**On the Ferry**

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It takes about two hours for the ferry to get from Cedar Island to Ocracoke, the southernmost village on North Carolina's Outer Banks. We got to the terminal in time for the 7:30 am ferry, boarded, and climbed to the sun deck while the boat pulled away from the dock. It was a beautiful May morning: partly cloudy, but with a warm sun sparkling on the water.  
  
The gentle breeze coming over the stern was just enough to lift my dress a little. Sir had ordered me to wear it, a gauzy white cotton slip-dress that bares most of my breasts, cupping them and showing my nipples as dark shadows. He had forbidden underwear, so I wore only the dress, and a pair of sandals. I was very conscious that the skirt was short enough to expose my cheeks—and when the wind lifted the dress a little, my pussy flashed into view as well. I wanted to hold the skirt down, but Sir wouldn't let me. He held my hand, and ordered me to put the other on the rail. I knew that anybody looking up from the main deck could see everything—and the thought excited me. I moistened, and parted my legs a bit, enjoying the cool breeze between my legs and hoping....  
  
Looking down we could see the car from an unusual point of view. White except for the dark square of moon roof, It was bigger than those around it, and seemed more graceful as well. Looking out we could see the water of Pamlico Sound, with the occasional whitecap. But after a while the water lost its sparkle. It darkened as the light dimmed, and we could feel the first drops of rain.  
  
"Let's get in the car," Sir said, and we trotted down to the main deck and made our way between the cars. By the time we got to it the rain was coming down insistently and we jumped inside laughing. Looking up, I could see the sundeck: it was deserted, and blurred by the raindrops making patterns on the windows.  
  
But Sir had his hand on the back of my head, urging me toward his lap. I unzipped him and gently took his cock out. The tube was soft and warm in my fingers, and I leaned down and took it in my mouth, caressing it with my tongue and feeling it grow harder. I sucked gently...I love the feeling of a cock getting hard in my mouth, getting longer and firmer until it stands up eagerly. Sir sighed. He liked what I was doing, and I moved faster, taking him deeper and deeper until he was all the way down my throat. I savored the feeling, even as I worked. I could taste him, and his thickness filled me. I moved faster, pausing at the top occasionally to take a breath, then swooping down to fuck him with my throat.  
  
I knew when he was ready—I always do. I pulled back while the first thick spurts coated my mouth, then went as deep as I could. Mouth pressed against his pubic mound I felt him jump as he pumped cum down my throat, then tremble as he came down. I carefully cleaned his cock, tasting him, loving the flavor of his cum.... "Good work, Slut." I looked up and Sir was smiling. "Now lie back: it's your turn. The windows were still blurry with the rain; I leaned back, spreading my legs for his hand. He stroked my thighs and my belly, "gentling" me, as he would say, then slid a finger past my clit, making me jump, and into the slit between my pussy lips.  
  
"You're wet," he said. "Does sucking my cock make you wet?"  
  
Of course it did! And the taste of his cum would stay with me, keeping me aroused even if he were somewhere else. But the slow, gentle feel of his fingers sliding in my wetness lifted me on a wave of pleasure. I closed my eyes, only half aware that the rain had stopped, and dreamed.  
  
Dreamed of people watching me as Sir fucked me. Dreamed of cocks spurting impossible amounts of cum on my face and in my mouth. Dreamed of being held down by an anonymous stranger while another anonymous stranger fucked me. Dreamed... and lifted my hips to meet the insistent pounding of Sir's palm against my clit as his fingers stretched my cunt. Moaned and thrust back against him. Gasped, then moaned again as the pleasure mounted.  
  
And cried "Yessss!" as a bubble burst and I felt the spasms of my orgasm atop the waves of pleasure.  
  
It was when the waves of orgasm were subsiding that I opened my eyes. The rain had passed. The windows were now clear again, and as my eyes unglazed I looked up to see the startled eyes of a group of people on the sun deck watching me come down...as they had watched me cum under Sir's hand.  
  
A little later, when we climbed back up to the sun deck, they stared at us, envious. It made my skin seem more sensitive, and I could feel every subtle movement of my body. They had seen me cum under Sir's hand, but they didn't know about the flavor of him, still in my mouth.