

# Stormy Night

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*A storm at sea leads to a night of passion.*

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We'd decided to take a cruise for our winter holiday, and booked one that took us to some nice warm parts, and far away from the tedious cold and dull British winter. On our fourth night the seas were rougher than they had been so far, though we hadn't so far been affected by them. The ship did roll a bit, but the stabilisers seemed to work fine, and any roll was a slow one. There I was, newly showered and dressed and waiting for my wife to finish getting ready. She seemed to be taking ages, so I decided to go to the bar and wait for her there. The cruise ship was not a big one, just a few hundred passengers, so it was a friendly reception that I got as I arrived and asked for my usual Pernod. We had met Julia and Steve on our first evening aboard. We usually ask to go to an open seating table for dinner, and they were there already when we were shown to our seats. They were from California and a little younger than us, but we found that we had many things in common, and spent a very friendly evening. We'd got them into the Trivia quiz team that we had joined, something to keep the grey cells busy while slowly killing them with the all-inclusive booze! Julia greeted me just as I was being handed my drink, and we chatted for a while. Steve was nowhere to be seen, and it transpired that he wasn't feeling too hot. Julia said that she could handle any kind of sea, and in fact enjoyed the feeling of rolling around. She said this with quite a twinkle in her eyes, and I responded in a similar manner. My wife still hadn't arrived, so I excused myself for a minute and went to see what was up. Well, she was still in her cabin, and looked distinctly peaky. The seas had claimed another victim. I made sure that she had taken the appropriate medication, and ordered her a light supper from room service. She wanted me to have a proper meal, so I bade her farewell, and was back at the bar in no time. I told Julia that Maureen wouldn't be joining us, and that we would have to survive the storm on our own. She said that would be fine, so we went in to the restaurant and ate a full dinner, and drank perhaps a little too much wine. The ship was pitching a bit now, and one table suffered some broken plates and glasses. On our way out of the restaurant it was quite difficult to keep one's balance, so I took Julia's hand and together we struggled across the floor. We had to hold on to each other quite tightly, and the rocking of the ship pushed us together. I put my hand around Julia's waist and she leaned closer in to me. I looked at her, and saw she was smiling, and I asked her what? She replied saying that she had a fantasy, of being on board a ship in a storm and being at the mercies of a raging storm and a raging lustful lover. I looked at her and without a word, led her to the door to the

pool desk, opened it, struggling to keep it open enough as the wind whipped it back, and somehow we stumbled out. The desk was deserted, though we were aware that at any moment someone else might appear. That gave us a real frisson, as we clung together and kissed for the first time. Her tongue darted into my mouth and like a little snake wound itself around mine. Her body pressed against me, and I felt her nipples hard through her dress. I looked around and saw that it would be possible to clamber into one of the lifeboats, and that was where we ended up. The wind was strong, and by now a warm rain was starting to fall. I undid Julia's dress, which fell to the boat's floor and I bundled it up and pushed it under a tarpaulin to keep it dry. Then I turned and looked at her. She wore nothing else, her dress had been all she wore that night, and her full breasts pointed at me in the glinting lights, revealing the curve of her belly and her smoothly shaven vulva. The boat was swinging around quite strongly, and she had to drop to her knees to stay stable. Just where I wanted you, I said, and quickly undressing let her get a first look at my now erect and hard 8" thick cock. Her mouth opened and a small wet hand grasped my root, and she leaned down to start to suck it. That wasn't quite as easy as it might seem, and the swaying of the ship caused me to sway with it. What a blowjob, the pulsating sucking and licking of her mouth, and the imbalance from the ship meant that my cock was forced at times deeper in her throat than she was prepared for. Her eyes would almost pop, and she would gasp and gurgle, and then as the movement took me away, gain her breath and redouble her efforts. After a while, I saw that there were a few loose ropes in the bottom of the boat, and took one, still while my cock was deep in her throat, and pushed her hands behind her, gently tying them behind her. I think she liked that as her throat worked on me even faster. The sound of the wind and the sea made it difficult for us to talk, but I remembered her words of being at the mercy of... I pulled myself out of her mouth, and turned her, so she was bent over a cross member in the boat, and undoing the wrist ties, looped it round so that she was now lashed to it. Then I found a rope that I tied to one ankle and passing this under the seat then looped it round and tied her other ankle to it. Two ropes then, one controlling her hands, the other her feet, and finally another one that I used to bind the two ropes together. Any movement of hand or foot therefore pulled on the other. She was totally exposed, her round bubble butt slick and wet in the falling rain. I ran my fingers around them, and then slid them down between the cheeks, scraping my nails across her asshole as I did so. Did I hear a groan of pleasure? Or was it the wind? I did it again, and this time her head strained back and I could see her throat moving as she groaned deeply again. Right, I thought, and sliding down behind her, I took hold of my cock and instead of my fingers, I slid it down that same wet crack. Again she groaned, and her butt muscles tried to grasp my cock tighter as it slid down. She had a great butt, the round cheeks so full that my cock disappeared as it slid between them. This time as it was almost at the end of its travels, I moved forward a little more, and felt the heat of her cunt around my tip. I then slapped her but hard, once on each cheek, and she seemed to open wide then, letting me see her tight pink asshole, and her pussy lips surrounding the head of my cock. Slowly but firmly I pushed into her, filling her, expanding her pussy walls, feeling the ridges of muscle lining it. Then with my hands on her bubble butt, I fucked her long and hard, my circumcised cock head scraping along her tight pussy walls. She felt like velvet, tightly wrapped around me. With each hand on her butt cheeks, I

pressed my thumbs into the crack between them and against her tight asshole. That touch was enough and she orgasmed, thrashing around as much as her bindings would let, and I heard her scream very clearly over the noise of the storm and sea. As she thrashed, one thumb slipped into her asshole, the other touching it, and I pulled her ass apart, stretching it so I could see deep into her ass. I couldn't see a lot, as the lights were not strong here, but the darkness that opened up as my fingers stretched her was so inviting. Sliding out of her pussy, I let my still hard cock wander upwards, again following the path that it had done earlier, but when it reached her gaping asshole, I stopped my movement and just pushed down. She was more than ready for this, and moved back on me as I moved down, so that my full length slid into her at the first stroke, her tight asshole gripping and squeezing me at my root. I gave her a long, slow and deep fucking, almost coming out and sometimes doing so, looking at her gape and then filling her anal passage again. She was working with me so well that despite the movement of the ship, our bodies were a single fucking machine, working towards and finally reaching that moment of explosion, the world blanked out as the sensations of orgasm erupted. I filled her asshole with my seed, and she kept orgasming until every drop was squeezed out. Now I untied her arms and legs, and moved down beside her to hold her in my arms, as once again we kissed. Her hand went to my cock and gave me a gentle massage, and my hands stroked her breasts and nipples as we continued to kiss, long and slow, tongues deep, erotically sliding over each other. The rain now was pelting down, each large raindrop hitting our naked bodies with force. This was even more erotic as our mouths sucked on each other's in a frantic passion. No friction between our bodies as the water slid over us, and as my cock hardened again, I pulled Julia further down the boat where I saw that a tarpaulin was covering something slightly softer than the floor of the boat. Rising above her, I took her legs in my hands and bent her body until her ankles were at her head, and slid my cock once again into her pussy. This time our passion was slower, and our bodies slid and pushed and grasped at each other, our hands slipping at times because of the rain. All of a sudden there was a bright flash and almost immediately a deafening clap of thunder. Both our bodies jerked in reaction, and when I looked at Julia, her eyes were brighter than ever. The thunderstorm continued off and on for the next 25 minutes, and each time the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, our lovemaking seem to build in intensity. After a while, I rolled her over, and lying back myself, pulled her up onto me, and she rode me slowly and deeply. The loudest thunderclap happened just as she was cumming for the second time, and her vagina spasmed so tightly that I moaned out loud. I was managing to hold myself back, and as she came down from her orgasm, she shifted herself, and neatly slid me into her ass. Tighter than her vagina, and seemingly hotter, she moved on me, and then keeping me in her, she rotated until she was facing away from me. The sight of my hard cock plunging into her anal passage was lovely. Few things, I believe are more erotic than the swell of a woman's buttocks and the roundness of her cheeks, and to be immersed deeply between them was just so great. She rode me then, wildly, facing into the wind and the rain, her nipples hard and her breasts firm, and together we came once more, her body writing above me, as my balls pumped stream after stream of myself into her. As we dressed, wet bodies trying to slide into dryish clothes, we wondered what our respective other halves had been doing. I

told Julia that she needed to have a good explanation for her damp state, and she told me that I should do the same. When I entered my cabin, my wife was asleep, although looking a bit grey around the gills. By the next morning, the storm had abated, and we decided to go to the dining room for breakfast. A few minutes after we had sat down, Julia and Steve arrived, and joined us. I asked Steve how he had been, and he said that he was better, and that Julia had been telling him all about the storm. He thanked me for helping Julia when she had gone out after dinner to get some air, and had been caught by the storm. I glanced at Julia, who was just, only just, hiding a smile, and told him that it was nothing. Maureen then asked if I had been the hero, and Julia told her that I had been wonderful. Obviously there was no suspicion, and the rest of the cruise passed uneventfully. As we left Julia and Steve at our destination port, she passed me a note. It simply said, "Fuck me again, and again". I have.