

Hybrid – Summer Sands

Tsudon put a hand up to his face, gazing at the azure sky. Nothing could beat a beautiful ocean view. *Not to mention*, he thought to himself, *the sexy ladies who decorated the white hot sands with their luxurious presence*. Stretching, he checked his form: strong and fit, muscular, slick red shorts, the bog standard setup. He raised his sunglasses up to his hair, resting them there, and took inventory of the beachfront in front of him.

While most of the women seemed to have company, a handful were alone. Azure was occupied with other things at the moment, which left him free to do as he saw fit. And that's when he spied her: a woman with a shock of blue hair, lighter highlights at the base, who knelt down by an ice cream stand. The object of her attentions seemed to be a black and white cat, pawing at the ice cream and permitting her to pet it.

Of course, one of the things which caught his eye were her tremendous features: big glasses, big boobs, and a big bulge to match her butt. The kind of lady who seemed endowed in all measures. Even her bikini seemed designed to draw the eye, star-shaped nipple covers forming the front of her bikini top.

Tsudon ran a hand through his messy hair, and taking his sunglasses off his head, used their reflection to check his appearance. The beard could use a little trim, but otherwise he looked *good*. Flashing himself a winning smile, he donned the sunglasses and began tromping through the sand toward the woman.

“Hey, little kitty. Do you want a bit of ice cream?” the woman said, scritching under the cat's chin. She noticed a little tag which said 'Rambo'. Standing up, Novel turned to the lady behind the ice cream cart. “I'll take a cup, please. Vanilla.” As it was doled out, she paid and then scooped the cat up, offering a tidbit of ice cream on her finger to the animal.

Tsudon strolled up, trying to look innocuous. "How's the ice cream?" His eyes darted over her form, noting her considerable cleavage. "Real cute pussy you got, too," he said, making finger guns at Rambo. The cat glanced at him and then sniffed at her finger, licking the ice cream.

"Thanks, he's a real cutie! I just met him, though!" Novel said. Tsudon couldn't even see her eyes proper, so thick were her glasses. Her eyes seemed only to be black dots behind the lenses. Whether she caught on to his double entendre, she gave no indicator.

"Name's Tsudon, nice to meet ya!" He leaned back, a wry grin on his face. "Did you come all the way to this lovely beach just to be by your lonesome?"

Novel let out a giggle, her chest jiggling as she did. "A couple of my friends are here too. They're off doing something or other... I wonder what?" Novel seemed to lapse into a daydream, and her face flushed slightly. Drool collected at a corner of her lip, and if Tsudon didn't know any better, he'd think her having dirty thoughts.

"Sounds like they're pretty close friends." Tsudon sidled closer, putting an arm around her shoulder. "We could be friends too, if you like." He flashed a winning smile. Her skin under his hand felt hot from the sun, but something else pervaded it he couldn't place. Almost like an undercurrent of energy he couldn't identify, barely contained.

The cat eyed him, yawned, and pawed at Novel, who set him down; he scampered off. She turned her attentions to Tsudon. "When you say friends..." Novel put a hand to her chin, pondering.

"Real friendly. The kind of friends who don't need clothes. Though I'm told I can move a little fast. I try not to push too hard," Tsudon said, winking at her.

"But I know so little about you! Surely that would come first?" Novel pulled out a pen

and pad from... somewhere (Tsudon did not see any place she could have hidden them), and primed herself to take notes.

“Uh... I'm Tsudon, married to a beautiful lady named Azure, playboy with her permission... what else do you want to know?” he gave her another winning smile, brushing his hair back. The motion made his feline ears fluff up on his head, and they twitched. Novel took notice of it, eyes flicking to them, and jotted down something in her pad.

“So you're swingers, or?” Novel stared, unblinking. Tsudon let out a laugh, and this time Novel looked over to his hand around her shoulder. Her body shimmered not unlike heat waves on pavement, and softened to a bluish silver liquid, falling to the ground. Tsudon made a noise of surprise, jumping back, and Novel reformed a short distance away. She now wore a belt over her bikini, a black whip attached to her hip.

Novel took her glasses off, revealing tiny pinpricks of color for irises. Unlike her comical look with her oversize glasses, here she seemed sadistic, even malevolent.

“Friends, huh? With no clothes?” Letting loose the whip's coil, she cracked it in the air with a savage smile. “I wonder how much you'll be able to withstand?”

Tsudon swallowed. Unexpected, but he'd played with all kinds of partners. “You're a shapeshifter, then? Like Nyx?”

The question seemed to surprise her. “You know Nyx? Hmm... maybe I can't whip you,” Novel murmured to herself. Internally, Tsudon breathed a sigh of relief. He might be into a lot of things, but being literally whipped didn't sound like much fun.

“But honestly, where's the fun in that? Let's try it anyway,” Novel said, her grin and eyes both widening. She stretched the whip taut between her hands, the implement making a sharp snapping noise.

Tsudon thought quickly. “On second thought, maybe next time bye!” was all he could manage, hauling ass away from the seeming dominatrix over the sand.

Novel, watching the man churn sand as if a cartoon character, let out another giggle. Perhaps she’d been a little harsh, but having fun with people like that always amused her. Novel paused, mulling over the encounter. Tsudon might not be a partner she’d take to bed (she didn't like men much, after all), but he *could* be fun for antics out on the town... she jotted down his name and description for later.