

Beth's Rough Flight

By JJ Argus

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

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It wasn't as if Bethany had never flown on an aircraft before. After all, she'd gone to Des Moines in her uncle's Beechcraft when she was twelve. That was a long ways from the city of McCook, Nebraska, where she grew up.

This, of course, was quite a larger aircraft, and she was going quite a bit farther than Iowa. She was going, in fact, all the way to France! And all by herself! Of course, it wasn't like she was a twelve year old. She'd graduated from Jason Danbury high school last year and now worked at Gorman's Feed and Supply as a store clerk.

It was still only the second time she'd been out of Nebraska, though, and she was more than slightly nervous about it. She had prepared, of course, by researching what people wore on long haul aircraft, and was dressed appropriately in loose linen drawstring pants, a loose blouse, and an oversized shawl/wrap, just as the web sites had recommended.

She had all the things in her bag they recommended, including extra water, Tylenol, anti-nausea pills, snacks, lip balm, hand moisturizer, her ebook reader, paperbacks (in case it ran out of batteries), headphones (in case the ones on the plane didn't work or were poor quality), a sweater with a hood, in case it got cold, and assorted other sensible things.

Beth was, and was proud to consider herself to be, a sensible and modest girl. She didn't take chances or risks, and was always very careful about what she did or said. Going to Paris was probably the most adventurous thing she'd ever contemplated in her life, even if she only agreed because Natalie kept badgering her to do it.

Natalie was the French exchange student who had stayed with her neighbor, Mrs. Frost, last year at high school and who she'd gotten quite close to. She was going to spend two weeks at Natalie's house and Natalie would show her Paris!

The first aircraft wasn't very large, and had flown to Denver, which she thought was odd, since Denver was west when she wanted to go east. But apparently the connections were better there, and cheaper, and she got on a gigantic airline there headed east for Detroit.

The first part of the trip was exciting, and she stared out the window often, having made sure to get a window seat in the rear of the aircraft. The rear of the aircraft was considered the safest in a crash. She had compromised, however, since the middle rear was safer than a window seat. But she definitely wanted to see the world from so high up!

She saw very little of Detroit as she switched planes again, which, she was just as grateful for. From all she had heard the place was practically a third world hellhole full of crime, gangs, fire, and abandoned buildings. It was also full of black people, who were largely responsible for all that violence and fire.

There were no black people in McCook, but she had seen them on television. And they always seemed to be pictured in police mug shots as being wanted for murder or something else horrible! When she saw them live (on TV) they were usually angry, yelling, shaking their fists and throwing things.

She wandered around the airport to stretch her legs, and also got to refresh herself in a real bathroom, not those tiny ones in the plane. She washed her face and brushed her shoulder length blonde hair out, and even washed her glasses before slipping them back onto her nose.

She got on the new airplane and headed to the rear window seat, then reached up to the overhead bin to slide her bag in. Beth was not a tall girl, however, and the bag, which was made to exactly fit the overhead bins in aircraft bulged a little and was hard to push in.

She started as she realized there was someone beside her and jerked her head around to see a very large black man standing just beside her, watching her, or more precisely, looking down at how her cotton blouse pressed in firmly across her ample chest as she stretched up and out.

"Let me help you with that, baby," he said.

He moved forward, pressing into her from behind, reached up, and shoved the bag into place.

Bethany gasped, her heart suddenly thumping, and scurried forward across the two seats to reach her window seat.

"Tha-thank you!" she gulped, turning to look at him, eyes wide.

He wasn't looking back, however, but pushing his own bag into the bin, and right next to him was another large black man! Both of them looked horribly dangerous looking, like every wanted poster she'd ever seen!

And then they slid into the two seats next to her!

The one next to her was very large, barely fitting into the middle seat, and his thigh was pressing, inadvertently, she was sure, against hers! Beth quickly tilted her knees inward to towards the bulkhead, her pulse racing, and looked studiously out the window, feeling a great sense of anxiety.

The flight was going to last twelve hours! She would be squished in here that whole time!

The plane taxied and took off, and she focused on the view out the window as they headed across a great river, then up higher into the clouds. The two black men talked to themselves, in English, though she often couldn't quite understand what they were saying.

One of them seemed angry, though, about something, and she felt a sudden fear they'd get into a fight right there! That didn't happen, however, and as the flight continued she began to relax. She watched a movie on the screen on the back of the seat before her, and they did the same.

She could hear them talking from time time over the sound of the movie in her headset, but had no idea what they were saying. When the movie ended she put on her glasses and began to read from her ebook reader. But then the stewardess came by to serve dinner, which she found rather plain but at least hot and somewhat nourishing.

"So how's the chicken?"

Beth was startled and looked up at the man next to her. He was a head taller, after all.

"Uhm, it's okay," she said. "I don't usually eat chicken, but it seems... capably done."

"Capably done?" he said with a broad grin that revealed white teeth. "That's not exactly great praise."

Beth smiled. "Well, it's not really a great meal."

"Yeah, the steak ain't much, either. But at least it'll keep me from turning cannibal during the flight."

Beth was startled again by the comment, but was afraid to respond in case whatever she said might be considered racist!

"Big guy like me needs a lot more food than a little bitty girl like you," he said.

"I guess so," she said.

"You seem to be in pretty good shape, though," he said.

Beth gulped and gave him a tight lipped smile. She'd heard Black men were all crazed sex maniacs who lusted after white women! And they were all supposed to have enormous penises too! She recalled him looking at her chest at the start of the flight, and drew her shawl in a bit in hopes of discretely covering herself.

Her breasts were, much to her dismay, her most noticeable feature. They had been for some years. It was frustrating and sometimes embarrassing. It wasn't like they were all that big, for heavens sakes, though admittedly pretty good sized for a girl who wasn't fat! She was a slender girl, which made them seem larger than they would otherwise.

Certainly boys had been fascinated with them since they'd appeared on her chest, and every date required she push the boy's hands off her breasts, sometimes repeatedly. It was quite exasperating!

"You go to the gym?" he asked.

"Uh, well, no," she said. "I work at a feed and supply store and I'm always carrying and moving stuff around."

"What's a feed and supply store?" he asked.

"Uhm, well, like it sounds," she said.

"Like a grocery store?"

"Well, dry goods, and food for animals, for livestock, you know."

He stared at her. "Where you from, baby?"

She flushed. "Nebraska."

"Oh really?" he said.

He held out an enormous black hand.

"I'm Jefferson Washington," he said. "You can call me Jeff."

Well, of course there was nothing to be done but take it or be rude, and Beth's manners had been drummed into her since she could speak. She took his hand, seeing her small white hand completely enveloped in his.

"My name is Bethany Rawlings," she replied.

"Never met nobody from Nebraska before," he said, squeezing her hand.

Beth gulped, feeling her anxiety rising with his eyes on her and his hand holding hers for too long. But then he released her hand and she pulled it back in relief.

"I'm from Detroit," he said.

She wondered if he was in a gang!

"Are you uhm, going to Paris as a tourist?" she asked.

"Naw, on business. People like me don't go sitting around on yachts on the riviera, you know."

She laughed lightly. "Well, I don't think I will be either."

"You should be," he said with a grin. "I bet you'd look real nice in a itty bitty little thong bikini."

Beth felt her face heat but forced herself to laugh lightly.

"O'course, a lot of them pretty girls don't even wear tops down there," he said. "You think you could prance around topless like that, you being from Nebraska?"

"Certainly not!" she gulped, blushing anew. "I mean, I'm not saying their culture is wrong or anything, but that's not how things are in Nebraska."

He laughed. "No, I bet it ain't."

"I'm going to meet a French friend of mine," she felt the urge to volunteer. "She was an exchange student. She thought we were awfully conservative."

Quaint, actually, she thought.

"I bet she didn't try to sunbath topless," he said.

"Well, no, but she did say they did that at the beaches in France, though not all the time."

"Maybe you can see if she can loosen you up then, Bethany. Try out their beaches."

Beth felt her mind squirming at the direction of the conversation, not wanting this huge Black man thinking about her in a bikini or worse!

"I'm a Nebraska girl," she said firmly.

"I been to French beaches before," he said. "After a few minutes you kind of forget to notice. I mean, yeah you notice, but you'd notice a pretty girl in a bikini too, even if she had a top. Topless just gives you more to look at."

She nodded tightly, wanting the conversation to end, or at least change directions.

"And they ain't all slutty, neither," he said. "Least not so you'd notice, not more than girls who wear more. They don't got no problem with black skin, neither. Very friendly, those French girls."

Beth nodded, and now again felt the urge to talk lest he think she was being unfriendly – because he was black!

"Natalie was very outgoing," she said.

And slept with several guys, she'd heard, she thought with disapproval but some degree of envy. But then, she was French.

Beth had slept with two guys exactly. One was Brad Cooper, at their prom, and that had been less

than wonderful, especially given both of them had been drinking heavily. The other had been Marty Kluge, her ex boyfriend of six months. They'd slept together dozens of times, and it had been okay, but nothing to write home about. He certainly seemed to enjoy it, though.

"The French are a lot more laid back about a lot of stuff," he said. "You'll have to get you a nice miniskirt if you want to be fashionable in Paris. That's what the French girls wear."

Beth, of course, had never worn a skirt shorter than a few inches above the knee, and laughed lightly at his suggestion.

"I'm sure they'll make excuses for a dorky American tourist," she said.

After dinner she watched another movie, read some more, and then tried to relax as the lights were turned low in the cabin and people began to nap. She took off her glasses, pulled her shawl in around herself and let her seat back, then closed her eyes.

She wasn't sure what wakened her. She felt long seconds of disorientation. Where was she!? Then she realized she was on the aircraft as her memories flooded in.

And then she realized she felt something touching her inside her linen trousers! Something stroking against her panties! She suddenly had a flood of adrenaline as she realized that it had to be the large Black man next to her! She cracked an eyelid but couldn't see much! His hand was under her big shawl, and he had managed to get her zipper down and slide his big fingers inside to stroke her through the thin cotton of her panties!

Beth froze, horrified, with no idea what to do! Confronting him would be mortifying! And she'd still have to sit next to him unless he complained to the stewardess, which would be even more embarrassing! So she continued to pretend to sleep while her mind spun wildly!

The pads of his two fingers were rubbing lightly against the surface of her panties, down low, uncomfortably low, right over the top of her sex! Could he feel the line of her sex through her panties!? The idea was appalling and she suddenly feared her face must be beet red. Thank God she had turned her head away from him and her shoulder length hair would be hiding it from his position!

He couldn't do anything more, she thought frantically, not without being sure to waken her. He'll soon get tired of rubbing her there and pull his hand back and then she could pretend to wake up! That would let her pretend it never happened and avoid the humiliation of confronting him, of a public scene!

It wasn't like he was hurting her, after all. In fact... in fact, she felt a certain degree of thrumming pleasure from where he was rubbing her. It was right over her clitoris, she realized with a mental shudder, an area of her body Marty had paid little attention to.

She, of course, paid it considerable attention at the times, usually during the shower, when she felt the urge, but it felt so very much different with someone else touching her! The sensations were so much more intense, so much more powerful!

And then she felt his fingers sliding further up and she felt herself roiled by even more emotions as his finger curled across the top of the waistband of her lowslung panties, then tugged it gently down! She felt his fingers sliding into the waistband, sliding down.

Her eyes snapped open, staring at the window as she felt his fingers reach her clitoris and start rubbing it directly! She almost screamed! But that would have been far too humiliating! Everyone in the cabin would have turned to stare!

It wasn't like it was hurting her, she thought desperately. It wasn't worth making a big, horrible scene over! She would have to be here among these people for hours and hours! She didn't want them staring at her!

She felt his fingers sliding further down, along the line of her sex, the front of his fingers rubbing back and forth across her clitoris now as his fingertips traced her pussy and gently pushed into her! She flushed hotly as she felt her own heat around his finger, as she felt her own moisture!

His finger was large, for he was a large man, but it dipped lightly in and out as her heart pounded like a drum. Beth felt her entire body pulsing with emotions and anxiety, yet even through it she felt the

rise of a dark liquid heat down low, and felt it slowly spreading up through her body. Her nipples were, she realized, rock hard within the cups of her bra!

How could she stop this without it becoming a humiliating scene!?

She fought to keep her breathing from getting too ragged, fearful he would realize she was awake. Hiding her face behind the shield of her hair, she stared at the darkness beyond the window and the reflection off it of the cabin ahead. Perhaps someone would walk back to get to the bathroom behind them, and that would make him pull back!

But there was no sign of anyone, and his finger continued to stroke her there as it dipped a little further into the mouth of her sex and swirled around, rubbing lightly.

She felt the rising sense of arousal flowing up her body with dismay and confusion. It was merely a physiological reaction, she told herself desperately. And yet like alcohol in the blood the pulsing sexual heat began to have an affect on her mind, began to draw her into the outraged thrill of her body with a sense of hunger rather than denial.

His finger pushed slowly forward and she barely repressed a cry as she felt it truly entering her body, sliding inches deep into the tight, warm, moist tunnel of her sex! She felt more alarm, and yet the actual physical sensation swept her body with a raw, erotic sense of need!

The finger slid slowly out, then in again, deeper! And now she felt the pad of his thumb pressing against her clitoris, which was now moist with her heat, rubbing from side to side, harder than before, sending a bubbling, churning rush of sensation up through her nervous system!

“Maybe the bitch took a sleeping pill,” she heard whispered next to her.

That made her heart skip a beat! It meant the two of them were both staring at her! She felt even more embarrassed and anxious!

A few moments later she felt another hand sliding under her shawl and this time moving upwards along her stomach to her chest. It caressed her right breast through the thin cotton of her blouse, then gave it a small squeeze.

“Nice tits on her,” she heard whispered.

This was insane! She had to do something about this, Beth thought frantically. And yet, the feel of his thick finger moving slowly in and out of her was sending a flood of delicious heat up through her body and pulsing waves of arousal were rolling through her mind!

She felt his fingers moving lightly across her breast, and then felt a shock as the blouse loosened. He was undoing the buttons down the front! She felt the blouse parting under her shawl, the two sides pulling apart, then his fingers were caressing her bare skin, rubbing her just above her bra.

The bra which she had bought in part because it was so practical – because the clasp was in the front between the cups!

She almost felt faint as the clasp was opened and her bra pulled aside! The shock rippled through her mind as she heard two voices murmur approval beside her. Then she felt fingers rolling her stiff nipple between their pads, plucking lightly at it.

Her nipples tingled wildly, and she knew she was going to have to absolutely do something! But what!?

Her shawl was eased apart, and then her blouse lifted and opened and she felt a sense of stunned awareness that the two men must be staring at her naked bare breasts!

“Niieee,” one of them said admiringly.

Fingers rolled and plucked lightly at her stiff nipples, then the hand slid down her body, though her dazed, spinning mind was more preoccupied with the finger inside her and the thumb stroking across her clitoris. For an instant she ignored it, and then she felt the tightness of the drawstring around her waist fading as it was undone. The clasp was opened and the top of her trousers opened up!

“You think I can make her come before she wakes up?” an amused voice whispered.

The finger slid slowly out of her sex.

“Look how wet she is.”

Beth blushed hotly, and moaned involuntarily, then froze as the men halted, too. A few seconds later, though, the finger was back, rubbing up and down the line of her sex, then sliding into her as the thumb resumed stroking her clitoris.

She was able to turn her head slightly, rolling her eyes to the side, trying to get some glimpse of what he was doing down there, and then felt a jolt as she saw the scissors. They were small, blunt tipped scissors, the kind you gave to small children so they couldn't poke themselves.

It cut through the very thin waistband of her panties easily enough, though, and then cut downward to give him easier access to her body!

"Watch for the stewardess," he whispered.

And then he shifted his body, and she saw his head appear below her. He was staring right at her down there as he peeled her panties open down the middle! And then he leaned in even further, and she thought with a sense of stunned disbelief, that he was going to kiss her there!

It was worse.

She felt the softest, lightest touch of his tongue against her! Her eyes bulged and she was gripped by a sense of unreality. This could not be happening! No one would do that! And yet he was, and his tongue licked harder now, and the sensation was appallingly delicious!

Despite her embarrassment and anxieties Beth felt the thrumming power of sexual arousal deepening! His finger pushed deep inside her as his tongue licked her, and his other hand was now gently squeezing her bare breast!

Beth had to fight to keep her hips from bucking up against him as her muscles trembled and spasmed! And to her horror she felt the intensity growing so powerful that she thought she must be near to orgasm!

Marty had made fun of her on the few occasions when he'd given her a real orgasm (as opposed to the ones she faked for him). And they were the same when she gave herself orgasms. She had learned to repress her voice, other than helpless gurgling, breathless gasps, but her hips tended to move convulsively, violently, and there was absolutely no disguising it!

She couldn't orgasm now! She simply couldn't, she thought desperately!

And yet, she did.

Her back arched violently and her hips ground furiously forward against his lapping tongue and pumping finger as the orgasm swept through her. Beth tried to clamp her mouth shut, but could not entirely control her body as her head rolled back, turning, baring her face to them. Her mouth was open in a nearly soundless gurgle of heated pleasure, and the air sobbed through her lungs as the crackling waves of sexual electricity rolled through her.

The man behind her slid up and back into his seat, teeth showing, leering.

"I knew you was awake, baby," he said, as his hand gripped the open front of her trousers and then yanked downward.

Beth had no breath to speak as the orgasm peaked and fell, leaving her dazed and shuddering there, her mind too dazed to resist as he tugged her torn panties and trousers out from under her and down her legs. Then she moaned feebly, grasping at her bare thighs, and pulling the shawl in around her.

He chuckled and pushed her open blouse back over her shoulders, then pulled her abruptly forward by gripping her arm and yanking her.

Beth gasped, then gasped again in alarm as she felt him tugging her blouse down her arms!

"What...? Don't!" she gasped.

"Shhh," he said.

She bit her lips anxiously.

"Gimmie that blanket," she heard him whisper.

A blanket was spread over her, and she clutched it desperately.

"That was a way better way to spend time than sleeping, eh, baby?" he said, leaning in close.

Beth's face was hot with embarrassment, and she was, though no longer breathless, still speechless!

What should she say!?

"I hope you liked that little orgasm," he whispered. "Nothing I like better than making blonde girls come."

She tried to turn away, to reach forward for her trousers on the floor, but he pulled them back with his feet, and slid his hand in under the blanket, squeezing her between her thighs.

"Oh! Please!" she gasped anxiously.

"Please what, baby? I already made you come. You want more?"

"I-I... m-my clothes..!" she gasped.

"You don't need your clothes now, baby," he said. "Besides, we love seeing pretty girls naked."

He gripped the blanket but she yanked it back and she heard them both chuckle.

"How about you return the favor and make me come now?"

Beth stared out the window, stunned at finding herself naked in a public place like this, where, she reminded herself, any loud noise could draw attention from those in front of her!

He pulled at her arm, and she was forced forward, bending across the arm of the seat between them to see he had undone his own trousers and his cock, his enormous black cock, was standing upright! She gaped at it as he slid his hand up into her hair and drew her mouth downward!

"I-I can't!" she gasped.

"Sure you can. I made you come, now you owe me one," he whispered soothingly.

God, it was big! She felt a sense of fascination as she stared at it standing up so proudly there. Marty hadn't been half as big!

"I... but.. someone will come!" she whispered desperately.

"Yeah, you and me. Don't worry. Leon is watching for the stewardess."

Beth flushed even more deeply as the other man leered at her. Yet there seemed no alternative, other than making a scene, and ... his cock was so big and hard!

Her pulse was racing as she was bent over more and more, gently but firmly, and then her hands jerked out as if to support herself – onto his thigh. Her head kept pushing down, however, and then, shuddering, she felt his hard cock rubbing against her lips and cheeks!

A wild flare of energy pulsed through her body, and then almost involuntarily, she let her lips part and another flare hit her as the head pushed into her mouth!

It was so thick! She opened her mouth wider, moaning around it as she let the head slowly slide through her lips. She licked tentatively, sucking, feeling a bewildering rush of dark heat as she let her hands close around the thick base of his shaft.

"That's it, blonde girl, suck that black cock," he whispered.

Beth gurgled around it, sucking and licking, and then felt another jolt as he pulled the blanket back away from her. A moment later she felt the shawl pulled free too! She was now completely naked leaning across the armrest and sucking a man's cock!

She could be arrested if they were spotted! She'd be held in a prison cell as a pervert! They'd call her parents for bail!

She felt his hand fully envelope her breast, kneading it much more firmly than he had earlier, and felt hot rushes of sensation through her chest each time he squeezed! His hand slid forward and down, and now his fingers were rubbing against her clitoris once more, which was hypersensitive due to her recent orgasm!

Unreality gripped her mind. This couldn't be happening! This was a bizarre dream! Soon she'd wake up! Yet the hand on the back of her head pushed insistently, and his cock slid deeper into her mouth! It was absurdly big!

She sucked and licked and moaned even as she felt fingers pushing into her warm, moist sex, two of them this time! They stretched her tightness, and she grunted and moaned as they pumped in and out, as his thumb stroked her clitoris!

"You don't need hands, baby," she heard him whisper.

He pulled the drawstring from her trousers and then wrapped it several times around her right wrist where she gripped the base of his shaft. A moment later he pulled her slender wrist back and around behind her, then reached down and pulled her right hand back as well.

Beth was confused and dazed and didn't realize what he intended until she felt her wrists pinned together behind her back, then felt the drawstring looping again and again around her right wrist. It tightened, and when he realized her wrists they were tied together!

"We need more room!" she heard him whisper. "You see anyone?"

"Nope."

He stood up, gripping her by the hair, and his partner got up and moved forward to block the aisle. Then Beth gasped and moaned as she was forced out of her seat, forced out into the aisle! Naked! He led her back to the open doorway behind their seats. There was a small area there with a fridge for water, and a sink on one side. The other held the toilet.

He opened the door and pulled her inside, and Beth gaped at him in shock!

He gripped her buttocks and lifted her up, sitting her on the edge of the sink, then pressed forward! She felt his incredible erection pressed against her belly as he gripped her by the head and kissed her deeply, passionately, hungrily!

His lips crushed hers, his tongue sliding along her lips, then into her mouth as he ground himself against her bare belly!

Beth was still gripped by utter disbelief finding her wrists tied behind her back. And now this! She was naked in the toilet and... and he could do anything to her! Fear and anxiety swept through her, but both were tinged with a wild, burning sense of dark hunger!

"Beautiful bitch!" he growled, drawing back.

She panted and then cried out softly as he jerked back on her hair, forcing her head back! Now his lips and teeth slid along her exposed throat even as his other hand rubbed her between the legs! She felt fingers penetrating her, and whimpered as her mind was roiled with emotions!

Then his mouth was on the center of her right breast! She felt his hot breath on her skin, then his teeth and lips closing around the center of her breast! His teeth dug in as he began to suck, and his tongue swept hard and fast across her tingling nipple!

Raw, dark heat rolled through the helpless girl, and she cried out weakly as his fingers plunged into her to the knuckles, his thumb rapidly stroking across her clitoris.

"Fucking hot little blonde bitch!" he panted.

He released her hair, and she swayed, then fell back against the mirror, gasping raggedly. He dropped to his knees before the sink, and his big hands forced her thighs suddenly up and very wide. His tongue attacked her clitoris again, but with the kind of freedom it had lacked earlier.

The sensations it roused were overpowering her mind, and Beth gaped at the far wall, trembling and moaning as his tongue licked hungrily at her swelling clitoris! His two fingers pumped in and out of her, and now were joined by a third, stretching her even more!

"Gonna make you come again, blonde girl," he growled.

"Please!" she gurgled. "Oh! Oh! Oh, God! Oh please!" she gasped, heat rolling up her body.

He stood up abruptly, his fingers coming free of her, and then gripped her hair, jerking her face forward, forcing it to look down as he fisted his thick cock. She stared at it as he rubbed the head up and down against her glistening opening.

"Ready for it, baby?"

Beth whimpered, then shuddered breathlessly as he pushed forward. She felt the pressure against the entrance to her sex, felt it growing, felt the harsh, deep ache.

It's too big, she thought desperately, with both relief and disappointment.

But then the lips of her sex slowly spread further, and she stared in dazed disbelief as the thing pushed into her body. Inch after inch slid forward through the taut, straining lips of her sex, as she felt them moving inside her!

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned.

He crushed her lips with his again, swallowing her moans and gasps as his hips began to move slowly in and out, his thick cock a deep hot ache inside her, forcing its way deeper and deeper into her body.

Beth felt a sense of astonishment! It couldn't possibly fit! It must stop any second! He couldn't get all that inside her!

Yet she kept feeling him moving deeper, higher, even as his tongue swirled within her mouth and his other hand kneaded her breast.

His cock seemed to finally reach the back wall of her sex. He withdrew then pushed forward, then again, pumping more steadily now despite how tight she was. She felt the head jabbing at the back wall of her sex, a strange, dark, erotic sensation that made her moan and cry out into his mouth.

He reached down, then, gripping her legs behind the knees, his big hands encircling them, and lifting them upward, then back, tilting her body back so that her shoulder blades were pressed against the cold surface of the mirror.

He chuckled low in his throat, pressing her knees back against her upper arms, then letting his big hands slide along her legs to her calves, then her ankles, forcing them up and back hard, the backs of her feet pressing into the mirror as his hips began to work in and out faster and harder.

She stared at him in disbelief, her breathing hot and ragged as his hips worked faster and harder. The head of his cock was punching against the back wall of her sex now, with more and more force, causing Beth to gasp at every stroke!

And then, somehow, as if her insides had expanded, he slid even deeper! And to her shock she felt his hips pressing against her bare buttocks! He had gotten every inch inside her! Impossible!

And yet it was undeniable, as he thrust hard and deep and her mind melted under the hammer-blows of shocked heat and swirling, churning sensations of overwhelming sexual pleasure.

He let his heavy body lean in against her, leering, forcing her ankles back behind her head.

“Tell me you love it, slut!”

She gaped at him and he ground his hips against her, causing his thick staff to ... move within her throbbing belly. Beth cried out breathlessly.

He let his shoulders pin her legs back, one hand going to one firm breast, the other encircling her throat.

“Tell me you love it!”

“I-I-I... I-love it!” she gurgled.

“Tell me you love black cock!” he growled.

“I... love black cock!” she moaned.

His fingers tightened around her throat.

“Tell me you love nigger cock!”

Beth gasped, fearful of saying the word, but he squeezed again, before loosening his fingers.

“I-I... I love nigger cock!” she whimpered.

He began to pump his hips again and she moaned, eyes closing.

“Beg me to fuck you!”

“Please!” she moaned.

He tightened his grip on her throat.

“Beg me to fuck you!”

“Please f-fuck me!”

“Sir! Say sir!”

“Please fuck me, sir!” she gasped.

He released her throat, jamming her feet back against the mirror again and redoubling his efforts! Beth felt crushed in two and absolutely pounded by his heavy body, by his enormous cock inside her! Her insides were being pummeled!

She couldn't breath! She felt her chest getting so tight she could barely draw a breath! The air came through her open mouth in helpless, ragged gulps as her mind was swept by waves of violent, churning sensations of lush dark pleasure.

It was like nothing she'd ever felt before, almost orgasm, but not quite as intense! And it went on and on, every thrust making her want to swoon from the gushing liquid heat! And then her body seemed to explode!

It was an orgasm far more intense than anything she had ever experienced in her life, and despite being breathless she began to cry out again and again, every breath expelled in a wild animal cry of passion until his hand closed around her throat to silence her.

That made her eyes bulge, made her head pound with even more overwhelming sensations. The orgasm seemed to grow even more powerful as his hips rammed into her again and again and her mind rolled and tumbled in uncontrolled paroxysms of what she could only think of as ecstasy.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and the world swirled around her, but she didn't care. All she cared about was the raw animal pleasure coursing through her veins. She twisted and writhed, high above herself, floating, swimming in paradise, sobbing for breath as his hips pounded against her.

"Hurry, man," a voice whispered through the door.

His hips hammered her, his thick black shaft spearing deep into her spasming belly again and again until with a shudder, he stopped, his big body crushing her back, his breath hot against her neck.

"Nice and tight," he sighed. "Gorgeous piece of ass."

He pulled out of her, and then slid her off the sink. She would have fallen, of course, had it not been for his powerful hand gripping her arm. He opened the bathroom door and peered out as he folded his softening cock back into his trousers.

The other man was there – the one he'd called Leon.

"I pretended to be waiting in line. There was a fat old man wanted in but he didn't want to wait beside an angry looking black man," he said with a grin.

They led her forward and into her seat, then put the blanket over her as she lay her head back, flushed, panting for breath, shaken to her core. The orgasm had been so intense that she still twitched and trembled with the echoes of it.

"How was she?"

"Tight."

"Thought she would be. Nebraska farm girl," Leon snickered.

A man came down and passed by them, and the two black men grinned at each other. Then they changed places. Leon slid his hand under the blanket and Beth moaned helplessly.

"Spread your legs," he growled.

She gulped and almost involuntarily obeyed. She felt his fingers running up and down the line of her sex, rubbing her, stroking her.

"Love how soft her skin is," he said.

He pulled the front of the blanket down and bent over her, sucking and chewing and licking at her breast as Beth gasped and looked anxiously down the aisle. She couldn't see much, of course, for the seat backs were high, but there was no sign of anyone being able to see her either.

The toilet flushed and he quickly sat up, pulling the blanket over her. The toilet door opened, for they saw the light appear briefly, then closed, and the old man moved past them, going forward a dozen seats before slipping into his seat.

The man pulled the blanket completely off her and Beth flushed as the two men ogled her hungrily.

"What a fucking body," Leon said as he kneaded her breast.

"Please I – ."

"Slump down more," he said curtly. "Lift your knees up."

"I – ."

"Now!"

Moaning, she obeyed, slumping in her seat and spreading her knees so that one was against the bulkhead on her left and one was against the armrest on her right. His hand roamed over her body, then his fingers slowly wormed into her sex, one, then two, then three, as she moaned helplessly.

His other hand slid behind her neck and he gripped her hair, then jerked her head back, forcing her back to arch.

Beth stared up at the ceiling as he licked and sucked at her breasts, his fingers pumping steadily in and out of her body. His thumb was stroking across her clitoris as that sense of dazed, stunned disbelief continued to grip her mind.

She could *hear* his fingers moving in and out of her, so wet was she! And she gasped and moaned as he began to chew at the flesh of her breast while he sucked.

“Shh,” Jeff said.

“The ones in front of us are asleep,” Leon whispered. “And they got headphones on.”

The headphones, Beth had learned, would not only play music or the sound from TV shows or movies, but also had a 'white noise' setting for sleeping, to drown out the occasional sounds, like a flushing toilet, which might otherwise waken the passenger.

The man's big fingers were sliding in and out of her, oozing through the tight tunnel of her sex, as he stroked her clitoris, and despite the roiling anxiety gripping her Beth could feel the dark thrill of sexual heat sweeping up through her body once again.

She moaned helplessly as his thick fingers slid deep, twisting and turning on their journey inward, the fingertips angling upward to stroke across some delicate, sensual place within her she had never felt before. She felt her skin flaring with heat and energy as his thumb stroked rapidly across her clitoris.

He was practically biting her breasts! She squeaked and moaned and whimpered as his mouth filled with the soft, warm flesh of her breast, sucking and licking, kneading it within his mouth until she thought her body would explode in flames!

Then he drew up and back, gripping her hair in his fist. She gasped, forced to bend forward, then stagger to her feet. He gripped her leg and pulled her around to face him, then forward so she stumbled against his seat, her right knee coming down between his left thigh and the armrest.

“Get on the black rocket, blonde girl,” he growled in a low voice.

Beth shuddered, twisting her head around anxiously, staring at the rows of seat backs as he and Jeff guided her forward to straddle his lap. She felt his hardness against her sex, and then she sank slowly down, moaning helplessly as she felt his own cock pushing up through the slick, overheated folds of her sex!

To say sex with Martin was unimaginative would have been a vast understatement. He was the son of a Methodist minister and he only believed in the missionary position. Beth had never had sex where she was on top, and now, with her emotions swirling and her insides churning, she felt the pressure of his thick black cock pushing achingly hard against her!

It forced its way into her, and she opened her mouth and eyes wide as she slowly sank down atop it! She felt every thick, bulging vein as it slid up through the tightly clutching lips of her sex, the head pushing aside the tight walls of her sheath as it penetrated deeper and deeper into her abdomen!

It was all Beth could do to keep more or less silent, horrified at the prospect of the entire cabin turning to stare at her! She moaned helplessly, and gurgled in shock as her hair was yanked back again, and then she felt not just one mouth at her breast, but two!

Jeff was sucking and chewing on her left breast as Leon sucked and chewed and licked on her right!

Her hands jerked spastically against the cord binding her wrists back as she gulped in air, shuddering at the deep penetration, aching deep inside the fiery churning pit of her belly! The raw sensations were flooding her nervous system to overflowing!

A hand was rubbing and kneading her buttocks as she sank to the last inch on the man's black cock, and then another slid down her abdomen, fingers rubbing her clitoris!

“Hot, sexy blonde bitch,” one of them growled in a low voice.

“Ride me, slut!” Leon hissed.

Beth's mind was too dazed to move, but then the hand in her hair jerked up and she gasped in pain, forced to rise up. A few seconds later it jerked down, and she slid down the long, thick cock again! He let go of her hair and his hands gripped her buttocks, lifting up, then dropping her repeatedly.

“Move, slut!”

Jeff pinched her nipple and she winced and gasped, forcing herself up, then down, eyes enormous as she raised and lowered her body, repeatedly sliding her overheated sex down the long length of the cock beneath her!

It was an amazing feeling! Down, down, down she slid, shuddering at the raw animal heat and erotic passion which gripped her mind as she took it high inside her! Then she slid back up, before sliding, down, down down again, moaning in helpless overheated passion, a feverish, obsessive hunger beginning to fill her mind.

The center of her thinking, of her consciousness, was that thick cock she was riding up and down on, and how incredible, how deliciously thrilling it felt to sink down its long length!

And now Jeff was rubbing her clitoris as she rode up and down, and the gasping breaths sobbed out of her as the fever deepened. She was mesmerized by the feel of him inside her as she moved up and down, whimpering and shuddering as she tried to ride harder and faster!

“Sst, someone coming!”

Leon literally picked her up and swung her around, dropping her heavily onto her seat, then threw the blanket over her. He pulled another one over himself as a woman appeared, headed past them to the toilet, and shut the door.

Beth was gulping in air, and gasped as his hand slid under the blanket, fingers stroking her clitoris as he leaned over to whisper in her ear.

“I bet you'd make a hell of a fuck if we could do it somewhere privately.”

“Let's do the bathroom again,” Jeff said.

The woman left the bathroom and went forward, and a moment later Jeff got up, then Leon pulled her blanket off, gripped her by the hair, and pulled her to her feet!

Beth stared wildly up the length of the cabin, but only saw the backs of a few heads along the aisle as she was led back into the rear and into the toilet. It wasn't a very big toilet, but Jeff waited for them to get in, then followed.

Leon sat down on the toilet, jerking his pants down, and the two of them guided her onto his lap, this time facing forward! She shuddered as she sank all the way down on his stiff cock, then moaned as Jeff gripped her hair and jerked his own pants down.

“Suck me, baby!”

He mashed her face against him as Leon fondled her breasts and began to lift and lower her.

“Ride me, slut!”

Panting, moaning, Beth obeyed, riding slowly up and down as she licked at the first man's cock.

“Suck my balls, slut!”

Moaning, she had little choice as he rubbed her face against him, opening her mouth and sucking them into it as she rode up and down on the man behind her. She licked and sucked at them, massaging them within her mouth, then licked her way up his semi-hard cock as Leon began to rub her clitoris.

It was so incredible, so intense, so shocking, perverted, outrageous and ... forbidden! It was like nothing she had ever heard of, let alone thought of! It overwhelmed her mind and left it battered and dazed as she reveled in the animal heat of penetration, of riding that long cock, of the delicious, exultant feeling every time she sank down!

Jeff hardened quickly, and she gurgled as he gripped her hair, thrusting himself in and out of her mouth. Then, to her shock, he jerked forward on her hair and his thick, spongy black head pushed right into her throat!

Before she had a chance to react or even understand, the long black shaft was sliding deep into her throat as Beth's eyes went wide! She felt her body twisting and jerking instinctively, her hands pulling against the cord holding them in place and her stomach now churning as she gurgled wetly!

But he was so strong that he simply pulled her forward by the hair, driving himself remorselessly forward at the same time, until every single inch of the incredibly large cock was jammed into her mouth!

Beth stared at his groin from less than an inch away, her lips wrapped tautly around the base of his shaft as he chuckled throatily.

"Knew you could swallow me whole, baby," he said. "I can recognize a deep throat slut when I see one."

If it weren't for the shock Beth was certain she would have gagged far more. But the wild, flaring heat swirling inside her body, the stunned shape of her emotions, and now this, had put her in a dazed condition. Yet through it she still felt a sense of almost awe that she had managed to swallow his entire cock!

It wasn't as if she hadn't heard of deep throating. It wasn't as if the girls hadn't discussed it on occasion. But she hadn't really tried it. Marty was easily satisfied anyway, so why make the effort when she might well throw up or something!

Yet now she had this enormous black cock filling her mouth and throat! She could feel it throbbing inside her throat, the head driven so deep inside she wondered if it hadn't gone right down into her chest!

She did start to gurgle and gag as he withdrew, but by then most of her focus was on her burning chest and throbbing skull as she desperately tried to breathe! He pulled out completely and she sucked in desperately ragged breaths of air, coughing as he slapped his slick cock against her face.

He tightened his grip on her hair and jerked her head back, rubbing the head across her lips.

"Tell me you love nigger cock, blonde bitch!" he growled.

Beth couldn't speak for gasping, and he slapped his cock against her face repeatedly.

"Say it! Tell me you love nigger cock!"

"I-I love n-nigger c-cock!" she gasped breathlessly.

He jerked her head forward again, bending her body over, and then thrust himself straight into her mouth and down her throat! Beth's eyes bulged again, and she heard Leon laughing as he gripped her waist and lifted her up and dropped again and again.

Jeff was pumping smoothly in and out, fucking her mouth and throat as he gripped her hair in a firm, determined grip. Beth felt her head pounding and her chest burning, and black dots danced before her eyes as the world seemed to swirl.

Then he pulled back, allowing her to gulp in air again!

They lifted her up and turned the staggering, gasping girl around, then had her straddle Leon and sink down once more. Beth moaned helplessly, then gasped in dark heat as she felt her sex spread wide around the head, then sink slowly down its length.

"Hot slut!"

He slumped down a little, pulling her chest forward, sucking and chewing on her breasts as she raised herself up and down. And then Jeff gripped her hair and forced her head up and back. Beth stared up at him, her head almost upside down, as he thrust two fingers into her mouth.

"Suck!" he ordered.

Gasping, she closed her lips around his fingers, sucking and also licking as Leon rubbed her swollen clitoris. He pulled his fingers out and released her hair, and Beth leaned forward again, panting for breath.

Her eyes widened as she felt fingers rubbing slickly against her back passage! It was an entirely new sensation, and moments later she felt one of those fingers pressing against her and slowly penetrating her!

“Oh! Oh please!” she gasped.

Leon jerked forward on her hair and kissed her roughly, while Jeff slid his finger slowly deeper into her bottom!

“Ride me, slut!”

Moaning, whimpering, panting, Beth rode up and down on his cock as he rubbed her clitoris and sucked on her nipples. Jeff pumped his finger in her ass to produce a stunning new flood of sensations like nothing she had ever felt before!

Heat swept through her again, and Beth swayed dazedly, whimpering and panting and groaning as she rode up and down. She felt the finger in her bottom pull out, then push in again, thicker, much thicker, because there were two of them!

What were they doing to her, she thought in shock and disbelief! Yet the raw hunger and dark feverish sexual need was intoxicating, and sent her mind tumbling. She grunted helplessly every time she sank down on the cock below her.

And then her head was jerked forward so that her face was on his shoulder, and she felt the two fingers coming out of her bottom, and something even thicker pushing against her.

She felt her mind swept by shock, heat and dark outrage, but it wasn't like she hadn't suspected. Now she whimpered as the thick cock slowly forced its way into her bottom, even while she sat impaled on the other one!

She had never been sodomized, of course, and a part of her cringed at the very notion! But her mind was fixated on the thickness as it slid up inside her, on the incredible, wondrous sense of being so fully and deeply penetrated by having not just one big cock inside her but two of them!

It was like nothing she had ever felt in her life, like nothing she had ever imagined! And with the man below her still rubbing her clitoris and sucking on her breasts she felt herself being overwhelmed with raw, animal heat once again!

It was as if... as if she was able to experiment with the most outrageous sexual practices she had ever imagined in her life, without fear of word getting out to her friends, family and colleagues! A part of her was enthralled with that, despite still being anxious, embarrassed and uncertain by it all.

She had deep throated a cock, she thought, with some amazement, as she swallowed repeatedly. Yes, her throat ached a little, but she had done it! And it was a big one!

Now she felt the thick black cock sliding ever deeper into her belly and gurgled helplessly, squirming as she felt an ache, a cramping sensation at the deep penetration. It didn't feel as good as the one in her pussy, but still, having two of them inside her was a staggering thought!

It began to draw back, and push forward, to draw back, and push forward! The man below her began to thrust up into her a few seconds later, and the volume of sounds which began to emerge from her open lips grew so great one of them put his hand over her mouth!

Their big, heavy male bodies crushed her between them, their big, rough hands all over her, mashing her breasts and fingering her clitoris. She felt the hot breath of the man behind her on her neck, then his lips and teeth there!

With her mouth, covered the only sound in the small room was the panting and gasping of their ragged breaths as they continued, grunting and gasping and thrusting in and out of her overheated body.

Beth felt her mind floating and swirling and twisting through the wild flashing waves of sensation. And then, the orgasm, or what she thought was the orgasm rolled through her body and she cried out, twisting and writhing as the pulsing heat exploded!

But it was only the prelude!

It suddenly kicked up, spiraling higher, as she found herself screaming nearly silently into the black palm over her mouth, a wild flaring and continuous explosion of intense pleasure searing her mind as her hips bucked violently and her head thrashed and jerked, her body twisting and writhing in boneless pleasure as her nervous system overloaded.

They cursed as they crushed her even tighter. The one behind thrust harder, and it felt as if his cock

was punching her deep inside, dull, throbbing aches echoing through her belly every time he drove himself deep.

Beth thought she would faint from the intensity of the wall of burning pleasure which rolled over her! As it was it left her dazed and collapsing atop Leon beneath her, drooling against someone's hand as her eyes slitted.

The men finished very soon, and one left while the other cleaned her up a bit, then he brought her back to her seat, or rather, to the middle seat, between them.

Her wrists were still tightly bound behind her as they lifted a leg across each of them, chuckling low in their throats as their hands casually stroked, fondled and caressed her body.

It was all so impossible, she thought dazedly, so utterly outrageous! But what could she do that wouldn't draw attention to her!?

She shuddered as two long, thick black fingers pushed deep into her moist sex. His thumb was rubbing her clitoris as his other hand kneaded her breast. The one on her other side had her other breast, while his other hand was tugging her hair to pull her head back, then leaning in to chew and kiss his way along the nape of her neck!

They murmured soft, shocking words as they did, words like 'slut' and 'whore', which had never been applied to Bethany before in her life! Yet she knew she deserved them! She had acted like a whore, allowing them to do anything they wanted to her!

But it was only because she was afraid of everyone staring, she thought in desperate self defense. Yet that failed to explain those incredible orgasms she'd had!

And just thinking of that reminded her of the shocking sensation of having two big male cocks deep in her belly at the same time, a memory that brought a flush to her face and chest and an echo of the excruciating pleasure which had gripped her!

The one on her right, Leon, got up and pulled his bag from the overhead bin, then unzipped it, searching for something. He seemed to find it, and put the bag back up, then sat down, leering at her, holding up a can of deodorant. It had a rounded top, and she gasped as he turned towards her and rubbed it up and down along her sex.

"I know you blonde bitches like something big and hard inside you," he whispered.

"No! No, please!" she moaned.

But Jeff's thumb was stroking her clitoris, and she stared at the rounded cap of the can as it slowly pushed against her! She felt a sense of appalled heat as she felt herself slowly forced open, as she saw the cap slowly pushing into her to disappear between the straining lips of her sex!

Her breathing grew more ragged as the can itself slid in, inch by slow inch, and she whimpered and moaned and wriggled and writhed on the seat. Her body felt a wild churning rush of sensation and arousal as the two men bent almost in unison and began to suck and lick and chew at the center of her breasts!

Half the can was inside her now, as she shuddered, feeling herself stretched wide down there. Then three quarters of it was inside her! And then, she gurgled helplessly as a small orgasm passed over her, her hips jerking and bucking against it as the men chuckled.

He shoved it almost all into her before the two of them gripped her arms and pulled her into an upright position. One put his hand over her mouth, and then they sank her down and her eyes bulged as her weight forced her down and the remainder of the can slid up inside her!

It ached! But it ached in a dark, thrilling way which made her heart and pulse race and made her body burn even hotter!

After that they let her slump down again somewhat, and threw the blanket over her, then the two lay back to get some rest.

Bethany, of course, got none! She could feel the throbbing ache inside her from the can driven high into her abdomen! And she was naked under the blanket, with her wrists still bound behind her! Occasionally people wandered past them, and she pretended to sleep, watching them through slitted

eyes, fearful they might somehow recognize she was naked somehow!

Hours passed, as the airplane continued its journey across the ocean, and she remained on edge. And then, an accidental movement caused the blanket, which was tucked up over her shoulder, to slide downward to bare her breasts!

She gasped, but could do nothing about it herself! And someone was bound to come back sooner or later! She turned and nudged the man on the aisle.

"I... uhm... excuse me!" she whispered. "Excuse me!"

He stirred and opened his eyes, yawning and frowning at her.

"My blanket fell off!" she said meekly.

He snorted and then stretched in his seat. He looked up the aisle, then at her, then smiled and stood up. He gripped her hair and she gasped, forced to her feet as he pulled her after him into the back and then into the toilet.

"On your knees, blonde girl," he growled.

Moaning, she obeyed, and he combed his fingers through her hair as he undid his pants. He let them drop completely, then guided her mouth to his balls.

It didn't even occur to Beth to refuse. What if he got violent!? Or worse, what if he just left her here like this!? Besides, she'd come too far to suddenly put up a fuss now! She licked at his balls, then sucked them into her mouth, feeling her heart beating faster as he guided her to lick her way up and down his black shaft, then take the head into her mouth.

As with Jeff the last time she was in here, he pumped in and out of her mouth as he held her hair, then started to pull her forward. Beth gurgled and gasped, and then choked a little as the head thrust into her throat. She instinctively tried to pull back but he forced her forward, inch by inch, until her lips were wrapped around the base.

"That's the view I have of every hot little blonde bitch I see," he said with a grin. "Every one of you ought to have your lips wrapped around my cock."

He held her in position as her head pounded and her chest burned, then slowly drew back, letting her gulp in ragged breaths of air. He chuckled as he rubbed himself over her face, letting her catch her breath, then forced himself back into her mouth, pumping in and out aggressively, and once again forcing himself deep into her throat.

He was in no hurry, but insistent, pushing himself down her throat again and again as Bethany swayed and gasped, sweating and panting and getting light-headed from continual stoppages in her breathing. He slapped his cock against her face and pulled her to her feet finally, then shoved her against the bulkhead.

She moaned as her full breasts were pressed firmly against the cool metal. She felt his cock between her buttocks as he chewed the back of her neck.

"Tell me you love nigger cock, bitch," he hissed.

"I-I-I love... n-nigger cock!" she moaned.

She shuddered as she felt him pushing the wet, slick head of his cock against her back opening. She was already stuffed full with the can he'd jammed inside her pussy! But that reminded her of the outrageous memory of having two cocks inside her, and she felt a dark, sizzling explosion of desperate hunger sweep over her.

He jerked back on her hips as her breasts mashed against the bulkhead, and she groaned as the head pushed insistently, slowly pushing into her ass, then sliding deep.

"Hot assed blonde slut," he growled.

He put a hand in her hair, jerking her head back as he ground himself against her buttocks.

"Tell me you love nigger cock in your ass!"

He slapped her bottom sharply, repeatedly.

"Say it, slut!"

"I-I love nigger cock in my aaass!" she moaned.

“Beg me to fuck your ass!”

He slapped her bottom again and she gasped.

“Please fuck my ass!” she whimpered.

He pulled back and thrust hard, pulled back and thrust into her again, chuckling as he used her body. He released her hair but that hand slid around her throat instead, while his other hand slid over her hip and down her abdomen, his finger rubbing at her clitoris.

The touch of his fingers against her there was like kryptonite to any sense of self-control Beth had left. She gasped, her hips jerking, flinching at the touch, at the rush of sensations against her extraordinarily sensitive little button.

Combined with how full she was inside, with how her pussy lips strained wide around the bottom of the can and his thick cock up in her ass, the rubbing of her clitoris sent waves of overheated sensation through her body and a mind already bathed in dark, shocked arousal.

As he thrust into her harder and harder she gasped and gurgled and began to cry out in helpless, almost mindless pleasure, and his hand closed tighter around her throat, choking off her sounds if not her breathing – at least, not all of it.

It was harder to breath, of course, which began to make her light-headed again. That only seemed to amplify the wild swirling power of the sexual energy rippling through her body, though, and then the orgasm screamed through her body, almost as intense as the last one!

She screamed, or started to. It was choked off by his big hand as her hips bucked desperately back against him. He laughed and thrust harder, his fingers rubbing savagely against her clitoris as she felt convulsions wracking her body.

It was so raw, so wild, so overpowering! She couldn't bring herself to care about anything in the world but this! This! Nothing else mattered! If only her whole world could always be this shockingly intense! She thought the top of her head would explode with the pressure as she gurgled and bucked, and crackling sexual electricity short-circuited her brain.

“Ah, tight blonde ass!” he groaned, grinding himself into her as his own orgasm faded.

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He brought her back to her seat, and then untied her wrists, making her put on her clothes, but with the can still up inside her! At least she was dressed again, and Beth felt a deep sense of relief at that! According to the little electronic map on the video monitor in front of her they had almost reached Europe!

People were waking up, and then the cabin lights were brightening. The stewardesses began to circulate with coffee, tea and juice. Beth took a tea to sooth her aching throat. She still felt a sense of awed disbelief that she had deep throated both of them, especially with how big their cocks were!

Of course, she hadn't had much choice! But now that she'd done it she was confident she could do it again herself. That was a kind of accomplishment, she thought, feeling a little forlorn. She had acted like such a whore! But soon the trip would be over and she would never see them again!

Nobody needed to ever know what a whore she was!

She knew, of course, but she didn't feel as bad about it as she might have. The wild, perverted sex was still imbued, in her mind, with awe at how incredibly intense the orgasms had been. Those orgasms were already affecting her mind like an addiction, and she knew she wanted more of them!

If that meant dating more often and going 'all the way' more often then that was what she was going to be doing! She'd keep it secret somehow. She wasn't sure how, of course, but she was determined.

She winced as she was finally able to stand and Jeff smirked at her as he gave her her bag. She walked slowly, gulping, nervous now with the can inside her. It was so thick there was no way it was going to fall out. And it was just short enough, or she was just long enough, that it had slipped entirely into her body.

She was fairly sure her opening hadn't closed completely behind it, but she could feel her sex lips

weren't as stretched as they had been. As soon as she was through customs she would find a bathroom and get rid of it!

They didn't wait for her, which filled her with relief. They went ahead, and then she waited a bit and followed, feeling a sense of freedom. Now nobody around her knew what she'd done! Nobody would realize she had done such shocking things!

Leon and Jeff were two dozen people ahead of her in the line. She kept her head low and stayed behind other passengers, blushing whenever she caught sight of one of them. When she got to the line she showed the man her passport. He searched her bag briefly, then passed her to the next counter. That was where her luggage came out, and that too was searched.

Then she was through and had her bags on a baggage cart as she started to look around for a bathroom.

"Excuse moi, mademoiselle," a man said.

"Yes? I'm sorry?" she asked, turning to stare at the man.

He was black, slim, with a strange flat top haircut, and he held something before her – a wallet of sorts, with a badge.

"Come with me, sil vous plaît,"

"Uhm, is there a problem?" she asked, feeling her heart beat faster.

"No, just a routine check."

He led her down a narrow corridor, then into a small room with a table. He closed the door behind her, still smiling, then put her bags on the table, opening them one by one. Beth blushed as he held up her underwear, making a face of disapproval.

Her underwear was, of course, fairly plain and modest, chiefly made up of white or beige bikini panties and full bras.

"Not at all appropriate for France," he said.

"Excuse me?!"

"Remove your clothing, please," he said.

"What? But... but... but why!?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Because I say so. This is customs and we must make sure you are not trying to smuggle anything into France."

Bethany's heart gave a lurch, thinking of the can Leon had pushed up inside her! What if it wasn't deodorant! What if it was drugs or something!?

"But... but... you can't make me do that in front of you!"

He smiled. "Do not worry. I am a professional. Usually we have a female, it is true. But they are all busy at the moment. I have requested one and she will be here soon. Now, remove your clothing," he ordered, his voice getting much more firm as he scowled.

"But... I ..."

There didn't seem to be anything she could do! Beth flushed hotly as she unbuttoned her blouse and removed it, turning her back to him. Then, ever so reluctantly, she removed her trousers as well!

"You must hurry. We are very busy," he said.

She undid her bra, shrugging it off, still with her back to him, then covered her breasts with her arms and hands as best she could.

"I... I'd rather not remove my panties!" she gulped, horribly embarrassed.

"It is necessary, I'm afraid."

And with that he tugged her panties down! Beth gasped, and flushed even hotter. But then he gripped her behind the neck and forced her to bend over the table!

"Ah ha!" he said. "As I was told!"

She gasped, eyes wide, as she felt his fingers tracing the lips of her sex, which were, of course, still parted. Then she felt his finger pushing into her.

Her face burned as he slowly worked the can of deodorant out of her body, moaning and gasping

until it finally came free.

“What have we here?” he growled.

He opened the cap and then twisted it. Packets of little plastic bags filled with white powder fell out onto the table.

“Good work, Jacques,” said a familiar voice.

Beth gasped, jerking her head up and around to see the door closing behind Jeff and Leon, both of whom smirked at her. Both of them had badges hanging from lanyards around their necks, too!

“We've been after her for some time,” Jeff said.

“Yes, she's been a drug mule for years,” Leon added.

“I... I didn't! I never!” she gasped, straightening, almost forgetting her nudity in her outrage!

Jacques bent her over and quickly handcuffed her, and then they jerked her upright once more, and Beth found herself naked before the three black men!

“She could get thirty years for this,” Leon said, frowning at her.

“But I didn't! You put that inside me!” she blurted.

“Nonsense. What a liar.”

“Such a bad little girl,” Jeff said.

“We have a way to deal with bad girls in France,” Jacques said.

“Really? Does it involve putting them in prison for years?”

Jacques snorted. “Such a waste that would be! Look at this magnificent body! Would you have her wasted in a woman's prison!?”

He gripped her breast and squeezed it casually. Beth squeaked and tried to pull back, but her bottom hit the edge of the table.

“And this,” Jacques said, gripping her pussy. “This is for the use of men everywhere. Would you have it locked away?”

“Especially Black men,” Leon said with a leer.

“Yes! A beautiful slut such as this is made for the use of Black men!” Jacques said indignantly.

He spun her around and bent her roughly over the table, then slapped her bottom sharply.

“Oh no. We know what to do with bad girls in France!”

He drew the belt out of his pants, and doubled it in his hand, then swung it down across her bottom.

Bethany yelped in pain, bewildered, gasping and wide eyed.

Crack!

“Oh! Please!

Crack!

Bad girl,” Jeff said.

Crack!

“Ow! Don't!”

“You must be properly punished,” Jacques said.

Crack!

“Oh! Ow!”

Crack!

“Better than going to prison,” Leon said.

Crack!

That was certainly true! And a part of Beth felt a wave of relief as it sounded like they weren't going to send her to prison, but at the same time – .

Crack! “Ow!” *Crack!* “Oh!” *Crack!* “Oww!” *Crack!*

“Nasty girl,” Leon said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“This'll teach you not to smuggle drugs,” Jeff added in amusement.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Oh! Please! Please!" she moaned, her bottom getting hotter and hotter.

"Would you, perhaps, prefer to make this up to me in some other way?" Jacques asked, his fingers stroking up and down the line of her sex.

"Y-Yes!" she moaned.

"Then you must beg me to forgive you," he said primly.

"P-Please forgive me, sir!" she gasped.

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Then you must beg me to allow you to suck my cock," he said.

Crack!

"Ow! Please! Please may I suck your cock!?" she gasped.

Crack!

"Beg harder."

"Please!"

Crack!

"Oh! Please may I suck your cock! Please!"

"Very well. We shall see if you adequately compensate me for such an outrage as smuggling drugs into my fine country."

He pulled her off the table and shoved her to her knees, then unzipped his trousers and pulled his erection out. He then stood before her, his legs apart, arms folded across his chest, scowling.

"Better be good, white girl," Jeff said. "He has high standards, you know."

Panting, whimpering, Beth licked her lips, then licked at the head of his cock. She took it into her mouth, face red as the three men looked down at her, bobbing her lips up and down.

"The bottom of my manhood is getting cold," Jacques said sternly.

Beth moaned, forcing her lips further down his shaft.

"Take it all down your throat, you hot little blonde slut," Leon said.

Beth gagged as she forced herself forward, but then felt a jolt of victory that it wasn't any worse than that as she forced her lips all the way down his shaft until her lips were pressed firmly against his trousers.

She began to get light-headed again, gurgling and gasping and gagging wetly as she slid her throat up and down his long black shaft, and she staggered as he finally reached down to grip her hair and pull her back, then upright.

He turned her and bent her over the table, slapping her bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs, bad girl!" he growled.

Shuddering, she obeyed, and groaned as his cock slid smoothly into her.

"Ahh, nice and tight," Jacques said.

He began to pump in and out steadily as Beth's eyes fluttered and she gulped in air.

Jeff moved around to the side of the table, then reached out for her hair. She gasped as he twisted her head around and then thrust his own cock into her mouth.

She moaned around it, sucking, as Jacques thrust harder and faster into her from behind.

"You're lucky I always wash my dick after fucking girls in the ass, blonde girl," Jeff said with a grin.

"Hey, I'm feeling lonely here," Leon said.

They pulled the table out from the wall. It was narrow enough that with her bottom on one side her head hung upside down over the other. Jeff slid his cock into her mouth and down her throat while Jacques gripped her thighs, spreading them wide and thrusting into her once again.

Leon climbed atop her, straddling her lower chest, then gripped her breasts and squeezed them together around his erection as he started to thrust in and out.

"Fucking love her tits!" he groaned.

"I love how tight she is," Jacques grunted as he thrust.

"I love her body, period!" Jeff said, sliding his cock deep into her throat.

"This whore was made for fucking," Leon growled.

Their hands mauled her body as they used her, and Beth could only gurgle and gasp around Jeff's cock, shuddering at the dark outrageousness of what was happening to her. Twelve hours ago she would have been catatonic in horror. But now, with the echoing memories of those incredible orgasms still fresh in her mind, she felt like an addict offered another fix, another incredible rush!

"Try her throat again, Jacques," Jeff offered.

Jeff pulled his cock out, allowing her to gasp for breath, while he and Jacques traded places. Beth felt his thick cock pushing into her pussy and then Jacques slid his cock deep into her throat and started pumping.

"Ahh, delicious!" Jacques said, using the full length of his cock with every stroke.

"Throats and pussies are fine, even asses," Leon said. "But it's a rare treat to slide your cock in between tits big enough to give them a nice massage."

And with that he and Jacques traded places. Then he and Jeff traded off, and then Jacques wound up thrusting into her pussy as Jeff pumped in her throat again. Jacques groaned and came, panting and thrusting furiously, then drawing back with a gasp.

"Wonderful," he said.

He moved away, then returned, and something began to buzz. Beth felt herself entered again, but not by a real cock. This felt like the can, only... much softer, the touch more flesh-like. It was not nearly as smooth, and slid deep into her body. Then she felt something pressing against the top of her sex, like a branch, and it started to buzz, to vibrate.

Jeff finished and pulled out, allowing her to breathe again, then Leon poured his cream across her breasts and dropped off the table.

Her mouth was taped closed, for some reason she didn't understand, then her legs were strapped in place and she was left like that, with the thing inside her, buzzing, vibrating.

Her head was still upside down, and she stared, glassy eyed, at the far wall, twitching, trembling, moaning low in her throat. Her body thrummed with energy, and it was building rapidly, even if she was hardly aware of it.

As it grew it began to drown her mind in sensation once again, and her hips began to jerk and grind, then buck uncontrollably as another orgasm swept through her. She arched her back, her hips bouncing her up and down on the table, but the thing pressing and buzzing against her didn't move.

She cried out, again and again, first low, then louder, but her words were muffled by the tape.

The orgasm spent, she slumped, panting, moaning, but her body still filled with a crackling sexual tension that began to rise even as the rising and falling of her chest lessened. Soon another orgasm rolled through her, then a third, as she twisted and writhed and arched and cried out at the insistent vibrations making her hypersensitive clitoris burn!

Jacques returned and pulled the thing out, then unstrapped her and uncuffed her wrists.

"Now you must behave," he said sternly. "And you are in France now. You must recognize this and dress accordingly!"

He gave her a tiny black silk G-string to slip up her trembling legs, then a matching silk bra with half cups. Atop that went a little green dress which was tight across her chest, and had a loose, pleated hem which barely covered her bottom.

"Sign this form," he ordered, presenting her with a pen.

Dazed, she signed, hardly even reading it.

"Excellent. Remember, you have pledged to allow any Black man to use your body however he desires as long as you are in France."

"Wh-what!?"

"If you violate this you can be prosecuted," he said sternly.

“But... but...!”

“We will be checking to make sure you live up to your agreement,” he warned.

He loaded her bags back onto the cart.

“And buy sexier clothes, you foolish girl! You have a magnificent body! We do not allow girls who look like you to cover their bodies so much in France!”

He showed her out of the room, and sent her out to the open area, where Natalie finally showed up, rushing.

“Sorry! I was late!” she said, panting. “I hope you weren't waiting for long!”

“N-No,” Beth gulped.

“Excellent! We are going to have such fun, me and you!”

She took her arm and led the dazed girl out to the parking lot. As they walked, Beth stared around her, stricken, and everywhere she looked there seemed to be a Black man eyeing her with lust and hunger in his eyes!

“I hope you had a nice ride,” Natalie said. “They can be very long and boring.”

“Uhm, uh, I slept a lot,” Beth gulped.

“I find it hard to sleep on the plane, and then I have strange dreams,” Natalie said.

Yes, Beth thought. It was all like a dream. Maybe it had never even happened.

Except, of course, that her throat was sore, and so was her pussy. And her bottom still ached from the strapping she'd gotten.

They reached a parked car, and a man got out of it, a Black man. He grinned at her, and Beth gulped, wide eyed.

“This is my boyfriend, Andre,” Natalie said. “He's been looking forward to meeting you.”

“Especially once I saw your picture,” Andre said, taking her hand and drawing it up to kiss the backs of her knuckles.

“Oh?” she said faintly.

“Yes. I love America! I love Americans! I have an uncle who lives in America. He's a, how you call it, air marshal. He travels around on airplanes all the time making sure they are not hijacked.”

Beth stared at him, and the man's smile deepened, then he loaded her things into the trunk of the car, and Natalie pulled her around to get inside.

“I love your dress!” Natalie said. “I hadn't thought you'd be wearing anything so fashionable. We must go shopping together!”

“Y-Yes,” she gulped.

Andre got in the front and turned to grin at him.

“I'm sure you two will become much closer,” he said. “And me too!”

END

Beth's Rough Flight

[Beth's Rough Landing](#)

Beth's Rough Tour (upcoming)

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set

up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his

looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them