

# The Cruise

(By: SoapyLisa)

"I'm dreaming John. I can't believe you talked the Captain into giving us his cabin. I hate to think what you had to offer him to do this."

John remains silent. Then smiling secretively, helps me move in.

"Strange. Every time I walk in the bathroom I getting this feeling that someone is watching me."

"You do have an imagination my love."

"Oh look John! I swear I'm going to soak right now. This charming, old-fashioned, claw-foot bathtub is magnificent! Want to join me? It can easily hold two." I add suggestively.

"You go ahead Lover. I'll join you later. There's something else I want to do."

I strip down rapidly, flinging clothes right and left. "Oh the luxury of this." I yell through the bathroom door. Hmmm. Smell this soap. It has the aroma of Jasmine on a cool tropical breeze." The creamy texture of the soap makes my skin feel like a velvet glove. My oos and ahhs as I soap and soak must finally have gotten John excited, because he strips quickly, and joins me. As soon as he gets in I greedily kiss the sleek wetness of his firm body. He grabs me forcing our lips to meet, and presses a firm, tongue searching kiss upon my hungry lips. We lather each other with our eyes closed. Soaping fingers, toes, breasts, mouths holes in a Bacchus like feast of touch. John's finger wiggling hand between my soapy crotch gets me highly excited, and my body responds with a grinding, thigh gripping self-pleasuring. He takes me from the tub after a quick rinse without bothering to dry me off. My body glistens in the sunlight.

John leads me to the bed still kissing and exploring my body. When he inserts a finger in the tightness of my ass I become so highly aroused I feel like sliding like an otter over his growing mountain. I knell before John and begin sucking his toes, then once saliva slick I quickly insert the big toe in my pussy. As I ride your foot I bite you shoulders, and tongue probe the sweet curves of your ears. As I stand to grind your knee cap for button appeasement I see some artist's brushes and body oil by the nightstand and I pause mystified by their purpose. "What are these for?" I ask.