Flying the Friendly Skies

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One way to take the fear out of flying

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I had an hour to kill before my flight, so I decided to see what kind of trouble I could get in at the airport lounge. I saw him watching me as I walked in. He was tall and slender, with brown hair starting to go gray and sparkling blue eyes that took me all in as I approached his corner of the bar. He was tan and smooth, his teeth white as he gave me a crooked smile that made my pussy tingle.

“Well, hello there! Can a girl get a drink in this bar?” I asked, giving him my best flirtatious grin.

“I’m sure we can get that handled”, he said, grinning back at me. I liked him already.

“I’m Darcy, and I’d kill for a margarita right about now.”

“I’m Jake. Don’t kill me just yet. Let me get you the margarita and we can talk about the most pleasant ways a man could die.”

He had spunk. I like that a lot.

“I always thought that dying in bed would be the way to go”, I suggested.

“Has anyone ever been fellated to death?”, he inquired. His deadpan delivery made me laugh, and I spit a little margarita out of my mouth and let it dribble down my chin. His eyes gleamed at that, and I thought I saw a slight movement in his pants. This was getting interesting, indeed.

“That would certainly be a good way for a man to go, but I think it would be hard on the poor woman involved, don’t you?”

“I wouldn’t care. I’d be dead!”

I had to laugh. He was precious!

“Perhaps it would be more fun to see just how close to killing you we could get without you actually having to die.” There was no mistaking the gleam in my eye.

“I think you might have a point there. I’m not really in any hurry to go, after all.”

The loudspeaker announced that my flight was boarding – just when this was getting good!

“As bad as I hate to leave you all high and dry, that’s my flight they’re calling.”

“Really? I’m on that flight, too. Are you getting off in St. Louis?” he asked.

“No, I’m going on through to Indy. But we might see if you can get off before St. Louis, if you play your cards right.” I winked at him and ran my tongue across my front teeth.

“Oh, I love to play…cards!” he said.

He was game, I’ll give him that. He was grinning like an idiot as we set off to the gate and got in line to board. His seat was a few rows in front of mine, and my pussy was throbbing as I watched him load his carry-on in the overhead bin. He had long, lanky arms and big hands with long, slender fingers. His jeans shaped a fine ass, and all I could think about as we took off and gained altitude was how I was going to get my lips on his dick.

I flipped my tray down for cover and let my fingers slide under my skirt to investigate my aroused snatch. It was slick and oozing and my little button twitched as I ran a fingertip across it. I plunged my finger in and around for a bit, and then slid my wet finger in my mouth, tasting myself and imagining it was his hard cock instead of my finger. My nipples were like rocks under my top, and I could smell my arousal on my fingers as we leveled off and the cabin went dim.

I made my way up the aisle, leaning over to whisper in his ear as I passed.

“Give me three minutes and then follow me.”

He nodded in agreement and I made my way to the restroom on shaky legs. I sat on the pot and plunged my fingers back into my liquid center. I spread my knees as far apart as I could and went to work on my swollen clit, my fingers making squishing noises as I made my way closer and closer to exploding. I made circles with the fingers on my right hand around my throbbing button as my left worked three fingers in and out of my fiery hole. I had to bite my lips to keep from screaming as a stunning orgasm flooded my system with pleasure. My toes pointed and my back arched in the small confines of the bathroom as savory juice flooded my molten pussy. Ahhhhhh!

I was panting and tingling all over, awash in delicious release, when I heard three soft raps on the door. I slid the latch back and there he was, easing himself into the small space in front of me. I slid a leg over and let him move between my legs and I grinned up at him and gave him my sultry eyes.

“Glad you could join me. I’ve been waiting for you.” I said, as my hands reached for his belt buckle.

“Thank you so much for the invitation!” he said, eyes wide in his head as he gazed at my shaven cleft. The air was thick with the smell of my sex as I wrenched his cock free of his pants. It was a nice one, circumcised, big enough but not too big. I stroked him with my hand, rubbing my thumb through the pre-cum oozing out the tip. He groaned with pleasure, and I surprised him then, plunging my mouth on him, burying that shiny helmet in the back of my throat. I slowly withdrew, running my tongue along the ridge down the center of his cock, applying suction, making my mouth into a hot, wet sleeve for his now-throbbing shaft. When I got to the end, I eased the tip of my tongue into his unseeing eye, tasting his ooze. He moaned and entwined his fingers in my hair, guiding me back down.

And down I went, slowly, slurping him. I cupped his balls with my hand, feeling their weight, their fullness. I love to suck cock, and I wanted this to be the best cock-sucking he ever got in his life. I fingered my swollen pussy as I slowly took him in and out of my mouth, making each trip up and down his cock a little more intense than the last. My tongue worked his shaft as my lips enveloped him. My mouth was hot and relentless, and I could tell by the way he was moving and moaning that I had him close. I let go of his balls and used my hand on his shaft, mimicking the movements of my greedy mouth as I went up and down. I suctioned him harder, coaxing with my hand, as my rhythm increased. I wanted to taste him, to feel him explode into my mouth.

His knees buckled, and I could feel the first contractions in my mouth as he started to cum. He throbbed and twitched and hot, creamy goo erupted from his cock like a volcano going off. I tasted it on the back of my tongue as the first salvo shot down my throat. I kept sucking him, kept stroking my hand on him, and I managed to save the next few spurts in my mouth, letting it run out onto my lips. My saliva and his cum combined to make a coating that covered his cock as I slid up and down, milking him for a couple of last quivering spurts.

I let go of his cock and stood up. I looked him in the eyes and he smiled at me. He took his finger and wiped a dab of cum off my lip and laid it on my tongue. I sucked his finger like it was a little cock and he moaned again.

“You are unbelievable”, he said. “That was the most erotic thing that ever happened to me on an airplane.”

“You’ve had a more erotic experience off of an airplane?”

He laughed. “Well, no. I can’t say as I have.”

“We better get back. People will think we’re up to no good in here.”

I kissed his cheek and let myself out into the aisle.

As I walked back to my seat I couldn’t help but grin.

Who knew flying could be so much fun?