

## MILE HIGH PLEASURE

[Overhead Chime and Announcement] "Ladies and Gentlemen please take your seats as quickly as possible, we would like to get everyone on board and maintain our scheduled on-time departure, Thank you for your cooperation."

Well, another amazing vacation with Jaxston is ending. We have just had an amazing and crazy week of fun in the sun. It all started in Miami, with a cruise to key West, then a final stop in Nassau, Bahamas. Ironically, the trip was an excellent trip, seeing that there were a few major changes to our itinerary due to a hurricane a few weeks ago. I told Jaxston that we might see some devastation or feel some effect of the storms passing. He as usual remained optimist in hopes that nothing he planned was out of place, but I knew better. He is such a perfectionist, and the look of disappointment was apparent on his face, but we made the best of it of course.

God why do they have these damn airplanes so cold? Of course, it does not help that I have on a fitted maxi dress minus any panties, and in fire engine red. Sure Jaxston is going crazy. Sadly, we did not have time this morning to fuck. We were both dragging our feet getting out of bed, getting breakfast, and checking out of the ships stateroom. Surprisingly I am doing fine. Although I was looking forward to a good pussy pounding before this flight, so I could feel Jax deep inside me as I squeezed my thighs together in my seat, feeling the lingering pain that his wonderful dick always leaves behind.

I have been sure to walk ahead of Jax as we have been making our way through the airport. I have even gone as far as to seat opposite of him in the waiting area. And of course, any well-mannered lady must cross her legs as not to expose her pussy to the world. But that makes it all the more enticing for Jax, he loves the long profile of my legs and can't help but follow them up to where my dress is barely covering the cuff of my ass cheek as I sit there, seemingly so interested in the Travel magazine that I have picked up of the table. It is merely a distraction for me not to focus on the challenging time he is having concentrating just feet from the pleasure in which he seeks, which clearly is me.

We have not been in the air for more than 2 hours and Jaxston has clearly reached a breaking point. He has been looking at my legs several times. He didn't even try and mask it. Once he even started a slow gaze over my entire body. Starting, my uncrossed legs that were open a bit, up my body, to the U-shaped opening of my dress that had just enough cleavage showing. Shit, I was proud of the girls that day, they were drawing plenty of attention from both men and women. Jaxston stopped as his cool brown eyes met mine and his face presented a delightful, and devilish smile all at the same damn time, oh shit, what is he thinking?

"What that smile all about Mr. Drake?" He paused for a what seemed like an eternity, leans in and says, "I wonder if you can cum without the lady next to you knowing?" Damn, I had to ask what he was thinking. And this is why I wanted the window seat and not the fucking middle, for shit like this. Strangely, Jax leaves this as an open-ended question. There was no other gesture or order for me to follow. As if he left it up to me, a challenge. Well, he knows that I love a challenge, even if it could cause me to scream out in what would obviously be a scream of pleasure. And it would not take a rocket scientist to figure out why the woman in the sexy red dress sitting next to her man in 21B is screaming for our Lord Jesus, in smooth air.

Well like the submissive slut that I am, I remove the blanket from my carry-on bag and place it strategically over my lap, and tray table. The lady next to me is typing away at some spreadsheet report, something obviously for her job. I can hear the random conversations of the surrounding passengers. And the rough sound the engines make as we jet through the air. My senses are on fire, and he hasn't even touched me in the slightest little bit. Shit, this is not seeming like the best decision I could have made about this whole thing, but we are here now. I try to position myself as far away from this lady as I can, which means I must get closer to Jax. Fuck my life, what was I thinking? My heart is racing, and my skin is tingling. Shit, I am going to make my damn self cum, before he even touches me. The anticipation is killing me.

Finally, Jaxston's massive hands reach under the blanket and contacts my thigh. The warmth of his hand and the thought of the impending pleasure that his touch represents causes me to jump a bit. So much so, it causes the lady next to me to stop typing for a moment and look over at me. Shit, I just drew her attention to what might be going on over here. Hell I almost what to just tell her "Excuse me ma'am, I am a cum slut and I haven't had my daily dose, so Daddy is going to rub one out for me and I will be fast asleep afterwards, so forgive me for disturbing you in advanced". That way I can just focus on getting this nut that I am so anxiously anticipating now.

Jaxton squeezes my inner thigh, pulling my leg open even more. Fuck, even with one hand this man has so much power. I always feel so small in his presence and helpless to his will. His hand is slowly making its way up my leg to my wet pussy. She is jumping, like a child anticipating Daddy to pick her up and spin her around after coming in from work. The only thing that is spinning is me. Out of fucking control. Jax stretches out his pinky finger and contacts my wet lips. His finger began to explore my slick lips, parting them and spreading my natural lubricate all over my smooth, shaved pussy. He introduced his ring finger and began to rotate slowly, at a steady circular pace.

I am pretending to sleep against his shoulder. Trying my best not to bring attention to the quickly mounting pleasure. Jaxton, on the other hand, is sitting there seemingly enjoying an action-packed in-flight movie, all the while exploring my juicy center with ease. I begin to grip his arm tightly as my arousal deepens. If you paid close attention, one could almost make out the faint sounds of suction as my center swallows his thick fingers repeatedly. I am reaching a breaking point. I am going to cum, hard.

Just as I wanted to bite my lip and explode, a voice came from nowhere and snapped me back to reality. "Can I offer you guys something to drink?" and Jaxton abruptly stop his vigorous assault. What in the actual fuck. I pretended to wake from my sleep and answer to woman, "No thank you, I am fine." She smiled and then looked at Jax. There was a noticeable pause before she posed the same question to him. I immediately scowled at her in a slight "jealous bitch" manner. I guess she could not help herself. I really did not give a damn about her obviously liking what she saw when looking at Jax. I just wanted her to move the fuck on, so he could continue to play in my throbbing pussy.

No sooner than she got to the next row ahead, Jaxton reached to pull me back to my sleeping posture with his left hand, and with his right hand, shoved his fingers as deep as he could inside of me. I let out a small yelp. I immediately caught the sound and place my hand over my mouth as not to draw any more attention to my impending orgasm. I am reaching the point of not returning. I am hyper aware that I am on an airplane, sitting next to a woman gunning for the accountant of the year award, and Jaxton, who is again about to turn me into a pile of wet, orgasmic madness. The thoughts combined with Jaxton's touch is just too much. And before I could even think about how to control my pleasure, I erupted.

Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through my body. My legs clamped closed, trapping Jaxston's hand between them. I squeezed his hand as tight as I could. Attempting to transfer my pleasure into pain. Hoping it would limit the amount of time I needed to get to the other side. I could feel more of my slick nectar oozing from my pussy, the tighter I squeezed. Jax never blinked an eye or took his attention from the movie. I cannot stand how he can control himself when I am an uncontrolled whorish mess. I finally began to relax as the orgasmic waves began to subside. I came to a final rest and release the death grip on Jax's hand. I lay there, not able to move, as it took so much for me to control myself from an outburst. Jax moves his hand completely from my leg towards his mouth. I think to myself, "No he is not..." and before I can finish the thought, he begins to lick his finger. At first, not even looking at me. I gaze as I watch him clean every bit of me from his thick fingers. I wanted to join in and help lick the sweet juices from his hand.

He looked over at me as if he could hear my inner submissive screams to "Share Daddy". He leans over towards me and places a long kiss on my lips. I could smell the sweet musk on his face, taste me on his lips, which seemed to add to my already potent sweetness. I suck softly on his lips, savoring what I could of myself. Jax pulls back slow to break the suction of my lips and whispers in my ear "Good Girl". Those words always send resonating chills throughout my whole body. I could feel his breath on my neck, and I could have cum again, just from his voice, whispering those words, to his whore.

He went on to say, "Now get some sleep Babygirl, you're going to need it". I know exactly what he meant by that statement and knew better to only answer with the words "Yes Daddy". I leaned into his strong arm and fell quickly to sleep. Only a couple of hours till we land. I am sure this is not over yet.