Airport Fun

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My holiday plans this year take me to Illinois, which means a flight for me, and I definitely wasn't looking forward to dealing with the all the hassles that go along with air travel during the holidays. My flight was on Tuesday afternoon, and while laying in bed Monday night with a butterfly vibrator strapped on, trying to relax, I decided that I might as well try to have some fun with it. After all, I was probably going to be spending a lot of time surrounded by lots of people and I know how to have fun with that!

Now, I've got 5 or 6 different toys that I can wear under my street clothes with nobody the wiser. My current favorites are a small pink dolphin, which is fairly strong and fairly quiet, a small silver "egg" that is _really_ strong, but noisier than the dolphin, and my newest toy - a wireless little ladybug that is about as strong as the dolphin but the batteries don't last as long. The dolphin and the egg both have a wired remote control that can be a pain to hide, so the ladybug has been getting a lot more use since I got it. It's also very quiet, which really makes it good. (I wear it to work fairly regularly, and can usually squeeze one or two good climaxes out of it before I need to change the batteries :-)

The butterfly was doing its job well as I fantasized about what it would feel like tomorrow when I was standing in line at the check-in counter, buzzing away, trying not to show how I felt. I came gently, and then drifted off to sleep. My dreams stayed on that theme, and by the time Tuesday morning rolled around I was definitely ready for some fun. I decided to wear the wireless ladybug, thinking that it was the only one that had any hope of getting through the metal detectors. The egg and the dolphin both have battery packs and long wires, and there was no way I could wear one of those through there. It's pretty funny to imagine the look on the guards face, though! I also decided to wear a particular pair of jeans that I have. You might think that I'd wear a skirt when I'm wearing my toys, and I certainly have, but it turns out that it's better if there's some pressure to hold the vibrator against me. I tend to wear the vibes on the outside of my panties (otherwise they can pinch at odd times), and when I wear a skirt I usually end up trying to put my hands in my crotch to put pressure on the vibrator. This particular pair of jeans is medium tight, but comfortable, and the center seam applies pressure in just the right place. The first time I tried the ladybug out, I found that the straps it came with were pretty much useless. They were uncomfortable, and they didn't hold it in the right place. I know this will sound funny, but I was so desperate to try it out when I got it that I ended up using a piece of duct tape to tape it on me. This worked so well, because it stayed exactly where I like it, that

I've been doing it ever since. Crude, I know, but I did at least go out and pick up some colored rolls of tape...

Anyway, I picked some thin satin panties for the days adventure, and must've looked quite silly standing there with my legs apart, a vibrator in one hand and a roll of duct tape in the other, staring at my crotch with great concentration. :-) I got the ladybug placed properly, though, right over my most sensitive spot, and gave myself a quick buzz to make sure it was working. Mmm. I really like that thing. I pulled my jeans on, checked once again to make sure things were where they should be, and finished getting the rest of my clothes on. I had a few minutes to kill before my cab arrived, so I treated myself to a some buzzing as I walked around the apartment making sure things were in order. I was really hot just from the thought of what I was about to do and it didn't take much stimulation to take me right to the edge. I didn't want to cum just yet, though - it would be better at the airport, so I just let myself simmer. I was so turned on I was toying with the idea of giving the cab driver a treat and making myself cum when I answered the door... On my final pass through the bedroom, I decided to throw the egg and the dolphin into my carry-on bag. What the heck? Who knew? Maybe I'd find a use for them. And if they got examined at the x-ray machine, so be it. I was too far gone to care.

The cab finally arrived, but the driver was a sweet old man who was too much like my father for me to think about playing around in the back. Ah well, more simmering time for me. When we got to the airport, it was just as the news had said it would be. Crowded. Really crowded. Normally, I would be full of anxiety at that point, but this time I didn't feel anything but excitement. I had the remote control in hand and turned the ladybug on low as I entered the terminal and got on line. With all the people in the terminal it was noisy enough that there was no chance of anyone hearing the ladybug. I put my bags down and fingered the remote, putting myself on a high simmer while I looked around at the people on line with me. The line had done an 'S', so there were people just a few feet away to my left as well as in front of me and, within moments, in back of me. From the looks of things, I figured I'd wouldn't get to the counter for 15-20 minutes.

I was glad that I had worn the jeans. The ladybug was right over my clit, and just by shifting my legs slightly, I could vary the pressure against me. The remote only has 4 settings, "off", "low", "medium", and "high" and I was really teasing myself with it on medium. The line moved forward again, and I found myself next to a very sexy European guy and his equally sexy girlfriend. She was wearing skintight black slacks with these great boots, and looked really good. I put my bags down, making sure to get a good look at her ass, and thumbed the remote control up to "high". Wow!. I stood up and fought the urge to thrust my hips forward as the ladybugs vibration doubled in intensity. I closed my eyes for a moment and concentrated on the feelings coming up from my crotch. It was so wonderful. These are the moment I love, being stimulated like this in front of dozens of people and having to hide it. Just knowing that I'm doing this incredibly intimate thing in plain sight of them - just inches away! -

is my greatest turn on. It didn't take long before I was chewing on my lower lip, trying to keep my hips still.

I opened my eyes and looked around. Nobody was watching. Everyone was just waiting on line, biding their time. I started shifting my left leg back and forth slightly to make the ladybug kind of pulse on me. I knew that when I came it was going to be strong - I had been teasing myself all morning after all. I must've gasped slightly because the European woman, who was now the closest person to me, looked over and smiled. I was just on the verge of a giant climax as I tried to smile back - I'm sure I looked ill or something, God knows I was definitely trembling. She looked like she was about to ask if I was ok, when the line moved forward again and everyone started picking up their bags and shuffling forward. I turned away from her and went over the edge. The wave of pleasure that spilled over me was intense to say the least. I've had a lot of practice controlling my body when I'm cumming, but I came very close to falling down when it hit. My knees immediately went weak, and I sort of lurched forward as my midsection started to spasm. I reached out for my bags as an excuse, but it was all I could do not to moan out loud as I fumbled with the handles. I crested twice quickly, each time trying not to shudder from head to toe, and finally pulled myself together enough to slide my bags forward. I'm very multiorgasmic, and I knew I wasn't done yet. I thumbed the ladybug down to medium, and glanced around me. Nobody was staring. So far so good!

I turned back toward the woman in the black slacks, but she was facing the other way. I could feel the next climax starting to build, so I beganimagining what it would feel like to run my hands across those slacks, and up and in between her legs. How she would feel, how she would react. I was flexing my leg again now, helping the ladybug do its work. I started picturing her laying between my legs, gently nibbling on my clit as the feelings started to build. I turned away again now, not wanting her to catch me staring at her, and leaned on the post that was next to me. This time I kept my composure as I came, letting the ladybug prolong the orgasm. I stood there, spasming with pleasure every few seconds as I glanced around at the people surrounding me. If they only knew! x