

## Love at thirty thousand feet

By AFONSO

Esse is radiant. Her eyes have the light of the late afternoon sun. She is ready for the journey. Ready-made bag, selected bikinis, selected lingerie. Esse has an insatiable desire to live new adventures.

Her husband is waiting for her in the car. Before leaving, Esse looks at herself for the last time in the mirror: a miniskirt in a dark shale-like black, boots and a shirt with an exposed neckline. The journey to Turin Airport is quick and easy. Esse feels beautiful, her husband is focused on tarmac. Esse gently caresses the insides of her thighs as she imagines her final destination. The planes, the environment and the uniforms of the pilots.

Esse is excited. She emits a very thin moan. Her husband does not even take his eyes off the road. The airport is full of people and Esse after leaving the suitcases, heads safely to the boarding gate. You can hear on the building communication system:

"Passengers on ITA flight IT333 to New York connecting to the Bahamas must proceed to boarding gate number 69."

Esse and her husband walk the corridors of the airport to the departure gate. Arriving at gate 69, Esse, always attentive to every detail, sees what seems to be the flight crew approaching. Two pilots, two co-pilots and nine flight attendants. All dressed with class, and as beautiful as the crystal clear waters of Bagni San Donato.

Esse brings her index finger to her mouth and kisses it softly with her pink lips, as beautiful as a winter garden.

Her seat is 03 and it wasn't by the window. "Luckily" thinks Esse, "so I can appreciate the beauty and vigour of the pilots who command the plane".

Esse takes her place, the miniskirt reveals the absence of underwear, looks into the cockpit and exchanges a dirty glance with the pilot. Of medium height, with a well-groomed beard, blue eyes as bright as the diamond Esse wears in the ring on her right hand. She smiles, the pilot returns the smile and closes the cockpit door.

The plane is ready for take-off. Esse puts both hands between her legs. The skirt is so short that her fingers touch the labia majora of her tasty vagina.

Already at cruising speed, the captain decides to speak to the passengers of flight IT333:

"Good evening, I'm Commander Garibaldi, we're flying at thirty thousand feet, the weather is clear, we'll be at JFK airport in eight hours. In five minutes the crew will serve dinner. "

Esse receives dinner from the flight attendant and notices that there is an envelope on the tray with her name written in blue - ESSE. She puts it immediately under her right leg to be able to read it later, when her husband falls asleep which will happen immediately after dinner.

Her husband fell asleep as expected. Esse removes the envelope, an exciting heat invades the inside of her thighs.

"Hello Esse! I'm Garibaldi, the flight commander. I found your name on the passenger list and I really want to take you to heaven. When our eyes met, I felt a shiver that made my skin crawl. I want you, Esse!" The woman goes crazy and arousal colours her face red, her nipples are swollen and graciously showing under her low-cut shirt. Garibaldi continues: "At 10 pm I will leave the cockpit to rest. I will stroke your hair and it will be the signal to follow me. I'll leave the crew bathroom door open. Nobody will disturb us."

Eyes fixed on the clock. 22 hours. The cabin door opens and Commander Garibaldi comes out confidently. Esse can't stand the excitement. Garibaldi moves calmly and touches Esse's straight, raspberry-scented hair. Look the pilot in the eye and smile. Excitement is felt in the dry air of the plane. Esse rises slowly so as not to wake her husband and goes to the agreed place.

Esse enters the bathroom and finds Garibaldi already without a tie. The door is closed behind them and not a single word is exchanged. The pilot takes her by the waist and kisses her for two long minutes. Their two bodies approach and Garibaldi slowly begins to undo Esse's shirt. Her arms wrap around him and her hands travel to his penis, hard and strong like a nuclear power plant. Her hands finish the tour on firm buttocks. Esse thought: "what an enviable physical shape, I will fly even higher".

Both of their shirts leap from their bodies, Esse quickly undoes Garibaldi's trousers and the pilot pulls up her miniskirt, which now looks like a belt. Her vagina is as beautiful as a spring afternoon. The pilot kneels down and puts his tongue inside Esse, and with a circular motion he runs along her labia majora and her clitoris. Esse moans silently. She takes his hand and guides it towards her clitoris, she wants to feel his fingers inside her.

Garibaldi obeys the order and with the other hand controls Esse's moans of pleasure. The atmosphere is tense in that tiny cubicle.

The commander places his hands on Esse's buttocks and turns her around. He wants to penetrate her from behind. Esse moans and says: "Yes! I want to feel you all! Yeah! Yeah!"

It is bad manners to make a lady wait, so the man puts his hard member in Esse's vagina and starts penetrating her vigorously. Esse moans and the commander nibbles her ear. She is in seventh heaven.

"I want everything! Everything! My ass must be yours! This is the outcome Garibaldi dreamed of.

He puts on some lubricant and penetrates her while touching her clitoris with his left hand.

Esse can't stand the pleasure any more. The pilot is about to explode. Esse screams. Garibaldi screams. He removes his hard member from inside her and lets his seminal fluid flood her face.

They hug each other, put on their clothes that have just been thrown on the floor and straighten their hair. They leave without saying anything. First the commander Garibaldi, then Esse.

Back in her seat, 03, her husband is awake and asks Esse: "Where have you been? I've been awake for thirty minutes and I couldn't find you."

"Dinner was bad for me," replied Esse.

"I thought you ran off with the pilot."

Esse smiles.

*Afonso M. , January 25, 2022*