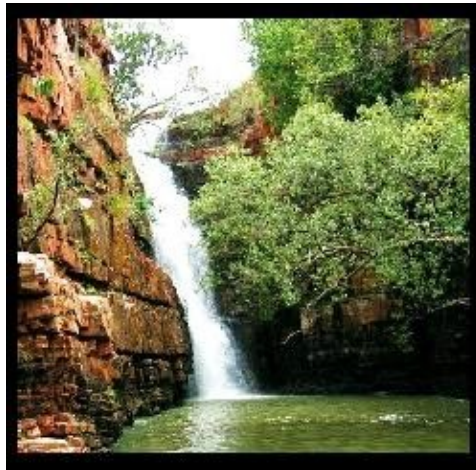


Song of the Water Nymph

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A descriptive sort story of a strange encounter at a remote waterfall pool



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Weaving my hands slowly through the long grass in front of me I carefully move them to one side. Nice and slow, no fast movements that might give away my position. I peer through the grassy gap I've made, so that I scan the small lake and surrounding area. The trees and bushes growing on the high banks surrounding the waters edge cast darkened shadows on the surface. These light and dark areas make it difficult to spot the watery form that I knew to be submerged beneath the surface.

Only when his head briefly breaks the surface can I pinpoint his exact position. He's swimming away from me, heading over to the rocky cliff at the far side of the pool, where the waterfall is. Taking advantage of when he is submerged, I sprint forward. Hastily grabbing at the pile of clothes filling my arms with them and quickly scamper back to my hiding place amongst the long grass. Giggling with mirth at my child like joke, peering through the long grass to make sure I had remained unseen. I didn't need to worry he was still cavorting under water unaware of my presence.

Backing away on all fours dragging the clothes with me, until I'm safely out of sight near a small stream amongst the thick trees that surrounded the valley's pool. Moving to the right I work my way quietly, creeping through the trees. I navigate my way around the water careful to stay out of sight, but still following the small stream. Just the rustle of leaves, the chirping bird songs and the gentle gurgle of the waterfall can be heard. An occasional splash coming from the pool indicates he was still enjoying himself.

Climbing the bank as it rises up in front of me, trees and bushes giving way to scrubby long grass and a boulder strewn outcrop. Lowering my body on to hands and knees I creep forward over the ground getting lower and lower until I'm prone on my belly. Wriggling forwards inch by inch, my eyes clearing the rocky outcrops sheer rock face so I can peer unseen down below me.

The sheer rock face drops down about 5 meters before it meets the deep section of the pool. To my right the waterfall from the small stream gushes over the rocks at the top of the cliff, plunging into the pool below. On the far side of the splashing fall there is a large flat boulder protruding towards the waterfall. The dark gray stone wet with the splashed mist from the cascading water.

He was cavorting in the deep pool below the thundering waterfall, showing me glimpses of pale skin of his back, foot, or buttocks as his body briefly surfaces for air before porpoising back below the surface. The full length of his suntanned body brakes the surface of the water, laying back he allows his body to float there drifting gently.

The bright sun shines down on him making the droplets of water on his body sparkle like diamonds. Jet black short hair slicked back darkened even more by the water, eyes closed and relaxed savoring the peace of the moment. His jaw shows the shadowed stubble of a long day's growth. Well defined muscles covered his chest shoulders and arms. A dark splash of dampened chest hair brakes the tanned color of his chest.

Large hands and long fingers gently palpitated the water drawing it gently between the spread digits. A six pack of stomach muscle draws my eyes downward to slim hips and long pale muscular legs. Moving my eyes back to the area that shows that he's a very proud man indeed. A musical giggle escapes from my lips before I can stifle it. Covering my mouth quickly to dampen the giggle, but it can't hide the heat of the blush that fills my cheeks.

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As I continue to watch the man floating below me, he twists his body and disappears beneath the water. Not before his taunt buttocks rises out of the water, flashing pale untanned cheeks, as he porpoises himself underwater. His shimmering pale form thrusting deep along the floor of the pool to surface alongside the flat platform of rock. Pulling himself from the water he flops down on the granite platform, sunning his body.

Watching him lying there an idea runs through my mind, wiggling back from the edge of the rock face until I'm out of sight from below. I stand pulling the ribbons from my hair. I run my fingers through its long red tresses as I move to the stream. I carefully tip toe my way along its wet slippery course feet are sure footed as if born to the flowing water. Bracing myself against the flow of the water around my ankles, I take up the poise of a diver preparing to free-fall off the high board. Holding this pose I inhale and whistle sharp and loud.

As his startled eyes search for the sound I raise up on to tiptoes and push off from the top of the cliff. Sitting up fast his hands cover his manhood. Eyes scanning the banks around the pool, following it higher and higher up the rocky face. Framed by the blue sky, a red headed naked body stood poised at the top of the waterfall above him for only an instant. Almost petite childlike in stature, yet breasts and curves of the hips against the slim waist. Long thick hair hung over her shoulders and down her back almost to her slim waist.

For the briefest of moments there eyes meet and he was totally absorbed into the deep emerald green of their emotional depths. Then her naked golden body dives through the air. This beautiful red headed apparition flexes and sails gracefully into the air in a perfect swallow dive and plunged into the depths of the pool. Her falling body matching the path of the plunging waterfall, almost as if the water carried her down in its watery grip. Barely a ripple showed on the surface as her body knifed through the surface and disappeared from his sight.

Releasing his breath as her body vanishes beneath the water, not even aware he had been holding it, Embarrassment now forgotten he raises his hands to shield eyes from the suns glare. As his eyes scan the depths of the water, desperately wanting to find the shimmering image of her body below the watery surface.

Her darkened wet head breaks the surface right in front of him close to the flat rock he's sitting on. Dark green eyes sparkling with laughter at his intense longing look. Her laughter bursts from full rose colored lips. The sound filling his ears like music. Kneeling on all fours on the rock his face lowered towards hers his eyes absorb everything about this petite elfish face.

â Who are you?â

Only the tinkering laughter answers his gasped question. The beauty of her body and the music of her laugh sends the blood surging around his body. Lust flows through him leaning down lower the urge to kiss that smiling mouth overwhelms him. Those emerald eyes pierce his very soul, reading his mind. Tendrils of her inquisitive mind, melding with his, sending tingles of electricity through his body.

Her small hands rise up out of the water. The cool touch of this water nymph hands gently cups either side of his face and draws him down until their lips meet. The kiss was just the briefest moment of pressure, but it seemed to him like time froze in that split second as there lips met. Silence encompassed him, yet the sound of his heart beat pounded loud in his chest, He felt the air vibrate with the gentlest sigh from her slightly parted lips beneath his. It feels like he's floating away on a curtain of passion as her hot little tongue flicks out tasting him. Reaching for her, his fingers clutching empty handfuls of air, as her body sinks into the water away from him.

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Searching the water he stands up, so hungry is his need for this red headed water nymph, his body shows its reaction to her so tender, but brief kiss. There she is, her body is somehow perched on a stone ledge beneath the bottom of the waterfall. The falls showering curtain cascading over her shoulders and the curves of her milky white breasts. The bubbles flow down her belly and disappears between her crossed legs that are folded sedately beneath her. Fingers worked on the expanse of wet red hair, carefully plaiting its long length. Her dark green eyes fixed on him never waver or blink. From her mouth the sound of a song reached across the water to him. No words, just the rising and falling of pure clear notes.

The flashing image of pages of a book he had read when a boy, passes through his mind. The song of the siren calling to the sailor, the beautiful seductive Mermaids, Water Nymphs, Pixies, Fairy's and Elfin. This woman reminded him of that fabled child's book. He wanted this water nymph desperately with all consuming passion, need, and lust.

Diving into the water he loses the sight of her image for a second. Three fast strokes underwater brings him close to the base of the waterfall, within arms reach of his beautiful Siren. When a burst of bubbles surrounds her and him from the waterfall above, he loses sight of her. Shaking the water from his eyes, expecting to reach forward and pull this seductive woman into his arms.

He's astounded to see just the rock face and falling curtain of water before him. Treading water and turning his eyes search for her, That's impossible there was no sight of her. There in the distance just the muted chords of her song could still be heard. Then just a high childish giggle and nothing more. Only the sound of the gentle breeze rustling the leaves, bird song chirping, and the roar of the water falling into the pool next to him.

He searched the whole pool and banks of the pond for her, but to no avail. She had vanished without trace leaving no evidence of herself ever having been there. As the sun started to set he began to doubt her very existence. Putting it down to a dreamy slumber in the afternoon sun. Stepping carefully through the undergrowth hopping and cursing, face wincing, when his bare feet encountered a sharp stone or twig. He makes his way back to the main pathway to the place where he had left his clothes and shoes.

The pile of clothes were gone and in their place, a small posy of wild flowers. He stood there totally naked, not at all amused by the prospect of an evenings naked hike back along the busy highway to town and home. Looking around the now darkened pool as his body shivers, he looks into the foreboding darkness. The sounds of chuckling laughter follows him as he strides off down the wooded lane. His eyes searching the dark undergrowth for his lost clothes.

His pale, shivering body passes close by the thick prickly bush that hides a cave entrance. If he squeezed past the thorns without shredding his naked skin, then managed to fit his large frame through the narrow entrance of the cave opening. He might of found his way down through the maze of underground tunnels to a large cavern.

There by the flickering flames of wall torches, next to an ever enlarging pile of assorted clothes that were deposited near the edge of the underground cavern pool. He would of spied the dancing form of the petite woman that laughed and cavorted around in the dark pool by the firelight. Chords of song drifting up through the tunnels that led to the hidden opening, behind the waterfall.

by Tracey Owen and Brian Rueby

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