

## MILF Cruise - Part 4

**For Anonymous**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Ned had never felt so in charge in his life. He couldn't believe how hot it had made him, ordering those two to pleasure one another for his own amusement. They had looked so hot and helpless writhing against each other. Ned almost came just from looking alone. He was really starting to enjoy this new body and all the confidence that came with it. He loved waking up in the morning and taking a good hour to select the perfect outfit, accessories and make up to make sure he looked like a million dollars. He certainly felt it. Or rather *she* did.

"It's silly for us to keep going around with our old names." She'd announced, "And calling one another 'he' it's just...silly and uncultured and I don't think I can stand for that anymore."

"Turning Peter to Peta is easy enough." Peta gave a small smile, she was obviously trying to hide how pleased she was with the idea.

"And Ned is such a...boyish name, ugh. Narelle, now there is something with some class." Narelle announced, "And of course Harry, you'll need something as well. Something to suit your new ethnicity as well."

"Hai came to mind earlier..." Hai said demurely, despite her stature she had the ability to seem so quiet and small, like a little mouse. Except with legs to make a model cry.

"It's settled then." Narelle smiled, "Narelle, Hai and Peta. Lovely. Now that's all settled and the little snag of our former male pride is dealt with, I say we enjoy the last two days of this cruise to the fullest as the lovely ladies we are."

"What did you have in mind?" Peta asked.

"Well, I don't know about you but I am heading to the bar, I was always jealous of the ladies who could gather men like ants to honey. I want to see how many I can find." She said

smugly, "Don't get me wrong, you two are lovely and all but I have some needs you simply can't fulfil."

The pair of them looked vaguely offended but said nothing and Narelle grinned; it felt good to be the one in charge for once. Her every word holding authority and certainty, it felt...nice. It would be a shame to lose it; but she didn't want to think about that right now. She meant what she'd said; she wanted to make the most of this time.

Both the others rose, dressed and left much faster than her but Narelle didn't mind. She had a lot more choices to pick from after all. Her designer suitcase was filled to the brim with options, even multiple swimsuits despite the relatively short voyage. She enjoyed mixing and matching them, trying on several outfits before she found the perfect one.

She put on a white bikini with silver metal rings holding the fabric together, smiling at how good she looked in something so skimpy despite being more mature. This sort of revealing design was usually reserved for the girls in their twenties but somehow; with her curvaceous figure she made it work. Now she just needed something to wear over it up to the pool bar.

While rummaging around her fingers found something small and plastic pressed against the lining of the suitcase; a credit card. Just like the others, she had been feeling things, knowledge, flow into her at the most random moments. It was how she knew the name of every Italian dish served in high class restaurants and even a few words of the language.

As she stared at the platinum card that same knowledge filled her and a smile spread across her face. She knew this card was connected to a sizable bank account, hundreds of thousands of dollars all at her fingertips. She'd never had more than a few hundred to her name at any given point, well, not for fun anyway.

Narelle, she realised all of a sudden, was a divorced woman, recently separated from her rich husband whose money now filled her accounts. It was more than enough to live off for the rest of her life! With a smug smirk she threw on her black beach robe and headed for the pool; she had some cash to splash.

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Feeling good in your own skin really did make all the difference; Narelle could feel eyes on her as she strolled through the decks to the pool bar. Women wanted to be her, men just straight up wanted her; it felt good. As did sliding that platinum card across the polished bar top and receiving the most expensive cocktail on the menu without feeling like she was wasting twenty dollars.

She pursed her lips around the thin straw and sucked up the sweet, alcoholic liquid. The movement felt...nice, right; but the straw was far too small. That longing returned, the longing for something more than another lady's fingers in her pussy and something much heavier and warm on her tongue.

She eyed off the men in the area, there were so few to choose from thanks to the cruises' theme but there was enough. A young man, perhaps about to reach the middle of his twenties was sitting a few seats down at the bar, looking mostly bored but occasionally stealing glances of the ladies in the area. Narelle smiled and sucked up the last of her drink; challenge accepted.

Without hesitation she moved down the bar and sat herself right next to the young man, sliding herself along till their shoulders met and he jumped, eyes wide.

"What's the matter, sugar?" She teased, "Never had a woman approach you first?"

"Uh well...uhmmmm..."

Narelle laughed, watching his ears turn pink.

"Well?"

"No." he admitted, eyes darting down her body.

"Honey, I am well past caring what other people think." She plucked the cherry from the bottom of her cocktail glass and popped it into her mouth. Tying the stem in a perfect knot and dropping it back into the ice. "I don't care what society says, it's more fun to do the chasing than be chased, well, at least to a certain degree."

The young man swallowed; Narelle could see him shifting in place trying not to get a boner. How cute. The power she had over this man made her almost dizzy with desire; a few pretty words and a nice outfit and he was wrapped around her finger. It was positively *delicious*.

"Really?" He replied, taking a swig of his drink, for confidence no doubt. "And you decided to chase me?"

"Why not?" Narelle replied coyly, "You're handsome, I'm beautiful, bored and..."

She leaned in so that her lips brushed the shell of his ear.

“Horny.”

She could hear him swallow.

“We haven’t even-what’s your name?”

“It’s unimportant. As is yours.” She said sternly, “Let’s just get down to it? Shall we?”

“R-right here?” His whole face was turning red now and Narelle giggled, enjoying how the feeling filled her chest.

“No , silly, fun as that would be.”

That was liable to get them both confined to their cabins for the rest of the trip and that sounded endlessly boring; fun as sneaking out might have been.

“Come, follow me.”

Narelle took the young man’s wrist in her hand and he followed without question; had she been quite so desperate as a man? She hoped not but then again, who could possibly resist her now?

As soon as they were back inside the ship she threw him against the wall and pressed her own body up against it, claiming his lips with authority and passion. He groaned, returning the kiss in an instant and wrapping his arms around her waist. His body was so solid against her soft one, she could feel her breasts squishing against his chest and the bulge in his pants pressing into her bikini briefs. It was tantalising; even more exciting than pinning Hai against the door of their cabin. Narelle had never felt so in control, yet out of it all at once before.

Just as quickly as she’d acted she pulled back, drinking in the surprised and disappointed expression on her soon to be lover’s face. After a single taste he was hooked. With a girlish giggle she took his hand once more and they continued through the ship, stopping occasionally to neck at one another, lazily kissing and making out. A few times her lover began to get bolder; feeling his way around the curves of her body, even pressing a finger to the front of her bikini bottoms and slipping another into her top.

It was thrilling, wild; never in her life had Narelle been so naughty or felt so alive. By the time they arrived back at the cabin she was positively soaked. There was no sign of the

others; thank God, she hadn't actually thought of a backup plan. No matter. She planned on being loud enough that even if they should return they wouldn't need to open the door to know coming inside was a bad idea. And speaking of coming inside; she was not in any mood to wait.

The man let her push him onto the bed and as he leaned back on his elbows he looked up at her with an expression of pure awe. Narelle could read his face like a book; he couldn't believe his luck, having a hot woman like her pick him up.

Narelle didn't bother taking things slow; with a few quick movements she was naked before him in all his glory and she watched with glee as the bulge in his pants grew tight.

"Off." She ordered, "Strip for me."

She sat down, arms crossed, leg over the other at the foot of the bed and watched the young man undress. He fumbled slightly with nerves but his gaze never left hers. She could tell he was totally charmed and under her thumb. When he was finally naked she wasted no time pulling him down atop her and groaning with satisfaction. His length was pressing against her thigh, inches away from her aching pussy and her body sang; this was what she had been waiting for!

"Don't keep me waiting." She growled, "Hurry up and fuck me."

"Yes, ma'am."

Oh. Oh yes she liked that a lot. Almost as much as she liked the feeling of slowly being parted as his cock finally entered her. Her inner walls stretched so much further than when Hai had fingered her and it felt exceptional.

Eager as she was, Narelle couldn't help pausing for a moment as he finally pushed all the way in just to savour the feeling of being fully penetrated. It was unlike anything she'd ever experience; pleasurable yes but there was something more, something primal that tickled the bestial part of her brain that was made only to eat, sleep and fuck. She was just about to roll her hips and get her new lover moving when there was a thump at the door, it sounded like something heavy was pressing against it.

A moment later there was a click and the cabin door swung open and there was Hai, a young man of her own wrapped around her like a koala. His legs around her wide waist as those long legs stumbled over the threshold. She and her partner broke apart, pressed up against the wall and Hai's eyes went wide.

“Oh, hi.”

“Hi.” Narelle blinked, her lover was frozen in place, still buried deep inside her.

For a moment there was a beat of awkwardness, the man wrapped around Hai’s waist gave a sheepish smile.

“Daniel.” He introduced, Narelle wasn’t really sure how to respond to that. What was the protocol for greetings when you were literally mid fuck?

She didn’t have much time to think because giggling filled his ears, as well as a thick Latina accent as Peta came practically skipping into the cabin, a young, thin man being dragged behind her; red in the face. She froze in the doorway much like the rest of them.

“Dios mio...”

Narelle couldn’t help it, she giggled.

“Well, if we’re all here anyway, get those beds together!”

“I can do it! Peta taught has been helping me put on the muscles.” The skinny man announced as he pushed the two single beds either side of Narelle together into one giant place for lovemaking.

“Aw, my little Adonis, Jack.” Peta cooed.

“Now, watch and learn.” Narelle grinned, “Where were we, love?”

It seemed her partner had no reservations about company because he pulled back and thrust back in hard. Narelle saw stars.

“Just about here I think.”

Narelle fell back into that primal part of herself and began rolling her hips to meet her lovers, groaning as the burn spread, turning to pure pleasure between her legs. It felt good, but not perfect, there was something else she needed to be truly satisfied; but what? Moans could be heard either side of her and she suddenly realised what was missing. With a grin she

flipped them, almost rolling her poor man into Hai and Daniel as they made out and undressed.

Now she was on top she was back in charge; where she belonged. She set their pace, raising and lowering her hips in a random rhythm that had her lover shuddering and desperate. She would bring him to the edge and then stop for a few moments to simply squeeze him inside her. She wanted to make this last; after all she had a show happening that she wanted to enjoy at the same time.

Hai was slowly being undressed by Daniel, he was acting almost reverently as he pulled down those tight pants and felt along her long legs. She snapped them around him like a venus fly trap and pulled his face toward her open pussy which he eagerly licked. Narelle's own pussy throbbed in response watching Hai shiver and moan. Nobody had done that to her yet and her curiosity burned even more than the stretching sensation between her legs.

"Switch with me." She ordered and all three of them were startled. "You heard me, Hai, get up here and ride my darling man, I want Daniel to eat me out."

She slipped off her lover's cock and gave a whimper at the loss; it would be worth it though to feel a warm tongue between her legs. She was right. As she laid down on the bed and Daniel began to obediently lap at her stretched folds and hole she let out a wail. Her pussy was already too sensitive and his tongue so delicate; it felt beautiful.

Speaking of beautiful, she got to watch as Hai sank down on her former partner's cock and let out a small squeak; even in sex she was a mouse. It was so cute to watch her try and fail to stay in control, biting down on her lip as she was thrust up into, then gasping before clamping her teeth back down to try again.

"She makes the m-most lovely sounds doesn't she?" Peta stammered, red in the face from Jack's fingers slipping in and out of her.

Narelle could smell her juices from here and a hunger formed in her gut, not for food but for...more. Just more of everything.

"Come here." She said sternly, "Now."

Peta shuddered but obeyed, Jack was kneeling at the end of the bed, panting and hard as a rock which gave Narelle an idea. As lovely as it would be to feast on Peta, she could remember how small the straw had felt lying on her tongue. She wanted something more. It

took a little manoeuvring but she managed to get up on her hands and knees so that Peta could position herself behind her and Jack in front.

Within moments she could feel the Latina's tongue between her folds and Jack's cock against her tongue, she was spitroasted between them, all while Daniel sat back and jacked off watching. Narelle let her eyes slide to where Hai and her former lover were, they'd switched positions and he was pounding her into the mattress, his eyes locked with Narelle's. Once they met she couldn't look away, even as her head began to bob up and down along Jack's surprisingly long cock. It slid in and out of her mouth with ease, almost as if she was made for this.

"Ahhhh...oooooh..." Hai was starting to get louder as she was pounded into, her demure little voice getting louder and louder until she wailed to the ceiling. The sound made Peta groan and Narelle felt the vibrations move through her. Peta was shivering now, obviously finger fucking herself into oblivion.

Everybody was groaning and cumming; the air stank of sex and Narelle felt high on it. She came once, then again as Jack fell over the edge and filled her mouth. This was Heaven she was sure of. Who hadn't dreamed of a threesome at least once? Now this was even more than that...what did you ever call sex with a group this big? At what point did something become an orgy? Screw that, she didn't care. All she cared about was pleasure and experiencing as much of it as possible.