The Flight of Pleasure

by Pink Sugar Â©

"What the hell am I going to do on this six hour flight?" I thought as I

wandered through the airport.

I had been on a plane ride twice before in my life and both times were

only two hour flights. Of course I brought a couple of Cosmo magazines

with me, but those only peak my interest for about fifteen minutes each. I

usually flip directly to the sex advice articles and laugh at the lame

things they suggest. I'm really not an avid reader but I thought this

would probably be a good opportunity to buy a book to read.

I passed by a Barnes and Noble and immediately headed towards the Sex &

Relationship section. Perusing the selection I spotted some erotica books.

What a perfect way to spice up the plane ride by indulging in some hot and

heavy reading. I purchased a compilation of erotic short stories; I knew

this would help pass the time.

After boarding the plane, I quickly found my seat. Of course I had

selected the seat by the window previously when I purchased the ticket

online. It was warm in the plane and I figured I'd better get comfortable

immediately before the other passenger entered my row. I took off my cream

colored pea coat and stuffed it in the overhead compartment.

For the trip I decided that comfort was key. I wore black fitted

sweatpants with a matching zip-up sweatshirt with a teal t-shirt

underneath. Hiding under my outfit was my favorite bra and panty set from

the Gap. It's such a cute set: white with multicolored polka dots. I

wasn't wearing much makeup, just some glittery pink lip gloss. Before I

left the house I completed my low maintenance look with a quick spray of

my Pink Sugar cotton candy aromatic perfume. I pulled my long blonde hair

back into a clip and sat back down in my seat.

Watching all the people file into plane and disperse into their rows, I

wondered who would be sitting next to me. I was sure hoping for an

attractive guy, but usually one can never be so lucky. Shortly thereafter

a gray haired, distinguished older man entered the row and sat down next

to me. Oh goody, I love older men. I smiled up at him as he got himself

situated.

"Do you mind if I turn on the overhead light?" He asked.

"No, not at all, I'm going to do some reading so I'll need it too." I

replied, smiling.

I had stashed my pink backpack under the seat in front of me. After the

plane took off I decided that it was time to start some reading, since the

book had at least 500 pages of smut waiting to be read. I pulled the

backpack up into my lap and retrieved my new purchase. I wondered if my

new companion noticed my book; he would have to be blind not to notice the

silhouette of a naked woman against a black background and the word

"erotica" in hot pink lettering.

Out of my peripheral vision I could tell he was busy reading his newspaper

wearing a pair of classic old guy reading glasses. Secretly, I hoped he

was curious about what the young, sassy blonde sitting next to him was

indulging in and that he took a quick peep at my book out of the corner of

his eye.

Flipping through the book I came across a story that described a couple's

lunch time sexual encounter. The wife, a professional, met her husband at

a construction site he was working at. She was wearing a business suit and

he was all dirty, hot and sweaty from working. They ended up in an

unfinished home he was working in. He tied her to an unfinished kitchen

island and teased her mercilessly, saying how he would leave her there

tied up for his workers to use for their pleasure. Finally, after she

begged, he fucked her, all the while leaving her restrained. He came

inside her and let his cum drip out of her pussy and run down her legs. It

was such an incredibly hot and dirty story. I couldn't help but picture

myself in the situation.

Throughout the story, my clit began to feel tingly, that familiar aching,

wanting, needing feeling. It begged to be touched. I needed to touch it,

rub it and soothe my desires. Glancing around, I noticed there were people

all around me. There were probably at least 150 people on the plane. Could

I cum on a plane full of people? Would they know? Would they care? Could I

be quiet enough?

All I knew was that I had to satisfy my burning desire. My face was

already flushed from being aroused. Quickly, I unzipped my black

sweatshirt and laid it across my lap. I tossed the book in my backpack and

pushed it under the seat in front of me. Tilting my head towards the

window, I closed my eyes pretending to be asleep.

Slyly, I inched my right hand under the elastic waistband of my sweats

ever so slowly. The sweatshirt was covering my lap, so no one could really

tell what I was doing. My fingers soon encountered my cotton knickers,

another barrier to cross, dammit! My fingers pushed through and brushed

across my trimmed blonde pubic hair. Almost there! Finally, my finger tips

reached my moist, warm pussy lips. God, it felt so good to touch them! I

lightly traced my finger over the lips, teasing myself.

I could feel my face getting even more hotter and pinker. I felt warm and

sweaty. I wondered if my companion could feel the heat radiating off my

body. I really just wanted to rip off all of my clothes right there, turn

and face him, spread my legs wide open and just rub one off right in front

of him. Unfortunately, I don't think the flight attendants or other

passengers would be too pleased, so it would have to remain a fantasy.

Pushing my middle finger further down my slit, it reached my pussy hole

and was instantly drenched with warm, silky wetness. Slowly I traced a

circle around the hole pushing just a fingertip inside. Unconsciously, my

hips pushed forward slightly hoping to fuck my finger. Quickly, I realized

I better pay more attention otherwise I would get caught. A little bit of

movement could be masked as shifting of my body during sleep, but not the

full-on wild thrusting that my cunt so desired.

It was such a thrilling feeling rubbing my hot pussy with a stranger

sitting three inches from me. I was dying to know what thoughts were

running through his mind. Did he have any idea that my hand was down my

pants rubbing my pussy? The thought made me so excited and aroused... I

had to rub my clit! It felt like it was on fire burning with excitement.

Pulling my middle finger up my slit, my body instantly tensed up as my

finger tip glided up and over my clit and I exhaled raggedly. It is so

unbelievably sensitive right underneath. I wished I could have used my

other hand and spread open my lips exposing the tip better, but I would

just have to deal in my situation.

Slowly and steadily I rubbed my clit in circles then side to side. I tried

to control my breathing and keep myself quiet. I had to bite my lower lip

as the sensitivity increased. My clit felt electric, I felt waves of

pleasure and tingles, sometimes to the point I thought I would cum, and

then I backed off. It was so wet if I moved my finger too fast, I'm sure

my companion would hear the squishiness.

My nipples were so damn hard; I could feel they were poking through the

fabric of my t-shirt. I could feel them being constricted against my bra.

Could my companion see that they were hard? I wish he did and would reach

over with his right hand and pull on my left nipple right through my shirt

with his thumb and forefinger. Then maybe he could lift up my t-shirt,

pull the cup of my bra aside and lick my nipple with his tongue. I wanted

him to suck on them, pulling the nub into his mouth and maybe even biting

with his teeth. I loved the thought of a distinguished gentleman sucking

on my nipples like a little baby, it made my pussy cream.

The confined space, the secret I was hiding and my dirty thoughts were

driving my crazy, I had to cum! I began rubbing my clit feverishly. I

didn't care about a thing in the world at that moment. My back was arching

forward pushing my clit against my fingertip. I could feel the sensations

building; I squeezed my muscles at a steady pace, again and again. Then I

could feel them start to quiver, I couldn't continue at that pace, my

orgasm was taking over. I bit my lip very hard as my pussy contracted

uncontrollably, as waves of pleasure emanated from my swollen, throbbing

clit out towards the rest of my body. I wanted to moan loudly, scream how

I wanted to be fucked, but I had to hold it in.

Breathing heavily, I came back to reality and opened my eyes. I felt like

I had just encountered a wild hurricane, but all was well in the cabin.

Everyone was reading, watching a movie or listening to music, minding

their own business. My companion was still thumbing through his newspaper

nonchalantly. My hand was still down my pants and I retrieved it slowly.

My middle finger was covered in pussy juice and I did my best to wipe it

off on the inside of my knickers and sweatpants.

As my hand returned to the outside world, my companion had to smell my

pussy. Any man can distinguish that smell, the true scent of a woman. I

brought my finger to my mouth and sucked the rest of the juice off, a

sweet and tangy taste. I hoped that he saw that through his peripheral

vision. Excusing myself, I got up and went to the bathroom. I walked by

all of the passengers with a bright, flushed face and fingers smelling of

pussy.

As I closed the door in the bathroom and removed my sweatpants and

knickers, I encountered the silky, sticky wetness from my orgasm all over

my thighs. My knickers were soaked. I stroked my clit a couple more times;

it was super sensitive but felt so good. I quickly washed my hands, left

the bathroom and headed back to my seat.

When I arrived at my row, I tapped my companion on the shoulder and he

stood up to let me back into my seat.

"Are you alright, your face is awfully flushed?" he questioned in a

concerned tone.

"Oh I'm quite fine, I just get a little pink now and then," as I flashed a

huge grin.

"Ok Miss, just checking," he smiled back at me.

As I settled back into my seat feeling refreshed and relaxed, I smiled

devilishly, retrieved my book and continued on the flight of pleasure.