

Chapter 51: The Arab Prince #7: Bacchanal

Within the bio dome top deck of his pleasure ship, Prince Samir held a bacchanal.

This was a common occurrence on the ship, and all the VIPs who weren't otherwise occupied in one of the ship's numerous entertainment districts were in attendance.

For Lara, it would be her first, although she would not arrive until the second half of the bacchanal, when the attendees were gorged on food and inebriation and the entertainment was to commence.

Other than a sparse sprinkling of VIP-status women-folk, the first half of the bacchanal was where the men, all elites in their own right when not aboard this ship, mingled and traded profitable secrets and shook hands on gentlemanly deals to be officially consummated once they left the rapture of Samir's ship for their worldly posts and businesses.

Prince Samir, as with most of Saudi royalty, was not short on coin. But here, on this ship, was his real nest egg that he kept hidden from his extended family.

A web of unseen blue energy emanating from the ring constantly pulsed through each guest caught in its range, instilling in them two very simple messages.

What happens on this ship, stays on this ship. Your secrets are safe amongst your friends.

What happens on this ship, stays on this ship. You cannot speak of your experiences and secrets witnessed.

Here, not only could guests discreetly meet power brokers and other personalities they couldn't be seen with in public, but they could, on occasions such as this bacchanal, openly indulge in carnal pleasures knowing they were amongst like-minded peers, freed

from judgment, and knowing everyone was sworn to secrecy, on pain of exile from this exclusive attendee's list.

Of course, what was known only to Samir and a select few was that this secrecy was ensured by the subtle and reassuring influence of the power the prince wielded in his ring.

Each guest implicitly felt it, a foreboding warning deep in their subconscious that even the impulse to divulge of any secrets gleaned on this vessel would result in splitting headaches, potentially leading to an excruciatingly painful death from a "natural" aneurysm if they didn't quash such thoughts. Even thoughts of circumventing this veil of secrecy would lead to similar outcomes.

The flip side was that each guest felt immune to judgment whilst aboard.

They relished in this shared secret, and the air was already filled with the scent of debauchery as the shameless ones liberally pulled into their embrace members of the female entertainment.

The sole exception to this rule of secrecy was two party consent, which Lara would very quickly find out when she was inundated with requests from numerous suitors hoping to set up a dalliance with her out in the real world.

Proffers of "dates" were abound, even a few attempts at locking in a political marriage.

"Lady Croft, would you be interested..."

"Milady, my master owns this diamond mine... if you're in the market for diamonds the size of..."

"Milady, I have this wonderful villa in... you would love it there..."

"Milady, I can introduce you to my master, he practically runs half of South East Asia..."

“Lara dear! My grandson is a big fan of yours! He’ll be of age in another year... one after his next birthday... could you attend...”

Despite there being no shortage of female entertainment... many of the VIPs had brought their own girls who entered the bacchanal alongside Lara...

They’re treating this as business...?! Lara thought, humiliated that the men thought her available to be bought.

What Lara didn’t know is that she was not the first famous woman to attend one of these bacchanales.

To these suitors crowding her, it didn’t faze them in the slightest that they had seen Lara being paraded around as Samir’s new toy the past few days. Afterall, for some of the prettier VIP ladies in attendance, this was an expected rite of passage, and an occasional obligation, to entertain their gracious host for providing this exclusive venue of power and pleasure.

Pop stars, A-list actresses and celebrities, even other members of European royalty... it wasn’t uncommon for female invitees to this exclusive pleasure cruise to leave with a little less dignity... but also lucrative compensation worth years of industry work outside.

Undoubtedly because she had entered the bacchanal together with the bulk of the female entertainment for the night, the guests seemed to have drawn very liberal conclusions about Lara’s character, as while they held themselves back from touching her, their eyes did not shy from enjoying her state of undress.

While she wore the same breezy waistbands and translucent loin coverings as the rest of the “service animals” and dancers wore, Lara had two distinctive stylings that set her apart.

Her hair, pulled back into its distinctive ponytail, was sinched with an ornate diamond adorned gold clasp, matched with gold diamond-studded cuffs on her wrists.

Unlike the other dancers who had translucent tops to match their waist sashes, Lara's breasts were fully exposed to the night's air, although this was not by design, as Damian had seen fit to make this last minute adjustment.

Supported by a gold framed quarter bra from underneath, each breast, made larger from being engorged with milk, had its nipple capped by golden tassels, each with three bells dangling under the faux golden nipple-shaped caps.

A few were even unafraid to crassly comment on the subject, their language indicative of their backgrounds and trades.

"You have an amazing chest, my lady..."

"Damn, girl, are those milkers natural? How much to give them a test?"

"You need help taking that jewelry off later...?"

"That pussy look younger than a school girl's! You do the shaving yourself or...?"

"Girl, bump all dat noise! F'git these old timers. Come back to my crib after this... I'll treat you right..."

The hashish blend Lara had been forced to imbibed alongside the other girls moments prior dulled these offensive statements, suppressing her indignation.

Lara looked around for Samir, and saw that he was off in the distant central pavilion, surrounded by VIP guests and erotically dancing girls.

While Lara was occupied with diplomatically declining proffers of jewelry and other luxuries in implicit exchanges for sex with her, she did not see the proffers that were

being made directly to Samir, by those wishing to gain immediate access to her aboard the ship.

VIPs that had seen her accompanying Samir in the previous days and the state of undress she had been paraded through the ship in were now flocking to make their bids to the prince.

“Samir, my friend! Is Lady Croft free later...”

“My Prince, I have this diamond mine in Botswana... I have shares I can reallocate to you...”

“Your highness, on behalf of our company, we would like to schedule a meeting with Lady Croft... she has something we’d like to negotiate for...”

To these men venturing to pay tithe to Samir in return for access to his famous female companion, the prince magnanimously obliged their attention, hearing their proffers one after the other.

“Croft!” A voice, filled with barely concealed venom, cut through the din near Lara, drawing everyone’s attention.

It was Shogo Takamoto. The Yakuza boss was sitting in a corner of the scenery, flanked by two scantily clad Japanese girls in Geisha styled hair and make-up.

Along with two Yakuza bodyguards at his side stood one of the five orderlies, Takeshi, who gave Lara a very pointed look that had her excuse herself from the crowd courting her attention, making a beeline towards Shogo. Naturally, the gazes of everyone nearby followed her.

“Takamoto-San! What a surprise to see you here!” Lara feigned, managing a small courteous bow in complete contrast to her humiliating state of undress.

“Oh, believe me, the surprise is all mine.” Takamoto cackled, putting on a haughty demeanor.

You fake... pretentious arsehole... Lara thought, knowing all eyes were on the pair at that very moment.

Her head still swimming from the hashish, It took considerable effort to remember and say the lines that she had been prepped with, lines she had been forced to rehearse both before Peru but also recently.

Lines Lara had thought she wouldn't be using for at least a few more weeks, until she was in Japan.

And now Lara understood why Kitty had made her recite these lines to her shortly before sending her off to attend this party. It wasn't just a meaningless refresher course to humiliate her.

“Takamoto-San, I've been meaning to contact you for some time. Some apologies are in order on my part...”

"And I too, need to apologize for my hotheadedness. It seems age has not tamed this old man in the slightest, ahoho..." Takamoto chuckled, and now it was apparent to Lara that he knew her lines as well as she did.

"... if there's anything I could do to mend this rift between us..."

This line immediately induced a vocal clamor around Lara as the men that had been vying for her attention realized what was being proffered to Takamoto.

"Lucky son of a bi..." someone within earshot muttered. Others murmured similar sentiments.

Lara's face flushed as she ignored the bystanders' response and maintained eye contact with Shogo, who seemed content with slow walking the dialogue as he basked in the palpable envy from the surrounding men.

"Perhaps we should have a more private conversation about amends later, Lady Croft... but for now..."

Shogo's hand extended towards her, hovering just shy of having his fingers making contact with Lara's bell-adorned right nipple.

"... would you do this old man the honor of having your first dance of the night?"

Taking advantage of Shogo theatrically bowing his head, Lara stole a glance at the central pavillion where Prince Samir was, finding that he was currently busy being accosted by several VIPs and attending an servants, all seemingly eager to get his attention.

Her gaze drifted back to Shogo to find his eyes locking onto hers from his bowed position.

"... please..." Lara breathed, committing to her lines. She placed her right hand over Shogo's palm and did a stiff curtsy.

"... the honor would be mine..."

The ornament entrapping her clit had been replaced with one with two bells, and was similarly visible, the airy fabric cascading over them barely keeping them from chiming with each step she took in her heels.

Shogo grinned, hand clasping around Lara's tightly, as he led her towards one of nearby circular ottomans that was not currently being used by any VIPs or female entertainers.

Gesturing for Lara to climb onto the ottoman, Shogo pulled her close, so that he could whisper in Lara's ear.

"Takeshi tells me you've been properly trained... like a dog. Show me."

Taking the bold initiative, his other hand smoothly felt up one of Lara's ass cheeks before giving it a solid smack that made her jump, her body jiggling and bells jingling to the pleasure of the enraptured audience that had followed the two to the ottoman.

There were audible gasps from the crowd at this bold display of dominance, appreciation rippled through the gathering as Lara climbed onto the ottoman.

There were other ottomans, with other female entertainer on them, some dancing, some already being fucked by the VIPs, but near the ottoman commandeered by Shogo, no one had eyes for anywhere else.

Quick thinking VIPs had commandeered nearby seats, a few having already exposed themselves with no hesitation. Several nearby dance girls were summoned to kneel before them, ready to provide relief for their lustful viewing of Lara's "dance"

Like a dog...

On all fours, Lara slowly contorted her body, her knees spreading wider and wider in their stance, rolling her hips backward and arching her back as she braced both arms against the stiff fabric of the ottoman as she began a slow and sensuous twerk.

Takamoto's hand that had slapped Lara earlier never broke contact, instead moving with her ass while she slowly undulated her waist and hips against it.

To the onlookers, it was as if he was guiding her movements as a dance partner should.

Shogo deliberately waited until Lara's spreading knees and slow gyrations brought her crotch close to touching the ottoman itself before he suddenly transitioned his hand from Lara's asscheek, slipping under the thin garb covering her chastity and into her crotch from below.

Both the audience and Lara gasped as Shogo's middle and ring fingers slid smoothly into Lara's snatch, his thumb pressing into the crease that concealed her sphincter. With this leverage, the Yakuza boss pulled Lara's derriere upward, so that her ass was now higher than her upper body.

The bells attached to Lara's clit ornament jingled as the fabric covering them drooped away.

Shogo's other hand slid over Lara's shoulder blade to grasp the nape of her neck, pressing her upper body low to accentuate her rising rear, causing her to shudder as it reminded her of Damian's domination from a few nights before.

The fact that Lara allowed Shogo to do all of this without contesting it brought a joyous fervor to the crowd, who watched, enraptured, as Shogo started using his control over Lara's neck and her pelvis to guide her in rhythm that matched the bacchanal's background music.

Lara felt the weight shift on both hands controlling her, as Shogo mounted one knee onto the ottoman, letting it rest between her calves so that he was bumping against her inner thighs every time he rocked her backwards to the music.

"... ungh..." she let out an involuntary moan as Shogo's thumb finally breached her anus, hooking onto her sphincter and pulling her rearward and downward, only for the accompanying digits to hook against the tender flesh of her pussy and compel her to rise again, his posture now fully dominating her in this "dance" of theirs.

The combination of being directed so intimately and the lustful stares of the audience made Lara hot, her face burning with indignity. Her body, well primed by Kitty beforehand, became aroused against her will.

“...AHNG!” Lara yelled loudly as a sudden jolt of pleasure erupted from her loins. The wave of shudders that ran up her spine drew more appreciative comments from the audience.

“... who knew Lady Croft had a thing for exhibition...”

“She’s really getting into this...!”

“Looks like the Jap knows his stuff... oooh she likes what he’s doing with his fingers...?”

Lara was all too familiar with this unnatural stimulation, craning her head against Shogo’s controlling hand to scan the crowd, finding Takashi blending in with the onlookers, a small inconspicuous remote held in his hand.

These sick bastards... Lara cursed, before seeing Takashi’s thumb press on the remote, the immediate ramp up in pleasure driving further coherent thought away as another loud moan escaped her lips. She then felt Shogo’s hand around her scruff tighten, driving her head down and her body back against the fingers of his other hand.

Shogo did not fail to notice Lara’s body reacting to the dance. His digits inside of Lara changed from guiding her in this erotic “dance”, starting to visibly slide in and out of her pussy as the crowd cheered.

You’re trying to make me cum in front of all of these people, you sick old perv... Lara’s face was flushed beet red at this escalation, even as her body obediently continued to gyrate and twerk against Shogo’s hand.

She couldn’t see the remote in Takeshi’s hand from this position, and had no hope of anticipating when he would send her over the edge, but she hoped it would come

sooner than later. She already felt her arousal impossibly peaked, yet continues rising under the O-device's influence.

This is not going to be a subtle orgasm...

To Lara's dismay, the forced climax did not come quickly, her erotic dance continuing for well over ten minutes, during which Shogo had her change positions twice.

First, he pulled her upright so that her breasts lifted off of the ottoman, freely bouncing and jingling to the rhythm.

Shogo maneuvered her wrists behind her and pinned them by the wrist against her back to give the audience in front of her a full view of him digitally penetrating her from below.

To them, it looked as if Lara was rocking back and forth on her knees, lustfully grinding herself against Shogo's hand of her own accord.

"Now play with your tits, Croft." Shogo said after a few minutes, abandoning all pretenses, let her hands free, coiling his left arm around Lara's waist to support her splayed kneeling position as he drove her body against his thumb in her ass and three fingers pumping inside her snatch.

Lara dutifully cupped her own breasts and started to knead them, her eyes immediately fluttering as the pleasure of fondling her sensitive tits was made even more acute by the pain of being unable to expel the built up milk within them, her nipples throbbing against the clamps underneath the tassels, pulled up and down by the momentum of six golden bells.

Takeshi dutifully played his part, slowly dialing the O-device up to 99% of its orgasm-restricted setting, waiting until he saw Lara's eyes rolling back in their sockets from the prolonged stimulation, hearing her crying out in abandon every time his father's hand pressed into her from below, showing she was no longer able to put up any conscious resistance against the overwhelming pleasure.

Knowing she wouldn't last more than a few minutes before blacking out and fainting at this setting, Shogo Takamoto's son finally sent the signal for the floodgates to open.

For a few seconds, Lara's voice was caught in her throat, a soundless scream as she arched her back fully, chest heaving into the air, a viscous string of her juices pulled from her as her pelvis thrust free of Shogo's fingers and towards the ecstatic audience.

A guttural undulating moan soon followed, Lara breaking her silence as the orgasm continued to rampage through her in waves that had her body quaking uncontrollably.

"... ughUughUughUgh..." she trembled as she felt a powerful warm spray erupt from her loins, continuous for several seconds before ebbing to pulses with each full bodied contraction.

The audience watched as Lara's quaking thighs involuntarily tried to shut themselves every time her hips bucked, her upper body arched so precariously she looked as if she might fall backwards at any moment.

A sweet aroma filled the air as the lubricant that had been injected into her bladder pulsed across the ottoman.

Knowing she had just wet herself, Lara could do nothing until the spasms finally started to taper, allowing her to collapse forward, drained and defeated, into her initial "dog" position, her hips and snatch still quivering. A perfect ending for her "dance", which drew a thundering round of applause from the audience as she shamefully buried her face in the ottoman, moaning into it as she rode out the rest of the orgasm that took forever to taper, undoubtedly because of Takeshi's remote intervention.

There was a ripping of fabric as the waist sash holding the two thin pieces of fabric over Lara's groin and rear tore away.

He's going to fuck me now, isn't he... in front of all of these people... Lara thought, unwilling to raise her face from the ottoman but expecting to feel Shogo pushing himself into her from behind at any moment.

"... looks like you've ruined your dress, Croft." Shogo gloated.

Lara turned to look up at him, her face impassive so as to hide her fury and humiliation from the audience.

Catching Lara's eye, Shogo theatrically brought the hand that had been molesting Lara to his face, taking in a deep breath of the dripping article of clothing he had just torn from her.

Dropping the wet sash and loin cloth onto a tray held by a nearby serving girl, Shogo let his fingers linger under his nose, as if to smell the digits that had driven Lara to ecstasy, before wiping said hand clean with a towel offered by another serving girl. The VIPs watching caught onto this little theater, many snickering lasciviously.

"If you don't mind, Croft, I will be keeping this as a souvenir." He said, gesturing for the tray holding girl to take the soaked loin cloth away, presumably to his private suite.

Holding out the used towel to Lara, Shogo waited until she had relented and accepted it from him, using it to wipe between her own legs, before once again offering his hand to her, to "help" her dismount from the ottoman.

She could see that Shogo must be painfully erect under his pants, but apparently, he was not in the mood to fuck her right then and there.

Maybe he has performance anxiety...? Lara entertained the thought, a minor imagined consolation.

Even as they applauded the pair for the spectacular "dance", already several VIPs were approaching Lara, making a case for themselves and promising all sorts of riches and

services, if only Lara would entertain an audience, or even better, a “dance” with them as well.

This lewd proffering and bartering would have persisted ad nauseum were it not for Samir, who Lara’s vociferous climax seemed to have finally caught the attention of.

Standing up and waving aside his own gaggle of beggars for Lara’s time, Samir clapped his hands together with a sound that carried itself above the din of hundreds chattering attendees.

Even the ones far away, engaging in carnal acts with serving girls and each other, stopped what they were doing to look towards the prince, who beckoned Lara to approach him, the suitors and other guests surrounding her parting like the Red Sea to make way for her as she conducted herself with forced elegance, striding over to the prince and letting him pull her by the naked waist to his side.

<“My friends, as you all know, we recently welcomed Princess Croft of the British Isles into our ranks> Samir said in Arabic, which Lara, being fluent, understood perfectly. What was strange was that the rest of the attendees, many of whom did not seem like the type to know Arabic, seemed to understand Samir perfectly as well.

<“Needless to say, the Princess and you will have much to discuss before we make land, although I see she has already taken a liking to some of you.”> Samir said, casually glancing at Shogo Takamura, who, to Lara’s disgust, seemed to have become the epicenter of his own gathering of envious admirers after Lara had debased herself with her public apology and performance for him.

One of his geisha attending girls was currently knelt before Shogo, her head bobbing rhythmically into his lap, relieving him of erection he had been sporting since his dance with her.

<"For those of you who wish to speak to her regarding matters in the outside world, you may leave your inquiries and tithes with the help, and she will peruse the list later and reach out to you individually.">

<"For those who wish to have more intimate discussions with the Princess before we reach our destination..."> the hand around Lara's waist slid up against the underside of her exposed breast, squeezing it imperiously, hefting it in a way that made the attached bells jingle, as if to tease the captivated audience.

Naturally, the VIPs closest to the pavilion, the ones with the best view of Lara as the prince displayed her like product, were also the power players with the most to barter for her.

<... leave your tithes with my guard captain"> he said, gesturing to the nearby Hasim.

<... you will have your answer before the morrow.>"

As far back as the Christmas mansion party, Frederick Collins had been alerted to the possibility that, like many other famous women he knew, a few even intimately, Lara Croft may have been leading a secret double life in service of Everest Inc's worldly interests.

As Everest Inc's proxy for their Japanese branch of business, Collins was no stranger to the notion of famous women being roped into service by his boss, a seemingly all-powerful man of the underworld.

Thus, he had quickly gotten over the initial shock of seeing the Lara Croft appear on the Saudi prince's harem-ship, after it was explained to him by his compatriot Trellick that the duchess was a fellow Everest Inc collaborator, there to procure sensitive information from the prince.

Collins had been inserted aboard the ship two weeks before, introduced to Samir as a reclusive baron with deep ties to Japan's Yakuza, there to discuss the possibility of a mutually beneficial trade alliance.

The later half of that identity was true, and Samir's guard captain Hasim seemed to spend very little time verifying Frederick's dossier.

Afterall, he was vouched for by none other than Shogo Takamoto, famed underworld Yakuza Kumicho, and a fellow recent inductee into Samir's pleasure cruise.

Thus, Collins had been lavished in luxurious attention, his personal suite seeing a revolving door of beautiful service animals that left him drained and floating on airs, while he made inconsequential small talk with the other VIP visitors aboard the ship.

Samir himself seemed rather taken with the Duchess, who Collins observed to be perfectly willing to debase herself for him, making him wonder just how much leverage Everest had over Lara Croft.

This wonderment only increased after Lara's 'dance' with Shogo Takamoto, revelations that delighted Collins to no end, as it opened up the very real possibility for a future tryst between himself and Lara Fucking Croft, whom he had been enraptured by in their brief dance at Everest's party.

Unlike the suitors that flocked Lara or Samir, however, Collins held himself back, observing from afar.

Croft seems to have not noticed his presence yet, undoubtedly too distracted by all the male attention being lavished upon her, and Collins himself had no exorbitant bargaining chip to compete with the other rich VIPs.

What he did have, however, was time.

There was a future engagement in Tokyo both he and Takamoto will be attending, and now Collins was thinking perhaps the duchess would also be accompanying them.

In the meantime...

Collins watched the Prince introduce Lara to those in the room that had not watched her dance, watched as he boldly announced that he was making her open to negotiations.

An idea was forming in his head. Collins scanned the crowd and found a few VIPs that he had become fast friends with in the past two week.

He was going to need willing allies with pocketbooks to make this work, and he suspected the stock of willingness was in abundance after the recent performance.