

Her Mermaid

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

She always liked when Helen called her "her mermaid". They had promised each other they would be together forever. Helen kept her promise, but she didn't. She found a wealthy man, and with him, a way to an easier life. She had tried to explain her decision to Helen, but the truth was, she had betrayed their love. Devastated and heartbroken, Helen left the mansion that was to become her ex-lover's new home, utterly devastated. As days turned to weeks and then months, this feeling never left. Helen knew that there was only one way she would find peace...

Breaking into the mansion wasn't an easy task, but she didn't care anymore. She had lost the most valuable thing in her life. The young woman that was sound asleep, as Helen was stealthily entering her bedroom. Her ex-girlfriend's fiancé traveled a lot for business, and so, she was alone in the large house. Helen walked carefully towards the bed, her long blonde hair the only thing sticking out on her all-black tracksuit.

Helen stood by her former love by the bedside. "Former". "Love". These words sounded so wrong next to each other, the soul-aching woman thought, looking down at her victim/desire.

She was really beautiful, with her red curly hair and gorgeous physique, outlined beautifully through the thin sheet. The intruder took out a small, 9mm handgun. Her black, leather-gloved hand hovered right above sleeping beauty's face, then with one swift motion, Helen smothered her over the mouth and nose. The girl opened her pretty, brown eyes, which widened even more when she realized who the attacker was. She didn't even have time to make any sort of move, since Helen was already pointing the tip of her gun an inch away from the girl's forehead, the barrel looking straight between those eyes Helen had lost herself so many times prior.

Helen then took a pair of her own black panties, balled up in her hand. She was wearing this particular pair for the past three days and had also taken the opportunity to wipe her masturbatory sex juices with it, a few hours before the "heist". It went with saying, that they were properly saturated with Helen's "essence", be it squirt and sweat.

With her gun still very much threatening to blow her brains out, and the girl's palms submissively open in surrender, Helen stuffed the panties in her victim's mouth and sealed them in with a strip of duct tape. Her demands for answers were at once reduced to pleading moans.

Helen ignored them, proceeding to tie the redhead's wrists and elbows behind her back with duct-tape, painfully tight. Unnecessarily tight, someone might say. The ginger was letting out defiant, angry moans here and there, throughout her binding. Every time, the suggestive pocking of the gun's end against her tender skin reminded her of her status and she'd shut up. "Had she completely lost it?" was the prevalent question in the scared girl's mind.

"We're taking a cruise together, you and i." Helen finally addressed her ex, assertively. The girl did not understand what this meant. Could Helen really hurt her?

Helen's love was still in her (very light) wine-colored, satin night-gown, and she wasn't wearing underwear when going to bed, either. Helen opened the large duffle bag she had brought with her and produced a pair of heeled sandals and a long, beige trench-coat, going down to the girl's knees. Helen put the coat over the girl's bound arms and shoulders and buttoned it closed. Helen had already stapled the coat's arms to each side pocket. The girl's seminudity and arm-bondage was now largely obscured by anyone non-the-wiser. After putting her captive's bare feet in the heel-sandals, she took two smaller pieces of the tape and turned to face her captive. "Night-night", she said and pressed gently but firmly the tape over her eyes, blinding her.

For the final touch in her captive's disguise, the blonde woman placed a matching beige hat on the girl's head, a medical mask over her taped lips and nose and finally a pair of sunglasses on the girl's face, obscuring her eyes and face pretty damn well. "Let's go, and don't make any trouble", she warned her and pushed her forwards.

The young redhead's bondage was oblivious to anyone they passed through. It simply looked like a well-dressed woman, being careful during the pandemic outbreak. Helen held the girl by her waist at all times, the threat of the handgun against her lower back constantly imminent. "Make the slightest move or sound and I'll blow your brains and then mine", she heard Helen whisper in her ear. Shit was serious. If her ex didn't even care about her own life, she definitely could not try anything stupid. Completely blind, the girl could only be led, wherever Helen wanted her to go. The redhead was even shaking in fear at some points, as they walked among the crowd, but a few jabs of the gun's point forced her to compose herself.

Finally, the two “lovebirds” reached a small cruise ship. It was the only one setting sail this late, at midnight. Helen had timed it perfectly. Noise from the exiting and entering masses was heard throughout the port drowning any muffled protest that might be uttered.

After quickly checking in the ship, Helen guided her ex-lover straight into their cabin. As the ship begun its journey, Helen finally let the girl see. She was ready to burst into tears, probably holding them for a while. Helen sat in the bed next to her, looking at her, deep in thought with a face of composed anger.

“You know...” she spoke softly, deeply. “We were supposed to be together...” she said to the gagged woman who was listening intently. “But you had to go and fuck everything up...” she said with a disappointed frown, waiving the gun all around. “Suit yourself then...” The bound girl started weeping, afraid and sad at the same time.

As soon as the girl’s tears started flowing, Helen got up and went to the cabin’s bathroom. Her cold, distant demeanor broke. Her tough, vengeful façade cracked. She opened the faucet at full, to conceal her own cries of sorrow.

A couple of hours went by. Tears dried. The two women were snuggling on the small cabin's single bed. Helen had now taped the girl's ankles too, along with her hands and lips. The coat and shoes were off, leaving her in her satin nighty. One last time together, was all Helen wanted. She held her mermaid against her skin, her arms around the girl's waist and belly. Helen would sleep on the outside of the bed, so her captive couldn't crawl her way past her. Helen missed the smell of her red hair, the feeling of her pale, beautiful skin. She wanted to savor all of it.

It wasn't long before she could not contain herself anymore. It started with soft kisses on her neck, the Helen felt the girl up from under her nightgown. The bound and gagged girl let out a moan as she felt Helen's hands on her, one going up and groping her breast and twisting her nipple, while the other went straight down to her naked crotch. Heavy breathing and protesting moans continued as Helen started massaging the clit. She knew just how to touch her, she had done it countless time. Helen’s face was now buried on the girl’s full, red curly hair and the blonde woman was smelling it all like a ripe fruit. She was now pleasuring both the girl's and her own juice-box, big-spooning her from top to bottom. The gagged woman was helpless to stop the invasion, fingers were now inside her, it didn't took long before she the moans of protest mixed with ones of unwanted pleasure. Her captor, her own forbidden fruit, climaxed shortly after by her own fingers.

It was still night-time, but it wouldn’t be for long. The pitch-dark hue of the sky was already less so, gaining the glimmer of light that would only become stronger. Helen looked through the small, circle

window of their cabin. They were pretty deep into the ocean, now. All passengers should be asleep. It was time.

The half-dazed, taped-up girl watched as Helen unzipped once more the large duffle bag, she was carrying from the beginning. She looked worried and confused when she saw Helen pull out what looked like a diver's oxygen tank and what could only be described as a latex mermaid's tail. There was also a water-proof, vibrating dildo along with some other tiny gadget she could not identify.

The girl flinched when Helen went for her night-gown, but it's not like she had any say. With one pull, Helen left the redhead completely in the nude. Unless you counted all the duct tape.

First, she saw her ex take out a box of powder fish-food, along with some water-resistant glue. She raised her eyebrow in confusion, seeing the woman apply the liquid glue on her exposed areolas and nipples, giving the pair a thorough coating. Bound as she was, she simply watched as Helen proceeded to then smear the nutritious fish-powder on and around her nipples and areolas, the glue helping it stick to the girl's skin.

Her blonde ex-girlfriend then took the vibrator and without a hint, shoved it violently between the woman's legs and turned it on. The batteries would last way longer than necessary. The girl's moans were now more pleading and protesting than afraid, as the powerful vibrations send a very intense stimulation to her pussy. She definitely was not in any mood for these sexy games.

Helen then picked up the gorgeous mermaid's tail. It looked majestic! It had these beautiful ocean colors of light blue and light green all fused together and even the scaly texture of a fish tail. The blonde young woman tossed the unknown gadget, about the size of a matchbox, into the hollow fin of the tail, then started fitting it inch by inch over the girl's legs, the tail's snug, skin-tight fit working as a leg-binder. The tail had a little attachment, an inch-wide belt that when the tail was finally pushed all the way up to the girl's waist, the belt was nuzzling itself between her pussylips, keeping a firm press on the dildo invading the girl. It would definitely not fall out, now, no matter how good kegels the girl could do. For good measure, Helen secured the tail on the girl's waist with some more tape.

Last but certainly not least, the oxygen tank, which was attached to a backpack holder, was placed on the girl's and a full-face scuba mask was strapped over her tape gagged face. She could only breathe from the oxygen tank through her nostrils.

But Helen could not just carry a bound, writhing and screaming mermaid on a cruise ship. That had been taken care of before she sexually assaulted her ex. A wheeled, plastic garbage can, she had found

on the empty corridors of the ship would work perfectly. Red gave her some trouble and lots of puppy-eyes, but after a couple of “gun-pokes”, she was inside the bin.

Helen walked silently but quickly. She could faintly hear the bitch’s moans through the bin’s cap, and she was worried running into someone would give her away. Thankfully, at 5 A.M, the place was rather empty, and so Helen moved through the corridor’s care-free, pushing her cargo.

Finally, Helen reached a remote side of the ship. After shifting her eyes left and right then again about 20 times, to make sure no one was around. She opened the lid and pulled her bound victim out. Bound on her arms and legs, the pretty ginger had no way of avoiding been propped on the edge of the rail. Helen was always much stronger than her, anyway.

The gas mask helped muffle the girl’s already reduced moans even more, the girl shaking her head left and right, pleading for mercy, under the sinking moon's light. She was about to join it very soon. Helen reached for the fin of her tail, and once she grasped that little gadget, she pressed the only button on it.

"Goodbye my sweet mermaid", she said calmly and kissed the girl on her uncovered forehead. The next moment she was pushed off the boat and into the ocean with a splash.

The girl immediately was submerged deeply in the water. Her arms were useless and her legs were not doing much, but she flapped her new tail towards the surface. She could see the moonlight becoming brighter as she slowly swam upwards. “Someone will see me! They’ll surely rescue me!” was the hope egging her to keep moving her unified legs. But way before she was there, she felt a sudden, sharp pain in her most private, tender parts, in the inner walls of her vagina! It was immediately debilitating, like a jolt of lightning striking her deep in her loins. She could not move a muscle until this horrific pain stopped!

The device that had been placed in her tail was a pressure meter, which was connected wirelessly to the vibrator. If the pressure reached below 14.22 psi it would send a powerful electric shock via the dildo that was buried inside her pussy. In simple terms, that meant that she could only swim up to 10 meters below the surface or deeper, without being painfully shocked. So, even if she did manage to miraculously come by some other ship, they would never be able to spot her.

All the redhead could do was swim in the deep waters, a prisoner of the environment she now, belonged to. Someone can live without water for up to 5 or 6 days, but in her case, the force stimulation brought to her by the ever-present buzz of the dildo, exhausted her body fast and dehydrated her faster. Her strictly bound hands were useless to relieve her from the wave of torturous

pleasure, as well as from stopping hungry fish from nibbling on her poor areolas, trying to take the delicious powder stuck on them.

The girl was turned into a unique, writhing sea-creature, the pleasure between her legs now bringing her painful, twitching pseudo-orgasming spasms. The taste of “Helen” in her taped mouth, was a constant reminder of her betrayal.

The sun is out and the sky is clear in this summer’s day. It’s been three days since the ship sailed. Helen is arm-propped against the ship-rails, gazing at the view through her sunglasses. She’s not wearing a black tracksuit anymore, but a red sundress. She looks off into the distance as the ship honks celebratorilly, optimistically. She puffs in one last good sip from her cigarette, letting it exhale relaxed through her fire-red lips. She tosses the finished cigarette into the ocean, watching it fly past her by the wind, then disappear behind the ship as soon as it touches the waves. Her mermaid is finally home.