Off Shore Expedition

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Off Shore Expedition

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

An aquatic adventure gone wrong soon takes an unexpected but pleasant detour right into the arms of a certain swordsman.

It was loud, cramped, and disgusting, the smell of booze, sweat, and blood hanging in the air. Of course, you expected little else. Humans were a loud and disgusting species, after all.

After your family rejected you, your parents unhappy that you tried to escape an unwanted arranged marriage, you ran away, eventually finding a remote, isolated beach. There, you picked up a seashell, unaware that it was a magic seashell, and touching it turned you into a mermaid. Since then, you lived a solitary life tinged with the bitter taste of loneliness, wandering with no specific goal in mind save for finding a place you belonged in the great wide universe until you were kidnapped by pirates.

A gross, boorish lot, the pirates wanted to sell you-to what buyers, they never said, not where you could overhear them, at least. Finding such a fate unpleasant at best, you resolved to put forth every effort to escape, biding your time until the pirates were distracted by something or asleep to drag yourself out of the tank filled with water that they dumped you in and crawl to the side of the ship and throw yourself back into the sea.

Fate, of course, so rarely worked out according to the plans of people, human or otherwise. There was an incredibly loud ruckus on the main deck of the ship, dozens of men shouting, yelling, and screaming. The scent of blood and fear soon entered your nostrils, causing you to wrinkle your nose in disgust. The pirates were clearly fighting some fearsome foe, judging by the sound of weapons being drawn, hands and fists meeting flesh in a violent manner, swords clanging, and bodies dropping to the ground.

Part of you was petrified-how you could not be at the thought of someone (or multiple someones) who might be worse than the pirates taking over the ship and finding you. Part of you was also curious, wondering who could dispatch a rough, bloodthirsty group of pirates with such ease. Needless to say, it wasn't easy to decide what to do. None of the available options were feasible or practical. Hiding until it was over was the only realistic choice, grim as it was. When the last pirate was killed, the noise disappearing in an instant, the smell of fear no longer violating your nostrils, it was quiet for a single moment, hardly enough time for you to process what happened.

That moment-The quietest moment of your entire life-was then halted by the sound of footsteps. You tried not to shake too much, not wanting to splash water around, but you were scared witless, unable to deny or suppress your own fear as the sound of footsteps grew closer and closer. The cabin you were in was the only one that had been shut before the fighting broke out and when the footsteps stopped in front of the door, the door being pushed open soon after, you found yourself unable to move, every atom and cell in your body screaming in terror even as you went mute.

"Hm? What do we have here?" The man who opened the door seemed curious, even more so than usual when humans saw a mermaid. Being too afraid to talk, you said nothing, focusing on analyzing the man standing in front of you as thoroughly as possible, trying to absorb as much information about him as you could. Was he dangerous? Was he part of a larger group? Did he have any particular reason to show you any mercy or kindness? These were all questions you had no answers to. The world was filled with many frightening things but a

lack of knowledge was the most frightening of them all. "You don't look human so I assume it's safe to say you're not a human."

The way he said that sentence gave you the distinct impression that he wasn't human, though by all accounts, he looked to be nothing more and nothing less than a very tall middle aged man. Those traits, even combined, didn't necessarily point to anything bizarre, but his intricate clothing, accompanied by equally intricate armor, was evidence that he wasn't a man who was at all concerned about appearing normal. In addition, he had an unusual pattern in his thick, bushy eyebrows that reminded you of whirlpools-a very unusual trait indeed. His eyes were a warm color that wasn't quite brown and wasn't quite red either, but rather something in between, and the giant sword he carried with him was like nothing you'd ever seen before. He approached you closer, as if observing a skittish, scared animal, his expression softening into something unambiguously friendly.

"There's nothing to fear, I'm not here to hurt you." He crouched down, gently caressing the side of your face with a feather-light touch. "But I must admit, I'm rather curious about you-if you have a name, I'd like to know what it is."

"_____." Somehow speech returned to you, a blessing if there ever was one.

"_____." He repeated it in a calm, relaxed tone of voice. "A lovely name for a lovely little thing like you. If it's not too much trouble, perhaps you might tell me how a beautiful girl like you wound up here."

Where to begin? The absolute beginning of the beginning was a dull affair indeed. A poor girl living in a poor village with nothing to your name but your own thoughts, words, and deeds, your family pressured you into a loveless arranged marriage. Responding in the only way you could think how-running away before your marriage was solidified-you wandered around, lost and alone until you found a deserted beach, picking up a seashell that proved to be far more than it appeared to be at first glance. The rest of it was no more pleasant, spending years traveling through the ocean and other strange, unusual corners of the world, with no friends to find comfort in, all until you were kidnapped by pirates who could very well have killed you or worse (likely worse.) Once the pirates got ahold of you, there was no telling where you'd wind up, who they would have sold you to, and what horrors might have been in store for you had they managed to sell you off to the highest bidder.

Nevertheless, you worded all of this in your own unique, straightforward way, providing him with all the details. There was no other option that made sense, after all. To his credit, he listened respectfully, not prying for more detail than you felt comfortable sharing, nor did he interrupt, remaining silent until you were done.

"It's really too bad, to think such a pretty little creature like you has had such a rough go of things." He spoke slowly, as if pondering every thought with careful precision, yet he spoke his mind freely, not bothering to hide or censor his opinions out of a fear of being too bold or forward. While wandering the earth in disguise, hiding his true nature, he had been hired to kill a band of pirates who had been roaming up the Western coast of Japan, terrorizing villagers and engaging in all of the usual rape and pillaging that was so characteristic of those of their profession. He had never seen a creature quite like you before, appearing fully human from the waist up but having the iridescent, shimmering tail of a fish, able to breathe both on

land and in water (although after your transformation, you found being underwater more comfortable, if for no other reason than you no longer had legs with which to walk with.) "I suppose it's safe to say you don't have anywhere in particular to be so perhaps we might enjoy each other's company for a while."

It had been a while since you ever spent any great length of time with anyone else. To be honest, you were feeling quite out of practice. And there were, of course, obvious reasons why a lone man might seek the company of a lone woman. You had never so much as touched a man since your transformation. Besides exposing yourself to inordinate risks due to the nature of what you were now, you doubted things would work out. You still retained all the necessary parts to engage in certain activities, but you weren't all that keen on advertising that fact to any random so and so you encountered.

"If you're interested in some company," you struggled to word your thoughts delicately, being rather out of practice after everything that happened to you, "I would like to know who it is that I'd be spending time with." Regardless, you kept your tone polite and friendly, not wanting to offend him.

A flash of recognition was obvious on his face. "Ah-how foolish of me-I forgot to introduce myself." The rule he was bound to was that he was not to reveal his true identity to humans, but you were no longer human, so he supposed the rule didn't apply in this instance. "I'm called Susanoo no Mikoto, though you can call me Susanoo." He extended a hand out to you. Thinking that he meant to shake it, you extended your hand in return, a shock of surprise sending a quick jolt up your spine when he kissed your knuckles. "It's been wonderful to meet you, _____. I think we'll enjoy each other's company quite a lot."

Most men shared certain similarities the world over. It was something you had learned long before you became what you were now. And as Susanoo seemed to be in no hurry to get off the ship, you could only assume he had nothing else to occupy his time with at the moment. With nothing else to occupy him, you were not terribly surprised that he thought to proposition you. Sure, he didn't know much about you and you knew even less than him, but it was not a terribly uncommon occurrence for men to not find themselves concerned with details like that. "I don't know much about you." you thought starting out by confessing your misgivings would help smooth things over. "But you certainly seem more pleasant than the men who brought me on this ship."

Susanoo, of course, was not in the mood to kidnap anyone. It wouldn't help him learn anything about swordsmanship, after all, and it was much easier to get information from people by observing them. And naturally, being rather fascinated by humans and everything and everyone else they shared the planet Earth with, he figured it was best to avoid making bad impressions when possible. "Such a charming little thing. I suppose I got lucky in more ways than one when I found this ship."

"How do you mean?" His statement was ambiguous enough to raise additional questions beyond the obvious.

"I happened to be in need of money so I was hired to get rid of the pirates on this ship. Now, not only do I have some extra money, I have some excellent company now as well." Susanoo neglected to mention that the money was in fact just a variety of treasure stashed aboard the

ship that the pirates had stolen that he had just stuffed into his pockets after killing all the pirates, but it didn't seem terribly relevant at the moment so it remained unsaid. "Now, unless you'll wither away the moment I take you out of water, I think now's as good a time as any to leave this creaky old ship behind."

"I can breathe just fine without it, but I fear you'll have to carry me wherever it is that you want to go."

"That shouldn't be a problem." Susanoo lifted you out of the tank without breaking a sweat, hauling you over his shoulder like you weighed nothing.

"Well, and you might get a little wet." You felt a bit guilty, realizing that you would get his clothes wet, but there was nothing you could do.

"It'll take more than a little water to bother me." As the ship had been (rather conveniently,) parked in a shallow harbor when the fighting broke out, Susanoo waded through some knee deep
water to get you off of the ship, taking you to a small place he had been squatting in (on account of the coincidental and perhaps suspicious absence of its previous owners.) Pirates weren't known for being polite visitors, after all.

The house, if it could even be called such, was little more than a set of thin walls, a patchy roof, and the bare minimum of flooring in place to qualify as a floor. It wasn't anything impressive, by any means, but there was a large basin in one room, large enough to fill with plenty of water, and a bed in another room, so the other details, scant and shabby as they were, were of no concern to you.

You knew from experience that it would take a significant amount of time out of water, far more than a little encounter with a man could possibly take, to start causing you problems, so you were all too happy to curl up in Susanoo's arms, throwing your arms around his shoulders while he kissed you, peppering your lips, cheeks, jaw, and neck with tiny little kisses, certainly not the most he was capable of, but he didn't need to jump in headfirst without any brakes to enjoy himself. Besides, a beauty like you was worth taking his time with.

"There's plenty of things I'm curious about." you swallowed a little harder than usual when Susanoo took off the short, simple covering you used to cover your breasts, caressing one of them with warm fingers. "And I think I might as well start with this." He had wonderfully warm hands, though the rest of him was just as warm, as you had well discovered, since he had tossed his clothes, shoes, and armor aside a mere moment after bringing you to the bed. There was absolutely nothing to complain about as far as his hands were concerned, but you couldn't help but gasp in pleasure when he took one of your breasts in his mouth, sucking gently on your nipple. He didn't make any sudden, rash movements, not sure how sensitive you were, but he soon figured out what made you make interesting noises and, upon discovering how much he liked hearing those noises, he went about his business with a little more intensity, carefully but firmly pinching and rolling your other nipple between his thumb and his forefinger.

Mermaids, it seemed, were no less delightful than human women, much to Susanoo's delight. Not only were you as beautiful as any human woman from the waist up, the soft, light shine of your scales glittering in a small sliver of moonlight that made its way through a crack in a pathetic excuse for a window made your skin glow in a way that was nothing short of radiant. You smelled crisp and clean, like salt and the ocean, and it made him want to take whatever you could give him, explore every inch of what you were willing to offer to him.

Once you were sufficiently aroused, it was easy for Susanoo to discover that, in a particularly important way, you were built just like human women. This was not something that was visually obvious at a casual glance, given the nature of your new body, but when you were in an acceptable state of arousal, it was sufficient in all the ways that mattered. Upon such a discovery, Susanoo wasted no time rubbing your clit in slow, gentle circles, carefully studying your face, searching the expressions you made for any sign and cue that what he did felt good to you. Luckily for him, the cute little noises you made helped make that particular question much easier to answer. He increased the intensity of his movements, pressing down a little more firmly while he pleasured you. There was precious little that could put him off once he got to this point, eager to discover what he could do to you and how much you could enjoy it. Figuring out how people worked was always of great importance to Susanoo, as the more he knew and understood about people, the more he would know and understand about the things they created, like the art of swordsmanship that they had refined for millennia. Despite being a very young race, humans were quite fascinating, and though you were no longer human, you were human in all the ways that mattered and that was more than enough for him.

Once he figured out what to do to bring your to your peak and did it without so much as a moment's hesitation, Susanoo held you under him by holding each of your arms, settling on top of you to get a good look at you before lining up his cock to sheathe it inside you. The look on your face, lovely as it was, was a treat that required a few moments of appreciation before he fucked you. By then, he thought, he might not have enough self control to take the time to properly drink in all the important details, and it would be a shame indeed if he didn't commit the look on your face to long term memory beforehand.

"Susanoo?" For such a bold, even blunt, man, he was inscrutable in the most unusual of ways, a genuine enigma that would puzzle you just as much as he fascinated you for the rest of your days.

"Hm?"

"Nothing." You shook your head for a moment. "You don't need to hold back on my account." A nice side effect of your new body was that you were more durable than you had been as a human, which, with the way Susanoo was looking at you, seemed to be something that would be very, very useful indeed.

"Glad to hear it." Feeling confident that he was in a suitable position now, he grabbed the base of his cock, guiding it inside your cunt slowly, a short, guttural groan passing his lips once it was buried inside your cunt to the hilt.

He wasted no time moving, though you could tell he was going as slowly as he could manage, not wanting to risk ruining a good thing by not pacing himself correctly. Being more

careful in the beginning would lead to a greater payout at the end, so he grit his teeth, sucking in his breath through his nostrils while he carefully built up a steady rhythm. You were quite good, your cunt squeezing his cock like a vice grip, soft and silky and wet, feeling every bit as natural as it did to fuck a human woman. It was regrettable, of course, that you had no legs to wrap around his waist, but the way you wriggled and writhed under him was quite a delight, the soft, high pitched moans and whimpers you made being more pleasant to his ears than any music humans had made (and in his journeys, he had overheard more than his share of music, good, bad, and downright ugly.)

Mostly, his gaze remained on your face, though it wandered to your chest occasionally, and more rarely, below that. You having a tail didn't affect his mood at all, the quiet creaking of the bed being the only reminder that he wasn't anywhere in the heavens anymore. Beds, of course, didn't creak anywhere in heaven. Either way, he had no regrets. His family didn't understand him, but he understood himself, and that was enough. It was debatable if you understood him. Indeed, you had many questions about him, more than you could fully articulate, but the fact that you were curious about him was plenty. The small, soft noises you made, the tiny little squeaks and gasps and sighs he wrenched from you, they might very well remain just as entrenched in his memory as your lovely little face, and if that was the case, which it very well seemed like it would be, he would go about the rest of his life with no complaints about the matter.

Despite the exquisite disappointment of not being able to feel your legs wrap around him when he fucked you, plowing into you with every ounce of passion and desire boiling inside him, the way you threw your arms around his neck, breathing heavily between enthusiastic pleas begging him for more, was nothing short of one of the most sublime delights he had ever experienced. Much like the heat of battle and the feeling of unsheathing a perfectly forged blade for the first time, the way your cunt squeezed around his cock, milking it for everything he could possibly give, was a sharp, white hot pleasure he would reminisce about if he lived until the heat death of the universe-which, depending on what happened in the universe, might very well be the case.

At any rate, you were quite good, better than good, better than great, better than any pathetic, puny adjectives humans could invent. The sweet cries you made, filled with pure ecstasy as Susanoo brought you to your peak again, were, along with the tight, wet heat of your cunt, the perfect thing to give him the most memorable orgasm he had in more time than he cared to remember. Being unable to bear children with the new body you had, you were perfectly content to accept all he had to give, and it was quite a lot, as even when he pulled out, gently pulling away from you in a slow, fluid motion, come leaked out of your cunt, a bad thing for the thin blanket that covered the bare bones bed you were lying on but otherwise not cause for concern.

When you were able to perceive reality in its vast, expansive fullness once again, your gaze wandered to the stars, peeking through the crack in the window to see dozens of them twinkling in the ink black sky while Susanoo held you close to him. Tomorrow would, of course, bring its own issues (and being who and what you were, there were many issues that

would send a lesser man running for the hills,) but you felt confident, that, whatever else Susanoo was, he at least had the courtesy to give you a wonderful night.

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