All my life's a circuit

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How my life changed when I decided to learn how to fly a glider.

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All my life’s a circuit – Preface

This story just exploded into my head at 1.30 in the morning after a walk down the landing (you older guys know what I mean) and the glowing sockets in the wall got my brain working. It’s a long one 12,000 plus words (especially for the female readers who like a story that develops a relationship) in order to write something more than a “quick fuck” story. For those of you who want to cut to the sex action then I suggest you start reading at “Chapter 10 - Debrief” but you’ll miss hours of research. My apologies to the great Harry Chapin for paraphrasing his wonderful song “All my life’s a circle” I hope I learn to tell a story as wonderfully as he could, and to music, before I die. Finally, before I get underway I’d like to point out that any inaccuracies in the technical content of this story are probably because it’s entirely fictional! I’m sure one of my readers will know more about the detail of flying a glider than I do. So if you’re sitting comfortably for a longer than normal Lush story then I’ll begin….

Chapter 1 – Pre Flight Checks

I graduated from the Hatfield Polytechnic now renamed the University of Hertfordshire, in Hatfield with an HND in Aerospace Design, specialising in aerodynamics. Having been born under the take off route of Handley Page’s factory at Park Street, I had always loved aeroplanes, my earliest memories being the roar of the V bombers taking off over my pram, so I suppose I was always destined to follow a flight path, if you’ll excuse the pun.

During my time at University I had worked for British Aerospace at Hatfield on the BA146 Whisper Jet and been fortunate enough to witness its maiden flight during one of my placements in the airframe shop. Having secured a job with British Aerospace on gaining my qualification I soon became

something of an aircraft geek. Obviously I had a good knowledge of aircraft and the four key forces acting on them, Thrust, Drag, Lift and Weight but my experience of flying was negligible. I guess I was all theoretical and no practical when it came to flying.

Four years on from graduation I could finally afford to move out of the family home, much to my parent's delight, and I purchased a small two bedroom flat in nearby St. Albans, disposable income was in short supply; but I longed to fly. I made a couple of calls to enquire about learning. It was a choice between the London School of Flying, based at Elstree, a few miles to the south of St. Albans or the London School of Gliding, to the north, between Dunstable and Ivinghoe. As my salary would never stretch to the cost of gaining a Private Pilot's Licence I let my wallet make the choice over my heart.

So it was that on a bright Saturday morning in early May that I headed north in my white Ford Fiesta out of St. Albans on Watling Street, the old Roman Road that spears north west from London towards Birmingham before heading west towards north Wales. Between Markyate and Dunstable I took the left turn up onto the Chilterns and, after a short drive by the entrance to Whipsnade Zoo the road dropped away, just at the end of the Zoo's main fencing, down the appropriately named Bison Hill, a large area that was home to a small heard of Bison, offering fine views of small villages and churches towards the north. On reaching the small roundabout at the bottom of the hill, I turned right towards Dunstable and the London School of Gliding.

A short distance after the roundabout I turned right into the entrance of the LSG, the low hangars ahead were dwarfed by the chalky white Chilterns rising up behind them and I confess to feeling more than a little excitement at what lay ahead. I parked my car in the car park, walked across the cinder path and entered to main office of the Gliding School.

The office was not big, in fact it was hardly bigger than a broom cupboard, a desk faced the door and three chairs were either side of the door facing the desk. In a rack on the left hand wall there were magazines relating to all things flying, some, I noted, dating back more than twenty years. A blackboard on the right hand wall had the date on the top left and two columns of names. I didn't look at the list in detail, I was not sure if I should even be in the office on my own. There was no one sitting at the desk but the sign on the front proclaimed that the normal occupant was one Robert Moore, Chief Instructor. There was a small brass call bell on the corner of the desk that was strewn with various papers and forms.

I rang the bell.

Nothing. I waited for maybe 30 seconds.

I rang the bell again.

Still nothing. Another 30 second wait

I rang it a third time.

All hell broke lose!

“All right, All right, I’m bloody coming,” came a booming voice from an even smaller room behind the office. A man in his late fifties wearing flight overalls with the name Moore above the left breast pocket shuffled into the room, seeing me standing by his desk he mumbled something that sounded a lot like “Bloody impatient kids, always in a hurry.” Which I’m quite sure I was meant to hear.

“Yes, what do you want?” a very grouchy Mr Moore asked.

“I’m here for my first gliding lesson.” I replied rather nervously.

He studied a diary on the desk “Name?” he asked.

“Robert, Robert Clarke” I replied. “Clarke with an E”

He studied the diary again and found my name amongst a list of five names. Why it took him so long I have no idea but perhaps he was trying to make a point about me being in a hurry.

“Right, Mister Clarke, with an E” he said as he put a tick next to my name, “take a seat, you have some forms to fill in and some money to pay.”

I stood in front of the desk expecting to be handed the forms.

“Are you deaf, Mister Clarke?” said Mr Moore, “I said take a seat.”

“Sorry, yes of course.” I sat down and watched as this cantankerous man searched through papers on his desk and shuffled between desk and filing cabinet gathering a sheaf of papers. I was starting to think that perhaps I had made the wrong decision and should have spent my hard earned money at Elstree Airfield when the outer office door opened and a man in his mid thirties walked in.

“Morning Bobby,” he said in a chirpy voice, “how’s your bum for spots?”

“Fuck off Jack,” said Mr Moore “and don’t call me Bobby, it’s not funny after the ten millionth time.”

I smiled; Bobby Moore was one of the heroes of our 1966 football World Cup winning team. Mr Moore glared at me. “If you plan to learn to fly here then never, and I do mean never, call me Bobby.” He said to me. I nodded and the smile left my lips.

Jack looked at the blackboard “Is he mine?” he asked Mr Moore.

“No,” get yourself a coffee, “I’ll give you a shout when yours arrives.”

Jack left the office and as the door closed behind him I looked again at the blackboard.

I noticed my name was on the left hand column, third one down out of five.

I counted down the right hand column three names.

Oh hell, I thought to myself, just my luck. The third name down on the right was Moore. I consoled myself with the fact that as he was the chief instructor then I would be getting the best teaching and sat patiently waiting the forms.

Five minutes later I was handed a clipboard and six forms. The forms related to my current state of physical and mental health, insurance waivers, liabilities and legal waffle that required boxes ticked and forms signed and dated.

The last one on the pile was my enrolment form for the London School of Gliding. I read the form and confirmed that my instructor would be Grouchy Moore but whoever had typed it seemed to have made a small mistake and instead of Mister they had typed Miss.

I signed the form, wrote the cheque for the cost of the first three lessons and decided to keep quiet about the typo. It might just be the sort of thing that sours the already frail relationship between teacher and pupil, somewhat more than my impatience had already!

I passed the clipboard with all the forms and the cheque backed to the grouch and sat again while he filed the various completed forms and finally put the cheque in a metal tin on the desk.

I sat quietly for another ten minutes as three more students came in, got their names ticked off in the diary, paid for their lessons and walked out to the now busy airfield. The phone on the desk rang. Grouch picked it up and listened. “OK, see you in a few minutes.” And he hung up. Turning to me he said, “There’s one more new student due, are you OK to wait?”

I saw this as a great opportunity to win favour with my instructor. “No problem, as long as you need.” I replied.

He gave me a sideways look and continued sorting papers.

Less than two minutes later the outer door of the office opened and I turned to see the last student enter. She had blue eyes, blonde shoulder length hair; she was 5 foot 7 inches tall and had perfectly proportioned 32-inch double D cup breasts. I reckoned she was a dress size 8 shoe size 6 and to my trained eye I would have to say aerodynamically perfect! She wore an all in one jump suit, unzipped at the front to show her ample cleavage.

My engineering eye had been trained to register the smallest details of airframes and I had just seen the most perfect design for the first time and better still there were no rings on her fingers. My mouth hung open and she smiled at me as she wiggled her hips towards the desk.

Grouch didn’t look up. I was sure that when he did this would cheer him up though, such a beautiful girl and every inch of her was pure pleasure to the eye. I was right. He looked up and smiled, I’d wager, for the first time that morning. It seemed to me that I was about to be bumped by my instructor in favour of a more desirable student.

“Morning Dad, how are you today?” she asked.

Dad? Did she just say Dad?

“All the better for seeing you babe, how was your mother this morning?” The Grouch was now quite animated.

“A bit of a headache, probably overdid the gin on the cornflakes, but apart from that pretty much OK.”

Pointing at me the grouch said, “This one’s yours.”

I smiled, but had no idea what he meant.

She offered me her hand “You must be Robert Clarke,” she said, “my name is Katy, Katy Moore.”

Chapter 2 – Take up slack

It took a moment for my brain to unscramble the information before me. I used the brief time to take in more detail of her beautiful face. “Hi Katy,” I said, trying not to grin, “are you my instructor then?”

“Of course,” she said “didn’t it say Miss Moore on the form you just signed?” She turned to her father “Not very observant this one, we’ll have to watch him on the circuit.”

Her father chuckled and returned to his paperwork, signing a form I think.

“Come on then flyboy we need to start your first lesson.” And with that she turned, opened the door and walked out of the office. I followed her a few moments later expecting to see her heading for the airfield but instead she had turned directly right and was walking towards a Portakabin by the side of the main hangar.

I was confused. The gliders were lined up to the left of the office, canted over on their port wing tips, and a single engine high winged tow aircraft was rolling across the airfield ready to cable up to another glider for launch.

Katy turned “Come on, this way.” I was about six feet behind her and my eyes had rested on her wiggling hips. Well actually, if I had to tell the truth, it was her shapely bum that was filling my field of vision. Suddenly it started getting bigger.

She’d stopped and I’d nearly rear-ended her! We were at the door to the Portakabin and she unlocked the door with the keys that she had been getting from her pocket just as I was closing in on her shapely behind.

“In here flyboy.” She said as she opened the door.

She entered the room and switched on the light and bent down to switch on a small blower heater, the room was cold and I shivered slightly. The cabin was set out like a schoolroom; there were three tables with chairs pushed beneath them and, in front of them, a white board and a selection of different coloured pens. She walked to a cupboard that was by the opposite wall and took out a pad and a pencil and put them on the middle of the three tables. “Sit there.” She said. Not even a please I thought, clearly mood swings were commonplace in the Moore family.

I pulled out a chair and sat at the table watching Katy as she cleaned the white board. She really did have a most lovely bum and I started a little dream fantasy playing in my head.

“Right flyboy,” she said, and I snapped out of my erotic fantasy, “before you get in an aircraft with me we heed to go through some of the basics of flying a glider.” She picked up the blue marker and put it to her lips. My fantasy was about to kick in again when she bit the top, I winced, and she pulled the cap off with her teeth. Ouch, I thought, that’s got to hurt.

Again I snapped out of my fantasy and pencil in hand pulled the pad of paper towards me to make notes.

“You’ll find it easier to take notes once I’ve explained the basics.” She said, clearly not for the first time to an over eager student.

“Sorry Miss Moore,” I said, “I’m keen to impress.”

Katy smiled and her face softened. “You’ll impress me if you go solo in under twenty lessons.” She said, adding, “Do it in 15 lessons and I’ll give you a kiss.” She smiled at me for a moment; I must have glazed over at the thought of a kiss from Katy, “You’ll never do it.” She said, breaking the spell. “Oh, and please call me Katy.”

Full of bravado and the prospect of a kiss I cheekily asked what I would get if I went solo after 12 lessons. Katy laughed out loud. “That’s impossible. But OK, do it in 12 lessons and I’ll share your bed for the night.” And with that she started to draw the outline of an aircraft on the white board.

“Have you flown an aircraft before flyboy?” she asked, her back towards me as she drew the tail fin.

“No, not really,” I replied, “I had a couple of air experience flights in a Chipmunk while I was at school but apart from that no.”

“Right, then we’ll start with the basics.” She continued, “can you tell me the four forces that act on an aircraft in flight?”

“Would that be thrust, drag, weight, and lift, Miss Moore?” I asked with a broad smile on my face.

Katy turned to me and smiled, “My, we are motivated aren’t we?” she said and handing me the white board marker she continued “Perhaps you could show me how those forces act on the aircraft I have drawn on the whiteboard?”

Taking the pen from her hand, I pushed my chair back and walked around the table to the white board. I drew four arrows around the aircraft all pointing towards the airframe, one to the front, one to the back, one from below and one from above. “Drag acts to slow the aircraft down” I said and by the front arrow I wrote the word Drag. “Weight pushes the aircraft down by gravity,” I continued and by the top arrow wrote Weight, “Thrust pushes the aircraft forward,” and I wrote Thrust by the back arrow “and finally Lift, pushing the aircraft up on pressure differential airflow.” and by the bottom arrow I wrote the word Lift. I handed the pen back to a silent Katy and returned to my chair with rather a

smug grin on my face.

“Very Good flyboy, I’m impressed. Let’s see how much you know about real flying shall we?”

I nodded and tried not to smile. For some reason I felt that kiss was in the bag already.

“Circuits.” Said Katy, “Can you name the legs of a circuit?”

“Take off, crosswind, downwind, base leg and finals.” I replied, as Katy looked surprised.

“Is that for a left hand or a right hand circuit?” She asked.

A trick question, I had her on the ropes and we’d only been going five minutes.

“It’s the same for a left or a right hand circuit.” I replied.

Katy started to smile again “Good to see you’ve been doing some homework; I may have to reconsider my earlier statement regarding that kiss.” She said.

The lesson continued for another fifteen minutes and I was clearly impressing the beautiful Katy with my knowledge of all things flight related. Finally though, as my pride was brimming to the top the question came that would prove to be my first major fall.

“Right flyboy,” she started, “Can you tell me the pre flight checks for a glider?”

I so wanted to know the answer I almost blurted out “Ignition” but managed to stop myself. Katy looked at me “I’m waiting.” She teased.

“I’m really sorry, I have no idea.” I finally said and I felt the ground open up and swallow me.

“At last, I’ve got you on the back foot.” It was Katy’s turn to look smug now.

I had made some small notes on my pad but the doodle on the top of the page of a heart with an arrow through it and an R on the left and a K on the right. Kate had walked up to the table while I studied my doodle. “What’s that?” she asked pointing at the doodle.

“Nothing,” I replied, and like a naughty schoolboy I blushed.

Katy studied the doodle and then quietly said “In your dreams flyboy in your dreams.” She turned and

walked back to the blackboard. Cleaning the various diagrams off the board and wrote a strange word down from the top left hand side. It read CBSITCB.

“Right,” she said, “Have a guess what each one of those stand for.”

The first word that came into my mind that started with C was not going to be a pre flight check for a glider; I was hopelessly out of my depth. “urm…” I offered.

“There’s no U in on the list.” Came Katy’s sarcastic reply, accompanied by a smug smile. “Right,” she said, “I’ll take you through them, write them down and I’ll ask you every time we get in a glider from now on.” She bent her head down to me so that our noses almost touched. “Get it wrong and you can kiss goodbye to a kiss.”

I nodded to show I understood.

“C is for Controls.” She started. “When you get into the aircraft be sure to move the control column forward, back and side to side and check to see that the elevators and ailerons are functioning and,” she added, “Don’t forget the rudder pedal for the tail. Get one of the ground-crew to check that.”

I made a note on my pad.

“B is for Brakes.”

I don’t know why but I laughed at the thought of a glider having brakes. “Why are you laughing Robert?” Katy asked.

“I couldn’t quite see how the brake thing might happen in a glider. I mean in a piston or jet engine I get the idea for taxiing, but gliders don’t taxi do they?”

Katy smiled. “There you go again, power boy, thinking you know about aircraft.” I was suitably scolded.

“Air brakes,” continued Katy, “ are like flaps really, they slow you down as you’re coming into land but you can use them anywhere in the circuit if you need to lose height and slow the aircraft.”

I made a further note on my pad.

“S is for Straps, we don’t like to lose students from gliders so we ask you to check you’re securely strapped in.”

I wrote like a good student should.

“I is for Instruments – you will see an altimeter, a turn and slip indicator and an air speed indicator in addition to an inclinometer and a compass. Check to make sure they work.”

I ventured a question “How do I check them?” I asked.

“Tap them, if the needle or bubble moves you’re good to go.” was Katy’s quick reply.

“T is for Trim,” she continued “there is a trim wheel which moves a weight around the centre of gravity of the aircraft; I shall set it when we’re flying but you will need to re-trim the aircraft when you fly solo.”

My note pad was filling up and I scribbled the information down as best I could.

“The second C is for Canopy.” She continued, “Make sure the canopy is closed and secure.” I nodded and thought about being closed and secure with Katy. “We don’t want it flying off at two thousand feet and taking out one of Whipsnade’s bison now do we?”

The thought of a bison being struck by a falling piece of Perspex did amuse me, for all of about a second until I realised that Katy wasn’t smiling.

“Finally the second B, Ballast.” At this point she drew breath. “In the unlikely event that you ever get to fly solo then you will need to ensure that a ballast weight is placed in the nose of the aircraft to compensate for a lack of instructor.” She finished.

I put my hand up to ask a question.

“Yes?” she asked.

“I’m going for the dozen” I said and smiled at her.

She shook her head slowly “You have no chance at all flyboy.” And with that she declared the first lesson over, we would be going out to the airfield for my first flight in ten minutes and she advised that I make myself comfortable.

Chapter 3 – All out

The male toilets were in the main hangar and I decided to avail myself of the facilities. I entered the

toilet and closed the door; on the back of the door was a lovely calendar, 12 pictures of beautiful naked women taken by some photographer called David Chatto. I'd never heard of him but he seemed to know how to show off a sexy girl. I took a leak and decided that I didn't have time to pleasure myself before my flight and as I left the cubicle said, "Maybe next time David." in the general direction of the calendar.

As I left the hangar I could see Katy standing by one of the gliders on the grass airstrip; she had a look on her face that suggested she didn't like being kept waiting. As I approached she looked at her watch. "You haven't been jerking yourself off have you?" she asked.

I blushed.

"I know about that rude calendar in the boy's toilet," she said "Dad got it from a family friend and mum wouldn't let him keep it at home, that's why it's here."

I almost stopped blushing.

"Right, take a walk around the aircraft with me flyboy." She said and took me by the hand.

"What are we looking for?" I asked.

"We're looking to make sure that all the moveable control surfaces are moveable and that all the static surfaces are static." She said somewhat sarcastically.

"Fine, I only asked." I replied.

I confess that I enjoyed holding hands with Katy, she was elegant, sexy and now very definitely in her element, this girl was born to fly.

Katy bent down and surveyed the underside of the aircraft and then, finally, checked the pitot head was clear. "It looks like we're ready to go," she said, "Strap yourself into the front seat flyboy."

I gingerly climbed over the side of the cockpit and lowered myself into the front seat of the aircraft. Katy would take her seat behind me and fly the aircraft from there. I buckled myself in and waited for her to join me in the cockpit. She walked to the side of the aircraft and leant over to check my straps, her golden hair fell over her shoulders and I caught a glimpse of her cleavage. I sighed.

"Are you alright?" she asked, looking up from the straps to my face, inches from hers.

“Fine, all good.” I said, as a bulge started to develop in the front of my trousers.

She reached down towards my groin and I truly thought she was going to touch me. Well actually, if I’m honest, I truly hoped she was going to touch me.

She pulled on the straps and almost cut me in half as the webbing pulled into my genitals.

“There,” she said, “That should stop you moving about.”

With that she swung her leg over the side of the rear cockpit and settled into the rear seat.

Having tightened her own straps she signalled to the ground crew to pull us forward to the launch point.

The crew lifted the wing so that we were now sitting upright and started pushing us forward into the field.

“Ok flyboy, PFC’s please?” Katy’s voice came from behind me.

PFC’s? What was she talking about? “Sorry, I missed that?” I said back to her.

“Pre-flight checks” I could hear her sigh as she said it “You can remember can’t you?”

I was so taken with actually being in the front seat of a glider that I could hardly remember my name, let alone the pre-flight checks.

“Ballast.” I offered.

“Bollocks.” She said.

She then went through the list again, calling them out and performing the checks. “Next time we stay on the ground until you get them right.” She said.

Suitably chastised I tried to recall the list in sequence.

The glider was rolled forward and positioned for a 270, due west, launch. A cable was attached to a hook beneath the glider by the ground crew and I heard Katy speak into her short wave radio. “Take up the slack” she said.

I had expected to see the tow plane in front of me but it was nowhere in sight.

I watched ahead as the cable snaking away in front of me became taught and aircraft jumped forward.

“All out” Katy said into her radio.

At that moment I suddenly realised that I was shit scared.

Chapter 4 – Launch

I can’t recall what exactly happened next. I think we started moving forward, accelerating rapidly, the single wheel bouncing over the grass. It was like sitting on a skateboard going down a cobble street. We bumped along for a few seconds before the control column between my legs shot backwards and nearly struck my genitals. Next thing I know I’m looking at the sky, no horizon, no trees, just sky and I have a feeling like I’m going up in one of those high speed lifts.

I could hear the wind whistle around the canopy but nothing else.

After a while the aircraft rate of ascent started to decrease and I looked at the altimeter. Somehow we managed to get from ground level to just less than 1000 feet without me taking a breath.

As the aircraft started to be pulled back to straight and level flight I heard Katy call into her radio “Cable away.” With a bang the nose of the aircraft lurched up, released by the cable and the weight of the cable, to fly free. We were gliding.

“OK flyboy? You’re very quiet.”

“Wow” was about all I could manage.

Katy levelled the aircraft and set the attitude into a gentle glide.

“OK,” she said, “we got a good launch of just over 1000 feet, we’re good for a circuit. Put you hand on the control column and feel the movements I make.”

I took hold of the column.

“Not so tight,” came the voice from behind me, “It’s not your cock.”

“Sorry,” I said and loosened my grip.

“Put your feet lightly on the rudder pedals.” Katy instructed.

I did so and could feel the strength of her legs pushing against mine.

“I just want you to feel the controls as they move, don’t push against them, let me show you how to handle this baby.” Katy was really in her element now.

I felt the control move and the aircraft gently moved into a graceful left turn.

“You will lose between 50 and 100 feet on every turn you make so we’re turning into crosswind now and we have nine fifty on the clock.”

The altimeter read 950 feet and the attitude placed the nose just below the horizon. I couldn’t help look around and admire the view. I was not here for that apparently.

“You have control” came Katy’s voice from the rear of the cockpit.

“I have control” I replied.

Oh shit. We had completed the turn into the crosswind leg but I had no idea what I was supposed to be doing. The nose started to rise and the sound of the wind over the cockpit reduced.

“Keep doing that flyboy and we’ll stall.” Said Katy quietly; “I suggest you push the nose down about 5 degrees so we stay airborne.”

I pushed the control column forward and watched as the airspeed picked up. We were on a slight decent and level but my mind was in overload. I hadn’t expected to be flying a glider on my first day out.

Katy clearly enjoyed being on the capability high ground.

“I have control” she said and I felt the control push against my hand and feet. I relaxed my grip and tried to calm my nerves.

“We’re turning downwind now,” Katy called, “This is the most important leg after finals.” she said.

The noise of the wind decreased markedly as we turned to run with the wind. The Chiltern Hills just

off our starboard side looked close enough to touch. I held the control column with the slightest of pressure, half expecting Katy to pass back control. It never happened.

We turned onto the base leg and I looked down at the airfield to our port side. I wondered if we had enough height to make it back for a safe landing.

Moments later we turned onto final approach, and there seemed to be a lot of land and not much sky in my vision. I hoped that Katy knew what she was doing.

I stopped breathing, we were headed for a hedge on the perimeter of the field, and we were going to take an impact on my first ever glider flight. I looked at the air speed indicator and we were travelling at 70 knots. I couldn't help thinking that neither of us would walk away from this landing.

At the moment when my life should have started flashing in front of my eyes the world was suddenly full of sky and I felt us lift over the hedge with feet to spare. Katy deployed the air brakes and we gracefully touched down at exactly the point on the grass where all the other gliders had been landing.

I think Katy must have heard me exhale.

"Are you OK?" she asked.

"I'm alive." I replied, "I'll take that just now."

I heard her laugh as we came to a halt and the port wing dropped to the ground. The ground crew were with us in a moment and re positioning the aircraft. I started to undo my straps.

"Not so fast flyboy, we're going again." I heard from behind. "Now, give me those Pre-flights and make it snappy, we don't want to have a queue form behind us."

"Controls, brakes, straps, instruments," I paused, "canopy," I was stuck on the last two.

"Trim and Ballast" Katy called from behind me clearly enjoying making me feel like a real novice.

With military precision the cable was attached to the bottom of the aircraft and I heard "Take up slack" from behind me.

"All out" rumble, rumble, sky, nothing but sky, stomach left on ground, nose pulling down "Cable gone." There followed the gentle sound of wind on canopy and a chuckle from behind me.

“You have control flyboy.”

“I have control.”

I took the controls and started to fly.

“Treat her gently” I heard from behind me. “Like a lover. Feel her move beneath you and feel how she moves to your touch.”

I concentrated hard.

“Now make a left turn through 90 degrees. When we complete the turn the compass should be showing that we have a heading of one eight zero.”

I made a slow and controlled turn and eased the aircraft back into level flight as the compass showed 180.

“Good job flyboy, think you can do another into 90 degrees?”

“I’ll try.” I replied

“We die if you fail” the voice from behind me said coldly.

That sort of remark has a way of concentrating the mind.

I made the turn gently, feeling the airframe flex as it banked left and as the compass showed 90 I levelled the aircraft and commenced the downwind leg.

“Nose down three degrees or we’ll stall” came the voice from behind. “When you go downwind you naturally lose lift, the airflow over the wing is reduced and therefore you need to compensate by putting the nose down a couple of degrees.” She continued.

It was in one ear and out the other. I was sweating and all my senses were in overload. I suddenly had a lot of respect for the beautiful girl sitting behind me.

“I’ll take it into base and finals” she said as we closed in on the turn point for base leg. “I have control.” She said

“You have control.” I replied and for the second time in ten minutes I started breathing again after a very long period of holding my breath.

This time we cleared the perimeter hedge with about fifty feet to spare and Katy brought us down so gently on the air brakes that I was only aware that we were on the ground when the wheels started to rumble on the grass.

Once again the aircraft came to a halt, the wing dropped and the ground crew gathered us up. This time we were pulled back to rejoin the other gliders. “You can unbuckle your straps now.” Katy’s voice called from behind me as she undid the canopy catch and fresh air filled the cockpit.

Once we were back in line with the other gliders and been given the clearance from the ground crew we got out of the cockpit. My legs were like jelly and I was quietly pleased to have my feet on the ground again.

“Did you enjoy that?” Katy asked me.

“That,” I said in a soft voice, “was fucking a-mazing.”

“Steady flyboy.” Katy smiled “I get enough of that language from Dad.”

She smiled at me and turned, “Come on, let’s log the flights with Dad and then we’ll have a drink.”

Katy filled in the flight log for me and I signed it. Two flights gone and 10 to go, she was right, there was no chance of me getting in her knickers by going solo after 12 lessons.

We both went to the clubhouse where Katy ordered a sparkling water and I had a beer. “Three down then flyboy, nine to go.” She joked.

Bloody hell, she was right, 12 lessons was the target and I’d had three not two!

I got out my wallet to pay but Katy had beaten me to it. “Put it on my tab.” She said to the barman, and turning to me she said, “You did a good job today flyboy, you might yet get into my knickers.” With that she winked and turned to leave the room.

“That’s my plan.” I said quietly as I watched her leave the room and finished my beer.

Chapter 5 – Crosswind

Over the next two weekends I had another six lessons. I made sure I'd learned the pre-flight checklist by heart and I took every opportunity to recall the details of the lessons. There was never a more studious pupil.

By the seventh lesson I was taking the aircraft from the top of the launch to just before landing and I was beginning to think I'd got this gliding thing sussed out.

That's when the eight lesson happened.

"This time," announced Katy, "we do cable break procedures."

We lined up for take off as normal and on the "all out" command the aircraft lurched forward as normal. The speed increased and in a moment the stick was back hard against the stops and we were climbing.

Bang.

"Cable break, cable break" came the voice behind me, Katy had pulled the cable release and we were only about 200 feet up.

As instructed I pushed the nose forward and brought the aircraft into a shallow dive as quickly as possible. "Keep it level" I heard from the back.

I pulled on the airbrakes and as the airspeed dropped of I brought the aircraft down to land well before the end of the airfield.

"Well done Robert." I heard from behind me. "Good job."

It was the first time since I'd started flying with Katy that she hadn't called me flyboy. I felt rather pleased with myself.

We carried out another cable break test on lesson nine from 500 feet and I'm pleased to say I got us both down without soiling my underwear. It was close mind.

The following week we couldn't fly, Katy and I sat and talked in the clubhouse as we waited for the weather to improve. "So," started Katy, "Tell me about yourself."

"Well, "I started, "I was born at a very early age." And I grinned at her.

“Don’t be stupid,” she chided, “I want to know about your family and how you got you knowledge of aircraft.”

I told her that I was the youngest of three children and that my Mother and Father had moved from the family home the previous year, shortly after I had moved into St. Albans, to live down in Devon, not far from Topsham on the Exe estuary so that my father could take advantage of the sailing, which he so enjoyed. I told her that I’d enjoyed a good education and studied aerodynamics at Hatfield.

“Ah,” she said, “thus the understanding of so much of the theory.” You’re a sneaky one aren’t you?”

I smiled “I might have had more than two flights in a de Havilland Chipmunk too.” I said and winked at her.

Katy laughed “You’re a very sneaky one, I’ll have to keep an eye on you.”

We talked and laughed all afternoon waiting for the weather to improve, she told me that she lived at home and although she had once had a serious boyfriend he was a banker and didn’t approve of Katy spending every weekend gliding. So she was enjoying the life of a single girl and enjoying life. “A banker?” I said, “Is that rhyming slang?” and we both laughed. I thought to myself, his loss, my potential gain. We had a lovely afternoon and my feelings towards Katy strengthened in the rain of a Bedfordshire afternoon. The weather didn’t improve but my chances of wooing the fair Katy we significantly enhanced.

As I arrived for my tenth lesson the following weekend, Katy greeted me warmly. “Hi Robert, it’s good to see you.” She said, a smile beaming on her face. Clearly my charm offensive the previous week when we’d not been able to fly had paid off.

“What are we doing today?” I asked rather fearing her reply.

“Today,” she replied, “I am the passenger, you are the pilot, my life will be in your hands.”

“Excuse me.” I said nervously and turned for the main hangar. If ever I was close to self-defecation then this was it. I got into the male toilet and only just managed to get my trousers down when the world exited from my backside. That’s how it felt anyway. I’d always wondered why the expression was “shit scared”, now I knew.

I sat looking at the David Chatto Calendar on the back of the door. It was now June and the young lady of the month was a little bit like Katy in looks. I could see why her mother might have objected to the calendar in the house now. “Not now David.” I said as I dropped my gaze to the floor.

Ten minutes later and a rather pale and considerably lighter me walked back to where Katy waited for me. She smiled as I approached and we walked together to the aircraft. As usual I climbed in the front seat and she took her position behind me. I ran through the PFC's and summoned the ground crew. We were positioned ready for launch and the cable attached to the airframe. Squeezing the transmit button on the radio I called "Take up slack" and I saw the cable start to tighten. My stomach started to tighten at almost the same time. As the aircraft jumped forward slightly I pushed then transmit button once more "All Out" and we started to accelerate.

We bumped over the grass and I registered the airspeed increasing in my peripheral vision. As the airspeed hit forty knots I pulled the control column back and the nose lurched into the air. I was taking this beautiful aircraft up to her natural habitat.

Bang

Katy had pulled the cable release and without a thought I pushed the nose forward and regained control, pulling on the airbrakes the aircraft slowed and started a controlled descent and I landed smoothly with about twenty feet of airfield left before the perimeter fence.

I heard Katy exhale as the ground crew arrived to take us back to the launch position.

Chapter 6 – Downwind

I was pleased that I'd used the toilet before the cable break test flight, but probably not as pleased as my local dry cleaners.

Katy was grinning as I looked back at her while we were being recovered to the launch point.

"How am I doing?" I asked.

"Not too bad," she replied "Not to bad at all."

Once again I called the cable commands, and this time as we passed 500 feet going up I guessed that there would be no cable break test. This was my eleventh flight and I need to make it perfect.

We got a great launch, 1100 feet and I proudly pulled the cable release whilst calling "cable gone" into the radio.

I turned the aircraft into a right hand crosswind leg and kept a close eye on the altimeter. As I reached

the point where I would normally turn right and downwind I turned left, into wind, and pulled a complete 180 turn. The airframe danced beneath me and for the first time I felt really in control. I took the full crosswind leg and turned left into downwind with plenty of height to complete the circuit. I maintained the airspeed and within a couple of minutes was making a left onto base leg. Looking all around me for other aircraft on approach I made the turn onto finals and lined up the aircraft to land exactly parallel to the take off strip. Clearing the perimeter hedge with ten feet to spare I pulled on the airbrakes, and as the aircraft came into land I hardly felt the wheel touch the ground. As we slowed to a stop I heard Katy clap from behind me. A slow clap, but hey, I could handle any kind of applause right now.

The ground crew recovered us and started taking us back to the side of the field.

“Are we not going again?” I asked Katy.

“No, she replied.” I need a break.

We climbed out of the aircraft and Katy came and gave me a big hug. “That,” She said, “was fucking a-mazing.” With that she leant forward and kissed me on the lips.

She turned and walked towards the main hangar. “What now?” I called.

She stopped and turned “Now,” she said, “You get to fly my Dad as passenger.”

Chapter 7 – Baseleg

Holy shit.

Five minutes later grouchy Moore, Chief Instructor was walking slowly towards me with a clipboard. As he neared he extended his hand. I shook it and for the first time I saw a smile on his face.

“My daughter tells me you’re an exceptional pilot.” He said, “Now is your chance to show me how good you really are.”

“Thank you sir.” I replied, “I’ll give it my best shot.”

We climbed into the cockpit and I carried out pre-flight checks. CBSITCB.

I summoned the ground crew and we were taken to the launch point.

The next seven minutes were a time of total concentration for me and even now I can’t recall every detail. I do however recall a perfect landing and total silence from the rear seat.

The ground crew moved us off the airfield and parked us up alongside the other gliders. Grouchy got out of the rear seat and as I joined him by the port wing tip he simply said, “Follow me.”

I followed him across towards the office and he entered and held the door open for me as I caught him up. “Sit yourself down.” He said. I sat, not waiting for an insult.

Opening his top left drawer he took out a form and in silence filled in the details. I waited.

When he finished he signed the form and placing it on the clipboard he passed it to me. “Sign the bottom, next to the x.”

I read the form.

It was his approval for me to fly solo. I couldn’t stop grinning. I signed it and passed the form back to him. He read the form again and then filed it in a blue ring binder on his desk. Looking up he said “You might want to buy your instructor a drink; she’s in the club house.”

I left the office and tried not to run to the clubhouse. I opened the door and saw Katy standing at the bar with her back to me; she was talking to the barman. I walked up behind her and put my hands on her waist. She didn’t move.

“Well, are you going solo Robert?”

“In 12 I whispered in her ear.”

Chapter 8 – Finals

Katy had taken me from an absolute novice to a student ready for his first solo flight in just twelve lessons. When we first me she had said that it was so unlikely that I would achieve that goal that if I did she would share my bed for one night.

Well here I was, within three flights of gaining my A & B certificate and I was holding the most beautiful flying instructor in the world.

I whispered in her ear again. “Does this mean you’re going to sleep with me?” I asked so the barman couldn’t hear me.

She turned to face me; her breasts seemed even bigger in her one-piece flying suit. “Do those three solo flights perfectly and I’ll keep my half of the deal.” And as she finished speaking her hand dropped to the front of my trousers and gave me a squeeze.

I looked into her eyes and smiled. “No pressure then.” I said and leant forward to kiss her full lips and she opened her mouth slightly and I felt her tongue probing my lips.

“Put him down girl, you don’t know where he’s been.” It was grouchy and he had walked into the bar behind me.

Katy held on to me and as he passed Mister Moore thumped me on the back. “That’s pretty good flying Mister Clarke with an E,” he said, “I reckon anybody who can handle an aircraft that well would know how to handle a girl with the same finesse. Why don’t you two get some food?”

I looked at Katy and smiled she nodded her approval and said, “Give me ten minutes to freshen up.”

I excused myself and used the facilities. The calendar on the back of the toilet door beckoned to me to pleasure myself. They were great images but once again I nodded my head to Mr Chatto’s efforts and saved my passion for a more real encounter.

I left the main hangar and waited for Katy to appear. When she did she looked stunning. She had changed out of her flight suit and was wearing a short summer skirt, a thin blouse, and a most wonderful cleavage-enhancing bra. I nearly came in my trousers at that moment.

“Right,” she said, “Where are we going?”

I looked at her and couldn’t stop myself “My place?”

She smiled, “No chance Robert, you don’t have that A&B certificate yet!” and she shot me a glance that told me I was being too hasty. “How about a nice pub in St. Michael’s Village?” she asked.

“There are several nice pubs in St. Michael’s Village which one did you have in mind?” I replied.

“The Six Bells, it’s my favourite.” She said.

“The Six Bells it is then,” I said with a smile on my face, “and I’ll drive.”

We turned left out of the airfield and I retraced my steps to St. Albans, via the zoo and Watling Street

and down to the old part of town, known as St. Michael's Village. I parked in the last car-parking place in the Six Bells and as we walked into the pub I noted an empty table and suggested Katy take a seat. I asked her to name her drink and left her alone while I went to the bar to order the drinks and grab a menu.

When I returned to the table Katy was laughing and joking with an older man, who was sitting next to her and seemed to know her very well. I put the drinks on the table and addressing Katy said, "Aren't you going to introduce me?"

"Sorry Robert," she said, almost sounding as though she meant it, "This is an old friend of the family, David Chatto, meet Robert Clarke with an E."

"Not the David Chatto of the Girlie Calendar fame?" I asked.

David bowed slightly "The very same." He replied and winked at Katy.

"I was just trying to get Katy to agree to be Miss August for next year's calendar," he said "I thought a baby doll negligee and a guitar would be a good look?"

I looked at Katy and she was grinning. "Don't mind David, he's a top man but he's only messing with you."

David made his excuses and left us to return to propping up the bar. We had a lovely meal, I enjoyed a pint of Fuller's London Pride and at the end of our meal I looked Katy in the eye. "Do you fancy a coffee at my place?" I asked.

"I'm all good thanks Robert," she replied "I have to be up and instructing in the morning and you know what they say, twelve hours bottle to throttle."

I thought for a moment "A glider doesn't have a throttle." I replied.

"No," said Katy, "that's true, but my Dad would go ballistic if I arrived to instruct the worse for a late night."

I drove Katy back to her home, on the Luton Road, on the north side of Harpenden. I dropped her at the gate and she walked to the house. I waited until I saw her open the door then turned and started back towards St. Albans and my lonely flat. Things hadn't worked out quite how I planned but there was next weekend to look forward to.

I hung my keys on the hook by the front door. I'd had a fabulous evening and all I needed was a shower and a warm bed. Perhaps next week I would have someone to share it with I thought as I brushed my teeth. I was determined that nothing would stop me gaining my A&B certificate for gliding, and maybe, if I could work it right, I might just get more than just one night.

The following Saturday I arrived at the Gliding Club to fly my three solo flights, I was feeling upbeat and positive. Katy was already at the airfield; her father's car was parked close to the main hangar.

I walked into the office and grouchy was sitting at his desk. Grouchy smiled and uncharacteristically wished me a good morning.

"Is Katy here?" I asked.

"She's just getting into her flight overalls; she'll be about five minutes."

I walked out to the office and across the airfield towards the row of parked gliders. The ground crew helped me through the pre flights, shouting when various control surfaces moved.

I kicked the rudder bar. "Left rudder" he shouted.

"Yes" replied a female voice I recognised from behind the aircraft.

I turned in my seat as Katy approached the cockpit. She was smiling and, as usual, looked beautiful. She leant over and tightened my straps and then gave me a kiss on the lips. "Remember everything I taught you and you'll do just fine. You might get a few extra feet off the launch without me in the rear seat, use it wisely."

"Thank you," I replied, "You're one brilliant instructor."

When I got to "Trim" I moved the wheel to bring the weight forward and called for the ground crew to check that the ballast was fitted and secure.

The glider was pulled out and positioned by the cable.

I was concentrating hard making sure that I hadn't forgotten any of the pre flight checks.

CBSITCB I reminded himself.

The cable was attached. "Take up slack".

The cable tightened and the aircraft jumped forward.

“All out”

With that I started the first of my three solo flights….

My first launch was truly awesome; I managed to get the aircraft up to just shy of 1200 feet. For a winch tow that was a very respectable launch. I turned the aircraft right, then into wind back left and, as my flight with Katy had been, I executed a perfect circuit. As the wheels touched the ground I breathed a huge sigh of relief. One down two to go.

My second solo was not as good, he only got 970 feet of the cable tow, the headwind had dropped significantly and thus the launch airspeed was considerably slower and so I got much less lift from the wings. I had to adopt a very slow and shallow descent to ensure I got safely around the circuit.

Only my third solo stood between me and a lifetime of happiness with the lovely Katy.

Chapter 9 – Landing

I carried out the PFC’s and, for the third and final time, the winch man heard me say “All out” over the radio and engaged the gearing to pull one glider and one pilot into the clear Bedfordshire sky. I pulled the stick hard back and the aircraft soared into the air; I climbed rapidly until I released the cable at 1250 feet and felt elation. For my previous two flights I had talked myself around the circuit trying to recall all the information I had learned from Katy but now I felt confident and grinned knowing that in a few minutes I would be embracing Katy and kissing those beautiful lips again.

I turned right hand circuit crosswind and felt the airframe judder. I checked the instruments and realised that rather than being in a slight decent I was actually ascending the altimeter now showed 1275. I’d hit a thermal and the warm rising air was pushing up the aircraft. At the end of the crosswind I turned into wind and tracked back crosswind trying to lose height. By the time I reached the end of the crosswind leg I was still at 1250 feet. I turned left onto the downwind leg, I was a good three hundred feet higher than I should really have been and had to make a call on the best course of action. I couldn’t start making random turns to lose height and I tried to think of how to deal with this situation. I couldn’t carry the additional height all the way around the circuit, as I’d be three hundred feet above the ground when I should have been stepping out of the cockpit and into the arms of the beautiful Katy. “Think” I shouted out. “Fucking Think”.

I really needed to slow down and lose height. I needed BRAKES!

I pulled on the airbrake handle and immediately the airspeed started to drop. I pushed the nose down slightly to get rid of some of the three hundred or so feet I needed to lose. I figured I could extend the downwind leg a couple of hundred feet before turning base and into finals but that might cause a stir on the ground. I just kept the brakes on.

As I turned onto base leg I was still just over 100 feet higher than I should have been but at least I was going the right way. I looked to ensure that final approach was clear and made my turn onto finals.

I checked the instruments and lined up for landing but I was dropping quickly now and the perimeter hedge was getting a little too high in my horizon for my liking. I eased the stick back, now looking for the height I had been squandering on the downwind and base legs. I needed speed and height; I was heading for the hedge.

“Fucking Hell” I shouted at myself “Take the brakes off!”

I released the brakes and pulled back on the stick. How I cleared the hedge I still don’t know but I think I may have grazed it with the wheel of the aircraft. I landed quite a way before the normal land point and pulled the brakes on once more. I came to a halt and the starboard wing dropped to the ground. I undid the straps and released the canopy to let the smell of pure fear escape!

The ground crew were with me within a minute and were manhandling the aircraft back to the row of gliders. Once it had been canted onto its port wing I stepped out of the cockpit.

I looked around for Katy but I couldn’t see her.

“Over there mate.” One of the ground crew said and pointed to a sailplane waiting for an aero tow. Katy was sitting in the rear seat with the canopy open and beckoning me to join her. I ran across the airstrip and climbed into the front seat and buckled my straps.

“I want to show you something” said Katy and pushing the transmit button on her radio called “Ready for take off.”

I heard the engine note of the tow aircraft rise and slowly we began to roll forward. An aero tow is much gentler than a winch launch and we were almost at the end of the airfield when we finally got airborne. I had said nothing to Katy since taking the front seat, letting her concentrate of the process of getting us airborne. We climbed behind the tow aircraft and I watched the needle on the altimeter hit 2500 feet. Katy pulled the cable release and called “Cable gone” as the tow aircraft banked hard to

port and dropped beneath our port wing.

“You did well Robert, congratulations.” The voice from behind me came from a smiling face. “Let me show you what you could have done.”

Katy pulled the control column to the right and started to move it as though stirring a bowl of soup. The airframe juddered as we caught the thermal and we started to climb. As we soared over the Chiltern Hills I could truly grasp this amazing girls talent, the sky was her stage and the air that it contained her props. She gently took the aircraft to 3200 feet and we gently rolled off the thermal.

Levelling the airframe she then pushed the control column forward and suddenly all I could see was the white chalk outline of the Lion that is carved on the hill beneath the Zoo at Whipsnade. As we dropped like a stone so the speed increased and as we reached 2500 feet with 90 knots on the air speed indicator she pulled the column back hard to her stomach. In an instant the horizon shot passed my vision and I was looking at sky, lots of sky. I kept looking ahead knowing what would come next.

The world was upside down, I was hanging on the straps and I looked up, or rather down, on the beautiful green earth beneath me. I had not believed that performing a loop in a glider was possible and I was just speechless.

As we started to fall back, nose first, off the top of the loop I once again had a view of just the ground ahead of me, we reached 90 knots in no time and for the second time I prepared myself for a loop.

Katy pulled the stick back but, instead of a loop, she executed a perfect barrel roll. As we levelled out she called to me “Check the altitude.”

We were at 3000 feet, we had performed two aerobatic manoeuvres and lost a total of 200 feet, or about two 90 degree turns on a circuit.

We soared above the Chilterns for another 30 minutes until Katy dropped down and rejoined the circuit on the downwind leg, turned base leg and finals and made a perfect landing on the grass strip.

The ground crew cleared us from the strip and as we both climbed out of the aircraft I turned and hugged her tightly. Our noses only inches apart I declared, “You have to teach me how to do that.”

We walked, hand in hand, back to the office where Katy’s father was seated behind his desk. He had filled in my logbook and signed it, I added my signature to the page and I read the entry in full.

Saturday 13 th June 1987 Robert Clarke successfully completed three solo flights at London School of Gliding and is therefore awarded his A and B Certificate. He handed me the paper “This is a copy for you to keep, the original will go to the Royal Aero Club who will issue you with you gliding wings and formal gliding certificate in the next week or so.” He smiled and looked with pride at his daughter. “Congratulations to you both, Katy you have set a new record low number of lessons to get a student through the A&B certificates. Robert,” he continued, “you are an exceptional pilot, we would welcome you back to take your C certificates at any time.”

We left the office and walked to my car. Katy held my hand as we walked and when we got to the car she kissed me hard on the lips. “You are,” she said, “an exceptional pilot.”

I blushed.

“In one hour I’m going to find out if you’re an exceptional lover.”

Chapter 10 – Debrief

As we headed back to my flat in Heritage Close, St. Albans, Katy touched my leg, face, back, just about everywhere but my crouch. 30 minutes later and I was opening the door to by flat and Katy entered ahead of me. I closed the door and dropped the keys on the table by the front door, I’ll never find those again, I told myself, adding but I don’t care. Katy turned to face me.

“I need to freshen up,” she said, “I take it you have a bathroom?”

“That door there,” I said, pointing to the second door on the left.

She entered the bathroom and left the door ajar, I could hear the sound of clothes being discarded and taps running. I went through to the living room and threw my jacket on the sofa, from there I walked through into the kitchen and got two cold beers from the fridge and opened them.

I walked back into the living room and walking the other way, totally naked, was Katy. “One of us is overdressed.” She said as she walked up to me.

“I think that will be me.” I said putting the beers on the low table.

Katy then undressed me as I looked at her beautiful body. I obligingly stepped out of my trousers and underwear and discarded my shirt and socks. In a few moments we were both naked and in each other’s arms.

We kissed. I t lasted a long time. It lasted a very long time as our hands gently explored each other's bodies.

When the kiss ended she whispered "Nice joystick" in my ear.

"Trim tail" I replied.

Cupping my balls in her left hand she added "Great undercarriage."

I kissed her nipples "Fine instruments." I said

"Let's fly." Said Katy and we went through to the bedroom.

Katy fell back on the bed and laughed, "You show me how to fly Katy." she said as I lay down next to her on the bed. I rested on my left side and with my right hand started to very gently stroke her body.

"What are you doing?" said Katy, "I thought we were going to fuck?"

"All in good time," I replied, "I'm just carrying out an inspection of the frame. I want to make sure all the moveable surfaces are moveable and all the static surfaces are static." And grinned at her.

She smiled back "Does that mean you'll be making sure all the air vents are clear too?"

"I rather think it does."

My right hand ran over her left breast and cupped it; I pinched the nipple before moving my hand down over her flat stomach. "You are beautiful Katy," I whispered, "and I'm going to inspect every inch of you before we fuck."

Katy arched her back slightly as I moved my hand down towards her pussy. The thin, trimmed blonde hair looked almost edible and I purposefully avoided touching her labia, moving my hand instead to the top of her right thigh. I now moved my head down to rest on her pelvis and, with my hand just in front of my face it I finally traced the gentle slit of her pussy with my middle finger.

Katy was now kneading her breasts with her hands and moaning gently, "Make sure there's no blockage babe." She whispered and with that I eased my middle finger into her moist vagina. As my finger entered Katy's pussy, her labia opened like a flower, a beautiful delicate pink flower that offered pleasure to my senses. I could see the hood of skin over her clit and I knew that my tongue would be the right instrument for ensuring it was in perfect working order.

I moved my head down and with the tip of my tongue I licked her swollen clit. Katy moaned gently and I continued to finger and suck her sweet smelling cunt. I could feel her pussy getting wetter as I slid a second finger into her tight love tube. I repositioned myself so that I was now kneeling between her legs and again lowered by head to continue licking and sucking her beautiful cunt.

Taking my fingers out of her warm pussy I licked them and then lowered my face over her and buried my tongue as far as it would go into her juicy cunt. My nose rubbed her clit as she opened herself wide to me.

I couldn’t stop sucking and licking her she was just such a lovely taste, like honey and musk. I was sure I had never tasted anything so wonderful in my life before.

I felt and heard Katy’s orgasm, the moaning intensified and her stomach started to buck. “Oh yes,” she moaned, “That feels so good, don’t stop.” I forced every particle of my tongue as far into her as I could and suddenly her thighs closed around my head and she held me tight over her pussy. Breathing only through my nose I sucked and licked as her orgasm echoed around her body.

“Oh fuck baby, that was fantastic.” She said, as she let my head out of the vice like grip of her thighs. I moved back up the bed to lie down once again on my side and look at her face as she came down from the pinnacle of pleasure.

My face was just about covered in her cum and juices and she leant over and kissed me on the lips. “On your back babe, I need to make sure that pitot head is clear.”

I lay on my back and Katy’s hand moved down to by semi erect cock, she took it gently into her hand and started to stroke it.

“It’s not a control column,” I said “Grip it tighter.”

She gripped my cock and the head filled with blood. She then moved her head down and kissed the very tip of my now erect cock. I looked down to see the top of her head obscuring the view beyond my waist.

I felt her mouth open and she lowered her head further until the entire length of my cock was in that warm place. Her lips closed and I was encased, she moved her tongue and I felt pleasure explode from every nerve fibre. She kissed and licked my cock whilst with her right hand she stroked my balls. I had never experienced such sensual tenderness and my body was starting to react with the feeling of my spunk building for ejaculation.

“Baby, “I said, “It’s time to fuck.”

Katy released my cock from her mouth and repositioned herself so that she was kneeling over me. Holding my cock in her right hand she lowered herself onto my cock that slid effortlessly into her hot wet pussy.

Once she was sitting on me she leaned forward and her beautiful breasts swung in front of my face.

I took those mounds in my hands and rubbed them, I lifted my head and kissed the nipples, I just did everything I could think of to heighten the pleasure of the moment.

Katy started to rock backwards and forwards on my cock, when she rocked forward the tip was hardly between her lips and then as she rocked back it sank deep into her. The friction on my shaft was gentle and I truly believed I could keep doing this all night. Katy’s pussy was like silk. As she rocked her cunt walls started to tighten around me and the sensation around my shaft started to intensify. Again I felt my spunk building up ready for release and Katy clearly wanted me to join her in climax heaven. The tempo ramped up and now my shaft was thrusting with my hips I so needed to give Katy all my love jizz.

When I could hold back no longer I pushed my hips up and my cock rammed deep into Katy. We came together, my cock jetting out spunk into her warm womb as an intense orgasm swept over her. “Oh FUCK.” she cried and she fell forward and holding each side of my head kissed me hard.

Her tongue invaded my mouth and we floated on a wave of pleasure. The best fuck in my life and clearly Katy hadn’t been disappointed.

When at last the kissing stopped Katy looked down at me.

“Fantastic fuck babe.” She said, “Can we go again?”

“I need a few minutes to recover, but I’m up for it if you are?”

Katy climbed off me and carried by wobbly legs she made her way to the bathroom to freshen up.

I lay on the bed and watched as my cock slowly became flaccid, glistening with a combination of my spunk and Katy’s love juice.

When Katy returned to the room she climbed onto the bed and lay next to me. “So,” she said “are you

going to do your C Certificate’s then?”

I kissed her nose, “Do I get family rates?” I asked cheekily.

“Only if you marry me.” Said Katy with a big smile on her face.

Post script.

One week later my gliding wings badge and Gliding Certificate arrived from the Royal Aero Club, even to this day I keep it in my wallet to remind me of the most pivotal moment in my life.

Katy and I were married two years later and we now have two wonderful children, Simon and Hannah. Simon is a keen musician and hopes to read music at University. Hannah takes after her mother, and spends every weekend she can at the Gliding Club helping out. I left British Aerospace soon after Katy fell pregnant with Simon and took a job as chief aerodynamicist with a formula one team based at the Silverstone Race Circuit in Northamptonshire. We moved to Stanbridge, near Leighton Buzzard and today we still live in the village.

I got my Diamond C certificate, at family rates, and Katy and I still enjoy flying together and we’re still very much in love. I spend weekends in the summer away with the team at motor racing circuits all around the world, Katy usually joins me for Monaco and Budapest and her father, now retired, always joins me for the weekend at Silverstone. I still wouldn’t dare call him Bobby though.

So, all my life I’ve been involved in circuits, it’s just race circuits now more than crosswind, downwind, base and finals. No complaints though.

I just want to add that Katy is asleep next door, when I’ve finished this sentence I’m going to go in and kiss her on the forehead and tell her I love her very much.