

Pleasure Cruise -- Toy

© Copyright 2000 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.

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!)

Be careful what you wish for, your wish may be granted. That's me. I wanted to go to a top University -- I got in and worked my tail off. When I got out, I wanted to work for a startup company that would challenge me, and have a chance at paying off. Three years of very, very long hours, and I've got the money, but no time to spend it. Time to take a vacation -- something I haven't done in years, before I burn out.

Then this cruise popped up -- a ten-day hypno-erotic cruise. A dream come true, yes? I signed up as soon as I heard about it, booking a first-class cabin. I took the time to go to a tanning place for a few weeks beforehand to get rid of the Silicon Valley pallor. I got help putting together a wardrobe for the cruise.

And after three days, well.... What was I expecting? I don't know. What had I dreamed of? What I'd been reading of in stories for a long time -- she looks at me, touches me, takes my mind away, envelops me in passion.

Honk! Reality calling! Actually, I understand a lot better now. It's been a very good cruise so far. I've learned a lot about myself. And it's been fun. The shows have been fantastic -- starting the first night with Mistress Ursula -- what a wet dream she is! And she's offering private sessions!

The soonest I could get a session with one of the hypno-dommes was five days into the cruise, with Mistress Samantha. But until then, I had sessions set up with Roger, and a husband-and-wife pair, Toni and Rob. I figured initially that I'd get an introduction to hypnosis, actually experience it rather than reading and fantasizing about it, so when I finally got to see one of these amazing women, maybe I'd be prepared for something to happen.

By mistake, I guess, I did the right thing. After the first session I had with Roger, I signed up for two sessions a day with him, Rob, or Toni. I learned about hypnosis, and experienced it finally, wonderfully. It took Toni and Rob working together to get me to the place where my hyperanalytical mind, the tool which has gotten me so far, could take a rest, and get the hell out of the way. But once I'd gotten there, I could go back, and the more I practice, the easier it gets.

So, after leaving a very good session with Roger on that third morning, I knew I wouldn't have problems sleeping as I used to. They won't be gone, but they're greatly diminished. I've learned a lot about myself. I needed to cut back on my expectations -- especially of what I "needed" to do. Lighten up, in other words. Kick back and relax -- enjoy things for a change. It would take getting used to, but I could let myself do that now. It was okay for me to take time for those things.

I'd wandered over to the library after lunch to look at the story board. A number of the people on board were cranking out stories and posting them. Some were selling autographed stories. There was even a rumor RC was on board. Roger had confided in me, telling me his pen name -- it would come out at the author panel late in the cruise.

I'd looked over the new stuff. There was one good one, and a bunch of the usual crap. I told Roger I wished he were writing more -- I like his material very much, with its positive outlooks, romantic slant. He laughed and told me he had to stop wasting so much time sleeping.

I was deciding what to do next. I didn't have any more sessions scheduled for today, but I did have mini-disc recordings of earlier ones to listen to. I could take the one of Toni and Rob taking me deep and bringing me up and down and listen to that on deck. I'd done that yesterday before dinner. Opening my eyes briefly to see the sky speeding by, then dropping back into trance was an incredible sensation. Then I heard a woman say, "Haven't I seen you on B deck?"

I turned to see who she was talking to. Right behind me was a very attractive woman wearing a short-sleeved velvet top, barely containing her breasts. She smiled at me!

I don't know what I did, so she repeated, "Are you on B deck too?"

"No, A47," I told her.

She smiled. "Do you have a minute to talk?"

I remembered what Roger had been drumming into me. Relax and let things happen. "Sure, what can I do for you?"

She sat on the couch and I sat next to her. Some other folks moved up to the story board.

"I'm Rhonda," she said, turning and extending a hand.

I shook her hand. I didn't know where to look -- in her eyes, which were pretty and brown, or at her bust line. "Carl. Glad to meet you."

"Carl, are you with someone on the cruise?"

Very straightforward! "Nope, just me."

"Ah.... So you're not married or anything."

I laughed. "Just to my job, and I've learned it's trying to kill me."

"Carl... I was wondering if you could do me a favor." She smiled at me, and actually held my hand. My heart was starting to race.

"Okay, what?"

She hesitated, but not for long. "I've been studying with one of the people onboard, and I need someone to practice on, to hypnotize. Would you be interested?"

I didn't know if my heart was going to stop or explode. My pants were going to explode. She wanted to hypnotize me?

"Uh, I guess so," I managed to say.

She smiled and stood up, still holding my hand. "That's great. Let's go."

"What? Now?" I asked, more worried about my obvious erection than anything else.

"Sure, why not? You still interested?"

I sighed. "Very."

She led me past my own cabin, straight into performer country -- the section of first class cabins pretty much filled with the stars of the cruise. I'd spent plenty of time in Roger's cabin, and in Rob and Toni's.

My heart nearly did its impossible thing again when we walked right in the door of the cabin I knew belonged to Mistress Samantha. That's why the velvet top looked familiar -- that was Mistress Samantha's trademark.

And I was soon in a chair, facing Mistress Samantha. She repeated Rhonda's questioning, and in answer to her questions about my hypnosis experience, I told them both quite frankly that I'd been reading MC stories for years, but the first time I'd been actually hypnotized had been on the cruise. I'd been to a number of sessions with Roger, Rob, and Toni, and they had done me an incredible amount of good. I smiled and told her I also had some sessions scheduled with her in a few days.

Mistress Samantha nodded to Rhonda. I turned my eyes to Rhonda as well. Her eyes seemed to sparkle.

"So Carl, are you interested in exploring the other side of hypnosis, the side that brought you to this cruise?" Rhonda asked.

I gulped and nodded my head. I didn't think my voice would work. She walked over to me and took my hands. Sitting there in the chair, I was looking right at her breasts. I could see her tight nipples, and practically feel the warmth radiating from her.

She moved me to sitting at the foot of the bed, and stood in front of me. Mistress Samantha was off to one side a little. I looked up into Rhonda's face.

"No, Carl, you can look at my breasts. I want you to look at my breasts. Do you like them, Carl?"

"Yes," I managed to whisper.

She put her hands on my shoulders. I quivered from head to toe. It was really happening.

"My breasts are so warm and soft, Carl, and so relaxing. Wouldn't you love to let go and relax on my warm, soft breasts?"

"Yes," I whispered again.

Her hands moved to the back of my head, cradling my head. I sighed and let her hold me. She moved my head a little in her hands.

"That's right, Carl -- let go and relax for me. Relax and go into a deep trance on my breasts. They're so relaxing, so soft, so warm. You're so safe in my arms, relaxing deeper and deeper with each breath, so safe and comfortable relaxing on my breasts."

She was drawing me closer as she spoke. I could smell her perfume and feel her warmth. Her voice and her hands held me. My eyes closed before I felt the soft fabric touch my face. I was floating in her arms.

Part of me knew I was deeper than Rob and Toni had taken me. But it was oh, so good. She held me, spoke to me, caressed me.

On my back, she was on top of me. "One, two, three, open," she said, and I opened my eyes to see her above me. She lowered a soft perfumed and cloth covered breast to me and said, "Deep trance." I sighed and let go.

I was startled at the first sight and taste of her bare breast and nipple. But she held me and let me suck myself deeper and deeper, so satisfied.

She took me up and down, time after time. Roger had done that, and Rob and Toni had done that, but this was so much more powerful. I wanted it so much.

She counted me up slowly. I could tell we were done for now. When I opened my eyes and moved a little on the bed I almost cried. It had been so good. She helped me sit up. She had her top on again.

“Did you like that, Carl?” she asked with a smile.

I wiped a tear from my face and nodded.

Mistress Samantha said, “You are a very good subject. The people you’ve worked with are first class.” I nodded.

“Carl, I have some questions for you,” Rhonda said.

I nodded. Calmly she asked me very detailed questions about my sexual history. I answered calmly and as best I could. I was heterosexual, had sex with three different women over the last few years, and no current significant relationship.

“Carl, would you like to be my toy for the rest of the cruise? I promise to take good care of you.”

“You can move in with me if you like,” I managed to say.

She glanced to Mistress Samantha, then back to me. “I think that would be nice. Mistress Samantha says I need to have a toy to practice and play with for the rest of her lessons. But Carl, you need to understand that you’re just a toy, and that when the cruise is over, you’ll no longer be my toy. Do you want to be my toy, Carl?”

I moved to the edge of the bed slowly, and put my arms around her waist. I pulled myself gently to her bosom again, feeling her soft warmth enveloping me.

“Oh yes, please,” I whispered, begged, prayed.

Her arms enveloped me, a hand cradling my head again. “Oh, thank you, Carl.”

She pulled down the left side of her top and moved me closer to her nipple. I took it hungrily. She held me tight and said, “Deep trance, Carl.” I knew I was still holding on, and she was still holding me, but still felt as if I was falling, falling into something so soft, so warm, and so wonderful.

That afternoon was a time of soft voices and soft breasts. She taught me to adore her with my mouth. She taught me to make love with her, and she taught me to drift off to sleep in her embrace.

She and Mistress Samantha played with me, sending me into trance with a word or a touch, or making my body do things to please them. I begged them to let me adore them, to please them. They traded me back and forth until I lost track of time, of trance, of myself.

We stopped. We were all sitting in chairs, wearing clothes again. I took a breath and looked at them.

I went back to my room to get ready for dinner. Part of me was still the same. But part of me knew I was her toy, and so happy.

We sat together at dinner, Rhonda and I. I was surprised; I could be normal, and then with a touch, or a word, I was her toy again. She went away after dinner. I wasn't sad -- I knew she would be back.

I was getting ready for bed when she came into my room. I fell to my knees and hugged her, feeling her softness and warmth.

"Is my toy ready?" she asked.

I laughed and hugged her. "Oh, yes!"

Her hands went up my shoulders to my neck, sending me tingling to that place again. She played with me into the night, and again in the morning. How I love being sent to sleep in her embrace.

Mistress Samantha came and watched our play. I was sad because Mistress Samantha was upset at Rhonda, first for not letting me come, and then for letting me come too quickly. But Mistress Samantha told me I was a good toy, and she played with me for a while.

Through the rest of the cruise, I was happy when I was her toy. I was happy when I wasn't. I enjoyed the cruise. I enjoyed the sea air, the ports, the shows, meeting other people. I enjoyed being on deck, earphones in my ears, and Rob and Toni's voices taking me into trance. But oh those times when I was her toy, or Mistress Samantha's toy, and they played with me.

But then it was the next to last day of the cruise. Day after tomorrow it would be over. I'd go back to designing chips, back to the real world. Still, I felt calm, serene, rested and relaxed. I knew I'd take back so much with me.

I was standing in my cabin, looking out on the sea, when a knock sounded at the door. I opened it.

And fell to my knees, hugging Rhonda to me.

"Stand up, Carl," she said.

I stood up, and then noticed she had a young oriental woman with her. She was a little taller, with jet black hair, brown eyes, and a perfect smile.

Pleasure Cruise -- Toy

“Carl, this is Janice. She works at Sun, near you. She’s interested in having a toy of her very own, one she can keep forever and ever. Does that sound interesting, Carl?”

I looked at Janice again. She had a shapely bottom, nice looking legs, a trim waist, and while her bosom wasn’t as bountiful as Rhonda’s, she was very attractive, her nipples showing erect behind what looked to be a buttoned silk top.

“Yes, it does,” I whispered, looking back to Rhonda.

She smiled to me, then stepped aside and guided Janice’s hands to my head, pulling me to firm breasts under the smooth cool softness of silk.

“Here, let me show you how you play with your toy.”

I sighed again, and as warm hands drew me tighter, I closed my eyes.

Their voices mingled, and their scents, and their tastes, and their moans. I pleased them, and they used me.

The next morning, I awoke with Janice beside me. I pulled her to me, devouring her, listening to her laugh with joy. She ran her hands over me and spoke, taking me to that place again, and then riding me to her ecstasy, and mine.

When we woke again, I held her and cried. She rocked me, and when I was helpless in her arms once more, she smiled at me and said softly, “Carl, I would like to be your toy some times.”

I had one last session with Mistress Samantha that afternoon. I expected we could see her in the morning as well. “I know someone who can help,” I said, as I kissed her neck.

FINI

Pleasure Cruise -- Toy

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>