

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.

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

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.

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What the hell. I headed to lunch, laughing and shaking my head. I'd agreed to judge a contest for some of the hypno-dommies 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.

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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 Dominique 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 confidant, 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."

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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 Dominique, 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 Dominique 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.

Dominique 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, insistent female voices, and rapidly inflating male members. Dominique seemed to be pulling into an early lead, followed by Ursula, Toni, and Samantha.

Dominique'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. Dominique'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 Dominique. "And fourth, with eight points, and a strong finish, Mistress Dominique." 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

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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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