

Pleasure Cruise

*A collection of hypnoerotic tales by
artie, Wiseguy, and other contributors*

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As artie so well puts it: These stories are fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. We gladly accept constructive comments.

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Forward

by Wiseguy

What you are about to read is the result of a unique and exciting project.

It began as a simple idea -- an imaginary hypnoerotic cruise, populated by people with a penchant for hypnosis and sex together with professionals who practice in the field: dommes, therapists, people like that. Into this backdrop I imagined Allen, a regular guy who falls under the thrall of a beautiful hypno-domme while on the cruise. That idea yielded a short piece which ultimately became *Allen*.

Intrigued by what I'd pulled together in one evening session, I sent the rough draft to my good friend and mentor artie. He looked at it, and a few days later sent back his own story, *Dessert*, which took up the action where I'd left off using a different, but intersecting, set of characters and events. The events in *Dessert* left several threads and characters just waiting to be picked up and used. I took some, artie took some, and in the space of only about 5 weeks, we produced 13 separate but interwoven stories all centering around the cruise and its people. Those stories are collected together in this package for your enjoyment.

The Cruise is not entirely over yet, either. In the year-plus since the original pieces were published, other writes have been inspired to contribute new segments, *Sleight of Mind* and *Met by Moonlight*. More such additions are welcomed.

Enjoy!

-wg
8/25/01

Pleasure Cruise -- Booking

by Wiseguy

“A *what*?”

Dave chuckled a little at my confusion. “A hypnoerotic cruise,” he repeated, as if it were the most commonplace idea in the world. “It’s Eleanor’s latest brainstorm. You get a bunch of people who have a jones for hypnosis and offer them a cruise package tailored to play up to that. She floated a trial balloon across a couple of newsgroups and the response was good enough that she wants to do it.”

“Well, it’s certainly a new idea,” was all I could think of to say. After eight years booking talent for the cruise line I thought I’d covered just about every slant there is on these specialty packages. All but one, it seemed. “What kind of entertainment are we supposed to book for that?”

“Hypnotists, I guess,” Dave offered. “Get a mix of different styles. The racier the better.”

“Sure, that’s a start,” I agreed. “But we can’t just book hypno acts for the entire week. What else do these kind of people like?”

“Beats me, Tina,” he replied. “That’s why I’m glad as hell that Eleanor wants you to run with it instead of me.”

I was afraid he’d say that. Eleanor seems to enjoy challenging me with the oddball packages; it’s her way of keeping the job interesting. “All right,” I grumbled, “Give me what you’ve got.”

It wasn’t much: a couple of names and phone numbers, a few hypnotists’ web sites, and a book title. Clearly I was going to have to do some research.

Fortunately for me, the first number on the list belonged to a hypnotherapist named Rob. He and his wife Toni gave me a crash course on the so-called hypnofetish community,

pointing me to web sites and other resources to find the kind of entertainment this group would want. I had several well-known hypnotists in my contacts file, of course, but I quickly found out that erotic hypnosis acts are a whole other genre. Rob and Toni helped me put out some feelers. I bounced a lot of ideas off them, and eventually things started to take shape.

We settled on a program combining a variety of stage acts with private sessions, seminars, a panel of hypnoerotic authors and video screenings. The erotic angle figured heavily into the stage performers and videos as well as the authors; several of the people we contacted were professional dommes, people who make a career out of using hypnosis to sexually dominate people who are turned on by the power. I was surprised to discover how many of those dommes are women.

Then came the difficult part, the actual booking of the acts and participants. Rob and Toni took care of the professional types and authors and I farmed out the videos and music to Dave. That left me primarily focused on finding and booking the stage acts. I traded emails with dozens of performers or their agents. Most sent demo tapes or referred me to pictures and clips on their web sites.

After sifting through the demos I could see there were a couple of different basic types emerging. First were the strictly entertainment-oriented acts – they were pretty much the same as the conventional stage hypnotists I'd seen before, except the stunts they used had an R-rated flavor. Instead of telling the volunteer to be stiff and suspending them between two chairs, for example, they'd tell the volunteer that she's a stripper and have her start to perform. The volunteer in the demos was almost always an attractive woman, I noticed.

The second group consisted of the professional dommes. The majority of these were women; all of them were way out there, from my perspective. Some of them had stage acts which went even farther than the R-rated entertainers. I saw clips of people getting naked, answering questions about sexual fantasies, being told they were having sex with a favorite celebrity, even having orgasms on stage in front of an audience. Watching those clips felt a little like staring at a highway accident. Part of me was disturbed by the shameless way these people were being used, but another part found it weirdly fascinating. Every so often as I looked at these clips I'd remember the hypnotist I'd gone to a year or so before to get help with my smoking habit. The contrast between that dry, bookish man and these larger-than-life personalities was almost comical.

As the booking deadline approached, things got very hectic. There were contracts to be dealt with, schedules to make, accommodations to arrange – a mountain of details that come with the planning of a successful cruise.

The mountain felt particularly steep and rocky one Wednesday. Dave had the day off, which left me alone to deal with the phones, and Eleanor dropped by to let me know that passenger space was nearly sold out. I spent the day hopping between the phone, the fax,

and the computer trying to get everyone nailed down. I barely noticed as morning gave way to noon.

I had just hung up from perhaps my tenth phone call of the morning when I became aware of someone standing in the doorway just behind me: a woman, early thirties I'd guess, with long blonde hair and piercing green eyes. She wore a simple but well-tailored business suit which suggested a great figure and carried a slim attaché case. "Excuse me," she said in a rich, flowing voice, "are you Tina?"

"Yes," I said. There was something very familiar about this woman as she came closer, but I couldn't quite place her. "Can I help you?"

She held out a well-manicured hand. "I am Mistress Ursula," she explained. "We were discussing the hypnoerotic cruise."

It took me a few seconds, but then it clicked. Mistress Ursula was one of the professional dommes I'd contacted early in the talent search. I dimly remembered a checking out her web site and references and sending her an email outlining the basic premise of the cruise package. She had expressed a preference for doing business in person rather than over the net, so I'd told her to stop by whenever, expecting never to hear from her again. But here she was, those distinctive eyes waiting patiently while I rifled through my memory.

"Yes, of course," I said, acutely aware that it had taken me way too long to reply. "Won't you sit down?"

Ursula gestured at the piles of papers on my desk. "Is this a bad time?"

"Always," I replied truthfully. "The deadline for talent bookings is Friday, though, so it isn't going to get any better. To tell the truth, I'm not sure we still have an open slot for you. Did I send you a contract?"

"Yes, you did." The portfolio opened and one of our stock contracts emerged. I saw sections highlighted in yellow and a few notes in the margins. "I thought we might discuss a few points."

Clearly she hadn't taken the hint about there being no open slots, but I was no mood for a confrontation. I pushed aside some papers and picked up a notepad and pen. "Sure," I said, not very enthusiastically.

If Ursula noticed anything negative in my demeanor, she ignored it. Over the course of the next twenty minutes I learned that Mistress Ursula was a very smart businesswoman. Our standard contract is naturally written to favor the cruise line, and leaves quite a few things up to the performer. Ursula wasted no time in isolating those things, finding out how much leeway I had to amend the agreement, and negotiating a compromise within those limits. We were both deep into those negotiations when another unexpected visitor came calling: my husband, John.

“Hi honey,” he said, an affable smile on his round, bearded face. “You about ready?”

“Ready for what?” I asked, puzzled. About two heartbeats later, I realized what he was talking about. “Argh!” I groaned as the details came back. “We had a date, didn’t we?”

“Lunch at Luigi’s,” he confirmed. “Did you forget?”

“Yes,” I admitted sheepishly. “I seem to be forgetting a lot of things lately.” Like the fact that I had a total stranger sitting across my desk witnessing the scene, an amused smile on her face. “I’m sorry,” I interjected. “Mistress Ursula, this is my husband, John.”

I saw Ursula taking in John as she shook his hand and muttered a pleasantry. Her eyes wandered over his broad shoulders, his thinning brown hair, his cuddly trunk. “Coming to take her away for a romantic lunch,” she remarked approvingly. “You must be a very thoughtful man, John.”

John blushed and tried valiantly not to look too closely into the opening neckline of Ursula’s blouse. “I try,” he demurred.

Time to save him. “We’ll be done here soon,” I said. “Can you give us fifteen minutes?”

“Sure,” he said, seeming a little relieved to focus on me instead of Ursula. “That’ll still give us time to get there before one.”

“I like him,” Ursula said as John retreated to the outer office. “How long have you been married?”

“Eighteen years,” I answered.

Ursula applauded quietly. “Wonderful! Children?”

“Three,” I responded, and turned their picture around so Ursula could see it. “Janet is fifteen, Megan is thirteen, and John Junior is ten.”

“Three lovely children, and a husband willing to take you on a romantic lunch date,” Ursula summarized. “You must be very happy.”

“I get by,” I replied, then realized I’d gotten completely off track. Putting the picture back in place, I picked up my pen again. “Anyway, you were saying...”

“You’ve been forgetting things lately,” she noted. “Are you feeling stressed?”

“It’s a hectic time in the planning cycle,” I explained, trying to bring the conversation back to business. “Lots of details to work out, very little time to work them out in, the usual drill. Now then, you had an issue with item 17?”

But Ursula would not be guided. “The contract can wait,” she said. “You have all the outward symptoms of someone under too much job-related stress. You’re forgetting things, your workplace is disorganized, and your husband is waiting in the outer office while you talk contracts with a client. You need help, Tina.”

I started to protest, but when I looked up at her I saw those fiery green eyes locked on my face. Ursula looked concerned, sympathetic. I said nothing.

“Tina,” she continued, “I want you to take a deep breath. Nice and deep, as deep as you can.”

I inhaled, filling my lungs to capacity.

“Now let it out slowly.”

I did as she said, letting the air out slowly through my nose. Just as my lungs emptied, she told me to do it again and I complied.

“One more time,” she said, “and this time I want you to feel yourself relaxing as you exhale. Let your mouth open, let your shoulders drop, as you let the breath take the tensions and release them from your body.”

Ursula was right, I decided as I continued to breath deeply and slowly, letting my body relax with each breath. I was stressed out, frazzled, wound up. It felt good to relax and breathe for a second. A feeling of great peace began to wash over me as I sat there, my eyes still locked on Ursula’s, breathing and relaxing. My eyes started to water, and I realized that my eyelids were becoming very heavy, very tired. I worried that I might fall asleep, but Ursula told me it was okay, I could let them close anytime I wanted to and nobody would mind. Relieved, I let my eyes close down and the rest of my face relaxed with it.

Even with my eyes closed, I could still feel Ursula’s gaze on me, watching over me. A question floated into my mind: “Have you ever been hypnotized before, Tina?”

I heard a voice answer. “Yes,” it said calmly, “I went to a hypnotist last year to help me stop smoking. He hypnotized me several times.”

“Did it work?”

“Yes. I haven’t even thought about smoking since the last session.”

“I’m very happy for you, Tina. Take another deep breath now and go deeper for me. Deeper and deeper, Tina, relaxing and letting go ... “ Ursula’s voice faded into a faint, melodious buzz. A wonderful feeling came over me: dreamy, distant, and serene. *Hypnotized*, I thought vaguely, *I’m hypnotized again*. I’d forgotten how incredibly good it feels to be hypnotized, “to drift along, happy and free, with nobody wanting anything, nobody needing anything, nothing whatsoever to worry about or to do, except to relax and enjoy.” Did Ursula say that, or did I think it? No matter, it was just as true either way.

Then I heard another voice, John’s voice. He sounded surprised, nervous. My eyes were too relaxed to open and see him, so I just said, “Hi, sweetie,” and felt myself sink a little further into my trance. I was fine, Ursula said, I was just relaxing. Very relaxed, totally relaxed. I heard Ursula explaining to John exactly how relaxed I was, how I had gotten that way, all the while her sing-song voice taking me even deeper into myself. John stopped talking after a while, and soon Ursula was telling me that he was relaxed too, nice and relaxed, completely relaxed. I felt happy for John, that he could share this wonderful state with me.

Then Ursula remarked about how amazing it was to her that we could be so relaxed with all that clothing constricting us, binding us, weighing us down. I hadn’t really noticed it before, but she was right. The waistband of my pants felt tight, my shirt collar rubbed uncomfortably against my neck, and my bra felt like it was beginning to chafe around my ribs and over my shoulders where the straps were. My thighs wanted to be free from the binding elastic of my panties, and my feet wanted to breathe without shoes choking them. I could be so much more relaxed, so much freer, without those things. And she was right – even as my arms and legs moved on their own to remove my clothing, I felt myself slipping farther and farther into the warmth and comfort of even deeper relaxation. By the time my last item of clothing had fallen to the floor my entire body felt alive, refreshed, warm and tingly.

Warm ... yes, I realized, I did feel warm. Especially in my breasts and between my legs, I felt very warm indeed. Warm and, as I began to explore those regions with my hands, also quite wet. I caressed my warm spots freely and found that as I did so, the warmth increased. Soon I was very warm indeed, and I found that it was no longer enough to pleasure myself this way – I needed something more.

My eyes opened. I saw John standing right in front of me, his eyes fixed on me, and I realized that John had warm spots too. I reached over and touched the warm spot on his chest and heard him moan with pleasure. I kissed the warm spot on his neck, and felt his hands on my warm, soft breasts. His touch sent waves of pleasure through me. My hand found the warmest spot of all, his cock, and I was thrilled to discover how huge and how stiff it was. His cock radiated heat like a thick branding iron, and I thought I would melt if he didn’t put it into my warmest spot right away.

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I lifted my legs let my dripping slit come to rest on top of his marvelous cock. The combined heat from our joined parts threatened to

overwhelm us both. Somebody put a hand on us and guided John to an extra office chair, where he sat down. I took the opportunity to lift myself up and plunge myself down directly onto his waiting shaft, my legs crossing behind him. His face was right near mine so I pulled him to me for a long, languorous kiss.

We stayed that way for a long time, the heat building as I rode up and down on him in an ever-quickening tempo. Each bounce brought us each closer to the edge and made us want it all the more. In the final seconds I felt a hand on my neck, and my body relaxed again even as the best orgasm I've ever had ripped through it. My head fell back, my mouth fell open, and I babbled incoherently for what seemed like half an hour as I felt John's cock twitching inside me. There were multiple peaks with only brief pauses between, each peak bringing a shriek or a grunt and taking me to another place. At some point I stopped cumming and passed out completely.

I woke up on the floor with John. We were naked, our bodies woven together in a posture that made it very obvious what we had been doing. At first I was totally flabbergasted, then the memory of my visit from Mistress Ursula began to bubble up from my subconscious mind.

Ursula! Where was she? I got up a little too quickly, eliciting a tired groan from my barely-conscious husband, and looked around. The door was closed and locked, the shades drawn, and Ursula was nowhere to be found. As I picked up my clothes, I noticed a performance contract on my chair. It was signed by both of us – Mistress Ursula was now officially booked for the hypnoerotic cruise.

My business head wanted to cry foul, but I was too damn happy to care. Instead I started laughing. Then I realized I was standing naked in the middle of my office laughing my ass off, and that was even funnier.

"You okay?" John was awake and struggling to his feet.

"Never better," I said, and showed him the contract. "Looks like I'm going to have to bump somebody to make room for Mistress Ursula."

"Is that a problem?"

"Not really. There's a couple of people who still owe me contracts – I'll just tell one of them I couldn't wait any longer."

A sly grin crept over John's face. "Something tells me it's going to be one hell of a cruise."

Our eyes met, and our minds met. I'd sold more than enough passages on the hypno cruise to qualify for a free cabin; when I called Eleanor and told her I was finally ready to take a vacation, she was so thrilled she upgraded us to first class.

I looked over at John, who was stepping into his pants. “You’d better start taking more vitamins,” I warned, “You’re going to need them.”

-wg
2/25/00

Pleasure Cruise -- Allen

by Wiseguy

I found myself standing alone with an empty highball glass in my hand and cobwebs in my head. My mind kept wandering back to the hypnotist show – what little of it I could remember, anyway. Mistress Ursula’s penetrating green eyes, that silken voice ... it all seemed so long ago, but it had only been an hour since I’d meandered off the stage and back into Nikki’s waiting arms.

Where had Nikki gone, anyway? She’d been nearby a minute or two ago, deep in girl talk with her newfound friend Pam. The milling throng must have closed around them, separating us while I was staring mindlessly into my glass.

Suddenly it felt very stuffy in there. A little fresh air, I decided, would clear me right up. It took me a few minutes, but I negotiated my way through the main ballroom to the starboard exit. As I did I spotted Nikki at the rail, looking out at the moonlit ocean. The breeze played with her hair and the folds of her cream-colored dress. The crowd was much thinner out on deck, so I made my way toward her quickly.

“There you are,” I said as I came up behind her. “Where’s your gal pal?”

She turned, and all at once I found myself once again in the grip of those powerful emerald eyes. “I don’t know what you mean,” Ursula replied, light amusement in her voice.

My jaw dropped, I’m sure. How could I have mistaken Mistress Ursula for Nikki? True, they were both blondes, but there all similarities ended. My wife has a sprinter’s physique, long and leggy and lean, hair kept short and neat. Ursula is also on the tall side but differently proportioned, with broad shoulders and well-rounded hips and breasts. The cut of her dress made it abundantly clear that she was in great shape, toned and firm as well as curvaceous. Close up, she seemed larger than life.

“I’m sorry,” I stammered, feeling incredibly stupid. “I thought you were someone else.”

Ursula said nothing. A subtle smile, with perhaps the ghost of a wink, said that my apology was accepted. I knew I'd never be able to collect myself under her penetrating gaze, so I turned aside and leaned on the rail, letting the cool breeze wash over my face.

"The show was fascinating," I offered weakly.

"You were an extraordinary subject," she replied. "How much do you remember?"

"Not much," I confessed. "I remember watching you hypnotize the people on stage. I was listening to your voice, thinking about how soothing it was, watching the affect it was having on them. Then my eyes got kind of heavy, and I figured I'd close them for a minute. The next thing I remember is you thanking me for volunteering, and my wife laughing herself silly while I sat back down."

We stood together in silence for a while, both of us staring off into the distance. There was no great urgency to do anything; Nikki would find me when she wanted to. Eventually I felt Ursula's eyes on me again. "Why are you here, Allen?"

Nerves tingling, I blurted out the first answer that came to mind. "I've always been fascinated by hypnosis. Stage shows, movies, books, stories ... I can't get enough of it. It's such a turn-on watching, or reading about, people going under."

"Does your wife share your interest in hypnosis?"

"A little bit," I answered thoughtfully. "She sees the sexy side of it, but I don't think it has the attraction for her that it does me. She booked us on this hypnoerotic cruise as a present to me."

"Interesting," she remarked. "But that's not actually what I meant. Why are you here talking with me, Allen?"

I couldn't help it – I turned to face her again, and immediately felt the full power of those incredible eyes on me. Like a deer in the headlights, I just stared back. "I don't know what you mean," I stammered.

"I think you do." The eyes twinkled in amusement. "You came out here looking for your wife, but you found me instead. It's been several minutes since you realized your wife was not out here, but you've chosen to stay with me. Why is that, Allen?"

An eternity later, I heard myself answer. "I don't know."

"Yes, you do," she chided me. "I think you are here for the same reason you are on this cruise: because you are fascinated by the erotic power of hypnosis. You know that I am a *domme*, that I hypnotize men and use them for my own sexual gratification as well as theirs. You know that I can easily hypnotize you, because I've already done so once this

evening. Yet you remain here instead of leaving to find your wife. Therefore either you think I won't hypnotize you again ... or you hope that I will. Which is it, Allen?"

Which indeed? In that moment, I had no idea.

"I think you want me to hypnotize you again, Allen. You want me to place you under my spell, make you so relaxed, so obedient. You want me to hypnotize you, take control of you, and use that control to bring pleasure to us both. That's what you want, Allen, isn't it?"

Her voice wrapped itself around my mind. I couldn't think, couldn't feel, couldn't speak ... all I could do was look back into those beautiful, powerful eyes and feel myself drifting away.

"Better decide now, Allen," she said, challenging me (mocking me?). "If you don't want to be hypnotized, if you don't want to become my plaything for this evening, you'd better stop looking into my eyes. You know that the longer you look into my eyes, the deeper you fall into my spell. The longer you look, the more you feel yourself relaxing, growing distant, dazed, lazy, sleepy. If you don't look away now, you know that soon you'll be completely relaxed, deeply asleep, completely under my control."

My world had narrowed. There was no ship anymore, no sea breeze, no people around us, and no party nearby. There was only Ursula's voice and her eyes, and a growing sense of inevitability. My eyelids felt as if they were made of lead. I felt myself slipping away.

"That's right, Allen, you want this. You've wanted this since the moment you saw me on stage, and now you shall have it. Relax and let go, Allen. Let my voice guide you. Let your eyes close now, knowing that when they do you have surrendered yourself totally to me. Your eyes are closing, closing, surrendering to my will, and as they surrender so does your mind."

The weight was unbearable – my eyes closed, and with that a sense of warmth, of release, washed over me as if I was slowly sinking into a fresh, hot bath. Each breath brought a new wave of warmth and peace. From somewhere in the distance, Ursula's voice continued to fill my mind.

"You are mine now, my slave. You have given yourself totally to me. Now receive your reward." I felt the gentle touch of fingers on my shoulders, and then the rustle of a soft breath in my ear. "Stand very still, my slave," she whispered. "Feel the blood beginning to rush to your groin, filling your penis with strength and warmth. Your penis is becoming erect, Allen, stiff and firm and ready for my pleasure." As she spoke, I felt the stirring in my groin as my cock came to life, growing steadily until it pushed against my pants. "See how readily your body obeys my commands, Allen? You are now very aroused, but you will be more so. Concentrate on your penis, and you will feel my lips as I take you into my mouth."

I shuddered as I felt the warm, moist sensation of lips closing over the end of my shaft.

“Yes,” she continued, “you feel it. The feel of my lips on your penis is the most arousing, most exciting sensation you have ever experienced, Allen. Remain still and enjoy it. Let the sensations build as I suck your firm, throbbing cock, making you more and more aroused each second, getting you ready to come.”

It never even occurred to me to question how she could be whispering into my ear and sucking my cock at the same time. I just knew she was doing it, because I could feel her mouth working up and down on my increasingly stiff member. Each movement sent shivers up my spine and added to the growing sense of pressure at the core of my being. Soon I knew that I was going to come, and come hard. Ursula must have sensed it too. “Not yet,” the voice whispered. “You think you are ready to come, you think you have reached your peak of sensual pleasure, but you are wrong. I am going to count to ten, Allen. With each number I count, your arousal will double. With each number I count, your pleasure will double. However, you will not have an orgasm until I reach the number ten. You will be amazed at how much pleasure you will feel before you finally come. One, Allen...”

With the first number, I felt a surge of erotic energy run through me, starting with my engorged cock and running outward in all directions. Ursula counted slowly, and with each number I found myself floating higher and higher above everything. My heart was pounding, my breath coming in huge, loud gasps, but still I knew that more was possible. Finally, when I thought for sure my heart would explode, I heard Ursula say “Ten”.

In that moment, time stopped. Sparks of light flew across my field of vision as my eyes rolled way back into their sockets, lids locked shut. I was a human lightning rod, conducting a tremendous force through myself as my muscles clenched and released repeatedly. My hair stood on end and goose bumps formed on my arms.

I have no idea how long I stood there. Eventually the energy dissipated, like the receding boom from a distant thunderclap, and I found myself standing alone on deck, panting as if I’d just finished a marathon. A warm, sticky sensation was spreading down my pants leg. I looked around: Ursula was gone, but a couple dozen other people were still milling about on the deck. Most were looking at me with varying degrees of surprise on their faces. Blushing furiously, I staggered off to our stateroom for a change of clothes.

Freshly washed up and dressed in clean clothes, I set forth again to find Nikki. I assumed she would be in or near the ballroom, but somehow I lost my bearings and found myself wandering around by the first-class staterooms. Before I realized what I was doing, I’d reached the door of number 18 and stepped through.

What I saw froze me in my tracks. Ursula lay on the bed, her legs draped over the side. A long see-through gown had been pushed up above her waist. Between her legs, face buried in Ursula's crotch, knelt a nude woman whom I recognized immediately.

"Nikki?" I said, incredulous. Nikki ignored me and continued attending to Ursula.

"You're just in time," Ursula said, her seductive voice taking a hold of my mind again.

"Nikki is doing a wonderful job so far, but I think she needs some stimulation."

At the sound of Ursula's voice, my body went on autopilot. My arm reached back and closed the stateroom door. Before I fully realized what was happening, my clothes were on the floor and my cock was rock hard. At Ursula's command, I dropped to my knees and positioned myself behind my wife, my body pressed against hers.

"Look at me," said Ursula's voice, and I had no choice but to obey. My eyes met hers and my head, already buzzing, began to feel like a helium balloon: light, floating, nearly empty. "You are both under a strong post-hypnotic suggestion," she explained. "Nikki, when I tell you to continue, you will continue to pleasure me with your mouth; do whatever you like in that way, whatever you like having done to you. Allen, while Nikki is doing that you will see to her pleasure. Fondle her tits, and when she is ready you may enter her from behind. When I have my next orgasm, Nikki will have one as well, then you will, Allen. After you come, you will both return to your deepest trance states and wait for further instructions. This is going to be a long, memorable evening – for me, at least. Continue now."

It never even occurred to me to try and resist Ursula's commands; I'd long ago ceded control to her for the evening. Nikki's head bobbed back down between our mistress's legs. I put my hands briefly on my wife's bottom, then slid them up and around to cup one around each breast. At the first squeeze I heard Nikki sigh and settle back against me, her butt cradling my growing hard-on. As I fondled my wife's breasts in the way I know she likes, she became even more attentive to Ursula's desires. Before long I could hear two distinct sets of moans: one from Ursula, another, slightly muffled, from Nikki.

Call it the domino effect, but seeing and hearing the signs of the women's growing arousal was acting on me as well. I became increasingly aware of Nikki's bottom pressing against my shaft. Soon I felt the wetness creeping down from her slit and could stand it no more. Spreading Nikki's knees apart a little, I leaned her forward slightly and slid into her waiting canal. My wife gasped as I penetrated, and must have done something in turn to Ursula because moments later our mistress moaned much more loudly.

The tempo was picking up. I lowered one hand to Nikki's bush to help hold us in alignment and started working myself in and out. Her hips moved to meet mine while she picked up the pace with Ursula. The tension kept mounting; soon Ursula spoke again.

“That’s it,” she panted. “Just like that ... keep it up ... yes ... yes ... *yes* ... YES!”

With a series of loud, unintelligible cries, Ursula came. Her orgasm had an immediate effect on Nikki: her muscles clenched tight around my shaft and she rose up against me, arching her back and sinking further down onto me. She too cried out repeatedly as the climax ripped through her body. Seconds later I felt my cock burst inside of her and a wave of unbridled joy washed through me as well as I pumped my seed into Nikki.

For a few moments time stood still; then I felt Nikki collapsing against me, and the darkness closed down over me.

I woke up late the next morning to discover Nikki lying on top of me, dead asleep. My every muscle was stiff and sore, and my balls felt as if they’d been squeezed dry. We were both naked, but we were in our own stateroom – that was something, at least.

A sharp knock at the door shocked me to attention. I heard a soft clattering sort of sound, then footsteps receding in the hallway outside. Slowly, achingly, I slipped out from under Nikki, pulled a bathrobe over me, and opened the door a crack.

There was a room service tray on the floor. Two plates, their steel covers shining cheerfully at me. There was also a coffee pot with 2 cups, a small carafe of orange juice, and a bud vase with two carnations in it. As I picked up the tray, I noticed a note tucked under the vase:

Dear Allen and Nikki,

Please enjoy, with my compliments. It was a pleasure having you both in my show.

Ursula

-wg
2/11/00

Pleasure Cruise -- Dessert

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I've got to hand it to her; Mistress Ursula is one piece of work -- tall, voluptuous, long blonde hair, tremendous stage presence, beautiful green eyes, and a silky, strong voice. Toni and I were sitting off to the right of the stage at a small table, watching her show.

Ursula picked a few volunteers from amongst the eager throng in the crowd; she had quite a reputation as a hypno-domme. She picked out an equal number of men and women, had them sit in chairs on stage, and started her induction.

Toni and I watched the crowd. God, her voice was good. It would be wonderful to let go to her voice. Oho -- there, about the third row back, a couple -- blonde woman with short hair, guy with moderate brown hair. He was gone, and she was close behind.

Ursula continued with the folks on stage for a minute more, then turned around. She looked over to Wendi and her beau, sitting on the other side of the stage. Wendi just smiled. Ursula turned to us. Gloria and I both pointed to the young couple near us. Ursula smiled. God, what a smile -- sexy and predatory. She walked to their table quickly, and whispered between them. Both their heads dipped forward, then raised back up again. Ursula led them back to the stage with her.

“It seems we have another pair of volunteers,” Ursula said, back on the stage with the new pair. The new gal was a runner -- lithe and lean, with a nice figure. The guy was also in good shape, very trim and fit, more so than the guys Ursula had on stage already.

I looked at Toni; we exchanged glances. If we were on stage, would we toss some people? These two had gone really deep -- they wanted it. Who would I toss, if I were performing?

But, I’m not a stage hypnotist, or a domme with a dynamite body. I’m a hypnotherapist, as is Toni. We’re both in good shape, but Toni isn’t Mistress Ursula either.

To my surprise, Ursula leaned over two of the men, whispered to them, and had a stage hand lead them off the stage. Then she did the same with the other man. That left three women, and this new couple. Toni chuckled. We exchanged glances again -- this guy was in for a wild ride.

Ursula consolidated the group on the chairs, putting the new couple in the middle, sort of in a semi-circle. She turned off her microphone, and turning her back to the audience, spent a couple of minutes deepening and preparing her prey -- sorry, volunteers.

She did a lot of the usual things with the three other ladies -- Joyce, Bev, and Carla. But they weren’t the main act -- not at all. While one of the women was experiencing some trance phenomena at the front of the stage, Ursula would slip back to the others, and whisper in their ears, some times touching them, focusing a lot on the pair she pulled up.

“Watch Joyce,” Toni whispered in my ear. I’d missed what Ursula had been doing with her, focusing instead on the pair from the audience.

Ursula’s show started somewhere south of the “G” level, and moved quickly south.

Carla had been the warm-up, followed by Bev. Ursula had Bev sit down after a funny and erotic routine. She pulled Joyce up in front of her. Joyce was well built -- a little on the heavy side.

“Now Joyce,” Ursula intoned, “You have enjoyed hypnosis before?”

“Yes Mistress,” she replied. The crowd started to get into it more.

“Do you use it with your husband?”

“Not yet, Mistress.” Another good reaction from the crowd.

“Is your husband good in bed, Joyce?”

“Yes, Mistress.” Ursula held up a hand and made a so-so gesture, which the crowd loved.

“I understand when your husband is away on business, you use a vibrator. Does your husband ever use your vibrator with you?”

“No, Mistress,” she said, disappointment evident in her voice.

Ursula turned to the crowd and said, “Big hint, Doug.” The crowd roared.

“Well, Joyce, since it’s just the two of us here, I’m going to share my very favorite hypnotic erotic vibrator with you. You’re so relaxed, so relaxed you don’t want to move, but you’ll feel it and enjoy it as I run my wonderful, hypnotic erotic vibrator all over your body, pleasuring you, releasing your inhibitions, and taking you deeper into trance at the same time.”

Joyce was whimpering.

“But this is a very special hypnotic erotic vibrator, because it works best on the most hypnotic erotic spot on your body, and do you know where that is?”

Joyce moaned, “My clitty, Mistress.”

Ursula gave the crowd a very lewd grin. “With your vibrator, and with Doug’s tongue, that’s true, Joyce, and you’ll find that from now on, it’s easier for you to come, with your vibrator, or any other way -- your body responds a lot easier and more sensually to stimulation. But with my hypnotic erotic vibrator, when it touches your right earlobe, you’ll have the most incredible orgasm you’ve ever had in your life. Are you ready for that, Joyce?”

“Oh yes, Mistress!”

Ursula turned to the crowd. “Would you like to help, Doug?”

A tall overweight guy bounded up to the stage.

Ursula was using a wireless hand microphone. She turned it around and put it in Doug’s hand, holding her hand in his. I saw her move her other hand up his neck.

“She’s going to get him, too,” I leaned over and whispered to Toni. “No shit,” she whispered back.

Ursula stood a little behind Doug, guiding his hand and the butt end of the microphone over Joyce's body. Ursula's other hand was busy on him as well, and amidst Joyce's moans, we could hear her whispering in Doug's ear.

She worked Joyce up to a fever pitch as she took Doug down, down, down. Finally she guided Doug's hand with the microphone up Joyce's body, and touched her earlobe.

She shrieked and shook, and so did Doug. Doug collapsed, and if Ursula hadn't had an arm around him, he would have hit the floor. A gal stepped quickly from off stage and got him. To Ursula's credit, she spent the next minute or so giving them both suggestions that their lovemaking would be more sensual, more passionate, and more open, and more pleasurable every time. Then they were whisked off, to the applause of the crowd. The damp spot was visible in the front of Doug's pants.

As the crowd was applauding, Ursula moved back the remaining four. We hadn't heard anything from the late comers yet. She quickly dismissed Carla, leaving three. She said something, and pulled the newcomers up to standing, moving them out onto the stage.

They were the best physical specimens on the stage, next to Mistress Ursula, of course. "What's your name?" she asked the guy. "Allen," he replied. And what's yours?" she asked the gal. "Nikki," she replied.

We quickly learned that they were married, and while they were interested in erotic hypnosis, they'd never actually done it before.

Ursula asked Nikki if she'd like to be able to send Allen into a deep trance whenever she wanted. She quickly said, "Oh, yes."

Now during this, Allen and Nikki had their eyes open. It was clear Allen was mesmerized not only by Mistress Ursula's voice, but also by her quite abundant and very well displayed cleavage. Nikki was no slouch in that department either, but Toni had her beat there.

Ursula noticed Allen's stare; I think most of the crowd had. She stopped speaking for a moment, and swung her shoulders slowly from side to side. Allen followed her tits as if magnetized. "Allen" she asked, "Do you like breasts?"

"Yes," he said.

"Nikki, does Allen like to suck on your breasts?"

Nikki gave us a blissful smile and a shudder of pleasure, and said, "Yes, he does."

“Nikki, would you like me to teach you how send Allen deep into an erotic trance with your breasts?”

“Yes, please.”

Ursula repositioned them, with Allen in the middle facing her, and Nikki in back of him.

“Watch me carefully, Nikki,” she said. Then she put a hand behind Allen’s head.

“Allen, when I hold you to my breast and say ‘Deep trance,’ you’re going to instantly go into a deep, pleasurable trance, going deeper than you’ve ever been before.”

She pulled his head to her breast, said, “Deep trance,” and he wilted in her arms.

A stage gal approached, but Ursula said, “Nikki, hold him up, my pet.” Nikki helped out.

“Allen, when I count to three and say ‘Open,’ you will open your eyes, and be awake and alert. When I pull you to my breast and say, ‘Deep trance,’ your eyes will close and you will instantly drop into trance, deeper than before, but still standing. One, two, three, open...”

He opened his eyes, and actually looked startled, until she drew him back to her breast and said, “Deep trance.” His head dropped again. It sent shivers through me.

She did that twice more, then helped Nikki practice. They eventually brought out a chair for poor Allen, as he couldn’t stand very well. Nikki sat in his lap, and took him up and down. Ursula helped with her hand position, having her cradle his head. One time, she held the microphone close to them, and as Nikki pulled his head to her, he gave out the most sensual moan, before his head went forward.

Ursula let them continue, and stepped back to Bev, who had her eyes open, and looked quite aroused, a pair of very perky nipples poking out of her thin top.

“Bev, is this something you would like to practice, and do with your lover?” Ursula asked.

“Oh, yes,” Bev replied.

Ursula stepped back to Nikki and Allen, bringing Bev with her, and as she did, she said, “Then we’ll have you practice with Allen while I talk some more with Nikki.”

She interrupted Nikki after she’d taken Allen back into trance, and had her stand. She had Bev sit on Allen’s lap, and led her through a couple of rounds. The look on

Allen's face the first time he opened his eyes and saw Bev was priceless --and he dropped like a rock again.

Ursula moved Nikki over a little and started working more with her, developing her desires. Allen was in for one hell of a good time.

Then the crowd went wild -- in the background, Bev had opened up her blouse and was holding Allen to a shapely and naked breast, with a lusty and blissful look on her face.

Ursula stepped over, laughing as she did, then put her hand on Bev's and moved Allen's head around a little. She held the microphone to his mouth and we could hear him moan softly.

"That's it, Allen," Ursula said, "Suck gently and go deeper and deeper, more and more relaxed."

Then to Bev she said, "That's very good. Bring him up and down, and let him suck for a while before you bring him up again, taking him deeper and deeper all the time."

Bev was really getting into it. Allen wasn't really coming out when she told him to open his eyes. Toni leaned over to me and whispered, "Like that, love?" She ran fingers up my neck and sent shivers through me. She gave me a low laugh.

Back with Nikki, Ursula added this new wrinkle to what she would do with her husband. She described very graphically to her how to condition him to holding off his orgasm, and then took her deeper and gave some very nice suggestions to help her respond in their lovemaking. I started to take a few notes, and heard Toni chuckle beside me -- she was scribbling furiously.

Another stage person stepped forward a bit. Ursula was about out of time. She asked Nikki, "Nikki, are there times when you want to make love, and Allen is tired?"

"Oh, yes." She said, with a shiver.

"Well, all you have to do is hold him to you, take him into trance, and he's all yours. Are there times when Allen wants to make love, and you want to rest?"

Nikki said, "You bet!" The crowd roared.

Ursula said, "Well dear, when that happens, hold him to your breast, take him deep into trance, and tell him to relax into a deep, deep sleep. Tell him to suck on you gently, and go deeper and deeper, until he sucks himself to sleep." Ursula stepped over to Allen, and put a hand around the back of his head. "Nikki, you'll say, 'Allen, as you suck gently, you're getting more and more tired, and drifting into wonderful, peaceful

sleep. Suck gently, and drift into wonderful, peaceful sleep.’ And as he does, you will drift off to sleep as well.” Bev had to hold Allen up --his arms dropped from her waist. Bev cradled his head and rocked him, quite the look of lust on her face still.

And Ursula stepped quickly back to Nikki, who was just about to fall over. She whispered something in Nikki’s ear, and Nikki straightened up. Ursula whispered some more in her ear, and then speaking into the microphone again, sent her back to her seat, where she would wake up when she was told to, and would only consciously remember how much she had enjoyed watching the show, and how funny her loving husband had been. Nikki was helped off the stage and to her table.

Ursula stood next to Bev and Allen, and sighed overly loud into the microphone. Bev was really into it. I leaned over to Toni. “If her husband hasn’t been hypnotized before, he will be after half an hour of that.” Toni laughed.

She whispered to them both for a bit, then got Bev put back together, and woke her. Bev gasped at first, then gave Ursula a big hug, saying, “Thank you so much!” She pointed at someone in the crowd and gave them a lusty look, then scampered off the stage to cheers and applause.

Ursula had Allen stand up. He had the most wonderful, relaxed look on his face, and a very apparent boner in his pants. She whispered in his ear for a moment, then spoke into the microphone.

“Allen and Nikki, the only thing you will consciously remember is enjoying the show very, very much. And now on the count of three, both of you will be awake, refreshed, and fully alert. One, two, three! Let’s have a big round of applause for the stars of our show!”

The crowd applauded. Allen stood there looking confused. He was helped to his table, where Nikki was applauding wildly, and hugged him.

Mistress Ursula took one more slow bow, showing off her charms. “And I’d like to thank all of my slaves, past, present and future. Enjoy the night -- I certainly will.”

Toni and I applauded as well. Toni leaned over and said to me, “Cost of a massage says those two haven’t completed their performance with Mistress Ursula yet.”

I laughed and shook my head. “No bet. Want a drink?”

She put her arm around mine. “Why thank you, kind sir.”

We walked over to a smaller bar and lounge area nearby, the non-smoking one, and found a table close to the corner. We could finally relax a bit, and have a drink.

At times we felt as if we were the cleanup crew on this deal. It had started out as a hypnoerotic cruise, with the stars being the stage folks -- such as Mistress Ursula and other stage hypnotists. As sort of an aside, someone suggested authors of hypno-erotic stories -- we could have an author panel. Toni and I helped arrange that, and suggested that it would be good to have some hypnotherapists on as well, to do seminars, private sessions, and be on hand to clean up after the occasional abreaction brought on by some of the more aggressive stage folks.

Our suggestion was quickly accepted, and Toni and I found ourselves in a dual role, coordinating authors, and lining up practitioners. It meant we drank root beer or something similar during the shows, not knowing what we'd have to clean up afterwards. It also meant we weren't paying for the cruise. Mistress Ursula was good -- she hadn't caused us any trouble, at least not yet.

"Rob, Toni, may we buy you a drink?"

Two of our clients from earlier in the day, Liz and Jerry, were standing by the table. Many of us were doing private sessions during the day. We'd worked with Liz and Jerry in the morning, and had another session with them the following day.

"That would be very nice," I answered. "What would you like, love?" I asked Toni.

"Black Russian, please, with water on the side," she answered. "Make that two," I added.

Liz sat down while Jerry went to the bar.

"What did you think of the show?" Liz asked. She's in her mid 30's, with long black hair, another lean, lithe, runner's body. Her husband Jerry was pretty fit, but worried a lot. This was their first vacation in a while.

Toni started out. "I thought it was quite good. She's certainly attractive."

Liz frowned a little. "The ending was a letdown -- I was expecting ... I don't know what."

I smiled and looked to Toni. She leaned over and put her hand on Liz. "Liz, if you do to Jerry what they were doing to Allen, you'll have him melting in your arms in no time at all. That would be a wonderful thing to practice with him, training him to let go and relax in your arms."

Liz blushed a little, evidently reconsidering. "We can sneak up on that tomorrow, if you like," I added, "But you could certainly practice with him tonight."

Liz said, "If it will help him unwind..."

Toni said, "Oh it will, it will. It will be very good for both of you."

Jerry joined us. "Drinks will be here in a moment. What did you think of the show?"

We were talking about it when Wendi, another hypnotherapist, walked over, her beau in tow. She was laughing softly. She saw us and walked over. The area was filling up -- it was a while before the dessert buffet opened up, which was what Toni and I were waiting for.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Allen from the show? I decided to watch him for a bit. I watched him wander out onto the deck in a daze, right into Mistress Ursula. She talked to him, then started whispering in his ear. She walked away a short time later laughing, leaving him coming in his pants."

Toni nudged me. "I don't think their performance is over for the night."

Wendi nodded. "I'd have to agree. So, you're still not saying who RC is?"

I winced. Someone else near us perked up. "RC is on the cruise?"

I shook my head, looking at Wendi. "I have no idea." Quite a few authors were onboard, a number of them still undecided as to whether or not to participate in the author's panel. Toni and I would, to the surprise of a number of folks. It had been interesting, associating names and faces with pen names. Some still wanted, and would continue to receive, total anonymity.

"How are your bookings for the next few days?" I asked, quickly changing the subject.

Wendi laughed. "I bet I could get it out of you. Would you like to leave him with me for an hour or two, Toni?"

Toni laughed. "I think Mistress Ursula could get him to talk. Would you like that, sweetie?" She rubbed my shoulders with one hand.

Wendi laughed, as did some of the people around us.

Toni continued, "Actually, that last part was good. I think a lot of women are going to train their lovers that way. I'm looking forward to it."

Wendi nodded. "I think a lot of us are going to enjoy that. Oh, I want to catch up with Gil -- I think she may have trained with him at some point. Have fun, you two! See you for the panel tomorrow!"

The two of them headed off, leaving us at the table. I could still hear a background rumble about "RC."

Then Jerry asked, "What's the difference between what you do and stage work?"

Toni and I smiled. We explained a little of the difference -- the biggest point being that we used hypnosis for therapy, rather than entertainment. Toni added that this seemed to be an area where it could be both therapy and entertainment.

"For example," she said, running a hand over the back of my neck, "What's your favorite dessert, love?"

I shivered a little, and my eyes closed a bit. Then I saw her pull a little velvet bag out of her purse, and raise an eyebrow.

I took the bag, and asked, "Want me to do it?"

She nodded, and said, "I'll help." She chuckled a little. Big help -- she did it to me first, and we still enjoy it.

I looked around us. Liz and Jerry were looking on with interest, as were a few other people surrounding us. I thought I recognized one of the other stage guys -- I didn't remember his name; he also did sleight of hand.

"Are you interested in a little diversion, while we wait for the dessert buffet to open?" I asked.

Liz and Jerry nodded, and I got murmurs from around us. I opened the bag and removed our favorite crystal on its thread. When I held it up, I got some muted laughter.

"That's okay, it's a very useful technique. If you're interested in a demonstration of recreational hypnosis, you are welcome to follow along. Remember, all hypnosis is self hypnosis, and you can't be forced to do anything. But if you follow along, you'll soon enter a relaxed hypnotic trance."

Some wise-ass in the back said, "That's what separates stage work from therapy."

I resisted the urge to reply, and was thankful Toni chuckled under her breath.

"Watch the crystal as it rocks back and forth, back and forth, and as it rocks back and forth, feel yourself drifting into a relaxed state. You might notice that already your breathing is more relaxed, slowing down, as you relax into your chair at the end of a long,

pleasurable day. As the relaxation spreads down from the top of your head, down your forehead, your eyes relax and your eyelids start to drift closed.”

Toni started in, taking them the next step. “And as your eyes drift closed, relax and let our voices lead you deeper, relaxing into trance.”

We love working together. Mistress Ursula may put ‘em under with her figure, but we can do quite a job on even the most analytical individual. We spoke, sometimes separately, sometimes together, weaving our skills together.

Why, though? Jerry and Liz were under in a minute or so. But Toni walked over behind them, and ran her hands along the backs of their necks, taking them deeper. She walked behind another couple sitting nearby. Then I noticed the stage guy pointing -- to a couple of guys, holding hands nearby. I clued Toni, and we pulled them in as well, and another couple.

She stepped back to me, and I turned as I heard her chuckling softly. We’d pulled in one of the cruise ship gals, sitting alone at a table, her head back, eyes closed, mouth hanging open. Toni smiled to me and nodded, then knelt down by her and began to whisper in her ear.

I turned to our group again. “... Relaxing deeper into a comfortable trance... And one of the things that’s so nice about trance, is that we can make connections, realize things, that we don’t realize when we’re awake. Right now, I want you to imagine your favorite dessert. Really imagine it. You can smell it; you can taste it.” I saw people moving their mouths, saw them swallowing. “That’s right, your favorite dessert -- so close. Let the sensations become stronger, taking you deeper. And now you realize, for the first time, that this is just how your lover tastes when you go down on them. Yes, you realize it now -- the same taste as your favorite dessert.”

I remembered when Toni did that to me, or rather when she triggered it in me the first time. All of a sudden, she tasted and smelled like lemon meringue pie, and I couldn’t get enough of her.

“You’ll notice this the next time you go down on your lover. But this isn’t a dessert you want to devour quickly. No, you want to savor it. You’ll savor it, gently, slowly. You know what your lover wants; you know what they need. And as you give them what they want, what they need, and give them increasing pleasure, so too will your pleasure increase, as you enjoy this most delicious of all desserts. You want to savor it for as long as you can, for as long as your lover can.”

I felt a hand on my shoulder, then two, kneading gently as Toni started to speak.

“And you’ll know when you’ve had enough, and when your lover has had enough, and it will be so satisfying, as you do that special something to make their experience complete.”

She was kneading my shoulders so nicely, and stroking my neck. I was tired. It had been a long day.

Toni continued. "And if you are receiving, let yourself relax, and enjoy the attention your lover is giving you. Let go and relax under their touch. Let yourself respond, and go where they lead you. Respond to their touch, to their love."

I love her. She's so good. I'm so glad I married her. I let go to her hands, to her touch, floating in her embrace and her voice.

Some part of me knew I'd gone into trance for her, but I love her, and trust her. After a bit, I felt one hand get warm, and the other grow cold. I think we may have done some other things as well. I know I don't have to worry about things, or remember them when she's got me.

I opened my eyes, knowing she had counted me up, even though I didn't remember it. She was standing beside me, and took a small bow. People around us applauded. I shook my head a little, and applauded as well. Toni pulled me to my feet, and I bowed too. Then she took me in her arms and we kissed.

"What would you like, love?" she asked me, whispering in my ear.

I gave her a squeeze. "Lemon meringue... Then you."

She squeezed me back. "A good choice."

Arm in arm, we walked to the buffet.

I got my lemon meringue pie, and Toni found a creme caramel calling to her. As we were enjoying our desserts, the stage guy walked by. "That was quite a performance you two put on. Look over there." He pointed to one of the couples we'd drawn in.

The guy was eating his dessert, looking hungrily at his paramour. She was eating a banana split, lasciviously tonguing chocolate sauce off the end of a banana. We finished our desserts and watched them carry on. I was surprised they didn't pull off clothes and go at it on the floor. Oh well, we had a few nights to go.

Toni was tugging on my arm. I stood up as the gal put quite a move on her banana -- I'm surprised it didn't come -- I don't think I could take much more of that.

As the crowd encouraged them on, I told Toni, "It looks like our skills are appreciated, love."

She squeezed me and laughed a little, that low laugh I've learned to love. "I'll let you know about that in a while."

I smiled as we walked out. My mouth was starting to water again, in anticipation of my favorite dessert.

FINI

Pleasure Cruise -- Dessert

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Pleasure Cruise -- Met by Moonlight

By Sunset and Fey

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Sunset and Fey would like to thank artie and Wiseguy for mentoring, and letting us venture into their world.

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The noise and the crowds never really suited him.

He walked away from the party and leaned against the rail, watching the night sky. He cursed under his breath the idea of ever going on this cruise. 'Why did I think I might actually have fun here?' he thought to himself. He took a penny out of his pocket and hurled it into the sea. It disappeared in the wake.

"Make a wish!" a voice said behind him. "But don't tell anyone what it is."

He turned around, startled.

She giggled. "Don't jump! I don't want you to fall overboard!" She padded on bare feet to stand next to him while he tried to settle his heartbeat. "Sorry. Habit. Did you make your wish?" She was round, what some would call a pleasant armful and the less tactful would

simply call overweight. Short, fair hair curled delicately around a friendly oval face. Her eye color was impossible to tell in this light, but looked blue or green. Sunglasses sat pertly on top of her head where she'd obviously pushed them earlier in the day.

He blushed and lowered his eyes slightly. "Not yet," he admitted. "Besides, it won't come true."

"Make it anyway. You never know." She leaned on the rail next to him. "I'm Ashe."

He sighed and decided, what the hell. He made his wish and then introduced himself. "My name's Miguel." He offered a smile.

She studied his dark features and smiled back. "Lovely. Are you having fun here? I have to admit, it's better than I thought it would be...I've only gone through four Dramamine!" She made no effort to invade his personal space more than she already had, but she did seem intent on conversing.

"Honestly, not really," he said. "I have a hard time dealing with all those hypnotists making people strip and get all, umm...you know." He began to stammer and looked away.

"Randy?" she supplied in a neutral, friendly tone. "Yeah. It's hard to take when you're not sure they want to on all levels. I mean..." and her voice was thoughtful, "it might be freeing to do it. Or it might make them really unhappy. And you never know which until they come out, or if you ask. They don't ask on stage." She shrugged. "I saw you leave, and you looked upset. I was a little concerned, you know?"

"Thank you for your concern," he said. "A friend of mine convinced me to go on this trip. She thought it'd be a blast. But it's more depressing than back at home."

That made her blink. "Depressing? How so?" She tilted her head, watching his face, honestly curious. "Even if you decide not to go to the shows, there's so much going on here...What's depressing you?"

"It's the fact that this all done for money," he said. "You see those Mistresses up on stage, and they really don't care. They're doing it for the paycheck, and the people are doing it for the thrill. I'm not like that." He then blushed and looked away, worried that maybe he had offended her.

"Oh," she murmured. "I see." It was the kind of phrase that indicated that she didn't, but would like to. After a moment, she said "It was a beautiful sunset tonight, wasn't it? Reds and golds and...did you know it's all because of a volcano so far away it's nowhere close to a threat?"

"Hmmm? Yes, the sunset was beautiful." He looked at the sky, and then at Ashe. "Tell me about the volcano."

She looked out over the water, clearly sorting out her thoughts. "When a volcano sends up ash, it goes into the atmosphere. There's one off to the west, and it's going off right now. There's no one close enough to be affected, really, but the ash goes up into the atmosphere and reflects the sunlight. It makes the sunset turn all kinds of colors. Most people never notice, but I like watching it. It makes me feel...special. Like I know something no one else does."

Abruptly she blushed. "And now you know I'm a total geek! Sorry for the mini-lecture. Call it the legacy of too many earth science classes."

He couldn't help but smile. "Don't be sorry. I love learning new things." He then looked out into the sea. "I wonder where my penny is now. When I had it, it was worth one cent, but a penny is valueless at the bottom of the ocean..."

She looked directly at him, then. "Wishes have value. At least, I think so. Without them, this is pointless." She turned serious again, mercurial mood shifting to match his. "Where's your friend?"

"I don't know," he said. "We kinda... only know each other online..."

Her eyebrow raised. There was a moment of silence before she cleared her throat. "So you came to meet someone and you have no idea what she looks like? I didn't think that was possible."

"Not that unlikely. Heard of a blind date?" He tried to smile, then turned towards the sea again. "Besides, she's just a friend. In any case, I don't know if she's actually coming. She said she would try, but that she really wanted me to come in any case."

"Oh...I see. And you think she didn't show." There was a note to her voice he couldn't place. "At least, she didn't tell you for sure. You'd think she could have sent email or something. Or did she, and something else was going on?"

"Maybe," he sighed. "In situations like these I tend to look for ways to blame myself. Maybe I didn't give her a chance to write me back."

"Well...what did you expect to happen here that the two of you could have shared, if you're not into the whole hypnosis thing?"

"Well, I am," he said. "I am into the hypnosis thing. But not the whole thing. I think it's an intimate thing, not a stage show. You open yourself up so completely when you are down. I want that feeling..."

"So it's not really the sex that bugs you so much, as the feeling that they're all prostituting themselves," she commented. "You want to feel like what you're doing matters. You're a one-on-one type without an exhibitionist bone in your body. Am I reading you right, Miguel?"

Miguel blushed brightly, feeling exposed. "Yeah, that's about right. Wow... Ashe." He smiled, impressed.

She smiled back, brushing a lock of hair back from her face. "Hey, can we get away from the rail? I mean...my Dramamine is wearing off, and the edges of the ship move more than the center, I swear. Stupid, I know. I don't want to stop talking, but I'm starting to feel green." She did look a little less enthusiastic than she had at first.

"Sure," he said. "I've just about had my fill of the night sky, anyway." With that, Miguel got off the rail.

She smiled gratefully. "Maybe by the pool? I want to put my legs in the water..." she suggested. "How did you get into the whole hypnokink thing anyway?"

"I grew up in the 80s," Miguel replied simply. "I watched Saturday morning cartoons. You?"

"Wow, you too? Yeah. I couldn't get over some of the scenes I saw! Gave me shivers." She went silent for a moment, then rubbed her arms. "See, goosebumps, just thinking about it. I have a confession..." She glanced at him sidelong, and at his inquiring look blurted out "I wanted to be Daphne! Even if it was a weirdo clown, I figured I could live with it. I mean, I wouldn't care by that point, right?"

"Ah yes, the famous Ghost Clown," he smiled. "Personally, the Thundercats did more for me. One zap between the eyes and Cheetara was mumbling 'Only Mumm-Ra commands me'. Yoww." He blushed at his sudden openness, and giggled a little uncomfortably.

If she noticed, she didn't seem to mind. They climbed the stairs to the pool deck, the breeze playing through her curls. "There was even a Popeye episode. Olive was just as dumb then as any other time, though. I mean, really. I barely remember that one, because I hated her so much. Seems like most every cartoon plays with that theme, though. I think it hits a lot more buttons than most people want to admit."

"It could be the power trip," Miguel volunteered. "I mean, it's a thrilling thought to have control over someone's actions."

Ashe glanced up at him, then back down. "Or to not be responsible for your own. Yeah." She wandered over to the pool, sitting down and dipping her legs in the water with a sigh of contentment. "Just to be uninhibited...just to have permission to not have to think." She sounded wistful.

"Another good thought," Miguel replied. "I know there are times I wish I could turn off my brain. But I'm not very trusting. I can't hand off control to someone without knowing them for a REALLY long time."

"You don't have to go deep," she pointed out. "Just the feeling of being cared for does it for me, I admit it. Just playing. I think you're probably wiser than a lot of people here, but...can't you feel the energy? There're a lot of people here, discovering things about themselves they only suspected were possible. Maybe not even that."

Miguel looked up at Ashe. "It's hard not to be jaded nowadays, you know? Lots of people have told me they care. Then they use me to make themselves feel better. That's not fun, for me." He sighed, then abruptly shuddered. "Sorry. I'm probably saying stuff you don't even want to know."

She gazed at him frankly. "Do you need to say it, Miguel?"

"I don't know. It's a long and painful story. And I want to try to have fun."

She looked back down, trailing a finger in the water. "Maybe it's what's stopping you from having fun. Maybe you need to release it from your spirit."

He stared at the water, watching the moon's reflection shimmer. "It hurts to even think about it..."

She didn't say anything, laying the choice squarely on his shoulders. Her gaze stayed on the pool, but after a moment a damp hand rested next to his. He could touch it if he chose.

Miguel hesitated, then sighed softly and took her hand. It felt nice and warm. He whispered, "I've been hurt before."

She nodded, letting him tell the story his own way, but her fingers tightened around his for a second.

"It was someone I loved a lot, even though I only knew her online. I let her take me down, but she... she screwed with my head. It took therapy to get me over her." He realized he was going to cry. After a moment he stopped fighting the urge and let the tears begin to fall.

"That sounds tough," she said quietly.

"I almost moved in with her, too. But she did her damage. And she does it to others." He sighed and squeezed her hand, and sobbed.

Ashe hesitated a moment, then slipped her arm around his back. She held him until the tears stopped.

"Thank you," he said. "I think I needed that." He laid his head on her shoulder.

She smiled, the touch that of a friend. "You push my empathy buttons hard, Miguel." She turned slightly, her free hand coming up to wipe tears from his face. "Are you scared of her?"

He swallowed. "Yeah," he said. "I don't want to confront her again, but at the same time I want closure. I want to scream 'FUCK YOU' in her face."

Ashe nodded. "And every time you see a Domme, you think they're just the same."

"Maybe." Unconsciously, he nuzzled her shoulder while starting to cry again. "I don't like being so cynical, but it just comes out."

She tightened her arms around him comfortingly. "You're burned, not cynical. I think what you really are is a wounded romantic. You know. You've been hurt and you can't help hoping and you hate yourself for it."

They stayed silent for a while, while he calmed and his breathing went back to normal. Eventually, Miguel looked into Ashe's eyes. "How do you know me so well?"

She sighed a little. "You remind me of someone. That's all." Her voice was wistful.

Miguel sidled a little closer. "May I ask who?"

"Just...a friend. He disappeared a while back, and I never got to see him again. He was really happy when I last talked to him, but you feel like him."

"It's a wonder how I do if he was really happy," he replied with a mirthful grin. Then sighed and snuggled up closer, and watched the moon.

Ashe followed his gaze. "Isn't she beautiful?" she murmured. "I like coming out here and just watching her rise. I sometimes use her as a focal point, you know? Meditate and look up into her face." He felt her shiver slightly. Her voice was more alert when she said "Sorry. Hypnokinks are us..."

He smiled. "I agree, though. I love the moon. I know its light is just reflected sunlight, but... it has its own special quality."

"Do you mind me holding you?"

"No. Please." He was partly aware of his answer.

She was silent for a long time, then brought her hand up to stroke his hair. The touch was tentative. "If you want me to stop...let me know?"

Miguel pressed against her. "Okay."

"You don't feel so cynical now, you know."

"I like snuggles," he said. "Thank you for offering."

She was shaking a little, he realized. Finally she said "Do you hypnotize people?"

"I never have before," he said. "I've been too nervous. I don't have confidence..."

She giggled softly. "Only way to get it is to do it." Her arm tightened around his waist. "You'll never know what you can do unless you try it. If you're worried about people who abuse people, the best way is to not be one yourself...but to know what they do, right?"

"I guess."

She paused at the neutral response. "And another way to deal with it is to face your fear."

Miguel blinked and looked at Ashe. "You mean..."

She just looked at him. Her eyes were clear in the moon and pool lights, a deep even blue.

He took in deep breaths, just looking at her looking at him. He briefly wondered if he should.

Then he spoke, quietly. "Okay."

She let out a slow breath. "You, or me?"

"Take me down. Please," he said hurriedly, as if he would change his mind if he slowed down to think about it. "I want to stop being scared first."

Something in Ashe's gaze changed. There was intent behind her stare now. "Look at me, Miguel. No fear. No strings. No ties. Just my eyes, Miguel."

"Okay," he replied, and stared deep into her eyes. Intently. Looking for something.

She eased a little away from him, lessening the strain on his neck. He hadn't even realized it was there. One hand found his. He felt her thumb stroke his palm. "Don't stare so hard. Just look. Relax. Relax your face. Relax your eyes, Miguel. Relax your neck and shoulders, and just look."

He took her advice, loosening up and falling back slightly so he could get more relaxed. This felt good, he thought. There was a note of tension that came up within as he realized he was dropping his guard.

"You don't have to go deep if you don't want to. Just let yourself experience the feeling. Release the past, and enjoy the now. Now is looking into my eyes. Now is relaxing. Now is letting go. Feel your shoulders letting go. Feel your back letting go. Feel your face letting go. Feel your hands letting go. Now is letting go. Now is my eyes. Now is relaxing."

Miguel lay back and let it happen. He felt tension flow out of him quite literally, and remembered the lovely feeling that he missed. A part of him hung on to his guard, just in case, but it didn't stop him from enjoying the sensation of letting everything go.

Her voice was soft and compelling without being demanding. "That's it. You can feel it happening. You can feel yourself letting go. No worries. Feel the stress of the craving you felt fading away. Feel yourself releasing it. You don't need to crave the feeling now. You can feel it happening. You can feel it now. You can feel now. You can relax."

His eyes felt heavy... so heavy as he listened. It was good to relax, and let go... and he did feel so much better going down after so long without it. Very liberating. But he kept that part of himself, the tiniest part on guard. He had to be careful, or he would find himself letting go completely.

She didn't move, keeping his gaze on hers. "That's it. You're very good at this, and it feels good to be good at it. Feel the moonlight washing over you, cleansing you. Now is feeling. Now is relaxing. Now is bathing in moonlight. Now is peaceful. Now is my eyes. Now is letting go. Now is drifting, Miguel."

Suddenly he could feel the part of himself that was hanging on ringing alarms. He blinked and tried to quiet it, but it wouldn't. His breath quickened, and he closed his eyes. "I'm- I'm sorry..." he said. "I'm trying really hard to let go but I'm scared."

She hugged him gently. "Shhh. Breathe," she said in a different but still reassuring tone. "Something I said must have hit a button. Do you know what it was?"

"Maybe when you were telling me to go... I don't know. Should I try again," Miguel offered.

Ashe shook her head. "Not for a moment. Give yourself a chance to ground. You were letting it happen, and then you panicked suddenly. It happens. Let yourself be reassured you're all right and nothing bad happened."

"OK. OK." Miguel held himself and tried to get his composure back. He felt his face burn. He felt embarrassed.

Soft, warm hands unwrapped his arms from his belly. "Open yourself," she whispered. "Let me hold you. Don't curl up. You're all right." Ashe guided his arms around her waist.

Miguel started to calm down. He breathed a deep, soft sigh onto her shoulder. "Thank you for not freaking out," he said.

"You already told me you were hurt. There's nothing for me to freak out about. Now, think back to what I was saying. When did you feel afraid?" Her arms were comfortably around him, supporting without squeezing.

"Well..." he started. "I knew my last love... she would take me under and ask me questions... but when I gave her answers, she would get mad..."

Ashe waited a moment, then prompted softly "What kind of questions, and what did you answer that upset her so badly?"

"Well... you see... she was in a bad crowd, and the people she hung around with... I didn't like them at all... and I didn't like what she did for fun... but I didn't tell her any of that..."

Ashe sighed. "At least, until she asked you point blank in a suggestive state, where you trusted her totally and were dependant on her. Right? Bitch."

"Yeah. She knew I wasn't happy and wanted to find out why. When she did, she blamed me for being a 'priss'..." Miguel's eyes started to mist. "She said I was weak."

"Look at me, Miguel." When he didn't meet her gaze right away, she said firmly "Look at me. Look at my eyes." Her fingers on his chin exerted a little pressure, guiding his head up.

Miguel's eyes met Ashe's. He looked, hard.

Her expression was calm and sure. "You did nothing wrong. Your trust was violated, but the fault is not and was not in you. It was in her. Understand me? You are not to blame. Look at me, and be sure of it. You are not to blame for that."

"I am not to blame," he repeated, but it felt good to say it. He felt that it was true.

He could feel the approval in her voice as she ordered softly "Again: I am not to blame."

"I am not to blame."

"Good boy. Feel the burden of that feeling lifting from your shoulders. Again."

"I am not to blame..." he whispered.

She nodded slowly, her eyes never leaving his. "You are not to blame. You trusted. It's over. You can heal now, Miguel. You can heal."

"I can heal. I... I'm scared, Ashe..."

Her arms tightened around him. "Why are you afraid?"

"Don't want to be hurt again..." He had slipped under without realizing it.

Her eyes were soft under the moonlight. "You can wake up any time, Miguel. I won't stop you from coming back, and I won't be upset if you do. You've already proven to yourself you can be hypnotized again without pain."

She knew where his mind was. It was deeply comforting. "But don't want to lose this feeling..."

"You know you're hypnotized right now, don't you, sweetie? And that you did it to yourself. I didn't make you. Knowing that, how do you feel?"

"I feel... I feellll....." he trailed off for a moment. "I feel happy I came after all..."

Soft fingers caressed his cheek. Then her voice was counting from one to five. On the fifth count, she closed her eyes.

He moaned softly, reaching out to Ashe.

She shook her head firmly. "Wake up, hon. All the way back. You can drop later if you want, but I want you to come all the way back to me now. Awake."

Miguel blinked and recomposed himself for a moment. He looked around the sky, and then at Ashe.

She smiled, letting him go. She kept her body close. "Are you with me?"

"I'm here," he said, reaching back for her. "Thank you."

She blushed and smiled shyly, her quiet control of a moment before fading back into her more usual demeanor. "Do you feel better?" She edged closer to him, thigh touching his on the edge of the pool.

"Yes," he said, definitely. "I do..." He edged towards her as well, smiling softly.

Ashe took a deep breath, then whispered softly "I want to kiss you. Is that OK? May I?" She bit at her lower lip, face visibly red even in the moonlight.

He didn't really answer, but he moved in a bit quicker now, lips closing in on hers. He reached for the back of her head.

She let out a soft moan before their lips met, pressing her body against his. She was warmer than he'd realized even in hugging her. Her hands slid around his waist to his back and up under his loose shirt, caressing and kneading right above the hips.

He moaned into her mouth and seemed to literally melt in her arms.

Her breath caught and she paused in the kiss for a second. Then her nails traced down his spine, sending tingles through him. "Did that turn you on as much as it did me?" she panted.

"I'm...definitely very excited..." he whispered breathily.

She giggled softly, leaning her forehead against his. "Can we do it again?"

"Yes, please," he murmured as he moved in for another kiss, arms moving to cradle her.

She leaned back on the deck, pulling him a little over on top of her. Her lips sought, then tasted his hungrily. "And again..." she whispered into the kiss. "And again..."

Miguel moaned softly and murmured as he kissed and was kissed. "This feels like a dream," he whimpered. "I hope it's not."

She broke the kiss to look into his eyes again. "Not a dream, Miguel. You're not dreaming. You're not even hypnotized now. This is all real."

Miguel's eyes turned misty. The emotions threatened to overwhelm him, and he had to swallow hard.

Ashe stroked soft fingers across his cheek. "Do you want to go somewhere less public?" she asked quietly.

Miguel turned red and nodded slowly.

Ashe smiled gently, drawing him in to kiss him softly. When the kiss ended he rolled off her, letting her get up. They didn't say a word to one another as they made their way to her cabin, but his arm was around her waist and she leaned her head on his shoulder comfortably. The cabin door closed behind them, shutting out the noise and the crowds for the night.

Pleasure Cruise - Sleight of Mind

by an anonymous author

Disclaimer - Adults only - if you aren't old enough to vote - go elsewhere. Do not try this at home - hypnosis does not work this way - this is a work of fiction.

Cruise ships. A goal that many strolling entertainers strive for - until they actually work a contract on a cruise line and find out just how much work is actually involved.

Usually, the deal is with the line, not a particular ship and you transfer every three days from one ship to another. Work is often six days in a row, sometimes more. Accommodations are Spartan, often amounting to crew quarters, which are very minimal, to say the least and do not allow for any extracurricular fooling around, something which can get you fired on the spot from most lines anyway. Policy is strictly hands off the passengers, regardless of what you may have seen on old episodes of the Love Boat.

So I was surprised when an agency that I rarely worked with faxed me a proposal for a two week booking on a cruise line with no transfers between ships and bottom level cabin space as opposed to the closets they give the non-ranking crew. Add to that fact that I would be the only finger flinger on board other than an illusionist who only did big stage work, the fact that travel to and from my home in Indianapolis was included along with a paycheck that was about average for cruise lines and I jumped at the chance. Holly, the agent, was not surprised when I called to find out what the catch was.

She chuckled and said, "How's your tolerance for unusual life styles?" I asked her what she meant and she explained that this was a hypnoerotic cruise - adult kinkos who were into hypnosis. I was being booked as part of the "normal" entertainment package that was going to be on board for those times that people wanted a break from being hypnotized - or hypnotizing each other or whatever.

I looked over the contract once again and noted that the usual hands off the passengers clause was missing. She chuckled again. "It's my guess that it's you who will need to be protected from the hypnotic advances of the passengers!" I laughed back, not having a clue as to just what I was getting into. I faxed the contract back, signed, while we were talking. The other nice part

of the deal was that I only had to put on four formal cabaret magic shows and do strolling magic three nights of the cruise. The rest of the time was mine to do with as I pleased - "unless one of these hypnodominatrixes gets her claws into you, of course," Holly joked. Little did I know...

The first night out, I missed a performance by a Mistress Ursula - something that I am still kicking myself for, I might add. The word on deck the next day was that she was HOT - and so was her show! I was also told that Rob and Toni, two therapists from California, had put on an impromptu demonstration in the dessert bar after the show that even entranced one of the cruise hostesses!

Like an idiot, I had gone to my cabin early, having just completed a week doing strolling and stage magic at a chain of resorts in the Adirondacs.

The next morning, I was having breakfast on the Promenade Deck and watching one of the passengers run a very advanced yoga class. Several of the exercises they did were painful just to watch! Since an injury several years ago, I cannot do many of the yoga postures and have to content myself with just watching and doing some very basic Tai Chi Chuan, to use the old spelling. The guy was good, and very flexible. Several of his students were quite attractive, which made breakfast even more enjoyable.

I met several of the other passengers while strolling around the ship, including Mistress Ursula, who I was surprised to find was someone I had met during the two years I had lived and performed in New York! One does not forget a face or figure that gorgeous, no matter how fleeting the meeting! We had met at a fund raiser for a hospital. She was on the psychology staff at the time, while I was doing the strolling magic thing in the crowd. We had chatted for a few minutes back then and had then wandered off to our various commitments - me to play with a deck of cards and the other guests and she to schmooze potential donors to the hospital.

I held back from introducing myself, as we had not really been formally introduced, plus she was trailing a sizeable entourage of people anyway. I simply bowed slightly and she rewarded me with a smile that would have blinded me had I not been wearing shades.

My first show was held in one of the smaller cabarets on board. The seating was tiered, to allow fifty or so people a good view of the table, two chairs, one on each side of the table and one for me at center. Because of the tone of the cruise, I had decided to open my first show with some of the more occult-appearing material I use in my more serious programs.

I invited two people a rather portly man and a petite lady in a low cut top and short-shorts to be my tableside assistants. After going through the usual introductions, I asked the lady if she knew her astrological sign, which got a huge laugh from the crowd. It seems she was an internationally famous astrologer along with being into the whole hypnosis thing. I had her select a card and keep it face down on the table while the gentleman shuffled the remainder of the deck and dealt it out onto an astrological chart in front of him, placing all the cards except the one dealt onto the lady's sign, face up. The one on her sign was face down.

“Ladies and gentlemen, while this may seem strange to you, while watching the yoga class today, I got the distinct impression of some things that were to happen this evening. I jotted them down and sealed them in the envelope sitting in the center of the chart before you. M’Lady Elizabeth,” I said, addressing the lady on my right, “Would you turn your card face up, please? The six of hearts? Very good. Please hold it so that everyone can see it.” Turning to the man on my left, I continued: “Paul, you shuffled the cards and dealt them fairly onto the chart randomly, dealing only one card, face down, onto Janice’s astrological sign. Did I attempt to influence you in any way? No? Excellent! Please turn over the one card you dealt face down. The SIX of HEARTS?!” I paused for the applause, which was generous and sprinkled with a few gasps.

Dramatically, I picked up the envelope. The two of them looked at me wide-eyed. I tore open the envelope and dumped the contents onto the table. “Paul, would you select someone in the audience - preferably someone you don’t know? Thank you. Would the lady in the blue dress please take the letter and in a loud voice, read its contents to the rest of us?”

The lady in blue, an attractive red head with big blue eyes, started to read in a voice that could have melted lead, “I, Julius Bey, have received the impression that a large gentleman will select a card that will match a card blindly selected by a petite lady in a deeply scoopnecked top. That card will be the six of hearts, her sign will be Gemini and the lady wearing the blue dress reading this note will almost faint when she gets to this part!” The lady in blue sat down, hard, mouth agape as the audience applauded enthusiastically. In the back, I saw the illusionist nodding approvingly, a spectacular blonde on his arm.

After the show, I went into the upper lounge to see what the midnight show was to be, not having looked at my schedule. As I entered, the lady in the blue dress caught my arm and drew me onto the Cascade deck. She smiled up at me and said, “That was some presentation. Do you always read the minds of those around you?” She was toying with a little pendant, making the light flash into my eyes. I smiled in return, getting a good breath of her perfume and replied, “Only the attractive ones - and you, my dear lady, should be ashamed of yourself!”

She chuckled and replied, “Well, you’re the mind reader. You should know!” She turned a little more serious. “Have you done any psychic work with the pendulum?” When I admitted I had not, she guided me to a seat at one of the concourse tables near the stern, well out of the traffic patterns and took off the pendant. I decided to see what she was going on about. My tolerance for New Age stuff isn’t particularly high, but what the hell, she’s very attractive, I was between relationships and the hands off policy didn’t apply to this cruise, so I figured I’d see what happens. If nothing else, I’d probably learn something I could use in my mentalism act.

She had me hold the pendant up above the table and asked me to think of a direction that the pendant would swing, then had me close my eyes. “Just imagining that there’s a magnet pulling on the pendant now, Julius. Pulling it so that it starts to swing back and forth in the direction you decided on. Pulling it so that it swings back and forth further and further with each breath you take. Listening to my voice, following the pendulum in your mind as it swings back and forth, back and forth wider and wider.” She paused, allowing me time to imagine the pendant swinging. I swear, I could almost feel it moving in my fingers.

“Now, slowly, open your eyes and look at the pendant, Julius.” I opened my eyes and was amazed to see the pendant swinging widely, back and forth in front of my eyes. I opened my mouth to say I hadn’t moved it when she started speaking in that oh-so-sexy voice of hers. “Don’t speak yet, Julius. Just watch as I make the pendulum start to change direction. Watch as it responds to my voice, starting to move, to change directions, to circle round and round, following my voice, following my words. Keep your eyes on it, Julius. Follow it as it circles round and round, as your arm begins to float higher and higher, following my voice, following my voice higher and higher and higher, circling, following my voice automatically, following my directions automatically ...”

I watched, eyes glued to the glittering pendant as it circled now, rising higher and higher, my arm moving entirely on its own. I was amazed and awed, following her voice automatically.

“And now, Julius, watch the pendant closely. So closely you can’t look away, even if you try. Try to look away now, Julius, try. The harder you try, the more locked to the pendant your eyes become as your arm rises higher and higher, following my voice automatically, just as you are following my voice automatically.” I couldn’t look away. I didn’t even want to try, the gem was so fascinating. Coming so close to my face, I was having trouble keeping my eyes focused on it.

“Keep watching, Julius. In a moment, I am going to have the pendant do something you will want to watch very carefully as you follow my voice automatically. I know your eyes are tired, but just keep focused a few moments more and you will see something that will amaze you completely.” She moved behind me, warm hands on my shoulders sending waves of relaxation through my body. It felt so very very good.

“Now, Julius, when the pendant touches your forehead, your eyes will close automatically, just like your arm followed my voice automatically, just like the pendant followed my voice automatically. And now, as your pendant touches your face, your eyes close automatically, following my voice, as you follow my voice deeper and deeper into relaxation...”

Things got warm and fuzzy at that point. I remember her talking softly, but I couldn’t quite seem to hear the words as I floated in the dreamy relaxation she had led me to. I knew I wanted more. I knew I wanted to follow her voice again and again and would do just about anything for the opportunity to do so. I knew I had never been more relaxed. I knew that I would follow her voice automatically. I knew that I wanted MORE!

I opened my eyes to see the sea foam off the fantail of the ship. The lady in the blue dress, whose name I didn’t even know, sitting next to me, smiling a cat-ate-the-canary smile. It was only after a couple of minutes that I realized that my right arm was sticking straight up and that I could not make it move - at all. What really surprised me was that I wasn’t surprised at all.

I looked at her with a mixture of amazement and awe and said, “So THAT’S what it’s like to be hypnotized! NOW I understand why there are so many people on this cruise!” She laughed and asked me if I wanted my arm back. Of course, I replied that it would be pretty difficult to do card tricks with out it. She grinned and said, “Then all you have to do is kiss me.”

I leaned over, arm still straight up, and kissed her gently - at first. The moment our lips met, I was consumed by a lust the likes of which I had NEVER experienced before. The kiss turned passionate, then electric, then downright near-orgasmic. Finally, she broke the kiss and looked at me smokily and said, "Are you all right with this? Last chance to back out."

Back out of what, I asked myself as my mouth took over on its own, "Yes, I am quite all right with this. I do not want to back out."

She smiled a wickedly gleeful smile and passed her hand down over my face. I went diving into that pool of delicious relaxation, vaguely aware that I was following her voice, standing and following her voice down the passageway and into a stateroom.

When the room came into focus as I drifted out of the dreamy trance she had sent me into, I was sitting on the bed. She moved next to me and moved her hand hotly over my chest, exciting my nipples with gentle pinches and massaging the muscles. Suddenly, she moved her hand away, but I could still FEEL it massaging and pinching and arousing me. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed as I gasped in arousal.

She next caressed my neck and ears, always a big turn on for me and again, when she took her hand away, the sensations continued as though a pair of invisible hands were still teasing and caressing me!

When she did the same thing to my thighs, I almost came right there, but she whispered, "Follow my voice, Julian. You will not cum until you follow my voice as it cums." And I plateaued at somewhere near Pike's Peak level of arousal! I was moaning heavily now as she played the same invisible hands trick with my back and then - my cock!

I was begging her to either take me or allow me to cum. I pleaded, cajoled and outright begged, tears of need running down my face as she unzipped my fly and freed my cock, running her hot hand up and down its length, driving me to near unconsciousness!

With a sudden hard shove, she had me flat on my back. She mounted me in a single catlike move, riding down my shaft in serious heat. Harder and harder she rode me, first slow, then faster and faster as I cried out for release, but she only laughed and rode harder, driving herself into a frenzy!

Suddenly, she slammed down hard, her body trying its best to pull me fully inside her as she arched her back and screamed - "CUM NOW!!!"

I came! And I came and came and came! It seemed to go on for hours as she bucked and howled on top of me. Finally, I passed out, blissfully!

I opened my eyes to see a crowd gathered around me on the fantail, at the table where she had first shown me the pendant. She was sitting next to me as the mob applauded - her smile was that cat that ate the canary deal again. When I shifted in my chair, I felt something wet and

sticky in my pants. Realization dawned and I tried to beat a hasty retreat, but her voice stopped me cold. "You have a wonderful imagination, Julius. It follows my voice so easily"

I drifted off, slumping into her arms as her voice enveloped me again. When I awoke, I was in my cabin, a note on my freshly cleaned and pressed tux pants. It read - "You follow my lead very well - I am looking forward to our next meeting. I know you are!" It was signed with an ornate MJ. Funny thing was - the note was right.

I made a note to send Holly a thank you bouquet.

Part Two - High Stakes Game

I wandered into the main dining room, off the leeward side and sat down near crew country for breakfast. The night before had been my introduction to erotic hypnosis and I was still processing the event. The Lady in Blue had certainly shown that hypnosis is a remarkable tool in her manicured hands and I had to admit, it was probably the most intense sexual experience of my life -but I wasn't sure I had even HAD sex with her or whether it had been an intense hypnotic dream!

I looked over the crowd in the dining room, recognizing several people from the group that had gathered around me at her impromptu show, one or two of them smiled and raised their glasses of orange juice in salute. The Lady in Blue was nowhere in sight.

I wasn't sure whether I was disappointed or relieved. While the night's events had been quite incredible, I was certainly embarrassed about having cum in my pants in front of a crowd of strangers - big time.

I turned as a shadow passed over my plate and found Rob and Toni standing over me, friendly smiles on their faces. Rob asked, "Mind if we join you?" I allowed as how it would be okay with me and smiled back. Rob looked at me with professional concern as Toni poured them both coffee from the carafe on the table.

"We heard about the little show you were in after your formal one and wanted to check with you and see how you felt about it," he said. I looked at them both carefully. I knew that they were professional therapists, but I wasn't sure about opening up to them right off, so I hedged the issue.

"To be honest, I'm not sure. I do know parts of it were incredible, but I am more than a little embarrassed about waking up with my shorts full of, well, you know..." my voice trailed off as I blushed furiously.

Toni put a warm hand on my forearm. "We both know MJ. She's quite safe to play with and we asked her if she checked everything out with you before she went forward with the - interesting - part." She smiled and I felt better immediately. "She asked you, while you were in trance, whether you wanted to do this or not and she told us you were quite enthusiastic about trying it."

She made a little pout with her mouth as Rob picked up the line, “But, we both take it that you do not remember giving your okay?”

It was then it hit me and I started to laugh! They both looked at me with varying degrees of concern as I laughed so hard I damn near cried!

After a few minutes, my mirth suppressed itself enough for me to gasp out, “Now I understand! At one point, she woke me up and asked if I was all right with this. I didn’t know what she was talking about, but my mouth spoke right up and said - YEP! Sure am! So I guess she did check it out after all and at least some of the contact was real!”

Rob chuckled, as did Toni. “It seems MJ was being very careful and made sure your unconscious mind was in line with everything else. Glad to hear it. We’re” he nodded to Toni, “both a little tired of cleaning up some folks’ sloppy work. Toast?”

I coughed slightly and took the toast, as I did, Toni placed a hand on my cheek and said something. My eyes closed and I found myself in the same drifty, relaxed state as before. I remember nodding and coming back up to the table from my relaxation, slightly bewildered. Toni smiled at me and said, “MJ left a suggestion that would allow me to check, to make sure you were okay. You gave me permission by coughing when Rob asked if you would like some toast. I hope you don’t mind?” Her giggle was infectious so I joined her. I also coughed when she said the word toast.

About that time, another person walked up to the table and sat down. It was MJ. I smiled, stood, took her hand, bowed over it and kissed it briefly saying, “Thank you for last night, MJ. That was the most intense thing I have ever experienced!” She smiled and gracefully accepted the coffee I poured for her as the waitress brought her order, which she had obviously placed before joining us at the table.

We chatted about this and that, Rob’s hobby interest in ham radio, Toni’s training and my showbiz background. I was relieved that none of them asked me how I did the things in my show the night before - the show in the cabaret, that is. After we had finished, Rob and Toni headed out for a seminar they were going to attend, leaving me alone with MJ for the first time since last night.

“Well,” I started, “I’m not sure what to say or where we go from here.” I blushed again, feeling my pants tent like something from Ringling Brothers.

MJ looked at me with those delightfully blue eyes of hers and said, “Well, we could always play follow the leader...” I drifted off again, blissfully following her voice as she led me from the dining room, this time quite certain I was walking in trance, eyes open, but not caring about much of anything.

MJ’s stateroom was on the Carnival deck, inboard. I knew that, but, for some reason, my eyes did not register which stateroom she was in. She led me into the room and had me sit in the plush chair next to the doorway. As I sat there, drifting blissfully, she took my hand and quizzed

me on my background, education and how I had come into showbiz. She also asked some very straightforward questions about my sexual history. I dimly recall hearing a familiar voice answering.

When I awoke, she was standing next to the chair and smiling. "I have a proposition for you," she said in that lead-melting voice of hers. "I'm all ears," I replied.

"What I say in this room is private and must not be discussed with the other passengers on board. I am currently working for the cruise line as well, in the security division. It seems that one of the guests has been cheating the other passengers in a private game in his stateroom, but he is so careful that we can't prove a thing. The line is not happy about this and wants to put a stop to it. Unfortunately, we do not have the authority to do much about it without some hard proof. Our problem child in this matter is NOT here on the cruise the rest of the passengers are - he got bumped on through a travel agency in Miami over the objections of the Line itself. We checked with Suzerain, the other magician and he is not qualified to help us on this as his specialty is illusions, not sleight of hand. If you help us, there will be a reward from the cruise line and, perhaps other," she paused and looked at me with a coy look, "compensation as well. If not, there will not be a problem or any repercussions - we understand that performers are not all that happy about having to appear in court. Regardless of whether you can catch him cheating, there will be compensation for your time. Nail him, with solid proof, and there will be a sizeable reward from the line. Nail him really well, and your position with the company will be quite assured."

I looked at her carefully. She didn't seem to be a security type, but that's what makes a good security agent. My concern wasn't about getting paid, but for the safety of my own hide. People in the trade as it's called, can often be rather truculent about getting busted. MJ smiled and said, "If you are worried about your safety, we can rig you with an emergency signal that will let us know that something is wrong. Someone will be there in seconds."

I thought about it. Cheaters of this type make me sick. It's one thing to try to move in fast company - cheating amongst pros that is, but trimming the rubes is altogether another thing completely. In one case, it's a battle of wits and skill. In the other it's more like sheep to the slaughter. I have always had my sympathies with the sheep.

"Well, it's been a few years since I did the expert witness schtick, but - what the hell. MJ, you have yourself a magician. Let's just hope this bozo hasn't seen my show!" She laughed and said that the bastard had been fleecing several of the passengers during my shows last night - both of them!

I looked at her, blushing badly. "I've been meaning to talk to you about that..." but her hand did something funny in the air and I drifted off again. I distinctly remember her saying - "Then let me make it up to you..." and the most glorious nipple in the world being put to my lips! Details of our lovemaking blurred into a warm, hazy cloud of lust and fireworks and deep satisfaction. I remember thinking - if this is only a sample - I'm going to die when we get to the main event!

Hours later, I made my way on deck, glowing warmly. MJ had told me that this guy had been fleecing passengers on the line for about a month, but this was the first opportunity to take a shot at him using a professional like me. “He seems to know every one of our people by sight,” she had said. I headed down to the Lido deck to check out our target.

The guy was big. Really big. Like over six-foot four and was built like Ohio State’s front four. He was wearing a Mr. T Starter Kit of gold chains around his neck, several large diamond rings and one of those single horn necklaces that many gamblers are so fond of. His tan was tanning bed perfect and his hands could probably palm an entire deck easily. I knew that if he decided to get physical, I would have to be very fast and probably very lucky as well. I decided that being lucky and not getting caught was the best way to deal with this.

We struck up a conversation, remarking on how lame the action was in the casino, he nudged me and said, “Well, I have a little side game on for tonight at 9, want in?” He gave me a stateroom in VIP territory, nudged me in the ribs and said, “the other players are pretty inexperienced, so you should do pretty well. Drop by IF you’re interested.” His grin showed perfectly aligned teeth - caps or a plate probably, judging from the way the guy’s nose had been busted at least a couple of times.

9 o’clock came fast. I had spent the rest of the afternoon and evening working on some sleights - second deals, bottom deals and the like. His stateroom was more like a full apartment - four rooms, including a lounge with wet bar and the like. Seated at the table were two other passengers: a gorgeous twenty-something brunette who was introduced to me as Sasha. She smiled up at me from under her derby hat, her goth makeup and frilly blouse seeming a bit out of place in this setting, but I smiled back and another man named Brock, who was a software engineer from Silicon Valley introduced himself as well.

I knew it was going to be an interesting night when the host placed a case of playing cards on the table and told us the rules. “This is a serious game. We play poker - draw or stud. Wild cards at the dealer’s discretion. Minimum ante is \$50.” He took the case and opened the first deck. He spread the cards across the table and removed the jokers and the advertising cards, tossing them on the floor behind him. Sasha grinned at me and winked. She KNEW who I was! I was a little concerned, but she smiled and nodded at our host and made a little scratching move with her fingernail. I got the message. She was here to take him out as well, but wouldn’t get in my way. I smiled back.

The first couple of hands, our host played straight, winning one out of five small pots. It was when the deal came back around to him that he started getting serious. His target seemed to be Brock for the moment. Brock lost with three of a kind to a high straight, Sasha having folded, as had I. Our host’s glasses were the big giveaway. They were tinted slightly pink.

He was using readers - cards that are marked, but can only be read through glasses with that kind of tint! I KNEW I had him at that point. I pressed the button in my pocket.

Unfortunately, the big man noticed the move, even though I covered it by coming up with a box of TicTacs. He stood up, growling. “I HATE people who come into MY stateroom and try to

accuse me of cheating!” His massive fists closed and I knew that life was about to get very hectic, when Sasha simply said, “Brockie-poo - do your thing!”

The software engineer slammed his foot into the giant’s knee, dropping him to the floor. Almost casually, Brock moved around the man, staying away from the arms that were trying to crush him and slapped away a kick from the monster’s other leg. The seemingly mild mannered software geek then snapped a punch into his opponent’s solar plexus, knocking the wind out of him and rendering him helpless.

It was then that the other man entered the room. He was holding a knife and looked like he knew how to use it. Brock moved away, warily. Sasha moved back, her eyes big. I, on the other hand, moved forward. The man with the knife was fast, but he telegraphed his move and I was gratified to see my opponent go flying across the room from my wrist throw. I was moving forward to follow up on him when a batch of ship’s security people came slamming in and took matters in hand.

I looked at Brock. Brock looked at Sasha. Sasha grinned her impish grin, grabbed Brock and headed out the door only to be stopped by MJ, who escorted the three of us to the Security office, where we gave our statements.

It turned out that Sasha’s travelling companion had been cleaned out by Mr. Thompson the night before. Sasha had decided that she would check things out and see if she could get back at the monster. Brock, it turned out, aside from being a software engineer, was also a world-class Tae Kwon Do champion. Sasha had asked his help and he had readily agreed, although I think Sasha might have been playing hypnotism games with him as well, from the way he responded to her as Mistress Sasha at least once.

When we were through, it was almost two in the morning. MJ took my arm and led me back to the Promenade deck. We stood here for some time, looking out over the moonlit ocean. After a while, I turned to her and asked, “Well. Where do we go from here, MJ? I don’t want to lose you.”

She smiled her sun-rising-on-the-world smile and said, “Well, we could always play follow the leader...”

As I drifted into trance, my head falling into her breasts, she laughed and said, “And I have no intention of losing you either, my dear!”

She was right - there were more compensations than just the reward from the cruise line!

END

Pleasure Cruise -- Believers

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

(Built on Wiseguy's story Pleasure Cruise -- thanks for the inspiration!)

I'm not a believer. I wasn't a believer, until now. I'm not sure what I believe now.

I had no idea what I was getting into when I signed up for the cruise. It was the only time I could take a break from work. How was I supposed to know it would be full of weirdos? We didn't find out about it until we were on the boat, and by then it was too late.

I'd been to a hypnosis show at a comedy club a few years ago, before I met Janey. I didn't believe it. It was a load of crap -- I mean, it had to be, right? Why would anyone do things like that unless they wanted to? Nobody was going to hypnotize me, I knew that -- I was too smart for that. But a whole cruise ship full of hypnosis kinks and kinkettes? I mean they had stage shows, movies, story sessions, private sessions, wow -- I thought I'd tried just about everything in the book. I'd never seen this book!

I don't know how I felt that first afternoon and evening as we sailed out of Miami -- a little creepy maybe. But hey, there I was, with a first-class cabin, a first-class girlfriend. Might as well enjoy.

We enjoyed ourselves once before dinner, and it was great. Dinner was good -- we sat with what seemed to be normal people.

Janey insisted on seeing the show that night, a gal calling herself "Mistress Ursula." We got fairly good seats in about the middle of the place, got our drinks, and settled in.

I have to admit, the first part of the show was pretty wild, the things she had those gals doing. I wouldn't mind spending some time with Mistress Ursula -- she's a looker.

Then she brought up this other gal's husband, and did this erotic vibrator thing with the microphone. The gal was pretty good looking, and looked and sounded like she was really enjoying it.

I was really surprised when she touched the gal's ear though. I expected her to come, or at least act like it. I didn't expect to see the guy moan and collapse as well. And when he was being helped off the stage, Janey leaned over to me and said, "Look at that! He came in his pants!" Wow -- that's what it looked like.

The rest of the show was okay, I guess. I could tell it made Janey hot.

After the show we went over to one of the side bars to wait for the dessert buffet to open. We had a seat and ordered drinks.

A bunch of them sat down close to us. A guy and his wife, and a bunch of other people around them, talking about the show and how good it was.

Then the guy pulled out a little crystal thing on the end of a string, and started talking. I nudged Janey, but she was looking at it, listening intently. I held her hand and she smiled. Okay, I'll play along. The guy did have a good voice, I'll say that. And his lady friend started talking, and that was nice as well.

After a bit I closed my eyes -- it was easier. It had been a long day, and I was tired. It felt so good to relax. Their voices helped, first one voice, then the other, and sometimes I thought I heard both. Janey must have put a hand on the back of my neck -- it felt real nice, and I heard the gal's voice some more, and relaxed and enjoyed it.

I was really comfortable, off somewhere dreaming I guess, when all of a sudden I thought of hot apple strudel. I did more than think about it -- I could smell it and taste it, hot and steaming, with cinnamon. And then the wild part -- that's what Janey tasted like! She tasted so good when I went down on her, and now I knew why -- she reminded me of hot, steaming, apple strudel. I wanted to eat her, and eat her, and eat her some more. I wanted to eat her, and feel her sexy legs squeezing my head while I ate her strudel.

That dream ended, and I dozed some more, I guess. When I woke up, a bunch of people were clapping, including Janey. The gal was standing behind her husband, and his eyes were closed, and his head was leaning back against her. He was supposed to be in a trance or something.

I wanted to go, get Janey back to the cabin and eat her like never before, but she wanted to stick around. We did, and the gal told her husband to make one hand get warm, and the other cool. Janey felt them, and told me it worked. So? A lot of times one of my hands is hotter or colder than the other. They did some other tricks, but we finally got to the dessert.

They didn't have any hot apple strudel. Cold apple pie, but no hot apple strudel. I had some hot peach crisp with ice cream -- I'd get my strudel soon enough. Janey made this obscene banana split, and the way she ate it, licking the fudge sauce off the end of that banana and giving me the look, wow -- I knew I was in for a good time on this cruise! I got her out of there before she made a complete scene -- she didn't care who was watching her, and there were a few.

We both hit the heads on the way back to our stateroom, and I'm glad we did. We got in the door, and were stripping madly. It was like we were having a contest as to who could go down on the other first.

I won. God, she was delicious -- just like hot apple strudel, only so much better -- the best I'll ever have. And the way she moaned and squeezed me made it even better.

She got off a really good one, and I knew she'd had enough. I kissed my way up her, and slid into her. She moaned again and her legs locked around mine. It didn't take me very long and I was pumping into her. I should go down on her more often -- I don't have to hold back then.

We snuggled together after that. She got me to suck on her. I usually don't go for that, but it was nice -- she tasted like rich vanilla ice cream, only warm and soft.

We got up the next morning and went to breakfast. Today was a sailing day, so I knew what I was going to do. She wanted to have a quick bite to eat, and go to some yoga class. Fine with me, she'd know where to find me out by the pool on the top deck.

We sat with two other couples at breakfast. One was this goth looking chick with jet black hair who called herself Mistress Samantha. She asked if we'd seen the show last night. I said we had, and Janey said we'd seen the main one, and the one in the bar as well. Samantha said she'd heard that had been a good one.

Janey rubbed my back and asked me if I believed in hypnosis yet. I grunted and put some more pepper on my eggs. Janey laughed and told me she was surprised at how well and how long I'd eaten her last night, especially considering how much asparagus she'd had at dinner. The other people at the table laughed. I ate my breakfast.

I found my place on deck. For me, that's what a cruise is all about. I had Janey help me put on the sun screen, and I relaxed. I could hear the Jamaican steel drum band

nearby, and all I had to do was lift a hand and a bottle of beer would appear. If it rains a little, cover the top of the bottle with your thumb. Life doesn't get much better.

I'd rolled over onto my stomach, getting some sun on my back. Janey came back and sat next to me. She started massaging my back and my shoulders. I'm a sucker for that, especially from her. Then she started talking, or was it someone else? It might have been that Samantha chick as well. I relaxed, feeling the sun on my back, and let the ship rock me gently.

I woke up on my back. I felt really good, and really rested. When I opened my eyes, I saw Janey on one side of me, and Samantha and another gal on the other side. I felt relaxed, and my mouth was kind of dry.

Samantha leaned over me, her big soft boobs brushing me. "So do you believe in hypnosis yet, Mike?"

I tried to talk, but couldn't for some reason. She ran her fingers along my right arm, and it just drifted up in the air, like there were a bunch of balloons tied to it or something. She made some wave of her hand, and it dropped again. The gals all laughed. What was going on?

"Oh, what's the matter, Mikey? Still don't believe? I think I can convince you."

She started running her hands along the sides of my face. God, it felt so good -- it felt like I was being sucked off. She may have been saying something, I don't know -- what she was doing felt so good.

Before I knew it, before I could do anything about it, I was creaming my shorts, moaning and trying to make it better. I opened my eyes and saw Samantha over me again, with her top open and a tit hanging out, and I knew what I had to do. But I couldn't move -- I needed her so bad. She laughed a little, and lowered herself slowly. By this time I'd finished filling my shorts, and my legs had stopped twitching. I got her nipple, and I'd never tasted anything as good, and I was so tired.

The next time I woke up I was in a stateroom -- our stateroom, with the most delicious pussy in the world right in front of my face. I dove in. This one tasted more like cherry cobbler, sweet and tart. Then it was apple strudel time again, and then something like strawberries. I couldn't get my fill.

I opened my eyes and I was on my back. Samantha was on top of me, riding me, and Janey was kissing her and playing with her breasts. Samantha rode me and rode me - - I couldn't believe I hadn't come yet. Janey made the sound she makes when she comes, and sort of collapsed on the bed.

Samantha put her hands on my shoulders. "Do you believe now, Mikey?" she panted, looking deep into me.

“I believe!” I moaned. “I believe! Oh God, let me come!”

Samantha laughed. “Oh, you’re going to come, and soon, Mikey.”

She started lowering herself on me. God I needed her nipple again. I thought it was going to take forever -- and I was so dizzy, and so close to the edge. Finally I got her nipple in my mouth.

I came like never before. It was so intense, and it was like I was pumping all the energy in my body into her, getting more and more tired, more and more relaxed.

I woke up alone on the bed. Janey was just coming out of the bathroom, with a towel around her head. “Want to shower before dinner?” she asked.

I sat up. The bed was torn up. Did what I think happen? Nah.... The clock -- it was after five! What happened to the day?

I sat up, kind of wobbly. My dick looked and felt well used. I rubbed my face -- I smelled like pussy juice. Maybe it did happen. But it couldn’t have -- I mean, how could I bone one chick while kissing another and sucking on a tit and eating someone all at the same time? Eat out three chicks in a row? That didn’t make sense.

Janey sat down next to me and put an arm around me.

“Mike, I’ve been thinking, while we’re on the cruise, I could make an appointment with one of the people on board and see if they can help you with sleeping better at night. Would you like that?”

I wobbled my head, trying to clear it. What had gone on? “Okay,” I said.

Janey smiled at me. “I’m glad you agree. Would you like to see Rob and Toni, the two we watched in the bar last night? Or would you rather see Mistress Samantha?”

I looked into Janey’s eyes as she smiled and ran a hand up the back of my neck. I gasped out, “I believe,” as my eyes closed and I fell back, and fell, and fell, and fell, never hitting the bed.

FINI

Pleasure Cruise -- Believers

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Pleasure Cruise – Hostess

by Wiseguy

Greg's face was tightening up, his breath coming in short grunts. I put my hands on his butt and pulled him toward me while squeezing on his cock with my inner muscles. His eyes opened a little wider and looked down at me. I made it a point to breathe faster and harder, as if I was right on the edge.

In a few seconds Greg came with a loud grunt. I felt him twitching inside me and promptly started a series of short, loud gasps. My arms and legs squeezed and released with each breath. I kept it up just long enough, letting go with one long, satisfied sigh as Greg collapsed on top of me.

We cuddled together for a few minutes in silence, letting our breathing slowly return to normal. Greg rose up slowly and looked into my eyes. "Are you okay?" he asked.

Putting my heart into it, I pulled his face down and answered him with a long, open-mouthed kiss designed to curl his toes. "You tell me," I replied in a teasing, sultry voice. "Was I?"

He gave me the strangest look. For the briefest moment, I thought he could see right through me, could tell what I was really thinking. Then he smiled and winked at me. "Way beyond okay," he said. "This is going to be a fun trip."

I checked the bedside clock: 3:25pm. "Speaking of which, I'm due on at four. Excuse me, please?"

"Of course, my dear." Greg rolled off and let me up to shower and dress.

My plan was to shower quickly, stay busy, and get on deck as soon as possible. Once under the water, though, I found myself holding the same old debate within my mind. I hated deceiving Greg; it left me feeling terribly guilty and underhanded.

Get a grip, my realist side said. So you faked another orgasm – big deal. It's not as though you're cheating on him.

Maybe not, my conscience replied, but it's still lying. How long can I keep lying before he sees through it?

He'll never admit it even if he does, retorted the realist. No man wants to believe that he can't make his woman cum.

So then the lie will go both ways ... that's even worse.

“ARRRGH!!” I growled at myself, shaking my head violently under the running water. I really didn't have time for this. Greg and I had first met as crewmates about four months before, but we'd only been lovers for about six weeks; this would be our first voyage together since then. The Captain had been reluctant to accept both of us for this trip – he's had some bad experiences before with couples on his crew – so the last thing we needed was give him a reason to regret it on the first day.

I dressed quickly in a gray skirt, black pumps, and a simple white blouse. The navy blazer that identified me as one of the ship's crew completed the ensemble. I was able to give Greg an extra-long goodbye kiss and still get up to the dining hall ten minutes early. That was fine by me; once I started working, I was too busy to think about my personal problems.

On this cruise, I was one of several hostesses. In my case, that means I circulate among the passengers answering questions, taking requests to the DJ, expediting service, and if need be lending a hand to anyone from the waiters to the bartender if they get backed up. My scheduled tour was four to midnight in the main dining hall, a high-visibility, high-demand post. I'd done it before and had earned the confidence of the Captain and the cruise director.

Since it was the first night of the cruise, I made it a point to meet as many passengers as I could. From the early arrivers through the main dinner crowd, the evening was a blur of faces and names, each one carefully repeated and stored for later reference. People love it when you remember their names.

I knew this particular trip was billed as a “hypnoerotic” cruise, but I really had no good idea what that meant. I found out when the first live performance started after dinner: a hypnotist who called herself Mistress Ursula. I had half an eye on the show as I continued to circulate among the passengers.

It started out like every other hypnotist show I've seen: a few volunteers come up, the hypnotist starts telling them to relax, close their eyes, etc. A few people in the audience faded out listening to her; one couple in the third row really spaced out, and ended up joining her on the stage. Then things turned strange. Mistress Ursula's tricks started getting more and more sexual, and as they did the audience got more absorbed into the show. At one point I found myself standing and staring while she had one woman stand there in trance while her husband ran a microphone all over her body. I could tell by the woman's moans that she was really enjoying it, and then suddenly they touched her ear and she had a loud, prolonged orgasm. My face felt ten degrees hotter in just a few seconds – a large part of me wanted to be that woman, or at least to cum like her just once with Greg – and I hastily focused my attention on adjusting the leaves of an artificial palm tree while I tried to compose myself again.

The show continued, and although I was determined not to pay any more attention to it I couldn't help but notice when Mistress Ursula had a woman sit down in the last remaining guy's lap and start pulling his face down to her breasts. Each time she did he would go limp, and then the woman would wake him up only to repeat the whole thing. At first it was his wife, but then Ursula had the wife get up and a totally different woman took over. She even opened her blouse and had the guy sucking on her nipple. That disturbed me a little, even though the wife didn't seem to mind. I wondered, would she mind if she weren't in Ursula's thrall?

The show finally ended, and most of the passengers started to go their separate ways. Quite a few lingered on the dance floor while the bus staff cleared tables; another good portion wandered over to where the dessert bar would be opening soon. I realized I'd been going non-stop for over 5 hours and was overdue for a short break, so I took a seat at a vacant table near the back of the bar area.

Hank the bartender sent me a sandwich and a glass of ginger ale, which I ate and drank appreciatively as I looked at the people in the bar. An interesting discussion seemed to be forming at the corner table; apparently several of the people who had witnessed Mistress Ursula's performance were professionals, because they were discussing the difference between stage shows and therapy. Half my mind kept listening, while the other half resumed the tired debate that had dominated my shower.

Then one of the guys at the corner table opened a velvet bag and pulled out a crystal. It caught my eye immediately: a teardrop shape, it had seemingly millions of facets that seized the different lights in the room and threw them off again in different directions. The guy held it straight up and down, the string steady in his fingers, and started talking about a demonstration. I couldn't quite make out everything he was saying, and was too tired to try, so I just watched the crystal as my mind wandered back onto its usual path. At some point I became aware of a second voice, a female, then of both talking together. The crystal slowed down, then swayed a little more, dancing and resting, and still I gazed absent-mindedly into its depths. I was tired, I realized, very tired. My eyes wanted to close.

Things get a little fuzzy from there. I remember a hand on the back of my neck, a reassuring female voice drifting through my blank mind. The smell of hot fudge and peanuts, and the taste of fresh vanilla ice cream to go with it. I must have drifted off, because when I opened my eyes again a few minutes later I noticed Hank grinning at me. That woke me up the rest of the way, and I realized my break had to end. On my way out of the bar I took one more look back at the corner table: Toni (I didn't remember meeting her, but somehow knew that was her name) was talking intently to her husband (*Rob*, something told me), who seemed to be asleep. Quite a crowd had gathered around to watch. I wondered how many had noticed me snoozing in the back row.

Ill-advised as it was, I had to admit my little nap had done wonders for my frame of mind. I felt refreshed, energized, and much less worried than I had been at the start of my tour. I still thought about Greg – and, for some reason, hot fudge sundaes – but I wasn't fretting anymore.

When Joanna came to relieve me at midnight, I made a beeline for the crew quarters area. I knew Greg would be sleeping because he was on the early tour. Greg maintains the ship's electronic systems: the computers, navigational systems, communications, even the public address and sound systems. In one of the more amusing examples of the enduring power of seafaring tradition, he carries the title of "engineman" even though he seldom goes anywhere near the engines.

I also knew where he'd be. The crew's quarters were all designed for single occupancy only, with beds too narrow for company, so I was sure Greg would be in the cabin assigned to him, a few doors down from mine. I stopped at my own room long enough to shed the blazer and my panty hose and freshen up a little. Feeling a little daring, I also left my bra and panties behind then tiptoed over to Greg's door wearing my skirt, blouse, and nothing else.

The door wasn't locked so I crept in quietly, leaving the lights off. The sound of Greg's steady, slow breathing told me he was quite asleep. It seemed a shame to wake him, but I wanted my hot fudge sundae – a thought that made perfect sense to me at the time.

Moving slowly, I rolled back the blanket. Greg was on his back, arms at his sides, wearing only his boxers. I put my hand over the front of them and caressed him gently until I felt his cock standing up, then carefully worked it through the opening. It looked delicious – I could almost see hot fudge dripping down the sides. Grabbing the base like a long ice cream cone, I tilted Greg's cock toward me and started lapping at the head.

As soon as my tongue touched his cock, the most incredible sensations filled my mouth. He tasted exactly like the perfect hot fudge sundae. The rich, sensuous vanilla taste of the ice cream came first, then the strong sweetness of the chocolate, and finally the extra touch of ground peanuts. I took long licks, short licks, even put the whole thing in my mouth and sucked hard, and the flavors persisted. I heard moaning and felt a hand cup the back of my head, so I turned around enough to see that Greg was waking up.

“Hi, honey,” I said, a little unintelligibly because I didn’t want to stop enjoying my sundae. “Mind if I indulge?”

He stared for a second, his eyes fighting to adjust, before croaking, “Be my guest.”

I went back to my dessert, lovingly licking layer after layer of ice cream and chocolate. Greg started to moan, and his hand wandered over my back. It lingered for a moment between my shoulders, feeling for the bra that wasn’t there. He tried to reach around to a breast, but my arms were in the way. I wasn’t about to let up on my sundae, so I swung my lower half around and wiggled my butt suggestively. He took the hint and reached up under my skirt. He gasped when he realized I wasn’t wearing underwear. I felt him tracing little circles in the juices that were dripping down my inner thighs and opened my legs a bit more.

Soon I felt fingers in the fur on my mound, and then his thumb slid easily into my slit. Greg gives great thumb – he pushed it in all the way, letting the skin at the base of his thumb part my lower lips and rub against my clit. At the same time he pressed on my mound with his fingers. It felt so good I almost let go of my sundae for a second.

My hips started gyrating on their own, and before I realized what was happening I felt a surge of delight rush through my body – I was cumming, and cumming hard!

I found myself panting heavily with Greg’s delicious chocolate-covered cock still in my mouth. Still in the throes of my unexpected climax, I closed my lips down and sucked hard. Greg grunted and clenched his muscles, and then a fresh burst of hot, gooey chocolate sauce burst out of the middle of my ice cream. It was absolutely the best hot fudge I’d ever tasted. I gulped greedily as it came out, swallowing and sucking with gusto, until my dessert was gone.

“Thank you,” I told my stunned boyfriend as I tucked his cock back into his boxers. “That was delicious.” Then I laughed softly and crept back to my own room.

When I woke in the morning, it was with a sense of awe at what had gone on in the night. I had a strong memory of going down on Greg and tasting hot fudge and ice cream. I had an even stronger memory of his hand up my skirt, and the way I had cum from his touch. Just that memory had me reaching absent-mindedly for my crotch. I caught myself and chuckled. For the first time in many months, I felt like a sexual being. That orgasm was the best I could remember having – better even than any I’d had with Ray...

Ray! That name soured my mood like lemon juice in my milk. Ray was history; he’d walked out on me months ago, with barely a word of explanation or even goodbye. Why the hell was I thinking about *him* again?

Why the hell *was* I thinking about him again? It felt like an important question, but I had no answer.

Then I thought of an easier question: what had happened to me last night? The answer was so obvious I couldn't believe I hadn't realized it until just then. I remembered sitting in the bar area, listening to the hypnotists talking, seeing that crystal come out, feeling sleepy ... *Idiot*, I scolded myself, *you didn't fall asleep – you let yourself get hypnotized*. With that realization came a flood of extra memories: the woman from the center table talking to me, asking if my lover was on board, asking about my favorite dessert, asking if I'd like to experience a hypnotic phenomenon, and telling me to relax, let go, let it happen; the taste of a delicious sundae; the hunger that could only be satisfied one way.

And then the orgasm, of course. Whatever was going on with me, whatever had been holding me back with Greg up to that point, had been well and truly set aside at least for one night. Maybe more? There was only one way to find out.

I checked my bedside clock: 8:40. Greg was already on duty, and would be until three. We had one hour between the end of his tour and the start of mine – that was the time slot we'd taken advantage of the day before, why not do it again?

I gave it my best shot, that's for sure. From the comms office I sent him a page telling him I'd be waiting in my room at the end of his tour. When three o'clock came I stripped, stretched out on my bunk, and waited.

Greg did not disappoint. Not only was he right on time, but I could tell when he opened the door that he was already hard. Finding me laid out stark naked threw him off a little – I had to remind him to come in and close the door before someone else walked past.

Once inside, he didn't bother undressing all the way. He just pulled his shirt off, then dove between my legs and started feasting. It felt exquisite. Greg was pulling out all the stops: tracing my lips, teasing my clit, running his hands up and down my thighs, even reaching up to caress my breasts at the same time. I felt the initial rush of arousal and thought for sure this would be another great climax.

Twenty minutes later, though, I was still stranded on a plateau. I wanted to cum, I could feel myself teetering on the edge, but I couldn't quite get there. My sighs and moans turned into frustrated grunts.

Eventually Greg had to come up for air. I could see the disappointment in his face, too. "I'm sorry, Dana," he said, and my heart sank at the sadness in his voice. There would be no pretending this time.

"It's okay," I said, not sure what else to say. "It's not you."

He just nodded unhappily. "It's three thirty; we should probably talk about this later, or you'll be late for your tour." He was right. We shared a long embrace and a tender kiss, then I pulled myself up and got ready for work.

By the time I had taken my post in the dining hall, I had a plan. I kept an eye on the entrance as people filed in and out. My vigilance paid off around 7:00 when I saw a familiar figure enter from the port side.

My quarry was female, a little over average height, dark hair with auburn highlights. She had a thin, sculptured face that suggested strong intelligence, but with a warm smile that she used freely. Tonight she wore a well-tailored pantsuit that looked both classy and comfortable. She was with her husband and another couple; I wasn't positive, but it looked like the same group I'd seen her with the night before in the bar.

I tried my best to keep them in my sight without obviously hovering. Our eyes met a couple of times but if she recognized me she it didn't show on her face. Finally, after they'd been served dinner and eaten most of it, I saw her get up and head for the restrooms. I told Hank I was taking my break and crossed the room midway through, positioning myself in her return path.

She flashed that welcoming smile at me as she approached. "Dana, isn't it?"

"That's right," I nodded. "It's kind of you to remember, Doctor."

"Call me Toni," she replied, then she cocked her head to one side and looked at me curiously. "Is there something I can do for you, Dana?"

I felt my face growing red – she seemed to be looking right into me. Suddenly all my planning went out the door, and I found myself searching for words. "There might be," I stammered. "Are you ... seeing people ... on this trip?" *Brilliant*, I chided myself. *That sounded like a lame pick-up line!*

One eyebrow rose, and her lips curled in an amused way. "You mean, professionally?"

I nodded.

"My husband and I set aside some time each day for private sessions. What did you have in mind?"

I needed a deep breath before I could answer. "I really don't want to get into it here," I said. "Could we talk privately for a few minutes?"

"Sure."

On the starboard side of the hall is a broad, open deck area. Later in the evening it would be fairly crowded with people watching the sunset, but it was still too early for that yet. I took a deep breath, let it go, and then started telling Toni my story.

She was easy to talk to, I discovered quickly. She listened quietly, nodding at the right times, keeping eye contact, interjecting a question here and there. I told her that I love Greg, but that I seldom manage to have an orgasm with him. I confessed to faking it on a number of occasions to avoid hurting his feelings. Then I told her about what I'd experienced the night before after I'd been hypnotized.

"I think I can probably help you," she said at the end of my story. "Why don't you come see me at ten in the morning?"

"I'd like that very much."

She smiled again and clasped my hands. "Tomorrow, then. We're in room 6."

I felt so relieved my eyes started to water as I thanked her.

The stage act for that night was a man calling himself Suzerain. He started out by getting six attractive women to volunteer to be his assistants. He made a big show out of hypnotizing his volunteers, then marched them one by one into a cabinet no larger than a phone booth. He spun the cabinet around, opened it up and it was empty. Once the applause died down he closed the cabinet again, spun it in the other direction a few times, and opened it again. Each time he opened it another of his volunteers marched out, still apparently deeply hypnotized, but their clothes were gone – each was now wearing a tiny, sequined bikini that left nothing to the imagination except how they gotten them on in that condition.

He then used his new assistants to perform a series of very dramatic illusions. One assistant was sawn in thirds, reassembled the wrong way, then returned to normal; another was transformed into a mannequin and back again; another was made to float high above the stage and the crowd, then brought back down. At the end of each trick, the assistant used would reappear on stage in her original clothing, wake up, and be dismissed to thunderous applause looking dazed and confused.

After the show Toni and her party adjourned to the bar area and took up their corner table again. A crowd gathered around them as it had the night before, and before long the crystal came out of the bag and I could hear the slow, deliberate, soothing tones of their voices talking to the crowd. I wanted so much to go back there, to let myself be drawn into their spell again, but I'd already had my break for the evening.

I slept fitfully and little that night, my mind too full of anxiety to let me rest. On the plus side, I was awake enough to have breakfast with Greg. He was startled when I told him I had an appointment at ten, then confused when I told him it wasn't with Dr. Anders, the ship's doctor, but with a passenger. I promised to explain all later, and he accepted that.

The first class section sits apart from the rest of the main deck, in the forward end of the ship. The first two cabins are VIP suites with separate bed and sitting rooms, luxury

baths, and a patio. Units 3 through 30 are the larger single rooms, featuring an L-shaped space with a sitting/working area near the door and the sleeping area around the side semi-concealed, with a luxury bathroom tucked into the middle. The rest of the first class units are similar to a plush hotel room, slightly smaller but well fitted out.

The door to unit 6 opened immediately at my knock and I found myself face to face with Toni's husband, a sandy-haired man with a quiet, academic look to him. "Hi," he said, smiling. "I take it you're Dana?"

"Yes. Is Toni here?"

"Sure," he answered, motioning me inside.

Toni was sitting at the writing desk reading something on a PowerBook. When she looked up and saw me, she closed the lid and stood up to greet me. "Good morning, Dana. Do you remember my husband, Rob?"

"I think so," I answered, shaking the man's hand. "To be honest, I'm not sure I was awake when we were introduced."

Rob laughed. "I'm not sure I was either, so I guess that makes us even."

This end of the room was furnished with an overstuffed love seat, two chairs, the writing desk and a coffee table. Rob took the other chair leaving me the love seat, which was conveniently in between them. I sat down and promptly sank deep into the pillow-like cushions until I thought a crane might be necessary to get me out again.

"Okay," Toni began. "I thought we'd start out by getting you to relax a bit, get comfortable with talking to both of us. Then --"

"Wait a second," I interrupted, trying to rise up a little bit. "Both of you? Is that really necessary?" The prospect of discussing my sex life with a man was disconcerting.

"We normally do work together," Toni explained. "Does that make you uncomfortable?"

"Well ... " I couldn't find the right words. I hadn't really been prepared for the idea of talking to Rob, although I had no reason not to trust him. How could I say that without offending anyone?

Fortunately, Rob saved me. "It's okay," he said, giving me another warm smile. "Some things are easier to discuss with just your own sex. I can use the time to buttonhole a few authors and find out if they've decided on joining the panel yet." Rising from his chair, he put his hand out to me again. "It was great meeting you, Dana. Good luck."

As the door closed behind Rob, I looked back at Toni apprehensively. "Is it really okay?"

“It’s fine,” she said reassuringly. “It’s important that you be comfortable mentally as well as physically.”

“Thanks.”

Toni got up from her chair and settled into the love seat next to me, her body turned slightly toward me. I expected the magic crystal to come out at any moment. “You still seem tense,” she observed. “Why don’t you close your eyes and take a nice, deep breath for me?”

I did as she asked, several times, and felt the tension seeping out of my body with each breath. Toni started talking in that soft, soothing way, and before I realized it I was floating in a warm, relaxing tub, talking with Toni about all the things that bother me. We talked about Greg and how much I love him, and how much it hurts me when I have to pretend to cum with him. We talked about other men I’d been with before Greg, especially Ray. I remember becoming very sad when I told her how Ray had left suddenly, with no explanation and no warning; I think I even cried. I remember Toni holding me, rocking me, telling me to go ahead and let the sadness out. Then she took me deeper and everything went fuzzy for a while.

The next thing I remember is waking up on Toni’s bed. I felt as though I’d been crying for an hour: my face felt wet and sticky, my stomach was tired from sobbing, I had a base case of the dry heaves, and I felt totally drained. Toni’s hand touched my forehead, and a cool cloth wiped around my face. “Relax, Dana,” Toni said softly. “You’ve opened up a pretty large piece of emotional baggage. You’re okay now, but I want you to stay here and rest for a while. Nobody is expected here until three, so you’ve got plenty of time.”

“What happened?”

“I think we found the emotional cause behind your problem,” she explained. “Things will start to come back to you at their own pace. The important thing right now is to realize that you’ve been hurt, but you’re getting better now. You may feel some things churning up for a little while, but the worst is over.”

I nodded.

“Close your eyes now and rest,” she said. “I’ll come back to check on you now and again.”

I spent the next couple of hours in Toni’s bed, drifting in and out of sleep. I know I dreamed, and I was left with the feeling that my dreams were disturbing, dark, brooding things, but I don’t remember any of them in detail. Toni came in a couple of times to check on me, and Rob did once. I was grateful to both of them for being so kind.

By one o'clock I was feeling more like myself again. As I climbed out of bed and started to straighten up, I heard the main door opening quietly. I peeked around the corner and came face to face with Toni. "How are you feeling?" she asked, studying my face with a caring but critical eye.

"Better." As I said that, it really rang true inside me. "Much better," I added as the conviction grew.

"Good. Would you mind if I take a quick peek under the hood?" She motioned toward the bed.

I sat down on the edge and looked up at her. "Okay." Toni's hands reached up to my face and she began to massage my temples gently. A lazy, happy sort of haze drifted into my brain and the world receded ...

I was back in my own bed, although it never occurred to me to wonder how that had happened. I was naked, and I was aroused. Greg was with me, lying on top of me, his face buried between my breasts. I put my hands down to caress his shoulders as he kissed and suckled on my breasts. It felt so good having him there. I closed my eyes and let go the feeling sweeping over me. I felt an energy collecting and growing in my loins, and then suddenly it burst free. I was cumming, with Greg still sucking on my breast.

The sensation faded, but didn't completely go away. I felt Greg's lips moving down my body now, kissing the valley between my breasts, then down to my navel, and moving further still. That wonderful feeling began to build again as his lips approached my center. Then he was going down on me, his tongue doing expert work on my most sensitive places. I moaned and sighed and felt myself climbing, as if I was on the up side of a roller coaster. I was going to cum again, I knew it. Sure enough, moments later I felt his tongue brush my clit in just the right way and I climaxed, riding the coaster up and down a dozen steep waves. I heard shrieking and squealing and dimly realized it was my own voice doing it. I didn't care, though, because I was in ecstasy.

My head cleared a little, and I found I was on all fours. Greg was behind me, his hands reaching around to fondle my breasts. I felt his cock slip inside me from behind and looked back at him. Seeing the passion in his face lit a fire inside me and I pushed back against him, meeting him and squeezing him. I wanted to make him cum, I wanted him to feel as good as I did. He kept getting longer and harder, each stroke taking him deeper inside me. I felt the tingling start and knew that it was happening again. I concentrated on taking him in, squeezing tight, doing everything I could to send him over the edge. It worked – I felt his body tense and then his cock started to quiver inside me. He grunted hard as he came, his cock pumping slowly and steadily. I kept him well inside, milking him, and within seconds I was cumming again myself.

... then I was awake again, sitting on the edge of Toni's bed, looking up at her smiling face. I was out of breath, as if I'd run a marathon, and my crotch felt soaked. "What happened?" I asked, bewildered. "What's going on?"

“A little positive visualization,” she answered soothingly. “You’re doing very well indeed, Dana. I think you’re going to be better than ever.”

It felt so good to hear that; it amazed me a little how much I had come to trust and rely on Toni in such a short time. “I don’t know how to thank you.”

“No thanks are in order yet,” she cautioned. “This was just one very good session. I’d like to see you at least twice more for follow-ups, and depending on how that goes I may want to refer you to someone after the cruise is over.”

“You mean I’m not cured?” The disappointment was swelling up inside me again.

Toni sighed, placing her hands on my shoulders. “It doesn’t really work that way, Dana. What you’ve done today is examined the emotional issues that have kept you from fully letting go with Greg. You’ve opened up an old wound and cleaned it out, but it still has to be protected and allowed to heal. That will take some time. Expect some strong emotions to come churning up, apparently at random, for a few days – that’s normal after a session like this.”

I nodded, and Toni continued. “I’ve given you some suggestions that should help with the process,” she explained. “You will find yourself feeling more open with Greg, and that will help you to enjoy your lovemaking. You’ve shown yourself that in your own mind, you can have orgasms easily and freely. We can work on that some more in the time we have left on this ship. Believe me, you will be fine in every way – I just don’t want your expectations to be unrealistic. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said truthfully. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” she said, joining me in a motherly embrace.

When Greg’s tour ended he came to my room as usual, but we quickly decided to use our time to talk. I gave him a fairly complete picture of my session with Toni – as much as I could clearly remember, anyway – and he seemed impressed. It occurred to me during the story that we don’t spend nearly enough time really listening to each other. Greg said as much at the end of the tale. We were connecting on a new level in that half hour, and we were both a little bummed when it had to end so I could go to work.

It was a busy night in the dining hall. The feature act was a well-known hypnotist/comedian, and more people than usual came early to dinner and lingered to see his act. At one point I saw Toni and Rob at their usual table and came over to greet them. When I saw their dinner companion, my mouth fell open. “Greg!”

“Hi, honey,” he said, clearly enjoying my reaction. “Rob and Toni invited me to join them and see the show. It was a chance to see you too, so I jumped at it.”

“You watch these two,” I told him in a mock warning. “If you seem them pull out a big, shiny crystal ...”

“Yes?” he prompted.

Toni’s eyes met mine, and she winked secretly. “Look deeply into the center of it and concentrate,” I finished with a sly grin.

The comedian was good. Busy as I was, I had to stop several times to laugh. Greg and I made eye contact often from across the room, but I didn’t get much time to speak to any of them. After the comedian they rose up and adjourned to the bar area, in what was clearly becoming a nightly custom. I wondered briefly whether Greg would become part of another of Rob and Toni’s demonstrations.

When midnight came I was physically tired, but still feeling better emotionally than I had since we’d left homeport. I made my way below decks to the crew quarters, opened my door, and got one more happy surprise: a rollaway bed had been pulled up next to mine, and Greg was sacked out in it. As I closed the door he stirred and sat up.

“Where’d you get that?” I asked, dumbfounded.

“Housekeeping,” he replied with a shrug. “Rob and Toni said you shouldn’t be alone tonight, so here I am.”

I rewarded his self-sacrifice with a very hot kiss, and started undressing for bed. As I pulled off my underwear, I saw Greg lift his head and start sniffing the air. “Do you smell cinnamon buns?”

-wg
3/18/00

Pleasure Cruise -- Dueling Dommies

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I woke up really confused again. Damn -- I was a marked man, and I knew it.

I rolled over and got my bearings. I was in my own stateroom, at least, with my head toward the foot of the bed, and a chair sitting with its back to the foot of the bed. Gee -- I'd woken up like this before in the last day or so. I rubbed my face. Hmmm, the distinctive aroma of a woman permeated my moustache. Okay, one of them got me -- again.

I looked at the clock. Five minutes until noon -- what happened? I laughed to myself and flopped on my back, closing my eyes. I took those two deep, slow breaths. I was confused still -- I couldn't remember what happened. But I could remember feelings and sensations. I remembered a woman straddling my face -- but when? I rolled off the bed and went to the bathroom. My cock was dry and unused. Looks like another 68 deal -- I did her and she owes me one. But, which one of them did it?

I splashed cold water in my face. That helped. I turned to take a look at my back. Nothing. Yesterday morning teaching yoga, one of the gals in the class asked about shoulder position, and I figured the best way to explain it was to show them, so I took off my black Cannondale tank top. I quickly put it back on -- Mistress Samantha had signed my back using some kind of makeup. I didn't remember how or when her signature got there. It took the good Doctor some time to get the writing off. Was that question a set-up? I hadn't considered that before. Samantha and some of her fans were in the yoga class.

That had been yesterday, I think. I got “dressed” for lunch -- pullover shirt, shorts, and sandals. Let’s see now -- Mistress Samantha definitely got me (or someone else signed her name on my back, which is unlikely). Mistress Domminique definitely did and I remember it -- she has a long ways to go on technique, at least as far as hypnosis went. Her erotic skills were top notch. That left Mistress Ursula. Had she gotten me last night or this morning? I had the feeling of a tall woman, and a blonde thatch in front of my face. Even the partial memory sent shivers through me.

One of the gals at yoga mentioned not seeing me at breakfast. I had a fuzzy memory of someone bringing me breakfast, but couldn’t remember if it had been yesterday or today.

What the hell. I headed to lunch, laughing and shaking my head. I’d agreed to judge a contest for some of the hypno-dommes on the cruise. I’d come up with the events, and judge them. They wouldn’t find out about the events beforehand -- at least that was the plan. It was clear that at least some of them were attempting to manipulate the judge.

Not that I minded at all, you understand. And the funny thing was, I knew I’d done something to protect myself, but I’ll be damned if I could remember what it was.

Out of self-defense, I’d moved up the “competition” to tomorrow afternoon, four days before the end of the cruise, rather than the day before the end. It was an all-day sailing day, and Doctor Anders was worried about me. I was worried about me.

We had four contestants, each bringing an “assistant.” They didn’t have to declare their “assistant” until the event. I knew who one would be, and had a good idea about the others, from what I’d seen so far on the cruise.

Mistress Ursula was gorgeous, voluptuous, tall, blonde, wow what can I say. The show she put on the first night was still one of the best we’d seen on the cruise. I was betting she’d recruit Allen, the guy from that first night. I’d watched Ursula work around the cruise ship. She was very good. I’d seen more than a hint of clinical training in her as well. I caught the tail-end of her cleaning up an abreaction brought on by an amateur, and listened to her berating the clown who’d caused the problem.

Mistress Samantha was from the goth school -- black hair, black dress, dark makeup. She’s also got a clinical background. When I close my eyes, I can remember her pillow soft breasts. Yet she wasn’t the one from this morning. My bet for her assistant was a guy named Mike, a straight-as-a rail (until now at least) midwestern construction manager. His girlfriend, and her name escapes me right now, shows up for the yoga class, as does Samantha. She and Samantha have been training Mike pretty well, from what I’ve heard. And I guess the neighboring cabins have heard a lot.

Then there's Mistress Domminique -- that's the way she spells it. Short, brassy, New York -- a domme who is getting into hypnosis and has a lot to learn. She saw me rolling my shoulders at lunch, and offered to give me a massage at her place yesterday afternoon, and I accepted. Now I've gone under at the drop of a hat for hypnosis students. She gave me a good massage, but has a lot to learn about pacing. I tried to go into trance for her, but she kept doing things which jarred me right out of it. She must be learning from the Internet or something. She did far better when she got me on my back and started riding me -- her instincts took over and she took me deep into trance and deep inside her at the same time -- very nice. Still, as anyone who has read my stories would agree, I've got a thing for full breasts. Maybe it's her accent that grates on me -- she was tasty though.

There was a clue. I remembered her taste. And it was different from my recent visitor. Hmmm.

Our last contestant, and the one who had caused some commotion by including herself in the contest, was Madame Toni. She didn't want to be called "Mistress." She and her husband Rob are both practicing professional hypnotherapists. If she doesn't bring Rob, I'll be amazed. They've done an incredible job on the cruise, cleaning up messes, doing seminars, working with individuals, and putting on impromptu displays around the ship. They also put together the author panel, and dragged me into the fray. I'm really sorry I missed their "dessert" routine from the first night, but got a mini-disc recording of it from someone sitting front row. Samantha and Domminique didn't want her in the game, but Ursula convinced them to let her in. After all, Toni was willing to kick in the \$100 "entrance fee," so what the hell.

I picked my meal from the lunch buffet. I built a salad -- some lettuce, a lot of shrimp, bleu cheese, Italian dressing, and fresh ground pepper.

I sat down at an empty table, and requested a glass of iced tea. We were in port, I don't remember where. I was having too much fun on board, and not really interested in most of the ports.

"Mind of I join you, Roger?"

I looked up, to see the good Doctor standing there holding a plate.

I stood up and pulled out a chair. "I'd be honored, Doctor, please."

I helped her sit. She said, "Thank you, Roger. How are you doing today? I enjoyed your yoga class this morning."

Somehow, I knew I could trust her. "Doctor, it happened again this morning."

She shook her head, giving me a wry smile. "Roger, please call me Elsa. What happened?"

“Thank you, Elsa. I’m not sure what happened. I don’t remember much of anything from this morning, from class, or anything. I woke up on my bed a few minutes before lunch. You were at yoga this morning? What did we do?”

She shook her head and chuckled. “Roger, what have you gotten yourself into? Yes, I was there. You were in very much of a hip mood -- we did a lot of hip and lower back work, and you led us in a very nice meditation again, although from what I’m learning on this cruise, the beginning of your meditation is a very good progressive relaxation induction.”

I smiled, and frowned a bit. “So you’re my ace in the hole on this deal?” She must be, from the way I was talking to her.

She gave me a very interesting almost frowning smile. “You really don’t remember?”

I shook my head and munched on my salad.

She smiled more. “Roger, you don’t know how amazing all this is to me. Yes, I’m your confident, but I won’t tell you any further until tomorrow. You’re telling me the truth now -- you don’t remember?”

I nodded. “It’s somewhere between not remembering and being really confused. In hypnosis, confusion can be used to help cover memories, as it’s really hard to ‘forget’ things. You could talk to Rob and Toni and get a better theoretical basis for it. I know what works with me, though.”

“May I join you two, or am I disturbing something private?”

I recognized Mistress Ursula’s voice without looking up. I put down my fork and stood up, pulling out a chair for her and helping to seat her. “Please join us -- I’m honored. Where’s your retinue today?”

Ursula gave me quite the look as I scooted her chair in. The cloud of her perfume caught me. It was wonderful, and I didn’t recognize it -- another clue. Actually, she and Elsa are somewhat alike -- tall, blonde, voluptuous.... I was feeling confused again.

“I’ve allowed them part of the day to play tourist. Besides, I wanted to speak with you. Have you been avoiding me, Roger Theodore?”

Oho! She knew my middle name -- how had she gotten that? Well, the cruise line had my passport information.

“No, Mistress. Are you trying to tamper with the judge, by some chance?”

Ursula gave me a wonderful low laugh. “Why Roger, how could you think such a thing. Of course I am; can you blame me?”

We laughed at that. I looked to Elsa. She looked up for a moment, then smiled and nodded. “What are you suggesting, Mistress?”

She smiled. “Oh, how about...”

“Room for two more?” We looked up. I recognized the couple, Nancy and Bill. I figured they were dot com people -- Silicon Valley money, and lots of it. It seemed that whenever there was an opportunity to dance, they were dancing. I’d seen Bill dancing -- he was really good.

“Please do,” I said, not seeing objections from the ladies.

Bill and Nancy had heard about the contest. I rolled my eyes. Who hadn’t heard of it? They’d heard we were going to be having it in a stateroom, and had an offer to make us. They had Cabin No. 1, the best on the ship. It had two rooms and its own private patio deck. We could have the contest in their stateroom, on two conditions. First, they got to watch. Second, they got a free session with each of the top two finishers.

I liked their audacity. And actually, it would solve some problems. I was about to speak when Ursula said, “I’d be happy to give you some time. I could take you at one today, and Roger at three?”

I laughed out loud. Now *that* was audacity, or was it confidence?

“I’ll have to speak with the other contestants, but I don’t see that as a problem. It might make things a little easier, actually. Doctor?”

Elsa nodded. “We could use the room.”

We talked about other things as we ate lunch. I was wondering what I would do until three when Elsa said, “Roger, aren’t you supposed to be helping Rob and Toni with a seminar at one?”

I fished in my pocket for my schedule. “You’re right! I’d forgotten all about it.” I wrote down the three o’clock with Ursula. I looked at her and smiled. “Someone has been playing games with my head recently, and other parts as well. I love it!”

I looked to Bill and Nancy. “Have fun, you two. You’re in very good hands.”

I hurried off to our seminar. Rob and Toni still chuckle when they see me on board. What a trip -- we’d known each other in professional circles for years. Then I’d received the invitation from them for the author’s panel on the email address I use for

writing. I still remember speaking to Toni over the phone, and hearing her surprise when she put my pen name and my real name together.

I helped with their seminar on Past Life Regression. They didn't have a problem with the proposed change in the contest. I walked by Ursula's stateroom a little before three. She had a note on the door -- my pen name with my initials in capitals, and the number one. I made my way to cabin 1 and knocked on the door.

Ursula answered. I stepped in and looked around. The entry room was very spacious -- larger than two of the first-class cabins.

"Where are the occupants?" I asked.

Ursula led me to another door, and opened it on to a large bedroom. Bill and Nancy were on the bed, flat on their backs. Ursula closed the door again.

"They'll be out for a while yet."

"How were they to work with?"

She wavered between smiling and frowning. "Very interesting. They're good subjects, but they've been through some very interesting times. Let's say I'm happy I got to work with them first, rather than someone unskilled."

We sat down and talked for a while. She surprised me by asking if there as anything I'd like to explore. I smiled and asked if she was going to try and influence the contest. She laughed and told me, "Roger, why would I need to do such a thing?"

She promised me she wouldn't, and I accepted that. I'd had an interesting reaction to something that had popped up in one of the people I'd been guiding through PLR earlier. I mentioned it to her.

She nodded. She asked if I minded if Bill and Nancy observed some of the things she was planning to do with me later on, when I was in trance. I told her I didn't mind -- she was one of the people on board I trusted.

She moved me to the couch, and leaned over me. Her perfume was heavenly. I started out looking into her eyes and following her voice. After a while I closed my eyes, and her perfume got stronger, and stronger.

Bless her, she did some actual therapy with me.

But after that, I remember begging to eat her and adore her breasts. I ate her, and she was delicious. And I was so happy to finally get one of her nipples in my mouth. She brought me up and down a few times, and then I was sucking on her and coming, so intensely. She was happy with me, and I drifted off again.

When I woke up in my own stateroom again, I checked the clock and the schedule. Tonight was the Captain's Dinner, so I had to dress for it. I checked myself over in the mirror -- no new signatures. I showered and put on my tuxedo -- just enough time to get to the reception. I went through the line, having my picture taken with the Captain. As I was walking away, an arm took mine.

"How was your afternoon, Roger?"

It was the good Doctor. I smiled and sighed. "It was intense. Ursula is very, very good."

She gave me a quizzical look. I laughed a bit. I knew my expression had changed. I felt somewhat different. "She helped me resolve something which had been hanging around too long. After that, she used me, and I loved it."

She laughed, and we milled about together. I asked how her afternoon had been. She'd seen a few more severe sunburn cases, but that was about it. She'd referred one of the sunburn cases to Toni and Rob to help control the itching. I told her they were happy with the changes to the contest. Elsa had spoken to the other two, and they agreed as well.

Bill and Nancy walked up to us. Nancy looked quite elegant. Bill looked good in his tux -- he always looks amused. Attitude is such an important part of things.

Nancy wanted to know what I remembered of the afternoon. I told them, and it wasn't much. They didn't believe me at first. Did I remember being suspended head and heels between two chairs? Nope. Did I remember this; did I remember that? Nope. Did not remembering bother me? No, it's exciting and fun some times. I told them that if I really wanted to, I could fish it out -- part of helping someone not remember was having them not be bothered by it, but it was difficult, and generally a very bad idea to try and cover up past memories, especially if they were bothersome -- it's like using hypnosis to mask pain. Pain is your body's way of telling you to pay attention. Mental pain is the same. You have to be very careful with it.

Bill may have said something, but I didn't hear him because I sneezed violently. Nancy gave me an incredulous look. She said something and I sneezed again. She giggled and held a hand up to her mouth. She said something and I sneezed again.

I was beginning to catch on. I held up a hand. I didn't have a handkerchief, and my eyes were watering like crazy. "Hold on; let me recover for a bit. I need to sit down."

Elsa didn't believe it. She didn't believe you could get someone to sneeze on command. Nancy whispered something to her. Elsa leaned over next to me and said something. I sneezed on her -- I couldn't help it.

The bell rang for us to head into the dining room. Elsa helped me, still incredulous. I was very lucky tonight. I got to sit with Elsa, Rob, and Toni at a table for four.

Elsa started out by asking Rob and Toni if they could hypnotize someone to sneeze on command. They looked at each other, and Toni responded that you probably could, but it would take someone very skilled, and a very good subject.

So of course Elsa did it to me again. Nancy had given me some tissues. I was half laughing. I thought about finding Ursula -- I wanted this thing disconnected, and fast. I must have said that out loud, because I was pulled to my feet. Elsa practically dragged me to the table where Ursula was holding audience. Ursula was wearing a very slinky dress, which displayed her charms in a devastatingly effective manner. As we approached, she laughed and stood up.

She said, "Why Roger, what ever is the matter with you?"

I smiled as best I could. "Ursula," I said, "Thank you so much for helping me this afternoon. Now could you please?"

She gave me a very warm smile, and put a hand on my arm. "You're very welcome, Roger," she said softly. "May I demonstrate to the table?"

I nodded my head. She turned us both more or less facing her table. She introduced me, then said the magic words and I sneezed again, hard. The people at the table were amused. After I wiped my nose and eyes again, she put a hand on the back of my neck, sending shivers running down my spine.

"Look at me, Roger." I did. With another smile, she said, "Breathe deep."

She pulled my head between her breasts, and I took a deep breath of her wonderful perfume. She squeezed my neck and I felt my legs wobble. She said something else, and I stood up again. I gave her a hug and thanked her again. She hugged me, and allowed me to reseal her. I took advantage of the opportunity to kiss her on the shoulder and neck, and inhale more of her delicious perfume.

Back at our table, Rob and Toni asked how she'd done it. I didn't know, but had a few ideas if I was going to try it. It felt as if I'd been having the worst hay fever attack of my life, but now it was gone. Rob said the cure looked pretty good from where he sat. Toni elbowed him in the ribs.

After dinner we watched Bill and Nancy dance for a bit. Rob and Toni danced, and I danced with the good Doctor -- I'm nowhere as good as Bill, but better than a lot of the people I saw on the floor.

After that, I sat through a bad stage act. The guy was reaching far beyond his minimal skill level, and things weren't going right. They usually went wrong in a funny way, but I could tell he was out of control. Luckily, nothing rose to the level that would require cleanup from Wendi or me, who were watching the show and responsible for picking up any debris.

Rather than stay up late drinking more than I needed, eating more than I needed, or learning something from watching Rob and Toni, who seemed to be coming up with something new and exciting every evening, and I could definitely use, I decided to go to bed early. Tomorrow was going to be a big day.

I partially awoke in the dark to lips and hands, and a voice whispering. Someone played me like a fiddle. I was confused, delirious, and very amorous.

I woke up to the alarm. The bed was an erotic war zone. I recognized my tormentor's scent and perfume, though, as the same I'd experienced for a number of days now. I knew it wasn't Ursula, but still there was something familiar about it. Yet if I tried to pull more out, I got really confused and lost.

I got up laughing. Whoever had done it to me had done it well -- that's what I'd do if I wanted me to cover up a memory. I showered and dressed, and headed for a light breakfast.

We had a good turnout for yoga; it was a sailing day after all. I looked at Elsa with some urgency; I know it. After class she asked me, "Roger, what's the matter?"

I shook my head. "I need you to protect me. I was visited again last night. Don't leave me until after the contest."

She put an arm around me. "Was it that bad?"

I laughed weakly. "No, it was incredible. It's just if I find out who she is, I'm afraid I'll fall down and kiss her feet and beg her to do it to me again, that's all."

She held me and laughed. "Oh, Roger. I'll protect you. I'd like to have you to myself for a while. In meditation today I had definite sensations of things. I could smell things, and at one point could feel the texture of the paper in a lantern, and I thought I heard wind chimes."

I pulled back from her a bit and smiled. I'd led the class to a Japanese garden, after the progressive relaxation sequence and a deepener. I'd had them experience the peace and tranquility of the garden, working on relaxation, as I usually do, but also on acting without hesitation or doubt -- a very useful skill.

“That’s very good,” I told her. “You’re accepting what’s happening, and allowing yourself to go deeper. If you could take some time off, you might want to work with some of the people on board, especially if there are areas you’d like to explore.”

She smiled again. “I’m on emergency call whenever I’m on board of course, but I’m free from lunch time until office hours tomorrow morning. Are you busy? That would let us solve two problems. I can protect you, and you can help me.”

I almost ducked that offer -- I was having feelings about her, and that’s not the way to go into a client relationship. But after what Ursula had done for me, in terms of therapy of course, why not?

“Okay, but that still leaves me vulnerable until lunch. And someone nailed me the other day right after class. I don’t even remember doing the class! It’s as if...”

“As if what, Roger?” she asked, with a warm, comforting hand on my back.

I wasn’t sure, as I was feeling really confused again. It felt like Ursula, yet I knew it wasn’t Ursula. “I don’t know. I’m getting that confused feeling. I think things will clear up when we get this contest over with.”

She laughed and pulled me out of the room. The aerobics instructor and her class were ready to go. “Roger, I think things will be a lot clearer by dinner.”

She protected me, and we got in some solid, professional work before and after lunch. She was getting to be a very responsive subject.

For some reason, I had to go back to my room just before the contest was to start. But when I got there and went in, I couldn’t remember for the life of me why I was there. I headed back to Cabin 1.

When I got there, Nancy let me in, and hung the “Do Not Disturb” sign on the door. Everyone was there. Nancy sat with Bill on the couch. Elsa was next to them. The four ladies were seated in chairs: Ursula, looking stunning as usual, Samantha, wearing a very sexy soft black velour top and pants, Domminique, looking very New York, and Toni, who looked relaxed and bemused at the whole deal. I peeked outside and saw the four guys out on the veranda -- the sliding glass door was closed, so they couldn’t hear us.

I nodded and said, “Thank you all for joining me. If you’re wondering why you’re here, well, so am I.”

That got a great deal more laughter than I’d expected. Elsa stood up and took my arm. She addressed the group. “Yes, believe me we understand, Roger.” That got laughter as well.

Elsa continued. "There have been some changes to the contest, thanks to Bill and Nancy. Oh, they've sweetened the pot for the winner, in addition to your entrance fees, and are providing prizes for first, second, third, and fourth, as well as for your, ah, assistants."

She held my arm. "Roger, do you remember being concerned and coming to me, concerned about tampering with the judge and the contest?"

I was getting confused again. "Sort of. I know there have been attempts to sway the judge -- and they were wonderful!" They laughed. I turned back to Elsa. "So what did I do?"

Elsa laughed, as did the others. "You came to me for help, and we worked out the details of the contest, and then helped you remember to forget to..."

As she spoke she put a hand on my shoulder; I got dizzy again looking into her eyes, that trance feeling overtaking me quickly.

When it passed, I remembered. I had gone to her for help. It had worked.

I smiled and gave her a hug. "Well, it worked, but I still don't remember things."

She said, "That's fine, Roger. Why don't you sit down and we'll get started."

I sat on the couch.

Elsa looked at our contestants. "Roger originally planned two events. We've expanded that to three. Bill, Nancy, Roger, and I will be the judges. The first two events are individual events. The last event is a group event. We will add the scores to determine the winner. We will draw straws to determine the order for the first event."

Samantha drew first, Ursula second, Domminique third, and Toni fourth.

"Very well. Ladies, please wait on the veranda with your assistants. We will call you in one by one. Samantha, you are first."

The ladies went out to enjoy the sun. Samantha returned with her "assistant," Mike. Elsa handed me one of my 3 by 5 index cards. I knew what to do.

I stood up and walked to Samantha. "You can have Mike seated or standing, whichever you prefer. The first portion of this event is timed. We will start timing when you turn over the card. Let me sit down first!"

I sat down. Samantha looked at Mike. He looked nervous. Should we have let the mistresses stay out there?

I knew what the card said. I remembered writing it. "Place your subject in a deep trance. When you have him in trance, step to the side. You may keep a hand on him if you wish. Depth of trance will then be tested."

Samantha turned over the card. She sat Mike in the chair, and pulled his head to her breasts. We heard her whisper. She stepped to the side, leaving a hand on his shoulder. Time, twenty seconds. Then I jumped -- Elsa gave off an incredibly loud whistle, and still had her fingers in her mouth. Mike moved a bit, and slowly opened his eyes. Samantha did something, and his eyes closed again.

I said, "Thank you. Please wake him and take him to the bedroom. Wait there." I pointed to the other door.

When they were out of the room, we talked about depth of trance, and decided to give them a five, to give us room on both sides.

Ursula was next, and had Allen in tow. Allen looked quite relaxed. I went through the same instructions. Ursula looked at the card, turned to Allen, and slid her hands up his arms, to his shoulders, and neck as she spoke to him. His eyes quivered and dropped closed. We could see Ursula was holding him to a certain extent. Her time was twelve seconds. Elsa whistled, and Allen moved a little. We thanked them, and gave them a 7 for depth of trance -- Allen had reacted less to the whistle than Mike had.

Domminique was next, with a guy I didn't recognize, other than having seen him in her entourage. I did my thing. Domminique turned to the guy, flung a hand in his face, and shouted, "Sleep!" He blinked and looked at her. After a few seconds, she started moving her hands up his chest to his shoulders, while speaking to him, telling him to relax and go into deep hypnosis for her. I recognized some of the phrases -- they weren't even hers! His eyes dropped at about fifty seconds and she stood to the side, smiling broadly. Elsa whistled, and I thought the guy was going to pee on the floor. His eyes sprung open, and I thought he was going to bolt. Domminique settled him quickly though. We thanked them, and excused them to the bedroom. They got a 1 on depth of trance.

Toni came in, with Rob. I did my thing, handing her the card. She turned it over, glanced at it, and let it go, letting it fall to the floor. She turned to Rob, and with one hand behind his head, she drew her fingers down his forehead over his eyes, and stepped to his side. Time -- less than five seconds. Rob was definitely out. Elsa whistled, and he didn't even twitch. I got up and looked at Rob closely. His breathing was slow and shallow. I turned to my fellow judges and nodded. I thanked them, and they headed to the bedroom.

That event was no contest. We called the ladies back into the room, leaving their thralls in the bedroom.

I told them, “For the first event, Madame Toni was first, Mistress Ursula second, Mistress Samantha third, and Mistress Domminique fourth.”

Elsa stood up. “For the next event, we’ll have Madame Toni first, Mistress Samantha second, Mistress Ursula third, and Mistress Domminique fourth. This order is to the definite advantage of Mistresses Samantha and Domminique. Ladies, on the veranda please. Madame Toni, you may remain.” When the others had left, she pointed to the victim chair. “Roger, sit down in the chair, please. Originally we thought for the second event we’d have each of you hypnotize someone else’s assistant. But, we decided to change that.” She looked at me and smiled, then handed Toni a card. I had no idea what was on it.

Toni laughed softly and stepped behind the chair. I felt her strong hands massaging my shoulders. “Roger, let go and relax for me. Let go and let me guide you into trance.” I sighed and let her voice and her hands take me away.

She counted me up and I opened my eyes. Toni looked at me and laughed a little.

I knew I was still half way there -- as relaxed as I felt, I would be suggestible for a few minutes.

Elsa excused Toni to the veranda, and called in Samantha. Elsa handed her the card.

I looked up as Mistress Samantha put her hands around my head and pulled me to her soft perfumed bosom. My eyes closed and I barely heard her speak as I was enveloped in warmth and softness.

It was a harder to open my eyes, but I did, and remember Mistress Ursula standing before me. She gave me a lusty smile, and pulled my head between the exposed tops of her perfumed breasts, saying, “Breathe deep and go deeper. Breathe deep and go deeper.” What a way to go.

I hardly remember Mistress Domminique, except for looking into her eyes as she stroked my temples. I remember closing my eyes, but being bothered by something later on. Then I was in Ursula’s voice and softness again. She brought me up.

Elsa said, “Roger, stand up and walk around some.” I popped up out of the chair and started going I don’t know where. I stopped and closed my eyes, taking a deep breath. The middle of the floor was open, so I did a sun salutation sequence leading into scorpion and a balanced inversion to get my mind going again. After a couple of minutes I was reasonably alert, sitting on the floor looking at the other three judges.

Nancy shook her head. “It hurt to watch some of that!”

I laughed. “It’s okay -- I’m more alert now. How did we do on that one?”

Elsa gave me a sly look. "I hope you enjoyed that."

"Oh, I certainly did, although what happened at the end?"

Elsa frowned. "We had Ursula sit in while Domminique was taking her turn. Ursula stopped what she was doing -- she said it would cause you problems. Ursula took care of you from there. We conferred with Toni, and she agreed with Ursula."

I nodded. "Thank you. Scores?"

Nancy spoke up. "We graded them on induction technique and creativity. On technique, Ursula was first, Samantha second, Toni third, and Domminique fourth."

I interrupted. "I'd switch Samantha and Ursula -- I was out before Samantha started talking -- they way she held me, pulled me to her, her top and her perfume -- wow. She knows how to pull my strings."

Nancy looked to the others. "We'll think about it," she said. I laughed. She continued. "Creativity was really hard. Toni and Ursula were so far beyond the other two, but in different directions. We decided to give Toni first, Ursula second, Samantha third, and Domminique fourth."

"What was the creativity part?" I asked.

Elsa stood up and called the ladies back into the room, obviously ignoring my question. Bill got up and moved the chair. He put four towels down on the floor, spaced across the room. I remembered this event.

Elsa looked to me. I stood and said, "I can start this one, I think."

"Ladies, part of this is a timed event. You will have five minutes to prepare your assistants. They are to be naked, in trance, kneeling on a towel like this." I knelt on a towel, and closed my eyes momentarily. I had the very weird sensation go through me that I'd done this a couple of times in the last few days.

I opened my eyes and sat back, to keep from wobbling. "You will stand or kneel behind them. We expect four penises in normal flaccid condition. During this event, touching your assistant in the groin area will be a disqualification. Understood?"

Samantha asked, "Where can we touch them?"

Elsa stepped behind me and pulled me back to my knees. "Anywhere along here," she said, running her hands down the front of my body and the outside of my hips. The world spun. Someone had indeed done this to me, but which one of them? Which ones? I don't think it was Toni. Ursula? Samantha? Not Domminique, I knew that.

Elsa finished explaining things and patted me on the head. That brought me back again. I got up and she pulled me to sit next to her. I gave her a puzzled look, and she smiled and laughed. "Ladies, you have five minutes to get your assistants in position. We can begin earlier than that if everyone is ready."

It took a little over six minutes, but we gave them the time. I was surprised at how well put together Rob was. The reason Domminique chose her guy was also obvious. He also had the most body hair of the group. All in all though, they were four healthy male specimens. Elsa handed out four cards. "Keep them face down until we tell you to begin," she said as she handed them out.

When all four had their cards and Elsa was sitting next to me, she said, "Begin."

When they turned over their cards, the ladies saw one word: Ejaculation.

Toni dropped to her knees, and holding Rob's hips, started whispering in his ear. He started moaning immediately.

Ursula knelt down and with one arm around Allen's waist, started pumping from behind as she spoke to him. Samantha did more or less the same with Mike.

Domminique knelt behind her guy, and started sweeping both her hands down his body from his shoulders to his hips, staying in the prescribed area, all the time saying overdramatically, "Come for me. Come for me."

Very quickly the room was full of male moaning, insistant female voices, and rapidly inflating male members. Domminique seemed to be pulling into an early lead, followed by Ursula, Toni, and Samantha.

Domminique's guy was moaning and moving into the final stretch. Allen, in Ursula's skilled care, was panting up a storm, as was Mike. Rob was smiling and enjoying the ride.

It was almost a photo finish, and what a photo it would have been, but we agreed - no pictures. Domminique's guy came first, literally and copiously. Then Rob erupted with a sigh. Allen followed a few seconds later with a moan, and finally Mike about ten seconds after that, shuddering and collapsing back into Samantha's arms.

I was still watching Toni and Rob. Toni was holding him, both arms around him, kissing his neck and whispering to him. Toni was smiling, and Rob had the most satisfied and relaxed look in the world on his face. In contrast, Domminique stood up, putting her stud on hands and knees, with him panting as if he'd just run an all-out sprint.

On seeing what Toni was doing, both Ursula and Samantha did similar things with their assistants, holding them and thanking them.

I said softly, "Thank you ladies. You may clean up, dress, and wake your assistants in whatever sequence you see fit. We will reconvene when all are ready."

Toni sat Rob back, wiped him off, and got his clothes. She spoke to him as she helped him dress. Ursula held Allen for a bit longer, as did Samantha with Mike. Domminique actually caught on, a little. She got her stud's clothes, and relaxed him a bit more, telling him how pleased she was with him, and what a good job he'd done for her. Then she woke him and told him to get dressed.

Bill and Nancy were getting out glasses. I helped, and Bill opened bottles of champagne. I helped hand out glasses when everyone was more or less alert again. Elsa handed me the scorecard, and four pairs of envelopes, one envelope each for Domme and assistant.

First, I raised my glass. "Here's to our contestants, and to our sponsors. Thanks for making this a memorable event, what we can remember of it at least."

That got cheers and laughter, and we drank a toast.

"Now for the scores for the second and third events. In the second event, Ursula took first for technique, with Samantha second, Toni third, and Domminique fourth. Myself, I would have given first on technique to Samantha, but I seem to have been overruled. On creativity, Toni first, followed by Ursula, Samantha, and Domminique. Somebody still needs to explain that one to me."

Ursula said, "Oh, you'll find out," and everyone laughed.

I charged ahead. "And in the final event, Domminique took first! She was followed by Toni, Ursula, and coming last, Samantha."

Among the groans at that, Samantha said, "We practiced too much today. What can I say?" That brought back the laughter.

"In that case, congratulations to Mike for his repeat performance. Adding up the scores, with first being four points, second getting three, and you get the idea, we end up with..."

I stepped over to Toni and Rob. "First place, with seventeen points, Madame Toni!" I handed them the envelopes, and everyone else cheered and applauded.

"Second place, with fifteen points, Mistress Ursula!" I handed her the envelopes, and she grabbed me and pulled me to her bosom again. Elsa called out, "No tampering with the judge!" Ursula held me and said, "The contest is over -- I can tamper all I like!"

Then she kissed me on the head, and said softly, "And I do like, Roger."

She let go of me and I stumbled back a bit. I tried to catch my breath. "Third, with ten points, Mistress Samantha!" She took the envelopes and gave me a kiss. She ran her hands up the back of my neck, making me dizzy, and said for all to hear, "Tampering with the judge was one of the best events!"

I stepped over to Mistress Domminique. "And fourth, with eight points, and a strong finish, Mistress Domminique." I handed her the envelopes. She said, "Anyone want a rematch on the last event, winner takes all?" Among the laughter, Mike could be heard saying, "No!"

We finished up the champagne -- much better than the stuff we'd had at the Captain's Reception. People drifted off. I noticed Bill and Nancy heading out the door, waving to someone. I turned, to see Elsa standing behind me with quite the smile on her face, as she unbuttoned her blouse.

I turned, and she led me to the bedroom.

"Would you like an explanation?" she asked.

I nodded, feeling confused again.

She sat next to me on the bed, putting an arm around my shoulders.

"Roger, you came to me a few days ago, worried about the others getting details of the contest from you. You taught me how to put you in a deep trance, where you wrote out the details. Then you taught me how to help you forget to remember what you didn't need to know..."

I started feeling fuzzy again. She moved and picked up her bag from a nearby counter. She peeled off her top. She was built quite a bit like Ursula. She took out a perfume sprayer, and put some perfume on her bosom, and then some on a finger which she slid into her panties as she slipped off her slacks.

She stepped back to me. "Roger, would you like to know what the creativity part of the contest was?"

I inhaled her perfume. The scent set off an avalanche of partial memories and sensations in me -- the two of us moaning, eating her, being held to her breast, her laughter, and her dropping me with a touch. She was the mystery woman who had taken me those nights, and those mornings. No wonder I couldn't remember! I was dizzy again, from her presence, warmth, and perfume this time, as I nodded my head, and said, "Yes, please."

She looked in my eyes as she slipped off my shoes and socks, then loosened my belt. "The creativity part was for each of them to give you a command which I could use

later. Toni's was very nice, but Ursula's was very erotic. I think it's time I tested them. What do you think?"

I looked into her eyes and smiled.

She pulled my head to her perfume, and as she did, she said, "Breathe deep and go deeper. Breathe deep and go deeper."

That's what I did.

FIN

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Pleasure Cruise -- Dueling Dommies

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

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Pleasure Cruise -- Toy

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Be careful what you wish for, your wish may be granted. That's me. I wanted to go to a top University -- I got in and worked my tail off. When I got out, I wanted to work for a startup company that would challenge me, and have a chance at paying off. Three years of very, very long hours, and I've got the money, but no time to spend it. Time to take a vacation -- something I haven't done in years, before I burn out.

Then this cruise popped up -- a ten-day hypno-erotic cruise. A dream come true, yes? I signed up as soon as I heard about it, booking a first-class cabin. I took the time to go to a tanning place for a few weeks beforehand to get rid of the Silicon Valley pallor. I got help putting together a wardrobe for the cruise.

And after three days, well.... What was I expecting? I don't know. What had I dreamed of? What I'd been reading of in stories for a long time -- she looks at me, touches me, takes my mind away, envelops me in passion.

Honk! Reality calling! Actually, I understand a lot better now. It's been a very good cruise so far. I've learned a lot about myself. And it's been fun. The shows have been fantastic -- starting the first night with Mistress Ursula -- what a wet dream she is! And she's offering private sessions!

The soonest I could get a session with one of the hypno-dommes was five days into the cruise, with Mistress Samantha. But until then, I had sessions set up with Roger, and a husband-and-wife pair, Toni and Rob. I figured initially that I'd get an introduction

to hypnosis, actually experience it rather than reading and fantasizing about it, so when I finally got to see one of these amazing women, maybe I'd be prepared for something to happen.

By mistake, I guess, I did the right thing. After the first session I had with Roger, I signed up for two sessions a day with him, Rob, or Toni. I learned about hypnosis, and experienced it finally, wonderfully. It took Toni and Rob working together to get me to the place where my hyperanalytical mind, the tool which has gotten me so far, could take a rest, and get the hell out of the way. But once I'd gotten there, I could go back, and the more I practice, the easier it gets.

So, after leaving a very good session with Roger on that third morning, I knew I wouldn't have problems sleeping as I used to. They won't be gone, but they're greatly diminished. I've learned a lot about myself. I needed to cut back on my expectations -- especially of what I "needed" to do. Lighten up, in other words. Kick back and relax -- enjoy things for a change. It would take getting used to, but I could let myself do that now. It was okay for me to take time for those things.

I'd wandered over to the library after lunch to look at the story board. A number of the people on board were cranking out stories and posting them. Some were selling autographed stories. There was even a rumor RC was on board. Roger had confided in me, telling me his pen name -- it would come out at the author panel late in the cruise.

I'd looked over the new stuff. There was one good one, and a bunch of the usual crap. I told Roger I wished he were writing more -- I like his material very much, with its positive outlooks, romantic slant. He laughed and told me he had to stop wasting so much time sleeping.

I was deciding what to do next. I didn't have any more sessions scheduled for today, but I did have mini-disc recordings of earlier ones to listen to. I could take the one of Toni and Rob taking me deep and bringing me up and down and listen to that on deck. I'd done that yesterday before dinner. Opening my eyes briefly to see the sky speeding by, then dropping back into trance was an incredible sensation. Then I heard a woman say, "Haven't I seen you on B deck?"

I turned to see who she was talking to. Right behind me was a very attractive woman wearing a short-sleeved velvet top, barely containing her breasts. She smiled at me!

I don't know what I did, so she repeated, "Are you on B deck too?"

"No, A47," I told her.

She smiled. "Do you have a minute to talk?"

I remembered what Roger had been drumming into me. Relax and let things happen. "Sure, what can I do for you?"

She sat on the couch and I sat next to her. Some other folks moved up to the story board.

"I'm Rhonda," she said, turning and extending a hand.

I shook her hand. I didn't know where to look -- in her eyes, which were pretty and brown, or at her bust line. "Carl. Glad to meet you."

"Carl, are you with someone on the cruise?"

Very straightforward! "Nope, just me."

"Ah.... So you're not married or anything."

I laughed. "Just to my job, and I've learned it's trying to kill me."

"Carl... I was wondering if you could do me a favor." She smiled at me, and actually held my hand. My heart was starting to race.

"Okay, what?"

She hesitated, but not for long. "I've been studying with one of the people onboard, and I need someone to practice on, to hypnotize. Would you be interested?"

I didn't know if my heart was going to stop or explode. My pants were going to explode. She wanted to hypnotize me?

"Uh, I guess so," I managed to say.

She smiled and stood up, still holding my hand. "That's great. Let's go."

"What? Now?" I asked, more worried about my obvious erection than anything else.

"Sure, why not? You still interested?"

I sighed. "Very."

She led me past my own cabin, straight into performer country -- the section of first class cabins pretty much filled with the stars of the cruise. I'd spent plenty of time in Roger's cabin, and in Rob and Toni's.

My heart nearly did its impossible thing again when we walked right in the door of the cabin I knew belonged to Mistress Samantha. That's why the velvet top looked familiar -- that was Mistress Samantha's trademark.

And I was soon in a chair, facing Mistress Samantha. She repeated Rhonda's questioning, and in answer to her questions about my hypnosis experience, I told them both quite frankly that I'd been reading MC stories for years, but the first time I'd been actually hypnotized had been on the cruise. I'd been to a number of sessions with Roger, Rob, and Toni, and they had done me an incredible amount of good. I smiled and told her I also had some sessions scheduled with her in a few days.

Mistress Samantha nodded to Rhonda. I turned my eyes to Rhonda as well. Her eyes seemed to sparkle.

"So Carl, are you interested in exploring the other side of hypnosis, the side that brought you to this cruise?" Rhonda asked.

I gulped and nodded my head. I didn't think my voice would work. She walked over to me and took my hands. Sitting there in the chair, I was looking right at her breasts. I could see her tight nipples, and practically feel the warmth radiating from her.

She moved me to sitting at the foot of the bed, and stood in front of me. Mistress Samantha was off to one side a little. I looked up into Rhonda's face.

"No, Carl, you can look at my breasts. I want you to look at my breasts. Do you like them, Carl?"

"Yes," I managed to whisper.

She put her hands on my shoulders. I quivered from head to toe. It was really happening.

"My breasts are so warm and soft, Carl, and so relaxing. Wouldn't you love to let go and relax on my warm, soft breasts?"

"Yes," I whispered again.

Her hands moved to the back of my head, cradling my head. I sighed and let her hold me. She moved my head a little in her hands.

"That's right, Carl -- let go and relax for me. Relax and go into a deep trance on my breasts. They're so relaxing, so soft, so warm. You're so safe in my arms, relaxing deeper and deeper with each breath, so safe and comfortable relaxing on my breasts."

She was drawing me closer as she spoke. I could smell her perfume and feel her warmth. Her voice and her hands held me. My eyes closed before I felt the soft fabric touch my face. I was floating in her arms.

Part of me knew I was deeper than Rob and Toni had taken me. But it was oh, so good. She held me, spoke to me, caressed me.

On my back, she was on top of me. “One, two, three, open,” she said, and I opened my eyes to see her above me. She lowered a soft perfumed and cloth covered breast to me and said, “Deep trance.” I sighed and let go.

I was startled at the first sight and taste of her bare breast and nipple. But she held me and let me suck myself deeper and deeper, so satisfied.

She took me up and down, time after time. Roger had done that, and Rob and Toni had done that, but this was so much more powerful. I wanted it so much.

She counted me up slowly. I could tell we were done for now. When I opened my eyes and moved a little on the bed I almost cried. It had been so good. She helped me sit up. She had her top on again.

“Did you like that, Carl?” she asked with a smile.

I wiped a tear from my face and nodded.

Mistress Samantha said, “You are a very good subject. The people you’ve worked with are first class.” I nodded.

“Carl, I have some questions for you,” Rhonda said.

I nodded. Calmly she asked me very detailed questions about my sexual history. I answered calmly and as best I could. I was heterosexual, had sex with three different women over the last few years, and no current significant relationship.

“Carl, would you like to be my toy for the rest of the cruise? I promise to take good care of you.”

“You can move in with me if you like,” I managed to say.

She glanced to Mistress Samantha, then back to me. “I think that would be nice. Mistress Samantha says I need to have a toy to practice and play with for the rest of her lessons. But Carl, you need to understand that you’re just a toy, and that when the cruise is over, you’ll no longer be my toy. Do you want to be my toy, Carl?”

I moved to the edge of the bed slowly, and put my arms around her waist. I pulled myself gently to her bosom again, feeling her soft warmth enveloping me.

“Oh yes, please,” I whispered, begged, prayed.

Her arms enveloped me, a hand cradling my head again. “Oh, thank you, Carl.”

She pulled down the left side of her top and moved me closer to her nipple. I took it hungrily. She held me tight and said, “Deep trance, Carl.” I knew I was still holding on, and she was still holding me, but still felt as if I was falling, falling into something so soft, so warm, and so wonderful.

That afternoon was a time of soft voices and soft breasts. She taught me to adore her with my mouth. She taught me to make love with her, and she taught me to drift off to sleep in her embrace.

She and Mistress Samantha played with me, sending me into trance with a word or a touch, or making my body do things to please them. I begged them to let me adore them, to please them. They traded me back and forth until I lost track of time, of trance, of myself.

We stopped. We were all sitting in chairs, wearing clothes again. I took a breath and looked at them.

I went back to my room to get ready for dinner. Part of me was still the same. But part of me knew I was her toy, and so happy.

We sat together at dinner, Rhonda and I. I was surprised; I could be normal, and then with a touch, or a word, I was her toy again. She went away after dinner. I wasn’t sad -- I knew she would be back.

I was getting ready for bed when she came into my room. I fell to my knees and hugged her, feeling her softness and warmth.

“Is my toy ready?” she asked.

I laughed and hugged her. “Oh, yes!”

Her hands went up my shoulders to my neck, sending me tingling to that place again. She played with me into the night, and again in the morning. How I love being sent to sleep in her embrace.

Mistress Samantha came and watched our play. I was sad because Mistress Samantha was upset at Rhonda, first for not letting me come, and then for letting me come too quickly. But Mistress Samantha told me I was a good toy, and she played with me for a while.

Through the rest of the cruise, I was happy when I was her toy. I was happy when I wasn't. I enjoyed the cruise. I enjoyed the sea air, the ports, the shows, meeting other people. I enjoyed being on deck, earphones in my ears, and Rob and Toni's voices taking me into trance. But oh those times when I was her toy, or Mistress Samantha's toy, and they played with me.

But then it was the next to last day of the cruise. Day after tomorrow it would be over. I'd go back to designing chips, back to the real world. Still, I felt calm, serene, rested and relaxed. I knew I'd take back so much with me.

I was standing in my cabin, looking out on the sea, when a knock sounded at the door. I opened it.

And fell to my knees, hugging Rhonda to me.

"Stand up, Carl," she said.

I stood up, and then noticed she had a young oriental woman with her. She was a little taller, with jet black hair, brown eyes, and a perfect smile.

"Carl, this is Janice. She works at Sun, near you. She's interested in having a toy of her very own, one she can keep forever and ever. Does that sound interesting, Carl?"

I looked at Janice again. She had a shapely bottom, nice looking legs, a trim waist, and while her bosom wasn't as bountiful as Rhonda's, she was very attractive, her nipples showing erect behind what looked to be a buttoned silk top.

"Yes, it does," I whispered, looking back to Rhonda.

She smiled to me, then stepped aside and guided Janice's hands to my head, pulling me to firm breasts under the smooth cool softness of silk.

"Here, let me show you how you play with your toy."

I sighed again, and as warm hands drew me tighter, I closed my eyes.

Their voices mingled, and their scents, and their tastes, and their moans. I pleased them, and they used me.

The next morning, I awoke with Janice beside me. I pulled her to me, devouring her, listening to her laugh with joy. She ran her hands over me and spoke, taking me to that place again, and then riding me to her ecstasy, and mine.

When we woke again, I held her and cried. She rocked me, and when I was helpless in her arms once more, she smiled at me and said softly, "Carl, I would like to be your toy some times."

I had one last session with Mistress Samantha that afternoon. I expected we could see her in the morning as well. "I know someone who can help," I said, as I kissed her neck.

FINI

Pleasure Cruise -- Toy
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Pleasure Cruise – Exchange

by Wiseguy

It seemed like a good idea at the time. My buddy Ted saw a posting on one of the alt.sex newsgroups talking about a hypnoerotic cruise: ten days in the Caribbean on a ship full of people who are into getting hypnotized and putting out. Annie had been getting on my case lately, saying she wanted to have a “real vacation” for once, and I’ve always had a closet yen for the whole hypnosis/mind control/sex thing; this cruise seemed like the perfect opportunity to have it both ways.

Ted was up for it, too. I showed him a couple of the hypnofetish videos I bought off the ‘net a while back and he was hooked right away (though not enough to risk getting his own copies – Kendra would shit bricks if she found even soft porn in their house). So we played down the hypno aspect and just sold our wives on the idea of going on a cruise. They went for it right away.

Things got a little dicey when the cruise line sent us a welcome packet describing the entertainment and amenities on the ship: there was an extra insert talking about the hypnoerotic theme and listing the names of the featured acts. Annie just looked bored and said she’d pack a few extra books, but Kendra wiggled out. It turns out she’d had a bad experience in college that Ted didn’t know about: she’d volunteered for a psych project and turned out to be really easy to put under. One of the grad students took advantage and made her suck him off on command. It took a while, but Ted finally convinced her that there wouldn’t be an army of perverts on board with pocket watches trying to get into her pants. It also helped that we’d already given the travel agent a hefty nonrefundable deposit.

I think both of our wives were relieved when we finally boarded the ship and everyone else we saw looked just as normal as us. We spent the first day checking the place out, figuring out where everything was and getting our sea legs. Our rooms, B35 and B36, were across the hall from each other. By the time we were headed downstairs for our first dinner, the girls seemed pretty comfortable.

We had a great dinner: good food, good wine, and good company is a hard combination to beat. We were still talking about it when the hostess got up on the stage and introduced the headline performer, Mistress Ursula.

I heard Kendra suck in a nervous breath, but I didn't pay much attention once I got a look at Mistress Ursula. We didn't have great seats, about eight rows back on the far right side, but even from there I could tell this lady was built. She got right down to business, picking a group of volunteers and settling them into chairs on the stage. She had a great voice, too – rich and deep and sexy. In just a few minutes of her talking I could see the guinea pigs' heads drooping down onto their chests.

“Hey, Brian – check this out.” I tore my eyes away from the lady hypnotist long enough to see what Ted was talking about, and I almost sprayed wine across the table in surprise. Kendra, our nervous Nellie who was so uptight about hypnotists, was totally out of it. She was slumped against Ted, mouth wide open and eyes shut.

I looked over at Annie to get her attention and saw her sitting perfectly still, staring blankly into space. A hundred possible things to do flew through my head, and wouldn't you know I picked the stupidest one to actually do: I put my hand in front of her face and waved it up and down. “Hello, Earth to Annie.”

That snapped her out of it, of course. She blinked a few times quickly, then pushed my hand away. “What are you doing?”

“Waking you up. You were most of the way to La-La Land.”

“That's ridiculous,” she said, but her cheeks flushed three shades darker. Then she noticed Kendra, who was so far gone by then that Ted had to hold her to keep her from falling out of her chair. “Kendra! Wake up!”

“Huh?” Kendra said sleepily. Then, as if someone had shoved a hot poker up her ass, she jumped up onto her feet. “Holy shit!” She shook her head furiously. A few people to either side of us gave her some strange looks, but the rest of the crowd was too interested in Mistress Ursula to pay us any mind.

“Let's get up and walk around for a minute,” Annie suggested. Ted and I were fine, so she and Kendra went off by themselves in the direction of the bathrooms. While they were gone, Mistress Ursula found herself a new pair of volunteers – some guy and his wife, sitting at a table near the front, had gone under while watching her work on the stage.

“Good thing the girls didn't see that,” Ted remarked.

The girls came back a little bit later, just in time to see Ursula bring forward one of her women volunteers and start talking about vibrators. Annie tensed up right away (as if she didn't have one herself). Then, as we all watched, Ursula got the woman's husband up

there and they started running the microphone all over the volunteer's body. After a little bit the lady got so hot we could tell even from our seats that she was really into it. I kept sneaking little sideways glances at Annie. She was sitting on the edge of her seat, with one hand locked in a death grip on the edge of the table. Finally they touched the woman's ear with the mike and she had a big O right there on the stage in front of everyone.

I thought it was great; Ted and I applauded with gusto. Annie and Kendra couldn't handle it, though. They stood up again and Annie gave me one of those looks. "I've had enough," she said. "Let's go."

"I want to see the rest of the show," I protested. "This is great stuff." Besides, I had a major chubby at the moment and I knew damn well she would not appreciate that. "You go if you want."

Kendra gave Ted the same look, but he shook his head. "I'm staying too."

"Suit yourself."

There was one immediate benefit: with our wives gone, Ted and I could watch the show without having to worry about who or what we chose to look at. I familiarized myself with the finer points of Mistress Ursula's anatomy, as well as the other women on stage. At the same time, I imagined what it might be like to see Annie on the stage with her, face blank, opening her blouse the way one lady had just done to let a guy suck on her tit. I had to shift around more than once to make room for the tusk growing in my pants. After the show ended it took several minutes of deep, earnest baseball talk before Ted and I were ready to get up and leave.

We found the girls easily enough; they were out on deck watching the water. They weren't upset, just a little uptight, so we hit the dessert bar, spent a pleasant while lingering over coffee, and called it a night.

Upstairs in our room, I lay back on the bed and watched Annie undress, imagining in my head that she was hypnotized and obeying my command. My dick got hard again, and since I was wearing nothing but a pair of briefs Annie noticed it. "That hypnotist got you pretty worked up, didn't she?"

"It's why she gets the big bucks," I replied noncommittally. "But I came home with you, didn't I?"

"And I suppose you think I ought to reward you for that, don't you?" She was smiling in that sexy way she has.

"A guy can dream, can't he?"

She came and stood over me, buck naked, and started stroking the bulge in the front of my briefs. “As long as I’m in the dream, sure.”

I reached up, grabbed one of her tits, and started fondling it the way she likes. “Every night,” I promised.

She got me nice and hard, then pulled down my briefs and climbed on top. She worked the head of my dick against her slit for a few minutes until she was good and wet, and slid down over me and started to ride. I gave her as good a ride as I know how, and before long she was whimpering and shuddering on top of me. I held my load until I was sure she was done, then thought about the look on her face when she was falling under Ursula’s spell once more and that pulled my trigger. Annie let me finish, then she climbed off and put on a nightshirt and panties. I pulled my briefs back on and went to sleep.

They were having video screenings the next day on the promenade. Ted and I wanted to go, but of course Annie and Kendra had no interest in watching hypnosis videos. No problem – the girls found themselves a nice spot by the pool to catch some sun, and we left them to it while we went to the video screening.

The videos themselves ran the gamut from clinical instruction videos to hardcore rape fantasies. The ones that grabbed me the hardest were the ones where a real hypnotist takes a couple of models and actually puts them under, then has them do tricks to prove that they are really hypnotized. There’s something really hot about watching a woman get hypnotized, even if she doesn’t end up naked.

After an hour or two, we figured it would be diplomatic to go rejoin our wives. We went back to the pool area and found a couple of guys sitting where the girls had been. They said they’d been there almost an hour and hadn’t seen anyone else using those lounges. We were about to fan out and start asking around when Ted spotted them coming over from the front area of the ship. They had the strangest looks on their faces, kind of mellow and content, like Annie gets after a good solid round in bed only more so.

“Where’ve you been?” I asked Annie.

“It was too hot to sit there and bake all afternoon,” she said, “so we went for a walk. We got a little lost, but we saw a lot of the ship.”

“What’s up front?”

“The first class cabins. It’s like a four-star hotel over there – they have a fancy lobby with a concierge and everything!”

Kendra piped in, too. “And beyond that there’s a private tanning deck and sauna.”

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. Ted and I managed to fall into a poolside poker game while the girls went wandering over the back half of the ship. I didn't give them much thought until they came back to grab us for dinner.

"It's only five o'clock," Ted objected. "What's your hurry?"

Kendra answered, "We want to get there early so we have good seats for the show."

When I picked my jaw up off the floor, I looked at Annie and she was nodding her head. "I want front row seats if we can get them."

I was confused to say the least, but I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. *Hell, I figured, maybe Mistress Ursula will use them as volunteers.* We cashed out quickly and headed up to our rooms.

The sign in the entrance to the dining hall explained things for me a little bit. The main attraction that night wasn't Mistress Ursula; it was a guy calling himself Suzerain. The poster, which showed him levitating a blank-faced woman, made him look about 7 feet tall and ripped. I figured the girls must have seen that poster and developed an interest in magic. No problem for me – magicians almost always have gorgeous assistants aplenty in skimpy outfits.

We didn't quite make the first row, but we did manage a table just left of center in the second row. Quite a bit of work had been done on the stage for this act. The night before it had been simply an empty platform on one side of the dining hall. Tonight there were high partition walls on each side and a second layer of raised platform above the regular stage. A life-sized cutout of Suzerain himself stood at center stage and glared at us as we ate, his eyes seeming to follow our every move. To me it was more than a little creepy, but the girls didn't seem to mind so I kept quiet.

The period between dinner and show time dragged. We made small talk and sipped wine for what seemed like half a year before finally the lights dimmed. A spotlight beamed down over the cardboard cutout on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," a voice boomed over the PA system. "Prepare to witness extraordinary feats of magic and mesmerism. You are now in the presence of ... *Suzerain!*"

A deafening thunderclap sounded, and what looked like a bolt of lightning struck the stage where the cardboard figure was. The flash stunned me for a second, leaving a blue streak across my vision. I blinked. For a second it looked as though the cardboard cutout was moving; then I realized it was Suzerain himself on the stage now.

"The guy certainly knows how to make an entrance," Ted remarked.

“Shh!” the girls replied in unison. They were staring up at Suzerain with great interest on their faces. I could sort of understand why – the guy made quite an impression. He was probably six feet tall normally, but standing as he was on that high stage he looked bigger than Darth Vader. He had olive skin, jet-black hair down to his shoulders, and the biggest, blackest eyes I’ve ever seen on a man. He wore shiny black tights, and medieval-style white shirt with an open collar that showed a highly developed chest. A black cape, boots and gauntlets completed the outfit.

“Greetings,” he began in a clear baritone voice that filled the hall. “I have several of my favorite illusions prepared for your entertainment this evening; however, in order to perform them for you I will require some audience volunteers. I need six young ladies to assist me, please.”

A bunch of hands shot up in the air all around us. I looked around with amusement – *what a bunch of sheep*, I was thinking – then was stunned to see that Annie and Kendra were among those jumping out of their seats to get his attention.

“What are you doing?” I hissed, grabbing Annie by the arm, but she ignored me.

Suzerain surveyed the crowd dispassionately, like a scientist selecting lab rats from a cage. He picked Kendra and Annie and four other women from the front area and led them up onto the stage, where six chairs had been quietly placed in a row by a stagehand. He took Annie by the hand and led her to center stage, leaving the others standing in a row slightly behind.

“What is your name, please?” he asked, placing his microphone in front of my wife’s face.

“Annie,” she answered.

“Have we ever met before, Annie?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Thank you, please be seated.” Annie walked over to the first chair and sat down. Suzerain repeated the process with each of his volunteers; not surprisingly, they all denied ever have met the man before. I’ve seen magicians do that before and never believed it, but here I knew that at least in two cases the volunteers were telling the truth. *Sure about that?* a little voice in my head asked, but I ignored it.

When all six of his chosen had taken their seats, he turned again to the audience. “Excuse me please, ladies and gentlemen, while I prepare my assistants. Do not watch too closely, or you may find yourself falling into a deep state of hypnosis.” As soon as he said the ‘h’ word I expected Kendra to bolt, but she just sat there watching him as if he were the most interesting guy in the world.

Suzerain laid his microphone down on the stage and turned to face the six seated women. His gloved hand reached high into the air, closed in a fist, and then reopened with a flourish. From his fingers appeared a shining, silvery ball on a fine thread or chain. All six women's eyes locked onto it as soon as it appeared. He began talking to them in a slow, steady voice. I couldn't make out the words, but the tempo and tone were a lot like I remembered Mistress Ursula using the night before. While he spoke, the ball twirled around on its string, sending little dots of different colored light wandering around over the faces of his volunteers. In no time at all their faces went blank, their mouths started to open and their eyes grew distant and sleepy-looking. Another minute or so and their eyes all closed. Suzerain put away the shiny ball and walked over behind his row of sleeping beauties. Standing behind Annie, he put his hands on her shoulders. She melted instantly: her shoulders slumped, her head dropped straight down, and her body started to pitch forward out of the chair. The magician caught her and steadied her, speaking softly into her ear as he eased her into a more or less stable position. I'd never seen Annie so thoroughly out of it, not even the night she got passed-out drunk at a fraternity party.

When Suzerain was finished, all six of his volunteers were splayed out in their chairs, barely holding on to their seats, like a bunch of hand puppets on a shelf. Some guy in the front row let out a screeching whistle, but the only one who moved was Suzerain himself. He came to the lip of the stage and stared down at the fool with menace in his eyes. He didn't say anything. He didn't have to – the guy suddenly looked like he was about to wet himself and ran for the exit.

Next the magician picked up his microphone again. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your patience. As you can see, my assistants are almost prepared. Only one small item remains."

On cue, a stagehand appeared from the wings pushing a tall, ornate cabinet about the size of a phone booth. Its sides were decorated in mystical-looking patterns, while the front held a high-contrast portrait of Suzerain himself.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is my portable dressing room." The magician stepped around the cabinet and revealed that the sides had full-length double doors, which he pulled open. "As you can see, it is quite empty." To prove his point, he walked through the cabinet and spun it around, letting everyone see that there was nothing inside. "We shall change that momentarily." He positioned the cabinet so that the front faced the audience, leaving the sides semi-concealed by their own doors. "Annie," he commanded, "Please come here."

Over on her chair, Annie stirred. Her eyes opened but stared blankly forward as she rose like a sleepwalker and slowly floated over toward the cabinet. Suzerain guided her in through the left side doors. He then closed the doors on both sides and spun the cabinet once.

“Kendra,” he called, “please come here.” Opening the left side doors, he conducted Kendra into the cabinet. He then repeated the ritual with the other four girls, closing the cabinet and spinning it around once after placing a girl inside. The cabinet looked barely big enough to hold two women, let alone six, so it was with a growing sense of excitement that we watched the hypnotized women enter the cabinet. Finally, when all six had been sent inside, he spun the cabinet once more so that its right side faced front. Suzerain opened the left (now back) doors, entered the cabinet himself, and then burst through the front-facing side doors. The cabinet behind him was empty!

Suzerain paused and bowed, acknowledging the applause from the audience. Then he turned, closed the cabinet doors, and gave it another spin. He knocked on the cabinet front once. The doors opened, and out stepped Annie.

I was too stunned to applaud at first. When Annie had stepped into the cabinet, she had been wearing a simple green dress, hose, and black shoes. She came out wearing almost nothing – just a tiny thong bikini, emerald green with sequins. There wasn’t enough cloth in that suit to make a baby’s bib. I wished I had a camera, because the Annie I know wouldn’t be caught dead in an outfit like that; she’s a firm believer in one-piece suits, and generally looks good in them. Standing up there on stage in that rig, though, she looked totally comfortable.

While I was gawking at Annie, Suzerain was spinning the cabinet again. He knocked on the side and Kendra walked out. Her thong suit was a deep, rich red but no bigger than Annie’s. Now I really wished I had a camera – I’d never seen this much of Kendra’s body before, and it suddenly struck me that it was a damned fine body indeed. Great hips, nice broad shoulders, perfect teardrop-shaped tits, and an ass to die for. With a figure like that, I wondered why she didn’t flaunt it more. “God damn, Ted,” I said out loud, “Kendra looks fucking amazing!”

“Annie, too,” he said, and I saw him staring at my wife’s jugs.

In due course four more barely-dressed babes appeared from the cabinet until the lineup was complete. Each girl wore a different color, but they all had the same glazed, distant expression on their faces.

With all the girls back in their seats, heads down and still, the cabinet was wheeled away and a new contraption brought forward: a huge golden sarcophagus, held upright on a dolly. Its shape was decidedly female, as was the topless figure painted on the lid. A spotlight settled on Annie’s sleeping form as Suzerain spoke softly into the microphone. “Annie, come to me.”

Annie rose from her seat and drifted over to him, taking his hand as he guided her next to the sarcophagus. He looked at Annie, and then at the picture on the sarcophagus, then back and forth again. He snapped his fingers and a stagehand appeared with an Egyptian headdress, which Suzerain placed on Annie’s head. He then walked around behind her,

unhooked the bikini top and slid it off her. The resemblance between Annie and the figure on the lid was uncanny.

Satisfied at last, Suzerain opened the lid and pounded on the sides and back to show that it was solid. Taking her hand, he helped Annie step up into the casket. He had her cross her arms in the classic position, closed her eyes, and then swung the lid shut with an ominous bang.

The stagehand appeared again, this time carrying a wooden rack loaded with long, gleaming swords. The audience murmured in anticipation as Suzerain selected a sword from the rack. He waved it in the air, banged it against the sides of the casket, and jammed it into the stage floor to prove it was firm and sharp. Then he took the sword and placed the tip against the side of the casket. Slowly, with even pressure, he pushed the sword into the cabinet. A muffled moan came from inside the sarcophagus, which brought a sharp intake of breath from most of the crowd. There was something not quite right about the sound, but I couldn't immediately place it.

Suzerain plunged another sword through the cabinet, and this time the moan was louder and longer. The audience went silent. Another sword penetrated, with another louder moan, and I was stunned to recognize the moan – Annie makes that exact sound, or a quieter version of it, when I put my cock inside her.

Three more swords poked through the casket, each one bringing a longer, louder moan, and even the audience understood that Annie was crying out not in pain, but in pleasure. Suzerain spun the sarcophagus around to show everyone that the swords were indeed thrust through the casket, and as he did so Annie continued to grunt out in pleasure.

When Suzerain pulled out the swords, Annie reacted to each movement with an impassioned wail, as if the swords were somehow tickling her clit as they came out. He pulled out the last one very slowly and deliberately, and as he did Annie let out a delighted squeal that told me she was getting off.

He waited a few moments for the sounds to fade, then slowly opened the sarcophagus. There was my Annie, all in one piece and back in her green dress! Suzerain snapped his fingers and Annie's eyes popped open. The audience applauded loudly as Annie tried to figure out what was going on. She looked over and saw the five spellbound women sitting there, and her mouth dropped open in amazement. Suzerain took her by the hand and guided her to the steps as the audience clapped and cheered.

Annie still seemed pretty dopey when she got back to our table, so I got up and helped her sit down.

"You were awesome," Ted said enthusiastically.

Annie pointed at the row of volunteers. "Was I ... like that?"

“You looked great,” I said diplomatically. “Green is definitely your color.”

Beet red was her color then, at least from the neck up. “I need a drink!” I handed her a full glass of wine and she downed it in one long gulp.

By then the applause had died down, and Suzerain was ready for his next trick. He called Kendra, who slowly rose from her chair and sleepwalked to him just as Annie had.

“Have you ever thought about being a model, Kendra?” he asked.

“Yes, Master.” Master?

“Tonight you shall be one. In fact, you shall be a mannequin. Even now you feel your joints growing stiff, as if your body was a large plastic doll. Your joints all move, but only if someone else moves them; you are powerless to move on your own.” To illustrate his point, he then took Kendra’s arms and stretched them out in front of her. “See? They move at my touch, but remain locked in whatever position I set. And now, I need a volunteer from the audience to pose my new doll.”

Ted and I both put up our hands – Annie’s eyes were locked on Kendra and she didn’t seem to notice – but Suzerain picked a guy from the front row who gave his name as Jack.

“Jack,” he explained, “I want you to position Kendra in any way you please, as long as she remains standing. Move her arms, move her legs, move her head – anything you like.”

Jack’s eyes wandered freely over Kendra’s unmoving body for a moment, then he started to work. He took one arm, bent it, and put the hand behind her head with the elbow sticking out. He arched her back, which put a nice extra lift under those exquisite tits. He put her other hand on her hip, and spread her legs open a little. Suzerain seemed satisfied and dismissed Jack back to his seat.

The stagehand reappeared long enough to hand the magician what looked like a big hoop wrapped in shimmering cloth. He called to two of his sleeping assistants, who came forward and took the hoop in their hands. He spoke instructions to them quietly, the microphone tucked under his arm, and the girls responded by placing the hoop over Kendra’s head and slowly lowering it to the floor. Their fingers worked at something, then they lifted the hoop again. As they lifted the cloth unfolded from below, forming a sparkling curtain of red and silver stripes that completely hid Kendra from view. With the hoop held as high as they could reach, the girls began to pace in a circle around the hidden figure of Kendra, showing off their best physical attributes thanks to the narrow straps of the thongs. After two full revolutions, they stopped circling and lowered the hoop again.

At first I thought nothing had happened, but then I realized Kendra was gone! In her place was a genuine department store mannequin. It had shoulder-length red hair just

like Kendra's, was dressed in an identical thong suit, and was holding the exact pose that Kendra had been in. As the audience applauded, Suzerain stepped between the girls and just behind the inert figure. He yanked back hard from the dummy's back and the bikini top snapped off. He tossed it into the wings, then with a similar gesture ripped off the lower piece. Now we could clearly see this was a dummy, with all the right curves but none of the detail of an actual woman. Suzerain gestured to his assistants and they lifted the hoop again, circling the figure twice more while we watched. They lowered the curtain and Kendra was back, still in her original pose, completely naked.

My eyes almost popped out of my head as I looked at my best friend's wife standing there in the nude. Her nipples were fully erect, standing proud and begging to be sucked and friggled. Her neatly trimmed auburn bush formed a nice little arrowhead pointing to the pleasure zone below. My dick got so hard in that moment I thought I would cream in my pants. While I was still staring the curtain came up again, and my view was blocked by the entranced assistants once again circling the space where Kendra was. They took two revolutions, and when they lowered the curtain for the final time Kendra was still there in her pose, but dressed in her original clothes again. The crowd applauded. Suzerain woke Kendra up just as he had Annie and guided her to the end of the stage.

Kendra walked unsteadily back to our table looking bewildered even after Ted took a hand to guide her to a seat. Only then did she look back at the stage. "Oh, my god!" she gasped, pointing at the remaining volunteers. "Did I ... was I ... ?"

"And then some," Annie answered. "Me, too. Maybe it's a good thing I don't remember any of it."

Kendra was hyperventilating; Ted handed her a big glass of wine and, like Annie, she chugged it down in one long gulp.

Meanwhile, Suzerain moved on to his next trick. The volunteer was a slender black lady, medium-skinned. Her thong was sparkling white. He closed her eyes and told her she was becoming stiff and rigid, like a solid board was running all the way down her back. Then he had two more of his lovelies bring chairs over and suspended the girl between the chairs. I wasn't overly impressed – after all, that's an old standby for hypnotists – even when he stood on the girl's stomach to prove his point. I should have known there would be more to it.

A stagehand brought him a shimmering silver cloth, which he draped over the girl's rigid body. Standing over her in the classic magician's pose, he held his hands out over her body and raised them up. As he did, the girl's body floated up off the chairs. The audience began to applaud, but he wasn't through yet – he waved his hands more, and the girl continued to float higher. As she did, we saw signs of her body beginning to move under the concealing cloth. The higher she rose, the more movement we saw. When she reached Suzerain's shoulder level, he held the microphone near her face and we could plainly hear her moaning in pleasure. He stepped back and mimed a pushing movement, and the girl rose even higher. Her moans became louder and her head began to rock back

and forth. She continued to rise, and to moan and squeal, until she was too high up to see clearly – only the reflecting light off the cloth, and the loud shrieks of passion, told us she was still up there. Finally after untold minutes she climaxed, howling loudly and thrashing about above us. As her bellowing faded, her body began to slowly sink back down to stage level. When she came to rest on the two chairs, she seemed to be asleep again. Suzerain had two assistants lift her up, still wrapped in the cloth, and stand her upright. Then, with a grand flourish, he whipped off the cover to reveal that the girl was dressed again in her original clothes. While the audience celebrated with loud applause, he woke her up with a snap of the fingers and sent her back to her seat.

Next was an Asian girl. He placed her in a tall cabinet that looked as if it was made from three stacked boxes in a frame. The front of the cabinet had a cartoon painting of a woman in a purple thong bikini exactly like the one the lady was wearing. Suzerain reached to a stagehand and took a large, flat steel plate. He showed it to the audience, letting the gleam of the spotlights reflect off it and flexing the metal to prove it was solid. Once he was satisfied we had all seen it, he guided the blade into a slot in the side of the stack at the neck level and pushed it through. He did the same at the second joint, just above the hips. Once both blades had been inserted, he pulled the middle section out to the side like an oversized drawer, leaving a big space where the girl's middle should be. Peekaboo doors on each section of the box were opened to show that not only were her parts still there, but they moved and reacted to his touch. He pulled off the bikini top from the middle section and played with her breasts; as he squeezed a nipple, the girl's face reacted with a look of ecstasy. When he pushed the cabinet back together and opened it, she was of course back together and dressed in her original clothes.

With his next assistant, he did a variation on the classic 'Metamorphosis' trick. His remaining two girls handcuffed him, tied him into a big sack, and locked him inside a large, ornate trunk. One of the girls – a cute blonde, although there were signs near the edges of her pink thong to indicate she wasn't a natural blonde – got up on the trunk with a curtain and raised it up over her head. Seconds later it fell to reveal Suzerain standing on top of the trunk. He opened the trunk, untied the top of the bag and pulled it down to reveal his blonde assistant, handcuffed, but wearing her own clothes.

His finale resembled something from the movie, "The Fly". Stagehands wheeled out two cylindrical chambers, each just large enough for an adult to get into. Into the left one he conducted his last remaining subject, closing the door and spinning a large wheel to seal the door (it looked like the closing mechanism from a submarine door). He stepped over to a large control panel in the center, punched a few keys, and pressed a large green button. The number 30 appeared in a huge LED display on the panel and then started counting down. As the numbers descended, Suzerain placed himself in the right side chamber. We saw the wheel spin clockwise as he secured the door.

When the clock reached zero, a blinding bolt of lightning shot between antennae on the roofs of the chambers and a huge boom was heard throughout the hall. Wisps of smoke appeared from underneath each chamber. The crowd fell silent enough that we could

hear a faint metallic creak as the wheel on the left side chamber turned counterclockwise. The door eased open and a cloud of fog poured out, followed by Suzerain himself.

He paused a moment to acknowledge the audience's applause, then opened the right side chamber. Out came the same cloud of fog, and with it a fully dressed volunteer. Suzerain bowed, accepting the audience's adulation, and then dismissed his final subject. He acknowledged the audience again with a wave of his hand, and then the stage went black.

We stayed at our table for a while after the show, talking about it. I don't remember much of the conversation, because most of the time I was only half paying attention. The other half was fixated on how hot Kendra had looked, first in her thong and then in the altogether. I kept seeing the dazed look on her face, her body frozen in that pose, her nipples poking out for all to see ... don't get me wrong, Annie's no slouch in the looks department and I'm not often left wanting in bed. But something about Kendra really got me hot that night. From the way Ted kept sneaking sideways looks at Annie, I had a feeling I wasn't the only guy at our table coveting his neighbor's wife. I saw Suzerain across the room, working the crowd, and wondered if he might be interested in a private performance.

As luck would have it, the girls got up then to go to the bathroom, leaving me alone with Ted. I got to the point right away.

"You know, Ted, I've been thinking," I said.

"Yeah?"

"We've been friends a long time. We've shared almost everything."

"Almost," he agreed, starting to look at me suspiciously. I think he saw where I was going.

"Kendra looked incredibly hot up there, buddy. I gotta confess, I got serious wood looking at her."

A lecherous grin stole over Ted's face. "Same here, looking at Annie. She's got a great bod."

Here goes nothing, I thought. "Suppose we could swap for one night," I proposed. "Would you be up for it?"

"Swap? You mean, you sleep with Kendra?"

"And you sleep with Annie. One night only, no questions, no tales."

"The girls would never go for that, Brian. No way in hell."

“One way, maybe,” I said, and pointed at Suzerain. Ted followed my finger, saw the magician there, and his eyes got real wide.

“Jesus H. Christ,” he said. “Do you think he’d do it?”

“Only one way to find out. If he says yes, are you up for it?”

Ted looked straight back at me. “Hell, yes!”

Figuring there’s no time like the present, I got up and buttonholed Suzerain between tables. We exchanged a few quick pleasantries and then I got to the point.

“My wife, and my friend’s wife, were part of your show tonight. We were wondering if you do any private sessions.”

His eyebrows rose. “You mean, therapy?”

“Not really. More in the line of fantasy fulfillment. Something my buddy and I would like to try, but it would take someone with your abilities to make it happen.”

“I understand,” he said, nodding sagely. “Something your wives might not necessarily agree to without ... persuasion.”

“Exactly,” I agreed. “We’d make it worth your while, of course.”

“Of course.” Something about his voice as he said that gave me a mild case of the willies. I looked up into his deep, almost black eyes but found no clue to his meaning. “Why don’t you bring your wives to visit me this evening in my stateroom? Room 11, in an hour perhaps?”

“Room 11, one hour. We’ll be there.”

Getting the girls to come with us turned out to be easier than I expected. We just told them we’d been invited to meet Suzerain later and they were on board, no questions asked. I wasn’t entirely sure I liked the way Annie’s eyes lit up at the mention of the guy’s name, but considering what we planned to do I couldn’t very well complain.

Exactly an hour later I knocked on the door to room 11, which was in the first class section of the ship. The door opened, but instead of the magician we were greeted by a naked woman. I started to stammer out some kind of apology, but she smiled at me and opened the door wider. “Please come in,” she said as if there were nothing out of the ordinary going on at all.

I took a look around. Ted was studying the girl unashamedly; Annie and Kendra were smiling and waiting for me to lead the way inside. They, too, seemed completely

unperturbed by the situation and that was weird. *But hey*, I thought to myself, *when in Rome...*

The room reminded me of a small apartment. Inside the door was a sitting area with a sofa, a couple of chairs, and a desk. The space turned off to the right into what I presumed would be the bedroom. Suzerain himself came into view from that area, his hands toying with his shirt buttons. Another young woman, a medium-skinned black girl with long hair who was also naked, followed him.

“Good evening,” he said in a casual voice. “I assume you remember Cherle and Trini.” I was about to confess that I didn’t when it hit me – these were two of the other volunteers from the show. Cherle was the woman he had levitated. Trini had been divided into thirds and reassembled. *And now*, I observed wryly, *he’s made their inhibitions disappear.*

“Yes, of course,” I said to cover my bewilderment. “Nice to see you both again.” That’s me, the brilliant conversationalist.

The magician offered us a seat, which we took, and a drink, which we declined. I took a chair, leaving the sofa for Ted and the girls. Suzerain dismissed his companions with a wave of his hand and they padded off to the other room.

Suzerain extended his hand to my wife. “Annie, isn’t it?”

“That’s right,” she replied, then nodded toward me. “This is my ...” She never finished the sentence – Suzerain kissed the back of her hand, and at that moment her eyes closed and her body collapsed into the couch. Kendra’s face took on a startled look as she stared at Annie. She turned her attention to the magician just in time to see him raise her own hand to his lips. She gasped and started to pull away, but the second his lips touched her she passed out.

I was impressed and aroused. Somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered if Cherle and Trini had innocently given him their hands as well. I noticed he was talking to them, telling them to just relax and drift and ignore anything they might hear until he touched them on the knee. Then he turned to me.

“As you can see, they are well under,” he said. “You can speak freely, they will remember nothing you say. What is it that you want them to do?”

Haltingly at first, I explained what Ted and I had talked about after the show. He didn’t seem at all surprised by the request.

“So you would each like to spend one night making love to your friend’s wife?” he restated.

“That’s it,” Ted agreed.

“And you feel certain they would not agree to this on their own?”

“Pretty certain. Kendra is very square normally; I’m surprised she didn’t wig out when that naked girl answered the door.”

“Yes, I remember she was quite reluctant at first,” the magician said. “Have you thought about what happens in the morning?”

“I have,” I answered. “I think the best thing would be if they remember nothing about it, just that they went to bed and slept all night. Can you do that?”

“Possibly,” he replied, “but I cannot guarantee success. It is very difficult to completely erase memory, especially of something as emotionally linked as what you have in mind. There’s also the question of the physical evidence that would still be present, and the fact that neither of them would be normally inclined to sleep with the other one’s husband. Your wives are very good subjects, but even for them that amount of deception is unlikely to succeed long-term.”

He had a point there. “Are you saying it can’t be done?”

“Not at all. I am merely saying that attempting to cover all memory of the event is unlikely to succeed.”

“Do you have a better idea? I get the feeling you’ve done this sort of thing before.”

Suzerain flashed a sly grin at me. “Once or twice,” he allowed. “I do have a good idea how to achieve what you want. When you leave here tonight, Kendra here will go with you, thinking that you are Ted. She will be feeling very amorous and will do anything you ask of her in bed. Annie will feel the same way, thinking that Ted is you. When they wake up in the morning, they will remember all of the details of the night’s activities, but Kendra will believe she was with Ted and Annie will believe she was with you. Does that sound acceptable?”

We thought about it for a minute, then Ted spoke up. “Won’t they freak out when they wake up in bed with the wrong guy?”

“Certainly, if you allow that to happen,” the magician answered. “To avoid that problem, keep things as close to normal for the women as you can. When you take Annie to bed, use her and Brian’s room. Brian, take Kendra to her and Ted’s room. When you have had your fill, tell your women to go to sleep. I will arrange it so that they will not wake up until at least seven o’clock no matter what they may hear. While they sleep, you two can switch beds and in the morning everything will seem normal.”

He certainly had all the bases covered. Ted and I both nodded.

“Very well. Watch closely, gentlemen.” Suzerain pulled his chair up closer to the two women and touched each one on the knee. He told them they were getting more and more relaxed, yielding completely to his will, going deeper and deeper, that kind of thing. It was boring and I lost track of it after a while, but eventually he moved into the territory we had discussed. He told Annie that when she woke, she would think and act as though Ted was actually me. Everything I said and did would seem perfectly normal to her, and she would feel a strong urge to go back to our cabin and make love in every way I ask. He told Kendra the same thing about me. He went over in great detail how they would find great sexual pleasure in fulfilling every request. He added that when we told them to sleep they would sleep uninterrupted until 7:00am, ignoring any sound or movement in the room. He seemed to have every detail covered.

Finally, he turned to me. “Is there anything else you wish to discuss before I wake them?”

“We should probably talk about your fee,” I suggested. “We never really set a price for this.”

Suzerain waved me off. “We can cover that tomorrow,” he said casually. “It will not be more than you can afford, I assure you.”

I shrugged. “Okay.”

The magician brought the girls up slowly, counting them up from ten, reminding them to follow all of their instructions. At ten their eyes flickered open. A warm, relaxed glow radiated from their faces. Kendra blinked a couple of times and then gave me a look so full of lust that I started getting hard right there. She put her arms out and stretched, slowly and sensuously, arching her back to better display the curves of her tits, and said, “It’s been lovely visiting, Mr. Suzerain, but I think I’m ready to call it a night. Honey?”

A lump rose in my throat – this was actually going to work! “Absolutely,” I agreed.

Suzerain had an amused smile on his face. “Of course,” he said smoothly, “I mustn’t keep you. Do have a pleasant evening.”

“We will,” Annie said, pressing her body up against Ted. “Right, dear?” Ted just nodded wordlessly, as if he didn’t trust himself to speak.

Kendra clung to me like ivy as we made our way back to the public area of the ship. When we reached the main deck, it was nearly deserted. So was the deck outside the main dining hall. I checked my watch and surprised to see that it was after 1:00 in the morning – how long had we been with Suzerain?? It was hard to think with Kendra’s body pressing against mine like that.

I made one minor mistake when we got to our rooms – out of habit, I pulled out my key and started toward my door on the left.

“Oh no you don’t,” Kendra objected, pulling me back toward her. “It’s bedtime for us.” She choked off any further discussion by putting a lip lock on me. Damn, she could kiss! I responded instinctively by running my hands down her sides and around to her butt, getting a nice handful of each cheek. “That’s more like it,” she said approvingly, and produced her own room key.

I took a guilty look back at Ted, but he was in no position to notice what I’d been doing with his wife – Annie had him backed up against the door and was rubbing his cock through his pants while she dug in her purse for her room key. Before I could react to that sight Kendra had an arm around my neck and was yanking me inside.

“Alone at last,” she sighed seductively, pressing her body against me in every way possible. “Where shall we begin?”

“Hold on,” I said, pushing her off me. I knew I was only going to get one shot at this; I wanted to savor it. I took a seat on the edge of the bed, took a deep breath, and decided how to start. “I want you to strip for me,” I said. “Do it nice and slow and sexy.”

Kendra’s face lit up. She took a couple of slow, easy strides forward to give herself room, then began to sway slowly and sensuously. Her hands ran themselves all over her body, feeling herself up through the smooth knit of her gray slip dress. She turned around and wiggled her ass at me while she slowly eased the zipper down in the back. She peeled the dress off gradually, one shoulder at a time, making constant eye contact as she turned this way and that, finally letting it fall to the floor and kicking it aside. Under the dress she was wearing a lacey black bra and fluted black bikini briefs. The contrast of the black lace against her white skin was delicious.

She teased me well, turning around again to let me watch her unhook the bra, but leaving it hanging for several minutes while she posed for me. When she finally slipped it off she continued to hold it against her breasts for a bit longer, then covered up with her hands some before finally giving me a good view of those delightful titties. Kendra switched into a lap dance, putting those perfect tits right up in my face then turning around and pressing her ass against me, giving me a good view of the panties and most of what lay underneath. I’d already seen it all on stage, but up close was still better – especially when she bent over and pulled down the panties, pressing her butt right up into my crotch as she did. I was so hard and ready I could have yanked my cock out and taken her right there. “How am I doing?” she asked teasingly, squeezing her butt cheeks around the lump in my pants.

“About 9.9,” I replied, relishing the view.

“Then I guess I’ll have to try *harder*.” In a flash she turned around, dropped to her knees, and started working at the closure on my pants. I let myself fall back onto the bed and lifted my ass a little as she slid my pants and underwear off, then let her suck me.

Kendra gave great head. She started out kissing my shaft, working her way up and down, then used her tongue to wet the whole thing before slipping it into her mouth. She took my full length into her, right to the base, with no sign of anything but pure enjoyment. I felt her sucking hard, then felt an almost agonizing thrill as she found my balls and started fingering them too. Dimly, it occurred to me that I hadn't brought any condoms with me (since Annie is on Depo-Provera, we don't need any); I wondered if Kendra was on the pill or anything. Letting her suck me off would be an honorable way to avoid problems later. But I wasn't ready to end it that soon – I wanted to get my hands on Kendra's body and do some exploring of my own. I waited until I was almost ready to burst, then told Kendra to stop.

Grabbing her under the arms, I pulled her up onto the bed next to me and rolled her onto her back. I wanted to taste those tits. The nipples were already stiff and swollen, and she had that faint pink glow that some women get when they're aroused. I wasted no time getting the nearest nipple into my mouth. As soon as I did, Kendra moaned loudly and threw her head back. I grabbed the other tit with my hand and started kneading it, rolling the nipple between my fingers as I sucked on the other. Kendra went nuts, panting and moaning and writhing under me. I worked harder, and after a few minutes I felt Kendra tense and release – she was getting off, and I hadn't even touched her between the legs yet.

I listened closely to her grunts, and when she seemed to be almost through I reached quickly into her slit and hooked a finger up inside her. I found her clit easily and put gentle pressure on it from above and from inside, massaging her mound in a circular motion. It worked – Kendra almost jumped off the bed as her body reacted by throwing her into another orgasm. This one lasted long than the first, partly because I kept rubbing in and around her slit while she convulsed under me. Listening to her get off was pushing me closer and closer to the edge too, so when she made a move to roll over on top of me I didn't resist her.

Kendra rose up and straddled me like a wrestler pinning an opponent, a look of pure animal hunger on her face. She grabbed my throbbing cock and jammed herself down onto it, squeezing tight. I pushed up to meet her and we established a rhythm of in and out. Her tits bounced in front of me, just out of reach. As the tempo picked up, she slowly bent over and lined us up for even deeper penetration. I could feel our pubic bones settling together. A few more strokes did it for me; everything else faded out for a few seconds as my cock jerked and fired, filling Kendra with my seed. She felt me coming inside her and pushed feverishly against my cock, bringing herself to another climax that continued well after my cock had gone still.

Even after that, she still had some energy left. She settled herself down on top of me, kissing my chest and stroking my body with her hands, purring like a well-fed cat all the while. I found myself stroking her back and fondling her hair as we basked in the glow of post-coital bliss. After a while I heard a quiet knock on the door. I rolled us over again, leaving Kendra on her back, and said, "Go to sleep now, Kendra."

She sighed happily and closed her eyes. I tiptoed over to the door and looked through the peephole: Ted was there, looking left and right down the hall. “Just a second,” I said, and quickly pulled on my pants.

“How was it?” he asked as I gathered up the rest of my clothes.

“Fantastic,” I said truthfully. “She’s a real tigress. You’re a lucky bastard, Ted.”

“You too,” he replied. “Annie is unreal.”

When I crept back to my own bed Annie was lying on her side, still naked and blissfully asleep. I crawled in next to her, kissed her gently on the cheek, and went to sleep.

Everything went exactly according to plan in the morning. Annie woke up in a glorious mood, looking and acting extremely well laid. Kendra had the same satisfied look when we met her and Ted for breakfast. They both made oblique remarks about how well they had slept, and what a great night it had been. Ted and I were on top of the world.

It was late in the afternoon before we saw Suzerain again. The four of us were sitting by the pool, sunning and reading cheap novels, when the magician walked up to us. His companion this time was a brunette, tall and busty, in a black neoprene swimsuit. She looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn’t quite place her. I knew she hadn’t been on stage the night before.

“Good afternoon,” Suzerain said in his smooth, pleasant voice. “I trust you had an enjoyable night?”

The girls flushed and giggled. Ted and I just grinned as Suzerain took the girls’ hands and kissed them. They fell asleep instantly at the touch of his lips, just as they had the night before. “Time to pay the piper, eh?” I said.

Suzerain seemed amused. “As you say,” he replied. “But I am remiss. Please allow me to introduce Darlene, my assistant.”

Darlene reached out and shook my hand. Immediately I felt my body go limp, as if someone had just flipped a switch and turned off the juice. I tried to shout to Ted, to warn him, but nothing came out. I saw Darlene take his hand too, and let it drop loosely. My eyes were incredibly heavy; I fought to keep them open, but failed.

“Actually, we met last night,” I heard a woman’s voice say, “but I doubt you remember. No matter. Your subconscious remembers and obeys. And tonight, my playthings, while your wives are servicing my teacher, you will obey me...”

-wg
3/19/00

Pleasure Cruise -- Predator

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

The thing that surprised me was how easy it had been. I mean, I know I'm good, but I thought I'd have to work harder. I didn't expect it to be handed to me.

When my buddy Suzerain told me about the cruise, I signed up right away. I could only afford a small inside cabin, but what the hell -- I knew I'd do better once I got on board. I'd worked hard, studied hard, working with Suzerain. Now it was going to pay off.

You have to take advantage of opportunities. You also have to believe things will happen. Now I knew I was going to have someone sucking me off within 24 hours of getting on the boat. I just didn't think it would be so easy.

Just after leaving Miami, I met these two guys, Tim and Dave in one of the lounges. Before long, I had them both asking me to hypnotize them. I did, taking them on the long, pleasant road. Like many others on this cruise, they'd read a lot about hypnosis, but never actually tried it. I was hard as I took them deeper, the visions of Tim sucking me off filling my mind. I left plenty of openings to use later, and brought them back up. They rushed off to their stateroom together. I laughed -- they'd be back.

I went around meeting other people. A few chicks gave me cold looks -- hey honey, spend half an hour with me, and that look will change. I almost had a chick named Sherri, but she didn't work out. She wasn't my type anyway.

I met Suzerain before dinner. His show was the next night. He asked how I was doing. I told him with a laugh that things were starting out fine. He asked if I was going to the show that night. I shrugged my shoulders -- it was some *domme*.

Suzerain gave me a very good clue. He told me she was very good, and I shouldn't care who I learned from. I should go, watch, and learn. That's what he was going to do.

That's what I did, and am I ever glad. Ursula, or whatever her name is, has a great body. Her voice is pretty good too. I can see her kneeling in front of me, begging me for it.

She is good, for a woman. I sat a little to the side so I could watch her closely. Suzerain told me that's the best place to watch from -- you can get a much better idea of what's going on than sitting straight on.

She did some simple things with a few chicks. I like Suzerain's show better, even if some places don't want him back. That's their loss.

But then it happened, and I knew what to do. She'd worked with this one chick, Carla. I could tell she had her fairly deep -- she had to keep bringing her up a little so she would stay standing and be responsive. Then that big blonde sent Carla back to her seat, to a round of applause from the crowd. I watched Carla intently, and after about thirty seconds, she got up slowly and headed for the door.

This was my chance. I followed her out onto the deck, while everyone else was still watching the show.

"Are you okay?" I asked, putting on my friendly face and voice as I walked up to her. She was leaning back against a pole.

She smiled, still a little glazed looking. Good. "Thanks -- I just needed some air," she told me with a smile.

I smiled and matched her as best I could. "That really looked like fun. I really envy you. How did it feel?" I asked her, mirroring her posture and breathing.

She smiled and closed her eyes. She was mine!

"Oh, it felt so good!" she sighed.

"Tell me how it felt," I asked again. I knew she was still highly suggestible, and all I needed to do was get her to remember it, and she'd be there again, back in trance.

She started describing how it felt, and I repeated some of her words, taking her deeper.

I stepped closer, and brushed her arm as I'd seen blondie do on stage, saying, "Deeper and deeper, relax deeper."

She sighed some more and leaned more into the pole. I was ready to catch her if she slipped. How did blondie take her back to her chair? There was a lounge a few feet away. I wanted her laying down.

"Let me help you sit down so you can relax deeper and deeper. Would you like that?" I asked.

She had a dreamy smile on her face and nodded yes. I helped her sit, and then got her legs up on the lounge. As I started leaning her back, she opened her eyes. I waved my hand in front of her face, just as blondie had done on stage, and said, "Deep trance," just as I'd heard before. It worked -- Carla's eyes dropped closed, and she practically fell back.

I pulled up a chair and went to work, deepening her trance. A little heavy in the hips, but good legs. Skinny arms and a pretty good rack. Her hair was medium length and a sort of mousy brown. Not a bad gift. Thanks, blondie!

I looked up after about ten minutes when I heard the door opening. Tim and Dave came out on to the deck. I held a finger up to my lips and smiled. They sat down on a lounge on the other side of Carla. I went into another deepener.

I glanced up at the end of that deepener, and saw that Tim was gone, and Dave wasn't far behind. I glanced at my watch. The show should be over soon, and this spot wouldn't be private. We could go forward about fifty yards or so though, and be in a very nice quiet and secluded spot.

"Now still staying very relaxed, we're going to go for a short walk, and go to the most peaceful place you've ever been, one where you can really let go, and go sooo deeeep for me. Would you like that?"

Carla and Tim both replied, "Yes." Dave looked surprised, shaking himself a little. I grinned at him and motioned him to help Tim stand.

I talked to them as we made our way forward a bit. I even closed one of the little gates behind us to give us some more privacy. Most people are sheep, and wouldn't think of opening it once it was closed. I put Carla back on a lounge, and sat Tim in a chair. This was going to be fun. Dave was almost there, and I knew how to get him the rest of the way.

I pulled him over to the rail. "Hey, is this hot, or what?" I asked him.

He was still a little confused, about halfway in the bag. He nodded though.

“You want to be able to do this to Tim?” I asked him

He grinned and nodded.

“Good,” I told him as I led him over and put him in a chair facing Tim.

“What you need to do is learn the signs. Concentrate on him. Watch his breathing and his body position. Do what he does,” I whispered in Dave’s ear. “Breathe like he does. Watch what he does carefully, and follow what he does, and listen carefully.”

I patted Dave on the back and sat down on the other side of Carla.

I went into another induction/deepener. Partway though I glanced up and saw Dave had dropped.

I decided what I wanted to do. Carla needed more work, but I needed to get off -- now. I deepened the three of them a little more, and told them anything they heard would just take them deeper, and any erotic sounds they heard would just make them more and more horny. They wouldn’t respond to anything until I touched them and called them by name.

After I got agreement on that, I went over to sweet cheeks Tim. I put my hand on his shoulder, and whispered to him.

In no time, Tim was giving me the best blow I’d had in a long, long time. He was good, taking in most of me, and swallowing all I gave him.

When I recovered, I sat him down again. I put a hand on Dave and woke him gently. As I did, I helped him forget to consciously remember what we’d just done. With him sort of awake, I turned to Tim again, putting a hand on him.

I gave Dave a grin, then said to Tim, “Now Tim, whenever someone says ‘Deep trance, sweet cheeks,’ you will go into a deep, pleasant trance, and know that your pleasure will increase the more you do whatever you’re asked to do. The more you obey, the better it feels. And you love to make Dave and I happy, don’t you?”

Sweet cheeks smiled and nodded. I grinned at Dave again, and he nodded enthusiastically. I brought Tim up, and he and Dave scampered off.

See you later, guys, I thought as I returned to Carla.

I started working on her more. I touched her tits, and she moved a little and started to come out of it. I backed off immediately and worked around that minor problem. I knew I wanted to take it slow -- at first -- and let her come around to things. It would work better that way. It took another ten minutes or so, but I was stroking her breasts and she was moaning with pleasure.

I walked her back inside, and left her. She'd find me in the morning, and be excited about having me hypnotize her again.

I think I went to one of the bars and joined my friend Suzerain and his assistant for a drink. I don't remember. It had been a long day. I must have had a drink, because I had a funny taste in my mouth when I woke up the next morning, and my neck was a little sore. I got something to eat at the buffet, and went out on the promenade deck to watch the world go by, and wait for Carla to find me.

She found me a little after ten, and it was funny. She didn't quite remember me. We talked about the show last night. She told me she'd had some wild dreams last night, and she really wanted to be hypnotized again. When I suggested I could do it, oh she reacted well. She blushed a little, her tits perked up, and her shoulders went down a bit. I suggested we could do it right where we were on deck, and she suggested we could go someplace more private.

She had a better stateroom than I did -- an outside cabin. She was here with her girlfriend, who was off doing yoga or some such silly thing. They'd agreed to respect the "Do not disturb" sign on the door.

We sat across from each other on the edges of the small beds. I asked her what she'd like to do once hypnotized, and she blushed a little more and gave me a sexy laugh.

I had her relax on her back, and started a normal induction, even though I expected I could drop her very quickly. She was wearing a simple top and shorts today. I quickly got her deeper than I'd had her last night. It was amazing the way her legs fell open as she really relaxed.

I'd already started her down the path, telling her how erotic it felt to be hypnotized. I'd learned the hard way not to say "hot." I got her very aroused, and very comfortable with me. Then I brought her up, confusing things on the way so she'd only remember the pleasure of the experience.

I paused on the way up, to give me time to get composed. Even though I could smell her arousal, I needed to calm down. I sat back against the wall, folding my legs under me, then brought her up all the way.

"How was that?" I asked her as she rolled to her side, and then up to sitting.

She gave me a very sexy look. "That was great. But you didn't..."

I gave her my best shocked look. "I couldn't..." I said.

And she did exactly what I wanted her to do. She got off the bed and came over to me, came on to me, saying, "Well, I can."

She grabbed me and we rolled around on the small bed together. She responded very well to the suggestions I'd given her, getting more and more aroused as I ran my hands over her. She ripped the clothes off both of us, and pulled me into her.

I hit all her buttons, and had her moaning and thrashing under me. She came a couple of times before I couldn't hold it back any more and pumped into her. She was still aroused, and I wanted to rest, so I eased her into trance again and anchored the glowing state she was in -- that's the state she would associate with my presence.

We barely made it to lunch in time. "God, that was so good!" she moaned in my ear, holding on to me as we walked into the dining area. Her hands were all over me during lunch. We sat with sheep at lunch. I told them to be sure and catch Suzerain's show tonight. Afterwards, walking out, I asked her, "What would you like?"

She snuggled up closer and told me, "Hypnotize me again, and make me come like I've never come in my life."

I went meek and innocent on her, and got her to beg for it. Her stateroom had the "Do not disturb" sign on it, so we went down to mine. Inside, I asked her again, "Are you sure you want to do this?" She threw me on the bed and started to undress me. When we were both undressed, she pulled me on top of her and said, "Now hypnotize me again, please!" I took her into trance quickly, and brought her to the edge of orgasm, which she wouldn't have until I came deep inside her.

She flipped me on my back and fucked my brains out. When I started dumping my load into her, she screamed and shook on top of me, then collapsed.

I'd told her she would do anything to please me, taking her deeper and deeper, and eventually letting both of us drift off to sleep. I woke up to her running her hands over me, and then taking me between her tits. She sure knew how to push my buttons -- Pretty soon I was on the edge again, and she took me in her mouth to finish the job. Then she scooted up the bed and held me to her and I went to sleep again.

We took a quick shower, and I got my swim suit so we could relax by one of the pools. We stopped by her stateroom, and almost went at it again as she was changing into her suit, but the cleaning service interrupted us.

I was getting thirsty up by the pool a while later, when I saw Tim. I didn't see Dave nearby, so I walked up behind Tim, and with nobody watching, put him quickly

into trance, suggesting he'd notice me, and come over and offer to buy us drinks. I walked away.

I was getting annoyed when he finally walked over, with Dave. Carla and I were sitting in the spa. Whenever I had my hand on the back of her neck, she got that really well fucked feeling, and it looked really good on her. I introduced her to them, and Tim offered to buy us drinks. Carla wanted a piña colada; I wanted a tequila sunrise. When Tim walked away, I asked Dave how things had been going. He laughed and said, "Great." Then he told Carla, "Anton taught me how to hypnotize him." Anton was the name I was using, as in Anton Mesmer.

Carla gave me a look, and said, "Oh did you now..."

I got an idea. I stroked the back of her neck. She sighed and purred. "How would you like to hypnotize Tim and make him do whatever you wanted?" I whispered in her ear.

She laughed, and turned to nuzzle me and whisper in reply, "Like, hypnotize him and have him eat me until I melt?"

I laughed and gave her a squeeze. "If that's what you'd like."

"That sounds like fun. But where's my drink?"

I looked around. Tim was still standing at the bar. I leaned over and whispered, "He's getting them. Deep trance, deep trance for me."

She sighed and I had to hold her head so she wouldn't go under water. I told her that every time she came, she'd slip back into a deep, wonderful trance, going deeper than she'd been before. I reinforced that a little, then brought her up as Tim came over with our drinks.

We sat in the spa with our drinks, and Tim and Dave sat on the edge, their feet in the water. Dave was eyeing Carla. Good. Tim was still kind of blissed out. I could help Dave do that, do the same thing that I'd done with Carla.

When we finished our drinks, I said, "So, anyone interested in some hypno fun?"

They all seemed interested. Dave and Tim had a cabin on the same deck as Carla, so we went there. They wanted a little time to clean up, so Carla and I agreed to wait five minutes at the end of the hall.

When they'd walked away hand in hand, I turned to Carla and sat her down in one of the chairs. "Here's what you do with Tim. You look him in the eyes, give him your soft sexy smile, and then say 'Deep trance, sweet cheeks.' You may have to repeat it a couple of times, but say it as seductively as you can, and he'll go under."

She laughed. I could tell she was getting really aroused. “Then what do I do.”

“Then you tell him what you want him to do. You have to be careful, though, because the mind is very literal. For instance, you don’t tell him to get hot when he sees your pussy, ‘cause you don’t want him breaking into a sweat whenever he sees your cat.”

She laughed again. “So I should tell him I want him to kiss his way up my legs, and then make passionate love to me with his tongue?”

I nodded. I don’t munch rug. “That will work just fine. You could also add that he wants to do that, and it makes him feel so good to do that.”

“Okay, I get it. And you’ll be there to help?” she asked.

I smiled. “Once you’ve got him under, I thought Dave and I would step outside for a while.”

“Thank you,” she said, “But you can watch if you want to.”

“We’ll think about it,” I told her.

We walked down to their stateroom and went in. Carla sat on the edge of the bed, and pulled Tim down to his knees in front of her. He was looking in her face with expectation when she said it. The second time she said it, as she ran her hands along his face, he sighed and went under. She gave him a very good description of what she wanted him to do, then looked up at Dave and I. Both of us were hard. She stood and started slipping out of her swimsuit.

I took Dave’s shoulder and said, “We’ll be outside for a bit. Enjoy.”

I took him outside quickly. He started to protest, but I interrupted him.

“Fifty bucks and I’ll hypnotize her and she’ll do whatever you want.”

“What?” He was stunned.

I repeated my offer. “But if you want to fuck her, you have to use a condom.” I didn’t want to pick up anything nasty.

Dave shook his head for a bit, considering what he’d heard, then asked, “You mean it?”

I smiled and nodded. He got out his wallet and handed me the money. I don’t think I’m going to have to buy drinks any more. I might even make money on this trip.

I pocketed the cash and opened the door. "Let's go," I told him.

When we walked back in, Tim was munching away. Carla was on her back, her legs around his head, playing with her nipples. She saw me, moaned and shuddered, and I saw her eyes start to close and her hands slip away from her tits. I quickly went to her side and started stroking her arm. "Deep trance, deep trance," I repeated.

I looked for Dave. He emerged from the little bathroom with a grin on his face and a wrapped condom in his hand. I stood up and went over to him. Tim was munching away, and Carla was moaning softly, deep in trance.

"What do you want?"

"I want to do her doggy style," he said.

"In the ass?" I wanted to be the first one to take her in the ass.

"No," he shook his head, "from behind."

I nodded and started arranging things. First I took Tim aside, putting him on the floor in the corner, deep in trance. Then I talked Carla onto all fours, getting her aroused, thinking I was going to do her again. By that time Dave was naked except for his condom. He moved towards Carla.

As he got on the bed and moved to her, I ran a hand up his naked back to his neck, saying, "Deep trance Dave; deep trance." He almost fell over. I quickly had him ready to go. He'd enjoy it immensely, and want to do it again and again. I guided him along, having her come when he did. She collapsed deeper into trance, and I took him off and set him in the corner with Tim.

I thought about waking her, but slipped off my trunks and slid into her as she was. She was quite wet and still tight. I whispered in her ear and brought her up far enough to be responsive, and rode her to a good one.

After I cleaned up, I got Dave up and cleaned up, then Carla. I was about to leave with Carla when she looked over at Tim, who was curled up on the bed, still out of it.

"Doesn't he get any fun?" she asked.

"What would you like?" I asked her.

She stuck her head in the bathroom and came out with a bottle of Astroglide and a small towel. She went over to Tim and started whispering in his ear. She got him sitting on the edge of the bed, and slipped his shorts and boxers off. Then she woke him.

He looked around, dazed. She'd brought him up quickly. He realized he was half naked and started to move, but Carla put a hand on his knee and looked him in the eye.

"What's the matter, sweet cheeks? Would you like to come for me, sweet cheeks?"

I couldn't believe it. She was spreading lube on one hand as she talked to him. He was starting to breathe hard. She started stroking him, looking him in the eyes. "I want you to feel good too, sweet cheeks. But this is taking you back into trance, and when you come for me, you're going to drop so deep into trance for me, aren't you? Oh yes you are, sweet cheeks. Come for me and go into a deep trance. Oh so good, and oh so close now. Oh yes, sweet cheeks, oh yes, come for me."

He was breathing hard. We all were. He didn't take his eyes off her. Neither did we. As he came, his eyes were about half closed, and she started taking him deeper into trance. I almost laughed -- she was saying the same words I'd said to her.

She eased him to his back and wiped her hands with the towel, which she handed to Dave. Then she took my arm. "Now we can go. I need another drink."

We walked out into the corridor, and she pushed me against the wall and kissed me. "I want you again!" she panted.

"I thought you wanted a drink?" I asked with a laugh.

We got another drink, and fooled around again before dinner. She was going under for me now very nicely.

We had a good dinner, and walked around afterwards, nuzzling and fooling around. I wanted to get a good seat for Suzerain's show.

We got good seats, and he put on a hell of a show. When he asked for chicks to volunteer, Carla's hand shot up. So did a number of others. I knew how he worked -- the chicks he picked were ones he'd been working with most of the day, and would probably be working with most of the night. On his way through the crowd picking "volunteers," he walked by our table. Carla looked up at him, and I ran my hand up her neck and squeezed gently. Her head fell forward as she dropped into trance. Suzerain gave me a thumbs-up.

He put on a hell of a show. The crowd really liked it the first time he brought them out in their bikinis. The bottoms were so small that everyone could tell the one blonde chick wasn't really a blonde!

I was wondering which ones he would keep for the evening. As two other chicks helped cut the oriental one into thirds, he was whispering in her ear, and she let out a

moan like she was having a really good one. I squeezed Carla a little. How long would it take me to get her doing that?

And when he passed his hands over the black chick as she was floating in the air, you could tell she was cumming, and loving every moment of it.

When he turned them loose at the end of the show, and they stepped off the stage still half in trance, I guess he'd take the oriental, the black chick, and maybe the redhead. I knew the trigger phrases he used most of the time, and I thought about going after the not-so-blonde when Carla stuck her tongue in my ear.

We made it back to my place and had a lot of fun. We even made it to breakfast in the morning.

After breakfast, she'd stepped off somewhere for a moment, and Dave came up to me, with another geeky guy at his side.

"I want to do her again," Dave said.

"So do I," said his friend.

"Who the fuck are you?" I demanded, acting highly offended.

He was a hetero buddy of Dave's, here with his girlfriend. The girlfriend walked up with a wiggle in her hips. She was on the thin side, not my type, but what the hell. I liked the look on her face.

She said, "I want in as well." She put her arm around the boyfriend. "He can have her from behind while she eats me."

I gave them a blank look. "I've never hypnotized you before."

The guy said, "What?" He looked to Dave. "He's hypnotized you?"

Dave smiled and nodded. "Yup, and it was great. He did it to me again when I did her yesterday. What a trip."

"A hundred for the two of you, if you go under well enough," I told them.

The gal rubbed her boyfriend's back. "Oh, we will." Money quickly changed hands. At this rate, I could pay for the cruise.

Carla walked back, and draped herself over me, nuzzling my ear.

"Feel like some fun?" I asked.

She stuck her tongue in my ear and ran a hand down to the front of my pants.

“What cabin are you guys in?” I asked the newcomers.

“A70,” the gal said. First class -- more room.

“Shall we?” I suggested.

The two of them went down pretty easily -- they’d been hypnotized before. Dave was dropping quickly now as well. He wanted the same ride as before, and got it. I let the other two watch, more or less awake. I was getting into it, and gave both Dave and Carla a better ride. After Dave cleaned up, I quietly gave him the suggestion to always offer to buy me a drink whenever he saw me. I also told him to be very careful and selective about who he told about this deal. Then I sent him off.

I took the other two back into a light trance and gave them one hell of a trip. I gave them the same instructions afterwards, about wanting more and being very careful about talking to people.

But I was still hot, and here we were with a larger bed. I parked the two of them off to the side for a bit, and then got Carla aroused again, and had her ride me again. She was wild! She rode me, kissed me, squeezed me, and milked me for every last drop.

We barely made it to lunch. Dave was with Tim again, and they bought us drinks. After lunch, Carla was ready to go again, so I took her back to my stateroom for the afternoon.

I was loafing by the pool that afternoon when a guy came up to me and gave me a fresh beer.

“Thanks,” I told him. “What can I do for you?” He was wearing a tank top, shorts, sandals, and a big fucking Rolex on his wrist.

He told me he’d heard I had some interesting action, and was interested.

I gave him my offended routine. He told me he was traveling with the couple from the morning. I looked at his Rolex again. “Hundred bucks, and I hypnotize you first -- that’s another fifty.”

He nodded. “You’re on.”

I got his cabin number -- another first class cabin. I told him to watch from off to the side and I’d let him know.

When Carla came back, I asked if she wanted some fun. She said she just wanted to rest that afternoon, with me, so I slid my hand up her neck and helped her “rest.” We headed to first class country a few minutes later.

While Carla was on the bed tranced out, I worked on the guy. Man, he was hard to get under. He was a stockbroker, and hard to work with. I finally remembered some of the confusion tricks Suzerain taught me. That worked and I finally got the guy to go under. It took a while to get him deeper as well. I finally brought Carla part of the way up, and had her telling him, “deeper and deeper,” as she stroked his body with her hands. That worked pretty well.

This guy was weird. He was hard to get under, and then hard to get hard! But once I got Carla going, and gave her the idea she needed him to come inside her, he got going, and she rode him to good ones for both of them.

Man, after that, I was beat. We went back out by the pool and both of us snoozed in the shade, only waking up when Tim came by to see if we wanted drinks.

I was thinking about that broker dude at dinner, when the wine guy showed up with this bottle of some fucking fancy champagne for the two of us. He handed me a card. It was from the broker dude, and he wanted to talk. The stuff was pretty good -- I've got to admit that.

I spotted him at a table not too far from us and went over to him. If he wanted it again, it was going to cost him -- he was hard to work with. Without asking, he gave me two hundred for a repeat scene the next morning.

And that's the way it's gone for three days now, or has it been four? It's been quite a money maker, and I've had a lot of fun. Carla's still my main squeeze, but I've picked up another gal as well. I've put on some wild scenes. One gal rode me so well -- she did it so slowly and sensuously -- she really blew my mind. When they came back for a repeat, after her husband did Carla, I had her teach Carla how to ride me that way.

Business is so good I make sure people don't tell anyone else about it. And then tonight, I went by my cabin, and what did I find? A personal invitation! I've won a chance to attend a “Private” show given by the blonde gal from the first night! I wanted to take Carla, but there's only room for six.

I guess I'll give her the afternoon off tomorrow. She said she wants to see Nassau. And, she's still walking a bit funny from that one guy taking her in the ass. I'm going to charge double for that now, and make sure they use plenty of lube. I had to give her the night off! Well, with others at least. I may have to use the blonde with the broker dude in the morning. Hell, once I get him under, I could probably get him to do a towel and he wouldn't know the difference. I expect to have Carla myself tonight. Maybe the blonde would be good. Maybe both? We've still got quite a few days left! Got to make it last!

FINI
Rev 10/7/2000

Pleasure Cruise -- Predator
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
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Pleasure Cruise -- Prey

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I was so mad when I found out, and madder at Samantha's initial reaction.

"Samantha, this creep is using her!" I yelled.

"So?" she replied calmly, "How is that different from what you're doing with Carl?"

That really burned me. She was helping me learn, teaching me so much, so I could go back and melt Andy in my arms. But this?

"It's got nothing to do with it! For one, I asked Carl if he wanted to be my toy. And, I'm not going around selling him to anyone that walks up. We take very good care of Carl. He's sweet. I'm even.... But that's not the point! I'm asking you for help with this creep! He's hypnotized Carla, and he's using her! I found her crying in our room, and her panties had blood on them! Do I have to go to the Captain with this?"

Samantha sat up at that. "He's abusing her?"

I sat down and tried to calm myself. I was so furious. "I know he's selling her, and using her himself. I've heard that from other people. And I know someone hurt her. She was crying."

“So she told you?” Samantha asked me.

I shook my head. “I don’t know what to call it. It was like she was still in a trance. Once I figured that out, I could talk to her some, and get her to respond. But he’s told her not to say anything to anybody. I got her to tell me her bottom hurt, and I saw the blood stains, and then she started crying ‘No, no, no,’ again. It was all I could do to get her to relax again and forget I’d been there.”

Samantha’s jaw was firm now, and she had a cold look on her face. “Okay. I’m sorry. Rhonda, really -- I’m sorry the way I responded. We’ll take care of it, I promise you.”

“How?”

Samantha looked at me. “I need to talk to a couple of people. We will take care of it. We will do whatever we can. I promise you we will fix this bastard, and good. It looks as if we have a couple of them on board. It’s to be expected I guess.”

“But not with my roommate and my friend!” I said, now on the verge of tears.

She came over and sat with me, comforting me. I recognized when she started rocking me, speaking softly to me. “No!” I said loudly. Then softer, “Not now, please.”

She held me quietly for a while, rocking me. “I understand,” she said softly. “It’s like any other tool. You love Andy and wouldn’t hurt him. You are so sweet with Carl. We’ll fix this bastard, I promise you. I need to go, now. Give me your room key.”

I gave her my key and she left. I held a pillow and cried. Was what I was doing fair to Carl? Would it be fair to Andy? But oh God, it feels so good, and the look on Carl’s face...

At dinner that night, Carl could tell something was wrong. He’d had a great time on his scuba trip in the afternoon, but could tell something was bugging me.

“Rhonda,” he said, “come back to my cabin. Let me take the frown off your face. I don’t like it.”

I almost cried. I didn’t look for the creep, or for Carla, at all. But as dinner was almost finished, Samantha walked over to us and knelt down by my side.

“Stay on board tomorrow. We’ll know later tonight, but I think we’ll fix our problem tomorrow afternoon.”

“Can I be there?” I asked.

She squeezed my shoulders. "You bet, honey. Take good care of Carl tonight -- he's worried about you."

She stood up and walked away, but as she did, she brushed Carl's neck with a hand, almost sending him toppling over.

I helped him sit back up. He gave me a sheepish grin, and whispered in my ear, "I love when you do that to me. Please don't stop."

I looked at him and smiled. He looked like such a cute puppy -- so sweet, trusting, and innocent.

Walking with him on deck afterwards, it still bothered me. It bothered me a lot. I stopped and looked at him.

"Rhonda, I don't know what happened this afternoon. I'm sorry I wasn't here. Let me make it better. Let me help."

I shook my head. Such feelings roiling inside me!

"Carl -- do you understand what I'm doing to you, with you? I'm using you, and when this cruise is over, I'm going to walk away from you!" Could I, really?

But he smiled. "I know. Use me, please! Hold me, squeeze me, take me to that wonderful place, and use me however you want. I love the way you use me! I'm your toy, remember? Play with me. That's what toys are for."

He got down on his knees in front of me, holding my hands and looking up to me. What an adorable puppy he is.

I heard a woman's voice say, "Well, that's a good sign," and heard someone else laugh. I didn't stop looking at Carl. He took my hands and put them on the sides of his head. He looked to me with such adoration. "Rhonda, take me please. Take me and play with me."

I looked down to him. How lucky I am. I exhaled and squeezed his head gently. He moaned softly and I watched his eyes drift closed. "Carl," I whispered, "Tonight I need a strong man to hold me, protect me, and make gentle and passionate love with me."

I pulled him to his feet and we kissed. I felt his arms go around me and hold me, gently but strongly. I hope we wouldn't be missing a good show tonight. I don't think we're going to make it.

We didn't make the main show. We went back to his cabin and he went down on me so well. He had me in another world, so delirious. And when I didn't think I could

come again, he was inside me, filling me, on top of me and holding me so well, and his coming deep inside me, filling me, pushed me over the edge again.

“Come on, sleepy head,” he said as he tried to get me up.

“Is it morning?” I asked him. It looked damned dark out still.

He laughed. “No. We can still make Rob and Toni’s show. Come on. I’ll buy you dessert afterwards.”

I held on to him for a bit, but could tell he really wanted to go. I thought about dropping him into trance and taking him to sleep in my arms, but this was something he wanted. I got up and managed to get more or less presentable.

We managed to walk into the small lounge where Rob and Toni held court after the main show just before people started filing in. We got a good table, and settled in.

The area filled up quickly. After the first few nights, this was becoming quite an event. I heard that they’d been offered a larger area to work with, but so far they’d turned that down, preferring to work in the smaller, more intimate space.

Rob and Toni came in. They looked so happy together. That’s what I wanted for Andy and I.

They let people settle, waited for drinks to be ordered and served. As usual, they had many offers from people to buy drinks for them.

Toni stood up behind her husband and started speaking. She’s got such an amazing voice. Some times when she speaks, you just want to curl up in her voice, it’s so warm and cozy.

Tonight though, she started out, “This is going to be an unabashed plug for our seminar tomorrow morning on combining hypnosis with massage. It will be in the aerobics room, right after Roger’s very popular yoga class.” I saw Roger raise his glass to a murmur from the crowd.

Toni put her hands on Rob’s shoulders and applied some pressure. Rob sort of groaned and let his head go forward.

“Those of you here with a partner, one of you stand up so you can practice with me,” Toni went on. I was surprised when Carl got up quickly and stood behind me.

“A lot of us carry a great deal of tension in our shoulders and necks. Mister Wonderful certainly does. Right there honey?” She pushed on a spot on Rob’s back and he moaned a little, then started bouncing one leg up and down a little, mimicking a dog reacting to being scratched in just the right spot. We laughed.

“Feel your partner’s shoulders gently now, and look with your fingers and hands for those tight spots.” I felt Carl’s warm hands on me, going along my upper back and shoulders. Oh, he found a good spot -- so tight.

“Our society seems to put emphasis on men’s chest and shoulders. If you notice, a lot of men seem to carry themselves and their egos in their chests and shoulders. My Chinese Medicine friends think this is very silly, harmful even -- stagnating all that energy. No wonder men get so tight. They should let that energy flow down, evenly. Oh, is that good, dear?”

“And as for the ladies, we develop tension as well, some of us from carrying our, ah, blessings, without the proper support.” That got a laugh, although I was relaxing very nicely under Carl’s soft stroking.

“A good massage therapist can release this tension working from the outside, although it may take deep pressure with an elbow. Let’s see how we can release this tension working from the inside, and using far less pressure.”

She started weaving her spell. It’s funny; I’m getting so used to being hypnotized. Sometimes when Samantha hypnotizes me, I don’t remember much at all, or only feelings and sensations. Other times, especially when I’m supposed to be learning something, I remember everything with crystal clarity. This time I was sort of in between.

I remembered what to do generally, and I remember some of her language. I especially liked her talking about working with men and getting them to shift all the tension and stiffness to a part of their body where it would be useful!

All my tension melted away in Carl’s hands, and I woke to his gentle embrace and a soft warm kiss. There was gentle laughter in the lounge, and applause once again for Toni and Rob.

We visited the dessert bar, and afterward, in Carl’s cabin, I was still hungry -- but for him. He sighed as he undressed, and told me he wasn’t sure how well he could do so soon.... I told him to leave that to me.

I got him on the bed on his stomach, and started massaging his back. I combined what Samantha and Toni had taught me, taking him into trance, finding tension and stiffness, and moving it to where it could and did give us both a great deal of pleasure.

The next morning when I awoke, though, the other memories were back. Had Carla spent another night with that creep? Or worse?

Carl and I had a light breakfast together. Carl was off to see Nassau. I met Samantha in the Yoga class. She came in a bit late, and gave me a smile.

After class, we got a chance to talk. I started asking questions, and she interrupted me.

“Rhonda, everything is going according to plan. You are going to stay for the seminar with Rob and Toni. I want you to work with Mike.” She told me Mike’s key phrases, and told me she wanted me to let him practice on me as well. She’d collect me after lunch, and that I wasn’t to worry.

I didn’t know if I was going to cry or scream, but we sat in a corner of the room and she held me for a bit, then started rocking me and speaking softly, and this time I let go to her.

The class was dreamy. Or, I was in a dream through the class. But it was very good. Mike will make someone a fine catch. I still think his girlfriend Jane is a bubblehead. Rob and Toni gave me very nice hugs at the end of class. Toni whispered in my ear that everything would work out.

At lunch, a waiter handed me a piece of paper. I unfolded it to find I’d won an invitation to a private hypnosis show at two that afternoon. I smiled and showed it to some of the people at my table. I didn’t recognize the cabin number, but one of them did, and was quite envious -- it was Mistress Ursula’s, the hypno-Domme in the show the first night. I very quickly started getting offers of a lot of cash (and other things) in exchange, but I folded the paper and slipped it into my bra. I wouldn’t miss this for the world, I told people.

I showed up at the appointed time. I recognized the guy who opened the door -- Allen, Ursula’s toy from that first show. He looked at my invitation and let me in. I saw the creep there, already sitting down, but didn’t pay attention to him for some reason. Allen’s wife was there as well. I didn’t recognize the other couple, but both of them were tall, and looked to be in very good shape -- hired muscle just in case? Where was Samantha?

There were only the six of us, in two rows of three chairs. The creep was in the front row, farthest from the door, with Allen and his wife next to him. Behind the creep were the muscle couple, and I was on the end closest to the door.

Ursula did some very erotic demonstrations with Allen and his wife. I went into my recording mode for that. Then she told us the next part involved all of us being hypnotized. I felt better. Ursula has another one of those strong, soft, comfy voices, and I let go to her.

We started off going to soft, peaceful places, so relaxing. After a while, things shifted, and I was watching some movies. I didn’t like them -- they weren’t nice. People were being hurt and abused. I didn’t like the way the movies ended, either. I went back to that soft, tranquil place for a while.

I woke up on Samantha's bed. She was sitting beside me.

"What happened? Is it over with? Where is the bastard?" I demanded.

She smiled. She told me what had been happening. Carla was supposed to go on the day tour of Nassau, but had been intercepted by the ship's doctor early in the morning. Ursula had worked with her for a while, and then Toni and Rob took over after their seminar. Samantha told me Carla had been helped by the best.

I still wanted to know about that bastard. Still with a smile, she told me Carla had been checked and treated by the doctor as well.

"What's been done to that creep?" I demanded, again.

Samantha told me he was being taken care of. That wasn't good enough for me. I wanted to rape the bastard with an old broom handle, then throw him overboard and let him walk back to Miami -- with the broom handle still in place.

Samantha tried to explain to me that wasn't the way, to repay in kind, and it wasn't my role in this dance. She told me I needed to learn to reply in kindness, not in kind. We argued about that for a while, until there was a knock on the door.

It was Ursula, and she looked as if she'd been through hell. She looked hot and sweaty, a little red. When she started talking, a sewer was more like where she'd been. She'd spent the last two hours working on the bastard, with help from Rob. Carla was still with Toni and the ship's doctor.

The "private show" had indeed been a ruse to get him, and get him off guard. It had worked very well. He would never do this to anyone again. All the money he'd made, and any money he had, was going to Carla. Ursula and other professionals on board would be contacting the clients he'd developed. He had two other victims he'd been abusing; those people would be helped. To some others they'd be offering help, and others they'd just be telling the game was over. Carla and the other victims would not be bothered again.

Ursula could probably tell from my looks that I still wanted blood. She told me he would get what he deserved. He'd taken money from some people for future sessions -- sessions which would never happen. Those people were going to be upset. He was going to learn just how small this cruise ship could be. Then she gave me a smile that sent chills down my spine, and told me that some other things had already happened to him as well.

I mumbled something about hoping it hurt. She told me it would, and then sighed. She told both of us that in spite of all that he'd done, he'd actually helped a couple of people, and had helped one individual get over a significant problem.

Then she turned to me and asked, "I understand you've learned quite a bit on this cruise. What path are you going to take?"

I leaned back against the wall with a sigh. It was all so confusing. The look on Allen's face in that first show -- the look on Carl's face when I held him -- remembering the look of peace on Andy's face when I held him -- that incredible sensation of peace and tranquility, floating in trance. Then the pain on Carla's face, seeing the blood stains on her panties, knowing only a little part of what had been done to her, and being so upset. I looked at Samantha, and Ursula. They'd both been through this. They'd taken this problem on. They could have ignored it. But they didn't.

"Thank you," I said, with emotion in my voice. "Thank you for helping Carla, and helping me. I don't know how to thank you enough."

Ursula smiled. "A tool is just that -- a tool. How are you going to use your new tools?"

I shook my head. "I don't know if I ever will...."

Samantha spoke up. "You will, and you will use them well. You don't know how you feel about Andy, but you've told me. He's going to be a very happy man."

I smiled to them a little. "So how is Carla doing?"

Ursula managed a little smile. "I stopped in on her on the way over here. We went through the worst part this morning. She's going to be emotionally bruised for a while, but I believe she'll get over it. You'll need to help. We'll continue to work with her, and others."

I shook my head.

Ursula said, "No, she doesn't blame you at all. She blames herself, which is just as bad and just as wrong. If anyone is to blame, it's me, for leaving people vulnerable to such things."

Samantha and I both shook our heads. Ursula smiled. "Actually, this has gotten me back to things I should never have left. I'm going to continue to use, and improve my tools. I've learned a lot on this cruise. Of course, I've learned some things I'd rather not have picked up..."

I held out my hands to them. "Thank you again, for everything. What should I do now?"

"What would you like to do?" Samantha asked.

I sighed. "Hold Carla and cry."

Ursula stood up, and the two of us followed. "That sounds like the right thing to me."

We went to Carla. We held each other and cried. I told her I was sorry, and she thanked me for saving her. I held her and rocked her and comforted her, and she held on.

We made it to dinner. Carl joined us, and whispered to me that Samantha had spoken to him. He didn't know all that happened, but he would help however he could.

As dinner was drawing to a close, the ship's doctor came over to our table. She leaned over, put a hand on Carla's shoulder and spoke with her quietly for a moment. Then she stood up and addressed us all.

"I wanted to remind all of you to be very careful about the sun," she told us, with almost a smirk on her face. "You can get seriously sunburned very quickly. We've had a very unfortunate incident in which one man aboard on the cruise fell asleep while naked in the sun, and received very painful sunburns over his entire body. He'll most likely be spending the remainder of the cruise in his cabin, and not enjoying it. Please be very careful."

We nodded our heads. I squeezed Carla's hand and smiled. It was a start.

FIN
Rev 10/3/2000

Pleasure Cruise -- Prey
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>

Pleasure Cruise – Chaperone

by Wiseguy

To my friends, I've always been the sensible one. You know, the one you give your car keys to at the beginning of a promising party, or the one you invite over to check out a potential new boyfriend. Rock-solid, reliable Robin.

Which is why, when Sherri caught Drew sleeping around on her and threw his stuff into the street a mere three weeks before their honeymoon cruise was scheduled to leave, she offered me his prepaid ticket. I was between steadies myself at the time, so I jumped at the chance to take a long sea cruise. Even we dependable big sister types need to let our hair down once in a while.

As soon as we left port I could tell Sherri was in a dangerous mood. She'd always been a good girl – sweet, understanding, reasonably modest by current standards, the quintessential girl next door. For her reward, she got to walk into her own kitchen unexpectedly and find her fiancée with his face buried in the dripping snatch of the caterer's assistant. I had a feeling several of the men on this ship would get used and thrown away before Sherri was done taking her revenge; I just hoped there wouldn't be any permanent harm done.

As luck would have it, the first guy she went after turned out to be a creep. Anton (if that's his real name) offered to hypnotize her, and when she turned him down he tried to catch her off guard and do it anyway. He might have succeeded if dear old Drew hadn't left her so predisposed to mistrust men; as it was, she just slapped him across the face and became a little more selective about her prospective conquests.

It turned out that the ship was crawling with hypnotists: amateurs and professionals, stage performers and legitimate therapists, and just about anything else even remotely related. Apparently Drew had a closet yen for that kind of thing, because he'd picked this trip and sold Sherri on it without mentioning the program. I was a little uneasy about being on a ship full of Antons, but as it turned out most of the people were surprisingly, pleasantly normal. After a few days I stopped wondering if someone was going to jump out at me swinging a pocket watch and was really enjoying myself.

We were about six days out when Sherri told me about the video guy. “His name is Matt,” she said, “and he runs a web site where he sells hypnosis videos. Some of them are instructional, to teach people how to hypnotize themselves or other people. Others are videos of actual people being put under and made to do tricks, like a stage show but on film.”

“There’s a market for that?”

“Apparently,” she replied. “He says his video sales are covering production costs, supporting the web site, and paid for this trip. He’s got a little shop set up on the promenade where you can preview and buy some of the videos, and he’s talking about shooting some footage for a new one during the cruise.”

“That’s interesting,” I said with disinterest.

“It *is*,” she insisted. “In fact, he asked me if I would be one of the models for the new video.”

That finally got my full attention. “He what?”

“He asked me to be in a video,” she repeated. “And I’m thinking about doing it.”

“You mean, you’d let this guy hypnotize you and make you do tricks like a pet? What about that creep you ran into the first day?”

“Matt isn’t like that guy,” she argued. “He won’t try to get me to do anything I don’t want to. He doesn’t even do the hypnotizing himself, he has a professional do that while he films. I’ve seen some of the videos, and they’re no worse than anything you see in an R-rated movie.”

Something didn’t sound right. “Why are you trying so hard to get me to approve of this?”

Sherri looked at me sheepishly. “Because I want you to come watch the taping. Be my chaperone, just in case.”

I was relieved to see that Sherri was still at least a little cautious. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Mm-hmm.” Her eyes pleaded with me.

“Okay,” I agreed. “I’ll watch your back. If this guy tries anything sleazy, though, we’re leaving if I have to drag you out by the hair. Deal?”

Sherri’s face beamed. “Deal!”

Having agreed to witness a video shoot, I figured it was probably a good idea for me to meet Matt and see his product. We had a pleasant midday meal by the main swimming pool and then strolled over to the promenade to see what Sherri had gotten herself into.

I have to admit I was impressed by Matt's operation. He had a number of kiosks set up with PC's in them, each one showing a series of 30-second trailers for his movies. There was enough of a crowd milling around that we couldn't get to a kiosk right away. While we were waiting a tall, stocky, slightly balding guy came up to us and hugged Sherri. "Good to see you again so soon," he said. "Does this mean you'll do the video?"

"One thing at a time," she chided him. "Matt, this is my best friend Robin."

"How do you do, Robin?" His handshake was firm and his smile sincere. I wanted to like him.

"I'm willing to do the taping," Sherri continued, "but I want Robin there to watch."

Matt agreed with no hesitation. "Sure, no problem. We can tape tomorrow morning if you want."

"That would be fine."

"Great," Matt said. "Is there anything else you'd like me to do?"

Sherri shook her head. "No, that's it. I just wanted to show Robin some of the previews so she knows what to expect. Looks like you're a little busy right now, though."

Matt looked over at the crowd. "A little," he agreed. "But that's okay, I have a better idea. Why don't I lend you a couple of videos similar to what I want to shoot? You can watch them in their entirety in your own room and bring them back tomorrow."

"We don't have anything to watch them on," I pointed out.

"That's no problem," Matt said. "I'll call the purser's office for you; they have a bunch of VCR's in stock that they loan out to passengers on request. What's your room number?"

"A24."

Matt jotted the number down on a sticky pad, then handed us a pair of VHS tapes in plain cases. "Take these now, and I'll get you a VCR as soon as they can deliver it."

"Cool!" Sherri bubbled. "I can't wait to watch these."

Matt was as good as his word: about twenty minutes after we returned to our room, a crewman with a VCR under his arm knocked on our door. He had it hooked up and the clock set in just a few minutes.

“How long can we keep it?” Sherri asked him.

“Normally just one night, ma’am,” he replied formally. “But the request says you’ll need it through tomorrow, so I won’t come back for it until the day after. If you need it longer than that, call the purser’s office; as long as there isn’t a waiting list, it should be no problem.”

“Is there often a waiting list?” I asked, curious.

“Not normally, ma’am. But then again, very little about this trip has been normal.”

I had to laugh. He was right – there had been some pretty wild goings on, especially in the evenings. I’d heard tales of some very interesting demonstrations of sexual hypnosis from various people. There was even rumored to be some kind of contest going on between some of the principals on the ship. Sherri and I had stayed more or less apart from the hypnophiles, at last until Matt came along, but it’s fun to keep an ear open in the public areas.

Sherri pulled out the first video while I said goodbye to the crewman. “It’s called *Atlantic City*,” she said. “I haven’t seen this one before.”

The video had been shot in a hotel room in Atlantic City and featured three women. The first introduced herself as Heather, a dancer at one of the casinos. She was tall and thin, with unnaturally blonde hair. The second was a long-haired brunette who called herself Dolly and made no bones about her occupation – “I’m a stripper,” she said simply. The third, a pretty young girl with mousey hair and a short, well-rounded figure gave her name as Melody. “I’m only a waitress,” she confessed, “but I’d like to be a stripper for a little while at least; the money’s a lot better.” All three said while they had been promised a modest amount of money, they were doing the video mostly out of curiosity. Only Dolly admitted to having been hypnotized before, “to help me get over my shyness.” Judging by her occupation and the neckline on her top, I concluded that the treatment had been successful.

The hypnotist himself was fairly nondescript, medium height with chestnut hair and a neatly trimmed beard. He didn’t have piercing, mesmerizing eyes or an impressive theatrical voice – he was just a regular guy. He didn’t even introduce himself.

The first thing he did was to have the models, as he called them, sit on the end of the bed and kick off their shoes. He then held up a large, faceted glass ball on a thin chain just above their eye level and instructed them to watch it closely. As the models fixed their

gaze on the ball he told them to breathe deeply and relax, watch the ball, see how the light shines off the facets, making such an interesting, captivating pattern as the ball sways to and fro. His voice was smooth and quiet; it didn't have the powerful tone of, say, the magician we'd seen on stage the second night of the cruise, but it was strangely calming and comforting in its own way. I found myself relaxing a little as I watched the women's faces soften and their eyes start to strain.

Within a few minutes, all three women's eyes had fallen shut. They sat perfectly still on the bed, their shoulder slumping, their chests rising and falling slowly. Then the hypnotist said that when he touched their foreheads they would let go completely and fall back onto the bed, their bodies becoming totally relaxed and their minds fully open to his suggestions. The camera zoomed in closer to Heather and we saw the hypnotist's hand lightly touch her on the forehead. Heather dropped dead away, falling backward onto the bed. Dolly followed suit, her arms flopping to her sides as she crumpled. Melody started to fall forward, but the hypnotist caught her and gently eased her down onto her back with the others.

They lay still for some time while the hypnotist coached them to go deeper, imagine themselves walking down a long staircase, that kind of thing. Then he took them through some of the stereotypical hypnosis tricks: locking their hands together; making their arms rise up on their own; having them wake up only to pass out again when he touched their shoulders; telling Heather to become stiff and rigid then suspending her between two chairs. Through most of this the women's eyes were open and staring forward, while their bodies obeyed his every instruction to the letter.

Next the hypnotist told his volunteers that they were now sitting in a sauna, with the temperature turned up, and that it was becoming very hot because they were surrounded by steam. The camera zoomed in slowly, and I could see beads of sweat forming on the women's faces and necks. Dolly responded especially well; within a minute or so sweat began trickling down between her oversized breasts. With no further prompting the models began to strip, fanning themselves as they dropped their clothing at the foot of the bed. We were quickly able to tell that Heather's blonde hair was not natural – no surprise there – but Dolly's extra-big breasts were.

Things took a decidedly sexual turn from there. Reminding Melody that she wanted to be a stripper, the hypnotist instructed her do a private dance for Heather and Dolly, telling them to act like customers in the club. Melody strutted and posed, slowly shedding an imaginary costume, while the other two leered and clapped and tucked imaginary money into the dancer's invisible garter. When the dance was through, he told Heather and Dolly that the performance had gotten them incredibly horny, and had Melody watch as the two women began to kiss and grope each other. With a little more encouragement, the strippers progressed from petting into a full-blown sexual encounter, sucking each other's breasts and massaging each other's private parts. The camera panned back a little and Melody was told that watching her friends get it on was getting her aroused as well, so much so that she was feeling compelled to masturbate. Melody responded with abandon, reaching into her own slit with one hand while caressing a breast with the other.

The hypnotist let it go on another minute or so, then with a simple command brought all three women to orgasm at once.

The second video had only one model, a girl named Colleen who claimed to be an aspiring lingerie model with no prior hypnosis experience. She succumbed quickly to the hypnotist's spinning glass ball, though, and soon found herself posing for an imaginary photographer, gradually casting aside her clothes and taking on postures that grew more and more salacious. The video ended with Colleen thrashing on the hotel bed masturbating until she achieved a loud, long climax.

"Well, what do you think?"

The screen had been dark for a good five minutes. Sherri was bouncing in her seat, anxiously waiting for my pronouncement on what we had just seen.

Well, I asked myself, what *do* I think? I felt a little disturbed at seeing the women in those videos being used that way; I had this mental picture of some flabby, trailer-trash guy sitting in his underwear jerking off while he watched Melody's dance or Colleen's posing. But then I reminded myself that all of the models had been told what they were getting into, had been paid for their participation, and presumably signed a release allowing the videos to be sold. I wondered whether they had signed the release before or after filming, and whether they were fully aware at the time.

"Honestly?" I finally said. "I don't like it. I can understand feeling reckless, wanting to do something different and wild and a wanton, but don't you think this is a little over the top?"

"Not for them," Sherri replied. "Those women are used to getting paid to let men look at their bodies. Two of them are strippers! For them it's no big deal to get naked in front of a camera, and maybe even to diddle themselves once in a while."

"Even if that's true, you're not like that."

"Right. Matt says nobody can be hypnotized into doing something they wouldn't be willing to do normally, so my video will only go as far as I let it."

"I've heard that too," I countered, "but what about the stuff we've heard about on this cruise? It seems to me that once that guy gets you under, there's no telling what he might talk you into."

"Maybe," she conceded. "That's why I want you there too. You can be my insurance policy. Are you still willing?"

I could see there was no talking her out of this. "If you still want to do it, I'll be there."

“I still do, Robin. Thanks.”

I slept fitfully that night, my rest interrupted by weird dreams. In one I was sitting on a hotel bed with the hypnotist from the videos, staring at the glass ball and getting sleepy, so sleepy. The next thing I knew my clothes were gone and I was masturbating wildly while Sherri cheered me on. In another I awakened to find myself facing the hypnotist again, only this time I was already naked. He held up the glass ball, but instead of falling asleep I found myself getting incredibly aroused and thinking about his body. I got off the bed and crawled over to the hypnotist, pulled out his cock and sucked him, all the while feeling as though my body were being remote controlled. In another dream I was watching Sherri do a strip tease for the camera. I wanted to wake her up, tell them to stop, grab her and leave, but my body wouldn't move or speak. The hypnotist saw me looking, snapped his fingers, and I orgasmed.

As a result of all this, I was still dog-tired when it was time for us to meet Matt for the taping. I thought about having some extra coffee with breakfast, but decided against it – caffeine doesn't make me any less tired, just more irritable.

Matt greeted us at the door with a broad smile. “You look great!” he told Sherri. She had dressed to entice in a ribbed tank top (no bra), a leatherette mini and heels. Since I was not on camera, I went for comfort with a cotton T-shirt, running shorts and sneakers. Once inside I saw another man already there, the hypnotist from the videos we had watched the night before. “Robin and Sherri,” Matt said, “This is Paul. If you watched the videos, you know what he does.”

“We know,” I remarked as I shook his hand. “You must be very good.”

He shrugged modestly. “Thank you.” His smile was charming in a quiet sort of way.

While Matt made some final adjustments to the lights, I took a look at the room. It was a normal excursion-class stateroom, much like ours except we had a window and this was an interior room. The bed was freshly made, the dresser cluttered with various kinds of gear that I didn't recognize. I was surprised to note two cameras. One was clearly a professional-grade movie camera on a movable base. The other was a consumer model camcorder mounted on a folding tripod. “What's that for?” I asked Matt, indicating the camcorder.

“That's for Sherri,” he explained. “Normally, you get a model to sign a release at the end of the session. The problem with my videos is that the model is hypnotized while we're shooting; it would be unethical to ask anyone to sign a release unless they know for sure what they're releasing.”

Paul cleared his throat and interjected. “When a person is hypnotized, they remain in a highly suggestible state for some time even after they are awake again. A recently

hypnotized model might readily sign a release for footage that she wouldn't agree to if her critical thinking facility were fully engaged."

"What he said," Matt continued. "With the good camera gear I can't show the models what we've shot until well into the production process, and by then it would be very expensive to have to throw things out. Paul suggested the camcorder as an alternative. At the end of the session, you and Sherri will take the tape from the camcorder with you. Later today you can view it and decide if there's any part of the shoot she doesn't want to end up in the finished video. Tomorrow, when everyone is clear-headed, we'll draw up the release so that it doesn't cover anything she wants left out and she can sign it."

That was a pleasant surprise; whatever I might think of his customers, I had to admit that Matt was pretty decent guy.

Soon everything was ready to go. Matt dragged a good chair over next to the camcorder for me. From there I would have an unobstructed view of Sherri and Paul but would still be well out of Matt's camera angles. Sherri perched on the end of the bed and Paul stood beside her.

They started out by having Sherri introduce herself, much like the women in the preview videos had done. "I'm Sherri," she said, "and I work for an ad agency in Tampa. I'm on this cruise with a good friend, and I agreed to do this video because it sounded like fun. I've never been hypnotized before and never done any modeling before."

Paul looked inquiringly at Matt, who was checking the audio recorder. "Sound levels are good," Matt said. "I think we're go."

Paul nodded. "Sherri, before we start, can you give me some idea of how far you're willing to go?"

"You mean, things I will and won't do?" Sherri looked thoughtful. "I don't know. I've always been pretty square, so I doubt you'll be able to get me to do anything close to what we saw in the Atlantic City or Colleen videos."

"So you're saying no nudity and no sexual suggestions?" That sounded good to me, and it looked as though Paul was okay with it too. Sherri's answer surprised me.

"No, I'm not saying that. If you think you can get me to take my clothes off, you can try. I just doubt it will work."

"Okay," Paul said. "Are there any things you don't want me to even try? Strong taboos?"

"No masturbation," she replied after thinking some more. "I definitely don't want myself filmed doing that. I'd say no lesbian stuff either, but there's nobody else involved so that's out anyway. "

“Got it. So aside from those two things, are you saying that you’d be open to pretty much anything else I want to suggest?”

“Sure. Are you okay with that, Robin?”

“I suppose so, if you are,” I answered. To Paul, I added, “You won’t try and get her to do something sexual with you or Matt, will you?”

“Absolutely not,” Paul affirmed. “Scout’s honor.” I was glad he didn’t seem to be offended.

The formalities completed, Paul turned toward Sherri and pulled out the infamous glass ball. He held it up by a thin silver cord or chain so that the ball was just above her head, where Sherri would have to look slightly upward to see it. He moved his fingers and the ball twirled easily back and forth. “Sherri,” he intoned, “I want you to fix your eyes on this crystal. Take a few nice, slow, deep breaths, and feel yourself relaxing a little as you let each one out. That’s it, just keep breathing deeply and slowly, breathing and relaxing. Listen carefully to the sound of my voice as you keep your eyes fixed on the crystal. You will find that as you continue to stare into the crystal, your eyelids have a tendency to get heavy. Heavy, almost as if they had a heavy weight attached to them, dragging them down, no matter how hard you try to hold them up. And the longer you stare at this, the more your eyelids get heavy. Soon they will have to blink, the weight will pull them down and they will blink, and they will keep getting drowsier and sleepier.”

I watched Sherri’s face as she gazed into the glass ball. She didn’t seem as though she were getting sleepy; if anything, she looked a little bored. Paul continued in the same vein for several minutes, and although she did blink a few times Sherri didn’t look to me as though she were falling into a trance.

At one point her gaze shifted in my direction. They went quickly back to the glass ball, but returned again a few seconds later. “Robin, quit staring at me!”

I jumped a little, then turned to Paul. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I guess I distracted her.”

“No, it’s me,” Sherri corrected. “I’m not concentrating, I guess.”

Paul seemed unperturbed. “Is there some thought that keeps coming into your mind, Sherri?”

She nodded. “That creep from the first day. Remember him, Robin?”

Paul gave me a quizzical look, so I filled him in about the would-be hypnotist Anton. “She told him very plainly she didn’t want to be hypnotized, but he tried to sneak it in on her anyway. It didn’t work.”

“I understand now,” Paul said. “Sherri, you realize that I’m not here to take advantage of you, don’t you? Whoever that guy was, he’s not a factor here.”

“I know,” she replied. “Give me another chance?”

“No problem. All hypnosis is self-hypnosis, Sherri. If you really want to, you can put thoughts of that guy aside as they occur and nothing can stop you from entering a deep, satisfying state of hypnosis. If you decide you don’t want to, that’s perfectly okay; nobody here will think any less of you after what you’ve been through.”

“Okay,” Sherri said. “I’m ready.”

Paul lifted the shiny glass ball again and set it twirling, again telling Sherri to clear her mind, focus on the glass, let any random thoughts that come to her just drift away. I was determined not to distract Sherri again, so I looked at anything and everything except her face. I watched Paul for a while, then my eyes naturally fell on the ball hanging from its chain. The light as it reflected off the facets was so pretty, so very interesting. Without realizing it, I began looking deeply into it and relaxing. I was so tired...

... bright lights shining on me, but they didn’t bother me in the least. I was comfortable, at peace, sitting with Sherri on the edge of the bed. I felt disoriented, as if I’d been roused from a deep sleep. Then a quiet voice spoke to me and I felt myself falling, falling...

... on the bed, relaxed, totally comfortable, like a kitten in its favorite resting spot. I purred contentedly as I smoothed my fur. Wait a minute – what was all this stuff on me? Kittens don’t wear T-shirts or shorts, bras or panties, socks or sneakers. I could be so much more comfortable if I just took these things off ...

... so much better now, so free and relaxed. It was good to get those heavy, itchy clothes off me. I stretched and yawned, rolling this way and that, enjoying the feel of my body against the soft bed. Sherri was next to me, sleeping. It would be so much fun to wake her ...

... Mmmm, that was sweet, his gentle hands stroking the back of my neck. I snuggled against him and purred some more, rubbing my body against him. So nice ...

... Oh my God – so horny, so hot. Not a kitten anymore, not now. His lips on my breast, his cock buried deep inside me, the rhythm of him pushing in and out. Oh, yes ... yes ... YES !! ...

“... three, more awake now, becoming aware of the sounds around you ... four, eyes opening ... and five, wide awake, feeling refreshed and alert.”

My senses were overwhelmed at first. I was lying on my side on a bed. There was light, but not too much. My skin felt cool; I moved a little and realized I was nude – when had that happened? My eyes finally focused and I saw Sherri lying next to me, also naked, looking just as dazed as I felt.

Weird snippets of memory started coming back to me. They were similar to the dreams I'd had the night before, but different – more real. I was confused. I started to push myself up, but my elbow slipped and I ended up flat on my back.

“Take your time,” a kind voice said. I felt a soft movement of air, then the gentle weight and coolness of a fresh sheet settling over my body. “There’s no need to rush. You have all the time you need.”

My brain was finally catching up with the sensory overload and was moving on to other issues. “What happened? Where are my clothes? What did you do to me?”

“Your clothes are over there on the dresser,” he answered. “You were watching me work with Sherri and fell into a very deep trance yourself. Matt noticed it. We asked you if you wanted to join Sherri and be part of the video, and you said yes. You were very free and open to suggestion. It’s all on the VHS tape, so you’ll see the specifics for yourself.”

I was too dumbfounded to say anything right away. Paul looked a little concerned, and started asking questions: what day was it, what was the name of the ship, who was President of the US, what was my middle name. I felt my mind waking up the rest of the way. Sherri joined in as well, pulling some of my sheet over to cover herself.

“That’s better,” Paul said after we’d told him the square root of four. “Matt and I are going to step outside now so you can get dressed. Pop the door when you’re ready.”

Since we had both been sweating, we took turns in the shower before getting dressed again. I waited until we were both dressed to open the door.

“There you are,” Matt joked. “I was starting to wonder if you’d passed out again.”

“We needed to freshen up a little,” Sherri countered, grinning. “Somebody made us work up a sweat.”

Paul removed the tape from the camcorder and handed it to me. “I think you’ll like the result, though,” he said. “You were both very good.”

I wasn’t quite sure what to say to that. “Thanks. Are you done with us now?”

Paul and Matt exchanged a look. “Almost,” Paul said. “Matt and I would very much like it if you would have dinner with us tonight. No business, just pleasure.”

“Why Paul,” I exclaimed in mock reproach. “Are you taking advantage of our highly suggestible state?”

He smiled back at me sweetly. “Maybe just a little bit.”

“In that case, how can we possibly refuse?”

Sherri and I viewed the tape after lunch. In the beginning, the top of my head was just visible at the bottom of the screen. A few minutes into the second induction attempt, it slumped forward out of view. I saw Sherri’s face relax as she dropped into trance, then heard Matt’s voice telling Paul that I seemed to be out of it too. They did ask if I wanted to be in the video, and I heard my own voice saying yes.

Watching myself sleepwalk over to the bed and sit down beside Sherri was eerie. We both had blank, distant looks on our faces. Paul took us deeper into trance until we flopped backwards onto the bed, then spent some time deepening our hypnotic state.

Next he had us sitting up again and did some of the same standard tricks that we saw in the other videos: hands locking together, arms rising up, waking us up and dropping us again right away. It was incredibly weird watching myself do these things when I had no conscious memory of them.

Paul put me out on my back again, then concentrated on Sherri. He told her that she had been drinking a lot of very good wine, and when she awoke from her trance she would be very, very drunk but would deny it no matter what she saw, heard, or did. Then he counted her up. Sherri’s eyes opened, then grew suddenly dim and sleepy-looking again. She saw me lying on the bed next to her and doubled over in exaggerated laughter. “Whuhappena her?” she slurred. “Can’ holder likker?”

“You’re drunk,” Paul accused.

“Nuh-uh!” she said emphatically. “I’m purfectly shober.”

“Oh really? Then you won’t mind taking a few sobriety tests, will you?”

“Bringemon,” she declared drunkenly, falling right into Paul’s trap.

“Very well,” he said smugly. “But if you fail a test, you have to take off a piece of clothing. Will you do that?”

In real life, Sherri grabbed my arm. “I don’t remember *any* of this!” We watched in amazement as Sherri failed to touch her fingertips to her nose, and in consequence dropped her miniskirt to the floor. Still insisting she wasn’t drunk she agreed to try and repeat a tongue twister and failed miserably, which cost her the tank top. Paul then got

her to try walking a straight line. Sherri voluntarily removed her heels to make it easier to walk; standing straight and proud, with only her bikini briefs left on her body, she tried to follow a straight line in the carpet design and failed. Paul had to catch her as she bent over to remove the panties.

“See?” he scolded, “you *are* drunk. And you know what happens when people get really drunk, don’t you? They pass out.” With that, he touched his finger to Sherri’s forehead and she collapsed into his arms. He laid her out on the bed, told her to rest and relax and ignore anything she might hear until he touched her again, then came over to my side of the bed.

I was so zoned out over there that Paul had to bring me up a little bit before I could talk to him. “What would you like to do in your video, Robin?”

“Something sexy,” my sleepy voice answered. “Something to make you want to fuck me.” Sherri howled; I wanted to die from embarrassment.

“Hmmm,” Paul mused. “Do you like dogs or cats better, Robin?”

“Cats.”

“Me too. Do you know something, Robin? Stretched out on the bed like that, you remind me a little bit of a nice, sleek, comfortable kitten. Would you like to be my sexy kitten for a little while?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. When I touch you on the shoulder, you will become my sexy kitten girl. You’ll move like a sleek, smooth cat; you’ll purr when you feel good, just like a kitten; and you’ll feel like the sexiest creature alive. You’ll be my kitten until I touch you on the shoulder again, then you will go back into your deep, pleasant trance state and wait for more suggestions.”

Paul tapped me on the shoulder then, and my body language changed immediately. I saw myself stretching, twisting, running my hands down my body as if I were smoothing fur.

“Something feels wrong, doesn’t it?” Paul said, and at that moment my face lost some of its happy glow. “Your fur feels rough, itchy, binding. That’s because you’re wearing those clothes over it. Kittens don’t wear clothes, do they?”

I mewed, a strange hybrid sound that resembled the word ‘no’.

“Of course they don’t,” he continued. “Clothes are very uncomfortable for sexy kittens. They bind and itch and get in the way. You’d be so much more comfortable, so much more sexy and desirable, if you didn’t have those clothes on.”

I half remembered this part and shielded my eyes. That lasted maybe half a second before I was peeking between my fingers. Sure enough, I saw myself stand up and peel off my clothes. To make matters worse, it looked as though my nipples were standing up.

Once I was naked, Paul reminded me that kittens don't stand on two legs for very long and I dropped to all fours. I started crawling around the room, brushing my nude body against the bed, the chair, and Paul's leg. He petted me on the head and stroked the back of my neck, and I responded by snuggling tightly against him and purring. He laid me back on the bed and rubbed my belly, and I responded by stretching and twisting some more – I looked as though I was really enjoying it.

Paul got up and went back over to Sherri, touching her on the forehead again. "Sherri," he said, "Would you like to have an orgasm?"

"Yes."

"Then you will. Until I tell you otherwise, you will find that your entire body is a highly sensitive, erogenous zone. Any touch anywhere on your body by another person will cause you to have an orgasm. Every time it happens the orgasm will be more intense than the one before." Paul reached out and tapped Sherri on the nose; she immediately gasped in response. Her body flushed, her nipples stood out, and she moaned through several heavy breaths.

Sherri's noise attracted my attention. I saw myself roll over onto all fours and examine her as she writhed on the bed. I sniffed the air near her as she started to settle down, then did something very cat-like: I put a paw on her shoulder. Sherri broke out into another series of ecstatic, panting moans and I jumped backward. At Paul's urging, when she was settled down again I licked her cheek. The result was the same, of course, only Sherri was louder and the action lasted longer.

With Paul egging me on, I tentatively touched Sherri several more times, each time sending her into another glorious-looking climax. Finally, when Sherri seemed completely spent, he touched me on the shoulder and I crumpled onto the bed again.

"You've been an excellent kitten, Robin," Paul said. "Now, I want you to imagine in your mind your perfect fantasy lover. Picture him standing over you, offering to make love to you, and picture yourself accepting that offer. He is with you right now, Robin, just you and him, and he is making love to you in the way that you most enjoy. You can respond to him in any way you like. When you feel his hand touch the back of your neck, you will have the best orgasm you've ever experienced and then fall back into a deep, satisfying hypnotic sleep."

Lazily, I rolled over onto my back and reached up to embrace my imaginary lover. I watched the tape in fascination as my arms circled around his imaginary back, pulling him to me. My mouth opened and my tongue came out to probe his mouth. One hand

moved down and around to grasp an unseen cock, stroking and fondling and teasing it into erection.

Then my hands dropped to my sides and my legs opened up. My back and neck arched back and a look of total bliss came over my face: my phantom lover was going down on me. In real life, my body started replaying some of the sensations for me, a weird sort of memory effect which started my juices flowing again as I sat in my chair. Soon my videotaped self began panting, making those little hitches in my breath that I do when I'm having an orgasm.

But my perfect imaginary lover wasn't done yet, of course. He let me enjoy my small climax, then kissed his way up my body and started suckling at my breast. I could almost see him on the screen. Once again my hand reached for the phantom's cock, getting him nice and hard and ready, and with a smooth shift I opened my legs again and eased him into me.

It was a very strange sight, seeing myself flat on my back, my legs spread and hooking around an imaginary man's body, my fingers digging into his nonexistent back. I moaned louder and louder as my hips moved up and down in a quickening tempo, bringing myself closer and closer to the edge. At exactly the right moment, Paul reached over and put a hand on the back of my neck. My body responded as if he had pushed a button – I cried out incoherently as the mother of all orgasms rocked through my body. It must have lasted a good thirty seconds or more before finally subsiding. In the throes of it I tossed my arms outward; the left one came down on the bed and brushed against Sherri's outstretched right hand, sending her into one more strong climax.

When it was over, we both lay still on the bed, panting heavily, with beads of sweat all over our bodies.

"And now," Paul said, "I'm going to count to five. As I begin counting, you will begin to come out of your hypnotic state. By the time I reach five, you will be fully awake, alert and aware. One ..."

We got to watch ourselves wake up, and remembered with amusement how confused we had been at first. The videotape ended with Paul covering us both with the extra sheet.

Sherri and I stared at the blank TV screen for the longest time, then slowly turned and faced each other.

"Holy shit, Robin," she said in awe. "Can you believe that?"

I shook my head ruefully. "Not much of a chaperone, was I?"

She let that one go. "Are you going to sign the release?"

I thought about that for a minute. “Sure,” I finally said. “Why not?” Even we big sister types need to let our hair down once in a while.

-wg
3/17/00

Pleasure Cruise – Confrontation

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“... five. Awake and alert now, Annie, calm and confident.”

Annie’s eyes fluttered open and focused slowly on the face of Mistress Ursula. She felt calm and at peace, which was unusual in itself for Annie of late. “Thank you, Mistress,” she said gratefully. “I feel much better.”

“I’m glad, my dear. You may still find yourself getting upset or mixed up for a while yet, sometimes for no apparent reason. When you do, try to get by yourself and use the relaxation trigger as soon as possible. And don’t lose that phone number I gave you, you may find yourself needing more help even after you get home.”

“I won’t, Mistress,” Annie promised. “Was I ... helpful?”

Mistress Ursula’s face was the picture of professional reassurance. “Of course, Annie, you were very helpful.”

“I didn’t really remember much, I’m afraid.”

“You did fine,” Ursula repeated. “Suzerain is very good at what he does, otherwise he wouldn’t get away with it for as long as he has.”

Annie nodded. “Will he get away with it this time?”

“No,” Ursula replied quickly.

Once Annie was gone, leaving Mistress Ursula alone in her stateroom, the hypno-domme growled softly in frustration. It was all well and good to tell Annie that the monster who had hypnotized and exploited her and her friend would not get away with it, but in reality Ursula’s hopes of being able to stop him were growing dimmer by the hour.

She paced the floor of her stateroom for a while in silent thought. Getting nowhere, she opted for a change in scenery and set out for the aft portion of the ship, climbing the stairs to the Bahama Deck.

The final authors' panel was just winding down when she arrived. There were still about two dozen fans in attendance, listening with rapt attention while the six authors discussed their philosophies on ethics in mind control erotica. The fans were not shy about expressing their own opinions, and it made for a lively discussion that everyone seemed to enjoy. Indeed, it was the quality of the discussion at the first authors' panel, and the positive feedback from it, which had prompted Toni and Rob to talk the writers into holding a second, and then today's third, panel.

She tried to enter the terrace quietly so as not to disturb the conversation, slipping discreetly into a lounge chair in the back. One of the authors caught her and looked about to speak; she put a finger to her lips, and he nodded slightly and remained quiet. A member of the audience noticed the exchange: a plain-looking man, average in build, with a mustache got up from his seat and approached Mistress Ursula. He slipped easily into the seat beside her and kissed her hand. "It's good to see you taking a break," he said quietly.

"I need one," she replied flatly. "Things are not going well, Roger."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Ursula's lips formed a tired smile. "Do you have some time when the panel is over? I need to use you, if you don't mind."

"You know I'm yours," he replied softly. "Your place or mine?"

"Not that way," Ursula corrected with a chuckle. "Well, not right away at least. I need a sounding board."

"At your service."

"After the panel closes," she said. "I don't want to disturb them, and I don't want to attract an audience."

They waited in companionable silence while the discussion panel wound down. Eventually the crowd began to dissipate, but the sun was shining brightly on the aft terrace. The discussion panel group was quickly replaced by a legion of sunbathers.

"My ears are open whenever you want them," Roger said, bringing Ursula back from a faraway place.

She looked around at the large group lying silently out in the sun. "Let's walk," she suggested.

They fell into a comfortable ambling pace, heading generally toward the fore of the ship but with no particular destination in mind. “It’s this Suzerain mess,” she began. “I’ve been working with the victims for a few days now trying to piece together enough to put him out of business, but the man is proving incredibly slippery. He’s got things worked out so well I don’t know if we can touch him.”

Roger nodded sympathetically. “How much have you learned so far?”

“We know that Suzerain is the one who trained and encouraged Anton, the nasty piece of work that was abusing one of Samantha’s followers. We know that Suzerain is a very good hypnotist; good enough that he is able to hypnotize female volunteers for his magic act and have them cooperate in his illusions without remembering anything of how they are done. We know that in the week since his first show he has used four of the six ‘volunteers’ sexually, although they remember very little about the experience even when under deep hypnosis.”

“How do you know that?”

“We know about Anton because he told me, in trance, that Suzerain was his mentor. His skill as a hypnotist is apparent from the results he’s gotten. We found out about him using the women by accident: two of the women have husbands on board with them who tried to get Suzerain to use his influence on their wives for some kind of sexual game. He double-crossed them and gave them as playthings to his assistant. One of the men threw his back out trying to perform some kind of sexual gymnastics and had to see Dr. Anders. She called me in, as well as Samantha, and between us we got as much of the story as the husband remembers. Then we located the other women and Samantha and I worked with them, trying to see how much they could remember. The results have been very disappointing – their memories are a total jumble in some places and completely blank in others. Even Rob and Toni haven’t been able to get anything from them.”

“I see,” Roger said. “That’s pretty unusual, isn’t it? I mean, I know first hand how effective you can be at clouding memories, but this sounds extreme.”

“It is extreme,” Ursula agreed, frowning. “In fact, I’d be willing to bet my vibrator that he’s not doing this with hypnosis alone. He gets these women so deeply under his thumb, and able to respond to such complex commands, that he can’t possibly be doing it just from the 2-minute induction on stage. I think he locates his ‘volunteers’ well ahead of time and conditions them, probably using drugs to deepen the hypnotic state and induce the amnesia. Dr. Anders has taken blood samples from the girls we know about, but she doesn’t have the facilities on board to do a toxicology screening. Even if she did, it’s probably too late now to find measurable traces in their systems.”

“And without that kind of physical evidence,” he finished, “you don’t have anything you can take to the authorities.”

“Exactly.”

“What about the bits that people did remember?”

“Not enough,” she said bitterly. “They all remember him striking up a conversation somewhere on the ship, asking if they’d be interested in assisting him with his magic act, smooth-talking them into coming back to his room to discuss it. They remember his assistant fixing them drinks, and him spinning a silver ball, and then nothing. Their next coherent memory is hours, sometimes days, later. They don’t even remember getting up on stage for the show in most cases; some recall it very dimly, as a dream they couldn’t wake up from.”

“And the abuse?”

“Shreds and snippets. One remembered acting as his personal servant, hanging around his stateroom naked doing housework, fixing him drinks, standing by while he talked with visitors. Others have hazy memories of being taken anally, of being made to suck him, of being stretched out on the bed spread eagle while several men took turns on them, things like that. The problem is, I had to burrow so deep to get them to remember that much that I really can’t say with certainty that any of it actually happened.”

“Like recovered memory,” Roger agreed. “Their subconscious might be inventing what they think you want to hear.”

“And knowing that, no judge would let any of them into the witness box,” she concluded sourly. “We know there has been sex, some of it pretty rough, because Dr. Anders has examined them all. Her notes are the only physical evidence we have, but none of it proves that he’s using these women without their consent.”

They strolled in somber silence for a bit before Roger offered a suggestion. “We don’t dock until the day after tomorrow. There’s time to put together a sting of some sort, catch the guy red handed.”

“No,” Ursula ruled firmly. “Even if he was brazen enough to try it this close to the end of the trip, which I doubt, I won’t put someone in that position.”

“We could keep an eye –“

“No, Roger. It’s too dangerous.” Her voice left no doubt that she would not be swayed.

“We’ll think of something else,” he said, trolling feverishly for an idea. “The assistant might be a weak link, maybe. Or Anton. Maybe we can find out who he’s using now.”

“Maybe.”

They were meandering down an interior hallway now. Roger recognized it; they were heading into the first-class stateroom area, where the luxury cabins were. Their pace slowed, and then came to a stop in front of a door marked 18.

“We seem to have ended up at your room,” Roger observed.

“So we have. Will you come in?”

“Of course.”

Behind the closed door, Ursula unzipped the back of her white sundress and pulled it off over her head. She now wore only a white bikini bottom, golden sandals, and her jewelry. “Hold me, Roger,” she said softly.

Roger was more than happy to comply, stripping off his own shirt before encircling his distressed Mistress with his arms. His face nuzzled into the delicious resting place beside her neck. He inhaled deeply through his nose, relishing the unique scent of Ursula’s perfume, then began slowly massaging the tense muscles around her back and shoulder blades. She sighed and relaxed in his arms, letting the dresser take some of her weight as she leaned against it and enjoyed his attentions.

As he rubbed her back, Roger became aware of his body responding automatically to Ursula’s scent and the feel of her breasts pressing into him. His cock became hard, pressing out against the boxers and Bermuda shorts he was wearing. Ursula sensed the hardness too. Her hand slid up behind Roger and grasped the back of his neck, gently but firmly. Roger felt his body become heavy and sleepy, his mind clouding as a warm blanket of peace enveloped him. Only his cock was immune, becoming stiffer and more sensitive as the rest of his body seemed to slow down and go to sleep.

“Thank you, Roger,” Ursula whispered into the dazed man’s ear. “Talking with you has helped me to focus. Now I need to put it as far out of mind as possible for a little while, while my subconscious works out a solution. You can help me with that, too.”

“Please, Mistress,” Roger asked on cue, “Let me adore you.”

Smiling sensually, Ursula let go of her subject and allowed him to drop easily to his knees. His nose picked up the extra aroma of her arousal and he homed in on its source, kissing her mound through the lacey fabric of her panties. His hands slid up her legs and took hold of the underwear, pulling it gently down. She lifted her bottom to help him, then settled down again onto the edge of the dresser and opened her legs for him.

His mind enveloped in a delicious, sensual fog, Roger buried his face in the blonde thatch of his Mistress and adored her. His tongue played skillfully over her lips, tasting the nectar that flowed from within and spreading it around. Ursula encouraged him with her moans, running her fingers through his hair and clutching occasionally when a particularly strong jolt of pleasure ran through her. As Roger continued his worship she

leaned further back, putting more weight on the dresser, and lifted her legs up onto his shoulders to improve his angle. Roger showed his appreciation by delving deeper into her sex, probing and licking and sucking, remembering and using all of the things she'd taught him about herself. And as she felt herself coming closer and closer to the release she needed, she knew that Roger was also growing more and more aroused by the results of his work. She closed her eyes and let herself drift into a light trance, concentrating on the wonderful sensations emanating from her center, relaxing and giving herself over to the pleasure. She felt the energy gathering, building, growing, and then in a flash as his tongue found her clitoris one more time she felt the energy burst forth, flowing through her entire body like a bolt of lightning. Roger pressed his advantage, touching her button again and again, keeping his Mistress in ecstasy for as long as her body could stand, until with another squeeze on his neck she pulled him away.

Roger kneeled in front of Ursula, his mind still in a dreamy, distant place but dimly aware that his Mistress was well pleased and would reward him appropriately. He was happy to wait until she recovered, enjoying the lingering smell and feel of her essence on his face. Soon she recovered her breath. "You may get up now, Roger," she said. "Get undressed and lie down on the bed."

"I obey," his body replied, and in a sleepy daze he removed the rest of his clothing and climbed onto the bed, lying on his back with his manhood pointing straight up and ready.

Roger was ready to come, Ursula could tell that by the small drop of fluid oozing from the tip of his member, but she teased him for a bit anyway. Making a circle with thumb and forefinger, she worked the circle up and down his shaft a few times, enjoying watching him shudder and moan with each pump. "You're ready to come," she told him. "All I have to do is say the word and you'll come like you've never come before." Roger was in no condition to respond, or even to consciously understand, but his body agreed completely. Ursula played with his balls for a while, stroking them gently in the palm of her hand, playfully tracing the seam between them with a finger and enjoying his reaction. Roger's hips flexed up and down, desperate for release, but unable to climax without Ursula's permission.

Finally she climbed up on top of him, guiding his stone-hard penis into her and easing down over top of it. Roger felt her weight come to rest on him and his hips surged forward to meet her, a groan escaping from his lips. Ursula let him rock, riding him smoothly, then pulled him up by the neck and brought his mouth up to a breast. He latched on immediately and suckled, moaning softly underneath her. The feel of him at her breast was something she loved, and she let him go this way for a minute until she was ready to come again as well. As she felt her orgasm beginning, she took a deep breath. "Come now, my pet," she said, and Roger's body responded dramatically. His back arched, bringing him away from her breast, and his cock jerked and fired repeatedly. His eyes flew open and found Ursula's, joining their souls as tightly as their bodies as they rode their orgasms through.

When it was over, Ursula eased off of Roger and snuggled down next to him, again pulling his head to a breast. “Sleep now, Roger,” she said, and willed herself to do the same.

The dinner crowd had thinned in the dining hall by the time Ursula and Roger put in their appearance. They made their way easily to the usual table, where their usual companions were nursing after-dinner drinks and enjoying the entertainment.

“There you are,” said Dr. Elsa Anders, noting with a grin the well-laid look of her new companions. “We were getting ready to organize a search party.”

“I’m touched,” Roger retorted in mock sincerity as he pulled out a chair for Ursula.

“Yes,” the doctor replied, “but we love you anyway.”

Roger was about to offer a return jest but his eye fell on a tall, dark figure hovering near the bar. His face grew hard as he studied the flowing black hair and the piercing eyes, which were currently focused intently on a pretty young woman who was sitting at the bar. Dr. Anders followed Roger’s gaze and her own face turned grim.

“That’s him,” she confirmed. “The bastard is enjoying himself, trolling for new recruits.”

Ursula looked up sharply. “New recruits? Why?”

“He’s performing again tomorrow night,” the doctor informed her. “It was just posted on the schedule this afternoon.”

“That means he’s going to need some volunteers,” Roger observed.

Ursula pushed her plate away and stood up. “Doctor, would be you lend me your pager for a little while?”

Puzzled, the doctor handed over the small black box from her belt. “I suppose so. Why?”

“I have an idea I need to pursue,” Ursula said. “I’ll be back in a little bit. If Suzerain leaves the dining hall, page me.”

“All right.”

Mistress Ursula reappeared just over an hour later, a triumphant grin on her face.

“What is it?” Roger asked immediately. “You look as though you’ve checkmated Kasparov.”

“Maybe I have,” she replied obliquely. “What has our quarry been up to?”

“Getting very frustrated,” the doctor said. “He’s chatted up several promising young ladies over there, but just as they seem to be falling nicely under his spell some kind of loud noise or disturbance seems to erupt nearby. Poor Hank is having a very rough night behind the bar, it seems.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Ursula said, looking quite pleased to hear it. They watched together as Suzerain made one more attempt at the bar. He was speaking with a pretty young blonde, his eyes boring into her. The girl’s back was to the onlooker’s table, but they could tell by the slumping of her shoulders that she had begun to relax under the magician’s gaze. Then, just as her head was beginning to nod, a loud POP! startled everyone at the bar and a white projectile struck Suzerain in the face. The magician bellowed in pain and surprise then turned and glared menacingly at the bartender, who was holding a just-opened bottle of champagne.

“Imbecile!” Suzerain hissed venomously. “What the hell do you think you are doing?”

Hank the bartender looked mortified. “I’m very sorry, sir,” he stammered. “Please forgive my carelessness. May I get you an ice pack for your cheek?”

“What you can get is out of here!” The magician turned back to his prey, but she was now fully alert and more than a little dismayed at his display of wrath. She excused herself and scurried off. Suzerain muttered something under his breath and stalked away in the opposite direction.

Hank poured three flutes of champagne as Ursula, Roger and the doctor came over to the bar. He handed each a glass. “Somebody’s got to drink this,” he confessed. “It seems I made a small mistake – nobody ordered champagne, just Perrier.”

“You’re a true genius, Hank,” Roger commended. “What can we do to thank you?”

Hank scratched his bearded chin thoughtfully. “Well,” he said, “when the Captain hears about this I may need one of you to hypnotize him into letting me keep my job.”

Ursula pulled the bartender across the bar and kissed him full on the lips. “Hank,” she promised him, “you have nothing to worry about. I’ll take care of the Captain if necessary.”

At ten the next morning, Mistress Ursula knocked on the door to stateroom 11, just a few doors away from her own first-class room. A tall, sinewy brunette opened the door.

“Is Mr. Drake available?” Ursula asked. Seeing the puzzled look on the woman’s face, Ursula clarified. “Mr. Herbert Drake? This is his cabin, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” replied a deep male voice from within. “Please come in.”

The brunette stood aside and Ursula stepped in to find herself face to face with a tall, dark man dressed in black. He had long, jet-black hair tied into a ponytail and brown eyes so dark they, too, seemed black. “Please excuse Darlene’s confusion,” he said smoothly. “Only the passport office and the motor vehicle bureau insist on using that name; to everyone else, I am Suzerain.”

“‘A feudal lord, to whom fealty was due’, according to my dictionary,” Ursula quoted. “It suits your stage persona quite well.”

The magician smiled gracefully. “A small conceit, which few notice. And you are Mistress Ursula, yes?”

“My real name, as it happens,” she confirmed.

In dramatic fashion, Suzerain bowed and kissed Ursula’s hand. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?”

“I’ve been wanting to meet you for some days now,” she replied. “Your friend Benjamin Hammond had some very interesting things to say about you.”

“Who?” he asked innocently, but Ursula’s keen eye caught the quickly suppressed glint of recognition.

“Benjamin Hammond,” she repeated. “The young man who was calling himself Anton, and who has been recovering from an unfortunate sunbathing accident since late last week. He tells me you are his mentor.”

“Ah, Anton,” Suzerain said, as if just making the connection. “A disappointment, to be sure. Please, come sit. Perhaps I can offer you a drink?”

“It’s a little early, thank you,” Ursula remarked, taking a seat in a comfortable easy chair.

“Some tea, perhaps?” he offered. When Ursula nodded, he turned to the brunette. “Darlene, please pour some of your wonderful tea for Mistress Ursula.”

“You’ll be having some too, of course?” Ursula inquired.

“Of course,” he replied suavely.

Darlene walked over to the dressing table, on which Ursula saw a small drip coffee machine with a pot of translucent liquid steaming in the carafe. She couldn't see the girl's hands, but watched her back as she poured two mugs, stirred them slightly, and brought them over. She handed one to Ursula and one to Suzerain.

Ursula took a full first sip of her tea. "This is very good," she remarked. "Perhaps just a touch bitter. What kind of tea is it?"

"A custom blend," Suzerain replied, enjoying a generous taste from his own mug. "Premium tea leaves combined with various herbs designed to be soothing and healthful. I can give you the address of the shop in New York, if you wish."

"Perhaps later. I'd really prefer to discuss Anton."

"Of course," he conceded. "I don't really know him that well, I must confess. We had an email correspondence, which began a few months ago after he saw me perform in Reno. He asked about hypnosis training, and I recommended a good program to him. Periodically he would email me with questions about my technique and I would advise him. He said he wanted to become a stage hypnotist. I recommended this trip to him as a way to study the methods of a number of the best professionals, like yourself. I had no idea he was using his new skills in such an unconscionable way."

Ursula nodded, taking some more tea. "I'm sure you realize that this Anton has given a rather different account of your relationship. He claims that you actively encouraged him to learn hypnosis as a means to sexual conquests, and that you have given him valuable advice and encouragement to that end."

"I suspected as much," the magician said with a sigh, studying the tiny bits of residue at the bottom of his mug. "It seems I misjudged the boy. He is clearly unwilling to accept the consequences of his own actions, and seeks to avoid them by using me as a scapegoat. But I don't quite understand how this became your concern."

Ursula put down her empty cup. "I became involved when Mistress Samantha asked for my help in separating your protégé from his victim," she explained, a hint of cold steel creeping into her voice. "I became more involved when Dr. Anders approached me with the problem of Brian and Annie Williams, who told me as much as they could remember about their encounters with you. Brian's story led me to locate Cherle and Trini, who also seem to have large lapses in memory when they are around you." Ursula stopped and blinked heavily a few times, appearing to stifle a yawn. "You've been a very bad boy," she concluded.

Suzerain watched Ursula's body language closely. She seemed to be relaxing into the chair, her face softening even as her voice hardened. His lips curled into a predatory smile that was almost a sneer. "Perhaps I have, my dear," he allowed. "Then again, perhaps we are simply talking about people who have been under hypnosis and who are enjoying the fantasy that they have given up control, that they have been made to perform

sex acts against their will and then their memories erased to cover it. This is, after all, a hypnoerotic cruise – isn't that the classic hypnoerotic fantasy? To be dominated, controlled, coerced into doing things that they secretly long to do, but without having to take responsibility for the result?"

Ursula was visibly wilting now. Her eyes stared drowsily across at Suzerain, blinking heavily and slowly and often. Her mouth fell open and it seemed as though it was taking a great deal of effort to keep her head upright.

Suzerain relaxed, satisfied that his prey was well cornered, and pressed his advantage. "You see, Ursula, they got nothing more than what they secretly wanted all along: to relax; to let go; to give in to the soothing, seductive sounds of my voice; to let me guide them to a level of ecstasy they've never known before. Even now, Ursula, you feel the draw of that promise, the irresistible lure of submission. Your eyes are becoming heavy, so heavy, wanting so much to close and just listen to my voice, obey my commands. You may not have realized it, Ursula, but that is exactly what you want."

"No," Ursula murmured weakly, shaking her head, trying to force her eyes to remain open.

"Yes," he countered smoothly. "Even now you are falling under my spell, Ursula. Do not resist. You can't resist anyway; your cup of tea contained an extra ingredient, a powerful hypnotic agent, which even now is making you sleepy, drowsy, ready to submit totally to my will. Your body is heavy, Ursula, heavy and slow, it is too difficult to move it, too difficult to get up, too difficult to protest or resist me any further. You are mine."

As Suzerain spoke, Ursula seemed to lose her battle with the chemicals in her bloodstream. Her eyes closed and her head dropped to her chest. A long, slow breath seemed to mark her surrender.

Suzerain smiled again, a wicked, self-satisfied smile as he admired his work: Ursula, the master hypnotist, the ultimate domme, completely under his control. He began to contemplate what he would have her do for him.

First, he decided, she would strip for him, debasing herself for his pleasure. He might even photograph her in the process; she had a nice enough body to be worth a few pages in his private scrapbook. Then he would avail himself of her various orifices, taking her at his leisure. Perhaps he would even bring her up to Anton and offer him a little payback, if he was up to it.

As he thought about the fun he would have with his new toy, he noticed that he had sunk down rather deeply into his chair. He started to get up, to resettlement himself, but his arms and legs seemed leaden and didn't want to move. With a great effort, he lifted his head and looked over to find Darlene. His vision seemed to move in slow motion, like a badly focused home movie. He became aware of a buzzing sensation, and of a great heaviness enveloping his mind. His eyes finally found Darlene and saw her glaring down at him

with a look of triumph. “I think he’s feeling it now,” she said, her voice sounding hollow, as if she were on a cheap speakerphone.

The drugged magician’s head swung around, slowly, to face the seat opposite. Ursula had risen from her chair and was standing over him, her eyes wide awake and full of purpose. Her hand took his head and tilted it as she examined his face. “His pupils are dilated and slow,” she assessed, “and his gross motor skills look depressed. I’d say you’re right.”

Suzerain tried to speak, but his tongue was clumsy and couldn’t form words. Ursula saw the attempt and guessed at his question.

“While you were in the dining hall trolling for fresh victims,” she explained, “I found your companion here and had a heart-to-heart with her. When I told her about what your little protégé had done and what you had been doing she admitted to everything, including her complicity in the scheme, and asked me to help her escape from you. It seems she’s been on the receiving end of your sickening attentions a few times too often, Herbert. So in return for her cooperation this morning, my friends and I are going to help her make the break from you permanently.”

Barely intelligible words came thickly from Suzerain’s mouth. “Whuh ... you ... do ...”

“What will we do with you?” the hypno-domme finished for him. “Probably far less than you deserve. By rights I should drag you around this ship and offer your services as a sex toy to anyone who wants it, but frankly I haven’t the stomach to spend that much more time with you. I’d like to hand you over to the law, but I can’t do that without handing Darlene over as well, and she’s persuaded me not to do that. Instead, we’re simply going to keep you here, giving you some more tea every six hours or so to keep you nice and cooperative, and make sure you don’t have contact with any more passengers. Security officers will escort you off the ship after we dock, and I will do my best to see to it that you are not invited to perform anywhere again.”

Ursula looked to Darlene and nodded. “He’s all yours,” she said, and slipped out the doorway.

Darlene looked at the dazed figure of her boss in the chair with an expression of unbridled malice. “I may not have your skill as a hypnotist,” she hissed to the helpless man, “but with that dope in your system I really don’t have to. You’ll obey me because you have no will to resist. And I’m not as inclined to be easy on you as Mistress Ursula is. In fact, I think you’re going to have to answer for all the times you’ve mind-fucked me into being your personal sex toy. I want you to get out of that chair now, Suzerain, and undress for me. Do it slowly...”

“So that’s it?” Roger asked incredulously after Ursula told him the tale. They were seated at the dinner table with Dr. Anders and their friends Rob and Toni. “You’re going to try and get him blackballed, nothing else?”

“Well,” she confessed, “Maybe a little more. My accomplice seemed to have a bit of retribution on her mind when I left which I’m sure he won’t enjoy, assuming he remembers it. I also had a nice little talk with the Captain. When our friend disembarks tomorrow, several representatives of the Drug Enforcement Administration will be waiting for him. His luggage, and his person, will be subject to an extremely thorough search for illegal controlled substances.”

“How thorough?”

“The Captain assures me that the DEA takes these things very seriously,” she answered with a sly grin. “Herbert is likely to spend quite some time in the company of their agents. They will know him inside and out before the day is done.”

The doctor chuckled appreciatively. “Even if they don’t find anything, there’s a certain poetic justice in that,” she remarked. “Well done.”

“Thank you,” Ursula replied. “And now if you’ll excuse me, I need to prepare for a show. It seems the originally scheduled act had to cancel at the last minute, and I’ve agreed to substitute.”

-wg
5/10/00

Pleasure Cruise -- Nitecap

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

He was standing at the railing, watching the stars, listening to the low thrum of the engines and the sounds of the cruise ship cutting through the water. He smiled and took a deep breath, exhaling and laughing softly. He turned his head as he heard someone approach.

“Good evening,” he said, “What has you out so late? Business or pleasure?”

She laughed as she stepped up to him at the railing. “It’s good to see you again; I needed to talk to you. Business. And you?”

He smiled. “Couldn’t sleep. Business as well. Yours?”

She smiled and turned a bit. He stepped away and brought up two chairs. They sat down.

“Thank you,” she said. “I was helping a couple loosen up and enjoy their lovemaking more.”

He laughed a bit. “Well, that’s one you can do in a single session.”

She laughed as well. “Then why is this their third night?”

He said, “Because you’re so good.”

“Thank you. And you? The same?”

He shook his head a little. “Almost. Married couple, she wants to let go more. That was easy. With him though -- there was something else.”

“Oh?” she asked, quite curious.

He nodded. “As best I could figure under the circumstances, he’s afraid of the dark, and it’s something that goes back to his childhood, something pretty deep.”

She nodded. “And?”

He looked into her eyes and smiled. “I did some desensitization, but it’s going to take a lot more work. I’m meeting with them tomorrow afternoon -- I think a professional referral is in order.”

She raised an eyebrow. “That serious?”

He shrugged. “I didn’t want to dig in this late at night. I may explore some more tomorrow, but it had that feeling about it.”

She nodded and smiled.

“What?” he asked.

“I have even more respect for you. A lot of people would have jumped in.”

He smiled and shook his head again, looking at her with a grin. “But will you respect me in the morning?”

She laughed, her head going back. She scooted her chair over a bit closer to his and put a hand on his shoulder. “Yes, if that’s what you’d like. Actually, I have a proposal for you.”

He relaxed back a bit, then smiled and frowned, looking at her intently. “Just what is your background? A lot of the things I’ve seen you do tell me you have clinical training.”

She sat back as well, and reached into her purse, pulling out a small bottle. She took off the top and took a sip, then offered it to him. He nodded, took a sip, and handed it back.

“Promise not to tell?” she asked.

He laughed. “I promise not to name names. Of course.”

She took another sip. "I did my residency at Bellevue in New York."

"What?" he asked in surprise. "Clinical residency?"

She nodded. "I'm not an M.D. I got my Ph.D. in psychology and then did a few years at Bellevue."

He laughed as he shook his head. "Amazing. So how did you make the transition to hypno-Domme?"

She smiled. "Actually, it was simple. I found myself working with people who couldn't pay, and didn't want my help."

"So you changed to working with people who could pay, and did want your help?" he suggested.

She nodded and took another nip from the bottle, handing it to him again.

"It's a little more complex than that, but that's the short version. And you?"

He took a nip. "This is very good. What is it?"

"A very old Cognac -- gift from an admirer."

He chuckled and handed the bottle back. "My original degrees were from Stanford..."

"Did you train with any of Erickson's people?" she interrupted.

He smiled. "No, my original degrees were in electrical engineering."

She gave him a puzzled look.

"Between school and work, I was close to burnout. A friend suggested a local hypnotherapist. The rest, as they say, is history."

"But you've had quite a bit of training, and very good training. It shows."

"Thank you. I've trained at Omni, with Parkerhill, with anyone I can. I also did a Master's in clinical psych. I've done 2800 supervised hours, working to 3000."

She nodded. "Did you know we live about half an hour apart?"

He laughed. "I won't ask how you learned that. Probably the same way you learned my middle name."

She nodded and smiled. "You look tired."

He sighed, then chuckled some, head hanging down for a bit, then raising up to look out into the night, then back to her. "I actually thought this cruise would be a vacation. I don't know when I've worked harder, or longer."

"Or enjoyed it more?" she asked, rubbing his back lightly.

"Mmmm..." he said.

She laughed again. "Enjoyed it professionally as well, silly boy. You have done some great work on this cruise."

He nodded. "As have you. As have a lot of us. And we've had a lot of fun."

"Would you like to hear my proposals?" she asked with a sly smile.

"I'm yours. You know that," he said softly.

She nodded. "I'll start with the middle one first. Are you working the week we get back?"

He shook his head. "Nope. With us getting back on Tuesday morning, I decided to blow off the week -- it's been so long since I took time off. I was thinking of going to Omni for a few days. I don't have to be home until the next week. It would be a good way to pick up more supervised hours."

She nodded. "I've got a better offer. Bill and Nancy are going right to Orlando, spending the rest of the week there, doing Disney World, Epcot, the whole thing. Another couple was to join them, but had to cancel out. They asked me. I told them I'd let them know in the morning. Come with me."

He tilted his head a little, smiling.

She took his hand and continued. "I need someone to hold my hand and run laughing with me from ride to ride. I need someone to hold me during the scary parts." More softly, she said, "I need someone to share sunsets with. I need someone to hold me at night and in the morning."

He sighed. "You've got a deal. I can afford it, with what I've made on the cruise."

She raised an eyebrow. "It's all paid for. We'll also be doing some work with Bill and Nancy, but not much."

He laughed a little. "They're a nice couple. I heard they aren't married yet. They act a lot more married than some others I've met on this cruise."

She nodded. "Have you seen that pin he wears?"

He frowned, concentrating. "A horse, or something."

She said, "A golden mule. It's quite a tale."

"Mules have tails?" he asked.

She laughed and put her hand on his back again.

"Want to hear the rest?" she asked.

"Of what?"

She rubbed his back a little more. He sighed.

"We'll go to Orlando, and fly home on Sunday. I've learned something on this cruise, something from you, and from the others. I especially learned from the mess we cleaned up. I want to get back into working with people, helping people. What do you think of Toni and Rob?"

He was relaxing under her touch. He sighed. "They're an incredible couple. I admire them. I respect them. I envy them."

"I want to work with you. I think we can work very well together. What do you think?"

He sat up, attentive again. "You mean it? You're licensed?"

"Yes; I mean it. And, I'm current on my certifications and licenses. I can even supervise you, dear. What do you think?"

He laughed. "I think I'm wide awake again. I think it would be a wonderful challenge. I'd love to. There are some clients I haven't felt good about handling alone. Yes."

She laughed softly; they held hands. He shook his head.

"What?" she asked.

"You're the answer to a number of questions. Now I don't know how I'm going to sleep tonight."

She smiled. "Silly boy.... Your cabin or mine? Either one, you're going to be so helpless in my arms."

"Maybe not right away," he growled.

"I certainly hope not," she growled back.

He sighed. "You're doing it to me."

"Doing what?"

He shook his head, but smiled as he looked into her eyes. "I understand it so well now. I'd read about it, of course, but now I understand it, feel it."

"What? Tell me, please," she asked softly.

"Your allure. Besides being beautiful, talented, and everything else. Right now I'm tired -- physically, emotionally. I'm tired of being responsible. I'm tired of having to make decisions, especially decisions about others. I'm tired of picking up broken pieces and putting them back together. And I know I can let go to you, give myself to you, and I won't have to make any decisions."

She smiled and scooted forward on her chair, drawing him forward in his so they could embrace. They held each other gently. "That's right. A lot of them don't understand that's why they come to me. But..."

He held her tighter, and kissed her shoulder. "I think I understand. I'll hold you, and protect you. I'll give you the space to let go."

She sighed and held him closer, starting to rock slowly. "That's part of it. But I'm warning you -- I need someone to talk to, to be with, and to hold. I need someone to be close to."

He kissed up to her neck. "I think we have a mutual dependency. Folie a Deux?"

She sighed. "How about a woman and a man together?"

He sighed, "Oh, I need to be held. And I want to hold someone; hold, and cherish, and protect."

He slid a hand up her back and up the back of her neck. He felt her shiver a little, and heard her soft moan as he caressed the back of her neck and head. "Oh, I want you!" she whispered hotly.

He nestled his head on her shoulder. "Then take me, please."

“Right here?” she growled.

He laughed a little. “Your place, or mine. Afterwards I want to hold you, and go to sleep holding you. And I want to wake up and hold you again.”

They stood up together and kissed.

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