

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.

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

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 hynotherapists 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."

Pleasure Cruise -- Dessert

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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