

Airgasms Before Orgasms

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A woman who just can't find a decent guy looks to the sky to escape her boring life.

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"Hey, Sis. How's your love life?" Toni plunks her coffee down on the table and moves my jacket from the other chair before sitting down. I close my book and take the jacket and hang it on the chair back behind me, catching sight of the back of a guy with sun bleached brown hair, a little shaggy, but not overly long. He's wearing a nice dress shirt. He's got a nice back, with broad shoulders narrowing toward a waist that's blocked by the back of the cafe chair. "It still sucks. You know I can't seem to meet any decent single men." I hear a snort behind me and wonder if he overheard my comments. Maybe he snorted at something he read. "It's your own fault, Randi." "Thanks for the sympathy, Bitch." Toni just laughs at me. We can get away with calling each other 'Bitch' without hurting feelings. Mostly. Like now when she knows she's right. My life mostly sucks. "You had it easy, Toni. You met the right guy in college. I'm stuck here in Loserville." "And you've given up." "No, I'm just waiting." "To meet Mr. Right?" "That's about it." "But you won't date coworkers." "Career suicide. No thanks." "Sucks." "Tell me about it." Toni's married. She's heard it all before. She tells me I'm too fussy and she might be right, but I don't want to settle for the kind of men I typically meet. "And no gyms, bars, churches, adult ed classes, online dating services..." "I'm tired of meeting men who are cheating on their wives or girlfriends." "Honestly, Randi. Will you ever run out of excuses? What are you doing Saturday?" "I was hoping we could go shoe shopping at the mall." "Sorry, I can't." "Well then, I'll be doing the usual. Rom-coms and novels at home with Bootsie." "Mr. Right is going to knock on your door and introduce himself while you're petting your cat and watching Sleepless in Seattle for the 30th time?" Another snort comes from the guy sitting behind me. I'm pretty sure he's listening to us now. I talk lower. "What would you have me do, Toni? It's not like I can walk around with a sign that says 'Available to Decent Guys'. I wouldn't even know where to walk." "Sorry, Sis. I just think you could try harder to find where they are. Do you think they're all sitting at home waiting for you to show up?" "Isn't that why so many ballgames and car races are televised?" She laughs. "Well, I guess you got me there." "Unfortunately, since I can't rely on my friends to introduce me, I pretty much just have to wait for chance. I just can't see how else to avoid wasting my time." "How is it that your friends know you, and the decent guys' friends know them, but none of them are the same people?" "That's got to be one of the biggest mysteries of life, Toni." We order lunch and when it comes, our waitress hands a folded piece of paper to me and says, "A guy just gave me a tip and asked me to give this to you."

He seemed like a nice guy. I hope it isn't something nasty." I look behind me and Mister Nice Dress Shirt is gone. My heart speeds up as I thank the waitress and unfold the paper. It's simple notepad paper with a few lines printed halfway neatly on it. Decent single guys are wondering where you are. You're attractive, but you hide behind books and girlfriends and the walls of your home, while they get out and make other memories to fill the empty hours. Don't let a few cheaters keep you away. Be open and positive. I show the note to Toni and she laughs. "He was a good looking guy. You should take his advice." "He acts like it's all my fault. What does he mean by 'make memories to fill the empty hours'." "Probably male-dominated hobbies where they can meet women who are more outgoing than you. You know, like surfing or motocross. I'll tell you what, I'll ask my friends what they think." "Don't bother, really. I don't think I want to take advice from a guy who's that arrogant." "I'll ask them, anyway. The advice was good no matter how you got it." The note bugs me for the rest of the day. I try to put it out of my head, but I start thinking of him as 'Noteman' and I admit to myself that it felt good to know I made enough of an impression to cause him to write something. He called me attractive and I know that I'm not ugly. My height and intellect make me unusual, but I'm not super tall or super smart, just noticeably above average on both. I wish my boobs were bigger because a 36B looks smaller on a tall frame. I wish my hips and thighs were smaller, but my friends tell me I'm slender and they envy me. I look okay in a two piece swimsuit. My relationships with men have failed for the usual reasons. I'm headstrong and don't always want to be the submissive one. I hate being treated like a 'typical woman'. I hate the assumption that I have a ticking biological clock that drives me to look for 'husband material'. I want a guy who's a friend first and a lover second and he has to be able and willing to articulate his thoughts and feelings. And when I need him to just shut up and fuck me, or let me fuck him, that has to be okay with him. And he better fuckin' tell me when he's got a problem with me, because if he cheats, there is no second chance. I think that pretty much covers why I'm not single. I have trouble sleeping that night, so I get out my trusty toys and start to imagine a guy with buns of steel and Noteman's back and hair, He's paddling into the waves on a surfboard. I like the idea of sitting on a beach and watching him and I imagine myself watching him ride waves. When I see him come in, I just lie back in the hot sun until he comes up the beach all wet and drops his board next to me. I'm naked and I can't see his face because of the sun in my eyes but since I don't know what he looks like, that's probably better. I imagine him kissing me and I feel his cool chest on my nipples, which hardens them up nicely. "Some nice rides," he says. "My turn now." I close my fingers around the dildo. It's cool, like a cock that just came out of the ocean, and hard. I bring my free hand up and my fingers become his cold wet lips on my nipple. They warm as he sucks contentedly. I set the dildo on my belly and place my hand onto my pussy as I imagine his fingers there, circling gently and then opening my lips and slipping a finger inside. I'm wet and I smear my juices all over and then slip the dildo into my hole. I pinch and twist a nipple and switch my vibrator on, bringing it to my clit. I imagine it's his tongue and let it work its magic on me. I see his sun-bleached hair bobbing above my tan taut belly. He looks up and makes eye contact with absolutely beautiful crystal blue eyes that melt my heart. My juice runs out around the dildo. His avatar smiles and winks at me. My orgasm starts to form. Not yet. Too soon. I pull the vibe away and start to work

the dildo. Now he's fucking me on the beach. I put the soles of my feet together and pull them up to just the right place, splaying my legs open just the right amount. The dildo feels perfect now, so I bring the vibe back to my clit. "Oh god, Noteman. Fuck me. Fuck me hard. That's it. Ah, perfect. Make me scream. Make me cry. Make me write bad checks." I think of firm tan buns thrusting down, pushing a hard cock into me harder and faster until I burst. Again and again I squeeze his pole as I press the vibe hard onto my clit. I gasp through the pleasure I bring myself while I imagine his cum filling the empty space in me. Now I can sleep. "Good night, Noteman. I will look where men hang out and make memories and hope some are single and decent. Just get a message to Toni so I'll know where." God I feel so desperate. ----- "Hi Karl, how's the love life?" "Hey Sis. Same old same old. Still dating Rosie Depalma." "Ha, you're incorrigible. All those women out there and you fall in love with your hand." "Well, it's not like I fell in love with Rosie. She just keeps crawling into bed with me and I don't have the heart to cut her off. Besides, I need her to open my parachute." "Still jumpin' students?" "Yep, every weekend. Haven't bounced one yet." "Well that's good, considering you'd most likely bounce with them." I escort Karen into our favorite Mexican restaurant. A hole-in-the-wall with low prices and big portions. I know she's going to talk about why I should be dating, but today I've got a good example of why I don't. She's heard all my reasons. She calls them excuses. Today I have the conversation that I overheard at lunchtime fresh on my mind. After our meals come, she doesn't waste any time starting in on me. "So did you renew your membership to that online dating site?" "Yes, Karen, but I still weed them out before we meet in person. Even the ones who get close to being dateworthy remind me of this conversation I overheard today. I was at lunch and this woman was complaining to her sister about not being able to meet any decent single men." "Ooh this sounds good. Give me details. Lots of details. Start from the beginning." "Okay, I looked in the mirrored wall of this cafe where I'm eating lunch and I saw this woman walk in and sit at a table for two behind me. She's about our age and she's got a floater body..." "What's that mean? Is that a skydiving thing?" "Uh, yes. It means she's long. It's hard to tell when looking in a mirror, but she could be 5' 11". She's slender, for her height, maybe 150 pounds. So, if she jumped first in a big fluffy jumpsuit, she could spread out, do a dead spider, catch air and float up to the formation from below. Well, she's not really floating up she's dropping slower than the people who jump after her and start the formation. If she was the base of the formation, everyone would plummet past her and she would have to dive the formation to catch them, even if she was wearing a skin suit. "Anyway, so she's attractive, at least what I can see of her. She has shoulder length chestnut hair. She buried her nose in a book. I recognize the jacket and it's my kind of book, hard science fiction. It's technical stuff involving complex physics. So I'm guessing she's no slouch when it comes to brains, which is good. I like a woman who can hold up her end of an abstract conversation. Her coat was on the other chair. So she already had two strikes against her." "What? Explain." "Well, she gave off a 'stay away' vibe. She didn't advertise openness. If she was open to meeting some guy, the book might be on the table, but not open. Her head would be up and she would be alert to who was around her, so someone could make eye contact with her. Her coat would be on her chair so it didn't look like she was there with someone else. Sure, she could have been

saving the seat for her friend, but it's not like anybody is going to take it away from her in that cafe. She could ask them not to. "So her sister came in and started asking about her love life, just like you do. Now she had a human shield making it even more difficult to start a conversation with her. Her sister had a ring and more of a base body. So Floater started complaining about how hard it is to meet a decent single guy. Her sister told her it's her fault and she gave back a bunch of excuses, but mostly, she sits at home and watches rom-coms and reads on weekends. I can understand not wanting to meet guys at bars and health clubs and other meat markets, but it just seems like, if she's typical of the kind of women I'm attracted to, I'm going to have to knock on doors looking for a date or just do what she does, wait until it happens by chance rather than intent. All through her conversation, I wrote this note to her about how decent guys are out there, but she's hiding from them. When I left, I asked the waitress to give it to her." "You did?" "Yeah. I'm helpful that way. Maybe some other guy will be able to thaw her out now." "So you're not going to eat there again? To see if she shows up?" "No, I was only over there for a dentist appointment. It isn't far from where you work, but it's too far from where I normally am. Besides, she probably wasn't too happy about the note." That night in my room, I think about the woman who looked at my back both times when I barely contained my laughter. She has a pretty face and I think about what a shame it is that nobody's kissing it regularly. I can understand her difficulty, but not her approach to dealing with it. I have trouble sleeping, so I jack off thinking about a favorite porn video that happens to have a slender brunette who might look something like Randi. It's pretty satisfying and helps me sleep. I get a call from Karen the next day and she sounds excited. "Hey bro. I think I work with the sister of that woman you gave the note to. Did you hear any names?" "Yes, the sister was Toni and the floater was Randi." "That's them. I can't talk long, but Toni and I can fix you up with Randi. Toni says Randi was having a bad day and was really intrigued by your note. Think about it and send me an email if you're interested. Bye." If she hadn't been her usual self and made it impossible to get a word in edgewise, I would have told her not to bother. I really didn't want to waste my time with another bitter victim of cheaters and other bad relationships. But I know that Karen would have pointed out that I was the pot to Randi's kettle. I had a few bad long term relationships and a lot of short, dreadfully boring stints with bimbo-class women under my belt. So I decide to try something different. I write up lists of favorite authors and books that I've enjoyed and send the list to Karen, asking her to get the same lists from Randi, but to exchange the lists simultaneously with Toni and let Randi choose the next 'topic of compatibility'. I figure I can tell as much from her choice of topic as I can from her lists. I also ask Karen not to give any photos of me or my last name to Toni. I have an inkling of a plan and it requires her to not know my name or face when we first meet in person. -----

When Toni first tells me this matchmaking plan that she cooked up with her coworker, I think she must be crazy. Noteman really pissed me off at first, but I got over that. That didn't mean I wanted to meet a guy that I had obviously made such a bad first impression on. What he said was obviously true, but I never knew I was auditioning as I sat there in a cafe. Toni pointed out that there weren't many other places I would meet a guy. And now I have a link to him with two go-betweens. I wish that I knew what he looked like, but the fact that he seemed to be trying to help me with his note and get

to know me with his is enough to intrigue me. I fill out my list of books and authors. Toni warned me that he was brainy and I review my lists, but decide not to change anything. I read what I read. Everything from hard SF to sappy romance novels. I decide to be honest and hopefully scare him away with truth before I meet him. It bothers me that he's seen me but I haven't seen him. I have only Toni's word to go on, and her description of 'a bit over six feet tall and good looking with thick brown hair and a tan' is too vague. I try to think of a topic of compatibility that I can pass through Toni. I want to know all kinds of sexual stuff, because I don't want to waste my time on a dud. But I decide that might be rushing it. I think about music and movies and decide they're not all that important to me. So I choose 'Dos and Don'ts' and write up a list of things like 'don't be a smoker, do be a social drinker, do have a steady job, etc.' It surprises me when his list comes back and the first entry on it is 'Do skydive at least once, to see if you'll ever understand me.' Toni is worried that this will be a dealbreaker for me, but I guess I surprise her when I say, "I've always wanted to skydive. I just never broke the inertia that was keeping my ass on the ground. I could do that. And I could see how I might meet interesting single guys in a place like that. I just hope he isn't like a ski bum." His final entry on the list was 'Do contact me at my burner email address, skyslave_at_XXXXXXXXXXXX with private and personal dos and don'ts.' This is different for me. Sort of like chatting online with an online dating site only slower and with much more time to think. So I get a new email address just for Karl. We've exchanged first names only. We start exchanging emails and learning about each other. We go through private sexual Dos and Don'ts and Likes and Dislikes. Some of it gets pretty explicit, enough to light my fire a few times. We're both adventurous when we get to know someone. Some might think that all this exploring and learning about each other should be done face to face, but we're both readers, and apparently both writers. We both write paragraphs in answer to the questions we start asking each other about all kinds of topics. He seems in no hurry to meet me and that intrigues me. So I eventually decide to get bold. Why no rush to meet me? I've got time. I'm comfortable with this. You still haven't skydived? Wow. You're really serious about that. No. I think I would like to. I'm just not sure how to proceed. Yes. Airgasms before orgasms. It will either be what comes between us or it will strengthen us. Will you teach me? That would be nice, but no. You'll get much more out of the experience if you go and do it. It can happen any weekend. I don't like being tested. I've had relationships break up because it came down to the sky vs. her. I wanted it to be the sky with her. It makes a weird kind of sense. It's like, 'Know me or not, your choice'. Exactly. I gotta warn you. You'll be pounced on like fresh meat at the drop zone. Single guys are very attracted to women who take the plunge. Ha! Literally take the plunge. So you're risking losing me by not taking me there as your girlfriend? Yes. I don't want you if I'm not your choice out of the available options. I'm the kind of guy who gives choices, even if one of the options is to walk away. What about your options? I meet a steady stream of students. I could date a lot of them. I have. I might again. It's not usually satisfying. It's very rare for me to have a mental connection. I don't want to brag, but I don't want to be falsely humble. My mind is well above average and it's hard to relate in a long term relationship to mundane thinkers. The mind is the most important sexual attractant. I'd rather wait for the right woman than get invested in the wrong one. Don't get me wrong, I very much want there to be a right woman in my life.

Right now, that means a woman who has a brain and who's taken the plunge. Have you tried this approach with other women, writing your way into their life? No. After the initial note that I wrote in the cafe, I thought I would never see you again. When Our sisters made the connection, it just seemed like a natural way to avoid the pitfalls of a first date. I could keep doing this until you're comfortable. I think I'm there. Are you? Can you recommend a skydiving school? Of course, there was a lot of other talk in our email exchanges, but those were the crucial words that sealed the deal for me. He was basically pushing me away unless I could relate to something he was passionate about. If he liked typical jock sports, I would have gladly been pushed away. If it was mountain climbing or something similar, a sport where strength was crucial, I wouldn't have the time for getting good at it and don't really have the desire to work that hard. But something about skydiving, especially freefalling, just always appealed to me. So on a sunny Saturday morning I drive out into the sticks to an airport. There are 5 other students and we gather briefly to hear a standard talk. If we choose the tandem jumping option, we would get a short intro and then we would jump. If we choose the accelerated freefall (AFF) option, we would get a longer training session and then jump. Five of us choose the tandem option. It means that I'll be strapped to a big guy who has an oversized parachute and he'll fly me like freight. If I like it, I can go from there into the AFF method for a second jump. If I don't like it, I can drive away, assuming I'm not a splatter on the ground. After a short lecture on Dos and Don'ts, I suit up and get strapped into a harness. I meet the guy who'll be my jumpmaster. One thing that becomes pretty obvious is how blatantly sexual all of the jumpers are. I guess when you play that close to death, with such a high level of excitement, it breaks through some barriers. The jumpmasters are jokingly referred to as humpmasters because of the position they're in behind the student. There are comments about flying united and joining the Two Miles High and Hurry Club. We crawl into the plane and take off for a long slow climb to altitude. As we get close, we get connected to our humpmasters, each of whom has digital video and still cameras strapped to their helmets. My humpmaster is named Skybox, I guess that's because he's pretty tall, and he'll take photos and video of another student, a short pudgy guy named Bill and a humpmaster named Sensei who'll take photos and video of us. We'll both get copies of both videos. We're the first group near the cargo door of the big twin-engined plane, so when the green light comes on, the humpmasters do a quick safety check on each other, turn their cameras on, and give a quick run-through of body positions to us students. Then the green light flashes and after a quick nod between the humpmasters, Skybox grabs the hip straps on my harness, lifts me, yells, "Duck down!", and walks right out the open door. The noise from the plane falls off almost as fast as my stomach. My heart is pounding as if an Alien is trying to hammer its way out of my chest. Skybox taps twice on my hockey helmet to remind me to get into the proper body position as the wind noise steadily increases until we reach 'terminal velocity'. You would think that when the students are scared witless, they wouldn't use a term that had the word 'terminal' in it. I'm looking around and it hits me that a whole freakin' planet is coming toward me at 130 miles per hour and I have a 200+ lb. guy on my ass whose fall will be cushioned by little old me. Suddenly I see another person slide into my view between me and the planet and I realize that Sensei, who came out behind us has dropped below us. He stretches his arms and legs out as far as he can and

his jumpsuit seems to suddenly grow, causing him and the little pudgy guy to rise right up in front of us. Sensei and Bill are both smiling like complete fools and I suddenly realize that I am, too. Sensei gives me two thumbs up and I see that he has some sort of trigger in his hand. I return the thumbs up and he thumbs the trigger, snapping stills. I see the wind distorting their faces and feel it blowing my upper lip around. I try to tighten it and just start laughing. Sensei and Bill back away from us and at some unseen signal, both humpmasters turn 180 degrees and open their chutes. I feel a huge jerk and I thank the nylon webmakers for the harness that keeps me connected to Skybox and that beautiful red rectangular airfoil that sits perfectly inflated at the end of a good many rayon lines above us. Now Skybox is flying that wing and he turns us around to find Sensei and Bill. I forget that the cameras are still going and I hear a wild 'Wah-hoooooo!' from Bill. I whoop it up with him as they come into sight. I shout 'That was fuckin' awesome!' and I hear Skybox start laughing. "That will be a nice addition to both of your videos, Randi." "Oops, sorry. You can edit that out if Bill doesn't want it, right?" "Sensei, probably can. He's good with that stuff." I suddenly notice how fast we're moving, relative to the ground, and how quickly it's coming toward us. "Get ready to lift your feet up real high when I say 'Now!' and hold them until I say 'drop'." "Okay." We're penetrating into the wind and right about the time I think we're going to plow into the ground, Skybox hauls down on the steering handles and the canopy swings back behind us into a neat stall, bleeding off our forward speed. "Now!" My knees come up and then I hear, "Drop!" and set my feet down like I was hopping off the step of a bus. I'm back on terra firma with nothing more than a slight jolt. I hear Sensei give the same commands to Bill and look over to see them both piled up on the ground and laughing their heads off. Skybox cuts me loose and I turn around and hug him, thanking him for landing me like a feather compared to Frick and Frack. Bill and Sensei come over to join us and I say, "I want to go right into AFF and do that on my own." Sensei laughs and says, "It sure beats watching Sleepless in Seattle for the thirtieth time, doesn't it?" I look at him and he's got a big grin on his face. "Noteman? Karl?" He gives me a quick nod and I look into his blue eyes and jump into his arms. "I definitely understand now." Skybox and Bill look kind of puzzled, so on the way back to the rigging barn I explain only that this was an elaborate blind date that our sisters arranged. Bill's not interested in the AFF, so after confirming that he doesn't mind my profanity on his video, Skybox pops the cards out of his cameras and gives them to Sensei. I need two instructors and a cameraman for the AFF but Skybox has other duties so Sensei puts the word out for one instructor and one cameraman in three hours. We grab a bite to eat and then he begins to train me. I'll be jumping on my own with three other people. Two will hold onto me until it's time to pull the pilot chute out to open the main canopy. The class is interesting as I learn some technical terms that they don't bother teaching the tandem students. I also learn the mechanics of how the chute opens and the steering and landing procedures. I pass a brief oral test and Sensei asks, "Do you have a nickname you want to be called. If you don't have one, somebody will pin one on you." "I was Chess Nut in high school." "Because of your hair?" "No," I laugh. "Chess the game, plus Nut. I'm a geek girl." "Ah good. Guard that secret. Don't spell it out. Let everybody assume it's for your hair color and drop that in the punch bowl some night around the bonfire." I don't know what makes me do it. Maybe it's that 'living with the possibility of death' thing, but I reach out and rub one

of his pecs. "Maybe they'll all think I'm a nut for a nice chest." Sensei actually blushes a little when he grins. "Easy Randi, can I assume you have no plans for tonight?" "Oh, I have plans, Karl. You coming?" "I hope we both do." Now I know we're on the same page and I suddenly get incredibly horny, but before I can think of a way to achieve an accelerated fuckfall, a guy and a gal come into the training area with gear. "Looks like you found a floater, Sensei." "She sure enjoyed her first jump and she already has a name. Meet Chess Nut. This is Racer X. He'll be on your left and this is Dew Drop. She'll be above and behind us on the cameras to watch your three practice touches." Racer X gives me a polite wave. "Good to meet you, Chestnut. Love your hair." "Thanks, Dew Drop." We get our gear and meet them at the plane. It's a smaller twin-engine plane with a wide cargo door, suitable for a three man exit. It gets us to altitude surprisingly quickly, even with two paired-up tandem jumpers who Sensei tells me 'emerged from the whuffos to take their first plunge'. The tandem jumpers leave and Sensei shouts "Higher!" to the pilot. The plane climbs and the air gets a lot colder. I look at Sensei and he shouts, "Now we'll have fifty seconds." I give him a grin and a thumbs up. Racer X and Dew Drop make a little ceremony of removing their wedding rings, kissing each other, and putting the rings inside their jumpsuits. Dew Drop looks at me and shouts, "Don't want to lose a finger." When the green light comes on again, we do our safety checks and get close to the door. The green light flashes and we get set in the doorway and then on a signal from Sensei, Racer X and him pull me out and Dew Drop follows right after. Something happens and Racer X suddenly spins away from us, but as soon as we get to terminal velocity, he eases right in and grabs his hand grips on my left side. Some hand signals pass between him and Sensei and then they give me the signal to do my three practice touches on the pilot chute handle that they call a 'pud' or 'dildo'. I complete those and we use the extra seconds of freefall time doing some turns and stops. At a hand signal from Sensei, I give the wave-off signal and Racer X backs away. At 4000', I reach for the pilot chute and Sensei keeps his hand near mine but lets me pull the pud. I jerk it when I feel resistance and the wind takes it away. Sensei suddenly drops away as my chute opens. I quickly look up to make sure it's full deployed. Then I look around to make sure his opens. All three other chutes are open so I grab my steering toggles and get a feel for the flying of my first main canopy, a beautiful yellow seven cell 'square' that's actually rectangular. I follow the other chutes and I'm not sure how he does it, but Sensei comes up from below to fly and talk with me. As we come in to land, he tells me when to flare and I land at a run and then fall to my knees and roll. I come up laughing and he's landed on his feet this time. Dew Drop and Racer X have already landed and gathered their chutes up and they're walking over hand in hand. Their rings are already back on their fingers. "Well, Chestnut?" asks Dew Drop. "That was the most fun I've ever had with my clothes on." Racer X says, "You've got a hot one there, Sensei. She'll make a good floater." "Thanks, I think, Racer X. What is this floater thing?" "I'll tell you later, Chess Nut." "You coming to the bonfire, honey?" Dew Drop asked. "Um, I don't know. Am I invited?" "You wouldn't be allowed to jump here if you weren't invited. You got a humble man there and he'll keep you welcome. And yes Karl. The word is out that this is your first date. You treat this lady right, cuz she looks hot enough to hurt you." "Yes ma'am, Trixie, and do drop off that video tonight." "Got it right here. It's all yours." She hands over the memory card from her camera. Sensei,

Racer X, and Dew Drop split off to the outdoor packing area and I haul my gear in to the rigging barn. I return to where Sensei's packing his chute and watch as he goes through the hard work of preparing for another jump. "You jumping again today?" "Thinkin' about it." "You got time to talk?" "What's on your mind?" "Well, in some ways I feel like I'm in the twilight zone." He snorts that same snort I heard in the cafe. "I know the feeling. You jumping tomorrow?" "What? I didn't plan for two days." "You got plans for tomorrow." "No." "You broke in body or bank account yet?" "No. I'm good on both." "You want more airgasms." "Hell, yeah!" "Then you're jumping tomorrow. We'll stay the night and get you two more AFFs tomorrow and then you can start freefalling without an instructor." "What then?" "Well then, my friend. You can start learning how to be a floater, if that's what you want. Because every floater is precious." "Oh shit. What about my cat. I have to go back to feed it in the morning." "Can you call someone?" "Maybe Toni." "Is this an issue every weekend?" "No I can set her up with a feeder." "Cool. Call Toni, tell her you're on your way to becoming a skygoddess and you'll owe her one. Those aren't commands, just suggestions. I never give commands when I'm not instructing or naked." I call Toni and she seems happy to help. Some guy comes up and asks Karl if he's available for a formation later and he says he is. The guy enters something into a Blackberry and wanders over toward Racer X. "Okay, now what's a floater?" Sensei explains about formation skydiving and the role of the base jumper, the pin man (second in the formation), and the docking order after that. "...and the floaters are light enough and fly tight enough to be able to come up from below and cross great distances to meet the formation." "Sounds exciting." "Your height gives you a high surface area. Your build is low mass and you look strong. I know you're smart. We get the right gear for you and you'll have all the makings of a red hot sky goddess." "So, um, what's the arrangement for spending the night." "Well, after the planes are tied down and the whuffos are mostly gone, the beer comes out. When it gets dark, we start a bonfire, we eat, we drink, we share the camaraderie of the people whose hands we place our lives in when we dive, and then we crash in my camper. Tomorrow we jump some more and then drive back to Workland. We show up back here at the skyport next Saturday." "And this is what you do every weekend." "When the weather cooperates. Beats watching football games or shoe shopping at the mall." "Why do you call them whuffos?" "They sometimes ask whuffo questions like, 'What for do you jump out of a perfectly good airplane.' Trying to give them a straight answer is like trying to describe an orgasm to somebody who's never had one. You've had two airgasms now, so you can relate. But since a whuffo can't relate to any straight answer you can give them, most jumpers have a canned answer like 'Because the door was open', or my favorite, 'I like to be a meat bomb'." I laugh and say, "You guys can be so morbid sometimes." "You guys? You're one of us now. You're smart enough that you'll soon be as bad as any of us. Besides, I only enjoy being a meat bomb down to the POI. We love our TLAs." "Three letter acronyms I get. What's the POI?" "Place of impact." I groan, "That was bad. And you've got one more jump today." "Yep. Probably in about an hour." "Any chance we can check out the camper after that?" "I was hoping you would want that." We walk around the DZ, the drop zone, and Sensei shows me the various features of it. I see a couple of guys kicking a small leather bean bag up into the air, back and forth to each other, trying to keep it from hitting the ground. "What are they doing?" "That's a game played with a

ball that doesn't bounce by people who might. It's called hacky. It's mainly a way to kill time while waiting for a ride." We watch as other jumpers fly their canopies linked to each other in a formation until they get near the ground and then separate and land. We "hydrate" because I suddenly feel a little weak. Sensei says it's probably the crash after the adrenaline rush. The Gatorade really helps. He tells me the names of a lot of people and tells me which are humble, hotdog, skygod, or safe. "Crimeny, Karl it's like a whole other language. Dew Drop called you humble. What's that mean?" "It's a compliment. It means competent and deserving of confidence. A humble guy can be trusted to know his limits. A skygod, can't. A skygod's ego exceeds his experience. I was probably called skygod by some but I survived that time and it humbled me. Hotdogs are skygods who have a flair for the dramatic, but mainly only to show off to people on the ground. They're more likely to hurt themselves on landing than to hurt someone in the air. Safe means you can jump with them and depend on them not to make mistakes because they realize they have too little experience to try anything tricky. Your goal should be to become safe and stay safe until you have enough experience to become humble. You shouldn't jump with skygods because you don't know how to protect yourself from their arrogance, that's part of becoming humble." "Wow, so much to learn." "I'll be here for you, Randi, except when I'm up. Dew Drop seems to like you. She'll help out. She's humble. So's Racer X." When the group of jumpers gather for the formation jump, Sensei joins them and I watch as they do a 'dirt dive', a ground based runtrough of the formations they will attempt to achieve in the air. Dew Drop isn't in on the jump so she joins me on the ground as the plane takes off. "You decide on that bonfire yet?" "Yeah, I guess we're staying for the night." "Well, I knew Karl was. It's good to hear that you'll be joining him. Let me know if he cheats on you. I'll kick his ass." "Uh, does he have a history of cheating?" "If you don't count the sky, I've never heard of him being unfaithful, but there's a lot of temptation around here. If you cheat on him, I might kick your ass." "I'm not the cheating type, but we really just met today. We mainly know each other from a lot of emails. Our sisters matched us up." "It doesn't really matter how it happened. You two are sweet on each other. But he won't hold onto you. That's not done by the good guys here. If you don't want to be with him, just leave him, don't cheat on him. You can't jump with someone who's possessive. You either hold yourself to him and he holds himself to you or you're better off not together. It's just too easy for someone to bounce." "This sport must be hard on us women." "There's two kinds of women around here. The women who skydive are on an equal footing with the men. They get the respect that their dive history and their skill earns them. The women who don't skydive are girlfriends or wives or floozies. Floozies are like groupies. All three of those are like football widows when the weather is fine. There's a high turnover rate on them. By the way, my Earth name is Debbi." "Thank's Debbi. I'm Randi. I appreciate your help in my assimilation." "Assimilation? Ha! Sensei picked a good one this time. He's way too smart for most of the people around here. We rarely use a big word when a diminutive one will do." I look at her and catch her sly grin. We chat about my next steps in the sport until we hear someone shout, "Jump run!" Debbi lays down on the ground and asks, "You gonna watch?" I drop beside her and she uses her ears and then eyes to locate the plane way up. I can't even see it, but somebody with binoculars says, "They're out," and we begin scanning the sky for them. Finally Debbi says "Got 'em," and tells

me where to look in relation to a bird that's flying over. I pick out these tiny black specs clustered together and see that they're moving around. Then I start to notice colors from their jumpsuits and watch as they scatter and their canopies start to bloom. I pick out Sensei's and see that it's fully deployed. Somebody shouts, "Mally!" and I hear a collective gasp. We watch as this one guy swings around wildly on the end of his lines and see that he's trying to clear the malfunction in his canopy. It's about one third collapsed. I expect him to cutaway and deploy his reserve chute, but he keeps trying to clear it. I start to worry that I'll soon see my first bounce when people start saying "Cutaway, cutaway." Suddenly, the chute shape changes to rectangular and everybody breathes a sigh of relief. Some of them mutter, "hotdog," with a tinge of disgust in their tone. "He waited too long. His reserve might not have opened from that altitude. He should have cutaway instead of trying to clear that mal. Not safe. He'll probably get a warning from the owner. Too many of those and he won't get any rides." The divers all cluster together for their post-dive and they seem pretty exuberant, but I watch as they chide Faceplant, the guy who got to the ground too soon, but almost way too soon. He doesn't argue. He apologizes. Debbi tells me that he knows he has to patch his rep now. His close call took some of the joy out of the jump. They finish the post-dive and the owner of the school talks with him while Sensei and the others walk to the packing area. Dew Drop joins Racer X and I join Sensei as he spreads the canopy and starts 'flaking' it. "Do I need to learn all this?" "Soon enough, if you want to save money. You have to use the school's equipment until you finish AFF. After that, I've been thinking you could jump my backup rig. I've got an old five cell that I'm a bit heavy for. It only needs a new pud. No need to buy anything else until you get a fashion sense. You might eventually decide to add chest weights to increase your fall rate and raise your CG." I look down. "Are you saying my boobs are too light?" He laughs. "No, Randi. It's just that you can fly better if you're more top heavy." "Oh, so you're saying my ass is too heavy." I smile and act innocent. "Well, I don't know. I'll have to get a real close look at it to say for sure, in the interest of making sure you fly as purty as you look ma'am." I chuckle. Then I think about the malfunctioning main chute I saw earlier. "Faceplant could've bounced today." "Yep. Sooner or later you'll see people get hurt. Maybe killed. The sky is forgiving, but the ground isn't." "Is it worth it?" "It is as long as you have airgasms. Dew Drop lost her first husband and she's still jumping. A lot of us saw him hammer in." I made a mental note that he uses 'hammer in' much more solemnly than 'bounce'. "Tough chick. I like her. She threatened to kick your ass if you cheat on me, and vice-versa." "She explain why you're always a free agent?" "Yep. Strange system." "It's not for every woman. She tell you about the beating you'll take?" "No, what's that about?" "Landings can be brutal. After a few bad ones on a weekend your friends might think you're being abused. Vitamin E helps you heal." "Good to know." "Your body will get mashed against the plane, especially going out the door. Your hair will fry in the sun. It can also whip against your skin and leave a furburn. And it can frizz at the ends. You've probably seen a few of us wearing bandanas or do-rags." "I noticed that." "You might want to keep your nails short. They can get torn off. Your hands will dry out and crack from chute packing unless you put something on them." "You make it all sound so attractive." "Tough chicks are the sexiest. It all gives you character. Talk with other girls, they'll let you know if there's anything I forgot. Oh, and you already know about rings, but necklaces,

bracelets, and piercings all can snag on something and get pulled." "Ouch! Not usually a problem with me." He finishes stuffing the canopy into the container and pins it, stows the pilot chute, and hoists his rig onto his shoulder. "You thirsty?" "Like a desert." "Got beer in the trailer." We walk around behind the hangars and down a short row of camper trailers. He opens the door on the furthest and says, "Home, sweet home." I step up and he follows me in. As soon as he drops his rig on a chair, I'm in his arms and kissing him. Our passion is intense and unreserved. Our hands roam all over each other as we shed our clothes. I'm normally a bit self-conscious about being seen naked for the first time, but such inhibitions seem so silly now. Karl slips his hand into my panties and down to my shaved beaver. "Oh, very aerodynamic. I like." I giggle. "I wonder if it would whistle at terminal velocity." "I'd be happy to hold my ear very close in a birthday suit jump." I pull his hard cock from his boxer briefs and stroke it. He pushes me back and into a chair. "I want to taste you all over." His tongue enters my mouth and I surrender to my Sensei. My neck, my nipples, my belly, my inner thighs and finally my pussy are sampled by his humble tongue. It's beyond competent and deserving of confidence. When it comes to my clit, it is the cure for my long dry spell of loverlessness. It 'loves' my tiny pud like no previous lover. I sing its praises and hear a giggle from outside. It sounds like Dew Drop. I hear the door of the next camper shut. Karl persists in torturing me with his competence. I become nothing more than a superstimulated bundle of nerves and a voice as he plays me like a living musical instrument. I live entirely in the moment as my body surrenders to the inevitable. I come hard. I come loud. I come long. My head rolls side to side as my hips writhe and roll under his face. I look down and see his eyes looking back at me as he laps around my labia and back to my clit, extending my pleasure over and over." "You're mine," he says. "I know." "Doggy." I comply, turning around and placing my knees against the arms of the chair and laying my tits down on the chairback. "Is my ass too heavy now?" "Not even close." He thrusts into my pussy and I get a deliciously hard smack from his hips against my ass. I hear the noises of lovemaking from the next camper and smile for Dew Drop. Karl starts to fuck me hard, much rougher than I've ever had and I like it. My pussy wakes up and I reach down to play with my clit as he slams into me again and again. I have another small orgasm as Dew Drop comes and then Karl moans and splashes his cum into me. He slows his strokes until he's fully satisfied and then leans over and lays his weight on me, surrounding me with his long arms in a hug that makes me feel protected. "I'm yours," he says. "I know." I accept that he won't hold me, except by what he comes to mean to me. I'm not sure I wouldn't try to hold him, if I felt him slip away, but I vow to make that something he won't want to do. I feel like I've found a man, a buddy, a mentor and a lover in one person. He'll need room to continue being what he is, a humble skydiver who others will emulate, a skydiving instructor, a video editor, and a university professor. I will be a student with aspirations of becoming a humble redhot skygoddess, an engineer when I have to, and whatever else life calls on me to be, but we will start into the future together, ending our loneliness and sacrificing a little independence for the rewards of cooperation. "I'm so thirsty I could lick the sweat from your balls." He laughs and releases me from the hug. "Yeah, we kind of got sidetracked on the way to the beer." He pulls two from the fridge and opens one and hands it to me before opening his and taking a big swig. I wet my pipes and sigh contentedly. "This is such a

different life, but I like it." "It's too wild for most people, especially women." "Oh, it's just what I needed. I've never felt so alive. I don't know how I'll be able to tolerate the weeks." "Gotta recover sometime. Hungry yet?" "Famished. I could eat a whole cow." "Might be some steaks on the grill, but certainly burgers and hot dogs. Maybe brats." I watch as he loads a case of cold beers, minus two, from his fridge into a cooler and dumps a bag of crushed ice on it. "Are we gonna put a dent in that?" "We're on the beer-for-food program, here. I can't grill a burger to save my life, but Wyld Chyld can." We dress and I carry two folding chairs out to the bonfire. About eight people are already there and they're just starting the fire. There's two other coolers of beer and soft drinks. Two women are grilling and there's a table with picnic food on it. Sensei sets the beer down speaks up, "Everyone, this is Chess Nut. Be nice and introduce yourself to her when you get a chance." I hear a chorus of welcomes and I feel instantly accepted by this wacky bunch. Then I hear, "Hey Chestnut. I'm Wyld Chyld. Somebody special-ordered porterhouse for you and Sensei, seein' as how this is your first date and rumor has it your first time flying united." I'm sure I blush as I hear a few chuckles, but she just continues, "I know I'm just gonna wave his near the flame 'til it stops mooing. How ya like your red meat cooked?" "Medium rare. Thanks." "Ready in five then. Git yourself some 'tater salad, macaroni salad, chips, whatever. Don't touch those brownies 'less you want to be mooing at the cows later. Got cookies if you need something sweet for after." Racer X and Dew Drop stroll up with resin chairs and sit next to us as we're eating. Sensei finishes his steak and starts playing hacky with Racer X, a few other guys, and a petite girl name Hard Time. They're holding beers and playing a variant that requires drinking when they miss the sack. As each one finishes his beer, he drops out. Dew Drop taps my arm and asks, "Get your tension from your first jumps all worked out?" I laugh. "Yep, got my toes curled and straightened." "Heard you." "Heard you, too." "Life's good." "It just got a lot better for me." "Sensei looks happier than I've seen him in a year at least." "Something he ate agreed with him." She laughs, "He sure picked a good one this time, Randi." "Thanks, Debbi. Um, why did he call you Trixie, earlier." "Because I called him Karl. Trixie was my nickname when I worked at Hooters. Not many people know that. I'm glad that Dew Drop stuck." "What do you do now?" "Teach middle school. You?" "Chemical Engineer." "No shit. A Chemical Engineer and a Ph D. Assistant Professor of Microbiology. You meet all kinds of people in this sport." "What's Racer X do?" "Chiropractor. The man is good with his hands." "He slipped up coming out the door today." "Sorry about that. I was tickling his balls. I guess I goosed him out the door. Won't happen again, until next time." The hacky game gets down to Sensei and Hard Time and it gets intense. They keep the hacksack up for dozens and dozens of hits and both are obviously showing their best stuff until finally Sensei drops it, takes a drink and shows that his beer is empty. Hard Time hands hers to him. "There's still half a can in here, HT." "I only dropped it twice. But that's warm now, so finish it and get me a cold one, Loser." He chugs it down and pops a fresh one for her. I thank Wyld Chyld for the steak and help with the cleanup while Sensei hauls a wheelbarrow load of wood for the fire. We sit around the blaze and listen to jump stories until he catches my eye and nods toward the camper. I hear Dew Drop chuckle softly as we carry our chairs away. We get inside and I remember something that was nagging at me. "You know I don't have any clean clothes for tomorrow." "Thought of that.

You can wash your undies in the sink and hang 'em up. I got a long T-shirt you can sleep-in. There's a shower here, but there's a nice big one in the ladies room in the rigging shack if you need it. I got a key if it's locked. Got soap, shampoo, towels. And you can buy a DZ souvenir T-shirt in the morning. That do ya?" "Is it too soon to tell you that you amaze me?" "Nah, I get that from hot lookin' students all the time." "Oh, yeah, college girls during the week and skyvirgins on the weekend." "And until earlier, I hadn't been laid in ten months." "Do you always command when you get naked?" "No, I don't have to. I can fly base." "Good, 'cuz I feel like pinning you." I drop to my knees and open his shorts. I pull his boxers and shorts down together and take his semi-hard cock into my mouth. I can still taste our cum on it from earlier and its musky scent makes my dynamo start to hum. I keep sucking as I slip my finger into my panties and rub my clit. I sense him getting close and, as much as I want to bring him off, I want to control him for a while longer. "Bed. On your back." We finish stripping as we make our way to the tiny camper bed. He lays diagonally across it and I climb on top of him, straddling his hips and sitting on his hard cock. It feels hot pressed between us and I slide against it, coating it with my ooze. I kiss him passionately and run my fingers through his thick sun-bleached brown locks. I bring a nipple to his mouth and command him, "Suck." He sucks it in and teases it with his tongue. Ah, that wonderful tongue. I give him equal time on my other tit and he gives it equal pleasure. I feel his hard rod beneath me. "What's this? a pole that some poor skydiver could get impaled on. I'd better soften it." I slip his cock into me and ride it cowgirl, slipping my finger back onto my clit. I watch his eyes and listen to his breathing and stop stroking when he again seems close, maintaining the rubbing on my clit until I too am almost there. I start riding his cock hard, feeling his ridged head as it almost exits before I slide back down on it. "Hands, tits." He reaches up and pinches and rolls my nipples and the added stimulation takes me over the edge. His cum splashes into me and my clenches milk him as my finger on my clit starts to roll slowly to stretch my pleasure. I ride him until his cock is empty and then my pussy slowly stops squeezing. I lay down on him and stretch my body full length over him, letting our cum ooze down onto his shrinking cock. "Is it too soon to tell you there won't be any other men for me?" "Really? You've shot down every one of these decent single guys?" "All but one, and the sky." "Just you, me, and the sky then." "I like the sound of that." "Does that mean I can bum a ride back to town with you tomorrow?"