**Flight of Fancy**

by Emma

When I was growing up the highlight of most of my summer holidays was going over to stay with my Grandparents at their holiday home on Tenerife. They’d moved there when my Granddad retired when I was about 10 years old and ever since then we’d frequently gone over there as a family to visit them.. The summer after my 18th birthday I finished school early as I’d sat all my exams and had the whole summer free until I started University in Newport in the September. My Grandparents invited me out there to spend some time with them and to top up my tan. I was quite surprised when my normally overprotective parents said it was fine for me to fly over there alone.

I was really excited about the trip since I liked my Grandparents and they also tended to give me much more freedom than my parents ever did. The other attraction was… BOYS… I’d been a bit of a late developer, but over the last year I’d seemed to suddenly blossom and had attracted far more male attention which I really enjoyed! I saw this holiday as a chance to enjoy way more male company away from my mothers watchful gaze.

On the day of my flight my Dad drove me to Bristol Airport. He’s not great on big goodbyes, so he was happy to drop me at the airport entrance, after first checking I had everything I needed.. tickets, passport, mobile phone… I was pretty pleased that he just dropped me off, as I had plans of my own! As soon as he had gone I disappeared straight into the ladies toilet. Off with the jeans and t shirt, and on with the rather short summer dress, the one my mum disapproved of, but the one that always seemed to attract the guys. I intended to make an impression when I arrived in Tenerife!

However, I didn’t need to wait till I arrived at Tenerife to make an impression!!! I wasn’t the only 18 year old escaping to the sun after finishing my exams. While checking in for my flight I noticed a group of boys about my own age eying me up. They weren’t exactly shy about it, and too my delight I noticed that they were checking into my flight as well. They soon came over and started to chat me up. It was so flattering to be the centre of so much male attention! I found out that they were a group of friends from Bristol who were indeed, like me, enjoying a break in the sun before heading for University. Though they all seemed very nice I found myself drawn to one guy in particular, Mark. He just seemed that bit more flirty, cheekier than the other guys… He seemed to have a bit of the ‘bad boy’ thing going on, and I’d always been attracted to the bad boys! I could see this being a great start to my holiday

We boarded the plane.. It was a large jet, and nowhere near full… I suppose it was early in the holiday season. I was sat near the back and the guys near the front, which I did find a tad disappointing! I think I’d harboured thoughts of me being sat with them and being chatted up all the way to Tenerife. I did hear the stewardess read them the riot act, as she’d already decided that a group of lads would be nothing but trouble on this flight. We were sat in our allocated seats for take off, but the cabin crew did say that if we wished to move afterwards they had no objections as it was a quiet flight.

I was quite pleased when Mark came over and asked if I’d like to come sit by him, but instead of leading me back to the other guys he went towards the back of the plane where it was very quiet and sat us down at the far end of a long empty row of seats

‘Nice to have some privacy’ he said.

He was fun!! A great guy to look at and really fun to chat and flirt with. He really seemed to like me too! It wasn’t too long before the flirting turned into kissing, and the kissing turned into heavy petting. I was secretly pleased that I’d swapped my jeans for a dress as Mark certainly seemed attracted to my bare legs…. His hand running up my thigh and under my skirt hem… Finding I didn’t object he kept going… Higher and higher… till he reached my panties… His fingers crept round from my outer thigh to my inner thigh, and on towards my crotch…. He slid the crotch of my panties to one side and touched my pubis…

He whispered in my ear

‘You’re bare… so smooth… I find shaved girls so sexy…’

I just smiled back at him and leant forward and kissed him hard on the lips…

He responded by cupping my pussy in his hand… and sliding one finger along my slick pink slit and into my pussy.

I’d been penetrated!!! Not the first time by any means, but my first time in a public place, in plain sight on a plane…

‘You’re wet, very wet’ he said

And I was.. My pussy was soaking wet, well past damp. My body sending Mark the message that I hadn’t verbally given him… I wanted him, I wanted him real bad! Despite that I was worried.. If someone walked down the aisle they would see what we were doing and I wasn’t anywhere near ready for that sort of humiliation. Mark must have sensed my reluctance and told me to hold on for a second, before sitting up and removing his jacket and covering me with it.

OMG!!! I wanted him! Wanted his fingers deep in my pussy, wanted more… He teased me with his fingers, his touch a mixture of hard thrusting, and, when he sensed I was getting close to coming, a gentle teasing of my blood swollen clitty… God, I wanted to cum, wanted him, but more than that, I wanted him inside me..

‘Please!’ I begged

‘I want you, want all of you’

I knew I must seem so easy to him, to be such an easy slut, but it seemed like my pussy had taken over my mind…

‘Have you got anything Mark? Protection?’

‘Check my jacket pocket’

I found a condom, well a pack of condoms, in his pocket. I took one out and unzipped him, reaching inside his shorts and releasing his rock hard cock. Inexperienced as I was, I managed to fit it over his cock, and I don’t think I did too bad a job as his cock seemed to get even harder!!!

‘I want to see you’ he said

‘All of you’

I nodded and let him unzip my dress before easing myself away from the seat to allow him to slide my dress all the way down my body, letting my bare boobs bounce free.

‘You are so beautiful Emma’ he moaned, taking a nipple between his fingers before lightly kissing them in turn.

He dragged my dress down my legs and off my feet pulling my panties with it. I was naked. On a plane. And I didn’t care!!! I wanted sex with Mark!! I sort of wrapped his jacket round my shoulders as I rolled across him and carefully impaled myself on his throbbing cock. In all honestly the sex didn’t last long… I think we were both far too aroused by each other and by the situation. We both came hard… and quickly… Such a high!!! In more ways than one! Mark held me close, kissing me and stroking my bare back, and I must have drifted off to sleep, happy and contented. What a fantastic start to my holiday. How high had we been in the sky? Had I really joined the mile high club…………..?

I woke up suddenly.. Voices… Where was I ? Oh… cabin crew announcements… On the plane .. On holiday. Why did the seat… OMG!! I was naked!!! It was my bare skin on the seat! People were preparing to leave the plane and I was belted into my seat. NAKED. Where the hell was Mark..? I quickly unbuckled myself and slid down to the floor to pickup my dress and panties. Oh yes, memories of what I’d done had come flooding back to me all too quickly! To my horror there was no sign of my dress… or my panties… or my shoes… And certainly no sign of Mark or indeed his jacket! There was absolutely nothing available to cover myself with. The plane emptied and I stayed huddled on the floor, a naked ball of fear. I knew humiliation was inevitable, but I couldn’t bring myself to face it.

The cleaning crew found me. Two guys… so embarrassing… They called airport security and they extricated me from my hiding place. The two male security guards cuffed my hands behind my back so I couldn’t even attempt to preserve my modesty. They asked me for ID, for my Passport. Of course, that had gone as well. Oh Mark!! I thought he liked me! Why the hell had he done this to me? The security guys sent for a female guard to help escort me, as if that would help alleviate my humiliation. I wasn’t given anything to cover my nudity despite pleading with the female officer when she arrived.

I was taken naked from the plane All the ground crew stopped work and just stared at me, taking in my nudity, laughing, joking… I’m sure I heard a smattering of English words.. Slut… whore… I was taken across the tarmac and into the arrivals area. I thought it would be a private area, but boy was I wrong! Passengers off various flights milled around, well they did till they saw me… Then everyone stopped and the crowd sort of parted to allow me to be escorted through. I remember a lot of camera phones capturing my young body on film. And the laughter…..

I was put in a holding cell, and was searched. I guess you can work out what type of search they’d give a naked girl. It seems that maybe I was a terrorist.. Maybe concealing an explosive device in my pussy….or ass…. Or a drug mule hiding her stash in one of my holes…. Either way, I was bent over a bench with my legs spread wide while a rubber gloved woman inspected all my holes in great depth and detail, enjoying my pain and suffering far too much for my liking. She did remark that my pussy seemed somewhat wet….

Eventually they decided to listen to my story and in the fullness of time my Grandparents were traced, and located in the terminal. They were brought in to see me, identify me…to confirm I was their Granddaughter…….. Still naked in the cell. If only the ground could have swallowed me up…