In Love With a Siren

(F/F, transfemme character, pirates, monsterfucking, tentacles)

"Hey, scrub harder, you stupid girl!"

To Connie, being a servant on a pirate ship was beyond terrible. It was hard enough that her parents had to give her up to support themselves. Connie didn't think her having come out as trans a few months prior had anything to do with it. After all, her family was more than supportive. But did they have to sell her to the worst crew on the sea? Whenever Captain Birdbrain – or Captain Hawkview, as everyone else called him – wasn't barking orders at her to scrub faster, she was being entertainment for the crew. Luckily, the all-male crew would mostly keep their hands off of her, but she couldn't ignore the skeezy stares and crass comments she'd sometimes get.

Connie thought a few times of chucking her crewmates off the railing of the boat, or herself sometimes. Unbeknownst to the rest of the crew, she'd been watching in on their swordsmanship and combat lessons, so she picked up a few tricks here and there. It wasn't like she couldn't take control of the entire ship. She just… didn't really figure out a "what next" plan. After all, she still had no idea how to steer a ship, where she could get food from, and she was damned if another ship came across hers, demanding all their treasure.

She was sick of it, though. Besides from being total creeps, most of the pirates could not form a coherent thought. Anything they had to say was comically stupid. All they thought about was treasure, food, or poking at Connie's admittedly thick skin. They were all evil – but more notably, they were all evil, stupid meatheads.

Well, that wasn't all true. There were some good guys on the ship who treated her with some shred of respect. But they were still total himbos who thought with their muscles as opposed to with their heads. Connie wouldn't be surprised if she were the smartest person on the damn ship. Not that she could particularly do anything about it.

One night, around a fire – why were they having a fire on a wooden boat, Connie asked herself every night – they were telling stories, singing sea shanties, and sharing beer while Connie did her busy work. The fire at the very least warmed her cool, drenched tawny beige skin, tanned by her days in the sunlight. Even more luckily, during these nights they'd just leave her alone. She preferred it that way. Every now and then she'd steal an untouched book from the captain's nightstand and read it in her few minutes of downtime.

She was about to do so, before she heard wild screaming from one of the pirates. "Woah, men! Do you hear that utterly gorgeous sound?"

Connie whipped around. She looked here and there, trying to hear whatever music he was screaming about. She didn't hear anything, but eventually the rest of the pirates joined in hollering and shouting.

"It must be a beautiful dame! We must have her!" Captain Hawkview ordered, as the ship steered in the apparent direction. Connie raised an eyebrow. Suddenly, she realized something, something she read about in one of her books.

They were being lured in by a siren.

Connie had assumed they were all mythological creatures, to be honest. The legends said that a siren's song could only be heard by men – so she assumed that's why she heard nothing. But sirens were devious, destructive creatures. They would lure ships into a rock and take the boat into the ocean, taking all the crew with them. Connie gulped. If she was going to die, there was no way she was going to die drowning in the ocean. That was the worst way to die. And as much as she hated the crew – advising against this was the best course of action.

"Guys! Don't steer that way, it's a siren!" Connie tried to warn. No one could hear her, though. They were all too excited, shouting in enthusiasm. Connie rolled her eyes and ran to grab Harold, one of the men who was at least a little nice to her.

"Connie! Hey, what's up, girl?" Harold asked with a grin – wide and dumb as usual.

"Harold, you gotta tell the captain to turn around!" Connie begged. "We're being lured towards a siren!"

"A siren? Huh? Connie, you been ready any of those fantasy books?" Harold laughed it off.

"I'm serious! There's a reason only the guys can hear the song!"

"Yeah, the song's so great, ain't it? What a lovely voice! You think she may be, y'know, single?" Connie's pleas were falling on dumb ears. There was no way Harold was going to listen – and no way anyone else would either.

Come on, Connie cursed herself as she ran off stammering. *Think, think! Who would listen? Maybe I should just turn it away myself…*

Just as Connie started making her way up to the man steering the boat, she realized it was too late. They were quickly approaching a large rock, threatening to sink their ship. Connie could see the rock, but more importantly, behind it, she could see the figure of a large, attractive, godlike woman. She looked like a mermaid, and Connie instantly knew this was the siren behind it.

She was going to die.

"Guys!" Connie pleaded with the crew. "Can't you see?! We're heading towards a rock!"

The captain's cheering slowly stopped as he finally listened to Connie and saw that she was, in fact, not lying. "Wh… what?! Why didn't you say anything sooner?!"

Connie put her head in her hands. Maybe dying wasn't quite such a bad thing. The ship took a violent left, and Connie found herself being flung to the sides. The ship scraped the side of the rock as water flooded the interior of the ship. Connie bit her lip as people begun attempting to repair the ship. The ship harshly turned again, knocking Connie to the rail. One more sharp turn and she was certainly getting flung off. She held onto the railing for dear life, steadying herself, before – it happened again.

She flew off the railing, across the boat. In the distance, she could hear Harold calling for her. At least someone cared. She could see her life flash in front of her, preparing to hit the water, before—

Something caught her. Connie slowly opened her eyes, realizing the water hung below her. The ship flowed away, trying to find land as Connie was held… in the hand of the siren.

"My," the siren gasped. "It's not often I see women on pirate ships."

Connie only then realized she was holding her breath. She eyed the powerful woman with wide, terrified eyes as she slowly exhaled. "I… it wasn't really my choice, y'see," she stammered.

"How terrible," the siren cooed in a sympathetic voice. "I apologize for attempting to murder you. Your shipmates were being quite the bother, with their sea 'shanties'. I've heard plenty a group of pirates singing, and by far, your crew was the worst."

Connie couldn't believe what she was hearing. She couldn't believe this siren took pity on her… at least, that's what it seemed like. Connie looked behind her, in front of her – all she could see was the ship slowly finding land, and the vastness of the ocean around her.

"Wh… what are you going to do with me?" Connie finally asked. Her entire body was shivering.

"Nothing! At least, nothing you don't want. Here, let me make this slightly more comfortable for you." The siren pushed Connie against the giant rock, giving her a place to sit down. Connie clung to the rock for safety. "Don't worry, my dear. If you fall off, I will catch you. What is your name?"

"I… it's Connie," she gasped. Her heart rate slowed gradually. At the very least, it seemed this powerful siren didn't want to kill her. "And… you? If – if you have a name, that is."

The siren chuckled. "I do, dear. Serenity. Let me take a form more comfortable for your eyes…"

"Wait – what?" Connie closed her eyes, and when she slowly reopened them, Serenity changed form. Instead, she was human sized – granted, still considerably taller than Connie. Connie wasn't exactly short, so the fact Serenity was at least two feet taller than her was saying a lot. "Oh… oh."

It was then Connie realized something else. Serenity was gorgeous. She had the perfect body – it was no surprise that so many men were allured to her voice, her body. She had the figure and voice of a goddess. "Wow, you're… um… you're really pretty."

"As are you," Serenity chuckled. "I must say, though, it's quite rare that I see a lady on these ships. I can't imagine it was much of a pleasant experience."

Connie chuckled lightheartedly. "You can, uh, say that again. So, uh…" Connie looked around. There was still nothing around them except for the rock Connie clung to. "Um… where do I go from here? Like, how can I get to land?"

Serenity smiled at Connie sympathetically. "It's rare that I leave this rock, my dear. I'm afraid I don't really want to… unless you can give me something I want more than solitude."

Connie's face paled. "Um… I don't really have anything… what do you want?"

"Simple." Serenity's smile curled even wider. "I certainly lure men into this rock… but I'm quite fond of ladies, instead. I've always wanted a partner. What do you say, dear? In return for your safety, your comfort, and all the wealth, power and love you want in the world… you become my partner. My plaything. Mine."

Connie's face flushed. Normally, she wouldn't be opposed to dating this powerful demigoddess – but… the situation was just so weird. Besides – she didn't think someone like her was worthy of love, especially being loved by a goddess as gorgeous and lovely as Serenity. "I, uh… I dunno."

"You don't know? What's holding you back, dearie?"

"I… I mean, I get you don't see many ladies around, but… me? Really?" Connie looked down at herself. Her figure was only a fraction as curvy and fine as Serenity's was. She looked plain, especially in the now-drenched potato sack her crew 'generously' supplied her with. Her short, bob-length hair was messy and unkempt. Not to mention, it wasn't like she got many kind comments about her trans identity from her time on the ship. Things like that got to her. "Surely you can find a more… suitable partner?"

"Suitable? Maybe. But I could never find another such as yourself."

Connie flushed. Well, if Serenity was serious, then… what was the harm? She knew she was being lured in, as well. And she didn't mind it. No – she liked it. "Of course," Connie accepted. "I'll be your partner."

Serenity's hand reached to the back of Connie's hair, stroking it softly. "Correct answer. Our first order of, ah, love… I will take your mind for myself."

Connie raised an eyebrow. What did that even mean? "My… mind? How?"

"Quite easily, dear. With hypnosis."

Connie became even more confused. "Huh? What's… that?"

Serenity chuckled. "Don't worry too much about it, my dear. Just look into my eyes." Serenity's eyes changed drastically, all of a sudden. Her warm sea blue eyes shifted to deep navy blue… with white, entrancing, moving spirals in the center. "Just look into my eyes. Keep looking. Fall into my eyes, just as you would fall into the sea."

Connie could feel it. She could feel her eyes sliding shut. She was… going to sleep, the more and more Serenity soothed her into an induction. "Mm… muh…" she murmured out, feeling like she had something she should have said – but couldn't.

"That's right," Serenity purred. "Keep your eyes open, just a little… know that you are safe, you are loved, and soon enough, you will be mine. You think that's quite lovely, don't you? A life belonging to a beautiful siren, at her beck and call… perhaps, I could give you more. Riches, fame, fortune. You could have everything you ever wanted, and all you'd have to do is obey my every command. Doesn't that sound lovely?"

Connie murmured out a soft 'yes', nodding her head gently.

"And as you sink deeper into my possession, into my embrace… you'll begin to know. This is what you've always wanted. You've always wanted to be a gorgeous siren's hypnoslut. You always wanted to be owned. You've always wanted to be owned, specifically, by me. Nod if you agree."

Connie nodded. She was long gone, and she barely cared. This was a much better life than whatever she had previously. Between being an underappreciated servant on a skeezy pirate ship, and

being loved and cared for and owned by this divine demigoddess? There was no competition. All Connie could say was “yes, yes, yes, yes” over and over again.

Serenity chuckled. She just about adored Connie’s enthusiasm. Who wouldn’t? Serenity said it herself – she hadn’t had access to lovely ladies like Connie in what was probably hundreds of years. Maybe that’s why she took to ruining men’s ships so much – she must have been so bored, so lonely. And as Connie continued to lose her consciousness, and continued to slip into mindlessness, she felt… happy. She felt happy, honored, thrilled that she was able to fulfill this need of Serenity’s. She felt like she had use. Like Serenity was making her useful. She couldn’t wait to spend the rest of her life – possibly longer – with Serenity.

“I can see you losing your mind now,” Serenity cooed, running a hand over Connie’s flushed cheek. “But I don’t want you to lose you mind, dear. I want you to give it to me. Can you do that for me? Will you give me your mind?”

“Yes,” Connie said, a little too enthusiastically for someone as deep into the induction as she was.

“Lovely,” Serenity grinned. She caressed Connie’s face gently, admiring what was soon to be all hers. “When I count to zero, you’re going to fall into a deep sleep, and your mind and body will belong to me. Are you ready?”

Connie nodded. As Serenity got ready to count, a peaceful, enamored smile slowly appeared on Connie’s face. Connie was happy. She finally felt like her life had meaning. Like someone loved her. “I love you, Serenity,” Connie murmured, surprising both herself and the siren.

Serenity didn’t mind. She felt the same, after all. “Five, four… three… … two… …”

Connie’s eyes slid shut, her mind slipping from her as Serenity uttered the word, “one.”

And she was gone. And she was *happy*.

“Good. Your mind belongs to me, Connie, and soon enough, so will your body.” Connie couldn’t quite notice, but she saw tentacles rising out of the ocean, inching dangerously closer to her. “You want this, Connie. You want to be mine. You want to belong to me – and I, of course, want nothing more than to own you.”

“Yes, yes, yes…” Connie kept murmuring. Slowly the tentacles wrapped around her, around her waist, her arms, her chest… slowly sliding themselves into the holes of the clothes to gain access to Connie’s body. Connie barely even registered how the tentacles groped her, teased her, fondled her… and even began prodding at her asshole, rubbing it gently. They slowly slid into her mouth, beginning to tentacle fuck her as Serenity caressed the rest of her body with her hands.

“Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine.” Serenity spoke louder and louder, over Connie’s ‘yes’es. The tentacles prodded deeper, her hands became more needy, and Connie fell deeper and deeper into the siren’s grasp. “All mine, Connie. I want you to be all mine. We will be the perfect team. You will answer to my beck and call. And I will give you everything – and I mean literally everything – that you want and need. All you need to do is be mine, my plaything, my fucktoy.”

Connie wanted to respond but found it quite hard with her mouth full of Serenity's tentacles. She could feel, distantly, her clit twitching slightly. All she could do was moan out her muffled affirmations, her devotions, her love. She never fell in love with someone, before. Maybe that's because she was into demigoddesses all this time. Maybe Serenity was all she was looking for.

"I will mindfuck you over and over again, until you can't think of anything except me. Except us. Except our shared love, our shared power." Serenity promised. Her hand slid down towards Connie's twitching clit, beginning to stroke it lightly. Her touch felt like stardust. It was the most enjoyable thing Connie had physically felt in her entire life. Even just the simplest movement drove Connie's body into overdrive. Her moans became pants and cries of pleasure as Serenity stroked and circled and played with her clitty.

"I will make your body mine, too. Every part of you will belong to me. And you will love every second of it, as well." Her words became more demanding, though Connie could barely notice with the way she was being both stimulated and deepthroated. "I love you, Connie. And the longer you spend in trance, the more enthralled, obsessed you become with me, too. You love me. You love me. You love me."

Connie agreed. Every word felt more real, truer. She couldn't hold herself back anymore. She was so full of love and devotion and pleasure and want. Only then did she notice how close she was. Her clit twitched violently, threatening to blow a load all over Serenity's hands. The sensation was only becoming stronger with how one tentacle rubbed her asshole, another thrusted even deeper into her mouth, and two got a hold of each of her breasts.

"Feel free to cum, dear," Serenity granted permission. "After all, you are my plaything. Your orgasms are mine, too. Do you accept this? As soon as you nod your head, accepting me as your partner, your owner… you may cum."

Connie didn't have to think for a second longer. She nodded her head. Without waiting for any other word, she came, ejaculating her cum all over Serenity's hands, and over her chest and face as well. The tentacles went even harder as Connie continued to cum, unrelenting until the very end of her orgasm. This was it. She belonged to Serenity. Every single part of her did. And Connie wouldn't have it any other way. Soon enough, her violent orgasm finished, and the tentacles retreated back into the water. Serenity grinned down at Connie, and lightly kissed her lips. They shared a lovely kiss, taking in the moonlight, the ocean, and each other.

"Very, very good, my dear plaything," Serenity cooed. "Now, in addition to all the things I promised you, I'm more than certain you want something else."

Connie cocked her head. She didn't even have the energy to respond verbally anymore.

"It's simple," Serenity grinned. "You want revenge."

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Captain Hawkview barked orders at his crew, prepping them to set upon land a few days later – whatever land they could find. Despite his lackluster inspection, the repairs were not quite as good as he believed, and they had to stop at a shore to finalize the repairs. Harold was working as hard as he could, being the muscle of the crew. But land seemed so far away.

Just as things started to seem hopeless, the captain saw something in the distance. They heard singing, once again, and the rock in front of them.

“Oh no, not this time, everyone!” Hawkview scolded as people began hollering over the music again. He took out his goggles and took a closer look. Sure enough, he could see the same giant siren from a few days ago – but how did it move? And why was it chasing them?

“Faster, crew! We have to get away!” He shouted. Before the crew could obey, though, a wave crashed upon the ship. The siren towered over them as people began jumping off the ship for safety, once again. The siren hit the ship again with another violent wave. Hawkview’s eyes widened as he looked upon the terrifying demigoddess. And then he saw something else.

“Hi, Captain,” Connie spoke in a mocking tone. Her eyes shined the same color as the siren’s, now. “I’ll be taking your ship for myself now, if you please,” was the last thing he heard before he was cast off the ship by the loving, terrifying siren.