

Passion at Sea

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 May 2010

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A couple meet on a cruise and explore new ports

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Passion at Sea This was my second cruise alone and I was looking forward to the relaxation, sun and new ports. I didn't realize at the time that "new ports" would take on a whole new meaning by the end of the cruise. The first day was spent on the cruise line's private island and I used the day to walk along the water's edge, exploring, doing a little swimming and snorkeling. I never tire of being around the Caribbean . The water is breathtakingly beautiful. The color of the water runs the spectrum from nearly transparent to deep Pacific blue and then on into a foreboding gray, depending on the conditions in the sky and what lies under the water. That night before dinner I went to the photo gallery. It is like a singles bulletin board if you know how to read it. When I first cruised I would not let my photo be taken by the ship's photographers very often. Now, with the benefit of experience, I had my photo taken at every opportunity during the first two days of this ten-night cruise. It is like a free billboard that says, "Hey You! Do you see me? I am traveling alone." I scouted the photos for women who seemed to be traveling alone. Women in parties of two or more are frequently hesitant to spend too much time away from their travel companions. Of course there are exceptions, but that is another story for another day. I found photos of some fine prospects. It was our first formal night and I was dressed up like a penguin. Actually, I was wearing a nice tuxedo. I was a traditionalist, wearing strictly black and white . Since I was scheduled for the late seating I went to one of the classier bars to have a before-dinner drink where I was the only patron. I nursed a shot of Jack and passed the time getting to know the bartender, a young guy from Croatia , dragging himself out of poverty the old fashion way, by hard work. It was the second night and I hadn't yet met or talked with any womqn, but like life itself, one's fortune can change in an instant, and mine did. A very attractive woman walked into the bar. She wore a floor-length sequined black gown that was slit tantalizingly high on the side. She was on the thin side with light brown hair. I was to find out later that she was forty-eight, but she didn't look it. Her eyes swept the room and came to light on mine. She smiled a shy little smile and sat at the empty bar two stools down from mine. Immediately we started talking and in just a few minutes she allowed me to sit beside her. I learned that she was traveling alone, although I already suspected it from her photo in the gallery. Her name was Patricia and that she was from England . No surprise as

she had a gentle English accent. She told me that she was recently divorced and that this trip was her celebration-of-freedom-after-22-years-of-marriage-trip. She said that the last fifteen years were empty, bitter and lonely. As we walked together to the dining room together I asked her about her plans in St. Maarten. She told me she didn't have any and thought she would just walk around, maybe shop a little. I invited her to come and explore the island with me. I was renting a motorcycle and planned to drive around the island and visit the French side and Orient Beach . Her response was an immediate yes, but she warned me that she had never been on a motorbike. "Motorcycle," I corrected with a smile and we agreed on the place and time to meet the next morning. It was obvious to me, and I am sure to her, that we shared a mutual attraction. We liked each other and that is always a good start. There was a serious amount of sexual energy being generated. She was never overtly forward but she was subtly sexual and flirtatious. When we got back to the ship I walked her partway to her stateroom and we made plans to meet up later that evening. Before we parted I leaned forward to give her a hug and a small kiss. She leaned in to kiss me and I felt her lips part ever so slightly. Her tongue teased me and then almost instantly she was gone with a glance back and a smile . That night after dinner we met in the disco, found a corner away from the noise and continued getting to know one another. As the evening wore on we danced a little and the body contact was electrifying. As we returned to the table I stopped her and brought her to me. She molded to my body as if she could not get enough contact and our kiss turned to full passion in an instant. I don't know how long we kissed. It could have been thirty seconds or thirty minutes, but we finally parted, flushed and aroused. We sat on a small couch in our dark little corner. She scooted over next to me, our legs in as much contact as possible. The heat radiating off her thighs travelled directly to my cock. I placed my hand on her leg well above her knee and lightly stroked her thigh. It was a nearly unperceivable movement but I felt her move forward slightly; her legs parting no more than a quarter of an inch. It was not a bold move but a subtle invitation that would go unnoticed if one were not paying very close attention. I was. Her arm was around my shoulders and she leaned toward me to kiss my neck, putting her mouth very close to my ear. So close that as she spoke her lips and breath teased my ears. "It has been a long time for me," she whispered. "It's okay," I joked back. "I don't think one forgets." I could sense her smile. "Would you help me if I've forgotten?" I didn't answer. I turned and kissed her again, my hand moving higher on her thigh, so that my thumb nearly touched her private spot. Again her thighs parted ever so slightly. I rose slowly and took her hand. "I think it's time we go," I said, as I lead her out of the club. A change came over her she followed, clutching my hand but walking one step behind me, as if I were leading her. "Can we go to my room," she asked? "Yes we can," I replied and smiled. "It's stateroom number 9804" "Ah, a room with a balcony. How nice". She just smiled. I closed the door and it locked behind us. I turned to her and she nearly leapt into my arms. Our kisses were no longer restrained, but wanton and wet. My hands traveled over her back from her shoulders to her nearly-perfect ass. I pulled her into me and I knew she could feel my hard-on pressing into her. She ground back against me, pressing my cock harder against her. As we undressed each other we fell into her bed, licking and kissing one another. I trailed my tongue over her tight nipples, stopping to suck and lightly bite them, paying close attention to her reaction to my

each and every move. She responded by pulling my head into her breast. I rolled her nipple around on my tongue and grasped the other one between my thumb and forefinger squeezing, pulling and twisting. Her reaction was to press her breasts into my hand harder and let out little moans that could have been pleasure or pain. I moved down and slid my tongue and lips along her wet clit, which was swollen and begging for attention. I teased it, licking lightly, moving down to suck her inner lips into my mouth. She was like a leaking faucet and a large wet spot had appeared on the sheet under her. I eased a finger into her and instantly she squeezed down on me. She was either very tight or a black belt in kegal, or both. I could feel her tightening around my finger more frequently and I was sure she was on the cusp of an orgasm. I eased my finger out of her and lightened my oral stimulation to nothing. I heard a small sound, as if someone had taken a favorite toy from a child. I moved up and kissed her. She returned the kiss by sucking my tongue into her mouth, treating my tongue like a cock. She licked all around my mouth. I was wet with her wonderful juice and she was like a mother cat cleaning a kitten. I pulled back and looked into her eyes which were now smoldering hazel embers. "You like to taste yourself, I take it?" "Not as much as I want to taste you," and with that she pushed me back, moved over me and began licking my cock and balls, making sure I was soaking wet before she eased me into her mouth. Her tongue knew exactly how and where to move to make me quiver. I knew I must be dripping a quart of pre-cum into her mouth because I hadn't had any relief in over a week. She was truly talented, as only a woman who genuinely loved to give oral sex can be. I almost had to force her to stop sucking me. Once my dick was out of her mouth she moved onto her back. I don't know if it was the way she moved, her expression or some psychic communication, but her whole being communicated, "love me, fuck me, use me" without saying a word. I moved over her and slide my cock up and down between her moist soft lips, stopping to tease her clit. I felt her hips move a number of times, attempting to capture me. Our eyes locked, "Greedy little girl, aren't you?" I asked with a slight smirk "Yes," was all she was able to breath, but her hips and her tight little pussy keep trying to capture me. I moved to kiss her. Like two people struck by lightning our passion and our emotions combined in an explosive combination. For some unknown reason I felt connected to this woman in a way that was well above our shared pure animal lust. Her mouth was sweet and wet with a combination of our shared juices. My cock found the entrance to her and I pushed forward slightly, the head of my manhood gaining an ever so slight entrance into her. Slowly I thrust forward and her wet hot pussy welcomed me by allowing me some slight penetration while her pussy clutched at me in a welcoming kiss. She began to move her hips against me and little moans escaped from her lips. It was hard to tell if the moans were from pleasure. In another context they could have been whimpers of pain. She sounded like a scared, hurt puppy. Her hips rocked forward, inching me in a little deeper, leaving no doubt that if there was any pain involved it was welcomed. "Go slow. Please go slow," she whimpered, but her hips were not communicating the same message. The head of my dick was well into her and I could feel her entrance spread as the thicker part of my cock widened her. I pulled back and then pushed forward again, more forcefully, demanding admission. Her hips were rocking back and forth in slow shallow strokes as if trying to increase my depth slowly. It was at this time that I felt her walls clamp down on me in rhythmic, nearly

spastic clenching. Her moans became louder and her nails dug into my shoulders and I felt a great warm flood rush out over my balls. "I'm cum, cuming," was all she was able to shudder. At that I forced the last inch of me into her. I didn't know if she could take any more. She had all I had to give and I began slight movements in and out of her. The wetness, tightness and her clutching conspired to make sure I wasn't going to last long, but when I heard her panting, "Oh God, Oh God I'm going again" it was game over for me. I felt myself swell, filling any possible voids in her as my powerful spurts erupted. I came so much I could actually feel the increase in moisture, if that is possible, and the heat within her. We collapsed into one another, our minds as connected as our bodies. Our emotions as combined as our body fluids. I awoke a few hours later and Patricia was sound asleep, her leg over mine and her head under my arm. I untangled from her and quietly dressed and made my way back to my cabin for a few hours sleep. I had a lot of confusing thoughts running through my brain. I was pretty sure I would meet someone to fuck and have a good time with on this cruise, but I wasn't prepared for the connection I felt. As I drifted off to sleep I wrote it off as "hard-on love," you know, "I love you as long as I am hard". After all, I had given up on all that closeness bullshit. It had never worked for me and I was resigned to, and comfortable with, the fact it never would. I rose and went to the pool deck to grab coffee and some nourishment. My mind was still in a state of chaos from last night. I had planned to meet Patricia onshore in an hour and decided I needed a quick jog around the Sports Deck to fire up the endorphins. With any luck it might help me gain some perspective on things. Fat chance. I walked out onto the dock about twenty-three seconds before the time I was to meet Patricia. I didn't see her, so I settled against a wall and watched the other passengers make their way into Philipsburg or onto tour busses. After about fifteen minutes I began to wonder if she had changed her mind about spending the day, or anything else, with me. Just as I was about to leave and get the motorcycle and head off I saw her on the gangplank, heading towards me. "Hi," I said with a smile and some relief. "I wasn't sure you were going to make it." Her eyes sparkled in the Caribbean sun. "I got my time messed up and I was here an hour ago. I thought you had changed your mind about taking me on the motorcycle," she said with special emphasis on motorcycle. "I went back to my cabin, changed my clothes and was going to spend the day shopping." "The time change must have caught one of us in its evil clutches. I'm really glad you're here," I said, and then thought, "stupid, cool it ass, remember we're not here to be soul mates, just friends with benefits." She came to me and gave me a hug and nice kiss on the lips, more than you'd kiss your sibling, but less than you'd kiss a lover. Maybe she had rethought things too. "I'm not really dressed to go on the motorcycle. I changed out of my jeans to this," she said as she backed away, indicating her clothing. She wore a sarong-type wrap skirt had a Hawaiian floral print with large pastel colors and a loose, white silk tank top. "Gawd, she is gorgeous," I thought. "Well, we can still go, but if I don't get to the rental place on time they may rent all the bikes. "Can I go like this?" she asked. I answered that she could as long as she was able to manage a skirt on the bike. "I can," she said, as a statement of fact. She took to the bike instantly and we had a wonderful time riding, talking, walking along the beach and sharing coffee and lunch along the way. St Maarten is part Netherlands and part French. A two lane highway circles the island. It is kind of fun going through the check point between

the two sides. It is hardly more than a wide spot in the road with an abandoned guard shack and no customs check. As we rode I could not help but steal backward glances at her. The skirt rode up her thighs and the wrap feature just barely kept her from sharing all she had with anyone we passed. After getting the bike and making our way out of the congestion of Phillipsburg we were on a great two lane road run running through neighborhoods, industrial areas and finally, open country speckled with farms, small communities and open space. We pulled off the highway and stopped at a small bar/coffee shop/gift shop/auto repair center/art store all rolled into one. We ordered coffee and sat outside under an umbrella soaking in the warmth. The sun and the pleasant smells of Caribbean cooking interspersed themselves with the sweetness of the air scented with flowers. After some casual chit-chat I told her that I was disappointed when I thought she wasn't going to spend the day with me. She smiled and told me that when she woke and found me gone and then didn't see me at our meeting place when she went ashore the first time, she thought I had changed my mind and that I had thought of her as a one-night stand. She added that having a one-night stand wasn't terrible, but that she had hoped we could spend more time together. I reached across the table and took her hand. I respected her and cared for enough that I felt I should give her my standard 'product warning and use disclaimer'. "Patricia," I started, "I have enjoyed spending time with you and I want to spend more time with you. I like you and enjoy being with you, but... "Isn't there always a but ?" I smiled. "I just don't know how to say this so I'll just spit it out. I felt something pretty special last night. It was beyond sex and I think you felt it too. But we really don't know much about each other. I mean, I'm not sure you know my last name and I don't know yours." She started to speak but I stopped her. "Let me finish. I have had a miserable track record with relationships, so I have written off having a relationship and I have a need to be very up-front and honest with you about that. I have a warning label tattooed on my ass that says: "Caution Great date-poor mate". "Let me see," she teased as she smiled at me. "Not here," I answered. "I understand," she replied, "and yes, last night I felt more than I was expecting. Much more. " A devilish blush spread across her face. "In more ways than one. Look, I have only dated a couple of men since my divorce and you're the first that touched me at all. I am not asking for anything other than fun and good time on this cruise." "That I can promise you," I responded. The conversation drifted after that but I think that we both needed to talk about our intentions with one another and after we did a sense of comfortableness settled over us. We felt a lightness and, in a strange way, a trust that wasn't there an hour ago. We had lunch near Orient Beach and talked about visiting the nude side of the beach but we were too wrapped up in each other to want any distractions. She shared a lot of her past with me and talked about her only daughter who was at Cambridge University studying something I could not pronounce. I told her about some of the many phases of my life and she was particularly interested in the time I had spent working as a cowboy. She asked me if I considered myself a cowboy and I told her that it depended on how one defines 'cowboy'. If it's a truck driver with boots, no I am not a cowboy. If it is someone who has spent significant time working on a ranch then, yes, I did consider myself to be a cowboy. She told me she had always thought that a cowboy was pretty much something one would not to be in this day and age. "You know," she said, "when Bush was President they always referred to him, sneeringly, as

'some kind of cowboy.' I laughed at that. "Well, different people have different ideas on what makes a cowboy. I think is more of an attitude and a way that one looks at life." We got back to the ship about 4 PM and had a quick bite to eat. We talked about the evening's options. While we had the same seating-time we were at different tables and each table was full so there was slight chance of moving either of us. "I have an idea," I started. "The show for late seating is at 7 PM. Why don't we meet and go to the show together and then go up to the Lido Café and eat? They have white tablecloths and serve in the evening." "That sounds good," she said. "Okay, I'll meet you on Deck 5 right outside the Theater entrance at 6:35. Wait. Stop. Maybe we'd better synchronize our watches". That comment brought a smack to my arm I wasn't expecting. "Smart ass," she chided. "No hitting. How would you like it if I smacked you?" "Depends on where," she said, as she rose and walked away towards her cabin. Again, there was that backward glance that had challenge written all over it. I was there before her and saw her walking toward me. God, she was pretty. Tonight she had on a simple skirt and blouse - simple on another woman, over the top erotic and hot on her. At least that is what I saw. I am sure other people saw a nicely-dressed woman with great legs and a nearly perfect butt. We entered the theater hand-in-hand and I lead her to the second row near the center. "Isn't this a little close?" she asked. "No," I said. "It's a song-and-dance Broadway-type production and I like to sit close because it is the only time I can try and look up the girls dresses without getting into trouble. A woman that must have been seventy-five overheard me and looked right at Patricia and said, "Honey, enjoy that in your man while it lasts, as long as they are looking, they are interested!" and smiled at us. As we sat, Patricia ordered a drink. I was a bit surprised as I didn't think of her as much of a drinker. She offered the waiter her cabin charge card. I quickly got out mine and handed it to the waiter who looked a little baffled. "You know to take mine," I said to him, smiling. He took my card along with my drink order. I ordered Jack on the rocks and Patricia ordered a vodka martini with no vermouth. I told the waiter to make it Grey Goose vodka. He left and she asked me, "why Grey Goose. I've never had it". "You'll now when you take your first taste," I said. "Geez," she said, after her first sip. "This is really good and so smooth." "Stick with me babe, I'll show you a thing or two that I have learned in my long sorted life." She took a line right out from under Sigourney Weaver and said, "show me everything." I don't think I have ever heard the word 'everything' said in a more provocative manor. "Everything?" I asked after a short pause. Her eyes locked on to mine and she leaned over and whispered in my ear with all the passion and surrender I have ever heard and repeated, "yes, every thing". Luckily for me the show started or I would have dragged her out of the theater, onto the deck and had my way with her in the moonlight under the star-studded night sky. The production was good and we both enjoyed the show but neither of us could ignore the fire that was burning. We were like two high school lovers. We had to be in direct physical contact at all times. At one point in the show she took my hand and moved it to her thigh, moving my hand high, dragging her skirt up her legs. She closed my hand between her hot thighs and smoothed her skirt down. We had a nice quiet table for dinner. Patricia had another martini and I had a diet Coke. We ate sparingly and shared a great crème brûlée . After dinner we went for a stroll along the Promenade Deck and stopped to enjoy the moon sparkling off the water and the soft sounds of the ship making its way

through the waves. We strode along the deck, leaning against each other in the soft tropical night, speaking little, feeling much. We spent time over dinner talking about her previous marriage and the high and low points of her life. Once she started talking it was as if an internal damn had opened, its flood gates and her history and emotions came pouring out. A few times she'd tear up, nearly weeping. I think in some way she was putting things behind her, as if holding a wake for the sad parts of her life. She giggled a little and said, "I think I'm a little tipsy. I usually don't have more than one drink and I have had three." "You are fine," I said. "You're a bit wobbling on your CFMS, but all in all you are great." "CFMS? What's that?" "Come Fuck Me Shoes." "Oh my God. I didn't know my shoes could reveal what I was thinking." We shared a hearty laugh at that. "How about going to the Disco for a night cap and then maybe we can find something to do?" I said with a bit of an evil grin. "Lead the way, but you'll have to hold me so I don't wobble overboard." We kissed in the elevator. It was a kiss of passion, feeling and promise. It was a kiss that came from a place deep inside where love and lust mingle into an indefinable, uncontrollable feeling that transcends emotion. We sat down in our dark little corner and I went to get our drinks. I needed a moment to collect myself. I was in trouble. I was really connecting with this woman and I knew where that road ended. I had been down it many times before and I wasn't prepared to go down it again. I had hurt too many people and been hurt myself too many times to have any faith in my ability to connect with another person. I was a flawed man. My heart was locked up in some sort of emotional wasteland that didn't allow anyone in. Once I felt myself getting close I always found some way to fuck things up. I was really good at that part, the fucking up part. My vow of emotional celibacy wasn't a protection for me. It was a protection for other people. I wasn't a bastard without feelings and regret. I had common caring for my fellow man, or more correctly woman. I made my way back to our table and sat down. I gave Patricia her martini and a large glass of water. "Why the water?" she asked. "When you drink, the worst part of a hangover is the dehydration and if you are drinking sugary drinks the sugar adds to that. If you drink lots of water while you are drinking it may eliminate the hangover altogether or at least lessen it" "Hmm, that's a good tip," she said, and continued, "I am a little tipsy and I want to make a deal with you." "Okay, shoot," I said. "I want us to just concentrate on having fun on this cruise. I know you are worried about what it all means and I want you to please stop worrying about that and just enjoy me, us". "Is my concern that obvious?" I asked. With no hesitation she answered, "yes, and it's sweet for you to care about me, but I just need for us to let things go. I want to kick up my heels." "I'm sorry if I have put a damper on you. It is only because our connection caught me off guard." "It blindsided me too, but let's just enjoy whatever it is that has been put in front of us." "Deal," I said, and felt closer to her for her honesty and forthrightness. "Tell me something about yourself that most people never get to know." "Let me think. Okay, here is a little tidbit. I am a frustrated author and I write occasional erotic stories and post them on the internet." "That 's brilliant. Do you have anything I can read?" "Not here with me but I promise I'll give you the website and other information before the end of the cruise." "One of the things that was frustrating about my marriage was that my husband made me feel dirty whenever I would suggest any sexual activity beyond the missionary position," she said. "His loss," I laughed. "You'll never have that problem with me." "Promise?" "I do solemnly swear." "You are a brave man.

How do you know I am not some kind of sex freak?" "Because anything you can do, I can do better," I retorted. "Oh, that's a challenge." "Bring it," was all I could get out. "You are on," she said. Her words weren't slurred but one could tell the drinks were affecting her. "Okay, I'll tell you a little sexy something and you tell me a little sexy something." "Okay," I said. "You first." "No. Ladies choice. You start." "Okay, okay, give me a minute," I said, thinking, attempting to decide which of my many perversions was safe to share with her. "Okay, got it. Remember last night..." "No!" she interrupted. "Now who's the smart ass?" I fired back. "Sorry, go on." I lowered my voice, more due to the subject matter than the proximity of anyone. "Okay, when I was entering you and you were moaning and wiggling around I felt like grabbing your wrists and holding them tightly above your head and slamming myself into you forcefully." She didn't respond for a moment then said, "God that is hot. I wish you would have." "Your turn," I said. "I just told you that I wish you would have. That was my answer. Your turn again." "You're not getting off that easy, brat," I said. "Oh, okay," she said. "Last night when I was sucking you, you grabbed me by the hair and sort of forced yourself in my mouth. It was just for an instant, then you let go, but that really turned me on." "I'm starting to see a theme here," I said. "Do you like it when your lover is a bit, how shall I say this, ahh, on the demanding side?" "I don't really know because I never had any experience with that, but if this is any indication, my panties are so wet that I fear there will be a wet spot on the cushion when we get up." "I'd say that is a good indication. You know that the mind is the most sensitive erogenous zone." "Okay, one more," she said. Again I was in a quandary. How much does one reveal to a person they have only known for a few days? "Okay, here goes. This may make you run screaming from the room. "I doubt that," she said. "The other day I said something about slapping your butt and you said something back that sounded like a challenge. At that time the thought of you over my knee getting a good spanking flashed through my mind and really turned me on." I don't know if it was consciously planned but she subtly wiggled her ass on the couch and crossed her legs again. "One moment," she said. "I have to catch my breath. Okay, this is hard to explain, but I have this recurring fantasy of being forced into sex. Not raped, but somehow made to cooperate, and I end up enjoying it and having a great orgasm, but the whole time I feel ashamed and humiliated that I am enjoying it. It's confusing." "You know, I don't think that is such an odd fantasy. I think lots of women might have that thought. I think it has something to do with the idea that if you are "forced", quote-unquote, that you are resolved of responsibility for the act. Does that make any sense?" "Yes, it does." I could go deeper into my theory but I would rather escort you to your room and have a little privacy." She didn't say anything but rose and extended her hand. Once inside her cabin we kissed and she excused herself and went to the bathroom. I went out onto the veranda and watched the waves grab the moonlight and slip past the ship into the night. It seemed like she was in there for hours and I began to wonder if she was okay. Finally she emerged, dressed in a simple white silk, just above the knee, nightgown. She smelled wonderfully fresh and exotic. She joined me on the veranda and we stood silently soaking in the moment. My arm was around her shoulders and her head rested lightly against my chest. I moved my mouth over hers and we kissed passionately, wantonly, hungrily. I pulled her body into mine. I was already as hard as a railroad spike. I moved my hand down over her butt and

lifted the hem of her nightgown up the back of her leg, my hand coming to rest on her ass. I caressed her cheeks while my tongue assaulted her mouth, neck and ears. My fingers moved to the crease between her cheeks and I ran my hand up and down from the small of her back to near her pussy. As I did so her body could not decide if it wanted to press against my cock or move against my fingers. I eased her dilemma by moving us into her cabin and shutting the sliding glass door. I sat down on the bed and pulled her onto my lap. I moved my mouth over her silk-covered breast, biting her nipple playfully while my other hand found its way under her gown and slid over her mound, my finger slipping between her lips and teasing her clit. She was not subtle about moving her legs apart. She opened up to me in unmistakable invitation. "God, you are a horny little slut," I whispered in her ear. "I am for you," she answered. "You know, wanton little girls tend to get what they ask for, sometimes a spanking and sometimes they are made to do naughty things." All I got in response was an audible moan as her lips closed on mine and she forced her tongue into my mouth. Her pussy began to drench my hand. I moved my fingers up to tease her clit and was surprised at the little nub. I was hard as a diamond. I looked down and was not at all surprised to see her little clit peaking out of its hood begging for attention. I stood up and looked down at her. "Lay there and don't move," I ordered. I was out of my clothes in a flash I moved to join her. She smiled and moved her legs together. "I told you not to move," I said, throwing my leg over her, straddling her, my cock laying against her abdomen. "I know," was her response. I grabbed her wrists and moved up her body until my cock was inches from her mouth. "I am going to stand up and when I do I want you to put your hands by your sides." I rose up and she complied. I eased back down effectively trapping her arms under me. I reached up and grabbed the back of her head with one hand while my other hand guided my cock into her mouth. She took my cock in her mouth and began lifting her head trying to get as much of me in her mouth as possible. Her tongue would stroke the underside of me, which nearly drove me over the edge. Some other time I would flood her mouth with my cum, but tonight I wanted to play with her and make myself last. I eased myself out of her mouth and she gasped for breath. I moved down her body and began a slow teasing assault on her clit. She moaned and thrashed and moved to regain contact anytime I stopped playing with her clit. I stuck my tongue into her as far as it would go and sucked on her inner lips, biting them gently and then moved back to running my tongue over her clit as lightly as I could. This drove her wild. There was enough pressure to titillate her but not enough for her to get off. My hand was cupping her ass as I licked and mouthed her. I moved my fingers away from her pussy and again assaulted her clit. I teased her puckered ass with my finger and I moved deeper into her. I could feel her clench around me. I closed my mouth over her clit, sucked on it and flicked it lightly with my tongue. Her ass thrust against me and I could feel her start to quake with an orgasm. I pushed my finger into her just a little and that took her over the edge. My finger was not past her sphincter. It was just inside her and for a minute I was fearful that she was going to pinch off my pinky. Her moans turned into sobs of lust as she went over the top. Her body was one huge spasm. Ultimately, she pushed my head away from her forcibly. "My God," she said, out of breath. "That was the hardest, deepest, most powerful orgasm I have ever had." I moved up and gathered her in my arms as we laid together. "It's no wonder my dear, afterall, we've been engaged in foreplay of one

kind or another nearly all day.” “What about you? You didn’t cum?” “Not to worry,” I laughed, “I will, but I want to spend the whole night loving you and making you cum. You know I get almost as much of a thrill making you orgasm as I do having my own.” “Okay, well if that turns you on then I guess I’ll have to cum a lot. Just for you, of course.” We laid in each other’s arms making small talk. As we did I began stroking her butt, moving my fingers over her and occasionally letting my fingers slide over her pussy and ass. She gave no negative response when I began to slowly concentrate my attention on her puckered little hole. Her breathing began to get shallow and she moaned nearly inaudibly. “I like where your finger was when I came,” she said in a whisper. “Maybe I should give that part of you a little more attention.” All she did was push back against my fingers, wiggling her ass against me. I was hard again, very hard, and my cock was leaking on the bed. I moved her on to her stomach and pulled her up onto her knees. “I have never done this,” she said. “That’s okay, just listen to me and do as I say.” I got behind her and moved my cock over her slit. She was panting already and I could feel her juices begin to wet her pussy and my cock. “Tilt your hips up, arch your back and put your head on the mattress.” She did and I was rewarded with a wonderful view of her most private parts. “You know that you are in a very submissive posture?” I asked. “I know, I like it but I am a little afraid.” I moved my cock to her clit and began rubbing over it with the head. “Does that help the fear?” All she did was moan and try to capture my manhood with her pussy. I placed the head of my cock at the entrance of her pussy and slowly pushed my way inside. She gasped a few times and I could feel her tighten up. “Relax,” I told her as I stretched her and moved deeper into her. “OH Lord, you are so much deeper than last night,” she said and I truly didn’t know if she was complaining or not. I began a slow thrusting. The look of my cock dragging her inner lips in and out was highly erotic. I grabbed her hips and pulled her to me. “Please go slow, you are in so deep.” But her body said otherwise and just as last night she took me until I felt that I was as deep as she was capable of taking me. I paused and moved in and out. As I increased the pace I could feel her loosen and I drove another inch into her. I was as deep as I could go and I think I was as deep as she could take. I began pumping into her and could feel the lubrication leaking out of her. Only this time her juices were different, she was thicker and not so watery. It was amazing. I could feel her start the climb to orgasm and I moved out of her and rubbed the head over her clit again. Her legs began to shake. I moved up across her back in a hug and whispered in her ear, “relax and trust me.” She nodded her head in the affirmative. Then I grasped my cock, wet from her, and slid the head over her ass. I felt her tense up when I stopped and lined up my cock with her small little hole. “I’ll go slow,” I said as I leaned into her, the head only slightly beginning to enter. I pushed a little harder and could feel her quiver as she moaned with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort. I moved my cock away and slid it over her, picking up additional moisture. “I think it might help if you rub your clit a little and when I am back against you move back into me.” All I got was a muffled “okay” but her hand moved to her clit and I could feel her rubbing over it in slow light circles. I placed the head against her butt hole and inched forward, her hand began to move faster over her clit. I could feel her slowly move back into me. My cock was slowly gaining entrance. God, she was tight. As slow as I had to enter her pussy I was not at all sure I could get my cock into her ass. I heard her moan and I am quite sure I heard her say “ow” under her breath,

but she kept up a slow pressure and she was relaxing. I could feel my cock start to travel into her rectum. I pulled back a little then moved forward more. Her fingers were dancing over her clit and my excitement was building fast. I began a slow in and out motion and with one of my inward thrusts I felt her push back against me and I slipped in past her sphincter. "Ah, Ah, Ah" was all I could make out. I began pulsing deeper and deeper into her. Her hand was now flying in a blinding flurry over her clit and all of a sudden I heard say, "OH Yes, fuck me, fuck me hard." And I did. I was near that place where I either had to stop or lose all control. I was about to pull out when I heard her give a loud groan and say "I'm Cumming. Oh god, I'm Cumming." That was as much as I could bear and I began to fuck her ass in earnest, slamming into her as deep and hard as I could. "Okay slut. I am going to fuck your little ass good now," I proclaimed as I slammed into her and my orgasm approached. I lost track of what she was doing, but I think she went from one orgasm to the next with no pause. My cock swelled. She whimpered and I let loose an orgasm that must have resulted in a gallon of cum, or so it seemed. My cock felt like it pulsed in her for a half hour. We collapsed on the bed, me on top of her supporting my weight on my elbows, my face in her hair. I could feel myself shrinking and she finally pushed me out with an audible pop. We both laughed. "My word," she said "I keep thinking that you gave me the hardest cum of my life and then you make me cum even harder." "I don't know how to respond to such high praise," I told her. "Are you okay?" "I am a little sore," she told me. "Want me to kiss it and make it all better" "Hmmm, not tonight. I have a feeling I am pretty messy down there." "I think you'd have to be. Between the two of us, I would guess there is a quart of fluid on you, in you, and on the bed." She got up and cleaned up. I washed up after her and returned to the bed to snuggle. "Are you going to sleep with me tonight? I'd like that," she said. "Taking someone to bed is a shared pleasure, sleeping with them indicates a much deeper meaning and a much deeper connection, so yes I am sleeping with you." We turned off the light and the moon lit up the room, glimmering off the water and shining through the window. We moved together, our legs intertwined along with our hearts. The last thing I said to her was, "We're in trouble, aren't we?" "Yes, my love, we are," was her answer. The next day we made our way down the gangway to shore. We were going to spend the day exploring San Juan. It was a little early for Patricia to do any serious shopping so we walked to the old fort, which is about a mile from the cruise terminal. It isn't a hard walk. It's a slow uphill climb to a fabulous old Spanish fort that guarded the port for decades. It was now a tourist attraction and we spent time taking in the views of the Caribbean, port and city of San Juan that were well worth the long walk up. As we started back to the ship I lead Patricia on a little secret attraction I had discovered that last time I was in this port. At the bottom of the hill, almost under the fort is an old cemetery. It is filled with tombstones from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The cemetery itself has a wonderful view of the ocean. It is fun to go through the place and try to imagine the lives of the people buried there. Were they merchants? How did they find their way to this tropical paradise? We went through the tourist shops in Old Town San Juan and got free shots of Bacardi from the scantily-clad Bacardi girls. Patricia bought a little here and a little there. I sneaked off at one point and bought her a \$5.00 shell ankle bracelet. We stopped for lunch in a small restaurant with tables on an enclosed patio in the back that were shaded by a huge bougainvillea. It was a perfect setting, intimate, quiet,

with a cobblestone floor with tables and chairs that wobbled no matter how many sugar packets were placed under the legs. After we ordered I tried to level the table. While working with one of the table legs under the tablecloth I looked at Patricia's legs and my breath caught in my throat. She was wearing a knee-length sundress and as I was engineering a leveling fix she uncrossed her legs which slid her skirt to mid-thigh. This gave me a wonderful and erotic view of her wonderful legs and as a bonus I could see the tiniest hint of pastel green panties. When I emerged from under the table I was greeted with a devilish smile. "Did you get the legs like you wanted them?" she asked, the double entendre not at all disguised. "No, I think they need a little more attention but they looked wonderful." She broke into laughter. "I have never had the nerve to do that before," she said. "Do what?" I asked, "You know, give an unladylike display of my legs." "Is that something you have wanted to do for sometime?" "I don't want to talk about it anymore," she said, which answered all my questions. "No! You don't get off that easy," I laughed. "Okay, this is all I'll tell you, for now. When I was in college I had a class in one of those theater-type settings. You know, with the seats placed on an incline above the professor. "Yeah, I know, like stadium seating." "That's it. Well it was my first year in college and I noticed that the professor seemed to look at me a lot more than the other two hundred or so people in the class. I finally figured out that when I wore a skirt he had a pretty good view of things if I was at all careless." "So what did you do about that?" I asked "Nothing. I didn't do anything except wear more pants to that class." "I hear an unspoken but," I said. She blushed. "Well after I figured out why he was looking at me I admitted to myself that I was turned on by the thought of him looking at me in public, but I was way too innocent to do anything but wear pants." We had a meal of local fish with rice and beans. It was a welcome treat away from cruise fare. I was waiting for my change when Patricia excused herself to use the facilities. As she leaned over to give me a peck on the cheek I whispered, "leave your panties off." She blushed red and shook her head no. About the time she returned the waiter brought my change and we made our way to the now-crowded streets. We walked along, strolling through shops and talking. We had reached a new level of comfort with one another and it added a sense of peacefulness to us that augmented and enhanced the electric animal attraction that we had for one another. While gazing out to sea, standing by a sea wall, I moved my hand from her waist to just at the top of her behind, but wasn't an overt move and while it did indicate a great degree of intimacy, it wasn't blatantly sexual. As I toyed with her back she leaned close to me and said under her breath, "if you are looking for a seam, you won't find one. They are in my purse." "So you are naked under that thin dress?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "Am I a good girl?" I couldn't help but chuckle. "No, you are a pretty bad girl, but I love it." "Oh no! I've been bad. Whatever will happen to me?" "God you are such a flirt," I said. Her mood took a serious air. "It is because I feel safe and free with you. I think you have started to unlock things in me that I either didn't know existed or were buried so deep inside I would not admit them, even to myself." "I am honored that you feel that way. You know you are a very sexual woman you just haven't had a chance to let that part of you surface." "I really kind of thought that," she said. "I mean, I have always had some pretty kinky thoughts. I just was never with anyone I could let loose with, you know, it's hard to say, but I do feel like a weight has been lifted off me and I feel so free." There was a long pause while thousands of thoughts buzzed

confusingly through my mind. I was sure that her thoughts weren't much clearer. "This has been quite a trip, hasn't it?" she said. "I think that is an understatement," I replied. "One more thing..." "Okay, shoot," I said. "Well, first I want to tell you that you are the first person in my life that I am able to talk about sex with." "I'll take that as another compliment," I said. "The other afternoon as I was taking a nap and thinking about you and the things we have done, I got really turned on and started to play with myself just a little. As I got more and more turned on I began to fantasize and well, I am not sure how to say this, but I got scared of my fantasies. I know that sounds really odd. I began to wonder just where the boundaries are for me, you, us. And that's what scares me." "I guess I understand a little. It's like, how far am I going to go? Am I going to turn into some kinky porn princess?" She laughed out loud. "That's a funny way to put it but, yes, that is what I have been thinking." "All I can do is tell you how I see it. You have to take it from there." "Okay, I'm all ears," she said. "Before we met you had a moral compass. You still have a moral compass. It just points in more directions and you have many more decisions to make. The moral code you used to have was imposed on you by all the influences in your life; parents, religion, your culture and numerous other things. Now you get to make your own choices. They aren't imposed on you." "That makes sense, but I'm afraid that I'll make wrong choices." I couldn't help but chuckle. "We all make wrong choices in our lives. I'll share my general moral outlook with you, as it relates to sex anyway. I won't do anything to someone that isn't with their consent and I won't let anyone do something to me without my consent. Further, I won't do anything that I think will have any real damage to someone. I think PJ O'Rourke had it right when he said "never do anything to a lover you wouldn't do to an expensive waterproof wristwatch." "That's funny," she said, "and it sounds like it makes some sense. So you weren't going to spank me as you threatened because you'd damage me?" That brought a little under-the-breath laugh from me. "I don't consider a red ass to be damage and no matter how you may protest, I know you are craving a good spanking." We returned to the ship and made our way to the pool, grabbed a couple of lounges in the shade and ordered drinks. "You said you wouldn't do anything to someone without their consent?" "Right," I answered. "Well, how do you think you know what I want and what I don't want? I might say I don't want a spanking but really, part of the zing may be in being made to receive a spanking." "I pretty much trust my judgment and I do pay close attention to you and can read a lot of your non-verbal clues. You know you are quite an open book if one is paying attention." "Maybe that is one of the biggest changes in my life," she said. "What? What is the biggest change?" "That, for the first time in my adult life someone is paying attention to me." That statement went well beyond our talk of sex and laid open her vulnerability to me, more so than at any other time. All I could do was reach over and gather her into my arms for a long soulful hug. The drinks arrived and the conversation turned light I think we had both bared our souls enough for one day. As we talked I noticed a man lying on his stomach, sunbathing. He was situated so that he had a great view of Patricia's legs. Her skirt had ridden high on her thighs as she lay on her side facing me, her legs curled behind her. I secretly told her she was being watched, but not to move or look at him right away. "He can't see anything," she said. "We are about to have some fun. Roll over on your back and bring your knees up so that your legs are bent and your feet are on the lounge." "I can't," she said with a giggle. "Remember, some

man made me take off my panties in town. "So much the better" I replied. She didn't move right away, but slowly she lay on her back and raised her knees. I knew that guy could see her puffy little lips and if his eye-sight was good enough I would bet a little moisture was making an appearance. She held the pose for no more than fifteen seconds, but I know he got an eyeful. "Happy?" she asked, with mock indignation. "Yes, that was great. He nearly fell off his lounge and you did it so subtly. One would think that you have had years of practice," I laughed. "Well, I don't." The mock indignation became more of a real act now. "So, did that turn you on?" I asked. "Did it turn you on?" she fired back. "Yes, yes it did. Now, did it turn you on? Is your little pussy seeping?" "No and NO so shut up!" she said. But the smile that she attempted to conceal gave her away. That night our lovemaking was slow and intensely emotional. I don't know how we were able to move from passion to laughter to tears and back again repeatedly throughout the night. "Gee," I started, "we only have two nights left." She placed her fingers on my lips and shushed me. "We can talk about the end of the cruise on the last night, not until then, okay?" she said. We slept, wrapped in each other. I woke early the next morning and kissed her awake, trailing little kisses over her face and head. "I'm going back to my room to shower and change," I said. "Okay," she said, sleepily. "See you in two hours." "That will be at 9:30, okay?" I asked her and quietly left the room. We met for breakfast in the buffet on the upper deck. We grabbed some food and sat on the fantail eating and talking about nothing. "You know," she said, "one of the things I like, only one of them mind you, is that we can talk about our physical relationship and you make me feel very comfortable doing so." "Why, thank you," I said. "What should we do today?" she asked. "I'm open for suggestions." "I don't think going ashore is a good idea." "We're out at sea," she said, with a quizzical look. "Yeah, I know, that's why it isn't a good idea." That brought a slap on my arm from her. "Hey, no hitting." "So, what are you going to do about it? You can't tell me what to do." The look on her face told me she was into a little banter and was enjoying acting like a brat. "Maybe I'll drag you back to the room and spank your hot little ass," I said. "You can't." "And why not," I asked. "Because the room steward hasn't cleaned it up yet." Her eyes had a twinkle in them that was pure dare. "We have all day," I said. "We can wait for a while. Besides, I'm an old man you are starting to wear me out!" We spent the next few hours lying by the pool, watching people and walking around the upper deck. It is very enjoyable to take a walk while the ship is at sea. We both watched for whales, but saw none. "I need a shower after all that sun and walking," I told her. She replied, "me too. How about I head down to my room and shower and you can come down in an hour or so and dry my back?" "An hour? Are you that dirty or are you going to take a nap before I come down." "It's a girl thing, you wouldn't understand." "I'll sit here for a bit, then go to my cabin and shower and I'll see you in an hour." She answered my knock on her door and my eyes did a double take. She was dressed in a very, very short pleated skirt and a white cotton blouse. Her dress could have almost passed as the uniform that all the kids in the Caribbean wear to school. The only real difference was the color of the clothing. "You like?" she asked, as she did a little pirouette, causing her skirt to fly up just short of her panties. "Where did you get that?" I asked, with surprise. Surely she had not brought it from the UK and if she did, well, if she did, she was a lot more experienced than she had been letting on. She couldn't suppress a giggle. "I got it in San Juan in a second-hand shop."

“Ahhh, that explains why I had trouble finding you after I visited that nautical store.” “That was the time,” she said. “The little shop was up just two stores on a side street. I saw it as we were strolling along.” “I have two comments and a question. One, you look fabulous but I don’t think I’d go to dinner in that if I were you. Second, not many women could wear that and get away with it, looking as good as you look. And my question. What possessed you to buy that?” “Thank you for the compliments, kind Sir, but, didn’t you mean, not many women my age?” “No,” I answered. “I mean any women of any age.” “What possessed me? Would I be revealing too much if I said, you ? I thought that if I was going to get spanked I should dress for the occasion. You do understand that we Brits are sticklers for decorum, don’t you?” I pulled a chair into the middle of the room and turned up the television. “Why do we need the telly so loud?” Patricia asked. I could not suppress my grin and answered, “because when you are kicking and crying I don’t want security busting in and arresting me.” This was the first time I had seen doubt and fear wash over her face, but I also noticed that her nipples had hardened and were trying to bust through the thin cotton blouse and lacy white bra. The bra wasn’t fully visible but gave tantalize teasing glimpses every now and then. “You should be scared. You have been pretty naughty these last few days and on more than a few occasions you have dared me to take you over my knee. Well, young lady, you are finally going to get your wish.” She answered in a very sweet and shy voice, “but I didn’t know you were going to spank me hard enough to make me cry.” If she were acting like a naughty girl, she was doing an excellent job. “Get over here and bend over my knee,” I commanded. She shyly moved toward me and hesitantly lay across my knees. “Move forward more. I want your hands on the ground and your pretty little butt sticking up.” She moved slowly and with uncertainly. “How do I get you to stop if it is too much for me?” That was pretty easy for me to answer. “You don’t.” That caused a shiver to run through her and she squirmed on my lap. My cock was already hard but I don’t think she was in a position to feel it at the time. I knew that the physiological stimulation was in many ways more important that the physical spanking itself. I was going to make full use of that stimulation while paying close attention to her for any real signs that things had gone too far. “Before we begin, I want to get a few things understood.” “Okay,” she said. “For one, and I will let it go only this time, when I ask you a question you are to answer yes or no if at all possible and always with a Sir at the end or beginning. Understood?” “Yes Sir,” she replied. “Good! Maybe we can instill some disciple in you easier that I thought.” “Yes, Sir.” I paused for a minute. “I didn’t ask you a question.” She was silent. My hand, ever so slowly, ran from the back of her knee to the bottom of her luscious ass, dragging her skirt with it. “Spread you legs a little.” She moved in compliance. “A tad more.” Again she moved. I pulled her skirt over her hips and made a big deal out of folding it and placing it perfectly. “My, my, we do have a very spankable bottom, don’t we?” “Yes Sir,” she answered softly. “Have you been spanked before?” “Yes, once, from my Uncle, I was staying with my aunt and uncle while on holiday from college.” “Did it hurt?” “Yes, Sir, a lot.” “And did it excite you?” I waited and no answer was forthcoming. I pulled her white panties to the center so that her cheeks were fully exposed and gave her a light swat. The palm of my hand made it sound harder than the spank actually was. “I asked you a question.” “Please, Sir, this is humiliating enough being so exposed and vulnerable.” I cracked her ass again, this time with a bit more force causing her

to jump and squirm. "Well, are we going to come up with an answer before you are sobbing so uncontrollably that you are unable to answer?" "Yes Sir, when he did it I felt very strange. I was crying and was tingly all at the same time." "Tell me more." "When it was over I was sent to my room. He didn't allow me to pull my panties up and I had to walk to my room with my panties around my knees." "And?" I asked. "And when I got to my room I fell face down on the bed and was still crying a little and, and..." "And what?" "That's all, Sir." SMACK. My hand left a serious red mark this time. "Don't lie, ever." "Yes, Sir. Later that night I was in bed and was thinking about the spanking and I touched myself." "Good girl. I am going to pull your panties down just a little." With that I pulled her panties down so that her cheeks were nearly fully exposed but her pussy was still covered. "We are going to begin," I said, as the first swat landed. I spanked her four more times and I could feel her moving under me, trying to keep the blows from landing in the same place. She did utter some ouches here and there. I began to rub her cheeks softly. I could feel a little heat radiating off her where I had concentrated two spanks together. My fingers grazed the cleft between her cheeks and I am sure her legs moved a tiny bit apart and her ass wiggled just a bit. I kept running by hand over her and each time I moved over the crease between her cheeks I could feel her loosen her cheeks and push slightly into my hand. "We shall resume," I said, and could feel her stiffen under me. I knew she was very sexually stimulated by her actions, so I increased the velocity of my spanks and the number. She began squirming in my lap, trying to avoid the slaps. I placed my free hand against the small of her back and gave her five more spanks. Her ass was a serious shade of red and warmth radiated off of it. "Are we done?" she asked, and I was sure I could hear her doing her best to hold off a sob. "Perhaps," I said. "I will make you this deal. If you are not wet, I will stop. If you are, I will continue because this is supposed to be punishment and not pleasure for you." "I don't agree," she said. "And why not?" I replied. "Just because," was the only answer she could come up with. I could see the crotch of her panties and there was a sizable wet spot covering part of them. "Okay, I will give you a choice. We can stop now and I'll give you a sweet and tender kiss and see you in the morning, or," I paused. "Or what?" she asked in a voice verging on tears. "Or I give you seven more very hard swats and while I give them, you have to play with your clit." The answer wasn't long in coming. "I don't want you to go." "So, is your answer seven more swats?" "Yes," she said. "Okay, stand up." I helped her up. Her face was red and there were a few small tears in her eyes. "I want you to face away from me and slowly pull your panties down." She did as she was told and started to pull them down. "Slowly," I reminded her. When her panties reached her knees she bent over to remove them. "Stop," I said. "Bend over from the waist and leave them around your ankles and lift up your skirt and stay bent over." She did as ordered and raised her skirt slowly, shyly. Her ass was a bright pink and in that position her pussy lips showed their full plumpness. "Okay, stand up and kick them off and come back over my lap." As she lay over my lap I am sure she could feel the sizable lump in my pants. "Now put your hand between your legs and start playing with you clit." Her compliance this time was slower. "This is embarrassing," she said. "Just do it or we'll add some more spanks." I couldn't see her fingers but I could see her lips moving and was certain she was doing as told. "Are you wet?" I asked. "Yes, Sir." "How wet?" "I am very wet, Sir." "Now, doesn't that tell both of us that you're a little slut that likes

to be spanked and that it turns you on?" There was no answer but her hips seemed to be moving against her hand. "Well?" I asked. "Yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir, what?" "It means that I am a little slut and like to be spanked." "Very good, Patricia, seven spanks and your spanking will be over until you require another. Oh, and one more thing, don't stop playing with you clit and do not under any circumstances cum, are we clear?" Her yes, Sir was a little breathless. I delivered the seven spanks, increasing the hardness of each so that by the time I got to the last two I was leaving quite a bright red hand mark on her already hot pink ass. When I was between number six and seven I felt her movement increase and heard her start to moan and pant in earnest. Her cries were a mixture of pain and pleasure. After I finished the spanking I quickly moved my hand and put my finger against her puckered little hole. Her little ass was clenching at my finger and even though I wasn't in her very deep, I could feel the spasm of her orgasm as I felt a warm wet spot grow on my thigh. Once her tremors subsided I gathered her in my arms and held her next to me. She was sobbing on my shoulder and after she settled down I asked her if she was alright. "Yes," she said, her voice still a little shaky. After a few minutes she started to explain what had happened. "I have never cum that hard. Every time we have sex I think I have had the best orgasm ever and then the next time it is better. That was so intense and I can't understand why being spanked and basically under your control turns me on so much. It is a bit humiliating, but then the humiliation makes it even better." We lay in each other arms and watched the water slide by the balcony window. The sky must have been applauding our lovemaking because the colors of the sunset went from pink to violet to purple with oranges and yellow for contrast and seemed to be bleeding in and out of one another. She sat up in bed and kissed me slowly and sweetly. "Your turn. Shut up and lie back and enjoy this. I want to do this. I have never let a man finish in my mouth before and I want to do that with you." I did and was rewarded with her bringing me to the brink numerous times and then letting me settle down before starting the upward climb. Near the end I was so sensitive that she held me in her mouth and touched the underside of my cock with her tongue so lightly that I wasn't sure she was touching at all. I was quivering and moaning. My cock was dripping and her wet hot mouth kept bringing me to the brink time and time again. About the time I was certain I could not stop from cumming she looked up at me, slipping me from her mouth said, "cum in my mouth. Flood my mouth like to you do my pussy," and then proceed to lick and suck me again. That was all I could take and I began to go over the edge. I hung there for what seemed like hours as her tongue played over my cock. Finally, I felt my cock swell in her month and heard a muffled moan from her. Just as the first spurt flooded her mouth I grabbed the back of her head and fucked her mouth, continuing to fill her mouth so that my cum was leaking all around my cock and her lips and was running down her chin. Just as I finished I looked down at her and saw her swallow all that hadn't leaked out. Quite by surprise she crawled up next to me and kissed me, pushing her tongue and a sizable amount of cum into my mouth. She moved back and laid her head on my shoulder and said, "I just thought I'd share," with a little evil laugh. We drifted off to sleep in one another's arms. All was right with the world. During the last day of the cruise we acted like we were two high school kids having their first love affair, or long time lovers who had reunited. We drifted in and out of the different behaviors naturally. We laid by the pool, spent a little time in the ship's casino,

ate leisurely meals, giggled, told jokes and teased each other. We spent the time loving each other and being loved. It was happiness. We spent the last night together lying in bed with the window open and the sounds of the waves washing by the ship and the sea glowing with moonlight. We held each other. We told each other about our hopes, our dreams, our failures, our successes. We talked in whispers as if we were sharing deep secrets, and we were. We fell asleep holding each other. The glow of our love dwarfed and made pale by the moonlit sea. The next morning was the disembarkation dance. We both had a flight at about the same time and went to the airport together. We clung to each other before we went to our separate concourses. The parting was sweet and sorrowful. No matter what the future held, we had shared an emotionally charged time together, touching one another's soul as they had not been touched before. We wept for the end of that small slice of our lives. I emailed Patricia after I got home. I told her I looked forward to hearing from her and that I hoped she'd had a safe trip. I was reaching out to her. I knew I wanted to make this work and I would do all in my power to do so. The days slipped by with no return email from her. I began to get concerned and decided to phone after a week, with no response. It was beyond my understanding that we could have grown so close and shared so much of each other that she wasn't going to write. When I finally called I got her voicemail. I left a message, asking her to call or write and let me know she was safe and that I was concerned. Two days later her message finally popped up in my inbox. It began, "My Sweet, I do not have the courage to talk to you and tell you what I am about to tell you, so please, please try to understand. I feel dreadful that I have deceived you....." The End.