

Title: Best Cruise Ever

Codes: MFF

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Three days, only three days, but what a three days! My libido is still doing backflips, and my dick gets hard just thinking about it. Three glorious days!

I'd moved to Florida after grad school, at twenty-three, and began hacking into the jungle that is the workplace. Not hacking, exactly, as I'm a programmer, but you know what I mean.

Then, in quick order, first I hook up with Monica, who is twenty-two and up for seemingly anything. A real party girl with a lithe and sexy body and great tits. I'm in heaven. Second, I enter a drawing at my favorite bar for a three-day booze cruise – and I win! Third and fourth, Monica agrees to come on the cruise and persuades me to let her pay a little extra so her nineteen-year-old sister, Darbi, can come along.

Yes, I was aghast initially at the idea of the little sister tagging along. Absolutely horrified, in fact. "Relax," Monica said, "she won't really be sharing the room with us. Within an hour or two she'll have glommed onto some guy and we'll never see her again." So I relaxed.

Darbi did glom onto a guy, me, instantly upon meeting me. Only I didn't know it. Darbi and I met when Monica and I drove to the apartment house where the Darb was renting space while attending community college (and getting away from their parents' watchful eyes.)

Monica is a brunette, about five-foot-five, with a classic Hollywood girl-next-door nose, smooth and exceedingly skin, and lips that are forever half-parted in a mysterious proto-smile. Darbi bounded out her apartment door with the same sexy body, blond and blue highlights on the same brunette hair, pierced nose, pierced eyebrows, and the same half-cocked smile.

The smile exploded when she saw me. "Hi!" she said as I put her small suitcase in the rear of my SUV. "Thanks for letting me come." Then she hugged me, giving my ass a quick pat and my lips a kiss with a hint of tongue. She was an inch shorter than her sister, but lacked nothing in personality.

Once finally aboard the booze cruise, Darbi disappeared in search of

hunks, as her sister had promised. Monica and I ordered drinks, had lunch, explored the ship, and eventually ended up on the lido deck, around the pool, for the sail-away party. The only time we saw Darbi was at the safety briefing. So everything was going great.

Or not. We headed to the room about midnight for some get-a-room activity when Darbi popped in. We were on the bed making out when the Darb monster popped in and turned on the light.

As I pulled a sheet over my naked ass, Monica let loose: "What the fuck, Darbi! You promised you'd find someone to sleep with IN ANOTHER CABIN!"

"Everyone on this ship is coupled-up already or they're gay."

"So sleep with a lesbo, but not here!"

"No can do," Darbi replied, and started shedding her clothes. She was naked in record time and then, ignoring the nice second bed, a converted couch, she slid under the sheet covering me and said, "Move over." I scooted over, wondering what the hell was happening.

"Darbi, you slut!" Monica said, but that was followed by giggles from both women. No sooner had Darbi stretched out than she kissed me, ran her hand down my torso, and grabbed my dick. Seconds later, she slid down the bed and popped my dick in her mouth, just after loudly whispering, "O yum!"

Monica resumed snogging me, with time-outs for an occasional hickie nip or earlobe suck. She could tell from my breathing and the stiffening of my body that Darbi's ministrations were going to produce an explosion soon. "Enough, Darbi," she said loudly, and in one motion mounted me like a cowgirl. I felt Darbi's hands caressing my buttocks, and – bingo! – then her hands guided my johnson to its proper place at the entrance of her sister's sex.

The Darb played with my balls as we fucked, then slid up and began fingering her sister's clit and tits. "Go, girl, go," she said. Monica was working hard, and kissing me as she humped. That wonderful, undeniable feeling of inevitability started percolating in my groin. Darbi had great sex antenna, for as soon as the perking started, she shouted, "Switch!"

Monica rolled off as Darbi rolled on, and this time it was Monica's hand putting my cock in the cowgirl's cunt. I didn't last long.

The giggling sisters apologized as soon as I relaxed from my cum. "This really wasn't supposed to happen," Darbi said. "I thought I was going to spend the cruise sharing Hank, this guy from school, but his girlfriend's a prude and wouldn't let me in their cabin."

Monica filled me in later: The two sisters had been double-teaming guys for a few years, but had vowed to stop, at least for the cruise. So much for resolutions. For my part, while I liked Monica as a girlfriend, I was quite willing to trade her girlfriendship for a three-day threesome.

After that night, we fucked and sucked for the rest of the cruise. And that was the end of our relationships, twosome and threesome.

Turned out, the girls never continued with a guy after a threesome, because they knew he could not be trusted as a one-on-one boyfriend, as he'd always be looking for another tumble with the other sister.

Knowing their history, I don't know of any guy who would trust them not to go absolutely wild behind his back. I know I wouldn't. But it was one hell of a cruise!

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Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net