

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.

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

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.

FIN

Pleasure Cruise -- Nitecap
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>