

Fancy Free

When Lars and I were youngsters, we were schoolmates. We lived in the same neighborhood, had the same friends, dated the same girls, and saw the same movies. As life flowed on, we took different jobs, married different people, moved to different places, and largely lost track of each other. Then along came the internet and with it the ability to track down long-lost pals. A decade-or-so back, Lars and I finally located each other. It was great rekindling old friendships and our wives also hit it off well. It appeared that those traits that made us friends all those years ago helped us pick mates who would also get along as well as we did, but time brings other changes, too.

Along with the accumulation of material wealth, Father Time also exacts a penalty on us physically. Bones get brittle, and muscles grow weak. The brisk walks of our younger years are replaced by much more leisurely strolls, and the health that saw us through much of our life is replaced by age-related maladies.

My own wife succumbed to cancer a few years back. Mercifully, it was mere months between diagnosis and death. 'Dave and Deanna' became just 'Dave'. Lars lost Penny to an automobile accident while she was Christmas shopping. It devastated his whole family, and we almost lost touch with each other again when he withdrew into himself. We were both saved by the arrival of our 70th birthdays. One of my kids casually mentioned that I ought to do more traveling, maybe take a cruise, and offered to buy me a ticket as a birthday present. I called Lars.

"I'm going on a cruise for my 70th," I announced. "How about joining me?"

"Where is it going?"

"It's a 15-day transatlantic crossing," I explained. "The cruise goes to Amsterdam, but I thought we might debark at Cherbourg, spend some time in Paris, and fly home from there."

"Sounds expensive," Lars opined.

"It's not," I explained. "It's a repositioning cruise. The ship is shifting from its Caribbean cruising schedule to its European cruising schedule, so it's a one-way trip. The cruise company doesn't want to send the ship across the Atlantic empty so they make it worth your while with deep discounts. We can have a balcony room for under two grand apiece, and we can spend some time in Europe if we want before heading home. It's a bargain."

"I'll think about it."

(Dave)

Lars called me back two days later. "I told my kids about your suggestion. They liked it so much, they're buying me a ticket for my 70th, too. Let's cruise, man!"

The day before the cruise, Lars flew into Ft. Lauderdale from Cleveland and I flew in from Atlanta. We joined up at the airport and shared a limo to our hotel near the cruise port. The hotel shuttle promised to get us to the boat in plenty of time the next day. In the morning, we both did the shit-shower-shampoo-and-shave routine before checking out and having breakfast at the hotel's dining room. We lounged around the lobby until it was time to board the shuttle and were checking in for the cruise before 1 pm. By 5 o'clock we were already heading out into the Atlantic. It would be another week before we saw dry land again.

By mutual agreement, both Lars and I had bought tuxedos, our first. If you're going to live the high life, we reasoned, you really ought to dress the part and at our stage in life we could afford it. Besides, both of us look great in black-and-white.

As we entered the dining hall that evening, I whispered to the *maître d'* "If you could seat us with unattached ladies, that would be very nice," and I slipped him a twenty. We wound up seated at a table with two couples and two women. The tuxes caught both of us several nice compliments and we managed to strike up conversations with the women who turned out to be recent widows traveling together much as Lars and I were. After dinner, we escorted them to the dance floor and spent a pleasant two hours getting to know both of them better.

Terri, a redhead from Kansas City, had lost her husband three years prior and he had left her 'comfortable'. Nancy, her cousin from Nashville, had become a widow only during the last year and had been the one to talk Terri into this cruise as a way of shaking off the blues. Nancy, also, was comfortable and the two had opted for a suite overlooking the stern of the ship.

As the evening began to wind down, the four of us repaired to one of the bars nearby for a nightcap. "May we escort you ladies to your room?" Lars asked Terri who smiled and took his hand in hers. We four strolled aft toward the suites arrayed across the stern of the ship until we arrived at the right door.

Terri swiped her passenger ID and the door unlocked. "Would you like to come in?" she asked us. "The view is quite spectacular."

She wasn't kidding. From their balcony, with the room lights dimmed almost to darkness, the wake of the ship was clearly visible in the light of a nearly-full moon.

Nancy excused herself and went back inside. Terri and Lars and I continued our conversation started earlier. After a few minutes — five or ten — Nancy reappeared in pajamas. At other times and in other circumstances, she might have been cold, but the balcony was shielded from wind enough that the normal temperature of an April evening in the tropics made her silk pajamas suitable. Nancy picked up the conversational thread and Terri slipped away to return a few minutes later in her own pajamas. I placed my hand on Nancy's back and could tell at once that the pajamas were all that she wore. I noticed Lars similarly surveying Terri.

Well, nothing ventured; nothing gained. I moved to give Nancy a kiss and she slipped her arms around my neck as she returned it. From the corner of my eye, I could see Lars and Terri in their own lip-lock. Nancy and I moved inside to the couch in a still barely illuminated sitting area.

"Should I call room service and have them send up some champagne?" Nancy offered.

"I don't need champagne," I told her, "but the others..."

Nancy lifted the receiver and pushed the button for 'Room Service', ordered a not-too-expensive bottle of bubbly with four glasses, and turned her attention back to me. "That was a very nice kiss. May I have another?"

Our lips met again and this time we let the sensation hang on for a long time. As our tongues played tag with each other, I moved my hand to her breast and found the nipple had already hardened. She leaned back to give me better purchase and I took advantage of her posture to slide my hand down between her thighs which she parted obligingly. Then her hand was on the swelling bulge in my trousers. "If you're going to arouse me," she whispered, "you have to expect that I'll return the favor."

"What about Terri?" I asked.

"What about her? She's a big girl. She won't be scandalized if she discovers us in bed. In fact, she may join us. I'm getting bored playing with your penis through all that material. Would you like your own pajamas?"

"I rarely wear them, but if you insist..."

"No, I don't. To be honest, I'd much prefer you naked than pajamaed." With that, she pushed me back on the couch and began to undo my belt and the fastenings on the front of the trousers. Lars and I had already parked our jackets when we first entered the room, so I started undoing the cuff links and studs on the shirt since Nancy seemed to have the trousers under control. It seemed to take mere moments before I was down to skivvies and sliding into bed next to her.

Our respective levels of horniness seemed well matched. Nancy was badly in need of a shagging and I had been having wet dreams for a week or more. The first thing she did was to peel the briefs down from my waist, catching them with her toes and pushing them all the way to my feet and off. That gave her unrestricted access to my cock and she took advantage

of that. For my part, my hands were already exploring inside her pajama bottoms and pulling them down towards her feet.

"Are you horny?" she asked.

"Very," I confirmed.

"Me, too," she admitted. "I don't need any more foreplay than I've already had. What I need now is a good, workman-like fucking." With that she pushed me onto my back, climbed on top of me, grabbed my cock, and guided it into her cunt. She groaned with pleasure as it slid in and she began slowly pumping her hips up and down, controlling the series of orgasms our coupling was producing.

For my part, the feeling of her vagina sliding back and forth on my penis was really pleasant and it would have been okay if she kept doing that for a week or so, but that's not how orgasms work. "Baby, slow down if you want it to last. You're going to make me spout." I might as well have talked to the wall. Nancy just kept humping until I couldn't hold it off anymore. With one huge grunt-sigh I let go and filled her pussy with jizz.

(Terri)

When two very distinguished-looking gents in tuxedos joined our table for dinner, Nancy and I exchanged glances and each of us knew without saying a word what the other was thinking: *these two could be our personal on-board entertainment!* Lars and Dave looked to be in their 60s. We learned later that they had both just turned 70, were widowed and taking this cruise as a way of getting back out into the world. Perfect! Their situations matched almost exactly mine and Nancy's.

Dinner conversation was pleasant but not terribly... umm... provocative. They were obviously 'hitting on us', but gently, and leaving us plenty of opportunity to disengage. Neither of us wanted to disengage. It's rare at our age to find someone to take an interest in something other than our money. After dinner, we headed over to the dance floor where a small combo was playing. Nancy seemed to like Dave, and that was okay by me since I had taken a liking to Lars. Nevertheless, we managed to change partners several times during the evening until our feet started to remind us how old we actually were.

"Anybody for a nightcap?" Lars asked, and all of us agreed that was a splendid idea. We sat at the bar for another half hour until Lars offered to escort us to our room. We all sauntered hand-in-hand to the far back end of the ship where our room was. I had talked Nancy into sharing a very expensive suite looking over the tail of the ship. We always had a view of the foamy wake when the ship was under way, and the room was luxuriously spacious for a cruise ship. It had a balcony sitting area and two full-size beds, and it was worth every penny.

When we got back to the room, we all stepped out onto the balcony to enjoy the warm April air, the almost-full moon, and a couple of nice guys. Nancy ducked back inside and reappeared a little while later having shucked off her dress and replaced it with pajamas. When I saw that, I decided to do the same and as soon as the conversation — my part of it anyway — lulled, I slipped inside and swapped my dinner duds for pajamas, too.

Before I knew it, Nancy and Dave were sucking each other's faces, and Lars was offering his lips to me. Oh! That felt so good! Lars seemed to be enjoying it, too, and then suddenly we had the balcony all to ourselves. Nancy and Dave had gone inside, leaving the balcony to me and Lars. I could feel his hands exploring my ass and I hoped he'd get around to the front soon. He didn't disappoint me. One hand started stroking my bush, while the other kneaded a breast. I can't tell you how horny that made me. The only thing I could think of was Lars' cock inside me. I started stroking the bulge in his pants.

"Are we going to disturb the neighbors?" he asked.

I giggled. "Most of the people who can afford these rooms are old farts who turn in early," I assured him. In fact, I had talked to the neighbors on both sides earlier, just before early dinner, and knew they were both 'early to bed and early to rise' types. No, we weren't going to disturb the neighbors. Suddenly, Lars was on his knees, my pajamas were around my ankles, and Lars' tongue was exploring my gash. It was heavenly! I stepped out of the pajamas so I could spread my legs wider. "Don't lose those pajamas," I warned him, "I only have two sets."

"Maybe we should go inside," Lars suggested. I reached down to pick up my pajama bottoms and got to kiss Lars again. This time I could taste my own juices on his lips and tongue. I was getting hornier by the minute. We stepped inside the dimly-lit room where Dave and Nancy were — we could tell by the sounds they were making and the way the bed covers were moving — fucking themselves silly. Lars peeled his trousers off and sat down on the couch. I straddled him and guided his penis between my legs. Oh, Jesus, did that feel good! I started orgasming almost immediately.

Somebody knocked on the door. I stopped riding Lars and listened for a second knock. There it was! I dismounted, grabbed my PJs and slipped into them, then answered the door.

"Champagne for room 7214," the knocker replied in response to my inquiry.

I opened the door a crack and peeked out. He had a bucket of ice with a bottle of champagne in it and a stand. "Leave it," I told him. He left it. As he walked away down the corridor, I opened the door and moved the set inside.

Lars took my hand. "It will keep," he told me and he led me to the bed. He knelt and snapped my pajama bottoms off again while I doffed the

top. He dropped his shirt on the floor and we slipped under the covers. The sensation of his naked body against mine was wonderfully erotic to the point that when he pushed his erection into my slit, it was already sufficiently lubricated that he slipped right back into me. I started another series of little orgasms as he gently pumped my vagina.

"You feel so nice," he whispered in my ear.

"You, too," I assured him, "but if you're ready, just let it happen." He kissed me deeply and I could feel him tense. I knew he had come because I could feel his erection subsiding. I didn't mind. He had given me more than my share of pleasure that night.

(Lars)

Dave was always very smooth with the girls and somehow, he managed to get us a table at dinner that first evening with two knockouts. Terri was a fiery redhead from Kansas and Nancy was an elegant brunette from Tennessee, cousins traveling as a couple. Dave engaged Nancy in conversation almost from the minute we sat down, so I concentrated on Terri. In truth, it would have been hard for me to choose one over the other, so arrestingly beautiful were they both, despite creeping up, as they were, on 70.

So busy were we with engaging these lovely women that I can't to this day tell you anything about the other two couples at our table. They might as well not have been there at all. "Would you care to dance?" I asked Terri as dinner started to wind down.

"Great idea," she agreed, "maybe it'll shake a few of these calories off."

Dave and I changed partners every few numbers so we both got to know the ladies a little better. Eventually, the expressions on their faces made it clear their feet were complaining.

"Something from the bar to wrap up the night?" They both agreed that would be a nice way to finish off the evening.

We each had a drink or two, just enough to mellow things out, and then one of us — I can't recall whether it was me or Dave — suggested we escort our dates back to their room.

Terri, the redhead, used her card to open the door to a suite at the far back end of the ship.

"Would you like to come in? The view is quite spectacular." She didn't exaggerate a bit. Their room had a balcony overlooking the stern, and by the light of a near-full moon, the frothy wake seemed to glow in the dark. I wrapped my arms around Terri to protect her from what little breeze there was on a balcony that was well protected from the wind. Dave and Nancy and Terri and I talked continuing our conversation from the bar and we

learned more about their lives and families while they plied us with questions about ours.

I don't know how long it was before I noticed that Nancy was in her PJs and Terri was missing. I needn't have worried. Terri returned shortly having changed into her PJs just in time for me to imitate Dave who was exploring Nancy's esophagus with his tongue. Terri didn't seem to mind my paying a little attention to her luscious lips. My arms wrapped around her pajama-clad body gave ample evidence that she wasn't wearing anything except those flimsy garments. I was certain she was sending me a message, and I was certain what the message was. I petted her pubis through the silky material and massaged a breast with the other hand.

"Will we disturb the neighbors?" I asked.

Terri laughed softly. "Our neighbors are strictly 'early to bed and early to rise'," she explained. "Unless we're still here at sunrise, they won't know a thing."

That was what I needed to hear. I knelt before her and pulled her pajama bottoms to her ankles so I could get a taste of her pussy. She didn't object. In fact, she stepped out of her pajamas and spread her legs wide to give me a better angle. She giggled and warned me not to lose her pajamas overboard. "Maybe we should go inside?" I suggested, and Terri agreed that sounded like a great idea. She leaned down to kiss me and to scoop up her pajamas. I led her inside and slid the balcony door closed.

In the darkened room, it was clear from the sounds we heard and the movement of the bedclothes that Dave and Nancy were humping their brains out. I dropped my trousers and sat on the couch. Terri didn't need to be asked; she sat on my lap, grabbed my cock, and impaled herself on it. Goddamn, did she feel nice!

We had no sooner gotten ourselves joined and fucking than someone knocked on the door. Terri stood, slipped back into her pajamas and opened the door a crack. It was Room Service delivering a bucket of champagne. As the waiter walked away from the door, Terri opened it, grabbed the bucket, and brought it inside the room. I took Terri by the hand and led her back to the couch. "It'll keep," I assured her, and quickly removed her PJ bottoms and my shirt. She had already peeled her top. We got into bed now completely naked and I got my meat inside hers.

We made love for a little while, I don't know how long but it couldn't have been very long. I must have started breathing heavily or something. "Let it happen, sweetheart," she whispered, and I couldn't hold off another second. My cock exploded inside her.

(Nancy)

We had just been seated at the table for dinner with two couples and Terri and I were making small talk as a way of introducing ourselves to them when I noticed two tuxedo-clad guys being escorted in our direction. I poked Terri to get her attention and nodded in their direction. Terri smiled. So did I. The waiter led them directly to our table and seated them next to us. They introduced themselves to everyone at the table as Dave and Lars, old friends traveling together for the first time. I leaned over Terri to the nearest one and said, "Why don't you two change places?" Terri and Dave stood and Dave helped Terri take her seat between him and Lars.

Thinking about it later, it seemed like the entire world collapsed to just the four of us at that point: me, Dave, Terri, and Lars. The other two couples at our table — to whom we all had just introduced ourselves — were in a different universe. I'm not even sure we spoke to them during dinner.

Dinner was lovely. Cruise ships put on a very nice feedbag in their dining rooms. It's why people complain about how much weight they gain on trips like that. Dave and I talked between bites all through dinner as did Terri and Lars. When dinner ended, the guys led us to the dance floor and we spent a while — maybe an hour, maybe two — dancing and small-talking before moving over to the bar for a nightcap. Eventually they offered to escort us back to our room. Terri and I had agreed to splurge on one of those luxurious rooms at the stern that looked over the ship's wake. It was big enough to entertain which was why we spent all that money.

Terri invited the guys in, promising a spectacular view, and they followed us inside.

We four moved out onto the moonlit balcony and paired off to watch the wake and listen to the ship noises and... whatever else might happen. After a few minutes I excused myself, slipped inside the room, got my pajamas from the dresser drawer, undressed myself in the dark in record time and put my pajamas — and nothing else — back on. Then I rejoined the other three on the balcony.

It was cool in the April evening air, but not bad. Dave slipped his arms around me and I felt warmer. He kissed me gently on my ear so I turned to make my lips more available. He took the hint. Soon he took my hand and led me inside to the couch.

I offered to order champagne. "I don't need champagne," Dave told me, but I ordered some anyway. The others might like it and Dave might change his mind. We got back to kissing each other long and sensuously before he started to stroke my nipples. It felt... nice, so I leaned back to see where this was going. His hand dipped between my legs and I spread my thighs a little wider in case he needed more room. Just to let him know I

approved, I gave him a little stroke on the bulge in his pants. "If you're going to arouse me, you have to expect that I'll return the favor."

"The others..." he whispered.

I assured him that my cousin was a big girl and would understand if she found us in bed. I offered him pajamas and he declined. Just as well. I prefer my men naked. I pushed him back and undid his belt and trousers and had him down to his briefs in no time at all. I pulled him to his feet and toward the bed and had him lying beside me moments later, each of us kissing the other passionately. I pushed his briefs off his hips with my fingers and brought my feet up so I could hook the waistband with my toes. Straightening my legs stripped them from him completely. Meanwhile he was giving me the same treatment.

"Are you horny?"

"Very," he admitted.

"Me, too. I don't need any more foreplay than I've already had. What I need now is a good, workman-like fucking." We were already naked where it counted, so I climbed onto him, grabbed his cock and jammed it inside me. Shit, did I ever need that!

I humped him for I-don't-know-how-long before he gave me a stroke on my cheek. "Baby, slow down if you want it to last. You're going to make me spout," he pleaded. I didn't have any choice. I was on autopilot at that point and when he came it was just fine with me.

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Dave and Nancy finished first and Nancy slipped out of bed still naked to retrieve the champagne bucket. Dave, also naked, was at her side in an instant to open the bottle as any gentleman would.

"You're sure we won't scandalize Terri?" Dave asked. Nancy giggled and the two of them clinked their glasses in toast before taking a sip.

In the semi-darkness Dave almost didn't realize that Terri had gotten out of bed, but he noticed when her skin brushed past his and snagged a champagne flute. She held it out and Dave poured the pale-yellow liquid into it. A moment or two later, Lars joined them.

Terri and Nancy lifted their glasses in salute to their men. "Gentlemen, well done," Nancy congratulated them.

"And many moooooore," Terri finished to giggles all around. Then she moved toward Dave, wound her arms around his neck and kissed him full on the lips. "Me next," she whispered. Nancy, meanwhile, had given Lars a similar treatment.

"I don't think there will be a 'round two' this evening," Dave opined. "I don't know about Lars, but Nancy has worn me out." Lars smiled and nodded his agreement. "We'd better be getting on home."

"You could stay for breakfast," Terri offered. "We'll make it worth your while," and she winked at Dave and Lars.

"Then we'll be going to breakfast in our tuxes," Lars explained. "No, I think we'll amble to our room, change out of the monkey suits, get a decent night's rest, and meet you ladies — properly attired — in the dining room tomorrow morning. What time shall we plan on that?"

"Let's not be too early," Nancy begged. "Eight-thirty?"

"Eight-thirty it is," Lars agreed as the two began donning socks, underwear, and tuxes. A few minutes later, they each kissed both of the still-naked women, slipped out into the hall, and made their way back to their room.

You know," Lars remarked to Dave as they got to their door, "I'm really enjoying this cruise."

Inside room 7214, Terri hugged Nancy and told her "I'm really glad you talked me into this cruise."

Day 2

The four showed up for breakfast at almost the same time, eight-thirty on the dot, and got a table for four to avoid interruptions. The ladies had already decided to explore the ship's swimming pools, and the men agreed to join them. After breakfast, they all repaired to their respective rooms, changed into bathing suits, and reconvened on the pool deck for an hour of soaking, first in the pool, then in the hot tub — making new acquaintances in both places — followed by an hour of lounging in the sun of a gently-warming April day. Still full from a sumptuous breakfast, the four opted for small food from the nearby snack bar before Terri patted Dave on his shoulder.

“Would you mind escorting me back to my room?”

Dave dutifully rose and accompanied Terri downstairs and all the way to the stern and into the suite. As soon as the door closed, Terri turned on Dave, wound her arms around his neck and kissed him full on the lips.

“I find myself getting uncomfortably horny,” she told him. “Would you mind helping me out of my suit?” and she turned her back to him. Dave slipped the straps off her shoulders and worked the clingy wet fabric down until it cleared her thighs and fell to the floor. She turned back to Dave. “And now may I help you out of your suit?” As if to emphasize what she intended, she grasped the hardening bulge of Dave's cock before untying the cord that kept its waist snug, and pulled the trunks to his ankles. Dave's cock bounced slightly as the material was pulled past it and Terri giggled at that, then dropped to her knees and took his boner into her mouth. The warmth of her mouth against the damp, cold skin of his penis made Dave gasp at the sensation.

“Won't Nancy be upset at you poaching her partner?” Dave asked.

Terri rose to a standing position. “Nancy doesn't own you, nor you Nancy. We're all grown-ups. We can interact with each other as we wish,” and then she kissed Dave again, deeply, and he returned it while Terri played with his cock. “I'm cold. Could we move this under the covers?” she pleaded.

Terri pulled back the bed sheets and they both slid under them. Their skin still cold from the dampness, they nevertheless soon warmed to a more comfortable temperature as they cuddled and each toyed with the other's body. When Dave moved to enter Terri, she threw a leg over his and reached behind herself to part her labia. He slid inside and Terri hugged him tighter as the first of many orgasms washed across her body.

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Lars leaned toward Nancy as Terri and Dave disappeared in the distance. "Are you getting cold?" he asked her.

"A little," she admitted. "Perhaps we should try the hot tub again."

Lars stood and helped Nancy up, then led her back to the hot tub. Submerged beneath a layer of foamy water, Nancy reached over and squeezed and rubbed Lars' cock through the material of his bathing suit.

"Stop that," he ordered. "I won't be able to get out of here without embarrassing myself. If you're horny, we can handle that, but at least let me have my dignity."

Nancy laughed but she stopped teasing Lars. "Okay, but as soon as you've composed yourself we should leave," and she leaned over to kiss him.

By thinking hard about baseball scores, Lars soon felt his boner subside. "My place or yours?" Lars asked Nancy as he helped her out of the hot tub.

"Oh, Terri is probably using our place. Let's use yours." Lars nodded and the two set off.

"Do you want to shower off?" Lars asked Nancy after he had put out the 'Do Not Disturb' door tag and locked the door behind him.

"I just got out of a chemical bath," she mused, "I'm probably clean enough... unless you'd prefer...?"

"If you're okay, I'm okay," Lars agreed as he dropped his swim trunks to the floor. Nancy's swimsuit soon joined it and they put their still-damp bodies together for an embrace and a kiss.

Lars could feel his boner returning. Nancy sensed it, too, and spread her thighs to allow it to rise where she most wanted it. As Lars caressed her nipples, Nancy felt sure she was lubricating. She gently rocked back and forth on Lars' cock until the motion worked her labia open and she could feel his skin rubbing against her more delicate tissues. As horny as she was, the sensation of skin-on-skin was starting to feel like an orgasm. She reached behind her to pop the head of his penis into the vestibule of her vagina and Lars plunged all the way in. She gasped.

"Like?" Lars asked.

"Nice," she whispered.

As they stood there, Nancy impaled on his cock and gently orgasming every minute or so, Lars ran his fingertips up and down her back and onto her butt cheeks, sometimes swinging them around to the outsides of her thighs. He could feel her vagina clench each time he did so. He didn't know whether she was experiencing an orgasm each time, but he loved the feeling of his penis being gently squeezed by her muscles.

"I want you to come," she announced after a half hour or more of stand-up intercourse.

"Are you done?" Lars asked.

"I'm done enough," she answered, "and we have all day to recuperate and do it again." She smiled at him.

"All day? Won't Dave be interested in taking up some of your time?"

"It depends on whether Terri and he hit it off or not. He may be busy doing someone else. I'd like you to do me. I want to feel your hot cum splash inside me."

"You're expecting a lot from an old guy like me," Lars snickered.

"I'll take what I can get, lover," and she kissed him and stuck her tongue inside his mouth to explore it. Lars started paying attention to the feeling of his cock sliding in and out of Nancy's pussy. It took only a few more minutes before his hips jerked three times as he emptied himself into her.

They pulled apart and Nancy spread her thighs to check them and was gratified to feel a small stream of gooey fluid oozing out of her pussy. She picked some of it up on her finger and transferred it to her lips before dropping to her knees and taking Lars' softening penis into her mouth to lick it clean.

"Well," she demanded of Lars after they had both plopped, still naked, on the couch, "how was it? Am I as good as my cousin?"

Lars laughed. "That's not nice," he wagged his finger at her, "making me choose between two women who probably share all their secrets. There's no correct answer to that question and you know it."

"That's not true," Nancy protested, "there is a correct answer."

"Then all I'll say is that you each have your own distinct charms, and I'll drop the subject right there."

"That's the correct answer," Nancy giggled and she straddled Lars' lap to give him another deep, passionate kiss.

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"I wonder what Lars and Nancy are doing," Dave muttered as he and Terri broke from the third or fourth different position, all of which seemed to be something Terri found sufficiently erotic to bring her off, sometimes cataclysmically.

"If I know Nancy, she's banging Lars' cock off."

"Well, I hope not, for Lars' sake," Dave offered, and they both laughed.

Terri leaned back on the bed and languorously spread her body in a huge 'X' thereby offering all of it to Dave's attentions. Dave accepted the challenge by beginning to lick Terri's slit. Her hips began to twitch erratically again and she gasped occasionally as another orgasm snuck up on her. Suddenly she pushed Dave's head away from her crotch. "Roll over," she demanded, and Dave rolled onto his back. She straddled his head and slid down so her pussy was right in his face. Dave resumed licking it. Terri's lips

found the tip of Dave's cock and she sucked the shaft into her mouth. The act of slurping his cock was so erotic for her that she began to orgasm on a more regular rhythm and Dave's organ responded to her now-constant tongue-teasing by producing an extra portion of pre-cum.

"Slow down," Dave begged her, "I want to enjoy this."

Terri tried to go easy on him, she really did, but the feeling of his sausage brushing against her cheeks was too... God, she couldn't believe how nice that pre-cum tasted.

For his part, Dave could feel something building in his thighs and knew it would soon get to the point that he would not be able to control it. His orgasm would just run away and he would have to enjoy whatever Mother Nature and Terri's tongue allowed him. He resolved silently to himself that this time he was not going to fight it for the sake of saving himself for Terri's next or last orgasm. As soon as he realized an orgasm was inevitable he was going to relax and let nature take its course.

While all this was going through his mind, he had forgotten what Terri was doing and what he was supposed to be doing — eating her cunt. He resumed his tonguing of Terri's labia and was rewarded by a giant twitch of her hips and a loud groan that forced Terri to stop sucking his cock. It was at that moment that the tingling sensation reached his penis and he began to squirt semen — the biggest squirt he could recall for many years — and he hosed Terri's face now only two inches from the tip of his cock.

Regaining her composure, Terri slurped his cock back into her mouth and managed to enjoy the last pulses of fluid before Dave's orgasm collapsed and his cock deflated. When it was clear Dave was 'done', Terri rolled onto her back and sat up facing her partner. Dave began to laugh at the long diagonal line of grayish semen across her face, and Terri soon joined in the laughter while she swiped the goo with a finger and transferred it to her mouth.

"I'm guessing you enjoyed that," she offered.

"It was indescribable — literally," Dave assured her. "I hope I'll get another one of those someday soon."

"Anytime you want to eat my pussy, I'll be happy to return the favor."

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Lorelei

"So...", the petite blonde began as she stood next to Lars on the line to get snack food at the pool bar, "what's your connection with those two... if I may ask such a forward question?"

Lars turned slowly toward her and gave her a once-over with his eyes. She was 5-foot-two and not a millimeter taller in bare feet, with soft

brown eyes and a slim figure topped by breasts that certainly wouldn't need more than a B-cup or two.

"Just two women we met at dinner and hit it off with," Lars explained. "Why?"

"Nothing much. I just wondered if they were wives or girlfriends." She smiled.

Lars smiled back. "About to make a move?" he asked.

"Do I dare?" she asked in return.

"Only you would know that answer. What can I get you?" Lars had finally worked his way to the head of the line and decided to add her to his order.

"A Heineken and your name and room number so I can repay you."

Lars ordered for both of them and handed her the frosty bottle. "I'm Lars Eklund and I'm in room 6157 with my buddy Dave." He nodded in Dave's direction.

"Ah," she exclaimed softly, "that sounds like a story I'd like to hear someday soon."

"And your name is..." Lars prodded.

"I'm Lorelei and I'm in room 7145. Pop by anytime. Thanks for the beer." She turned and left in a direction away from Dave, Terri, and Nancy.

Day 3

Lars was up early and out of the room before Dave started to wake. He scribbled a note and left it on the end table separating their beds. He exited the room as quietly as he could manage.

He did a one-pass stroll around the promenade deck before deciding that people seemed to be becoming more active. Finding a house telephone, he dialed room 7145. A woman's voice answered.

"Lorelei?" he inquired.

"I'll get her," he was told. A moment later, Lorelei's voice was on the line.

"This is Lorelei," she announced herself.

"It's Lars. I have time to tell a story."

"Give me fifteen minutes, then come to room 7145. I'll be waiting."

They both disconnected and Lorelei immediately turned to the other two women who shared the two connecting rooms. "Might I have the use of the room for the next few hours?" They giggled and agreed, gathered their necessary belongings, and departed just minutes ahead of Lars' arrival.

Lorelei answered the soft knock at the door and found Lars waiting. She stood aside to let him enter, then led him to the couchette overlooking the suite's veranda.

"Something to drink?" she offered, but Lars declined. The two sat and watched the ocean roll by for a few minutes before Lorelei prompted Lars with, "So, how is it you and Dave have become traveling companions?"

Lars smiled as he began his tale of two guys from the same town growing up as best friends and marrying girls who weren't best friends, moving away, pursuing careers, raising families and living their lives in distant cities, finding each other years later, reconnecting, having their wives share the same kind of bonds that Dave and Lars had long shared, surviving the normal tragedies of growing old and losing their mates to age-related maladies, and finally becoming roommates on a cruise ship.

"What about you?" Lars prodded.

Lorelei gave Lars the Reader's Digest version of her life: growing up in coal country, marrying for money and discovering the penalty for doing so, divorcing a cheating husband, getting a huge lump-sum settlement for her promise to keep confidential the sordid details, reconnecting with her childhood sweetheart, marrying for love, losing her love in an airplane crash, and now living the cruise life with the girls she went to high school with and who propped her up through all her tragedies.

"So, now you engage in piracy on the high seas with your hand-picked crew of pirettes," Lars suggested.

Lorelei laughed. "Cruising the sea lanes looking for unprotected booty." She reached across and stroked his thigh through the fabric of his

slacks. When Lars didn't object, she moved to sit next to him, slipped a hand around his neck, and moved in for a kiss, long, deep, and wet, a kiss Lars sensuously returned. In a moment, Lorelei's free hand was stroking the swelling bulge at his crotch, and Lars was snaking his fingertips inside her blouse and under the fabric of her bra. To his surprise, his fingers discovered an enormous nipple, almost an inch long but soft and pliable.

"It's yours if you want it," she whispered in his ear as she began to unbutton the front of her blouse for him. Lars moved his hand to her back to locate the closure for the bra but couldn't find it. Lorelei unclasped the garment between the cups to free her still-firm breasts for his explorations.

He bent his head to take the bit of flesh between his lips, swirled his tongue around it a few times, and began to suck it gently. Lorelei moaned softly as sweetly erotic sensations began to course through her abdomen and thighs. For Lars, it seemed as if the nipple wanted to telescope down his throat and that would have been alright with him — to deepthroat her flesh. After a few minutes of sucking her left nipple, he switched to her right and she helped by prying the breast from its bra cup and aiming the teat toward his mouth.

"Oh, that feels so nice," she whispered breathlessly. "I hope you're enjoying it as much as I am." With that, she leaned back on the couchette and started undoing the waistband of her slacks. When she had unzipped the front, she took his hand and guided it downward toward the waist of her panties. Lars took the hint and slid his fingers down inside the silky fabric until the middle finger found the crevice between her hairless labia and brushed against the tip of her clitoris. Lorelei gasped at the sensation and did her best to spread her thighs against the resistance of her clothing.

"Oh, lover," she gasped, "should we get naked?"

"I think we'd both enjoy that," Lars agreed and, rising from the seat, offered his hand to help her rise. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her lips while his hands caressed her tiny ass. Lorelei helped by pulling her slacks down, exposing the area below her waist.

"Help me," she begged, so Lars used his longer arms to continue pushing her clothing further down, then kneeling before her to reach her ankles. Lorelei sat on the edge of the bed and lifted her feet so Lars could fully-remove her slacks and panties while she discarded the blouse and bra she had already undone.

With Lorelei now completely naked and on her back on the bed, Lars proceeded to peel his sandals, slacks, t-shirt, and briefs to match her condition before taking his spot next to her. They embraced skin-to-skin and kissed each other again and again while their hands explored the other's intimate parts and each reveled in the pleasant sensation of a lover's attentions.

Soon, Lars returned to those lovely giant nipples Lorelei sported and his fingers stroked the moistening tissue at the mouth of her vagina.

Lorelei, for her part, was trying her best to get her knees as far from each other as possible and her efforts provided such an inviting target that Lars couldn't resist the temptation of sliding two fingers into her silky wet tunnel.

Lorelei gasped and clamped as the first of many orgasms contorted her body. "Jesus," she nearly shouted as Lars' fingers began to slide rhythmically in and out of her cunt. "Honey, I need you inside me."

Lars rolled onto his back. "Take what you need," he instructed her.

Lorelei didn't need a second invitation. She swung a leg over his body and with her hand guided his cock to the vestibule of her vagina, then impaled herself upon it. She threw her head back and moaned in sexual ecstasy. She now had complete control over her orgasms and could withdraw Lars' meat or plunge it inside her at will and she began to try every conceivable variation on that theme.

While Lorelei bounced up and down on Lars' cock, he kneaded those incredibly long, supple nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and Lorelei, perhaps without even realizing it, enjoyed more than the usual number of orgasms because of the additional stimulation. *This is the best fuck I've had in years*, she thought.

After a while, Lorelei's gyrations slowed.

"Getting tired?" Lars asked.

"A little," she admitted.

"Let's relax a bit, shall we? Bring that pussy up here," he directed.

She lifted her hips and allowed his cock to slide completely out, then turned to bring her pussy to his mouth which positioned his cock closer to her mouth. Because she was so short, giving 5-foot-11 Lars a comfortable position for licking her cunt necessarily meant that she was going to have to stretch to reach his penis. She was all set to start licking him when he began his ministrations. An instantaneous orgasm washed across her entire body and she dropped her head to rest it on his tummy. She sighed in heavenly pleasure. There was no chance she was going to be able to pay any attention to anything except that flood of loving bliss that seemed to emanate from the tip of his tongue where it danced across her clit.

She so wanted to take his cock into her mouth, but she couldn't convince her body to abandon his tongue. Every few seconds — or was it minutes or hours? — she couldn't tell — she thought she could feel a little portion of fluid squirting from her vagina. She had heard about such things but until just this moment hadn't experienced it for herself. The best she could do for Lars was an occasional stroke of his shaft with her fingers to remind herself that there was still a cock to be taken care of.

Eventually, her body simply ran out of steam and stopped producing orgasms. She was done. She could feel Lars' tongue swirling around her vulva, maybe cleaning her up. She hiked her body forward a few inches closer to his stiff meat and slipped the head in between her lips. She could

hear Lars sigh with pleasure and resolved, then and there, that this was going to be the best blow job he had ever had — maybe the best blow job anybody ever had.

She kissed the tip of his cock at the opening and stuck the tip of her tongue into it, but gently. This wasn't the first BJ she had given and she knew something about male anatomy. That orifice could be quite tender and she didn't want to irritate it.

She took just the head between her lips and sucked it gently before swinging her tongue around it twice, then swallowed half the shaft. Lars had a long, fat cock and her doing a depththroat on that size sausage was going to be quite the trick. She suspected she wasn't practiced enough to do it correctly, but she was also determined to pay him back fully for the trip to the moon he had just given her. Using both hands, she cupped his balls and gently massaged them while his shaft slid in and out, in and out, in and out.

Not wanting to bring him off too soon, she began to lick the sides of his penis in long, languorous strokes while, with one fingertip, she tickled and toyed with the flesh around his anus.

For his part, Lars was enjoying her technique. The aroma of the pussy juice she had oozed and squirted from her vagina during his 'Operation Cunnilingus' still clung to his neck, nose, lips, and cheeks, and perhaps had even left a puddle beneath and around his head on the bedclothes. Lars had never seen a woman of any size, much less someone as diminutive as Lorelei, produce so much liquid so fast from her pussy. He was happy she hadn't drowned him, but he also wasn't thirsty anymore.

He stroked the backs of her thighs while she worked on his cock and let his hands wander up her back to her neck and hairline. Lorelei cooed at his caresses and continued to play licking games at Lars' crotch while he did so. Lars could feel an increase in pressure somewhere within his lower abdomen and guessed, correctly, that his body was preparing a giant load of semen for the orgasm that was soon, he felt sure, to finish him off for the day.

"You're doing great," he congratulated Lorelei. "Keep it up."

"Payback is Hell, they say," Lorelei responded.

"Feels more like 'Heaven' to me. If this were to last another year or two, I wouldn't complain."

"After the lovely fuck you gave me today, I feel you deserve a beautiful BJ. Now shut up and let me get back to work." She slurped his meat back into her mouth and continued licking it and sucking it. Lars chuckled, but stopped engaging her in conversation. He relaxed and resolved to let Mother Nature do whatever she wished with his body.

Mother Nature perhaps heard his prayer, for a few minutes later Lars was again reminded of the ever-increasing pressure in his loins. He groaned with what he couldn't be sure was pleasure. Perhaps it was pain, but it didn't make him sad. His thighs tingled and his balls tingled and his

cock was developing that lovely indescribable feeling he had experienced many times before. "Oh, honey..."

Lorelei heard him moan and tried to slow herself down. She didn't want him to come before he was ready. No, that's not right, either. She didn't want him to come until his body had no other choice. She wanted to feel him explode inside her mouth. She wanted to know with certainty that this man would think of her every time he got horny, every time he saw a beautiful woman walking down the street, every time he found himself in bed with someone else. Lorelei wanted to be the center of his sexual life.

"Please..." Lars wailed. Lorelei could almost feel tears leaking from his eyes.

"Not yet. Wait," she ordered, but the instant she began to slide his cock back into her mouth, her upper lip brushed against the frenulum and Lars erupted, squirting pulse after pulse of hot semen. Lorelei closed her lips on his cock and started swallowing as fast as she could, sucking the jizz from the shaft and letting it slide in gobs down her throat.

"*Holy shit,*" she thought, "*is he ever going to stop cumming?*" but eventually the streams of semen stopped pulsing from his penis and the once-hard meat began to soften. Lorelei continued sucking gently and licking the last of his fluid from the rapidly deflating organ until she was sure nothing further was to be gained.

Suddenly, Lars' hands gripped her thighs and he yanked her bodily away from his crotch and toward his head. Lorelei was startled but soon realized this was just Lars' way of telling her that he needed to lick her cunt some more. She spread her legs and inched down closer to his mouth. Lars gave her slit one long lick from her clit to the back of her vagina. She gasped.

Jane and Rose

How long Lars spent working on her pink she couldn't tell. Time seemed to have no meaning here. The sound of the door opening startled her. Lars apparently didn't notice, so busy was he licking Lorelei. The other two women burst into the room. Before either could demand, "How was he?", they realized that he — and Lorelei, obviously — were still 'busy'. All the women were caught off-guard, Lorelei especially. She stared at them with her best 'deer in the headlights' look, while the newcomers frantically tried to think how best to diplomatically extricate themselves from this position. That's when Lars realized they were there.

He turned from Lorelei's pussy and peered over her thigh. "Oh, hello," he greeted them, "I'm Lars."

They giggled before one said, "I'm Rose," and the other, "I'm Jane." Then they continued giggling at the oddness of the situation before Jane

leaned over to whisper in Rose's ear, "We should either leave or get undressed."

"Don't let us interrupt you," Rose told Lars before she took Jane by the hand and led her into the adjoining room. In the other room, they stripped before strolling naked back to join Lars and Lorelei.

"You know, you should put out the 'Do Not Disturb' sign when you do something like this," Jane reminded Lorelei as she lay down next to Lars. Lars, for his part, had resumed licking Lorelei's cunt, and Lorelei, for her part, had started to twitch her hips involuntarily.

"Lorelei, what did you do to this poor guy?" Rose demanded, and Lorelei turned her head to see what Rose was pointing at. "He looks like a damn glazed doughnut," Rose explained as she pointed at Lars' slimed face and hair. Lars brushed his hand across his scalp and it came back gooey. "Jane, get some washcloths and let's clean this mess up." Jane dashed to the lavatory and was back in a moment with two steamy washcloths. Rose took one and together with Jane began to wipe Lorelei's emissions from Lars' scalp, face, and neck until he looked presentable again.

With Lars now looking less like a pastry, Rose left him and moved to the end of the bed where she put one foot up on the mattress, positioning her pussy close to Lorelei's mouth. "*Why not?*" Lorelei thought, and leaned closer to give Rose's furry crotch a kiss and then an exploratory lick. Rose leaned in closer.

Not wanting to be left out, Jane joined Rose at the foot of the bed, knelt between Lars' legs and began massaging the inner surfaces, eventually reaching his penis and scrotum which she included in her caressing. It took only a few minutes for Lars to respond to her touch, and his penis began to harden again. Jane leaned in closer and took the cock into her mouth.

Now Lars was licking Lorelei's cunt, Lorelei was licking Rose's pussy, and Jane was sucking Lars' penis. Lars reached down and gently caressed Jane's cheek as a way of silently telling her of his appreciation. He stopped licking Lorelei and gave her pussy a final kiss. Lorelei took the hint and rolled away from him. Rose followed her since she seemed okay with the idea of teasing Rose's clit. This exposed Lars' whole body, so Jane crawled forward and impaled herself on his now-hard cock.

Although his cock was stiff, Lars could feel almost no sensation he could identify. Lorelei's magnificent blowjob had left him numb. This perfectly suited Jane's needs. She gently bounced up and down on Lars, enjoying the feeling of a stiff dick in her vagina and, in what seemed like no time at all, began to feel the waves of orgasmic ecstasy surge through her midsection. She began to moan and make small noises involuntarily. The other girls turned to watch.

As Jane harvested orgasm after orgasm, her roommates moved beside her and began to caress her breasts, her ass, her thighs, her hair, to kiss her on her lips and to suck her nipples. Jane became delirious,

muttering nonsense syllables, her eyes half-closed, as she continued to bounce. Foamy white paste oozed from her vagina down Lars' cock onto his scrotum. Rose swept it up with her hand and smeared it on her breasts and Lorelei's and Jane's.

Without warning, Jane sighed and collapsed on Lars' chest. As gently as they could, Lorelei and Rose rolled her limp body off Lars to lie beside him and, since his cock still seemed to be holding an erection, Rose mounted him.

"You're making a whole roomful of women very happy this morning," Rose told him before leaning forward to stick her tongue into his mouth. Lars returned the kiss and began to squeeze and stroke her breasts. To encourage him, Rose took a breast and brought the nipple to his mouth, all the while sliding her hips back and forth to move his cock in and out of her cunt.

Rose used him for less than half an hour before she, too, was thoroughly sexually satisfied and rolled off to one side.

Three naked, sated roommates seated around the bed made small talk with their sex toy, thanking him for providing a wonderful experience and arranging a repeat performance.

"So, what did you like the best?" Jane asked, having mostly recovered from fucking herself half-to-death.

"Normally, I would refuse to answer such a loaded question," Lars began, "but I am forced to admit that Lorelei today gave me a blowjob that I expect never to be repeated if I live to be four hundred." Lorelei grinned. "Of course, if one of you wants to try to break her record, I will certainly make myself available."

They all laughed and helped each other clean Lars' private parts before they all put their clothing back on. Lars gave each of them deep, sensual kisses before departing for his room to check on Dave.

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"I haven't seen Lars all morning. Have you?" Terri asked Dave.

"He was up early. He left a note saying he wanted to get an early start and maybe do some walking around the ship. He'll be along shortly, I'm sure. I left a note for him to join us in the pool after lunch."

Lars returned to his room after a morning session with the three 'pirettes' as he now called them. There he read Dave's note, changed into his bathing suit, and headed for the pool deck. He must have misinterpreted Dave's meaning, he thought, because Dave and Terri and Nancy weren't there waiting. He satisfied his hunger — no, not that hunger — from the snack bar with a hot dog and a cola, then found a cool, shady spot where he could relax and take a nap if the spirit demanded. In five minutes he was asleep.

Dave had changed into his bathing suit right after breakfast and just before joining Nancy and Terri in their room.

"We have a whole morning at our disposal before we meet Lars at the pool," Nancy observed as Dave entered their room, "and I'm feeling a teensy bit horny. Any chance I can get you hard enough to cure that?"

"I suppose I might find the energy to *boink* you," Dave told her with a wink, but it was visibly plain that he already had a swelling in his bathing suit.

"Well, any chance you'll have enough energy to *boink* us both?" Terri asked as she began to peel her suit from her shoulders. "Since Lars isn't around, I'm afraid you'll have to do double duty."

"I suppose if you two are willing to share..." He undid the waist-tie, dropped his suit to the floor, and shucked his sandals and t-shirt while Nancy and Terri both got naked. The soft light from the western sky flooding through the windows of their suite added to the gentle eroticism of the moment. Nancy stepped closer and pressed her naked body to his and pulled him into a deep, dark kiss while Terri pressed her naked body against his back and began nibbling his skin.

Gently, Nancy reached behind her, found his erection between her legs, and pushed the head of his penis into her vagina. With the slightest of thrusts, Dave slid it in all the way, and Nancy moaned as she sucked his tongue. Dave now began a rhythmic short-stroke in and out as Nancy's breath came in spurts.

"Don't forget you've got two of us to pleasure," Terri whispered in his ear as Nancy issued a series of short gasps.

"I know... Maybe we should get horizontal." Nancy nodded and — reluctantly — disconnected. Dave lay back on the bed and motioned Nancy toward his head. Straddling his head allowed Dave to lick her pussy and left his cock for Terri. Terri slid her cunt onto Dave's already-well-lubricated shaft and ran her hands down Nancy's back.

"Turn around," she instructed Nancy. Nancy stood and turned so that she was facing her cousin, then again straddled Dave's head. He resumed his *cunnilingus* while Nancy and Terri leaned forward to kiss each other and to caress each other's breasts and clits as they orgasmed on Dave's cock and tongue. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this, Nancy told Terri "Let's switch."

"I'm not done yet," Terri answered through gasps as she bounced up and down on Dave's erection.

"I want some, too!" Nancy raised her voice.

"When I'm done," Terri answered her angrily.

Dave was vaguely aware that voices were being raised but was concentrating heavily on licking Nancy. Terri was taking care of her own needs and required little attention from Dave. Terri, in fact, was so wet that

she was providing almost no friction to Dave's penis which was barely maintaining its erection.

Nancy pulled away from Dave's lips and hopped off the bed, then kissed him deeply on the lips that had just moments before been pleasuring her *labia*. "Lover," she whispered, "I need you inside me." Her tone was almost pleading. Dave realized he was in the middle of a conflict and had just milliseconds to sort it out before it became a fight. He put his hands on Terri's hips and began to push her away.

"You have to share," he told Terri in as serious a tone as he could manage. "Give Nancy a chance and I promise I'll save some for you later."

Terri glowered at Nancy and slid off Dave's pubis.

"Come here," he ordered, "I need to taste you."

Terri moved to place her pussy over Dave's mouth while Nancy mounted Dave's cock and began rhythmically rocking back and forth, up and down, left and right. In a few moments her eyes began to glaze as the first of a series of vaginal orgasms overtook her. Dave stuck his tongue as deeply into Terri's vagina as he could manage and was rewarded with a huge twitch of her hips and an accompanying gasp. "Fuck me," she commanded him.

Nancy was as well-lubricated as Terri, and her vagina also provided little in the way of friction, so Dave was able, with a small effort, to defocus from his own orgasm and thus delay onset. This allowed Nancy to harvest a whole series of orgasms from Dave, which she did for a half hour or more.

Finally, Dave sensed that Nancy was fading. He had been eating Terri's pussy for that long and Terri was matching Nancy twitch-for-twitch. He placed his hands on Nancy's hips and she took the hint. When Terri saw Nancy abandon Dave's erect organ, she took it as a signal that it was her turn again.

Dave rolled Terri onto her back, dragged her to the edge of the bed, lifted her ankles to his shoulders, and plunged lustily into her exposed cunt. Now it was his turn. He pumped Terri until he could feel the tell-tale tingling in his balls, then pumped her some more until, with a great grunt, he emptied himself into her. As he withdrew, a glob of pale, creamy jizz oozed from her *labia* onto the bedspread.

"That was nice," Dave opined. "Thank you, ladies, for a very enjoyable morning."

"Allow me to thank you," Nancy added, and kneeling before his rapidly-deflating boner, she took his meat into her mouth to be licked clean while Terri mopped up the debris of their lovemaking.

Once again in their bathing suits, the trio headed for the pool deck and soon discovered Lars snoozing in a shady alcove. They occupied three nearby lounge chairs with their personal possessions and reading materials and immersed themselves in the pool.

A short while later, Lars roused from sleep and looked around, finally spotting Dave, Nancy, and Terri in the pool. He thought about joining them, but he was still exhausted from trying to satisfy three horny *fifty-somethings*. He briefly considered that he might be too old for that sort of exercise, not that Nancy and Terri were much different in their capacity to drain the energy from a man of his age. He certainly didn't expect anything like this when Dave first suggested a cruise. He closed his eyes and went almost instantly back to sleep.

A drip-drip-drip of cold water on his legs brought Lars around again to discover Terri leaning over him, her hair supplying the wake-up juice. "Good morning," Lars offered.

"Not any more," Terri informed him. "Didn't you get enough sleep last night?"

"What does that mean: '*enough sleep*'? Besides," he continued at a lowered volume, "with you two, there aren't enough hours in the day..." Terri leaned over and French-kissed him, then turned away with an odd look on her face.

"Maybe we're being too hard on the guys... too demanding?" Terri suggested to Nancy when they were finishing in the ladies' room.

"Why do you say that?" Nancy asked. "I haven't heard them complain, have you?"

"Well, there's just Lars' remark today about there not being enough hours in the day, plus when I kissed him, his whole face smelled — wrong word — had the aroma of — 'horny pussy'. We're permanently marking these guys as our territory."

Nancy laughed.

"I'm serious," Terri pressed. "Lars looks like he's ready for a wheelchair. Was that your doing?"

"I don't think so," Nancy replied in a serious tone. "Our last date was relatively short and it was strictly '*cock-in-the-cunt*' stuff. I don't recall him eating me at all."

Terri frowned. "Now that you mention it, I can't recall Lars ever eating me out, either, except for that first night. How would he get pussy juice all over him?"

When Nancy and Terri returned to the pool area, both guys were splashing in the water and behaving much the way guys behave to each other in the presence of pool water. They both joined them in the pool. Nancy skillfully cut Lars out of the herd.

"You look completely bushed," she told him when they were alone. "I hope I haven't been... umm... overworking you."

Lars chuckled. "You've been delightful to me. I have no complaints, but you do realize I'm 70, right?"

Nancy leaned in to kiss him on the cheek and, as she did so, inhaled deeply.

"I didn't detect anything," Nancy confided to Terri later. "It's possible the chlorine neutralized it, but I think it's even more possible that you're imagining things. It's a cruise, honey. Relax and enjoy it."

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"Nancy said you looked tired at the pool earlier," Dave remarked to Lars. "Is everything okay?"

"I am a little tired, I guess," Lars admitted.

"Well, your 'day off' today should have refreshed you, but I have to admit you still seem a little bushed to me. If anything, I should be the tired one. I had to take care of both of them..."

"It wasn't exactly a day off," Lars tossed back.

"Oh? What did you do that made you so tired?"

Lars looked at him and paused, wondering how much detail he ought to share with his friend. "I met a woman..." Dave flashed a look of surprise at him and Lars continued: "We hit it off — rather well, if I do say so myself — and that would have been okay, I think, except that she's traveling as a party of three and the other two..."

"Are you saying you had a foursome this morning and that's what tired you out?"

Lars bobbed his head. "That's probably what did me in."

"You're lucky to be alive," Dave told him with a smile. "So, who's the lucky girl? Lucky *girls*, I should say."

"Their names are Lorelei, Rose, and Jane, and they've got connecting rooms on 7."

"Same deck as Nancy and Terri. That's convenient," Dave remarked.

"Or dangerous," Lars offered.

"Well, what's your plan now? Are you ditching Nancy and Terri or are you going to... umm... multi-task?"

"I don't believe I have the strength to handle five women, even if I had help. I guess I'm looking for guidance."

"Tell me more about these three, then," Dave suggested.

"Lorelei and I bumped into each other on the pool deck yesterday and she made a pass at me." Dave lifted one eyebrow. "We met, we talked, we had sex, her two roommates joined us as we were finishing up.

"They're divorcees or widows — in Lorelei's case, both — at least I think they are, and they're just cruising to see new sights, make new

friends, get laid every now and then... They're getting off in Cherbourg and heading to Paris for a few days before flying home."

"Like us," Dave finished.

"Yes," Lars agreed, "like us. It's a fair bet we'll bump into them again on shore and I'm just wondering how it would be best to play this seeing that I seem to have painted myself into a corner."

"Well," Dave began thoughtfully, "I suppose the most important factor is 'which of them you like best'. Certainly, dumping Nancy and Terri for Lorelei will make for an uncomfortable rest-of-the-cruise, but I'm sure they'll recover from the shock, and — realistically — we'll probably never see them again. I'd start by picking one."

Lars paused in thought before answering. "I think the more important issue is 'my travel partner'. Whichever choice I make should be one we make together.

"I promised Lorelei a rematch tomorrow, after which I could probably extricate myself gracefully and rejoin Nancy and Terri if that's how we decide to go. Perhaps you'd like to help me? That would ease the pressure on me and give you some idea of what I found so fascinating."

"We would have to suddenly become too sick to leave our room or to have feminine companionship if we're to avoid arousing suspicion," Dave opined, "but I think we could pull it off."

"I'll let Lorelei know there will be two for snacks."

Day 4

Nancy's phone rang and she rolled over in bed to answer it. "Hello," she began sleepily.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you," Dave told her. "Both Lars and I seem to have picked up some sort of bug. We both think it would be prudent to stay in our room today. You'll have to find your own fun today, darling."

"Terri and I could come down there and nurse you both back to health..."

"If what we have is contagious that wouldn't be a good idea. Besides, both of us are feeling a little... how can I put this diplomatically?... wrecked? A day spent catching up on our sleep and letting your favorite muscles recover seems to be just what the doctor ordered."

"Oh, very well," Nancy capitulated, "you both may have the day off," and she giggled, "but Terri and I will expect you back on the job bright and early tomorrow and ready to get back to work."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Scrooge," Dave cooed in his best fake-British accent, "I promise you'll not regret this mercy!"

"Get well quickly," she ordered before hanging up.

Lars then called Lorelei. "We're going to have breakfast sent up," he told her, "then Dave and I will stop by afterwards. He wants to meet some pirettes."

Breakfast finished, Lars called Lorelei again. "Dave and I made our excuses to the others claiming that we were too sick to leave our room. It would not be a good thing to have them see us in the hallway on deck 7. Could you post a lookout near the midships staircase to warn us of approaching danger?"

"I think we can do that," Lorelei assured him.

"And prop the door open, if you don't mind."

Lars and Dave slipped out of their room and up the stairs to deck 7, then doubled back to room 7145. Jane followed them in and threw the latch on the door, allowing it to lock shut.

Rose held out her hand to Dave. "I'm Rose, and your lookout for today was Jane, and we're very pleased to make your acquaintance."

Dave shook the proffered hand. "I'm delighted to meet Lars' favorite 'pirettes' as he calls them."

"Oh, we specialize in 'delight'," Jane assured him. "We especially like the kind of delight Lars provided yesterday, and we're anxious to see what sort of delight his friend Dave has in store for us," she told him with a broad smile.

"I can hardly wait," Dave said.

"We can hardly wait," Lars corrected him.

"Oh, goody," Jane squeaked. "Me first," and she slipped her arms around Dave's neck and stuck her tongue in his mouth.

Lorelei and Rose led Lars into the connecting room and demonstrated for him how quickly a girl can get naked if she's not wearing underwear.

"Lars was exceptionally good to me yesterday," Jane confided to Dave. "The others said they thought I was going to fuck myself to death with him. I hope if you see me about to expire you'll bring me back to the land of the living."

"I have the feeling I'm going to be too busy pleasuring you to do such careful monitoring, but I'll try," Dave agreed, and he smiled at Jane who smiled back.

Then she undid his belt buckle, unhooked the waistband of his slacks, and opened the zipper. With Dave's slacks now around his ankles, Jane pulled his briefs down far enough to expose his cock and began playing with it. Obediently, Dave's cock got hard.

Dave, meanwhile, was undoing Jane's clothing, what little she seemed to have on. Just a tube top and a short skirt, no panties, and both of those soon wound up on the floor next to Dave's slacks. Jane knelt and sucked that nice, long, hard cock into her mouth.

"If you make me come too early," Dave warned her, "you're not going to get much fucking done."

"Iff aww eye," Jane assured him between slurps. When she was certain Dave was as hard as he was going to get, she pulled him down on the couchette and spread her thighs. Dave didn't need an engraved invitation. He slid his meat into her like she was greased and she began to gasp as the first of many orgasms rocked her pelvis.

"What shall we do, Rose, with this lovely specimen of 'horny male'?" Lorelei asked with a broad smile.

"I liked what we did yesterday," she answered, "using him to sate our desires and then discarding him like a used tissue."

Lorelei sniggered. "Well, we have to give him some pleasure as an incentive to come back and satisfy us again." She looked down at Lars. "Isn't that right, darling?" Then she dipped her head toward him and clamped her lips on his.

"That was some unbelievable blowjob yesterday," Lars remarked casually when the kiss ended.

Lorelei looked at Rose and Rose looked back at Lorelei. "If you're a very, very good boy today," Rose cooed, "you might get a special treat for dessert."

"Oh, ladies, I'm going to be on my best behavior."

The three slipped under the covers, Lorelei on one side, Rose on the other, and began to play with their toy.

It wasn't long before Lars was pleading "Baby, can I slip inside you yet?" and Lorelei mounted his cock at last.

Rose kissed Lars on the lips and he responded by caressing her breasts and nipples and pussy.

"Lori, can I get some, too," Rose whispered to her friend after Lorelei had experienced perhaps a dozen orgasms. Lorelei nodded and rolled off Lars' erection so that Rose could take her place. Lars then began caressing Lorelei's sensitive parts and Lorelei answered by slipping her tongue into Lars' mouth.

Lorelei, for her part, enjoyed playing with Rose's nipples and clitoris, and Rose soon exhibited that behavior, bouncing on Lars' penis, gasping breaths, and nonsensical incoherent babbling, that both Lars and Lorelei interpreted as 'Rose is thoroughly enjoying this'.

As soon as Rose's gyrations gave evidence that she was winding down, Lorelei gently urged her to roll away to her side of the bed. With Lars' gooey meat left now unattended, Lorelei slurped it into her mouth and began slowly sucking it in and letting it slide out.

She hadn't spent too much time doing this when Rose recovered from her delirium.

"I was planning to take care of that," she told Lorelei.

"Thinking of trying to beat my record?" Lorelei asked with a grin.

"Yeah," Rose agreed, "thinking about it. Thinking about having him eat my pussy while I do him."

"Oh, no, you don't," Lorelei objected. "You got all that cock-bouncing and I hardly got any. If anybody gets her pussy eaten today, it's going to be me."

"That's right," Lars agreed, "I've been wanting a taste of your pink since I left here yesterday. Bring that pretty gash right up here," he ordered, pointing to his mouth. Lorelei obeyed and Lars set to work licking her clit and labia while Rose got started on what she hoped would be another record-setting BJ.

"Oh, baby, that's some nice sausage you've got there," Jane gasped as she disconnected from Dave. "I'm going to remember this fuck session for a long, long time. How was yours?"

"Don't know yet," Dave admitted, "I haven't come yet."

Jane leaped to her feet and threw her arms around him. "You held out all that time just for my pleasure?" Dave nodded. "Oh, baby, you're the best!"

"I have to admit that you helped," Dave told her through a kiss she was planting on his lips. "You were so wet for most of that that I hardly got any friction at all. Do you think we might continue so I can finish?"

"Sweetie, I'll do anything you want if it pays back for the wonderful fucking you just gave me. Say the word and I'm yours to use as you wish."

"I see Lars in the other room is eating Lorelei and getting a BJ from Rose. How do you feel about some '69'?"

"You're offering to eat me into another series of orgasms? Lay down, my lord, so I may offer you a feminine snack."

Dave smiled at that and reclined on the bed. Jane straddled his face and positioned her mouth right above his penis. As she delivered the first of many licks, Dave's tongue danced backward and forward from her clitoris to the vestibule of her vagina and back sweeping the inner labia as it went. Her hips twerked involuntarily at this.

"No fair," she complained. "You'll wind up wrecking me like Lars did yesterday and I'll be too fried to actually suck you off."

"Well, you'll just have to cope with it. I'm enjoying the taste of you too much to stop," and he gave her another long lick and another orgasm.

She went back to teasing his penis as well as she could between orgasms and was finally rewarded by the taste of salty-sweet semen pulsing into her mouth, but it took a long time to get there, and Dave would remember it for a very long time.

"Now, we have some bad news for you ladies, and we hope you won't be too disappointed," Dave began, and the women turned to give him their full attention. "Lars and I have decided that, for the balance of the cruise, we're going to concentrate on Nancy and Terri. Cavorting with five women is just too strenuous for guys our age, but we'd like to offer you 'a post-cruise option' as the folks down at the cruise sales desk might say.

"You three are getting off the ship at Cherbourg and heading up to Paris. So are Lars and I. It would be our pleasure — and we hope it would involve your pleasure as well — were you to allow us to escort you on the Parisian leg of your vacation.

"Nancy and Terri are continuing on to Amsterdam from where they are flying home. When the ship docks at Cherbourg, we're all yours for the duration."

"And from now 'til then we satisfy ourselves with masturbation?" Jane asked. "I don't think I like that, especially after today. I don't know what you others are thinking," she addressed Lorelei and Rose, "but I don't want to become a nun for the next week until we get to France. I like Dave's banana too much."

"And I haven't even had a chance to try him out," Rose whined. "Guys, that idea sucks!"

"I don't know that we have much choice, ladies. All of you are five to ten years younger than us and there are three of you. The other two are our age and the odds with them are more conducive to us staying alive long enough to get to Paris.

"As much as we would hate to abandon you three, trying to satisfy five horny women will kill us."

There was a long pause before Lorelei spoke:

"I think I'm speaking for all of us when I say that we think it is very unfair to demonstrate your... umm... skills and then withdraw them so completely. We will discuss this among ourselves and let you know our decision.

"By the way, today was really enjoyable. Thank you both."

Day 5

Lars loved the idea that every morning the little mail rack outside their door contained special messages for them from various agencies aboard the ship along with synopses of recent news events skimmed from most of the major outlets, and he always checked that as soon as he was decent.

This morning it contained an envelope addressed to "Dave and Lars". He brought it inside the room as he ripped the envelope clear of its contents. It was a note from the pirettes:

Gentlemen:

Having given the matter considerable thought and after careful consultation among the crew, we have come to a decision regarding your announcement yesterday.

We are unwilling to surrender our booty, but we have agreed that we can share if such sharing can be equitably arranged. By 'equitably arranged', we mean 'alternating days'. Since you were ours yesterday, we cede you to Nancy and Terri today, but we expect that you will return to us tomorrow, etc.

Please let us know that you agree with this arrangement by return note. If you are unable to agree to this, we will be forced to terminate our prior understanding and seek more available company.

Lorelei, Jane, and Rose

"Hmm," Dave grunted as he read it, "they're cutting us off unless we can manage to talk Nancy and Terri into an every-other-day schedule. Getting cut off might not be so bad. The pirettes can cripple us with their demands if we let them, whereas Nancy and Terri are much more closely matched to our ability to satisfy them.

"What I'm saying is: keeping Nancy and Terri in our orbit may be safer than dealing with three horny *50-somethings* and two horny *60-somethings* if we have to perform for some of them every day. We can get away with asking Nancy and Terri for a periodic rest-break, but not if it's been two days since they got shagged, and the same is true if the pirettes haven't had a treatment in two days.

"We'll spend the rest of the cruise in bed fucking one set or the other. I say: tell Lorelei we can't manage it and let them make other arrangements. Nancy and Terri are safer than Lorelei, Jane, and Rose... and Nancy and Terri."

Lars nodded his head. "I agree." He took a piece of note paper from the desk and began writing:

Ladies,

It is with deepest disappointment that we must decline what is certainly a most attractive offer of your divine pleasures every-other-day. The effort of satisfying five attractive (and seriously over-sexed) women would, we feel sure, send us both to the infirmary before too very long. Already we can sense the strain on our elderly physiques. Had we accepted your offer and attempted to satisfy all five of you alternately, it is a certainty that all five would eventually be disappointed with our degraded performance.

We promise to be insanely jealous of whomever takes our place in your affections.

With sincere regret and all our love,

Lars and Dave

Lars stepped outside, flagged down a cabin steward, and asked him to deliver the envelope to room 7145. Then Lars and Dave headed for the dining room to join Nancy and Terri for breakfast.

"How are you guys feeling today?" Terri asked as the two sat down across from Nancy and Terri.

"Still a little tired, I have to admit," Dave reported, "and looking forward to a relaxing day by the pool to finish off our recuperation."

Nancy giggled. "We promise to go easy on you. Nothing too strenuous today. Tomorrow... that's different. You are ordered to get your strength back *pronto*."

Lars tossed her a mock-salute. "Yes, ma'am."

With breakfast under their belts, the four, at Lars' suggestion, headed for the ship's movie theater where they could all sit quietly in the darkness and gently molest each other while the movie played. Half-way through the movie, Lars whispered in Nancy's ear: "This is a crummy movie."

I'd much rather get naked and snuggle with you under the covers if you don't mind not getting penetrated."

"I promised you we wouldn't tire you out. 'Snuggling naked' sounds very enjoyable. Let's bail."

The two got up and left, blowing kisses to the two left behind, and headed for room 7214 where they stripped to the skin and crawled under the covers of Nancy's full-sized bed.

They spent the next forty minutes letting their hands wander over each other's bodies, kissing deeply and doing everything that would otherwise be needed to arouse one's partner and, not surprisingly, became aroused.

"Are you sure you don't want to penetrate me?" Nancy asked.

"I'm pretty sure I do want to penetrate you," Lars admitted.

Nancy rolled onto her back and spread her thighs. Lars rolled on top of her and was surprised when the tip of his penis slid easily into her now well-lubricated vagina.

"That's so much better than just snuggling," Nancy sighed just before her first orgasm took her.

For his part, Lars wasn't doing anything athletic, just gently oscillating every now and then, but he was frequently rewarded by Nancy gasping with pleasure when he did. Because he wasn't using much energy and wasn't eroticizing himself with deep, sensuous pumping, Lars was able to continue for what seemed like a very long time. Nancy was enjoying a nearly constant series of orgasms, but she also was not doing anything strenuous — just lying there enjoying the sensations imparted by Lars' cock — and she was willing to let this play for as long as Mother Nature thought advisable. Mother Nature apparently was willing to let it go on for quite a long time. They fucked through lunch and were still joined and loving the feeling of an intimate partner when a soft knock on the door disturbed them.

"Who is it?" Nancy called.

"It's Terri and Dave."

"Oh, come in."

The latch clicked and the door swung open. Terri and Dave both chuckled at the sight.

"You're supposed to be recuperating," Terri scolded.

"He is," Nancy informed her. "This is very low impact love-making. He's just supplying the sausage and I'm enjoying being stuffed full of sausage."

"You're feeling rested, right?" she asked Lars, and Lars nodded in the affirmative before kissing her lips once again.

Terri turned toward Dave. "I could use some low-impact love-making myself," she told Dave before giving him the most sensuous kiss she could manage.

"I'm not promising anything..." he told her as he began stripping out of his clothing.

In moments, they were naked and snuggling under the covers.

"Just feel each other up until you can't stand it anymore," Nancy advised as they entwined around each other. "Nothing athletic..." but she was cut off mid-sentence by another orgasm that had given her no warning. "Oh..."

As her body spasmed, the muscles of her vaginal wall contracted giving Lars' penis an unexpected hug. For Lars who had been embedded within Nancy for well over two hours, this was a heavenly sensation. "One more like that," he warned Nancy, "and you're gonna get creamed."

"Oh, yeah?" she challenged, and with that she clamped her vaginal muscles hard enough to make Lars erupt. As Lars grunted with pleasure, Nancy started giggling.

"I don't know what you find so funny," Lars remarked, almost unable to keep himself from laughing.

"Power," she answered. "I love the feeling of power it gives me. I can make you come on command. You really are my sex slave."

"Alright, slave, let's get dressed. I'm starting to get hungry and lobster is on the menu tonight in the main dining room. Yumm..."

Terri, lying on her back, her legs spread, enjoying the feeling of Dave eating her pussy, lolled her head to one side. "I'm only hungry for... ahh... one thing right now," she told Nancy, "and I'm... unh... getting it. We'll ... unh... catch up to you... ahh... later."

Lars left to change for dinner, and Nancy dressed for dinner in record time, then took the elevator down to the dining room where she expected to meet Lars. She found Lars in conversation with a moderately-pretty brunette who waved good-bye to him and moved off with two other women.

"Who was that?" Nancy asked.

"Just someone I met during my wanderings about the ship," Lars offered.

They joined a table of six, exchanged pleasantries with the others at the table, ordered, and then began talking as if the other four weren't there.

"You're going all the way to Amsterdam," Lars offered, but Nancy knew it was a question.

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"No. Dave and I are jumping ship in Cherbourg and spending a few days in Paris before we fly home."

Nancy wore a severe pout. "That means we only have your company for another week and then we lose you?"

Lars nodded. "I'm afraid so. We'll be in the Azores in three more days, then four more days into Cherbourg."

"I wonder if I could talk Terri into cutting the cruise short..."

"...unless the cruise line would let us extend it to Amsterdam..."

Lars continued her thought.

They ate mostly in silence while each pondered options.

Dinner over, they headed for the Customer Service desk on deck 1. When his name was called, he and Nancy moved to the counter. He handed the clerk the shipboard identification card every passenger had and she looked up his records.

"I'm wondering if I can extend the cruise to Amsterdam?" he asked her.

"There's only one price for the cruise," she explained. "The only problem might be that we've re-booked your room for a passenger joining us in Cherbourg." She tapped keys on her console. "No, your room is free until Amsterdam. Would you like me to change the reservation?"

"Not yet. I have to consult with my roommate."

The clerk glanced quickly at Nancy, then back again, but said nothing.

When Lars and Nancy finally tracked Dave and Terri down, Lars broached the subject immediately.

"It's possible for us to extend our cruise into Amsterdam with Nancy and Terri. The cruise line will do it for no additional charge"

"We don't have any place to stay in Amsterdam," Dave began. "The apartment we rented in Paris will probably not refund the money we've already paid."

"It's only money," Lars objected.

Dave shrugged. "We'll be in the Azores in three days. We've both got internet service on our phones once ashore. Maybe we can find a reasonably-priced place in Amsterdam. If we can, we'll extend, get our return flights re-booked out of Amsterdam, skip Paris, and spend some more time with these lovely ladies." Terri and Nancy both smiled.

"We've always wanted to see Paris," Terri pouted. "I wonder if it's possible — since you're going to have to change your flights anyway — to add in a few days in The City Of Lights?"

Dave shrugged. "It's worth a try. Let's work up a revised itinerary tonight after Terri and I have dinner."

Day 6 - Bobby

Jane, with nothing special to do with her day, spent her time walking the length of the boat. *Better some exercise than none at all*, she reasoned.

Her travels today took her through the ship's library, an eclectic collection of recent novels, travel guides, and a few more scholarly works focused on the ship's typical range of destinations. She stopped to browse the titles on the shelves, selected one, and sat in a plush chair to read some of it.

As she sat reading, a young boy entered, spent a few minutes scanning the selection before pulling a volume from the shelf and taking a seat not far from Jane's. She stopped reading to observe the boy.

"You're kind of young for this kind of cruise, aren't you?" she asked him.

He stopped reading and looked up at her. "Grandpa and grandma decided it was time for me to see some more of the world. That's what they told me, anyway," he explained. "They got me sprung from school for an extended vacation, so we're spending two weeks cruising and two more in Paris."

"Oh, me, too," Jane gushed. "Are you getting off in Cherbourg?"

"Yes, I think so," the boy answered. "I didn't spend much time memorizing the itinerary."

"Where do you go to school?"

"I'm in my first year at the Fontine School in Connecticut."

"Sounds expensive," Jane opined.

The boy smiled. "Yeah, I guess Mom and Dad are kind of rich," he admitted, "but I commute. Some of the boys live there all the time."

"Girlfriend?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Not yet."

She stuck out her hand toward him. "I'm Jane," she told him. "Pleased to make your acquaintance."

He took her hand in his. "I'm Bobby. 'Robert', really, but I prefer 'Bobby'. Nice to meet you, too. I'm guessing you're out of school by now."

Jane laughed. "Yes, I'm out of school, married, divorced, and traveling for pleasure with some friends of mine."

"So," Jane asked swishing her hand around the library, "is this how you occupy your days?"

"Not always," he answered. "There are lectures in the theater almost every day about this and that. Grandpa and grandma attend almost all of them. Some of them are entertaining. I especially like the ones that talk about places we're going to be landing."

"You're a very interesting kid," she told him. "I'd like to get to know you better."

"Same here," he agreed.

"So... No girlfriend, yet," Jane recapped. "Any prospects?"

"There are a few I went to grade school with, but I think most of them have boyfriends by now. You?"

"Well...," Jane started and smiled, "there were these two guys I met a few days ago... but it isn't working out."

"Is that what people call 'a shipboard romance'?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, that's what people call 'a shipboard romance'," she smirked.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why what?" she retorted.

"Why get involved with someone when you know after a week or two they'll be gone forever?"

"Well..." she started, "there's the sex... Have you had sex yet?"

He smiled but shook his head.

"It's nice. When you have sex for the first time, you'll understand."

"I'm looking forward to it," he said.

She paused. "Really?"

He nodded his head. "I hear stories from some of the upperclassmen. Of course, they could just be stories..."

Jane smiled. "I wouldn't believe stuff I hear from the seniors. Men who say don't know, and men who know don't say. In fact, I'd put it differently. I'd say: men who say are boys. Real men don't 'kiss and tell'."

"I think you might be right," Bobby agreed. "At least, some of what I hear is pretty unbelievable."

Jane paused a long time, thinking. "Where are your grandparents now?"

"Their whole afternoon is booked, I think, with one lecture after another. I won't see them until dinnertime, probably."

"I'm in room 7145," Jane told him. "Meet me there in half an hour."

Bobby looked at his watch. "11:45?" he asked.

"11:45," Jane agreed, then rose and left.

"You're not!" Rose snapped accusingly.

"Probably not," Jane agreed, "but possibly."

"He's — what? — fifteen, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"It's against the law," Rose pointed out.

"On dry land, yes. Not in the middle of the Atlantic. We're in international waters where not everything is a crime."

"It's *your* head," Rose announced, and she and Lorelei grabbed their stuff and left the room.

A few minutes later there came a tentative knock on the door. Jane opened it and found Bobby waiting.

"Step right in," she invited him. "Have a seat." He sat. She sat next to him and put her arm around his shoulders. "Tell me what you know about the birds and the bees."

Bobby chuckled. "All I know is what I've heard at school. I hear Dads are supposed to give their kids 'the talk', but that hasn't happened yet for me."

"And what have you heard at school?" Jane prompted.

"Well, a guy gets a boner and pushes it into the girl and it feels nice, but you have to be careful to pull out before it's over or she could get pregnant."

"And you have masturbated, right? You know what 'it feels nice' entails because you've seen semen squirting from your penis, right?" Bobby nodded. "Are you hard now?"

"Yes," he admitted.

She drew a wrapped condom from her purse and held it up. "Do you know what this is?"

"A rubber? A condom?"

"Yes." She handed it to him and pointed toward the bathroom. "Go put it on."

He took the packet to the tiny bathroom and closed the door behind him. In a few minutes he returned and again sat next to Jane.

"It's on?" she asked. He nodded. "Let me see."

He stood, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his shorts, and pulled them down along with his briefs. His stiff penis, now covered by a latex condom, bobbed before Jane's eyes.

"I don't think you need to put those shorts back on," Jane advised. "Sit next to me." He sat.

"Do you know why I asked you to wear a condom?" she asked.

"So you won't get pregnant?" he ventured.

"No, I'm post-menopausal so I'm protected. I asked you to wear that because the first time you find yourself in a situation like this, it's easy to lose control. I don't want you making a mess. If you get overly excited and orgasm before you're ready, there'll be goo from here to there." Bobby smiled broadly and his cock deflated a little.

"Would you like to get 'overly excited'?"

"Yes."

"One thing," Jane said sternly. "We could both be in a mountain of trouble if this gets out, so..."

"Men who say are boys. Real men don't kiss and tell," Bobby finished for her.

She leaned in and kissed him hard on his lips. "I imagine you've never seen a woman naked — a real woman, not just a picture in a

magazine — before?" she asked as she shed her top. She turned her back to him. "Would you mind undoing my bra, please?"

He unhooked the back of her bra and she let it fall away before turning back to him, her breasts now fully exposed.

"You can touch them if you want to." He brought his hands to her chest and began exploring the softness of her flesh. "Girls like it when you kiss them on their nipples," she hinted, "and they also like their nipples licked and sucked." As if to test her assertions, Bobby leaned in and took a nipple in his mouth and began licking it and sucking it.

"Oh, God," he moaned.

"Are you okay?" Jane asked.

"I just filled my condom," he admitted.

Jane leaned back and observed Bobby's penis beginning to deflate within a semen-filled rubber. "It's okay," she assured him. "It's to be expected, really. It's why I had you wear a rubber. Don't feel bad. We have lots more work to do today."

"Work?"

"Yes," she explained, "this happened because you didn't know what to expect. When you know what to expect, you have a better chance of holding off longer and pleasing your partner—" she pointed at herself "—and enjoying the experience more yourself. So, today, I'm going to introduce you to 'what to expect'. Okay?"

"Okay," Bobby agreed. "What should I do with this?" he asked, pointing to the condom.

"Leave it," Jane told him. "We'll take care of it later."

"Now, sit there and let me give you my version of 'the birds and the bees talk'." She unsnapped her shorts and let them fall away, then told Bobby "Why don't you take my panties off?"

Obediently, Bobby hooked his thumbs under the waistband on both sides and slowly worked Jane's panties down over her hips. He was surprised and more than a little pleased to discover Jane's hairless slit and couldn't take his eyes off it even after her panties fell to the floor.

"Now," Jane began this part of her lecture, "you've been introduced to 'breasts' — and you appear to enjoy them — so now it's time to move on to 'pussy'." She led him to the bed and lay back on it so she could spread her legs and Bobby could see the details she was about to point out.

"Observe. This whole assembly is formally called 'the vulva', but casually called 'a pussy' or 'a cunt'." Bobby snickered, but he kept paying attention. "This right here is the clitoris or clit, and it's the woman's sex trigger. Play with that for any length of time and she's going to come — that's called 'an orgasm'. This little opening just south of the clit is for urinating. South of that is the vagina ringed by the *labia minora*, the small lips. The whole vulva is framed by the *labia majora*, the big lips, so when a

girl tells you she likes to be kissed on her lips, you have to make sure which ones she's talking about. P.s.: I like to be kissed on my lips."

"Which ones?" Bobby asked.

"All of them, actually, and that happens to be the next lesson. Would you mind giving my cunt a few kisses, please, good sir?"

Bobby was staring to get excited again and his cock, while still quite limp, was exhibiting some unusual and enjoyable feelings. He leaned in and began kissing Jane's vulva.

"You can lick, too," she instructed, so he began running the tip of his tongue along her labia. Jane, for her part, was getting hornier by the minute and moisture was beginning to leak from her vagina.

"Don't forget the clit," she reminded him, and he transferred his attentions to the little bump at the forward end of her pussy. "Oh, Jesus, yes, that feels so nice," she exclaimed as Bobby gave her her first orgasm from his ministrations.

"Am I getting wet yet?" Jane asked.

"Yes, I think you are," Bobby told her, "but it's hard to tell."

"Well, I hope you like the taste of my juice, because I'm loving the feel of your tongue. Oh, baby, this is... unh... so nice.

"Bobby, climb up on the bed next to me so I can play with your cock."

Bobby obediently climbed onto the bed in a head-to-head orientation

"No, silly, you can't eat my pussy like that! I want your tongue down there and your cock up here."

He quickly skittered around into the classic '69' position and was just about to start eating Jane's cunt again when she flipped him onto his back and straddled his head. This put his still-limp cock near her mouth, so she took the latex-wrapped organ into her mouth and began teasing it with her lips and tongue.

It wasn't long before she could feel Bobby's meat expanding into the wrinkly latex sheath. Bobby felt it, too. Bobby's cock wasn't very long or thick, but it was a nice cock all the same, and produced all the right sensations when it was treated right. Bobby licked Jane more vigorously as his cock reported to him her delightful technique.

At last, Jane felt that Bobby wasn't going to get much longer or harder any time soon. She now skittered around the bed to put herself face-to-face with Bobby. She kissed him in a way that he had never before been kissed.

"Sweetie, are you ready for your first real fuck?"

Bobby nodded his head but couldn't say anything. Jane straddled his pubis, took his condom-clad penis in her hand, and introduced it to her vagina. It slid in with no trouble at all. Bobby gasped and his hips began to hump as if in answer to some ages-old command. Jane gasped, too.

"That's right, baby, just like that... oh..." Her vagina clamped on Bobby's penis and he experienced his first vagina-induced orgasm although he didn't produce any more semen to add to what was already held in the condom he wore.

Bobby started crying. "Wow," he said, gasping through the tears, "that was the best thing that ever happened to me! Oh, Jane, thank you."

"So," Jane answered, looking straight down into his eyes, "is this something you'd like to do again?"

He smiled. "Can we?"

Jane nodded, then dipped her head toward his and kissed him again like she would a lover who had pleased her with his performance. "Now you're not a virgin anymore, so I'm going to expect a higher level of performance from you henceforth... What does your schedule look like tomorrow?"

"I think I can find some time for another lesson," he suggested.

"Good. You can usually find me near the pool if you need to set up a time.

"Come here," she commanded as she hopped off the bed. Bobby followed and stood before her as she sat on the sofa. Jane grabbed a handful of tissues, tugged the end of Bobby's condom until it slid off into the tissues, then she took his penis in her mouth and cleaned his cock of all the semen that was left on it.

"All done," she announced.

"Not yet... please. I still want to eat your pussy a little more if you don't mind."

"Mind?" She slid down on the couchette, spread her legs and used two fingers to spread her pussy lips so Bobby could get his 'last licks' in.

As Lorelei, Jane, and Rose splashed in the pool, a boy of fourteen or fifteen approached the pool and sat on the edge some distance away from them. Rose and Lorelei didn't notice, but Jane did. A few minutes later, Jane excused herself and headed for the snack bar. The boy nonchalantly followed.

As Jane looked over the food selection, the boy quietly asked her: "Is this a good time?"

"I'll check. Watch me for a signal." Jane casually turned away and headed back to the pool.

"Are you two going to stay here for a while?" she asked Rose and Lorelei.

"Another hour, maybe two," Lorelei replied.

"I'm going back to the room. Call me if your plans change."

She turned away from the pool, caught the boy's eye and nodded toward the stern. He followed.

At room 7145, Jane swiped her card key and entered just steps ahead of the boy. She put out the 'Do Not Disturb' sign and let the door close and lock, then turned toward Bobby and kissed him the way she had done yesterday. The pressure on her leg against his crotch area told her he was already hard.

"Condom?" she asked, handing him a foil package. He took it and moved toward the bathroom. "Aren't we beyond that?" she asked him.

"I suppose." He shed his shirt and bathing trunks and rolled the latex ring onto his stiff cock as Jane watched, getting hornier by the instant.

She, meanwhile, was peeling her bathing suit to match her partner's nakedness. With both of them now nude, she moved in to kiss Bobby again and he responded as if he were a fully grown man.

His heart was beating like a trip-hammer and he was praying as hard as he could that he wouldn't ejaculate into his condom until he really had a reason.

"What do you like best?" Jane asked him.

"I want to get inside you," he told her.

"That's what I want, too," she admitted, "but you'll come immediately, I'm afraid, and I won't get anything. Play with me." She rolled onto the bed and beckoned him to join her.

Bobby climbed in next to her and kissed her on the lips, then kissed each of her nipples and worked his way down toward her hairless pussy, sticking his tongue into the front of the slot and contacting Jane's clit. She stirred and moaned as pleasant sensations began to pulse through her groin.

"That's good," Jane encouraged him. "I like what you're doing. Move back toward the vagina and do me there."

Bobby began massaging the vestibule of her vagina with the tip of his tongue and Jane started moaning regularly.

"Any time you're ready, darling, you can enter me."

Bobby only gave her a few more licks before he crawled between her wide-spread thighs and aimed the tip of his cock toward her vaginal orifice. To help him, Jane gently grasped the tip of his penis and guided it in. He slid inside with ease and rested his body on hers as she hugged him tight.

"Oh, baby, you're doing this exactly right. Oh, yes..." She started a series of deep orgasms each of which came with a spasm of her vaginal muscles and a flush of pleasure for Bobby. She only squeezed his cock a few times before he exploded into the latex sheath and collapsed across her body.

"I'm sorry..." Bobby started, but Jane put her finger to his lips.

"You did fine," she assured him. "You're new at this. Nobody expects you to hang on for hours. I'm actually surprised you hung on for as long as you did."

"I masturbated as soon as I got up this morning," he confided to her. "I've already had my first orgasm today."

"Well, that's really quite smart," Jane smiled at him. "Take the edge off your appetite, as it were. It seems to have worked, although I think you're going to need a lot more practice before you get this whole 'fucking' thing down pat."

"Yes," he agreed, "a lot more practice. Can I eat you some more?"

"Yes, darling, you may, and I want to clean that cock of yours so you don't drip goo on the bed."

He rolled onto his back, Jane fed him her pussy, and she pulled the used condom off his rapidly deflating penis before sucking his meat into her mouth. As he licked her labia wet and she licked his cock clean, she was sure she felt him getting hard again. In what seemed only minutes, Bobby was as long and hard as if he hadn't yet come and he was enjoying her attentions immensely. Suddenly he moaned and Jane felt his stiff cock twitch in her mouth. If he produced any more semen, however, it couldn't have been more than a droplet or two, but he absolutely, positively had just gotten his first blowjob.

"Did you enjoy that?" Jane asked, already knowing the answer.

He nodded. "Was that a blowjob?" Bobby asked, and Jane smiled back at him.

"I guess nobody has ever sucked your cock to orgasm before, huh? At least now when your girlfriend blows you, you'll know whether she's doing it right or not," and they both laughed.

"Okay, time to get dressed and get on with the rest of the day, right?"

"Okay," Bobby agreed, "but I need lots more practice — you said so yourself — and I might need a make-up exam later today."

"Oh my God!" Jane exclaimed, "I think I've created a monster."

"A fucking monster," Bobby suggested, and that drew another laugh.

"We'll have to see if I can... umm... squeeze you in to my busy schedule. Where do you hang out when you're horny?"

"Since I met you, I'm always horny," he admitted, "so... anywhere."

"Well, you can call and leave a message if it gets really bad."

She pulled the 'Do Not Disturb' flag from the door and the two departed in different directions.

Day 7

"Whatever happened with that kid?" Rose inquired of Jane at breakfast.

"What do you mean?" Jane asked her in return.

"Did you ever... you know?"

Jane shrugged. "He only lasted a few seconds."

"*Hmm...*" Rose replied. "So he was a washout? Maybe you should count your blessings. There's a presentation in the theater at 11 o'clock about The Azores. Are you going?"

"No, I think I'll skip it," Jane replied dreamily. "I didn't book any shore excursions for tomorrow, so I'll probably just do a little shopping near the pier and relax."

"Relax?" Lorelei snorted, "that's what this whole cruise has been about so far."

"Except for a couple of horny older guys," Rose added with a chuckle.

"Well, enjoy," Jane wished them as she dropped her napkin and moved away from the table.

Jane found Bobby in the library, their favorite trysting place, but there were several other people there as well. She got a napkin from the nearby coffee bar, wrote something on it, then sat down across from Bobby and casually dropped the napkin on the table between them, writing-side down. After a few minutes of perusing a magazine, she rose and left, and Bobby picked up the napkin and read it. It said:

Call. I'll be waiting.

He left the library soon afterward, found a house phone and called room 7145.

"Hello?" Jane answered the phone.

"It's Bobby."

"Hold on a bit while I check the schedule." Jane checked the little newsletter that was delivered each day to each room's message rack. She soon found what she sought: the lecture/presentation on the attractions ashore in Horta was scheduled for 11am. "My roommates will be busy away from the room from 11:00 to noon. Be here at the stroke of 11 but not sooner."

"See you at 11."

Promptly at 11am there came a knock on the door of 7145. Jane opened the door to let Bobby in before taking him in her arms and giving him the deepest, darkest, sexiest kiss she could manage. Bobby, fully ready for that kind of welcome, did his best to respond in kind, and his efforts did not go unnoticed or unappreciated by his partner.

"That was nice," Jane complimented him. "Who have you been practicing with?"

Bobby laughed. "You're my only teacher," he told her, and added with a smile: "so far," before he moved in to enclose Jane in his arms and take another kiss from her.

"Shall we play for a little while?" Jane asked. Bobby nodded vigorously. "Have you... umm... taken the edge off your appetite?"

Bobby smiled again. "I'm trying to set a new personal best each day. You're so sexy you make it very hard."

"Don't blame me," Jane begged, "I like you as hard as I can get you. There's no such thing as 'Bobby is too hard today'." She leaned toward him and kissed him again the way she knew — his breathing told her so — he liked it. Bobby let his hands sweep over her buttocks and down onto her thighs and felt rewarded by Jane exhaling through her nose. He brought his hands around to the front, but the fabric of her shorts was too thick there to let him do anything except let her know he was interested. She already knew that.

"Should we get naked so you can play with the parts you like?" she asked.

"That would be 'all your private parts'," he told her. "Yes, I'd like to get naked with you and play with your private parts."

They broke their embrace and both shed their clothing as quickly as they could manage before slipping under the bed covers. Jane handed him a fresh condom and he opened it and unrolled it onto his cock while she watched. She was going to say "I can hardly wait to suck you off again" when it occurred to her that that might be enough to make him shoot his wad. *Better not.*

Now completely nude, the two hugged and kissed and enjoyed the sensation of skin-on-skin as they moved against each other. Bobby gently squeezed Jane's breasts and toyed with her nipples, finally summoning the courage to take a nipple into his mouth. Unlike the first time he tried that, he did not immediately orgasm this time, and Jane noisily expressed her appreciation for his attentions.

"I want to teach you a trick you can use on your girlfriend when you get one," Jane offered.

"Okay," Bobby agreed

"Take your middle finger and insert it into my vagina," she began, "then put your thumb on my clit." Bobby positioned his hand as instructed.

"Now, see if you can feel a little indentation or dimple with the tip of your middle finger. It may be anywhere along that line."

Bobby moved his fingertip out a little and then in until he felt a small depression. Jane's pelvis twerked and she gasped so hard it almost came out as a yell.

"That's it!" Jane shouted. "More! Give me more!"

Bobby massaged the little dimple as Jane's body went into convulsions and she made incoherent noises that sounded like she was having a very nice time. In truth she was having a most enjoyable series of indescribably fierce orgasms.

"Enough," she said at last, and Bobby stopped playing with her. When she had calmed down a bit, she grabbed Bobby by his neck and pulled him into another of her violent kisses, and Bobby gave back as good as he was getting.

"I'm guessing you liked that," Bobby offered when Jane had finally calmed down and got her breathing under control again. "What just happened there? What trick did you just teach me?"

"You've heard of 'the G-spot'?" Jane asked. Bobby shook his head. "The G-spot or Grafenberg spot is a highly-sensitive area where I had your finger exploring. It's in a different spot for different women, but always in the same general vicinity. You saw my reaction?"

"Yeah, I'd call that a reaction..."

"Almost every woman is going to take a trip to the moon when you do that to her, and it's a very pleasant ride."

Bobby leaned in and kissed Jane deeply, slipping his tongue into her mouth and sucking. She responded in the same way. They stayed like that for a long time, fondling each other's bodies and getting more and more aroused.

"How are you feeling?" Jane asked him.

"I'm okay, I think. I love having your body rubbing against mine, but I'm going to want you in a different way pretty soon."

"You mean 'fuck me'?" Bobby kissed her again. "How do you think you'll do without that rubber?"

"I don't know. I haven't spilled yet, so maybe it'll be okay."

Jane slipped out of the bed and crooked her finger at her teenage lover. Bobby soon joined her standing next to the bed. Jane slipped a fingernail under the condom's ring and ripped it off in one motion. Bobby's now naked cock was all hers for the taking. She cradled his balls in her hand. "Still okay?" she asked.

"Still okay," he confirmed.

She turned and bent over the bed. With two hands, she reached behind her to spread her ass cheeks, and with four fingers, spread her pussy lips to reveal the vaginal opening.

Bobby took the hint, guiding the tip of his cock into the wetly-glistening flesh. With the lightest of pushes, his penis went all the way inside in a single thrust. "Oh, baby, that feels nice," he gasped.

"Sweetheart, you should feel what I'm feeling. I think I'm about to..." and right then she had another orgasm. "Do what you like," she ordered.

Bobby didn't need a second invitation. He started gently pulling out slowly and re-inserting himself slowly. That had been one lesson Jane taught him well: 'slow and steady wins the race'. Jane came again, and then again. Bobby reveled in his ability to give her pleasure. Jane, of course, felt like she was in heaven, but all good things must end.

"I can't last much longer," he whispered to her.

"It's okay," Jane assured him. "You've done really well and I have no complaints. It's time for you to enjoy yourself."

Bobby didn't last more than another few minutes before the tingling in his cock was too much to resist. With a grunt, he emptied himself into Jane's cunt and collapsed across her back. "That was great," he told her breathlessly.

"I agree," she replied. "You were great. Get me some tissues."

Bobby pulled three tissues in rapid succession and handed the wad to Jane who took them and swabbed the semen that was starting to leak from her vagina.

No longer in danger of leaving tell-tale traces of lovemaking on the rug, she knelt before Bobby. "Time to get you cleaned up, too," she said before beginning to lick the remaining goo from his now-limp penis.

"Someday, I'd like you to start there," Bobby told her as her tongue swirled around his flaccid dick.

"And finish there, too, I suspect," Jane said with a smile as she looked up at his face. "Maybe we'll get to that before Cherbourg. Are you going ashore tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes. Grams and Gramps have us signed up for a sightseeing tour, so we'll get something quick up on deck 9 so we can get an early start. Are you going ashore?"

"Yes. My roommates talked me into signing up for something... I'm not sure what. Maybe we'll be on the same tour."

"I hope not," Bobby told her. "I'll have a boner the whole day if I'm sitting too close to you, and I might not be able to keep my hands off your lovely tits. Grams would be scandalized, wouldn't she?"

Jane shook her head. "No fooling around on shore. Out here in international waters I can get away with fucking a teenage boy, but ashore, I'll wind up in prison for doing what we just did. You and I have to be extremely careful. In fact, our next stop is also in the Azores, so it's likely we'll be in Portuguese waters until tomorrow night. Maybe we should cool it all day tomorrow."

Bobby looked glum. "You mean no more pussy until after Ponta Delgada?"

"Oh, so you did look at the itinerary!" Jane replied, and winked.

The Azores

Yesterday had been the ship's last sea-day before landfall in the Azores. It was another relaxing day of lounging by the pool, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh in their rooms, and punctuated by a presentation in the Grand Theater on the attractions of the Azores. All four, Dave, Lars, Nancy, and Terri, attended the lecture even though their day ashore would likely be occupied with hunting for an apartment in Amsterdam leaving little or no time for sightseeing, thereby sacrificing the cost of the shore excursions they had prepaid.

Ashore that morning, Nancy and Terri had offered to squeeze 'their boys' into their hotel, but a quick peek at the layout of the girls' hotel room revealed it as just too much of a squeeze for comfort.

By the early afternoon, Dave had located an apartment in Amsterdam's museum quarter that was not much more expensive than the Paris apartment they were about to abandon, and had reserved it for a week hence. The apartment would sleep four comfortably and the girls began thinking of canceling their hotel room for more congenial lodgings. Since the hotel had a relaxed cancellation policy, it made it an easy decision: they told Dave and Lars to plan for feminine companionship and told the hotel to release their reservation.

The ship would dock in Amsterdam two days after Cherbourg. Dave and Lars had planned to take SNCF from Cherbourg to Paris' Gare St-Lazare, a short taxi ride from the apartment they had rented for five more days. Those plans went out the window.

They would now spend two more days on the ship, the next four days in Amsterdam, then take the train back to Paris to their newly-arranged apartment in Montmartre (which, not coincidentally, also could accommodate four), before flying home from Paris. Their original landlord wasn't able (or willing) to either slip their reservation or refund what they had already paid, but did manage to find them all a comparable rental a few blocks away.

The airline was somewhat less accommodating than either the cruise line or the hoteliers: it cost each of them another \$500 to re-book out of CDG, but by mid-afternoon, all the arrangements had been settled.

This was going to be an expensive change to their plans, but none of them were complaining. Lars, in fact, now had an almost-constant boner such that he would periodically excuse himself to rearrange his private parts so as not to draw attention to the bulge in his crotch.

Lorelei, Jane, and Rose had a quick breakfast in the cafeteria-like eatery on deck 9. Jane knew that Bobby and his grandparents were likely there, but their paths didn't cross until the girls got to the theater on deck 2 where all the tours assembled. Jane and Bobby exchanged furtive glances, but didn't otherwise interact. When the tour director called for those passengers who had signed up for the tour of the volcano, Jane and her roommates rose, as did Bobby and two older people with him. Because of heavy jostling, Bobby wound up on a different bus than Jane but they managed to get closer later in the tour.

"Is this your grandson?" Jane asked the older woman with Bobby.

She turned toward Jane. "Yes. We're giving Robert the experience of international travel while he's still young enough to enjoy the wonder of it. Do you have children of your own?"

"I have a son and a daughter back home, grown and gone, and I'm enjoying some international travel myself. I'm here with some girlfriends looking forward to seeing Paris for the first time.

"And you, Robert, how are you enjoying the trip so far?"

"Oh, I would never have imagined how much fun a trip like this could be, Mrs..." and he held out his hand to Jane.

"I'm Jane Porter, and I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, and I hope to see you again between here and Cherbourg." She cocked her head to one side and asked "Haven't I seen you in the library with your nose buried in a book?"

"Very likely," Bobby replied, "I'm a serious bookworm. But you say your name is 'Porter'?" Robert asked, somewhat surprised. "I'm Robert Porter, but I'm more comfortable with 'Bobby' if you don't mind."

"And are you 'Porter', too?" she asked his grandmother.

"No, we're Swansons, Robert's mother's parents. I'm Rose Swanson and this is my husband, Peter." Peter extended his hand to shake Jane's.

"Well, I'm very pleased to meet you all, and especially you, Bobby. I hope you all enjoy the day." She turned and left to rejoin Lorelei and Rose.

"Is that the kid?" Lorelei asked Jane. Jane nodded and smiled. "You've got some set, honeybun, bearding the lion in its den like that. So, are you still working on him?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'working on'," Jane replied with a smile. "The kid has a lot of talent."

"And you know this because...?" Rose prompted.

"I took his V-card," Jane admitted.

Rose turned away and rolled her eyes. "You're going to wind up in some foreign jail. You are certifiably crazy, you know that?"

"As long as you two don't blow the whistle, I won't."

"What happens when he blabs about the fabulous brunette he's boning on the briny deep?"

"Even if he does, what proof is there? Especially now that we've met in the presence of his grandparents and he admitted he didn't even know my last name? How likely is that, that I'm having sex with a minor and neither of us know anything personal about the other?"

"Well, that's true, isn't it?" Lorelei asked.

"Yes, but it is unlikely..."

At dinner that night, Lorelei, Rose, and Jane made the acquaintance of a male solo traveler who, it seemed to them, might be in the mood for some feminine companionship of the intimate variety. This Jane considered fortuitous because she had warned Bobby not to expect anything sexy to happen until they were again in international waters. That wouldn't happen until quite late tomorrow night, possibly after Bobby and his grandparents had retired for the night. This one, Gary, might be her only option.

As the evening wore on, however, it became apparent he only had eyes for Lorelei, the petite but otherwise spectacular blonde. Lorelei, for her part, was less interested in Gary than Gary was in Lorelei, and kept hinting that she was going to be busy later. In the end, Rose became Gary's consolation prize and retired with him to his stateroom.

"Why don't we keep each other company tonight?" Jane suggested to Lorelei as Rose and Gary wandered away. Lorelei looked at her oddly and Jane continued: "You might enjoy spending time in bed with me. Haven't you ever enjoyed the company of another woman?"

"No," Lorelei admitted, "I haven't. You?"

"Now and then," Jane admitted in her turn. "While the sensation isn't exactly comparable to having a big, fat piece of man-flesh stuffed inside you, it is true that only another woman knows the secrets you don't share. It may not be the best sex you've ever had, but it's pretty good in a pinch. Care to turn in early?"

Lorelei paused a few moments mulling the possibilities in her mind. "Sure. Why not?" The two left the lounge area and headed for their room.

Inside 7145, Jane caught Lorelei's arm and pulled her around and into an embrace and a kiss. Lorelei let herself be absorbed within the moment, returning Jane's affection. They kissed and nibbled each other's lips for several minutes, and Lorelei felt herself warming and moistening, the onset of horniness.

"I want to taste your cunt," Jane told her.

"I think we should taste each other," Lorelei agreed. Jane stepped back and began to undress her roommate. Lorelei helped, shedding the garments Jane wasn't working on. In moments, Lorelei was nude from head to toe and Jane was on her knees before her probing Lorelei's hairless gash

with her tongue. Lorelei started moaning. Jane inserted two fingers into Lorelei's vagina and was gratified to feel her muscles clamp as she experienced the first of many orgasms.

Lorelei pulled Jane to her feet and began furiously working to remove Jane's clothing. In another few moments, the two naked women were tightly entwined in another embrace and kiss. Jane moved back toward the bed and lay back across it with her thighs spread wide. Lorelei took the hint and dipped her head into Jane's pubis to give it first a kiss, then a lick, then another, and another. Jane gasped with pleasure as an orgasm exploded across her abdomen. "Jesus, Lori, for an amateur, you really know how to eat pussy!"

Lorelei was totally absorbed in an effort to induce as many orgasms in her roommate — now, her spiritual 'sister' — as she could. She intended to reduce Jane to a quivering, insensate mass no matter how long it took.

Jane was enjoying the flood of ecstasy Lorelei was generating with her tongue and Lorelei was reveling in the power she seemed to have over Jane, making her jump and twitch with merely little variations on a theme.

"My turn," Jane demanded.

"I'm not finished eating you yet."

"Just bring your pussy up here so I can do to you what you're doing to me. We can both enjoy each other at the same time."

Reluctantly, Lorelei stopped eating Jane and climbed up onto the bed with her crotch near Jane's head. Jane immediately pulled Lorelei's pubis down onto her mouth and began licking.

"Somebody's really wet," she announced.

"I can't believe how horny it's making me, eating you out," Lorelei admitted.

Jane slipped her middle finger into Lorelei's vagina, placed her thumb on Lorelei's clitoris, and began softly massaging the wall of her vagina looking for a little dimple. It only took a few seconds before Lorelei shrieked and collapsed onto Jane's body, twitching from knees to shoulders and babbling incoherently.

When Jane relented and let Lorelei have a rest, her victim gasped "What the fuck did you do? That was incredible! I thought I was going to die."

"That was a little trick I taught my boytoy yesterday. I taught him how to locate a girl's G-spot. Don't tell me you've never gone exploring for yours."

"Yeah, several times, but I never found it. You know where mine is?"

"Obviously," Jane snorted. "If you're a good girl for the rest of the night, I'll show you how to find it."

Lorelei reoriented herself so she was face-to-face with Jane and pressed her lips to Jane's. "I'm going to be such a good girl tonight you may give up men permanently."

"Nobody's that good," Jane asserted, but Lorelei did her level best to prove her wrong.

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The knock on the door of 7145 was not in the least unexpected. Jane let Bobby in and this time he pulled her into a deep, sensuous kiss — that she returned avidly.

"I'm really going to miss your lips — all of them — when we leave the ship in Cherbourg. Are you sure we can't..."

"We've been over this before, Bobby. No, I cannot have sex with you on shore. Even the French have no sense of humor regarding such things. It's called 'statutory rape'. Do you know what that means?"

"No."

"'Statutory' refers to the law. The law says that you, at age fifteen, can't legally consent to have sex with me so if we have sex, it must be that I raped you."

"Well, hurry up, then," he demanded. "We're running out of time for you to rape me."

"Don't make jokes about it. If you slip to the wrong person, I'm going to jail and you're going to reform school."

They kissed again and Bobby slipped his hand inside Jane's shorts to finger her wetness. In moments they were both naked and pressed against each other on the bed. By agreement, Lorelei and Rose would not enter the room as long as a small red magnet was on the doorframe.

"Am I an 'okay' lover?" Bobby asked Jane as he slid inside her.

"For someone so young," Jane began, "you're better than 'okay'. You're better than many older guys who have enjoyed me and I them."

Bobby smiled. "I'd like to take your picture so I'll have something to masturbate to when all this is over."

Jane chuckled silently. "Never to be shared with anybody?"

"Real men don't kiss and tell," Bobby assured her.

She paused. "Okay. After you fuck me like you're a real man."

"You know what I like best?" he asked rhetorically, and continued, "I'd like to slip into you from behind."

"Doggie style?"

"Yeah."

Jane had just experienced a whole cluster of orgasms, so she disconnected and rolled onto her stomach, then lifted her ass in the air to give Bobby a clear shot at her cunt from behind. Bobby didn't need any more of an invitation. On his knees, he inched closer to Jane's bottom and

guided his cock inside her 'little lips'. She was already thoroughly wet and he slipped inside easily.

"Oh, that feels nice," she assured him.

Bobby slowly slipped his meat in and out while he played with Jane's clit with his right hand. She started a series of jerky movements with her hips, each one accompanied by a little hug of his penis by the walls of her vagina.

"Oh, this is not going to take long," Bobby warned her, but Jane, if she heard, wasn't in any position to slow the process or stop it.

"Oh, baby, I love how you fuck me," she moaned, and that was all it took for Bobby. He squirted every last drop of his semen into her.

As he slowly extracted his rapidly-deflating penis, he told her "Hold that pose."

He snapped several shots of her bottom with creamy jizz leaking from the mouth of her vagina. "Roll over," he ordered, and she flipped onto her back. Before he could take another picture, she lolled her head back so that her face wouldn't show in the image but Bobby got several more frames showing her spread-wide thighs, cum leaking from her snatch, and her pretty breasts.

"Can I get one with your face in it?" he asked.

"No, no face shots. I don't want to be identifiable if any of these ever become public — which you have assured me will never happen, right?"

"Right. Real men don't kiss and tell."

"Come here, lover, I need to clean that cock before it leaks all over our rug," and Jane sucked his penis into her mouth to clean him off. Bobby got a few more frames of that, too, but nothing showing her face.

When she was finished slurping his goo and his penis was, if not 'hard', at least 'firm' again, Jane pointed him at the bed and grabbed her own camera. "My turn," she announced. Bobby lay across the bed 'in the altogether' and smiled at the camera while Jane snapped a few frames of her own showing his not-terribly-long and not-terribly-fat 15-year-old cock.

"When can I see you again?" he asked as they dressed themselves.

"What does the old folks' schedule look like tonight?" she asked.

"They're going to the theater after dinner. They want me back in the room by eleven. I'm free until then."

"Call me at eight. I'll see if I can talk my roomies into letting us have some privacy."

"See if your roomies want to join us," he offered with a smirk.

"You little fucking monster! Get out!" but Jane was smiling when she said it.

"Would it be okay if I monopolized the room from about eight to around eleven?" Jane asked Rose and Lorelei.

"It's okay with me," Rose told her. "I'll be with Gary."

"Honestly, Jane, you're taking one God-awful chance," Lorelei remonstrated. "If you get caught..."

"Yeah, I know, but the boy is a surprisingly good lover and I trust him. He's very mature for his age."

As the girls finished dinner, Rose waved and headed off to find her entertainment for the night, Gary.

"What do you have planned?" Jane asked Lorelei.

"Dunno. Maybe I'll visit the casino. There's a combo playing jazz up on deck 5."

"Something for you to consider... When I was making plans with Bobby, he suggested you might want to join us..."

Lorelei looked at Jane with her mouth agape in a big 'O'. "You're not serious!"

Jane shrugged. "I'm not pushing it. I mention it only because he did, and you might enjoy discovering why I trust his discretion. If you're not curious yourself, by all means, carry on, and thank you for allowing me the use of the room tonight."

"Thanks for the invitation," Lorelei replied, "but I don't think I'm as brave as you." With that, she turned and walked away toward the elevators.

At precisely 8 o'clock, the phone in room 7145 burbled with the sound of an incoming call. Jane answered "Hello?"

"It's Bobby. Everything set?"

"Yes," Jane told him. "Come on over."

A few minutes later, Bobby knocked on the door and Jane opened it to let him enter. They hugged and kissed and fondled each other's bodies in the run-up to what they each hoped would be several hours of erotic lovemaking. Bobby was already unsnapping Jane's bra and running his hands over her soft breasts when another knock on the door surprised them. Jane pointed to a hidden spot and Bobby moved out of sight of anyone at the door. Jane opened the door to find Lorelei.

"I know the red magnet is posted, but I wondered if that invitation was still open?" she started.

Jane turned and called "Bobby, were you serious about adding my roomies?"

Bobby's head appeared from around the corner of the bedroom, and he smiled appreciatively at Lorelei's pretty face and petite figure. "I'd love to make the acquaintance of your roomie," he said. "Just the one?"

"Yes," Lorelei confirmed. "The other already has a date."

"Well, if Jane doesn't mind, neither do I."

Jane stood aside to let Lorelei enter as well and let the door close and latch behind her.

"Bobby, meet Lorelei. Lorelei, meet Bobby." Lorelei extended her hand toward Bobby who took it and gently drew her close enough to kiss. Lorelei was surprised at this but adapted quickly and returned his kiss.

"We were just about to get undressed," Jane told Lorelei. "It will be a little more complicated now that there are three of us, but I think we'll manage." She unbuttoned her slacks, let them drop, and kicked them free. Bobby did likewise, shedding his shirt as well while Jane peeled her top. Her already-unsnapped bra fell away almost instantly.

Lorelei was somewhat stunned by this and was frozen in contemplation until Bobby moved toward her, kissed her deeply again, and ran his hands up under her blouse until he found the clasp at the back of her bra. He unbuttoned her and brought his hands around to the front and was surprised by Lorelei's giant nipples.

"Oh, I can hardly wait to taste you," Bobby whispered in her ear. "May I take your blouse off?"

Lorelei nodded noiselessly and began to unbutton her blouse as Bobby parted the fabric to reveal her nipples. As soon as one was clear, he dipped his head toward her chest and sucked a nipple into his mouth. Lorelei squeaked in pleasure as his tongue danced around her flesh. Now he moved his hands to the waistband of her slacks and began undoing that. In mere moments, Lorelei was nude matching the condition of her roommate and, a few seconds later, their sex toy for the evening.

Bobby pushed Lorelei backwards onto the bed, spread her legs, and gave her a kiss on her pussy before starting a series of sensuous licks that caused Lorelei to close her eyes in ecstasy as her sex organs responded to his attention.

"Don't forget about me," Jane warned him as he sucked on Lori's pussy lips. "You've got two women to pleasure tonight before you get yours."

Bobby stopped immediately and turned toward Jane to give her a kiss and to suck her tongue into himself. "Thank you, my sweet lover, for this wonderful present," he whispered. "I promise you will not regret your generosity." He gently led Jane to lie on the bed next to Lorelei, climbed in between her legs and entered her. As he did, he slipped his middle finger into Lorelei's vagina, placed his thumb on her clit, and slowly explored the forward surface of her vaginal wall for an indentation. It took him only a few seconds to find it. He knew he had found it from Lorelei's reaction.

Moaning in ecstasy, she rolled into Bobby and Jane and kissed first her roommate and then he who had just pleased her so well. "Jesus," she sighed, "that was nice..."

Bobby was so fixated on Jane's pleasure and Lorelei's that he barely had time to think about himself. He didn't realize it, but he was being stressed by the necessity of paying court to two women simultaneously. He had one cock, two hands, and one mouth with which to operate on them,

and it was like juggling, although he wouldn't understand that until several years later. Tonight, he was juggling women without realizing it. He was doing it reasonably successfully, too. Jane was enjoying herself and Lorelei was pleasantly surprised that someone so young seemed so... what was the word she was looking for?... practiced?

Lorelei had rolled onto her stomach so that Bobby could fuck her from behind, and Jane was kneeling next to him giving him some of her deepest, darkest kisses — the kind that drove Bobby into delirium — as he fingered her pussy.

"Are you going to 'zing' me, babe?" Jane asked. In response, Bobby probed for her G-spot and soon had her writhing in what could have been agony, but which he knew she was enjoying.

Lorelei's cunt was throbbing and Bobby could feel it quivering around his penis. For the briefest moment he wondered if Lori was going to make him come, but he put the thought out of his mind. He had a long night ahead of him, he knew, and there was important work for him to take care of.

Lorelei finally allowed herself to collapse onto the bed and Bobby's penis pulled free. Never one to pass up such a golden opportunity, Jane, still kneeling on the bed, moved into position facing him and slipped his cock inside her vagina. She orgasmed almost immediately and had to hang onto his neck to keep from losing his meat.

It was more than an hour later that Lori was lying on her back, exhausted from too many orgasms, and Jane finally relaxed and flopped back onto the bed next to her.

"I think I've created a fucking monster, Lori. What do you think?"

Lorelei giggled. "Yes, you have, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for sharing your little monster with me. I think we probably shouldn't tell Rose," and the two started giggling again.

"And how was yours?" Lorelei asked Bobby.

Bobby finally took stock and was surprised to realize that he hadn't yet come. "I'm not done, yet," he admitted.

Lorelei looked at Jane and Jane looked at Lorelei. "Do you want to blow him or shall I?"

"Maybe we should take turns... like musical chairs, and see who gets a mouthful of his cum." They both giggled at that before dragging Bobby to the far wall where they made him stand while the two women knelt around his prick.

"I didn't realize how skinny his dick was," Lorelei remarked. "Even so, it felt really nice slipping in and out," and with that she gave Bobby's cock a nice long lick. His quick intake of breath was all the evidence she needed that she was doing it right.

Jane sucked his meat into her mouth and started working it like a lollipop. Bobby's feet started pumping alternately. Lorelei moved her mouth

in closer and pushed Jane's away so she could play with Bobby's little sausage. The two fenced with each other, playing with his ball sack and licking and sucking the glans of his penis.

"I want to fuck you!" Bobby exclaimed as the tension in his thighs became unbearable. Lorelei stood, turned her back to him, bent over, reached between her legs for his cock, and slid it into her vagina. Bobby didn't even last a full second after that. He grabbed Lorelei's hips and humped her until his cock was so soft it was like pushing a rope. His limp dick flopped out of her cunt, and Jane caught the last few drops of his cum on her tongue before it could drip on the rug.

Lorelei leaned back on the bed and spread her legs so Bobby could see the result of his fucking her: a bubble of thick, creamy fluid oozed out of her pussy. She caught a glob on her finger and brought it to her mouth to taste. Jane soon gave Lori's pussy a lick to take the next glob that dribbled free.

"It's your goo," Jane told Bobby. "Clean her up."

Bobby was soon licking Lorelei's cunt and sucking on her labia, and Lorelei enjoyed the last of the evening's orgasms.

"I gotta get myself a girlfriend," Bobby sighed as the three of them relaxed on the bed.

"What you gotta get, young man, is some condoms. Any girlfriend you might get will almost certainly not be on the pill. You do this to her and they'll be calling you 'Daddy' instead of 'Bobby'."

"How do you get condoms?"

"It used to be you had to ask your local friendly pharmacist who would fetch them from behind the counter, but these days, all you have to do is pick up a box at the supermarket. I'm guessing Paris will be the same as Peoria. I might not share that shopping list with Grandma or Grandpa, though. They might wonder where you found out what you know."

Bobby laughed, then became serious again. "That was really great, Lorelei... Jane. Would you laugh if I said I love you two?"

Jane pulled his face toward her and gave Bobby a long, sexy kiss. When she was done, Lorelei did the same. "It may feel like 'love', Bobby, but it probably isn't. Nevertheless, a girl always likes to hear somebody loves her even if it probably isn't true."

They each kissed him again. "Time to get cleaned up," Jane announced and slapped Bobby on his bare bottom. "And I want you to practice not getting a hard-on when you meet us in public."

"Like thatll happen..." Bobby mused.

It was fortunate that Gary kept Rose occupied for the next few days. Rose often spent her evenings getting shagged in Gary's room which left

Jane and Lorelei and Bobby free to romp in 7145, which they did on several occasions, often more than once a day.

Cherbourg

After one more stop in the Azores and three more days at sea, the ship docked at Cherbourg and two hundred passengers debarked including Lorelei, Jane, and Rose, along with Bobby Porter and Rose and Peter Swanson.

Dave, Lars, Terri, and Nancy spent most of that time in this bed or that one (depending on how much privacy they desired), the time they didn't spend at the pool, the dining room, or the spa. Their room steward and his assistant seemed to know the instant they left their rooms for any reason, whether for meals or lounging above-decks, and would swoop in like an invading army to straighten up the room and make the beds. Terri joked about getting up in the middle of the night for a drink of water and finding her bed made when she returned.

The dock area at Cherbourg was strictly industrial. It was a chore to get into town to do any shopping or sightseeing unless one had signed up for a tour, so the four contented themselves with shipboard activities including, of course, making love to each other whenever the urge took them.

"You're trying to kill me," Lars accused Nancy when she whispered an invitation into his ear at lunch.

"Not a bit," she sighed. "I just like having a naked man rubbing up against me in bed."

"That's all you want? Rubbing?"

"Really, that's all, but if you decide later you want something more, I might be persuaded to try something else..."

"If I decide later... Let's face it. You two have the worst case of 'the horns' I can recall seeing in my entire adult life. Do either of you ever get enough sex?"

"Enough sex?" Nancy scoffed. "I believe there's no such thing! Terri, darling, do you know what he's talking about?"

"Of course!" Terri corrected her cousin. "I had enough sex just this morning when he fucked me to the verge of 'unconscious'. By the way, thank you, Lars. It was lovely."

Nancy tugged Lars' sleeve. "Come on. Escort me to my room."

Lars rolled his eyes, and Dave chuckled. Lars and Nancy left arm-in-arm.

Terri leaned over and rested her chin on her hands on Dave's shoulder. "I'm feeling left out," she pouted.

"Do you want a naked man, too, rubbing up against your body?"

"No. I want a naked man's cock buried in my cunt so deep it would take experienced rescuers two days to find it."

"I don't think my cock is that long," he retorted, then leaned over and kissed her gently.

"You're getting me horny again," she warned.

"You started getting horny when you woke up this morning. Lucky for you Lars has an almost permanent erection these days."

She giggled. "Yes, its a lovely, long, hard erection, isn't it?"

"I didn't notice," Dave parried.

She reached under the tablecloth and squeezed his crotch. "Well, I've noticed that your erection is just about as permanent. C'mon, let's go someplace quiet and fuck." She kissed him again and started tugging his arm.

"Your place or mine?"

"I don't care," she said. "We all parade around naked when we're in the same room, so I guess we have nothing to hide. Maybe we should go to the big room and join Nancy and Lars. It would make it easier in case you fade on me and I need to switch partners."

"You are so bad," Dave told her.

"I'm so bad, I'm good."

Dave got up from the table, put his arm around Terri's waist and gently urged her toward the elevators. "You're not just good. You're great."

"I knew you'd see it my way. I think I'm leaking down the inside of my thighs."

"Don't worry about it," Dave soothed. "In five minutes you'll be naked and I'll put a cork in your leak."

"I'd much prefer you put a cock in my leak."

"That's what I meant."

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Jane and Bobby both had phones that would work in Europe, and they exchanged numbers before leaving the ship so they could speak to each other when the circumstances permitted. Circumstances didn't often offer either a chance or a reason for either to phone the other.

On Jane's last day in Paris, Bobby's phone *burred* in his pocket. He glanced quickly at the display and answered it.

"Hello, Jane," he answered it somberly.

"How are you?" she asked.

"Desperately horny, and hearing your voice hasn't made it any better. In fact, I'm getting hard just thinking about you."

"I'm guessing from that that your grandparents aren't nearby," she said, and Bobby could hear the smile in her voice.

"They're about thirty feet away looking at a very old painting. I'm sitting here wondering why they think that painting is worth looking at. What's this call about?"

"We're leaving tomorrow, and I didn't want to leave without saying 'goodbye' and without thanking you for a really enjoyable week... and without reiterating my warning not to squirt any *mademoiselles* without protection. I'd hate to think I was responsible for an unplanned pregnancy."

Bobby chuckled at that. "You know, the first afternoon we were here in Paris, I went for a walk in the neighborhood to get the feel of it. Grandma said it's the best way to get to know a new city. Well, I found a supermarket and bought a three-pack just in case. The *mademoiselles* are safe... relatively speaking."

Jane laughed. "I'm really kind of happy that you get horny thinking of me. I have to admit I get pretty wet between my legs when I think of all the good times we had on board."

"Good luck, Bobby. You're a good kid and I'm going to miss you. Really. And Lorelei sends you a kiss. Don't use your new-found skills for evil, sweetheart. We love you. Goodbye."

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"Well, one more night aboard and then we'll be in Amsterdam," Nancy remarked at dinner on day 14. "Is everybody packed?"

"Dave and I will finish packing out this evening, all except for our carry-ons," Lars said. "I think we're not going to get much loving tonight because of that."

"I was just going to raise that issue myself," Nancy continued. "I'm feeling particularly horny tonight and sense the need for some sausage stuffing."

"Me, too," Terri added. "So why don't we plan to pair off and use both rooms so we can spread out and get comfortable? We'll meet for breakfast and regroup at our own rooms just before they throw us off."

"What happens if I want some variety in the middle of the night?" Dave asked. "Suppose Nancy is tired of sex and Terri needs an extra helping?"

"Nancy? Tired of sex? What planet are you from? It's more likely we'll both be raping our boytoys through the night. Okay, you want a foursome in the big room? I think Nancy and I can work with that," and she giggled.

Dave and Lars made short work of filling their luggage with the contents of their closets and drawers, labeled the bags with the special luggage tags provided, and parked them outside their stateroom door before strolling to the girls' suite at the stern. The lights in room 7214 were already dimmed, the curtains pulled back to reveal the foamy wake now barely visible in the light of a waning crescent moon, and the sliding door to

the balcony left open. Each of them wore skimpy lingerie the men had helped them choose at a boutique in Ponta Delgada.

"Terri and I drew lots to see who was getting who tonight," Nancy announced. She pulled Dave closer. "You're mine tonight," she told him before giving him a sultry kiss that he gladly returned before dipping his hand inside what passed for 'her panties'.

"It may be that you're mine," Dave corrected her.

"Prove it," she demanded.

He knelt before her, pulled her filmy panties to her ankles, and kissed her furry pussy before sticking his tongue into the slit where her clitoris hid.

"Yes, honey. Yes, honey," she moaned as she pumped her legs trying to dislodge the panties from her feet. As soon as one foot was free, she spread her legs as far as she could so Dave could lick anything he wanted. When Dave slid two fingers into her vagina, she spasmed immediately.

Lars, meanwhile, had dropped his pants to the floor, had pried his cock loose from his underwear, and was trying to slip it into Terri where he had pulled her panties to one side. Terri bowed her legs to give him more room and his cock suddenly slipped deep inside her. "Fuck," she exclaimed.

"Yes, my lady," Lars replied, and began a slow, rhythmic in-and-out that caused Terri to start the first series of tonight's orgasms. She hung around Lars' neck and sucked his tongue into her mouth.

"I need you inside," Nancy begged Dave. He let her fall back onto the bed before shedding his pants, shirt, and underwear and climbing into the bed between her open thighs. "Deep," she commanded, and Dave plunged into her as deep as he could. Her body bucked with pleasure and Dave held on for dear life. "Fill me," she told him.

"Later," he replied. "I'm having too much fun holding you down."

"Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme...," she started babbling as her hips twitched involuntarily, threatening to dislodge the cock she so wanted deep inside her cunt. Dave put his mouth over hers and kissed her as deeply as his meat was embedded in her pussy. She gasped through her nose as the orgasms continued to splash across her abdomen. After a while, her thrashing subsided somewhat and Dave relaxed his stance.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

She paused, looking deeply into his eyes. "Oh, lover, I don't know if I'm going to be able to let you fly home to some distant city when this is over. I haven't felt like this since I was seventeen. I haven't been fucked like this since I was twenty-five. This trip has shaved forty years off me."

"I have to admit I never quite expected to find anyone other than a nice traveling companion on this trip. It's given me a whole new definition of 'traveling companion', in fact."

"What are we going to do when this is over?" she asked, and Dave could see tears begin to well in her eyes.

"It won't be 'over' for another week and a half," Dave comforted her, "and, you know, Nashville and Atlanta aren't so far apart that it's not driveable. It can't be more than 300 miles, and I like country music. Not having to stay in a hotel gives me a perfect excuse for spending long weekends visiting. Oh, honey, this is not 'over'."

She kissed him again. "Eat me," she begged, and shifted her body so she could position her pussy over his mouth. "I like the way you eat me."

Dave obligingly began to lick her juices, and Nancy, returning the favor, sucked his penis deep into her mouth and down her throat until her gag reflex made her stop. As soon as she stopped gagging, the orgasms from Dave's tongue began to surge through her.

Terri had overheard Nancy's complaint and told Lars "Nashville and Atlanta may not be all that far apart, but Kansas City and Cleveland are. What am I going to do when I need some more sausage stuffing?"

Lars laughed at this. "Are you telling me there are no horny old men in your circle of friends that would be happy to satisfy your baser urges? A beautiful woman like you must have dozens of candidates at your door baying like hound dogs with a treed pussy."

Terri shook her head and affected a pout. "No, no one. Only this guy I met on a cruise who seems to know instinctively where my 'come' button is."

"Ha!" he snorted, "which of your seventeen 'come buttons' are you talking about?"

"All of them," she replied, then she pushed him onto his back, straddled his midsection, and slid her vagina down onto his still-hard cock. She began to bounce, pistoning his cock in and out in a smooth, regular rhythm until her eyes closed and her breath started coming in gasps.

Amsterdam

Overnight, an army of workers had collected all the luggage left outside the many staterooms and moved all of it to the lower decks from where it could all be moved ashore. Passengers were assigned to various groups, with each group having a specific schedule for leaving the ship. Passengers caught breakfast on deck 9 before migrating to the theater on deck 2 where they waited for their group to be called.

One by one, the various groups of passengers were called for debarkation and they shuffled through the ship to the gangway from where they could go ashore, locate their luggage among the thousands of bags, shuffle some more through Dutch passport control, and declare to the Customs officers that they were not carrying contraband. As in most European cruise ports, that was the extent of official notice: "Welcome to The Netherlands. Enjoy your stay."

The four met outside the cruise terminal and found a taxi suitable for four people and all their luggage. The trip to their apartment was so short, they barely had time to snap their seat belts on before the taxi pulled to the curb.

Of course, many passengers went directly from the cruise terminal to Schiphol Airport for flights home, but those who had no pressing business back in the States went to hotels or apartments in Amsterdam or its suburbs, or to the central station where they boarded high-speed trains to other parts of Europe.

Their rental agent met them at the front door, gave them keys and showed them how to get into their apartment, introduced them to the neighborhood and attractions nearby, told them about transportation options for getting around the city, and generally made sure they were going to be comfortable during their stay.

'Tourist Amsterdam' is a small town. Virtually everything the typical tourist wants to see is within three miles of wherever you are. That is, if one were to draw a circle of three miles diameter on the center of Amsterdam, the ordinary tourist would never be found outside the circle. As a result, with Nancy, Terri, Dave, and Lars living less than a half mile from the main train station they found that they could easily walk to almost any place they might want to see. Walking sharpens the appetite, so they would often pop into a local restaurant for meals wherever they happened to be.

They passed their days visiting all the favorite tourist attractions, Anne Frank's house, the Rijksmuseum, the 'Red Light' district, the Maritime Museum celebrating the exploits of the Dutch East India Company, and a

tour of Amsterdam via canal boat; they passed their nights wrapped in each other's loving embraces.

After four days of acting like typical tourists, a taxi delivered them and their luggage to Amsterdam's Centraal Station in time to enjoy breakfast at a station restaurant before an 11 o'clock departure.

Paris

Four hours later their train arrived at Paris' Gare du Nord, and a taxi soon had them at the door of their apartment on Rue Condorcet where waited their landlord with keys, instructions, and tourist information for these first-time visitors.

The next several days had them visiting the world-famous Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Arch de Triomphe, Notre Dame and Sacre Coeur, along with the mandatory boat ride along the Seine, and sumptuous dinners at several of Paris' best restaurants. Each bought over-priced oil paintings from Montmartre's 'starving artists' as souvenirs of the most memorable vacation any of them could recall. After exhausting day after exhausting day, they would return to their Condorcet apartment for the night that, they were all surprised, sometimes did not end with orgasms.

At last the day arrived that they had all dreaded: leaving Paris for home. The landlord met them to do a quick inspection of the apartment, return their deposit, and collect the keys. Their taxi took them to Charles deGaulle Airport in barely half an hour. Lars and Terri shared a flight across the Atlantic into Cleveland where Terri re-boarded her flight for Kansas City with many kisses and many tears. Nancy and Dave flew into Atlanta where many more kisses were planted and many more tears were shed before Nancy boarded her connecting flight into Nashville.

All four had everyone else's phone numbers, email addresses, and home addresses, and all four had promised each other that they would soon share a weekend getaway and — maybe — another cruise next year.

Each got home with a fresh new appreciation for the possibilities opened by new friendships.

Epilogue

A few months after Lorelei, Rose, and Jane returned home, an email popped into Jane's inbox:

From : Bobby Porter

To : Jane Porter

Subject : Reconnecting

I just wanted to thank you again for all the time you spent with me on board and all the life-lessons you shared with someone who badly needed an education in so many areas. I know you were very concerned that I would put those lessons to a use you would approve, and I wanted to assure you that your faith in me is not misplaced. I'm going to be as good as you hoped, as good as you insisted I be. RMDT.

I hope our paths will cross again.

Love,

Bobby