

# A Flight to Remember

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*She gives me that knowing smirk as if she knows what trouble I'm about to get into with my new "frie*

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I can't believe it's been a month since meeting Robin and Tiffany, I think to myself as I drive to the airport. I begin to replay in my mind the events of that glorious day. It had been a busy day and I was on my way home. I had spent the previous three days in Washington DC on business. I was ready to get back home to Southern California. My meetings ended early that day allowing me to arrive at the airport three hours before my flight departed. I returned my rental car and entered the airport. As I usually did while waiting in line to clear security, I perused the people in line with me. I get fascinated by the different types of travelers. But mostly, I liked to pick out the beautiful women traveling. Glancing around the room, my eyes landed on a beautiful dark haired woman. She was impeccably dressed, wearing a gray pin-striped business suit with a low cut white blouse under her jacket. I noticed how short her skirt was and how long her legs were. She looked up from her ticket and locked eyes on me. Awkwardly, I casually looked away. Occasionally I would casually glance her way without being detected. My eyes were attracted to her like she was a magnet. I had made it through security without incident. As I replaced my belt and put my shoes back on I had noticed my mystery woman still had several minutes to make it through security. She had caught me staring at her and gave me a slight smile. I had returned the smile as I turned to move on. After clearing security I headed to the VIP lounge for a drink, dinner, and time to unwind a bit. I entered the lounge and found a quiet secluded corner with a comfy couch. I settled in as the hostess came to greet me. "Good afternoon, sir. I'm Hailey. How may I serve you today?" I placed my order with Hailey and watched her saunter off. I guessed that she was in her early twenties. She was built like a ballerina; petite and slender. Her long deep red locks flowed in the breeze as she brisked off to the kitchen. I turned my attention to my phone to check my e-mail one last time before I closed it down. I was startled by a gentle tap on my shoulder and a waft of sweet smelling perfume. I looked up to lock eyes with the very attractive mystery woman that I had been watching in the security line. Her smiling face was gazing down at me. Although she appeared professional, there was an air of eroticism about her. She had been holding her suit jacket, purse, and a briefcase while she pulled her roller board behind her. I was mesmerized by the gaze of her sparkling green eyes. "Excuse me, sir. You're sitting in my seat," she exclaimed with a hint of sarcasm. "Oh, really?" I quipped with a smile as I started to stand. "Stay. I am just messing with you." She placed her hand on my shoulder and gently pressed me back into

my seat as she walked past me. "May I join you?" she inquired as she sat on the couch on the other side of the coffee table in front of me. "Uh... Sure. I'd like that," I stammered. She leaned toward me and extended her hand. "I'm Robin." "Hi. Robin, I'm Cliff." Although I fully intended to make eye contact, my eyes were drawn to her partially exposed breasts as her blouse had drooped down providing me with a bit of a peep show. I could see her white bra barely contained her pert breasts. Just then Hailey arrived to take Robin's order. "Welcome back, ma'am. How may I serve you today? Your usual?" Hailey asserted to Robin. "Yes, Hailey. That would be great." I requested that Hailey put her order on my tab. Robin flashed me her gorgeous smile. "What a pleasant surprise to have you join me. To what do I owe this occasion?" I inquired. "Well, there simply are no other seats available in the lounge," Robin exclaimed. Looking around I could see at least fifteen other couches were totally empty. I smiled at her. I had watched my new friend as she sat there on the edge of the couch, her knees were drawn together and lower legs crossed. I marveled at her beauty and poise. After a few minutes of small talk I inquired, "So, where are you off to tonight?" "I'm heading home to Orange County, California. I come to DC once a month on business." "You don't say? I'm heading there myself," I said trying to stifle my excitement. We continued to play twenty questions to get to know each other. She was gently massaging her calves as she spoke, "I get so tired of wearing these damn high heels." "Looks like you could use a massage," I observed. "Is that an offer?" Robin asked. Just then Hailey delivered our food and drinks which interrupted our connection. We thanked her and she was on her way again. "What flight are you on this evening?" I inquired. She leaned sideways to reach for her briefcase at the end of her couch. In doing so, she spread her legs a bit which gave me a full view up Robin's very short skirt. Her tiny white G-String had parted her labia for the world to see. As she sat back upright I was quick to look her in the eyes as she read her airline ticket. "Looks like I'm on flight 824 tonight," she informed me. "What fl..." Interrupting her, I said, "Oh shit! I'm on that flight as well. What seat are you assigned to?" "12C," she reported. "Oh, that won't do," I exclaimed. With that I stopped Hailey as she passes. "Excuse me." "Yes, how may I help you, Mr. Rocksaton?" she inquired. "It appears that Ms..." I quizzically stated as I looked at Robin. "Ms. Goodtail." Hailey interjected. "Ah. It appears that Ms. Goodtail and I are on the same flight tonight. However, the problem is that we are not seated together. Do you mind seeing if it is possible for us to be reassigned together?" "It would be my pleasure, Mr. Rocksaton. I'll check on it straight away." And Hailey went off on her mission. We continued to eat, chat, and laugh. Robin was so alluring in all she did. We formed a quick bond. I didn't know why but our chemistry was just right. I've never met such a sexy, intelligent, humorous woman in my life. There was something in the way she looked at me with her eyes that drew me into her. Her napkin slid off her lap onto to floor. She leaned forward to pick it up. Once again, I received a peep down her blouse. She looked up at me as she sat up again and gave me a little smirk. With that she readjusted her blouse and pulled the collar wider and unbuttoned another button to reveal more of her neck and chest. "Is it hot in here?" she asked. "Yes, it is very hot," I replied as my eyes stared intently at her chest. Hailey returned to report, "Excuse me, Mr. Rocksaton. I was successful to move you two together. I've assigned seat 14C on the aisle for you and seat 14E by the window for Ms. Goodtail. There is an empty seat between you and the

Business Class bulkhead behind you. The flight is not full this evening so the seat will remain empty. Will that be satisfactory?" "Great! That will be just fine. Thank you for your assistance, Hailey," I stated with a smile. Robin looked at me wantingly with a sheepish smile on her face. "Oh, Mr. Rocksaton, You shouldn't have," she stated in a feigned southern accent as she lowered her face, looked up at me with innocent eyes, as if poking fun at me. After we finished our meals we ordered another round of drinks. Robin excused herself to visit the ladies room. As she stood she readjusted herself as her skirt had hiked up dangerously close to, once again, exposing herself. Her long, slender, toned legs were slightly spread apart. She turned around and leaned forward to pick up her purse. I caught a glimpse of her ass cheeks and her G-string barely doing its job, her pink labia begging to be explored. I had let out an, "Oh, God," under my breath as she turned around. Robin looked at me with that sheepish look on her face. Then, she sauntered off to the ladies room putting a bit more swagger into her steps. Her hips moved hypnotically side to side as she impersonated a super model strutting down the runway. While Robin was still in the restroom, Hailey returned with fresh drinks and took away our empty plates. She gave me that knowing smirk as if she knew what trouble I was about to get into with my new friend. As Robin returned, my eyes were transfixed on her body. Once again strutting proudly. Can it be? She had removed her bra. As she approached I could faintly see her dark nipples showing through her white blouse. As she regained access to the couch she had her back to me. She spread her legs slightly. Then very deliberately and slowly she bent forward to place her purse on the couch. The other hand landed on her hip then slightly hiked her skirt up revealing her perfect ass. The surprises didn't stop. She had removed her g-string too. I could see her perfect rosebud and pussy. It took all I had to keep myself from jumping up off my lap to take her. Robin walked around the coffee table and sat down on the edge of the couch next to me. I scooted myself to the edge of the couch as she picked up our drinks. She handed me my drink and made a toast. "To our new found friendship and boundless adventure," she stated. We clinked our glasses and took a sip of our drinks as she looked into my eyes. "To my beautiful new friend," I toasted back. I could not contain myself any longer. I had put my drink down on the coffee table. Then I leaned toward her placing my hand on her opposite hip and locked our lips together. Robin grabbed the back of my neck with her free hand and held me in place. Our tongues penetrated deep into each other's mouth and began to dance wildly. My hand moved up to the side of her breast. My thumb found her hard nipple protruding through her blouse and pressed it in a circular motion as the rest of my fingers massaged her subtle breast. She let out a slight moan as we kissed. "Wait, wait, wait," she stated. "I need to put my glass down." I broke our kiss and took her drink and put on the coffee table. We repositioned ourselves. Her hand landed on my upper thigh very close to my crotch. She wrapped her other arm around my neck and drew me in. Our foreheads touched as my hand rode up her thigh from her knee. Her skin was silky smooth. My hand slipped under her skirt. "You are so beautiful," I whispered as my thumb landed on her hard clit and my other fingers gripped her upper thigh firmly. "Do with me what you will. I'm yours." She exhaled and kissed me softly. Her hand shifted higher and grabbed my hard cock through my trousers. "Ah, no underwear?" she asked without separating her mouth from mine. "None," I replied. With that she squeezed my rock hard cock. One hand was gently

massaging the base of her neck while my thumb slid off her clit and separated her labia with ease. She was so wet and smooth. She had no hair. The sensation of her smooth skin on my fingertips drove me wild. I was intoxicated by the aroma of her musky sex. She placed a hand on my chest and pushed me back. "Hold on, cowboy," she whispered. "Follow me," she directed as she stood and grabbed my hand. Luckily the lounge had been virtually empty. Otherwise, I may have been more self-conscious of walking through with a raging erection protruding from my trousers. Just before Robin led me down a narrow hallway to a changing room in the lounge, I saw Hailey smiling widely as she watched us turn the corner. Leading me in, Robin closed and locked the door. She pushed me against the wall and squatted down. With a fevered pace she undid my belt and released my trousers to fall to the floor. She grabbed hold of my hard sex and looked up at me with eyes of approval. Before I knew what was happening, my cock disappeared within her mouth. I had let out a moan and put a hand on the back of her head. She was a magician with her tongue. I had never felt so alive. I had never felt such pleasure. I didn't want it to end but, at the same time, I longed to taste her. I stood her up and grabbed her hips in such a way that I lifted her and flipped her upside down at the same time. We were now in a standing 69 position with her upper thighs resting my shoulders. Her hands are on my thighs to support her. I felt her mouth regain its position on my cock sliding in and out. She took a hand and grabbed hold of my balls and kneaded them between her fingers. My tongue dove deep into her wet open pussy. It swirled around the inside of her labia. I could taste her sweet juices. I heard faint moans of satisfaction from my crotch. I alternated from pleasing her pussy to sliding my tongue around her clit. I dove my rigid tongue slowly into her cavity and slid it in and out at a slow steady pace. Then I glided my tongue through her labia. I stopped to suck them into my mouth and gently pull before I proceeded to her hot button. I let my tongue lightly dance upon it and around it. I felt her thighs quiver from time to time when I hit the right spot. My body was filled with the tension of the pleasure. I was close to cumming but wanted to prolong our beautiful session. I flattened my tongue and pressed it hard on her clit and started to grind in tight circles. Within seconds her legs got rigid and started to squeeze my head. I knew she was close too. I ground my tongue harder as she quickened her pace sucking on my manhood. With that she climaxed with a powerful orgasm. Her pussy exploded with her cum as I lapped it up. I followed suit and shot my load into her mouth. We were both like ravenous creatures lapping up every drop of each other's precious nectar. I gingerly set her upright on her feet again. I held her close and felt her heart race against my chest. She looked up at me with those big green eyes with gratitude and appreciation. "Damn, that was awesome! I've never done that before," she stated. We began to kiss again very passionately. I undid her blouse and she moved her arms to let it fall on the floor. I grabbed one of her tits and kneaded it firmly. She pushed her skirt off as well. I sat on the little stool in the dressing room and she sat on my lap. Our lips found each other again and she ground her wet pussy against my stiffening cock. Soon it was rock hard again with the movement of her hips as they glided her pussy up and down the length of it. I lifted her hips slightly and my cock penetrated deep within her walls. I took a hard nipple in my mouth and begin to nibble, suck, and lick it. My other hand took the other breast firmly in its grasp. Robin's fingertips dug into my shoulders. "Oh, God, baby. Don't stop," I heard her whisper breathlessly. She

was grinding my cock fast, then slow. Alternating her rhythm and pace like a pro. I grabbed hold of her lower back as she leaned back. She repositioned her legs in order to allow my cock to slide in and out of her pussy. She was riding me like a crazed cowgirl. I could feel her pussy tighten on my cock and her breathing begin to quickened. I'm was not ready to cum just yet. So I picked her up as I stood. I turned her around. Instinctively she knew what I wanted. She bent over and placed her hands on the stool and spread her legs. I entered her slick pussy from behind as I grabbed hold of her hips. I pulled myself into her slowly at first. In and out very slow. "Just fuck me! Fuck me hard, you bastard!" she let out. Teasingly I moved just a bit faster knowing she wanted more. "Fuck. Why are you teasing me?" she cried as she tried to move her hips into me. I laughed as I plunged my cock deep within her as quick as I could. "That's it, baby! That's it!" she cried. With that I fucked her hard and fast. I had a death grip on her hips and pulled her into me hard with each thrust. Our skin slapped together with each insertion. In the dressing room mirror I could see her tits swing wildly. Her face was distorted in the pleasure of the moment. Eyes closed. Mouth slightly open. Indiscernible sounds of pleasure emanated from her lips. "God, I'm cumming," she exclaimed breathlessly. With that I came with her. I emptied my load deep within her. I left my pulsating cock inside her. I felt the walls of her pussy quiver on my member. After a couple minutes Robin stood and turned around. Her chest was still heaving to catch her breath. She embraced me. I felt her lips gently kiss my nipple. Then it dawned on both of us. I looked at my watch and noted we had just fifteen minutes to get to the gate. Our mad dash began to get cleaned up and dressed. We both ducked out of the dressing room and made a quick pit stop in the restroom. I arrived back at the couch before she did. Hailey stopped by and asked, "Everything to your satisfaction, Mr. Rocksaton?" "More than you could know," I replied. She gave me that smirk of a smile again and walked off. "Enjoy your flight." With that Robin approached the couch. She put on her suit jacket and we gathered our things. We quickly darted out of the lounge hand in hand toward our gate. We arrived at our gate with just minutes to spare before they made the final call. I followed my princess down the jet way hypnotized by the swagger of her hips. I was so anxious to settle into our seats and determine the next course of our adventure together. She looked back at me and gave me a knowing smile. Most of the passengers were already on board. I'd guessed the flight was a bit more than half full. We arrived at our seats and I assisted Robin by putting her roller board in the overhead compartment. As I placed mine above, she scooted into her seat and removed her jacket. "Do you mind putting this up there too?" she asked as she handed me her jacket. As I sat, I looked to my right and noticed there was only one passenger in the group of seats across the aisle. A young woman in her early twenties. By her casual appearance I guessed she may be a college student. She had been wearing a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off and short cut off jean shorts. A typical California girl. I turned to Robin. "Hey, look at this," she directed as she looked out the window. I scooted next to her to take a look. I put a hand on her back and the other on her knee. She turned her head and whispered in my ear, "I just wanted you to get close enough to touch me." Then I moved my hand up and down her parted thigh. I made several trips along her thigh alternating from very gentle to firm. Each pass I made my closer and closer until I reached her pussy. She was still moist from our earlier activities. I Pretended to see what was going on outside and let

my middle fingertip slightly penetrate her pussy and move in a slow circular motion. In my ear she gasped, "Oh God, I want you." The moment was broken by the overhead announcement by the flight attendant to prepare for takeoff. I gave her a deep kiss before I moved back to my seat and buckled up. I reach over to her and she grasped my hand. Our eyes locked. With her other hand she moved her blouse to flash me a tit. I mouthed, "You are crazy." I glanced to my right again and caught the young woman averting her eyes from me. I remember thinking to myself, "Is she watching?" I didn't want to stare but I swear one of her hands was buried between her legs but the view was obstructed by the armrest. A few minutes into the five hour flight the pilot announced that we had reached our cruising altitude and it was safe to move about the cabin. With that Robin pressed the flight attendant call button above our heads. Within a minute a flight attendant arrived. "How may I help you?" "May I have a pillow and blanket please?" Robin requested. I gave her a puzzled look questioning her request... While waiting for the flight attendant to return, Robin flipped up the arm rests between the seats then moved to the middle seat next to me. She snuggled up to me and interlocked an arm with mine and reached over to grab hold of my thigh with the other. "Don't worry, baby. The fun is about to begin." With that said she grabbed my semi-rigid member and gave a lingering squeeze. Just then the flight attendant returned with the requested items. As I looked up at her to say "thank you" she was smiling down at us sheepishly. "Is there anything else to make your flight more comfortable?" she inquired. "No thank you," we responded. Out of the corner of my eye I sensed a pair of eyes penetrating me. I turned slightly toward her and, again, the young woman quickly averted her face. Her legs had been spread a bit further apart. I could definitely make out that her hand was slid under her shorts. I got a bit more excited by the fact we had a voyeur. I assisted Robin in settling in. She placed the pillow on my lap. She curled up in the fetal position on the two seats with her head on my lap and her ass toward the seat back. I covered her with the blanket and she feigned to sleep. I leaned my seat back a bit but was constricted by the bulkhead behind us. Robin started to rustle. I felt her hand between my legs moving toward my crotch. Deftly she unfastened my belt, unfastened by trousers, and lowered the zipper. As she reached in and took my now hard cock in her hands I whispered, "Oh, baby, I love your touch." I took my right hand and placed it on her head to gently massage her temple. My left hand dove under the blanket and draped over her ass. I let my fingers caress her ass down along her thigh. I would let my finger tips just barely drag against her labia as they slowly made their way past. After a few minutes I let finger tips take possession of the treasure it was seeking. Ever so gently I let my finger tips slide between her wet labia. Slowly and painstakingly I separated them and ensuring they were fully coated with her love juice. Robin's hand glided up and down my hard member. Sometimes she would run her fingernails along its taut skin. Other times she took a firm grip as she moved along it. I tried to relax and enjoy her attention. Admittedly I was a bit nervous of being caught in the act. But that made the situation all the more exhilarating. The flight attendant stopped to talk to the little voyeur next to me. I heard her request a pillow and blanket as well. I continued to let my fingertips explore Robin's box. I partially entered her and wriggled my fingertip around her soaked pussy. Her hips bucked in approval. Then I slid my fingertips up to her clit and ran circles around it before pressing firmly on it. Then my fingers found her labia and squeezed

and pulled on each one gently. Stretching and letting go. I felt her purr as she squeezed my cock. The flight attendant returned to deliver the pillow and blanket to my neighbor. I didn't look but heard her raise the armrests as she repositioned herself to stretch out on the seats. Robin readjusted herself as well but never lost her grip on my raging erection. She moved onto her back, spread her legs, and dropped one to the floor to provide better access for my probing hand. With that I placed my right hand under the blanket and under her blouse and grabbed hold of the nearest tit. I gently massaged it with her nipple caught between my thumb and forefinger. My other hand fully cupped her bald mound as my fingers continued their exploration of her soaked lady hood. I thought I heard a slight moan emanate from my neighbor. I turned to look and found her covered in her blanket and leaning her back against the window. Her legs stretched toward me on the seat and were separated. I detected her hand moved intently and methodically under the blanket at her pussy. Her eyes were closed and her face was flushed. I think her other hand may have been latched onto one of her tits. She opened her eyes and we connected. Then, no longer embarrassed, she gave me a little grin. I gave her a nod and returned my attention to Robin. I pushed two of my fingers into Robin's opened pussy. I thrust them in as far as I could reach as my thumb worked its magic on her clit. With that she spread her legs further apart and raised her hips beckoning me to go deeper within her. I obliged and found her special spot. I curled my fingers slightly and firmly made circular gyrations. I looked at her and could see the intensity of sensation build on her face. She looked up at me in desperation as she mouthed, "I'm going to cum!" I slowed my pace wanting to prolong her release for a bit. She balked at my change of pace and moved her hips to try to make up the difference. "Don't be a prick. Make me cum now," she said as she put a death grip on my cock. Not wanting to be disfigured I quickened the pace again. She slightly released my cock to indicate that she was pleased. I felt Robin's pussy start to contract and her hips quake. I glanced over at my voyeur. I noticed that her blanket had shifted. I saw her shorts bunched up around one of her ankles which was now on the floor. Her other leg was drawn up so her knee was up against the seatback. She was feverishly fingering her shaved pussy. She had a smug look on her face as she stared me with unblinking eyes. Just then Robin raised her hips off the seat and tensed her whole body. Then she dropped her hips and arched her back as she reached full orgasm. Her breathing accelerated and that beautiful look of desperation on her face changed as the release flooded out of her body. My hand was soaked with her cum and love juice which flowed freely onto the seat. I left my hands in place but did not move as the aftershocks of the orgasm still coursed through Robin's body. Her eyes closed and breathing heavily. "Amazing!" she exclaimed softly. I took another look at my voyeur and noted she had climaxed too. She readjusted herself and attempted to regain her composure. She had moved her legs back together up on the seat but left her shorts on the floor. Her chest was heaving in attempt to catch her breath. The scent of sex was thick in the back of Business Class that night. I enjoyed every minute of the cock massage but was ready for my own release. Robin sat up and looked up the aisle. Seeing the coast clear and all was relatively quiet, she directed me to lie down. I quickly slipped my shoes off as I positioned myself with my head toward the aisle and my feet touched the wall. Robin stealthily mounted me and inserted my cock deep into her pussy. She leaned forward and started to kiss me with slow gentle pecks. I parted

my lips and our tongues began their dance. Then Robin began to grind her clit on my pubic bone. Forward and back. I grabbed her hips to help drive my cock deeper into her pussy. "Oh yes, deeper. Oh, God. Yes!" she said breathlessly without separating her lips from mine. I knew that I would not last long having had my cock teased for so long. I quickened the pace by guiding her hips faster. My mind reeled at the sensation. I tried to stifle my moans of pleasure. Finally, my body went rigid. I stopped moving but Robin did not. I felt myself pumping her full of my seed. As I began to calm myself, Robin stopped moving and just held my cock within her. Her muscles tightened and drew out every last bit of my juice. Robin slowly sat up and gasped. I said, "What?" She pointed to the neighbor girl. The voyeur. The horny little slut next to us. I tilted my head back to see her at it again. Her eyes were closed. Her head was laid back. Her back was arched. Her legs were spread wide. Her fingers fucked the shit out of her pink pussy. She had that look of painful desperation painted on her face. Not taking her eyes off the girl, Robin dismounted me very slowly and quietly and laughed in disbelief under her breath. I slowly sat up and fixed my trousers the best I could. Robin sat on the edge of the middle seat with her arm on my shoulder and her face inches from mine. "God, is she ever going to cum?" she amusingly asked. With that she did. Our voyeur climaxed with a release of her nectar. The pace of her thrusts lessened and lessened. The convulsions of her body subsided. Then she opened her eyes. We were busted. She saw us sitting and staring at her antics. She acted like there was nothing wrong. Then a flash of that devious smile lit up her face. She brought her hand up to her face and stuck her cum covered fingers into her mouth. Robin sat back and let out a sigh of relief as she tugged on my arm. Reluctantly, I turned to her and we made eye contact. I leaned over to give her a kiss on her forehead. "You are an amazing woman." She squeezed my arm and kissed my lips. "I need to pee," she stated as she stood and adjusted her skirt. I stood as well and moved into the aisle to allow her exit. As I sat back down I leaned into the aisle and admired the view of her backside making its way to the facilities in the front of the plane. I could make out the trail of cum moving down her inner thighs. I thought to myself. Within seconds of Robin leaving her seat the neighbor girl stood and zipped up her shorts. Her ass was inches from my face as she climbed out of her seat. She stood there motionless for a moment and I took in the scent of her sexcapades. Then she followed in Robin's direction. I could not help but to admire her firm round bottom, long toned legs, and beautiful golden brown hair dance and she made her way down the aisle. I sat there with my eyes closed replaying the activities with Robin in my mind. I relished every second. Before long Robin returned and tapped me on the shoulder. "I'm back, Lover Boy." I stood to allow her to regain access to her seat. She brushed her firm ass across my semi-rigid cock ever so slowly as she slid into the seat. As she sat by the window she tapped the middle seat signaling me to sit next to her there. I obediently complied with her wish. Robin leaned into me and whispered into my ear, "Having fun? I sure am." "God, yes. I'm having the time of my life," I exclaimed back into her ear. Then I started to kiss her ear and down her neck. My hand had a life of its own and could not help but caress the silky smooth firmness of her upper thigh. Then it moved up under her blouse, across her stomach and grabbed firmly her full breast. "Well, the excitement is not over, baby," she told me. "Oh? How's that?" I inquired. "I invited Tiffany to join us for a drink and a movie," she stated. With that the voyeur girl sat



next to me and extended her hand. "Hey, I'm Tiffany," she introduced herself to me. I took a quick look at Robin, who had that impish smirk on her face, and then back to Tiffany. I removed my hand from Robin's blouse and extended it to Tiffany. "Hello. Cliff. Pleasure to meet you," I stated with a bit of nervousness. Then to my surprise, both women leaned into me, grabbed my upper thighs and planted a kiss on my cheeks. "I'm in so much trouble," was my last thought before they started undressing me. I broke out of my daydream as I caught a glimpse of Robin sauntering toward me at the airport terminal in Orange County. She looked amazing in her strapless sun dress. Her long tanned legs looked a mile long because of the short length. Her dark hair trailing in the wind behind her like a model strutting down the cat walk. I gave her a wave and a smile. Our pace quickened as we walked toward each other. Once we were within a few feet of each other she dropped her briefcase and roller board and jumped at me. I caught her as she wrapped her arms around my neck and planted a big kiss on my lips. "Ready, Lover Boy?"