The Layover

By wrathofwilde

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Making the Ground Zero Club

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You're working on my instructions and they are to be followed to the letter:

We're taking a trip together and I've managed a stopover in Chicago so that we meet and fly on the same plane. A half hour before my flight is due to arrive, you go into the bathroom and remove the dildo from your bag. You're to drop your pants and open your legs and slide it into your cunt and pull up your snug black jeans to hold it into place.

You're wearing a deep red blouse where the lacy edges of a black bra peek out at the v-neck. The black jeans and the red shirt are nicely matched by those fancy French red-bottomed pumps on your feet. As instructed, you begin the long walk from the end of the terminal to the far end, where my plane will be landing. Do you remember what I told you? "No tram. No moving sidewalks. Just you, walking the entire length of the terminal, while the dildo torments your cunt."

You've only passed a couple of gates, and your pussy is already purring while your breath is quickening. You look down the terminal - your destination is still far out of sight - and you wonder if you should regret ever having told me your fantasy of walking in public with a dildo in your pussy.

As you walk, the sensation builds, your cunt juice continues to flow. You try to distract yourself from the growing heat in your pussy. You think about the time that I tied you face down on the bed, wrists and ankles cuffed to the posts at the corner. You recollect how I spanked you until your ass was as bright as the fuck-me red on the bottom of your shoes. Your memory reminds your consciousness that you'd disobeyed me, and needed to be punished. This time you wouldn't make that mistake - you was being sure to follow every step to the letter.

Your cunt pulsed in time to your steps, and you looked up at the signs overhead. Gate 15. Only 60 more to go.

Gate by gate, you walk along the terminal. You look into the shops as you pass, looking for clothing that you might find appealing, or some implement of pleasure or pain hiding in plain sight. Every time

your breath starts to accelerate you fear you might come and remember the consequences. Blushing lipstick red from your memories with me you proceed onward.

At last, long last, you get to your gate. Just in time, too - my plane has just taxied up to the gate. It won’t be long until the passengers start to unload. Your cell phone beeps. “Are you ready?” reads the text message. Hands shaking, legs weak with desire, your pussy pulsing relentlessly, you text three letters back - "yes".

And then the door to gate opens and the passengers disembark. Your head bobs in search of me when you spot me, standing in front of the gate and quickly step up to me with a kiss trying not to make it obvious that you have a dildo inside of you. Is it obvious that you’ve been on the edge of coming for a half hour, and wet for days?

Without stopping for an embrace, I take your hand and tell you to follow me. You're pulled into one of the private “family” bathrooms, the door is quickly locked and you're bent over the sink. I pull your jeans and thong down to your ankles, and you step out of them, pausing for just a moment to put your shoes back on. Then I pull the dildo out of your cunt, and throw it God knows where in the bathroom, and my cock slides into the wet, dripping space it has left.

I drive into you, hard, and your moans get so loud I need to clamp a hand over your mouth. A few more thrusts, and you feel my cock spasm and my semen fills your cunt and bathes your cervix. My hands turn you around, then prompt you down on your knees, where you clean the mixture of my cum and your cunt juice off my cock. I step away and pull up your pants.

“Hurry up and get dressed, slut - we have a plane to catch.”