

# Mile High Mischief

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## Mile High Mischief

"Passengers, this is... ahhh... your... mmmm... Captain speaking. It seems we're... oh, harder, Ken, but not so much teeth... a target of that perfume prankster. All I ask... lube, Frank, now!... is that you make love, not war. No, I don't give a fuck what it is, just get something we can use to --"

"Sir, the intercom..."

"Right. Love, not war. None of the staff wants to stop what we're doing to sort out your mess. Captain out."

I chuckled. No wonder I'd had a boner since takeoff. Okay, just being around Greg had a tendency to do that to me, but still. Jerking off in the toilet hadn't helped. I zipped up and stepped out of the very confined space to find two stewardesses in the servery, obviously making their first attempts at lesbian love.

One stood with her skirt up around her hips. The other knelt before her, licking at her juices but not being real effective about it.

"Nice tits," I told the one standing, who was doing her best to lick both her nipples at the same time. To the one on her knees, I advised, "Stick two fingers in her pussy, in and out like you're fucking her, then tap her clit with your tongue. When she's

so hot she's pulling your hair out, suck on her clit hard. If she doesn't come screaming your name, I'll give you twenty bucks."

Both women blushed, but didn't stop. I was sure my money was secure.

Our seats were first class but I wanted a look around. A glimpse at the back end of the plane showed even some of the more inhibited people were already at it. And the group of nuns... well, I just hoped their bibles brought them some relief.

As I focused on my seat, my eyes ran over the blonde in Greg's lap. First class breasts, already bared to our gazes, long legs wrapped in enhancing nylon, and a face that was... well... not only kissable but deceptively innocent.

"Started without me?"

Greg let go of her nipple with an audible pop. "You'd do the same."

"Got me there."

"Name?" I asked the blonde.

"Solane."

Ooh, and an accent too. Greg had chosen well.

"You've already met Greg. I'm Neil. As partners, we share everything. Is that a problem for you?"

Since Greg had his hand up her skirt and the pheromones were pumping through the cabin like a heavy perfume, I didn't see how she could decline. But to my surprise, she did hesitate.

"I... I'm not... I never..."

Greg leaned over and whispered something in her ear. Whatever it was, it seemed to firm up the situation in her mind. "Yes. Both."

"No ass play," he mouthed to me.

No problem. I'd take Greg's ass later. Besides, watching Greg get off got me hotter than just about anything else.

The sounds coming from the nearby seats -- "Oh, Harvey, deeper, baby!" and the inventive couple who had tied the woman's hands together with the seat belt while she bent over the armrest for a good spanking -- said we were falling behind.

I removed my belt and handed it to the spanker, who grunted his thanks. His partner seemed to appreciate it too, as more cream dripped from her pussy with every crack of the leather.

Now, time to pay attention to my own lovers. My mind had been going through several arrangements, given the limited space we had to work with. Finally I struck a combination that should please all of us. "Both of you stand up."

"Neil gets cranky if you don't obey quickly," Greg told Solane with a smile. They both rose and made their way past the seats.

"Put a blanket on the floor. Won't be perfect, but certainly more comfortable than that rough carpet."

"Yes, Sir," Solane said quietly but with happy inflection as if service of any kind really did please her.

Two blankets seemed better than one, and when spread out on the floor Solane lay down on them and wiggled until she was comfortable. Her bare breasts jiggled in a way that made my usually gay only cock start to rise. Impressive.

"Show off your pretty pussy, honey. I'm sure Greg is eager to see what he's been playing with," I ordered.

"Yes, Sir."

Greg helped her raise the skirt higher until it bunched at her waist. Though she still wore hose, it had been torn at the crotch, leaving a hole big enough for a few fingers... or a cock.

"Greg, you look rather thirsty. Fancy a drink?"

"Oh yeah."

I unzipped my pants and removed my hardening cock from my boxers as I watched my lover bury his face in Solane's cunt. His slurping noises assured me that she was wet and as into this as we were.

I kneeled by her head, framing her face with my knees. Precum dampened the head of my cock. As I watched two fingers disappear into Solane's entrance, I passed my cock over her lips.

She gasped, arching her back. Her tits were begging for attention. I pushed my cock between her lips to see if she would accept it. She took in just enough to be able to swirl her tongue over the head. "Good girl."

That left my hands free to fondle her plump breasts. I squeezed them, pushing them together, then finally twisted her nipples until I was sure they brought her pain as well as pleasure. She seemed to love it all. She confirmed it by pressing her hands over mine, keeping them there.

A low hum came through her mouth as she took my cock a little deeper. Her tongue tentatively probed my slit. I loved that and rewarded her with deeper attention to her nipples.

Since all I could see of Greg was the top of his head rocking back and forth as he licked up all Solane's juices, I wasn't getting the view I wanted. Then again, I didn't want to rob the woman of a fantastic orgasm. By the way her hips were shifting, I figured it wouldn't be long. Greg had a very talented tongue.

And I was right. Though a piercing wail of female completion deafened a lot of the noise around us, I still heard, and felt, Solane's climax. She nearly bit my dick in half as her mouth closed around it in ecstasy.

Greg looked up at me, the lower half of his face wet and shiny. "Not bad for being out of practice, eh?"

I laughed. "You could fire a torpedo with that tongue."

But what to do now? The flush on Solane's chest was fading, and she seemed a bit uncomfortable now about sucking my dick. But a single glance at Greg's crotch told me what to do to get her going again.

"Love, I don't think you're finished with her pussy just yet. How about filling it with that throbbing tool in your pants?"

"Would love to."

"Solane," I started, pulling away from her lips so she could answer, "is that what you want?"

She raised her head to look directly at my lover. "Fill me, Sir. Fuck me hard. I need your cock. I beg you."

Okay, a slight moment of jealousy there, but I liked her begging. I nodded in agreement and Greg slid his pants off. By the heavens, that man was beautiful Not only in body, but in mind and spirit. Right now, though, it was his body I appreciated most. Specifically the way his uncut cock dripped with desire and his body was already rocking with the need to thrust.

He filled her cunt as I filled her throat, taking her deeper than I had before. Her breasts still held some fascination for me, so I twisted and massaged them as I shallowly fucked her mouth.

Greg was not so restrained. He pumped in and out of her body with a force that rocked her against my thighs. Solane apparently loved his rough nature for she wrapped her legs around his waist with her heels urging him on. The look on his face -- that's what I was hoping for. My own body started to tingle with the need to climax.

He gripped her hips tightly, pressing her down against the blankets. He moved even faster; surely his balls were slapping her ass. The sounds around us faded in my mind until all I could hear was his rough breathing and her moans of delight around my heavy cock.

I grabbed his hair, pulling him toward me, meeting him half way over Solane's sexy form. Our kiss was more oral fucking than tender and the taste of her on his lips only added to the sexual heat. Seemed that Solane enjoyed watching us as she finally reached out to touch me, her fingernails scratching my back.

"Now," I whispered against his ear, biting the lobe lightly.

Greg knew what I meant and came inside her, grunting in that endearing way he does, until he was fully spent. His release triggered hers, and her body rippled again, another flush covering her chest and a deep moan that had me hovering on the edge of orgasm myself.

With one more look at my lover, I pulled away from Solane's enticing lips and stroked my hard shaft rapidly until my seed spilled in white ropes across Solane's breasts. A pretty picture to be sure, but when decorating Greg's ass... *groan*.

Though I was certain the three of us -- and most of the other passengers -- were ready for another round, a quick check of my watch indicated we had about fifteen minutes until touchdown.

Just as I was about to explain the timing, the plane's intercom came on with a noisy twang. "This is your Captain again. The ground crew -- down boy, I told you we'd play later if you were good -- has been notified of our... situation and arrangements have been made for you to get your luggage before going inside the terminal, should that be necessary. I hope you had an enjoyable flight" -- a ripple of laughter cascaded down the aisle -- "and thank you for flying with us. We hope to see you again."

"See you?" Greg repeated, a wide smile lighting up his face.

Solane struggled to readjust her uniform into something vaguely appropriate. "Standard stuff. He has to say it."

I adjusted my own clothing, figuring my belt was lost forever, but for a good cause. Greg was a little slower, watching both of us, but he too eventually got decently covered and we resumed our seats while Solane returned to her duties.

Without fanfare, the two women from the servery -- rumped but smiling -- stepped forward holding trays laden with steaming washcloths. "Would anyone like to freshen up before we land?"

Most of the passengers couldn't help laughing at the suggestion and all of them held up their hands.

It had been a flight to remember, and I hoped Greg got Solane's phone number. With luck, there might be more than one bout of mile high mischief in their future.

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