

Mile High Club

We were on our way to the Virgin Islands. No work, no kids, no stress for five whole days. Just quality time with Eric. As I daydreamed about the powder beaches, seafood, and Hot sex; Eric awoke. We caught each other's daze. I had loved this man for over ten years. So, naturally I couldn't wait to rekindle our love. Things had been strained lately. He summoned the flight attendant, to request some champagne. We toasted. As we sipped he looked at me as if I was the only woman in his universe, the only person on the plane with him, and most of all, the object of his lust and desires. He began to kiss me softly on my neck. I was getting so wet. He knew just how to turn me on. I started to rub his growing erection under the blanket that covered us. His dick was so big and thick. I had to have him. Had to feel him deep inside of me. We were starting to get really hot. I got up first and headed to the bathroom. He followed shortly after. He bent me over and pumped my center, he stroked for my spot, caressed my clit. I couldn't take much more. The excitement of being on the plane, the thrill of getting caught; it was all too much. He knew I was close, as I threw my fat ass back, matching his rhythm. It hurt so good. He massaged my clit until I was on the verge. Then...he hit my sweet spot and I came all over his dick. We freshened up and went back to our seats. I was thoroughly satisfied and eagerly anticipating our vacation.

Cinnamon