

An underwater scene with a mermaid and a shark. The mermaid, with long flowing hair and a shimmering tail, is looking up towards the surface. A shark is swimming in the background. Sunlight rays penetrate the water, creating a magical atmosphere.

Richard Verry

*A
Mermaids
Irresistible
Curiosity*

A Mermaid's Irresistible Curiosity

By

RICHARD VERRY

Copyright © 2007, 2017, 2023 by Richard Verry
All Rights Reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any printed or electronic form or means including electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, except for brief quotations embodied in reviews without the express written permission of the author.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events depicted are products of the author's imagination. Any similarities to persons or places are simply coincidental.

Published in USA by
Richard Verry
Rochester, NY USA
www.richardverry.com

Original Cover Design by Richard Verry

Copyright © 2007, 2017, 2023 by Richard Verry
All Rights Reserved

A Mermaid's Irresistible Curiosity

When love outweighs reason

Seeking an adventure to satisfy an irresistible curiosity,
the mermaid 'oblivion' decides to discover 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 nonetheless.

Heart pounding hard inside your chest,
you swim impulsively towards the surface,
with a burning need to find out the rest.

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



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

Resigning yourself to your fate and the gods,
you're snatched brusquely from the sea.
Exhausted and oxygen-deprived, you lose consciousness.

Upon awakening, you find yourself bound and gagged.
Lying on your back, looking up at your captor, you are ...
Helpless... Immobile... Naked... Exposed... Vulnerable.

Despite your futile struggles and straining,
restrained and immobile, unable to escape;

alive and alert, you watch and 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 sag,
unsupported in the warm salt air.

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

Straining under the tension of your bindings,
sore from the knee of your captor,
he kneels on your back as he binds you.

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

The fiery orange and red scales of your tail,
sparkling beautifully in the warm 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 do its duty and help you escape.

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

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

You realize 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 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.
Bliss is freely giving yourself to the power of
satisfaction, the contentment of being owned by another.

The magnitude of this epiphany is stunning;
recalling the inner joy you feel
every time you touch upon 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 portal opens, you swim through,
you're at peace with the world,
you submit to Him and His control.

Trying to guess what He is about to do,
He bends over you, exciting you further,

with longing anticipation, you await His touch.

He binds you more; His fingers caress 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, your breasts intricately
pinching in all the right places.

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

He pinches your nipple, giving them a hard and firm twist.
You react to the biting pain, arching your back as
He smiles, enjoying your distress.

You wonder to yourself, just how did He manage to
expertly tie you, your breasts, arms, and tail together?
You entirely depend on Him and His care.

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

He approaches you, rope 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,
eager to display yourself for His pleasure.



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

He smiles and gazes with satisfaction
of the excellent 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 alongside His captured prize.

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

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

Swinging in the breeze to the rhythm of the sea,
you swing out over the gunwale and see the water below;
teasing you to the home you leave 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... your
new Master.

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

Silently to yourself, you beg
“Come closer so I can smell you,
touch me, let me feel Your caress.”

Your mind obsesses, you are His to command.
Just what will please Him? Anything and everything—you will give Him;
you will withhold from Him nothing.

Thrilled to be His, you crave
His magnificent manhood pounding deep inside you,
yearning to give Him the same pleasure He will give you.

Anticipating a breathtaking new existence,
you reel in the notion when you heard Him say,
"He is taking you home, the sweet mermaid of the sea, and mount you."

You can't wait.

