

Fear of Flying

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An erotic remedy to a lifelong fear of flying....

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My greatest fear and desire will be merged today in a naked freefall. Sex in a tandem jump from an airplane; is it even possible?? Well, my partner is a gorgeous ex-airforce captain. Tall lean muscles, piercing sky blue eyes, and that assertive masculine demeanor that makes the hardcore feminist want to bat her lashes like a schoolgirl. Hes charming and hes my full time cum hero. But a hard on and naked activities at high altitude could be perilous and freezing. Not to mention boner dousing. i suppose that we are already strapped together and we could somehow connect tantrically. But the logistics of controlled thrusting movements might be difficult. plus this is my first jump. ***** My grandfather was an aviator. He flew small planes and even walked away unscathed from a nasty wreck. I admired him and his sensibilities growing up and looked for men with the same attributes of discipline, intelligence, and adventure in adult relationships. Pilots, sexy capable men in uniform. The only drawback, my own personal terror of flying and heights. It hindered me in traveling with my guy, Vaughn. From joining the mile high club. From fully appreciating his skill and sharing this joy with him. The fear originated with my first flight, seated next to my grampa in a plane no bigger than a honda accord and watching the grass airstrip fall away with my stomach on takeoff. i started to curl up in a petrified ball as small as i could make myself. The only word i could think of in my terror was "down," and i barely got it out in a whisper. My granpa was a tuff guy who believed in aversion therapy. He wanted to show me it was fun and for him it was. For me, an eight year old girl trapped in the tilting sky with a fearless pilot?? It was a horror show of terrible sensations. He tilted the wings and tipped them. Nausea. He dived and the rollercoaster effect had me screaming in nightmares from stress dreams into my adult life. I currently dont even like a bump at high speed in a car. He flew for fifteen minutes at different circling altitudes trying to point out the view of fields and "look theres grandma picking green beans." My response was the whispered one word and tears streaming down my face. The only trips he offered after this flight were on an old John Deer tractor safely ground locked. But for Vaugh i was willing to face my fear and my therapy solution was in my opinion decidedly unique. Hopefully it wouldvbe the first step in conquering my own mind. Orgasm. My favorite thing in the whole world of everything to love. Vaugh is a talented and pretty experimental lover. All my kinks and his had been fulfilled on a regular basis in reality or realistic simulation. But fucking while suspended by a fast falling parachute was not going to happen. Simulation mode?? And a form of therapy i related to Pavlovs psychology of associated treat acclimation. Aviary therapy?? ***** The prep was alot of fun, a trip to the adult toy store to buy a practical phallic simulation. Something with hardcore vibration sensation and penetration times two. One for each pleasure orifice since my favorite kink was double penetration. The new toys we chose were jackhammers shaped to stretch. i picked a few other rewards for after the successful expedition also, because my ultimate immediate reward would be Vaughn himself fucking me senseless all weekend at our favorite bed and breakfast seclusion. A new lengerie costume just for him in his fave innocent fetish. White frilly little girl, complete with pigtail bows and fluffy layers of ass lace. Black patent leather heels with schoolgirl anklestraps. Bubble gum flavored oils to lick off of the most sensative body parts. And a cock shaped lollipop. Next stop heaven, literally. Vaughn was proud of me and it made me feel sweet and girly and innocently sexy. ***** The freefall training was sexy fun too. Lots of proper positioning and generous handling to burn the safety and directional procedures into my horny hrain. Vaughn knew what worked on my memory pegs all too well. After the instruction was complete he took me to the showers and coached me mentally under a steaming spray of hot water. The steam mixed with his voice in my ear. As he described his srms around me from behind and how he would hold me safely strapped to his experienced body. He then imitated surrounding me from behind. Purring lowly in my ear how hard he wanted to watch me cum for him in midair. He didnt have to describe his genuine arousal because it was rubbing itself full length between my full ass cheeks. He ground himself against me and without even penetrating me came on the small of my back in warm strong spurts even hotter than the water flow. He groaned and spun me around to kiss me deeply. When he broke from my lips he whispered, "i dont know which is more demanding; how much i love you or how much i love fucking you like a teenage boy hopped up on hormones." He made out

Fear of Flying

with me underwater as he fingered me into multiple climaxes with his soapy hand.

***** Oh my nerves were fluttering added to the normal chemical reaction of Vaughn being close to me physically. He was pampering me and prepping me preflight with a kinky checklist. He insisted on being in charge of every detail. A plus and a turn on. He lightly dusted his fingers with Habanero peppers to heat his touch on the heavy equipment vibrators and on my clit and tender folds. He shook each plastic penis at me before insertion in a tight and pepper heated hole. The motion back and forth was a teacher saying I, "no, no, no fear here my dear." A wicked smile on his face, "You won't be walking funny til you land and wow if my pilot buddy knew what you were stuffed with he would crash the plane." Not helpful I thought and punched him hard for the negative reinforcement. The flight suit was bulky enough to hide my extra pieces of equipment but the walking funny thing was already happening. So were the orgasms as he zipped and buckled the final exterior prep. "Cum fly the friendly skies babe," he said and relieved me of walking by tossing me like a potato sack cavegirl over his shoulder. All my concentration was on sensation and I was completely at his mercy. He settled me in the small twin engine puddle jumper with me biting my lip to keep silent. He strapped me in and kissed the lip out of my mouth. He whispered, "you can scream all the way down to the ground and I want to hear it louder than the air falling around us." I nodded since it was all I could do not to start now. The airplane taxied and he grabbed my hand. It lifted off the ground and my stomach dropped but landed apparently on my Gspot. I was wiggling hard when we hit the drop off altitude." And the jump in his arms from the plane sent a cocktail of adrenaline to my clit that made the falling sensation and rushing wind feel like a surging pulsing, electrical jolt. Screaming orgasms in his arms with no sense of time in the freefall. Only loud silence inside my head. The comfort of his body attached firmly to mine. The wind rushing by. Lasted an eternity in escalating muscle spasms and I wasn't shaking from fear. THE RIP CORD and a hard yank jostled my body against his. Another round of intense climaxes. Good Lord Almighty I breathed. And opened my eyes to see the earth floating up to us from a great distance. A sense of peace mingled with my juiced up head looking at the view and rocking safely and fairly slowly to the ground. I finally exceeded my orgasm limit and a pleasant numb warmth filled me in a satisfying wash. We rolled as we hit the ground, Vaughn had steered us accurately to the landing spot where a limo with tinted windows was idling and a bored chauffeur was sitting on the hood smoking. We untangled and Vaughn unhooked us and then grabbed me up in his arms practically spinning me cheering the whole way to the limo. He shoved me inside and hooted at me, "wooooohooo babe you fucking did it!!!" Comic facial expression emphasis on the word Fucking. "Get naked while I pack up, I built an erection for you the size of a high rise on the trip down." He winked, "I heard you talking to God too, man you got a set of lungs under those beauties." He grabbed a handful of my breast and ran off yelling woohoo like a little kid in an open field. I closed the door and prepared to replace at least one of the vibrators with the fantastic real thing. Hmm I picked the anal one to empty. And poured us a glass of victory champagne to share and wear. Cheers to beating my fear to a numb pulp with a vibrating penis I toasted myself and Vaughn and took a deep swig of freedom.

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