

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.

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

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

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