

Cruising Along

For Kayllik
By TheSpiralledEye

Jennifer and Sanders try to win back some of their independence by taking Damien on a cruise but soon enough they are a slave to their urges and his magic.

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It had been hard, getting used to having Sanders in her life. Jennifer knew this relationship wasn't exactly equal; Damien held all the cards but she couldn't just leave him. Not now that she was addicted to being transformed by him. She just couldn't help it, every time she tried to get off on her own or even think about leaving she couldn't do it. She'd even considered propositioning Sanders to see if regular sex could satisfy her anymore but she hadn't been able to do that either. Both of them were hopelessly enthralled to Damien as the pleasure he could give them. They had both become obsessed with his teasing and humiliation tactics.

So when they finally managed to convince him to go on a cruise holiday with them both, Jennifer had foolishly thought she was gaining back a little bargaining power. Damien hadn't wanted to go, he'd never liked boats, much preferring to travel to the mountains rather than the ocean. So when he finally relented, she had been overjoyed. Finally, they could spend some quality time together and perhaps she could even win back his heart from Sanders and they could be a proper couple again.

Then the day came for them to pack and Damien's motives revealed themselves.

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Damien had turned both her and Sanders into many things over the last few months; clothing, inanimate objects, even sex toys. So when he had suggested they save money by only buying one ticket so that he could sneak them both onboard using magic, she had been prepared.

She had expected and secretly hoped to be turned into a suitcase again. She loved the feeling of being stuffed full of things till she felt as though her seams were about to burst. It was like being penetrated constantly. To her shock, Damien announced his intention to transform and combine them both into the same object for the first time. She assumed clothing, perhaps a matching pair of shoes, so when she he instead turned her into something stiff and made of cardboard she had been surprised.

A flash in the mirror revealed he had turned her and Sanders into a small, pocket sized photograph of themselves; both their faces twisted in ecstasy like a scene from a porno. She hadn't even gotten the chance to enjoy looking before he stuffed them into his wallet and left them in darkness for what seemed like an age.

By the time those warm fingers returned to pinch her paper edges she felt as though she had been in sensory deprivation for years. The brightness of their ship cabin was blinding and she barely had time to orient herself before she was changing; not back into her human form though.

Instead she felt herself separate from Sanders, growing and becoming stretchy and soft. She almost fell to the floor but one of those warm fingers hooked through a hole in her new body and kept her afloat. Sanders was not so lucky and he fell with a soft thump.

Jennifer swivelled her vision down to look at him; a towel, blue with yellow stripes, almost stereotypical in design. She swivelled her vision again, trying to find a mirror so she could figure out what she was. She could tell she was an article of clothing at least but what.

She got her answer a moment later as another of Damien's fingers looped through her waistband and began to stretch her out as he smiled.

"You make such a lovely speedo, Jen." He sighed, "You're really going to show off my package.

'You said you'd turn us back once we were onboard!' she cried out, trying her best to keep her voice even as he stretched her.

"But I want to go for a swim." He said with a fake pout, "And we only have one activity wristband, so I can't have you two walking around the ship without one, people might ask questions. This way you can both come with me, aren't I nice?"

She was trying so hard not to get turned on, but she wouldn't help it. Damien was smoothing his hands over her as he carefully laid her out on the bed, Sanders in towel form was carefully rolled next to her as he began to strip. There was no artistry to it, not dance, but to her it was a strip tease all the same.

"You wanted us all to come on this cruise to spend time together right? Well, what's more fun than spending time together like this?" He asked with a smile. "Now we can be together for the whole trip without having to pay for three tickets!"

Jennifer was barely listening, her mind already fogging with lust. Her vision was locked on his cock as soon as it emerged and she couldn't help but feel a stab of pride. Soon she would be cupping it, holding that length against her inner lining with Sanders relegated to a simple towel, even if he sat on him, she would be between them.

She tingled all over with anticipation as he slowly lowered her to floor and stepped into her holes. She felt her fabric scrape against his inner thighs, brushing against the firm muscle there before being snapped closed around his tight ass and cock. The skin warmed her but she found herself disappointed; swimwear fabric was so breathable compared to underwear, she felt as though so much of his delicious scent was passing through her without a chase to be savoured.

Still, she could enjoy cupping his balls and feeling his cock press against her inner lining as he walked. The movement of his hips stretched her thin and she wanted to squeal. It was just like Damien to make her a size too small just to show off his package. She could see women staring as they stepped out onto top deck where the pool was.

Damien made a big show of unrolling Sanders and laying him on a pool lounge before sitting down with a sigh. To all around them he looked like a content, single man sunbathing but unbeknownst to them both Jen and Sander's were there; and they could see everything. As always the inherent naughtiness of their situation sent a thrill through her; she was feeling up her boyfriend in the middle of a crowd and nobody was the wiser.

Jennifer seethed with jealousy as women smiled and waved flirtatiously as they passed. Of course, Damien waved right back. He ground his ass down into Sander's under the guise of getting comfortable and Jennifer felt his ass crushing her beneath him. As the sun continued to scorch down on them she could feel his skin start to sweat slightly. His scent permeated her every pore and Jen was sure this was Heaven. Or at least as close as she could get to it.

Perhaps it was a coincidence, or perhaps Damien could sense she was enjoying herself too much because he decided to stand, stretching to show off his glistening muscles to Sanders below before making his way into the pool. Jennifer could hear the women laughing playfully as they splashed one another in the pool; the water glittering over their smooth skin and skimpy bikinis. They knew exactly what they were doing, the whore, trying to act all innocent when really they were hoping Damien would come and join them.

The water was freezing, she did her best to brace herself for it but she mentally moaned as the cool liquid began to soak into her fabric and wash away Damien's delicious flavour. Surprisingly, his skin didn't tighten, perhaps the water was warm but she had just grown accustomed to the heat of his body. Something else the chloride filled water was taking away. Her whole world turned muffled, Damien's completely unintelligible above the water as he swam and talked with the other women.

They grew bold, Jennifer felt the brush of legs and feet against her every few minutes, followed by hands. One even gently scraped her nails against Jennifer's surface, digging into Damien's as slightly and making his cock twitch against her. She hated how good it felt; she was burning up with jealousy. It was bad enough she had to share Damien with Sanders but another woman? That would be a step too far.

Yet she could not deny how hot it was making her, feeling Damien slowly get turned on. Soon he and the woman were standing face to face, Damien's growing bulge pressed against her mound, hidden beneath the water. Nobody but her knew how close the two of them were standing; she could feel his cock getting hard and forcing her up against the woman's mound more with each passing second. The water became tainted with the heady taste of her arousal.

Then she was gone, Damien walking toward the shallow end of the pool again before she was suddenly surfing. After so long underwater the lights and sounds of the surface world were overwhelming, especially having the full weight of his cock and balls once again pressing down on her. For a moment she was satisfied, happy to know Damien was only teasing her but then a hand brushed against her and she turned her vision up to see a trashy red haired woman in a black bikini smiling with a predatory look in her eye.

'Damien...what are you doing?' Jennifer asked but of course he ignored her, it wasn't as though he could reply without looking like a crazy person anyway.

"And you're here all by yourself?" The woman cooed, "That's such a shame, you can't spend your cruise all alone."

"Oh I don't intend to." Damien chuckled, picking up Sanders casually and rubbing him across his chest. "The whole point of this trip for me is to meet new people."

The liar! She could see the sharpness in his smile, the knowledge that both she and Sanders were hearing all of this. Then again, Sanders was now being rubbed against his shoulders blades as Damien subtly showed off his muscular physique to his new lady friend; so he might have other things on his mind.

After a few more minutes of flirting Jennifer found Sanders crushing against her as Damien finished drying himself. She was thankful really, the cold water still stuck to the pool and now she was starting to taste Damien once more.

"Well I hope I see you again." The woman said sweetly, subtly pressing her hand against Damien's hip.

That wasn't all though. Jennifer felt something hard and plastic slide between her and Damien's skin. It was hard to tell even when she swivelled her vision to try and see but she could guess. A room key. That damn bitch!

'Tell her you're taken!' Jennifer demanded, 'By two people no less.'

But Damien just laughed, to an outsider it probably looked like he was just having a good time and couldn't believe a hot woman had slipped him a key; but Jennifer knew better. He was getting off on teasing her and Sanders. He'd probably keep them like this all afternoon, maybe even wear them over to that woman's room and make sure they watched as he fucked her.

And she hated that she was already looking forward to it.