Spanish Carmen, Part One

By marcosurbina

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MILFs want to fuck with abandon, and no romantic complications.

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As I was going back home by plane (I had been attending a management course in business at the capital city), I headed for the boarding room at the airport. I sat there while listening to music on my cell phone, waiting for a call to board my flight.

That moment, I noticed a gorgeous, spectacular blonde, too young, twenty two years old, possibly, with a well built extraordinary body. She was so stunning that people in the departure flights hall were suddenly frozen, petrified at the sight of this female passenger.

I stared at her, and it gave me the impression that I was hallucinating, not believing my eyes. I tracked the young woman as she walked around, until finally, she sat two meters away from me.

Our flight was called, but after the announcement, we heard an addition.

"Your attention, please. This is the last call for Conviasa Airlines, Flight 931, going to Cumaná. Please board at Gate Fourteen."

She stayed behind, seated instead. This blonde would not move or stand up. I began to think she was not getting on this flight, and, of course, I would never see her again. This would be my last chance to peer at her beautiful bubble ass again (this is something normal for a male to observe, scrutinising a woman carefully, up and down, especially if we are at a public place).

I said aloud to a fellow guy sitting next to me,"That girl over there has got some large-ass booty!"

He just nodded, smiling at me. I couldn't believe I'd opened up my heart to that bitch. I began to think, as I kept watching her, *Open it wide up, ma'am!*

The blonde had bent, showing off that big, beautiful booty to pick up some keys she had, by coincidence, dropped. I never hid the fact that, when I got up and walked toward the boarding gate, I still did my best to examine her low-necked shirt.

Suddenly, she stood up. For a minute, it was an awkward moment, but I decided to let her lead the way.

Lucky me, Marcos, I thought to myself. I could almost feel her marvellous scent, so exquisite, as she walked in front of me. I followed her all the way to the plane entrance, where the air hostess checked our boarding pass again. During this time, I only concentrated on her ass cheeks, not missing any of the curvaceous swaying of the blonde's body as she continued to walk. I already had a semi-erection, so it was inevitable that I constantly pulled down my shirt. I really did try to conceal my hard on. But the best part was about to begin:

As I was about to board the plane, the blonde's ass was still pointing at my face, attempting to call my attention. It seemed to me that she had been shaking her ass for my pleasure as she walked along the jet way, which extended from the airport terminal gate to the airplane. This apparatus enabled us to board without having to go outside.

We got onto the plane, and surprisingly found that there were a lot of empty seats.

What if my seat is assigned next to the blonde's? I asked myself.

She made me crazy. Disillusionment invaded me as she stayed in the First Class area. I continued walking through the plane, to the Second Class area. I tried my luck with the air hostess. I asked for permission to move to the nearly-empty First Class area, enquiring if that particular seat next to the lovely lady was taken.

Permission granted, I settled into my new seat, and for the first time, I saw her face. She was older, probably a mother, married, separated or divorced, that I had began to see as a physical attractive enough to want to have sexual intercourse with her. She looked like a MILF to me. If she had ever breastfed, well, I figured out she had really responsive nipples, and a core of erectile tissue in her breasts.

She was not a young woman at all, maybe about forty-five, 1 meter.sixty tall, and she appeared overweight, but was still beautiful and petite. She wore a yellow dress, which had a top with a low neck, leaving the beginning of the line that divided both tits just above her knees as she sat. She had been assigned the aisle seat. instead of by the window. Mine was the window seat. I placed my luggage in the compartment overhead, and then went to sit down, having to make her move.

"Yeah, go ahead," she said politely, cooperating.

I walked past her, staring at her cleavage, not missing a single detail of her rounded, perfect tits. From my new position, I now became aware of the black lace and bra that supported both tits. It was a bra that passed below the blonde's boobs so gracefully. These tits were this woman's secret source of power over me. I knew having the right tits would result in social and economic gain for her. I must confess, I purposely took quite a while to pass in front of her, admiring her bra as I did so.

By this time, I had a perfect erection, and as he was seated, I almost brushed her face with my rod. She smiled at the situation, leaning back so I had more room to pass through. I sat there, blushing, not believing that I could walk inside a plane showing a big erection, so obvious, in plain sight. I suppose she was aware of this situation by now, and would think her cleavage was to blame for this.

After all, it's understandable that a man should react like this, turned on by such jugs and that bubble ass view. I had noticed, through her bra, that her big, pulsating nipples also had pink areola. Well, this is brown in a black girl. Her nipples were stretching the skin. They hung out straight. Man, shit those utter jugs on that plus size! Fuckin' cattle style! Her party jugs must have been a DD cup, or larger.

Damn, she's got party jugs, oh yeah! I thought, with so many ideas passing through my mind.

Well, finally, she turned out to be a pretty well-educated lady, nice, and we joyfully began to chat about the bad weather.

"I hope bad weather won't stop us arriving on time," I said. "Did you know engines are tested by injecting big jets of water inside them, so rain won't affect them? Engines won't die down with stormy, tempestuous and turbulent weather."

She seemed to ignore my comment, but asked, "How did you know that? I'm worried about my five suitcases that gotta be organized. How would I bring them home by myself?"

"Well, this can be arranged. You just group them orderly while I'm looking for a taxi, and then load the cases in the taxi trunk."

To tell you the truth, she appeared to be insinuating herself by her tone while I was kind of occupied in a plan about how to tell her I'd stay at her home overnight.

Our jet took off, and then our chat suddenly stopped. There was a moment of silence. I was absolutely disstracted by the excellent view out of the window. Yet, I kept plotting how to make the conversation start again, and keep her constant attention.

Helping her with luggage would be a perfect justification to inquire if I could stay at her home (well,

yes, to lay her down). I just had been daydreaming, in a struggle with myself on how to introduce the idea to the blonde when I came up with an idea.

“Oh, the weather is perfect today,” I told her.

The moment I looked back at her to say this, I found out that she had pulled back her seat, and was soundly asleep, placidly. I felt like an actor ridiculed, or a humorist with everybody mocking at him in a comedy. I inclined my seat too, withdrew the arm rest that separated both passengers, and went to sleep too. Before I closed my eyes, I turned back to study her again: she was not too beautiful or cute, she had a regular face with too much make up. I began to gawk at her breasts, of some delicious nice size. I had different thoughts.

What would I do if I were given the chance to touch these tits?

Then I looked down at her legs. Her skirt had slid up a little when she sat. She had separated her legs, possibly dreaming.

Our flight had already begun its descent and approach to our destination. I heard the engines moderate the noise, slowing down, and instructions were heard:

“Please straighten up the back of your chair, we are preparing to land.”

Carmen and I exchanged stares, and she repeated my words teasingly.

“Remember, you promised me “something”.

I smiled at her, like a partner in crime.

“No problem, I replied

Our plane was suddenly shaken and shuddering by bad weather, and it was a complicated approach, without doubt. We felt like sinking in our seats like a vacuum. On feeling this unpleasant sensation of a bumpy ride on board the airliner, Carmen laid a hand on my leg inadvertently, while I gave her some kindly support by grabbing her hand firmly.

We finally landed, and I could see the reverse thrust put into action through the window, then this piece moved back into its original position in the engine. An enormous engine thrust noise could be heard in an effort to reduce our speed, until we came to a complete stop.

“Oh, I’m sorry," she uttered, clumsily.

It was so funny to feel her hand gripping my rod. Notwithstanding, I felt embarrassed by her hand “there”, and I moved to shift her trembling hand to another place on my hard dick. She cooperated, and didn’t let go of my rod.

“Easy ma’am, take it easy,” I told her.

She said, calmly, “Thank you for your assistance in carrying my luggage. Actually, hum… I yet don’t know how to pay back the favor.”

I’d fuck this Milf, I began thinking right then and there. I wondered if she was in good shape, and had worked enough at regaining control over her vagina. I probably had a chance here. MILFs are usually real careful about birth control; they know accidents happen, but they take responsible steps. They want to fuck with abandon, with no romantic complications for family. Damn, this Spanish MILF was so mother-sexually desirable by me!

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End of Part One.