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Mile High Club :: Indian Sex Stories

"Is anyone...? Some-one's in there!"

He pounded on the restroom door without, as HE was pounding my pussy.

Necessary details. International India flight, back to the grandparents. Divine steward with a randy eye and fine crotch bulge. Night. Everyone asleep. We rendezvoused, and that condom covered bulge proved to be impressive, and an intelligently used love tool. My steward's soft voice, in my ear, slid through the sex haze of my mind as his cock repeatedly slipped in and out of the liquefied honey of my sopping pussy.

"Fuck here often?" he said.

"N-No." I sounded drowsy, a somnambulist only awake for THIS fuck with THIS guy. He felt so good against me, and inside me.

"Like fucking?"

"Oh yes." His hand grabbed my bare asscheek, repositioning me and fucking deeper in.

"Mm. Yes."

"That wasn't a question."

"M-Yes."

"Someone's in there! And hogging the toilet."

"We have another one that's open."

"But—"

"It's in First Class."

"Oh? Really? Okay. But really, people shoul-...." Good, Mr. Disturbing My Fuck's gone. As my favorite stud steward moved his dimpled cheeks—fine, strong, and dark tan in the mirror. My knees were stretched wide and my cunt, too. Wide and dripping wet. Oh, he's so ... filling.

He looked at me.

"Yeah. Look at me, Miss Window Seat. I want to see you cum." That wouldn't be hard, as we fucked and fucked, and then ... CAME, together; panting, thin aired, stars in my eyes. I babble.

He ground against me and I returned the favor. Then we kissed, long, with tongues, and passion.

He kissed my nose and we disengaged and cleaned up, and I couldn't find my panties.

"Here." He smelled them, then slipped them in his uniform pocket, and asked, "When you fly back?"

I love flying.

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