All-Inclusive

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Joseph Carmody had won the company prize for sales. It seemed to him that he had sweated blood to win it. He had sweated pints of blood and stuck his nose in hundreds of assholes to top the sales figures but he had done it. Little Joe Carmody was on top. All those other jocks and bucks were behind him on the numbers. It felt like victory.

The prize was the All-Inclusive Caribbean Experience - an all-expenses paid vacation for two aboard the “M” cruising the Caribbean and stopping at 12 ports. The price tag was huge, but that was the measure of award – it meant something. All he needed was somebody to share it with.

The problem was that Joe’s relationship with his girlfriend had suffered while he was working so hard. He had to her that the prize would be shared with her, but she never believed that he would win. A few nights before award night she talked to him about “moving on”. She was not beside him when his name was called.

“I promised you that I would share it with you, and I meant it,” said Joe, pleading with her over the phone. You don’t have to go to any expense. I will happily pay for a wardrobe. Just give me your sizes and I will put a bag together.”

“Maybe you should be thinking about a different kind of partner, Joe,” she said. Sex had never been satisfactory. In many ways it seemed to her that Joe was best in selling to himself. He had sold an idea of the man he thought he should be, and he had bought it without question.

“Baby, I can’t back out of this, and I am not going alone. We can talk things out on the boat, or not, if you don’t want to.”

“I agree that you should not be going alone,” she said. It seemed that she had won.

“Can you arrange the packing,” he said, without a trace of embarrassment. “You have a key. The package has the bags picked up from my door. I will need to head to the boat straight from work.”

She sighed as she hung up. It was typical of him, and yet another reason why she would not be going on the trip.

“The trip that you always dreamed of,” she said to her brother Todd. “How long will it take you to get packed.”

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There were a few drinks at the office. The truth is that Joe was not popular, but he deserved the kudos for what he had achieved, and the staff had stripped him of his suit and had him standing there in a tropical shirt, board shorts and flip flops, with only his passport and his ticket. It seemed he should be carrying more but the shout came back – “It’s all inclusive.”

With cheers he was bundled into a cab and, because he realized he was running late, the driver handled the streets at speed to get him to the gangway.

“We can hold your passport,” the welcoming officer said. “All you need is this your special room key. It accesses all the services aboard. Remember, for you and your partner this is all inclusive.”

“Has my partner checked in already?” There may have been a slight doubt but that was quickly dispelled. For Joe it seemed that this voyage was the best way to get things back on track. He had some plans for his life. It started with success in his career, and then everything else would follow.

The cabin was on the highest cabin deck, aft port with the largest balcony and best views. The bed was huge. There were two suitcases in the walk-in wardrobe. He guessed his was the smaller one. He hardly needed to change, but he opened it and pulled out a shirt he did not recognize. It was not his. It was huge.

It was a baggage mix up. He checked the label. Yes, that was the cabin number. There was no full name. It just read “Todd, accompanying Miss Carmody”.

The larger bag had a label on too. This cabin number on a tag and a name label with his home address below the words “Miss Josephine Carmody”.

He opened it. It was full of women’s clothes. He recognized some of them. It was all the stuff he had bought for her. Where was she? She was somewhere aboard, he knew that. Just then he heard one short blast on the ships horn and he stepped out on the balcony in time to see the ship pulling away from the dock.

Where was his cell phone? It was in his suit. Had they kept it at the office? It had all his contacts on it. They could not wait to get him out of there. Would they seriously steal his business?

He could walk the decks of the ship. She could be walking in the same direction just ahead of him. They might never meet. The sensible thing seemed to be to just wait. There were chairs to watch the cityscape go by and then the channel to the sea. This was a holiday, afterall.

The labelling was a fuck up, but what was he going to do for clothes? He needed to relax a little, which proved difficult but possible.

Open sea was just beckoning when he heard the cabin door open and somebody enter.

It was not her. It was a man. A very large man. And he knew him.

“Todd?” It was her brother. His girlfriend’s brother Todd. The man who he assumed was gay, and who had referred to him to his face as “a pretty boy”.

“Josie,” said Todd. “Why don’t you slip into one of those pretty dresses you bought for yourself. You look stupid dressed like that. So many sexy outfits designed to turn a man on. I can see that we are going to have a great time on this trip.”

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“The worst of it is over,” said Maria. “People are always unprepared for the full Brazilian wax so I always say ‘get it over quickly and get the soothing lotion on all over’. Just lie back and the skin will start to tingle in a way that is not unpleasant, and I can attend to your hair extensions.”

“This is not how our planned to spend my holiday,” said Josie with a pout that seemed close to tears.

“The best holidays are those that change people, don’t you think,” said Maria, with the cheerful optimism that made her the most popular of the staff of the ship’s spa. “Here at the spa we always pride ourselves on being able to improve not just appearance, but health and outlook.”

“It was not supposed to be this way,” Josie sulked. “It was my prize, not his.”

“All-inclusive,” Maria reminded her. “You had to have the spa treatment. Are you going to take just a daily massage and the occasional manicure? No way! Take everything on offer. Transformations that are meant to be transformative. That is what we do. Top dollar services. You could drink a hundred cocktails and not cover it.”

“I could ask why me?” said Josie. “But if you met Todd you would understand. The cruise is for couples. One of us had to be the woman. It could not be him.”

“But I did meet him,” said Maria, attending to the long light brown locks being fastened in. “He came to see me just before we cast off and put to sea. He went through everything. He wants you to be happy – I am convinced of that.”

“He is the brother of … a very close friend of mine. He has had an unhealthy attraction to me for sometime, and now it seems that he has been put in a position to realize his gay fantasy.”

“Trust me, Girl – I know my men. Todd is not gay.” Maria kept busy.

“So, what does that make me?” said Josie.

“Well, you have to work that out for yourself, but when you sit up out of this chair you are going to look like a beautiful woman. So are you going to stride down the promenade swinging your arms, or are you going to take some good advice on presentation.”

“This in a nightmare,” said Josie, as Maria tugged a little on her real hair.

“We have the Captains welcome aboard cocktails tonight, so we want you looking good for that,” said Maria. I will let you get used to having long hair this afternoon and then have you back before dark to fashion you an updo.”

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“This is Josephine Carmody, who topped sales for the whole country in the year just gone,” said Todd with a pride that was obvious to Captain Steele and his line of attending officers.

Josie stepped forward and thrust out her right hand to shake the captain’s firmly, as if closing a deal, but she felt Todd’s huge mitt enveloping her left hand, and it made her feel somehow submissive. The hand that she put forward with the long painted nails, was limp but warm and receptive.

“Pleased to meet you, Captain,” she whispered, still a little cautious that her voice might betray her and mark her as an imposter and a transvestite.

Captain Steele had met some beautiful woman in this job, and taken a million hands into his own, but there was something special about this one. Her hair was arranged beautifully, undoubtedly the work of the ladies at the spa, and her makeup flawless probably from the same, but it was her strong features and pleading eyes that pierced his veneer. There was strength here, but a vulnerability too, as if the eyes cried out to him that she was trapped and pleading with him.

“Welcome aboard, Miss Carmody,” he said, with his practiced smile. “I understand that you are with us on the all-inclusive package. I hope that you will enjoy it to the full. Please try all of our bars and restaurants and take full advantage of our services and planned amusements, and of course tours ashore are also covered.”

Todd and Josie finished shaking more hands before retreating to a far corner of the room full of people so that she could speak.

“You are a prick, Todd,” said Josie. “And that sister of yours is something far worse.”

“You are beautiful,” said Todd with a sly smile. “Look at all the men staring at you. I know exactly what they are thinking. They are thinking that there is the most beautiful woman in the room and why am I stuck with this one. They are wondering how a guy like me could end up with a girl like you. I have to wonder that myself. Honestly Babe, this is how you are meant to be.”

“This holiday was meant to be my fantasy, not yours,” Josie snapped.

“It is your fantasy,” he said. “You just need to accept it. And it’s mine too. It is perfect for both of us.”

“This underwear is so fucking uncomfortable,” Josie complained.

“That cocktail dress is quite short and we wouldn’t want any embarrassing wardrobe malfunction, would we?” said Todd. “But don’t worry, we can have that outfit off soon enough. I can’t wait to run my hands over that smooth hairless body.”

“You are a creep. Luckily that super king bed is so wide there can be a mile between us.”

“We’ll see,” smirked Todd. “But for now let’s do the rounds and introduce ourselves to those who look worth knowing. Put your sales hat back on. Sell yourself, Miss Josephine Carmody. This is who you are now for the rest of the cruise, and I hope, forever more.

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“I need you to help me get out of this,” said Josie. Why do these dresses not have a zip that you can reach? And even if I could, with these nails how could I work it?”

“Shush,” said Todd. “That is what a man is here for.” He stepped behind her, and pushed a fall of curls to one side to expose her neck and the zipper.

He could not resist. He put his face to the nape of her neck and drank in the aromas of shampoo and the scent on her neck and faked cleavage. His hot breath she could feel. She was about to shrug in mock annoyance, but instead she found her shoulders fall to receive his attentions, as if driven by some instinct.

He fingers deftly moved the zipper down. He reached up into her hair to find that single clip that had arranged her hair high. With that removed her glossy brown curls fell into his face like a waterfall of perfume.

He spun her around. There was her face – the false eyelashes framing hungry eyes, the painted lips quivering. She was like a doe in his scope, a rabbit in a corner with no escape, but yet begging for him.

He threw his arms around her and kissed her.

Josie found her body go weak, almost as if her bones had turned to jelly and the only thing holding her together was his strong arms. His tongue was in her mouth searching for her heart, and she found her feminine tongue reach out to his and then yield her mouth to him.

Her dress had fallen to the floor and somehow he had lifted her out of her shoes, which she has loosened the moment that she was inside the cabin. He carried her to the bed. Her hands were in his hair, feeling every bump of his huge masculine head. He was in control, and that was the way she liked it.

He lay her out gently and unclipped the bustier. It fell from her soft chest and with it two inserts that had given her such a perfect form. Todd reached for her underpants – neutral color, high waisted and padded, with the perfect camel toe that he desired, but would need to endure being lost in the moment.

“I don’t think that I am ready for this, Todd,” she whispered, but she did not believe it and neither did he.

“But you had the enema when they put your hair up, right? And the lubrication will still be fresh.”

“Just be gentle,” she whimpered. “Should I roll over?”

“No way,” said Todd. “I don’t want to take my eyes off your beautiful face.”

He didn’t. They looked into one another’s eyes as his hands removed his own clothes and then found for her the ideal position to receive his cock, straining with blood and passion and hard enough to cut diamond. She shuddered a little as he entered, but she was ready to receive him – she knew that now.

She relaxed her body, smooth and soft and slip petal moist from the lotions earlier in the day. It was the way her body was meant to be. He eyes still looked at her with love, and she looked back at him in a way that begged him to change her life forever.

His strokes were long and slow, and every one of them seemed like a step on the stairway to heaven. She knew that every clumsy effort at lovemaking as a man before this moment counted for nothing. This was what sex was. To lie back and feel the power of a man, and then … his seed exploding inside.

She found herself screaming like an animal. But it was a female animal. The squeal was high pitched and from that day on seemed to have changed her voice forever, as if Todd’s cock had reached all the way up to her voicebox.

He crouched over her as his penis soften and fell out of her tingling hole with a satisfying plop.

“Tell me that that was the best ever,” he said.

She smiled and nodded. Until that moment it was, but that would soon change.

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She was dripping wet as she walked from the pool to the lounger where he lay.

“That will probably be my last swim,” she said. “We will be home tomorrow. And to think that I spent 5 days unable to swim because of the stitches!” She cupped the breasts that filled her bikini top, lovingly.

“They were included,” Todd said. “Were we going to say no? The cosmetic surgeries were an offered service and you have the all-inclusive package.”

She reached down to her crotch. The stitches there were simply restraining, and only worked after a massive dose of hormones to end any accidental engorgement. But it allowed her to wear her bikini. More permanent changes would require something more than the cosmetic surgeon aboard the boat, but there was time for that.

She gathered her long wet hair in a towel. The sun, plus a little attention from the spa had lightened the color of her hair and she liked it. But while she had salon services available without charge, she would use them to make sure that when she stepped ashore people knew who she was – Miss Josephine Carmody, successful, beautiful, and now with a fiancé, subject to a few modifications.

“Are you going to call the office?” Todd asked.

“Actually, I will do that now,” she said.

“I order us a couple of those midday cocktails that you like,” he said.

“I have got so accustomed to those that I am not sure how I will cope without them,” she said, rummaging through her bag for her phone. She switched it on an had to wait while masses of notifications popped up.

She smiled at Todd as she found the dial tone, and then craned over to kiss him on the lips.

“Hi Boss, it’s Jo Carmody here. What do you mean – this is my voice. Well there have been a few changes. How have sales been going without me. Oh, I am not surprised that some of those guys have been moving in on my clients. Need I remind you that part of you job is to prevent that happening. That is not my opinion, that is a fact. I don’t care if you don’t like my tone, it’s like I said I have changed – I have taken this holiday as a chance to reflect. And can I say that I have reached a few conclusions and one of them is – you’re an asshole. And another is – you can stick your job. I have found better things to do.”

“Well, I suppose that is that”, said Todd with a knowing smile.

“I will have to be supported by my husband,” she teased. “I assume you are up for that?”

“My wife gets an all-inclusive service,” he said.

The End

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