person until now.

There's something so enticing about her that I can't begin to hold back. I don't care that we've just met. That I know nothing about her. That she could be a worse gold-digger than Pamela was. As long as my hands are the only ones on her, she can have all of my fucking money. There's no faking her hunger for me. I've had far too many women come up, falsely claiming they were just desperate for even just a kiss to not know when it's fake and when it's real now. What was rushing through her in the kitchen was a hundred percent genuine.

She can dream about everything my money can buy her while I'm buried balls deep, emptying into her womb, if that's what's helping turn that hunger into the ultimate desire even.

The thought of breeding her, putting my baby inside her just makes my cock jump even harder inside my pants. It wants out, wants inside her and like hell am I going to slow this down now. No, the sooner she's wrapped around my cock, with a few gallons of my cum inside her, the better.

I pull into the garage, turning off the car, and look over towards her, the little smile on her lips enough to send my balls dancing. Her hair looks darker with the sun no longer shining on it, reminding me of the night sky even more. The golden sage highlights in it make me think of shooting stars and I'd kill to have one to wish on right now, because I sure as hell would be wishing that she'd fall in love with me in

return.

Fuck...I must be crazy to think that could be what I'm feeling right now, but nothing else makes sense. From the moment I saw her, every thought was about her, about making her mine. Surely after all these years, my cock didn't wake up simply with a case of pent-up lust. It's got to be more, and I'm hoping it can be there on both sides.

I won't let her go easily if it's not. She might have said she's only here for a week, but we'll see what she's saying in a few days when her pussy is constantly dripping with the remnants of my cum filling her. Cause I don't plan to be out of her for long.

I open the door, heading around the car and grab out the coffee samples from the backseat, before opening her door, smiling as her eyes open, a bit sleepily as they meet mine. "Tired, baby?" I ask, helping her up and out of the car. Her bag is on the floorboard, and I grab it up, moving us into the house as her eyes dart all around us curiously.

"A bit, we were up really early this morning and I'm not really the morning type," she says as I stop in the kitchen, setting the basket onto the island there along with her bag. I flip on the coffeepot that has one of my house-blends ready to brew, and turn back towards her, letting my eyes slide down her long bare legs to the flipflops on her feet. Her toenails are painted a similar shade of blue as her hair and it simply makes my cock harder still, as does the tight nipples poking against the thin sleeveless white blouse she's wearing.

"Hence the coffee?" I muse as her little nose twitches smelling it brewing. She has the cutest fucking nose I've ever seen and even it gets me harder still.

"It's so good," she sighs, her lips turning into a grin and I move up to her, stealing them with a kiss that lingers, my hands cupping her perfect face, until the coffeepot gurgles.

I pull back, moving to grab a couple mugs and fill one full for myself, trying to keep from stripping her and taking her right here in the kitchen. “Do you want cream or sugar for yours?”

Her nose wrinkles again, her face a bit aghast at the offer and I chuckle, moving to the island with the two cups, putting the corner of the thing between us, as I set the mugs down. “You like it pure just like me, don’t you, baby?”

“Cream hides the taste, and sugar makes it too sweet,” she says with a little shrug, and I laugh a bit, lifting the mug to blow on, before lifting it to her lips. Her hands slip up around mine, but I don’t let it go.

“Try this and tell me what you think,” I suggest because my go-to house-blend has hints of hazelnuts in it compared to a straight coffee bean only blend. Her lips part and she sips on it, her eyes widening, brightening with delight, and I can’t help but smile in return. “It’s one of my favorite blends I came up with, Hazelnut Surprise. You still get that rich coffee taste, but then the hazelnut gives it this hint of sweetness to ease the slight bitterness of the coffee beans but not so overwhelming, and then you get that nuttiness along with it, with a bit of an added earthy musk, which captivates all of your senses.”

“It’s amazing,” she sighs, taking another large sip, her eyes closing as she savors it and shit, I have to taste the smile that crosses her lips this time. I gently take the mug from her hands, setting it down on the island then pull her entirely up against me, tasting her and the coffee that she drank, which just makes her taste even better. My cock jumps behind my jeans, and I pull back before I do something stupid like jumping her right here. Much as I want to, I need to make this good for her and I’m liable to come before I’m fully inside her. I don’t want to disappoint her at all, make her regret only having me for the rest of her life. I can learn everything she likes to make her stay, but I need to get myself under control first.

I step back, grabbing the mugs and drop a little kiss onto her lips suggesting, “Why don’t we take these outside? We can talk, get to know each other better.”

“Okay,” she agrees easily, and I guide her out onto the covered porch, letting her take in my backyard. The house is situated on top of a hill, the ground behind it sloping showing off part of the town, while the trees along the side of the house block the view further out that leads to the ocean.

I settle us into two separate chairs on the porch, putting the mugs down on a table between them, trying to tame down my desires as we talk. Her answers to some of the basic questions such as where she’s from and where did she go to high school, if she’s in college, have me completely stumped when she hedges around them, putting it back onto me to answer instead. I reach over, taking her hand when I finish telling her about my job, bringing it up to my lips, and the little indrawn breath fills me with hunger all over again.

“It’s okay if you didn’t go to college,” I tell her, holding her hand to my chest, letting her feel the way my heart is pounding. “From what you said, I’m guessing you were homeschooled,” I add, and her eyes widen in surprise. “I don’t care, baby. Don’t need some genius or corporate ladder climber to make me happy. I’d be more than happy to have you at home every day, waiting for me to get back, urging me to come back quickly so you can climb into my arms.”

“Dane...” she hums, her fingers curling into my chest and I can’t hold back another minute. I stand up, pulling her from her chair, and lay my lips on hers, groaning when her mouth instantly parts, letting me delve into the sweet recess of it.

My hands pull her close, sliding over her until I can’t stand not being able to touch her skin. I pull back, loving her little whine when I take my lips away, and I smile down at her as I pull her shirt off over her head. Her little breasts are covered with just a thin bikini top that’s also white, cut extremely low, and I tug the bottom of it



down just a little, moaning when her nipples pop out of the cups, hard and tight, begging for my mouth.

I can't resist any of her, and I throw off my own shirt, pulling her chest against mine, teasing her with the hair on it. Her body shakes and I keep going, her eyes darkening into an intense gray storm. Her face flushes, her mouth dropping open, and I pull back, my lips sipping at hers for just a moment, before they trail down her neck, until I reach those perfect little breasts.

I cup one with my hand, my fingers teasing the tight nipple, while I suck the other deep into my mouth, pushing her higher still, until her hands are tugging at my hair. They're not try to pull me off her breasts though, they're tugging me to get closer, deeper, and I oblige as my hands push at her shorts, sending them down her slender thighs with ease, leaving her in just matching bikini bottoms.

My mouth moves off her breasts, my hands grabbing hers when she tries to pull me back onto them, her throat making the sexiest little moans and whimpers that just make my cock pulse even faster. It wants inside her, but I need to taste her first, before I fill her with my cum, altering her original taste forever. I swear, her pussy is always going to have me inside it, so she'll never taste of just her again.

The bikini bottoms have little tie strings on her hips, and I pull them as I kiss down her belly, baring her as she lets out a tiny little gasp. I pull her leg over my shoulder, opening her up to me, and get my very first taste of a woman's pussy. It's more invigorating than an entire pot of coffee, and I lick and kiss and suck on her until her body comes apart under my mouth, her sweetness flooding it, making me simultaneously want more of it dripping down my throat, while also needing to be buried inside her just as much.

I stand, my mouth going straight back onto hers, letting her see just how good she tastes, while I kick off my jeans, the boxer brief pushed down with them, and I grab

her up around the waist, lifting her sexy ass onto the ledge of the porch railing. It's a white powder coated aluminum rail, making it smooth under her ass.

My cock is throbbing as I grip it, teasing at her pussy with its head, making her moan entirely into my mouth as I take hers again. Her pussy grips the head tightly as I push just into her, letting out a moan of my own at the incredibleness of how it feels with just this alone.

It's not enough though, not nearly enough, and despite how tight she is, I push forward with a hard thrust, my arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her down onto me with it. I swear as she lets out a loud cry of pain as my cock flashes through something I wasn't expecting to find—her virginity.

It makes my head spin, while the tightness of her pussy, clamping down around me sends me over instantly. I press kisses to her face as I let the orgasm come, flowing through me and out into her.

I never imagined she'd be untouched. Even if she was homeschooled it never crossed my mind that a woman as gorgeous as Celestia would be a virgin, but I fucking love that she's mine. All mine now and I intend to keep her just like this forever.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Celestia

Pain and sweetness meet where Dane's thickness is buried inside me and I love how good, how right, it feels. His lips whisper over my face, stealing the moisture from my cheeks that slipped from my eyes, and his hands hold my head and hip tight until I can begin to breathe even remotely normal again.

"I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to be so rough," he says softly against my ear, his lips brushing over the shell of it. "I wasn't thinking straight. Didn't realize you'd never had a man between your legs, baby. You've never let another man close to you have you?" he adds, lifting my face towards him and I shake my head no. "Thank the fuck...I'd murder someone if they'd gotten anywhere near you."

A shiver sliced through me seeing the depth of truth in his eyes. I shouldn't like him saying that let alone enjoy it being even remotely true, but I do. I love that he wants me as his—all his. It makes it so much easier to give into this heat that's between us, hope that it'll turn into love for him by the end of the week. Because it's already there for me.

There's no possible way that's not what this emotion running through me is. The only thing I can think of that could fully combat the cold sirens feel is love—true love. I want to find the very depths of it with Dane. Now—always—forever. Want to have his daughter so we can teach her that the world is beautiful, filled with darkness yes, but also so much light as well. Even on the darkest night, light can always break through, guide you home.

That's what I want. To guide Dane home to me daily. Be the light reaching out just

for him, and if this how I can make that happen, I'll make sure to be the best at it for him—just him.

“Dane...kiss me. Love me,” I plead as I lift my hips, bringing him even deeper inside me, and it floods me with the pounding desperation I felt earlier with his mouth between my legs. I want him to physically love me, to make that desperation ease, yes, but I also want him to love me emotionally—and not to just fulfill the loophole and let me live on land with him forever.

“With pleasure, baby,” he whispers to me, as he picks me up, laying us down on the floor of the porch atop his shirt. His body cages me against it before his lips reclaim mine, and I shout into his mouth as his hips begin to move slowly at first, but they pick up speed as he begins to thrust harder into me. His mouth leaves mine and he lets out a shout as I press my lips to his chest, over his nipple the way he did with mine, and I love the sound, so I do it again.

I tease the nipples with my tongue as his hand slips between us, playing with a spot between my legs that is pulsing, making it pulse even harder. His fingers pinch that same spot, and I scream against his chest, my teeth biting into his skin around his nipple as that desperation inside me snaps, fast, flooding me with ecstasy. Dane lets out a shout of his own, his body stiffening above me, and I shiver feeling the rush of something new between my legs.

It's a warm moisture that feels so good filling me up, and I moan when every time my body tightens around him, I get more of it. Dane moans deeper, his body shuddering as he turns us, his hand pressing my head against his slick skin, and I can't stop from tasting it. It's even better than other sirens claim—the salt of his sweat—and I turn my face, taking long licks of it and him.

His arms fall down to his sides, and I let my lips search his entire chest, for every drop, before sliding lower to his belly, tasting not only his sweat there, but mine as

well, which is shocking. Sirens are so cold-blooded that we don't sweat—not ever, but there's a different essence mixed with the sweat on his belly that has to be my own.

I keep going, moving further down his body, my eyes lifting to Dane's when he sits up a bit, propping his upper half up with his elbows. "You don't have to repay me for using my mouth on you if you don't want to, aren't ready for that yet, baby."

My eyes meet his with a hint of a question, before that appendage that only men have bobs between his legs, drawing my gaze to it. It's glistening even more than his chest was, and I lean forward, licking up the length of it, and oh gods, I think it tastes better than even the coffee did.

I have to have more of that taste, and I lick all around the head of it, stealing all of the taste from that spot before moving further down the length. It's so big and hard, but it's also velvety soft, and I lick and suck on it until the only place where I can get that amazing taste, is from the tip as it leaks. My hands slip down the length of it, one wrapping around the base to keep it steady as it jerks, trying to escape my mouth, while the other slips down to the sac beneath it, teasing him there as it makes his neck tighten, giving me more of that taste with every stroke.

"Damn baby, for someone that's never done this, you're fucking perfect," he groans, giving me a splash of that taste and I suck on it harder, wanting even more. I get it when my hands tighten on him, and I keep going until he gushes, filling my mouth with that goodness, making me smile entirely as I slurp it all down.

I pull back, watching his face and the desire in his eyes only deepens, and I stroke my hand up that hard appendage again, going in for another taste.

"Oh no, baby, that mouth is too dangerous to give you another taste just yet. I need some serious time in that sweet pussy of yours before I begin to let you think about

putting your mouth back on my cock,” he states as he sits up, his hands pulling me over his lap and his mouth takes mine with a hard kiss. His hands trail over me, rekindling that desperation inside me, and I let out a cry when I sink down onto his length, feeling him everywhere.

“Dane...” I cry as his hands begin to lift me as my hips move back and forth on him, making him rub against a spot that feels magical inside me, and I want so much more of it.

“That’s it, baby, come for me. I want to feel that pussy tighten on my cock while I breed your sweet little ass,” he adds against my ear and I snap, hurtling straight back up into the bliss instantly. His hips thrust up into me harder, and then more of that heavenly warmth flooded into me.

I rested against his chest, smiling as his hands held me tight, not letting me move as I came back down to a semblance of normal. He rocked my chest against his, making my nipples harden once more, and I let out a little gasp when he stood up, carrying me inside with our bodies still connected. It felt so incredible, making me tighten around him all over again as a small wave of that heaven hit hard.

I let out a cry when he pulled back from me, wanting his hands on me once more, and I got them as he turned me onto my belly. His hands and lips trailed up my body, starting with my legs, until his mouth came down between them, touching and licking that spot, until I was screaming his name once more.

His lips continued up my back and teased my neck as his body came down over mine, warming every inch of me, inside and out as his cock as he called it slid inside me. I turned my face, moaning when his lips latched onto mine, kissing me as his body pumped hard and fast into mine, sending me wild, over and over again, filling me with that warm moisture over and over.

I sighed, my eyes heavy when he turned me, bringing me up against his chest, and I kissed his skin, smiling at the saltiness of it. I was too tired to do more than that, and I sunk down into the sweetness of his hold and stayed there for a long time, just wrapped in his hold.

???

A giggle bubbled up as Dane tickled my feet, making me splash in the bath we were in together. I was a bit worried what might happen if I was in it but thankfully, nothing did, letting me enjoy every minute of it, just as I've enjoyed every minute I've spent with Dane the last three days. He hasn't done anything for work other than test out the new blends he brought home, and I love it.

Each of them is amazing, but Hazelnut Surprise is definitely my favorite so far. Somehow, it just tastes like home, like Dane, and I want to stay with him forever. If this is even close to what Serenia felt when she saw the man she left with Tuesday morning, then I'm sure she's as happy as I am right now. I hope Melodia is as well. That she found someone too.

We shut out the rest of the Lycophron when we headed to the lagoon, then agreed to give each other space while we were here. To only contact one another if something was wrong and thankfully so far, no one's broken it, but I am desperately curious to know if they've managed to get that 'I love you' from the men they met—if she met one in Melodia's case.

Dane hasn't said the words, but I swear I can see them in his eyes. I'm too scared to say them first, to risk him not saying it back or hesitating, because if he does, it will make the next few days harder. We only have until Monday night to get them to say it. That's just four days, and if I rush him, he might hesitate too long to help me.

I can't imagine that he doesn't love me, not when he said from the start that I was his,

let alone him telling me every time we make love that he's going to breed me, so I'll be his forever. The idea of having his little girl has completely wrapped me up, and I want it more than anything. Or at least as much as I want him to say I love you to me, to keep me from losing Aphrodite's gift, stop me from having to return to the water in four days when the gift runs out and never being able to be his like this again.

My body feels so relaxed, despite the constant and vigorous sex we've had the last three days. I suppose it helps that we're resting in the water in his tub where there's a huge window that lets us look at the sky. It's always soothed me and now, it's wrapping me in a spell of its own that I've never felt before, but it's so good, so sweet, that I don't want to escape it.

"I have to go into the café in the morning to get the payroll out for those that still want paper checks," Dane says, nibbling on my ear as I rest back against his chest, my feet in his hands still as he rubs them. "I don't want you to be worried if you wake up and I'm not here. I know how much you love your beauty sleep," he adds, making me giggle because I do like to sleep in, but that's because I stay up over half the night.

It's just built into my DNA to love the nighttime I guess. Some of it comes from being a siren, the rest from my father. He was an astronomer, which is how he ended up meeting my mother. She killed him soon after she learned she was pregnant with me. I have my gift of manipulating the sky thanks to him, and when I stare up at it, I somehow feel like he's looking down at me, watching over me, keeping me safe. I can't explain how I managed to make it to my birthday without killing, without succumbing to the cold bloodlust other than him up there helping me get through it.

"Who is it that's been keeping me up all night, talking about breeding me, hmm?" I return, looking back at him and his hand slips onto my throat, keeping my head tilted backwards as he kisses me, wakening my desires all over again.



“Me, which is why I want you to rest, not worry about waking up to come in with me. I’ll be home before it gets too late in the afternoon, and I want you to rest. You’re going to need your strength for what I have in mind for you this weekend,” he adds on a little bit of a growl that has me hungry and desperate for him.

His body shifts, pushing me forward a bit, and I moan as his thickness teases at my opening. I can’t stop from slipping onto it, and he holds my hips still, thrusting up into me until we’re both toppling over the edge.

That has him pulling me back to the bed with him, taking me all over again, until my eyes are blurry and a yawn breaks off a new kiss with him.

“Shh, go to sleep, baby. We’ve got the rest of our lives to love each other,” he whispers against my ear, and I can’t fight the hint of the smile that hits hearing him say that.

Yes, he could simply mean physically loving each other, but he just said the rest of our lives as well. Surely that means he’s as into this as I am.

Morning comes and I feel him leave the bed, dropping a kiss onto my lips, but I can’t pull myself fully awake. I sink back into the comfort of sleep, staying there until my body naturally wakes.

There’s a note propped up on the nightstand as Dane called it, telling me I could use his charger if I needed to charge my phone—that it was on the nightstand next to the bed after he brought my bag up that first morning. I just kissed him to hide the fact that I didn’t have a phone—though it’s one of the few human items I know immediately by sight. More than one human has dropped them in their shock when sirens surprised them, cluttering up the waters.

Dane’s writing is thick, but thankfully, we learned human languages a long time ago

and they're taught to all of us when we're young. Their writing lets us know when ships come through, if they're one that we should let pass because there are too many possible witnesses, like with cruise ships. Or if they're ones that can, and sometimes I might even agree, should be taken out. Usually, the only time I agree with sinking ships is if they're the ones that are hunting sea life and I don't mean us.

I still can't bring myself to kill even those men though, so being able to stay here on land with Dane, really feels like the right thing to do, to have happen.

You looked so perfect in my bed, baby. Like you belong there forever. I'll be home as soon as I can, there's coffee ready to make in the pot. Just flip the red button and let it run. Sandwiches are in the fridge— don't try to cook anything, please . I'll bring home something to eat. ~ Dane

I let out a little giggle because I did end up catching a pan on fire trying to help him cook the other night. He just laughed it off, pulling me into his arms after putting the pan in the sink, and kissed me like crazy, so how could I mind the plea not to risk it now?

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Dane

I push open the door to the jewelry store, stopping in surprise seeing the man at the counter already. His name tumbles out without meaning, turning his head along with the head of the girl that's with him my way.

"Dane, what brings you in here?" Dylan asks me as the girl's eyes widen staring at me, and I swear I've seen her somewhere recently but since I've been home with Celestia since Tuesday afternoon, I don't know how or where.

"Don't I know you?" I ask, making her giggle and Dylan's eyes darken hearing it, which is as much of a shock as it is to see him with a girl.

"I was with Celestia the other day," she states, and my jaw drops a hint before I shake my head as it comes back to me.

"Right..." I drawl out, my eyes flickering over to the displays of rings before returning to her with a bit of apprehension. I've no idea how her friend is going to react to knowing I want to put a ring onto Celestia's finger after only knowing her for three days.

"So, what brings you in here?" Dylan asks me as Hank returns with a sketchpad in his hands.

"Uh...it looks like you're busy. I can come back later," I suggest but before I can leave, the bell jingles again, announcing the arrival of someone else.

I glance over, spying Duncan heading into the store, his eyes widening a bit, seeing not only me inside it, but also Dylan there, let alone Dylan with the girl. I'm pretty sure the look in mine was similar to the one there when I spotted Dylan with her, but it's definitely there now seeing Duncan of all people in here.

He's been just as anti-women as I've been, as Dylan's been. So, to see both of them in here when neither of them has said a word about seeing someone, is flat out crazy. Total, absolute craziness. We've been friends for years and while there's been a few things we don't talk about—such as sex—women or the lack thereof not bothering us definitely has been things we've mentioned. I'm pretty sure that neither of them has had women in their beds either from some of the things they've let slip over the years about their dating history so it's definitely a shock to see them here.

Dylan's head dips down, saying something to the girl with him, before he turns his attention towards our friend, taking all of it off from me for a moment. I can't keep my eyes off the rings just ahead of us, wanting one on Celestia's finger now.

"Duncan, fancy running into you here," Dylan says, turning further towards him with her.

"Yeah, I..." Duncan stops talking as his gaze slips to the girl in his hold, staring at her much as I just did—like he's seen her before as well. "Do I know you?"

"I'm Melodia. Celestia and I were with Serenia when you kind of left with her," the girl says.

I can't stop the smile that crosses my face at the mention of my girl, but there's also a little shock when she adds in the name of their other friend and that Duncan is the one that she left with the day they arrived in town. I was shocked to learn that they hadn't made any solid plans here, that they'd just let their friends go off with strangers, but now, knowing those strangers are actually my best friends, all of the silent worrying

I'd done, hoping her friends would be safe, fades.

"They're like my sisters, so if you're here looking for something for them..." she adds looking between us.

"I...uh...yeah...well..." Duncan and I mumble, making Dylan chuckle as he drops a kiss onto Melodia's head.

"If you're worried I'll ruin the surprise don't be. I can keep a secret and well, since they are my best friends I would know what they like and don't like. You know, if you needed help with something. Say a ring?" Melodia says and there's such an immense relief that hits, knowing she's not totally opposed to it.

"I mean, I wouldn't turn down the help," I state, and Duncan nods glancing from them to Hank and back again as the man looks amongst all of us in silent shock. Hell, he's probably never expected any of us to show up in his shop looking for a bracelet, let alone be here looking for rings. He's part of the town's Small Business Owners Association that Duncan, Dylan, and I are all part of as well. It's how we met. Eight years ago, for Duncan and Dylan after Dylan came to town, seven years ago for me when I got here.

None of us has had a single date in all of that time—hence the discussions of not being upset about the lack of women in our lives—but now here we are, looking for rings for three girls that are best friends as well. It's comforting somehow to know that though. To know that our girls will be happy to hang out together the way we do.

"Well then, why don't you point out what your friends might like, and I'll let Hank know what I was thinking about for the necklace?" Dylan suggests to her, giving her a soft kiss when she grins.

Melodia moves Duncan and me away from the diamond rings despite our arguing

that diamonds are traditional. She shakes her head, pointing me towards a unique oval design set with black and blue sapphires. Then points at an emerald ring with a look up at Duncan.

Somehow, despite not being traditional, it's perfect. It reminds me of last night, the night sky shining down on us with a twinkle, while I cleaned all of her up—before dirtying her right back up. The oval ring will stand out on her hand, show she's taken, and the black and blue stones will make me remember all of our nights together for forever I'm sure.

"Is there anything you'd like to look at?" Hank asks, joining our group at the counter, and both Duncan and I point out the rings Melodia suggested. "What size would you need them? These are both sized six and a half now. They can be taken up two sizes easily."

"Uh...I don't know," I admit and Melodia giggles softly, looking to Hank.

"We all wear the same size," she says taking the one from me and Dylan lets out a low growl stopping her from slipping it on, which stops me from having to protest it. For some reason, I don't want anyone to wear it but Celestia. Not even her best friend to simply try it on for a fit. It should only ever be on Celestia's finger.

"The only ring you're going to wear on that finger will be from me," Dylan states passing the ring back to me and I'm a bit surprised by just how close and possessive he sounds about it because it wholly echoes my own. "Close your eyes," he tells her, before motioning to a pink ring lifting a brow towards Hank who nods.

"It's six and a half as well," he says, handing it over, and Dylan slips it onto Melodia's finger, fitting perfectly.

"We'll take them," Duncan and I state and Dylan nods as well, slipping the ring off

Melodia's finger for now so Hank can box them up.

"Eyes," Dylan tells Melodia, smiling when she instantly opens them, a grin on her lips, and he gives her a kiss pointing her towards the earrings and bracelets on display. "Go on and look around. I still need to put down a deposit for the necklace."

Duncan and I both shake our heads at him as the three of us pay for our rings, and I'm amazed at the difference in my friends. I definitely don't hate the idea of my girl being with theirs if she's not with me. Of her being over at either of their houses when they're home with their girls even if I have to work. Although I plan to do less of that now that I've found Celestia—as I warned the team at the café earlier.

They were shocked that I'd begin to pull back from work, let alone that I'd pull back from it because of a girl. It feels right though, so I'm not going to waste my time arguing about it. I'll still go in and help out if absolutely needed. I still intend to come up with new blends and make the ones we use at the café. I just don't intend to live there as I have for the majority of the last nearly seven years since I opened my doors.

More than anything, I want to be with Celestia. With the family I hope we create. That we may have already got started on if I got my way the last few days.

I head back to the house with food, finding Celestia lounging on the porch swing, and I wrap her up, keeping the ring quiet for now, as well as the fact that I saw her friend earlier. I tip her face up to mine when we're finished eating, kissing her until it leads us back inside and to bed.

The next morning, I make some quick plans, arranging a picnic basket from Dylan's restaurant, and order a huge bouquet of flowers from Duncan's greenhouse while Celestia's still sleeping. I slip into the greenhouse late that afternoon, taking the flowers from Nina who works for him and the little smirk on her face says she knows more than her words claim and I'm sure she questioned Duncan as to why I needed

flowers. He might have sold me out to keep his own pending engagement to himself.

I hurry back to the car, lounging on the hood of it with the bouquet in hand to wait for my girl to finish. I claimed I needed to go to the bathroom to explain why I left her side as she browsed, and I let out a smile when Celestia looks out the window of the bookstore, her eyes widening seeing them.

She hurries out to me, and I pull her into my arms, kissing her boldly despite the eyes on us. Let the whole town talk about me being seen with a woman finally. Hopefully we'll already be married by the time the next dinner for the association happens, so it'll be old news, and they'll leave us alone.

Well, maybe they won't if all three of us show up with women. Most of them can't tell us apart even though we don't really look that much alike. We all have different hair colors and cuts, different eyes colors even, but seeing as we're all about the same age and six-four, some of them have a hard time remembering who's who. Maybe with our girls they'll start to get it right—if they all keep their unique hair colors that is. I mean, I'll gladly pay whatever it takes so Celestia can be happy with it because it looks absolutely stunning on her.

“Dane...what is this?” she asks as I put the flowers in her arms, putting her into the car and her nose twitches smelling the delicious food I had the delivery guy from Dylan's restaurant meet me here with.

“Does a man need a reason to treat his girl to pretty flower and delicious food?” I tease her, heading away from the beach that she said she really didn't care about when I asked what she'd like to do today. She's been at my place since Tuesday, that's three full days there, so I wanted her to see something other than just there if for some reason, she has to go back home Monday. I don't want to part with her for one minute, but I'll definitely follow her home if she needs to explain things or get her stuff.



“This is amazing,” she sighs, her face lowering down to smell the bouquet that’s a mix of wildflowers. Roses seemed too traditional for her. The wildflowers are full of color and life like she is, and I smile, kissing her hand as I pull up to the night caves. They’re not really caves in the traditional sense. It’s more that they’re hills and bluffs where spots have been hollowed out, making paths through them. It leads to an amphitheater type space, and I take the picnic basket and her hand, smiling when she doesn’t want to leave the flowers behind.

I tuck her into my side, showing her towards the amphitheater, and her jaw drops a bit seeing the opening there. There aren’t seats of the normal variety, but there are rocks which can serve as tables and chairs, and I take us over to a clear spot where a rock slab is and pull the blanket out from the bottom of the basket. It has a separate space to keep a blanket, so it doesn’t get wet thanks to the food and drinks in the upper part of the basket.

Celestia comes down to me with ease when I reach for her, and I wrap her up as I set the food and the little bottle of champagne out for us to enjoy. Dylan serves my coffee in his restaurant as well, so there’s a thermos of it for later with the dessert.

“Dane, this is incredible. Why?” she adds, her eyes beautiful beams of silver hope staring at me and I can’t wait. I capture her lips, taking the ring out of my pocket, and open it up as I pull back from the incredible kiss. “Dane?” she gasps, her lips trembling a bit as her chest shakes.

“I never believed in love at first sight. Thought it was a complete myth, as was desire you couldn’t control or fight, until I saw you, baby. The moment I laid eyes on you, I was lost, in this tumultuous surf of rampant desire and need, but I never worried I might drown in it, because it was with you, Celestia. You call me out of the deepest depths of it, bring me back to sanity, and then wrap me up and guide me home to you. You fill me with love that’s impossible to fight, for anything bad to exist because of it or within it, and I never want to be without you again, baby.

“So, I’m asking you,” I state, taking the ring from the box and slip it onto the end of her shaking finger. “Will you marry me? Be mine. My forever. My love, and let me love you and the family I want more than anything to build with you?”

“Yes, Dane,” she cries, her arm wrapping around me as I slide the ring fully onto her finger. It’s a perfect fit and I lift her face to mine, kissing her sweet lips, before stealing the tears that slipped from her eyes.

“I love you, baby. I love you so much. I can’t imagine my life without you in it for even one day now. Please tell me you don’t have to go back, that you can stay here with me forever,” I add, her smile growing and her answer is in her kiss, long before it ever leaves her lips with words.

“I’ve never felt like I’d find a home, but I feel it, here with you,” she says, snuggling in my arms as I feed her the meal. She’s adorable as she turns away from another sip of the champagne, her nose wrinkling at distaste of it, and I pull out the coffee, sharing it with her as we watch the sky darken entirely. “I love you too Dane. Felt it when we first met even if I didn’t immediately realize that’s what it was. I don’t have to go anywhere you aren’t, ever.”

“Good, because I’d follow you anywhere if you tried,” I tease, kissing her until we have to go home, or risk being caught if someone else comes here. I can wait to be inside her again. After all, she’s mine for life now.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Celestia

M elodia is beaming as we wait for Serenia to join us. She'll be the last to arrive even though she's the one that reached out to us last night. Thankfully, she did it while I was browsing at the bookstore, so Dane didn't see that I didn't actually get a message on a phone when I mentioned needing to stop by here this morning. I know they were likely surprised that I agreed to being up so early, but I figured the earlier we found out where we all stood, the better and longer we would have from then until Monday night. I'm just so glad that it worked out for me and Dane.

Even if he did manage to get me out of the bookstore a little too fast. That place is amazing, and I can't wait to go back and see what all they have.

It's so much more than just history texts like our kind record. I mean, yes, I saw some books in a history section that appeared to be facts about the human world. I even saw biographies, which appear to be written about specific people, but there was this huge fiction section that had books of all varieties. Like romance and fantasy and mysteries, and I'm so intrigued.

Serenia finally comes in, slipping into the seat across from me and her smile makes me have to ask, "I take it things are going well with the guy from the park?"

"Better than that," she states. "You found someone?"

"Yeah, he's great," I sigh, a little hint of color in her cheeks before she glances at Melodia who is practically glowing.

“You look happier than even normal,” Serenia says with a little laugh. “I take it you met someone too?”

“After worrying that I wouldn’t for the better part of that first day, yeah,” Melodia says, and my eyes widen in a bit of surprise hearing her true fears in that statement. Of all of us she was the most certain this would work out so it’s surprising to know she had doubts as well.

“You found...” she stops suddenly looking to me curiously.

“Dane, his name’s Dane,” I tell them because she wasn’t there when he introduced himself.

“Dane,” Melodia says with a nod, “well, you found him just a couple hours after Serenia found...”

“Duncan,” Serenia tells us pulling a grin and giggle from Melodia, and I can’t help but give her a curious look.

“Does he own a greenhouse?” I ask and she nods, looking shocked. “Dane said his best friends were Duncan who runs a greenhouse and...”

“Dylan who owns a restaurant,” Melodia blurts out excitedly.

“Wait, what?” Serenia gasps, and Melodia nods bouncing giddily. “So, the guys we met all know each other?”

“Seems so,” I muse, shaking my head a bit still. “So how did you meet Dylan?”

Melodia fills us in making Serenia grin as she adds, “One look at him and I was hooked. He made me the most incredible food ever and then took me home. He told

me Friday night he loved me, fell in love the moment he saw me, which was before I ever saw him...”

“Duncan said the same thing when we were falling asleep Thursday night. That the second he saw me, he knew I was supposed to be his,” Serenia admits with a sigh, her eyes glowing with happiness and I know same look is in my eyes as well.

“Dane told me last night he never believed in love at first sight until he saw me. I just...can it really be this simple?” I add, the worry that’s been there since last night still filling me. I guess I was expecting something more after he said ‘I love you’ to me, or at least something more along the lines of what happened when our tails turned into legs. There was this sensation that slipped through me that I could feel. Last night, all I could feel was Dane’s love as he held me, and I’ve been holding onto hope that I didn’t miss something—that we didn’t miss something we had to do for the gift to become permanent. “I mean, I didn’t tell him I’m...”

“Neither did I,” Melodia admits glancing at Serenia.

“Are you kidding? I didn’t want him to think I needed to be locked up by telling him that, especially not when he’d just...”

“What?” Melodia asks when she pauses, a knowing glint in her eyes before Serenia even says anything making me incredibly curious.

“Asked me to marry him,” Serenia states, showing off the beautiful emerald ring on her finger.

“Dylan asked me Friday night,” Melodia tells us, showing off her ring and the pretty pink stone fits her entirely.

“Dane asked me last night,” I admit, showing them the black and blue sapphire ring,

he slipped onto my hand and Melodia squeals seeing it.

“Oh, they’re even more perfect than when I saw them...”

“Saw them? What?” Serenia gets out before me, stopping Melodia’s words and she claps a hand over her mouth, giggling.

“Melodia...what’s going on? You don’t have visions,” I whisper giving her a little glare because she wasn’t at all surprised at the sight of either of our rings.

“Dylan found a pearl in an oyster mistakenly sent to the restaurant, took me to the jewelry store to get them to make it into a necklace and we ran into Dane and Duncan when they came in to find rings for you,” she says with one long rush of breath. “I promised I wouldn’t tell. They both were looking at boring diamonds to begin but once I pointed them in the right direction, they didn’t hesitate on which to buy. Dylan wouldn’t let me try on any of them to see if they’d fit. He had me close my eyes and then slipped this one on me, then bought it without me knowing.”

“Well then, thank you for your help. I love my ring,” Serenia says giving her a hug.

“So do I,” I agree with a grin at them, so amazed that their men are Dane’s friends still. It means he won’t mind that we hang out still, which is a total comfort after overhearing some of the men from the beach arguing with their girlfriends when they wanted to go out with other girls, or when they were out with them. Some of them are downright cruel. They’re the ones that tempted me most to give into the bloodlust and kill them—at least they did because right now, I feel none of that.

“But honestly, is this all it took? I mean, I don’t really feel any different. I guess I was just expecting something more like when we got our...legs,” I add on a whisper as someone approaches our table.

“And you will, the next time you’re in water,” a voice says from the end of the space, and a gasp falls from each of us seeing the woman there. The undeniable glow surrounding her combined with the adoring looks from all of the men in the diner telling us exactly who she is.

“I’ve been in water since Dylan told me. I was in water with him Friday night when he told me he loved me again,” Melodia responds, and Aphrodite simply smiles at us.

“Natural body of water—a lake, river, or the ocean,” she expands. “It’d be more of a curse than a gift if you transformed anytime you were in water, or if it rained. To not be able to swim in a pool, especially in a place like this.”

“So, the next time we go into the water what? We’ll regrow our tails?” I ask and she nods. “And what about the cold?”

“Have you felt even an inkling of it since you met your men, who by the way, are all outside waiting for you to come out, and who all ignored me on my way in here. If I didn’t know their hearts were only ever meant for you, I might feel slighted,” Aphrodite says with a tinkle of a laugh that brings more male attention to her.

“What does that mean?” Serenia questions her.

“Exactly what I said. You were worried it was too easy, that they fell too quickly,” she adds to me, and I nod, her eyes flowing over to Serenia as well with a kind smile. “It was never the men that didn’t fall in love, my dears. Even when the ancient sirens were given their chance, the men fell in love with them, but the sirens only focused on their need for revenge. Only allowed the coldness of their hearts to rule.

“Only when a siren allows herself to want love over anything else can she find it. Each of you opened yourselves up to its possibility and listened when it spoke. You could have ignored the pull to go through the park, but you didn’t, Serenia, allowing

you to find Duncan. Celestia, you ignored the rest of the crowd pushing you forward, winding your way down a strange path to find Dane. And my dear sweet, Melodia, you ignored all of the men that would have gladly fallen in love with you but opened yourself up when Dylan appeared.

“No other siren has ever allowed herself that, but I always hoped you three would be different. No matter how many temptations were put in front of you, you never once used your powers to harm. I wouldn’t have been so forgiving of the man you saw on the beach that night that killed his girlfriend. I would have still offered you the chance if you had used your powers and lured him to a watery death,” Aphrodite adds to me, and it simply shocks me further.

“So now that you know, go get your men. Tell them what you really are so they can love all of you. Oh, and in case you’re worried, there’s one—or two last gifts for you. The first is perhaps more for your men than you,” she says making us curious. “They won’t have to worry about anyone seeing what’s theirs when you’re in water. You’ll still feel as you did, but your body will be covered entirely like your tail, think more mermaid than siren.”

“Duncan will be happy to know that,” Serenia says with a laugh making mine and Melodia’s brows lift a bit her way, but she just shrugs.

“And the last gift?” Melodia asks Aphrodite.

“You won’t have to worry about your daughters’ hearts ever being cold. Their fathers’ hearts will protect them even more than your fathers’ did with you. You were each born of the man who truly loved the woman your mothers should have been, which is why your powers were greater, your ability to resist the cold deeper. None of it will ever touch your daughters and you will get to spend lifetimes with your mates because once your child is born, that is when my last gift to you will come. A shared lifespan created through your shared blood,” she says nodding at the questions in our



eyes.

“They’ll share our immortality?” I ask, thinking of the immense pleasure that an eternity with him will be, but I’m also curious now about Aphrodite’s mention that the men could only ever love us. That along with Dane’s statement last night about not believing that there was such a thing as uncontrollable desire that is. He couldn’t possibly have been a virgin as well, could he?

“And every time the others claim another mortal life, it will strength them the same as you. My own little payback for them ignoring my gracious gift so many centuries ago,” Aphrodite says getting up, giving us smiles before she heads out the door, leaving a trail of drool in her wake.

“Should we tell them together?” Melodia asks and at the nod from us, we make our way out of the diner to find our men.

“Done already?” Dylan asks, his brow lifting a bit as Melodia’s stomach rumbles. “You clearly didn’t eat enough, angel.”

“We actually only got around to ordering drinks,” Serenia says, pulling a grumble from Duncan as she slips into his side, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Everything okay, baby?” Dane asks me, his brows furled with concern that fills me with warmth and more hope that he really was a virgin as well. That I’m the only one he knows and loved in every way.

“Well, we wanted to tell you all something...”

“About where we grew up,” Melodia adds when I pause.

“You can tell us anything, angel. Whatever it is, we’ll be here for you,” Dylan

promises.

“Do you think we could go to the house and explain, Dunc?” Serenia asks, telling me and Melodia about the lake on his property telepathically.

“Of course we can, honey,” he instantly replies, his eyes warm as they gaze on her and I know for certain that he loves her as much as Dylan loves Melodia, making me so happy for my friends.

“Let me grab some groceries so I can cook my girl some breakfast and then we’ll be there,” Dylan states and we all agree.

I slip into the car with Dane, watching him as we drive, and his eyes come back over to me when we pull up to a place that’s not quite as large as his house, but there’s even more landscape surrounding us. It’s perfect for Serenia.

“What is it, baby?” he asks me, leaning my way with a soft kiss and I smile, glancing up at him when he pulls back.

“I was just thinking about what you said last night. About desire you couldn’t fight being a myth,” I add, and he smiles just a hint more, teasing my lips with his fingers.

“Did one of your friends tell you that none of us ever dated?” he asks, and my eyes widen a bit more.

“No...but I can understand why you all wouldn’t if we’re the girls that finally won your hearts,” I suggest making him laugh fully as he presses a quick kiss to my lips.

“I had a bad experience when I was twenty-one with a girl that was just after my money. She cheated on me and it made me dislike women, so it wasn’t hard to stay away from them when I never had any desire to touch anyone until I found you,

baby,” he states, and my heart flutters uncontrollably. “So, if you’re asking if you’re the first woman I’ve ever slept with, the answer is yes. You’re the only one I want, and I can’t ever imagine that changing. And I’m pretty sure it’s the same thing with our friends though we’ve never really discussed it all. Does that make you happy, baby?”

“Yeah, it does,” I muse with a soft laugh. Surely he’ll understand that we’re sirens, that it doesn’t change who we are—at least not now that we don’t have to worry about the bloodlust at least. “It really, really does.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:29 am*

Dane

We follow Duncan and Serenia out the door after we finish the meal Dylan made. Seeing the girls interacting was something else, they really are sisters rather than friends, even if they don't share blood. They can read each other entirely, and I know this is all going to be fine. Whatever it is that they're worried about telling us about, it's not going to destroy us.

I'm sure it's just about where they lived before they came here. As much as I've tried, I couldn't get Celestia to give me a straight answer on it. She just said she lived near the beach, that none of them felt they fit in, and were glad to get the chance to come explore this week.

I know my girl wasn't looking for a sugar daddy. She's definitely not a gold-digger. Beyond that, I really don't care because I know what's most important—she's mine. All mine. Just mine. The rest simply shaped her into who she is now. I get to love her and help her grow into whatever else she wants to be from here forward.

We reach the lake, the girls sharing looks before Dylan pulls Melodia into his arms, cupping her face gently, his eyes filled with worry. The same look is on Duncan's face as well seeing the uncertainty on Serenia's, and I know I'm not faring much better as I lift Celestia's hand to my lips, kissing her palm gently.

"Whatever it is going on, just tell us, angel," Dylan urges, and Melodia nods taking a step back from him as Serenia gives her and Celestia a curious look.

"This might be simpler," Melodia tells him as the three girls toss aside their dresses,

leaving them in bikinis, and they dive into the water while the three of us are momentarily stunned.

It grows when there's a glow coming from the water, but before it gets too bright, the three of their heads pop up out of the water. My jaw drops, my heart stuttering a bit and I swear I can't really be seeing what I'm seeing. It's not humanly possible but even as I think it, a fin pops out of the water, telling me I really am.

Celestia looks like the night sky has wrapped her in layered clouds, darkened with no sun lighting them, creating a feathery look along her torso and over her breasts, rather than the grey one she had on. She's absolutely stunning and I love that the others aren't getting to gaze at her body in her tiny bikini. Even if how it happened doesn't begin to compute right now.

Similarly to Celestia's top changing, Serenia's body looks like it's wrapped with silken water, blue along her torso with white foam creating a bikini top hiding her breasts, rather than the green bikini she jumped into the water wearing. Melodia looks like she's wrapped in iridescent gemstones forming an off the shoulder looking top, instead of the pink and purple thing she'd been wearing.

"What the fuck?" Duncan gets out, and the girls turn towards us, as we move down the dock towards them.

"So definitely not an actual angel..." Dylan teases. "I wondered where you could have been living to not know what the internet and TV was but this..."

"Never saw this coming," Duncan says, and I can't tear my eyes off my girl to ask what the hell Dylan meant by not knowing what the internet and TV was. He can't be serious can he? I mean, yeah, we haven't done much beyond cook and fuck, but who doesn't know what those things are?

Even with all of those questions flowing through me, I can't begin to do anything but go to my girl. I slip down onto the dock, pulling her almost out of the water, and kiss her, make sure she's really still here, not a mirage. I let it linger, kissing her hot and hungrily until Duncan finally lets out a shout pulling us apart. "Dude, can you stop long enough for them to explain?"

"Okay, this might take a bit so..." Melodia pauses with a glance at Serenia and Celestia. They nod then push themselves up out of the water onto the dock with us. A shock hits again when almost instantly, the tail and top disappear, the bikinis returning.

"I like the tail more than the bikini, even if it's just in front of my friends, angel," Dylan grunts and I have to agree to that even if it is just silently.

We guide the girls over to the sitting area, and I wrap Celestia up tight after slipping my flannel around her upper body, needing my hands on her to know she's still real and here with me.

Serenia starts, her words a shock as she tells us, "We're sirens."

"Sirens, like the beings that lure sailors to their deaths on the rocky shores?" I question, remembering telling Celestia about love at first sight being a myth and her little grin at the word, and they nod. "I thought they were half birds not..."

"We used to be," Celestia says making my brow lift even higher because I don't recall that from my small unit on Greek mythology from high school.

"Sirens once roamed the skies, singing their songs, getting men to follow them, on the sea and on land. Others grew jealous, and when a siren lured a man a muse wanted, they went to Hera and claimed the sirens thought they were the greatest beings in the world. The smartest, the prettiest, the most talented, which also upset

Athena, because she felt she was the smartest,” Melodia tells us, resting in Dylan’s hold until he leans back a bit, his brow high as he looks at her in shock.

“Hera and Athena, as in the goddesses?”

“Yes,” she answers him seriously. “To teach the sirens a lesson, they tricked them into a singing competition with the muses. A sirens’ song is only meant to lure, it sounds different to everyone, and not every siren can lure every man at the same time.”

“So, when several siren sing at once, the ones that have no effect sound hideous to the listener. Muses on the other hand,” Serenia says, “are meant to inspire, especially music itself. So, when a group of them get together, it creates the most beautiful sound ever.”

“The sirens were laughed at by the men, and because they won, the muses were able to decide what their prize was. They said they wanted the sirens’ feathers, to make them even more beautiful to men, because ours were the prettiest. Once plucked, the sirens’ wings shriveled and could no longer support them in flight, and they were trapped on the ground to walk on their talons,” Celestia adds, and I can feel the anger that causes her. Hell, it makes me furious to think of someone harming her to the point where she’d be disabled.

“But the men that once were under their spell now mocked them, and unable to fly, they captured all of them and told them to try and put them under their spell when they looked like monsters. They wanted to drown all of them, and so, they tied the sirens’ feet together and threw them into the water. They sank fast, the pressure made their bodies elongate while their legs fused together, their skin turning to scale, and the wings rotated and became arms. The coldness of the water turned them into the true monsters the men called them. Their once lovely human faces became bone and terror, their hair long weeds, and ice flowed through their veins, allowing them to

breathe under the water. Horrified of the creatures they created, the muses disappeared, and the men tried to fight. In the water they stood no chance. Several were killed instantly, others, managed to escape, and when the sirens went after them, it was discovered that they could not cross the land because they had no feet or legs to stand on any longer,” Melodia admits sending Dylan’s brows up higher and mine definitely follows.

“But all of you have...and you’re even more beautiful...” he says.

“The beauty was a gift from Aphrodite,” Celestia explains, and that’s a name that’s completely familiar. Though it’s a shock that she’d go against the other goddesses and bestow a gift on the sirens.

“She also gave the sirens the chance to reclaim what was taken from them, freedom to roam the land and sea,” Serenia adds, and a bit of understanding starts to come over me as Celestia’s legs move over my lap.

“But the sirens used their newfound legs to hunt down the men that mocked them, to kill them instead. Aphrodite offered them the chance to find love, real love, but all they could feel was the cold in their hearts, the urge to kill. And seven days after they were given their legs, as they slayed the last mortal man, Aphrodite took back her gift of legs, forcing the sirens back into the seas. For nearly three thousand years, the sirens have used their powers and Aphrodite’s gift of beauty to kill. Not knowing they had another choice if they just ignored the icy cold,” Melodia says. “None of us ever liked the cold, the urges it created within us to kill. Sirens become their most powerful after they turn twenty-one. The bloodlust is said to be unbearable at that point. Likely because that’s how old the original sirens were when they were thrown into the ocean.”

“Melodia discovered a loophole that could keep us from becoming full-sirens,” Serenia says giving her a grin. “She told us about it, and we all agreed it was our only



option.”

“As long as we didn’t kill by the end of our twenty-first birthday, we would get the chance to have Aphrodite’s gift given to us. So, we spent our birthday together in the lagoon outside of town, keeping each other from letting the cold consume us, and as the night turned to midnight, we found ourselves with legs,” Celestia states, laughing a bit as I rub hers, my hand sliding onto her hips holding her tighter.

“Serenia was four before she came to live with us, so she knew the most basic things about humans, was able to teach us how to walk, and then Celestia remembered a hidden bag of clothes that also had money in it that would likely be useful. We walked to town that morning, and then one by one, met you all.”

“And spent several days worried that you wouldn’t fall in love with us, and we’d have to go back,” Serenia adds.

“And then worried that it seemed too simple that you did fall in love with us, until Aphrodite joined us in the diner at least,” Celestia says and all three of us guys share confused looks at that. “She walked right into it past you. Said you ignored even her, but it wasn’t a surprise since your hearts were never meant for anyone but us.”

“So, we really were brought here to find you,” Dylan says to Melodia and that thought hits me hard inside. I came here to get away from women—or so I thought. Now, turns out I came here for the woman who’d claim my heart. “And you still were worried it wasn’t real?”

“We’ve spent our entire lives fighting against the cold. You’ve no idea just how powerful it was, so yes, when nothing happened when you told us you loved us, we were worried somehow our powers had gotten you to fall for us, even though you said it happened in an instant,” Melodia states.

“Then Aphrodite told us, it was never your love we had to worry about, it was always us. That you would have fallen for us no matter what, because you were destined to be ours, but if we hadn’t listened, hadn’t fought the cold bloodlust, we wouldn’t have seen it, seen any of you, and ended up like the others,” Celestia adds, snuggling into my hold as I kiss her forehead, loving that the universe or perhaps fate brought me here for this.

“Knowing what it took to get us all here, in this town, and knowing that we all had listened, we knew her words were true,” Serenia says.

“And then she told us she’d given us two more gifts,” Melodia states, giggling a bit as she looks up at Dylan. “Well, she said the first was really for you all.”

“Being that when we transformed back into our siren bodies, we’d have a little more coverage than normal, because sirens only have tails,” Serenia says making Duncan’s brow lift high in confusion.

“And hair for coverage,” Celestia expands on for us, bringing a growl to Duncan’s lips that Dylan echoes as I clench my jaw tight.

“So, the other gift is that you all can transform whenever you want?” I ask her. “Because in the water you had a tail but once out of it...”

“That was part of her original gift for those that found true love not the extra ones she told us about in the diner,” Celestia answers me with a grin that’s pure beauty just like her.

“She did say that we could only transform back into our siren form when in a natural body of water. So, the lake, a river, or the ocean. Pools won’t do it, and neither will the rain thankfully because we’ve kept our existence from humans for thousands of years now,” Serenia adds.

“So, what was the last gift?” Dylan questions.

“You all as ours forever. Sirens are immortal beings,” Melodia tells him, sending his brow upwards a bit and I wait for them to explain that, make sure I heard them right because after losing my parents, the thought of having Celestia as mine forever fills me with peace. “Every soul that the Lycophron consumes, gives us more strength. Even if we didn’t do the actual killing or consuming, the strength is shared by all through the bloodline. Normally, when a siren mates, it’s to breed. When a siren has a man under her lure, it’s to kill, unless she’s ready to breed. Once a siren knows she’s with child, she kills the man, so he has no chance of sharing a bond with the child.”

“That bond gives them strength and sirens hatred of men is as deep as the bloodlust that runs through them. But that strength was just that, strength, not immortality,” Serenia adds.

“But it will be different with us, for us,” Melodia says to her. “Aphrodite told us that when we have daughters, they won’t ever have to fight the cold. They won’t feel it because of your hearts, and with our daughters’ birth, the bond will create a new one for us, where we’ll get to have you with us for eternity. They as well as all of you will share in the strength, her victory over the ones that use her gifts for evil.”

“They won’t be able to kill you even in the water then,” Serenia says to Duncan, her eyes haunted with a look I’ve seen in my own when remembering my parents.

“Until then, you have to swear you’ll stay out of the ocean, away from the rivers or lakes that connect to them, because if our mothers do come, that’s as far as they can go,” Celestia adds, her hand holding tighter to my arm, pressing against my chest as a shudder races through her body.

“Can they try to hurt you?” Duncan asks them.

“They can try, but it would only kill them as well. A siren can’t kill another siren, without killing all of her blood,” Serenia answers. “If our mothers tried to kill us, it would destroy them, as well as our entire lineage.”

“Even if they tried to have Celestia’s mother kill me, and mine kill Serenia, and hers kill Celestia, it would still kill them as well,” Melodia adds giving Dylan a reassuring smile.

“There must be thousands of sirens out there then,” Duncan says echoing my thoughts, but Serenia shakes her head no.

“Sirens can only have one child each, and sirens only have girls,” she tells him, and I glance down at Celestia who gives me a little nod, biting her bottom lip, but I’m not going to argue only having one baby if it means I have her forever now.

“A little you that’s part me too sounds perfect, honey,” Duncan replies.

“Nothing wrong with having more of perfection in the world, that’s for sure,” Dylan agrees.

“I can’t wait to have a little piece of you and me in the world, baby,” I assure Celestia, loving the little grin that hits her now.

“I wonder what our daughters’ powers might be,” Melodia says, bringing curious looks from all of us men her way.

“What do you mean powers?” Dylan asks.

“Well, sirens have powers to lure men,” Melodia states, and he nods. “We have different ways of achieving that, usually they’re enhanced based on who our father is. Mine was a musician, so my song is more powerful than anyone else’s. There was

never anyone I couldn't enchant if I tried. When sirens are pregnant, they can feel what the powers their child will have, and normally we're named after them in some way."

"Hence Melodia," Dylan says, and she nods in return.

"My father was an astronomy professor; it left me with an affinity with the sky. Sailors used to track their positions using the night sky. Others with similar gifts would rearrange a star here and there to confuse them, draw them nearer to their deaths. With new machines, their abilities weren't quite as useful, so when I was born with the ability to disrupt the force of the moon and stars, they realized I could mess with their machines as well," Celestia tells us, and my breath stalls a bit at that news.

The sky took my parents from me in a way, but now, it's given me her, making it up somehow it seems. Or maybe my parents had a sense of foreboding doom, had a glimpse of their fate, and that's why they insisted I stay home when originally, I was supposed to go with them on the trip. Maybe they somehow knew Celestia was out there, needing me to be here to find her, to give me this love that will last us forever.

For the first time, losing them doesn't bring on the guilt I felt back then and for so long. Now, I'm thankful I wasn't on that plane, because if I was, Celestia would have to become something she despises.

"And men know to watch out for rocks as they bring a ship in, and while some of our kind can mask them, no one else could create an entire vision of land so true that men would leave their ship and fall into the vast ocean for the sirens to drag into their depths. My father was a geologist with the Army Corp of Engineers. He managed to escape my mother when she tried to kill him the first time. Found her when she was having me, and stole me, to try and keep me from her, keep me safe. I was four when we moved to a base near the ocean, and she found me. Despite his strength, he was pulled into the depths and drowned when my mother pulled me into the water so I

would have my first transformation. At least now it's not painful," Serenia says, pulling reassuring looks from the others, and we stay for a bit, letting them talk more, learning more about sirens before Dylan and Melodia head home, and I take Celestia to mine.

I wrap her up in the tightest hug, telling her everything with my parents and the women that led me here, kissing away the tears that filled her eyes hearing it. "Shh, I didn't mean to make you cry, baby."

"I know. I'm just so glad you weren't taken from me and I get to stay with you forever—have a little girl with you we can love and treasure for life," she promises, and I kiss her until we're beyond the heavens together, and I know there's no way we won't have that little baby in about nine months now. Not with as deeply as we just loved.

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Celestia

Our sweet Hazel is all eyes as Melodia ushers her into the room, a smile on her lips when she sees how happy Dane and I are with our second little girl resting on my chest. Ten months ago, none of us thought this was a possibility, not until our twenty-ninth birthday when Melodia said she was pregnant, and we didn't quite believe it. Not until Aphrodite showed up, telling us that sirens weren't limited to one child apiece as we'd been led to believe, but one man with which we could have babies.

It wasn't a huge shock then when Serenia announced she was pregnant about a month later, and no one was really shocked when Dane and I announced we were having another shortly after that. I do think we were all still surprised when Melodia had their baby and rather than a girl, it really was a boy as Aphrodite teased us was a possibility thanks to her chat with fate.

It was still such a joy just to have a second baby. Our girls just turned eight, each of them little beauties with their own gifts. Hazel has an energizing ability that occasionally hits when she's happiest and it makes one forget the need to sleep. It can leave our poor men exhausted if it happens when she's around them, but they never complain.

Not with her or with Jasmine, Serenia and Duncan's little girl who has the gift to turn the air around you into the sweetest scent ever. Or with Madeleine, Melodia and Dylan's little girl whose powers occasionally seep through her cooking making everything taste like heaven even if it's not fully edible.

We've adored all of them, and now, we each have at least one more little one in our

lives. Melodia and Dylan's little boy, Ashton, is about eight weeks old now, a near copy of Dylan except for the reddish hair. Serenia and Duncan had another shock when Hera showed up, using Nina as a vessel, and let them know they were having twins. They're a month old now, born a couple weeks early, a boy they've named Lucas after Serenia's father, and a sweet little girl that takes a bit more after Duncan in looks but with Serenia's hair for sure, that they named Rose.

We haven't been able to figure out just yet if the boys have gifts, but Rose certainly seems to. Serenia put a flower headband on her for some pictures last week. Lucas was in the other room with Duncan, so it couldn't have been him who turned the slightly wilted flowers into fresh blooms.

As for our baby girl, I can already feel the soothing comfort washing over us that's coming from her. I felt it while I was carrying her, knew she was a little girl, and we decided to name her Illa. It's a play off of vanilla which I swear I could smell the entire time I was pregnant and now, seems to come from our little girl's sweet skin.

"Would you like to come say hi to Illa, sweet girl," Dane asks Hazel, lifting her up onto the bed to snuggle between us and I adore him for that. That he wants to ensure our older girl doesn't feel left out as we snuggle with our new baby.

"She's so little," Hazel says softly. "Mmm, she smells like love."

"Sweet comfort," I agree, kissing Hazel then Illa. "It's hard to believe you were this little once, isn't it, sweetheart?" I add to her, and she nods, her eyes widening when Illa wakes up, her eyes fully alert and I press another kiss to Illa's little head before turning one onto Hazel who looks at us in surprise.

"It's okay, we know you're just excited to be a big sister. Illa will be fine," I assure her, and Dane echoes the sentiment calming our oldest girl, so she knows we're not upset that her powers seemed to have woken Illa. It's bound to happen, just as I'm certain that Illa's powers will catch Hazel unexpectedly one day as well.



“I kept hoping for a little sister, but I didn’t want to say it,” Hazel admits as her hand rests on Illa’s back. “I’m going to look after you, make sure no one ever hurts you,” she whispers to our baby, and I can barely stop the tears from bursting free.

They’re not from sadness, the complete opposite really, but combined with the emotions from labor, I know if they start, they won’t stop anytime soon. It’s only Illa’s soothing ability that keeps them at bay, and I press kisses to both my girls, loving this life we’ve come to find.

None of us have had to worry about our mothers or the rest of the Lycophron in years. They tried to put our men under their spells when we went to the beach, Dane grumbling about the sand and ocean the whole way there, but no one could begin to lure them closer. Our mothers argued, saying we’d regret staying with them, that they’d one day betray us, but we all know there’s no possibility of that happening—not ever. They belong to us as much as we belong to them, and we went home, more confident about where we stood, even if we did make the men promise to not go near the water until after we knew they were entirely safe.

Dane had no issues with it and told me why he hated the beach, then added the girl that’d mocked him for not wanting her looked an awful lot like one of the other sirens that was there to attempt to help kill our men if they got close enough to the water. When he mentioned the vacation was in the Maldives, I knew he wasn’t just thinking it. It was one of the spots that Alara would sneak off to even though it was well outside our normal territory. She loved fooling people into thinking they truly had spotted a mermaid or siren in tropical areas, because if something did come of it, they would go after those that lived closest to the Maldives rather than us.

I reassured him he wasn’t just trying to lump that girl in with the meanness of sirens. That the girl was as awful of a being as he’d been thinking all those years. Then promised I wouldn’t mind if we avoided the ocean even after we knew he was safe. I’ve had plenty of time spent on them over the years. Being home with him and our family was far more appealing than a swim in the ocean—especially with having the

lake at Duncan and Serenia's that we can go to and swim with our girls, and the trips to the lagoon with just them to teach them how to use and control their powers without it affecting our men.

Dane wraps me up in his arms that night after Illa is out and I look up into his gorgeous face, smiling, my heart about to burst. "I love you, more and more each day, baby."

"And just think, we have an eternity more of them with our little girls—and maybe a little boy one day down the road," I add sending his brow upward. "I could feel how much you wanted another little girl when we started discussing having one. I wanted her too, more than anything, even a little boy right now," I promise as his eyes widen a hint. "She's incredible and I love our girls just as much as I love you, Dane. I just think it would be incredible to see you teach a little boy how to be as amazing as you are, so he can find a girl and love and cherish her the way I am by you."

"Keep talking and I'll forget you just had our little girl, and I really need to hold off from trying to breed you again, baby," Dane grunted into my ear, his arms holding me tightly to him.

I grin as I fell into a quick rest, certain I can entice him to have a little boy in our life sooner rather than later, and that seems perfect to me.