

On my way to Paris, Part II

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Aki experiences strange things on her way to Paris

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I was tucked in my first class seat on my way from Tokyo to Paris, but I could not sleep. The double orgasm I just experienced in the lavatory (one from my boss after he shot his load deep into me, followed almost immediately by the one from the flight attendant who licked me clean) should have been sufficient to make me sleepy. I looked at my boss who was fast asleep in the solo cocoon besides me. I did not dare to wake him up, because I know that cumming twice was enough for him and one of the last things to enjoy is a creepy boss. My hands found their way under the blanket and I caressed my wet lips. After our quicky in the lavatory, the FA was wearing my soiled pants and I was naked under my first class in-flight pajama. The more I circled my clit, the more I needed another cock. I wondered if I could sneak into business class and pick up a random guy and take him to the lavatory. In the semi darkness of the cabin, I could see the FA coming to my seat. She saw that I had my hands under the blanket and beamed a wicked smile at me. She band down to me and whispered in my ear. "I want you so bad, but business is crammed today, and they need my help." As if she could read my mind, she cautioned me. "Please don't go there and try to pick up someone to play. This is not fitting for a lady in first class." "But I need someone so badly!" I said under my breath. She gave me a light kiss on my lips and told me to wait. She disappeared behind the curtain and soon came back with a small, round package, maybe ten inches long. She handed it to me. "It's mine, but you can have it for the time being. Be careful when you unwrap it." And with another wicked smile, she passed through the curtain and into business class behind me. The package wasn't heavy and even though it felt soft, there was something hard in it's center. I unzipped the bag, and wrapped in a thin towel, there it was. When I saw it, I gasped and I looked at it carefully in the dim light. It was beautiful. It looked so natural! Even the veins on its surface were beautifully modeled. It was slightly curved, as I like it. It was two inches in diameter, and ten inches long. I had never before seen one, and I turned it in my hands and let my fingers run over it's surface. The tip was round, and the head was modeled with a rim. At the other end, it's base, it had two semicircular bulges, a hint of balls. For the first time I held a dildo in my hands. I did not have to lubricate it. As wet as I was, it would slip in immediately. I spread my legs and let it glide in. it filled me completely and my lips were stretched. I did not care if anybody would hear me, I moaned in pleasure. When it was completely engulfed, I twisted and turned it, so that the 'balls' would be at my clit. Wave after wave of pleasure flooded me

and I lay quietly to enjoy the sensation. I always had dreamt to fall asleep while a throbbing and hard cock would fill me from behind. But without constant excitation men could only keep their dicks hard for a few minutes. In order to keep them hard, they needed some humping and pushing. That I always found annoying. So, I decided to enjoy the feeling with the dildo inside me. I turned sideways and let the magic work its way. I kept still for about ten minutes, and I drifted asleep. I didn't know that it is possible to keep the seat in the reclined position during landing, but I woke up when the FA announced that we just had landed. But first class passengers were maybe special. I was still in my 'bed' when we docked at the gate. Then an announce came that because of an emergency situation, the passengers had to wait before deplaning. I was still wondering what was going on, when the front hatch opened and four men in suits entered. They were tall and muscular. Two went to my boss, and two came to me. "You have to come with us." I just had time to throw a helpless look at my boss. The two guys were flashing some badge at him and blocked the aisle. My two guys took my hands and lifted me out of my bed. "Don't worry about your luggage. They will take care of it." I tried to protest, asked all kinds of questions, but the men were adamant. And they did not say a word on our way to a secretive room. We passed through a couple of unmarked doors, which opened like magic when we approached and finally arrived in a room with a thick carpet, and just one big chair. The men pushed me down on it and the door on the other side of the room opened. In came a very handsome guy in his 40ies who had an incredible aura. His perfume had an incredible effect, too. "You don't know why you are here?" He did not wait for my answer and continued. "Let me tell you. You have engaged in unlawful acts on that airplane. You have broken not only French, but also international law. To tell the truth, you are mentally sick!" I started to panic. Would they throw me in jail? But then, my boss would take care of me. Or was this a plot of his to get rid of me? "Listen. I do anything you want. But don't throw me in jail." "Shut up! You only speak when asked. You understand?" I just nodded. He stood towering in front of me and put the fingertips of his hands together in front of his chest. He beamed authority, and I found that very appealing. As strange as the situation was, it had quite a big erotic touch to it. They knew that I had fucked my boss and the PA in that plane. I had no idea why this would be a criminal act under international law. Then I realized a big bulge in his pants. He saw what I saw and continued with a slightly husky voice. "You cooperate and we get this little escapade of yours out of this world....or....we have to take you to court." I immediately knew what he wanted and I was very eager to reply in the affirmative. The sheer power of him attracted me more and more, and I was not reluctant to fuck him. I actually wanted him. With an approving smile, he took my hand and guided me through the door. "We will give the time of your life. After that, you will not be satisfied with just one man anymore." I had no time to wonder why he spoke in the plural, because we entered a big hall, like a dance studio. The room was warm and well lit. One wall was completely mirrored, but the floor was carpeted. In the center was a big, round bed. But what was along the other walls made my heart jump. Men of all races and nations stood there side by side. Tall, thin, fat, short, dark, blonde,... Because they were reflected in the mirrors I could not grasp their number. They had their arms crossed in front of their chests and wore only boxer shorts. Without saying a word, some men stepped forward and lifted me on the bed. Some took my hands, some my legs. Two hands went

under my skirt and with a swift move stripped my pants down. They kept my other clothes on, and I was on my back and with my legs wide spread. I tried to see who started licking my pussy, but too many hands kept pushing me down. "She is wet and tasty, boss." He interrupted his deep tonguing he was giving me. With my skirt all the way up to my waist, the guys who held my legs bend them all the way up to my shoulders, so that my waiting pussy was all exposed. I knew what would come next, and I moaned "Fuck me!". With a single move, a dick entered me. It was quite thin, but long. I expected a slow start, but he immediately began hammering me in a rapid succession. Before I could even adjust my expectations and get accustomed to his frantic rhythm, he withdrew and shot his load up my belly. He came around the bed and kneeled by my head. Even without the guiding hands of some other guys I knew what to do and obediently opened my mouth to lick his salty drops. Without delay, a second cock followed were the first had stopped. But also his pounding was frantic and non-stop. When he withdrew and shot his load, it even reached up to my chin. Then another and another followed. I was still wearing my office dress and I got worried about the cum stains on my white blouse and dark blazer. Not to speak about my skirt, which was completely drenched by then. They took away my luggage and I had no way to change into something clean. "My blouse, my blouse...don't soil my blouse..." I whimpered between the pushes of one of the guys. Immediately, many hands lifted me up and still others unbuttoned my blazer and blouse and pulled at the sleeves until both came off. The bra followed in a fly. Since they lifted me up, I could look around. All men had dropped their boxer shirts and were stocking their cocks. Even the ones who already had covered me with their cum were getting ready for a second blast. How they looked at me with adoration was making me even hornier. "Oh my...how many times will they make me cum?" I asked myself. It always had been my dream to be the sole center of a horde of men, but now I got a bit scared. Will they ever stop fucking me? As much as I wanted it, not a single guy came in my pussy. With my belly and breasts exposed, they all chose to cum on me. I was thankful that they didn't cum on my face, because it would ruin my makeup. But whenever I opened my mouth there would be either a dirty cock to clean, or one of the guys would scoop a bit cum from my belly and let me lick it. Hands were pinching my sticky nipples and smearing cum into every pore of my skin. I enjoyed being the fuck slut of such a great number of men, but none would bring me to an orgasm. As if they could sense it, whenever I was close, they would withdraw and finish their load somewhere on my body. "Make me cum, make me cum" was my constant begging and I became dizzy from the shaking of the bed and the constant rubbing of my vagina and slapping of my clit. After what had felt like two dozen of cocks in me, they turned me around and the pumping continued from behind. Now it was my ass and my back that got drenched in cum. Also, more and more men stuck their cocks into my mouth and enjoyed my sucking and licking. After another number of cocks, the pumping and fucking stopped. All their hands let me go, and I had my eyes closed when I collapsed on the bed. "Just one more cock, just one more and make me cum, pleeeeeeease." Was my whispered wish. "So be it." I was the voice of their boss. "Gerome! Your turn!" Many hands turned my cum covered body around and when I opened my eyes, I saw a huge naked man coming through the door. He was black and at least 8 feet tall. He was already completely naked and he had his immense cock in his hand while he walked in.

With a broad smile he nodded. "Wow, boss! Great choice today. I love tight Asian pussy and here you brought us a prime example." He bent down and gave me a soft kiss on my temple. "Lady Aki, how do you want it?" His words were so warm and friendly. Something that did not match with his huge body. I felt so stupid, but all I could do was looking at his immense cock. The biggest one I had even seen. Then I looked at my red, swollen pussy lips. As if he could read my mind, he said in a soft voice. "I know you are scared, but I will do anything you want. It is you, my princess, who needs to be satisfied now." I turned on my side. "Spoon me from behind.....and start slow, please." And so he did. With utmost gentleness, he prepared for his manhood to enter me. I took a deep breath and relaxed, so that his rock hard cock slipped in. His rhythm and stroke length was perfect. He did not mind the cum on them, but he gently massaged my tits while he drove his cock in and out. I moaned, and so did he. He could sense even the slightest move of my ass, and he adjusted his strokes to my movement. It was heavenly. It felt like floating above the bed. The more I neared my orgasm, the higher I floated, and then, finally, finally, I exploded, and he exploded in me, too. It felt like that with a big thump we landed on the bed again. I let out a loud moan, and....I woke up! I was still tucked in my first class seat, lying on my side. The last of a series of turbulences woke me up. It all had been a dream. But the orgasm that I got from the dildo that was still deeply lodged n my cunt, had been real.