

A Mermaid's Irresistible Curiosity

by Richard Verry, aka Kamakazi

Seeking adventure to satisfy an irresistible curiosity
'oblivion', the mermaid, decides to see what was up
with that net drifting from the surface of the sea.

A place one rarely goes, the surface is
a place full of the feared unknown, yet
exciting and stimulating none-the-less.

Heart pounding hard inside your chest
you swim impulsively towards the surface,
with a burning need to investigate and explore.

In a whirlwind of excitement and fear
you circle the net, exploring, investigating
yet oblivious to the approaching peril ... until too late.

Oblivious to time and surroundings,
you live up to your name and
are consumed by the carnivorous net.

Resigning yourself to your fate and to the Gods
snatched brusquely from the sea,
exhausted and in need of oxygen, you lose conscience.

Upon awakening, bound and gagged
lying on your back looking up at your captor, you are ...
helpless ... immobile ... naked ... exposed ... vulnerable.

Despite futile struggles and strain
restrained and immobile, unable to escape,
alive and alert, you await your destiny.

Glistening wet, warm and supple
in the warm moist tropical air
your skin is flushed and tingling with anticipation.

Gracefully framing your face, your hair,
that looks silky and sexy underwater
lies disheveled and knotted out around you.

Buoyed by salt water
your firm and supple breasts now
sagging unsupported in the warm salt air.

Droplets of water cling to proudly erect nipples
confess the truth of your feelings
of excited anticipation in your predicament.

Straining under the tension of your bindings,
your back is sore from the knee of your tormentor
as he knelt on you while binding you.

Laboring for release and relief
your shoulders and arms ache
from being tightly bound behind you.

The fiery orange and red scales of your tail
sparkling beautiful in the tropical sun
now compressed under the ropes securing you.

Your tail fin flaps uselessly on the deck
rigged to keep it from doing any good
unable to its duty and help you to escape.

The radiant and clear look in your eyes
speaks of fear, excitement and wonder
telling the story of just how you really feel.

Nervous and yet excited about the adventures to come
your mind reels marveling in awe
as you resign yourself to the hands of your new Master.

Well, you've realized what's been missing all your life
the world below expects you to take charge
and be the master of your destiny.

Yes, that's it ... you've finally figured out
what's been troubling you all your life.
It's what's been eating away at you since you can remember.

Happiness is the joy of serving, of submitting to another.
Happiness is freely giving power over your body to another.
Happiness is contentment of being owned by another.

The magnitude of this epiphany is stunning,
recalling the inner joy you felt every time you
touched on this revelation.

The solution, the simplicity of it all, is quite clear.
Decide you do and give Him power over you
to control you, to do with you as He pleases.

Just as a door opens and you swim through
you're at peace with the world
by submitting to Him and to His control.

Trying to guess what He is about to do next
He bends over you, exciting you further.
With longing anticipation, you await His touch.

As He binds you further, His fingers caresses your body and tail,
your face and hair, your breasts and nipples, your sex,
'Oh, please don't stop...'

Effortlessly, He wraps His bindings tightly
around your chest and breasts intricately
pinching them in all the right places.

Your breasts quickly turn blue and hard,
straining against the ropes tightly encircling them
filling with blood that, like you, can't escape their bondage.

You wonder to yourself, just how'd He manage to
expertly tie you, your breasts, arms and tail, together so that
you are totally dependent upon Him and His care?

You find yourself surprised and eager for Him
to touch you ... to touch your erect nipples
sending waves of pain and pleasure straight to your sex.

He approaches you with ropes in hand
preparing to suspend you, upside down
to show off His catch, for all to see.

The notion excites you
you're ready to show off for Him
you're eager to be displayed for His pleasure.

He rigs the rope around your tail,
and smoothly hoists you up until you hang freely
the world spinning upside down.

He smiles and gazes with satisfaction
of the fine catch He has worked so hard to land
and now His to do with as He pleases.

For posterity's sake and fond memories of the day
He takes the expected photograph
standing happily beside His captured prize.

Now sitting in a comfortable chair, your Master
gazes upon your loveliness, your beautiful body
satisfied in the catch He has made this day.

You hear the rumble of a sound unfamiliar
a low rhythmic sound that you finally recognize
as the drone of motor that churns the water behind.

Swinging in the breeze to the rhythm of the sea
you swing out over the gunwale and see the sea below,
teasing you to the home you left behind.

As you look out towards the horizon
the sea above and sky below in your inverted suspension,
you notice your brethren in the distance ... grimly wishing you well.

Looking back at Him and silently hoping
that He will be gentle, that He will be kind
and give you many occasions to please Him.

Excited in the notion that He controls your body
happy in the thought that He now owns you,
you willingly give yourself and your body to Him.

Silently to yourself you beg
'Come closer so that I can smell You
come touch me, let me feel Your touch'.

Yes your mind obsesses, you are His to command.
Just what will please Him? Anything and everything ...
nothing will be withheld from Him.

Thrilled to be His, you crave His magnificent manhood
pounding deep inside you, while you yearn
to give Him the same pleasure He is sure to give you.

Anticipating a breathtaking new existence,
you reel in the notion that He is taking you home,
the sweet mermaid of the sea, and mount you.