Mile High Club Essay, Research Paper

MILE HIGH CLUB

Trent Boyd hefted his small attache? case into the over head compartment and sat down in the aisle seat and waited for the 737 to

take off. Leaving the bone chilling cold of Detroit to spend a long weekend in New Orleans was enough to bring a smile to the face

of any seasoned traveler! One stop over in Memphis, and it would be good by Woodward Ave. and hello Bourbon Street! This

would be Trent?s sixth visit to the Crescent City, and it was definitely his favorite destination, with all the food, booze and women to

be had! His day dream was abruptly interrupted, however, when he chanced to see an absolutely stunning black haired beauty

dragging an over night bag down the aisle, obviously looking for her seat. Every male eye in the plane followed her every step, the

result of which was a slight jiggling of her oversized chest underneath her skin tight sweater! To Trent?s utter delight, she stopped

at his row, rechecked her ticket stub, and hoisted her bag into the over head, and slipped past him into the window seat next to his.

Usually in cases like this, Trent?s usual experience would have been that this lovely creature would turn out to be an ice queen, but

to his happy dismay, she stuck out her hand and said, ?I?m Sonja, Sonja Fletcher!? He took her hand, and replied, ?Trent Boyd?s the

name, glad to meet you, New Orleans or Memphis!?!? ?Memphis,? she answered, ?born and raised there, going home to visit the

folks.? ?That?s nice,? he replied, ?I?m going on to New Orleans myself, a long weekend getaway!? Just then the no smoking and

seat belt lights came on, and a flight attendant announced that they would be taking off in about two minutes. ?I guess we had

better get ready,? Sonja said, while reaching for her seat belt. ?Yeah,? replied Trent, ?if we go down we better be belted in, for all the

good it would do!!!? ?Please don?t say that, I?m scared to death of flying,? she said in a nervous voice, ?joking about it just makes it

worse for me!? At first Trent thought she may have been joking, but the look on her face told him that she really was terrified of

flying! ?I?m sorry, Sonja,? he said soothingly, ?you?re right, it was a bad joke, here, let me hold your hand during take off, it will make

you feel better!? Gripping his hand like a steel vice, Sonja was obviously glad to have someone to hold onto, and Trent was a little

taken back when she held his hand to her chest while waiting for the plane to take off.

?My god,? he thought, ?her boobs are incredible,? even if he was getting a somewhat limited feel through her tight sweater. I?m

sorry I?m holding on so tight, but I really am frightened,? she offered! Trying to maneuver his fingers for a better feel, he replied

back, ?Oh, that?s all right, if it makes you feel better, it?s all right with me!!!? Soon the jet was taxiing out to the runway, and Sonja?s

breathing became shallow and intermittent, a sure sign of hyperventilation. Deciding to take a real chance, Trent turned a little to

face her, and reached his right hand over and held her leg, six inches or so above her knee. Acting as if he were just trying to

protect her, he held her close, while all the time enjoying the sensation of having one hand buried in her huge chest, and the other

one on the inside of her smooth bare thigh! ?Hold on,? he whispered into her ear, ?here we go, as the plane hurtled down the

runway, gaining speed with each passing second. Sonja held on to Trent even harder, as she closed her eyes, hoping that they

would get air born as quickly as possible! Trent let his hand slide a little farther up her thigh, until it was actually under the hem of

her dress! When they finally reached cruising altitude, Sonja leaned back in her seat and tried to relax, but with little success.

?You?re so tense,? Trent observed, ?maybe if we got under a blanket it would make you feel better!? Not waiting for and answer,

Trent summoned a flight attendant and requested a blanket, thirty seconds later Trent was covering each of them up with a warm

comforter. ?Better,? he asked her, while snuggling closer to her warm body. ?Much,? she replied, as she leaned closer to him, ?a

blanket was a good idea!? For the second time, Trent took another chance, and let his left hand slip to the inside of Sonja?s warm

thigh. He half expected some resistance, but instead she just snuggled closer, and lay her head on his shoulder! Slowly he worked

his hand up the inside of her leg, pausing every now and then to make sure she realized what he was doing. Her thighs were

unbelievably warm and smooth, and she seemed to coo softly the farther along his hand went. A few more inches and his fingers

were butting up against her damp crotch, or I should say dripping crotch, because along her crack was a definite wet strip about

an inch wide. She lifted her head and whispered into his ear, ?Although I am terrified to fly, I almost had an orgasm from the fear

and excitement it caused me, if you touch me, I know I?ll have one right here and now!!!? Throwing caution to the winds, Trent

pulled the thin crotch panel to the side, and let his fingers roam all over her drooling \*censored\*, until finally coming to rest on her hard

little clit. Flicking it gently, he felt her body tense up, and then shake quietly, while a brutal climax ripped through her dripping

vagina, leaving her a total wreck!

After she had clamed down, Trent whispered into her ear, ?Feel better now???? ?Oh yes, thank you so much, I don?t know if I could

have made it without you,? she replied, ?but I have one more favor to ask!? ?Sure, anything,? he answered. ?Could you please put a

finger inside of me, I really need to feel that you?re close to me, and with you in my vagina I know I?ll feel safer!? ?Of course,? Trent

answered eagerly, ?what ever you wish is my command,? and he proceeded to slip his middle finger deep into the wetness of her

warm \*censored\*. A slight moan escaped her lips, but other than that, you couldn?t have never told that she was getting her cunt

fingered! ?I have a request for you,? he offered, while gently slipping his finger in and out of her honey pot, ?I can tell that you?re a

very sexual person, and I would like to ask you questions about your sex life and your body, if that?s okay with you!?!? He gave her

\*censored\* a couple of quick stabs, causing her to lose her concentration, but she replied back, ?Sure, ask me anything you want!? ?I?m

interested to know if you have a boy friend,? he asked? ?Yeah, back in Detroit,? she said, ?he?s an accountant.? ?Does he have a

big cock,? asked Trent? ?Very large,? she said dreamily, ?about eight inches long and very thick!? ?When you suck him,? he

continued, ?do you swallow his cum?? Her breathing was now becoming more labored, but she went on, ?Oh, yes, I always drink it

all, and he is a very hard cummer!? ?You have a very large chest,? he opined, ?what size is it, and do you ever go braless?? ?Oh my,

she hissed, ?Do you know what you?re doing to me!?! ?Answer the question, Sonja, what about your pretty chest,? he fairly

demanded?!? ?Let?s see, my breast size is 36d, and what was the other question,? she asked? ?Do you go braless,? he repeated?

?Uh, always around the apartment, and sometimes in the summer if it?s hot out,? she stammered, the look on her face told him that

she was nearing another orgasm. He then told her, ?Reach over and feel my crotch!!!? When her hand encountered the hard bone

hidden under his pants, she nearly had her climax then and there! ?Take it out,? he ordered her, ?and then jerk me off!? She

managed to free his pecker and immediately began stroking it up and down. A small line of drool ran down her cheek, and her eyes

seemed to glaze over, and it was obvious to Trent that she was in the middle of a huge sexual episode! He himself was very close

to blowing his nut, so to push her over the edge, he whispered, ?Sonja, did you know that your body would give any man a huge

erection!?!? Just hearing the word erection was all the poor girl could take! Her \*censored\* contracted hard, sending a climax racing

through her body! Her hand was now flying up and down Trent?s meat, and when he felt her body tense up, his pecker gave up its

cum in a spurting torrent! Her hand was now covered with his goo, and he said, ?Be careful, but lick it off!? Obediently she slipped

her cum filled hand to her mouth and greedily licked it clean.

?This is the captain speaking,? came a voice over the loud speaker, ?we?ll be landing in Memphis in ten minutes, so please fasten

your seat belts.? ?Well,? said Trent, ?I guess you?ll be getting of in a few minutes.? She snuggled close to him and said, ?Not on

your life, we have another take off to make, I think I?ll just fly all the way to New Orleans!!!? Trent hooked his belt, smiled, and said, ?I

guess were gonna have a great weekend together!!!?

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