

Black Cat Club - The Longest Flight

By Abe E Seedy

Halfway through the 10 hour flight, the lights dimmed. Evan was just finishing up the last thing he was mildly interested in watching, and once again considered trying to get some sleep. Unfortunately, all the travel had left him completely dislocated from time, so no matter how much the plane tried to be nice and dark, his internal clock was still firmly set to mid-afternoon.

Anna didn't seem to be doing much better, even though she'd committed to attempting to sleep. They'd been lucky enough to get three seats between them, and Evan had offered her the pair so she could stretch out a little better. Even so, the occasional readjustment suggested she wasn't having much success falling asleep. Clearly, it was going to be a long flight.

On the plus side, at least this service came with free wi-fi. Evan pulled out his phone and scrolled idly, managing to kill, oh, upwards of 5 minutes flicking between news and social media. Then, having exhausted those particular interests, he took a long look at the near-empty plane around them. Satisfied in his relative privacy, he started going through the new posts on his racier accounts.

A little later, Anna stirred. She sat up and fixed him with a quizzical expression. "Are... are you looking at porn?"

Evan's eyebrows raised reflexively. "How could you tell?"

"Because you just poked me in the back of the head", she answered simply. "Really? On a plane?"

Trying not to look too embarrassed, Evan shrugged. "What? It's a long flight. I got, uh, distracted."

Anna shook her head with a quiet laugh. "Well, whatever", she said as she shifted to lean the other way. "Just don't get so 'distracted' that you can't get any sleep."

"Way ahead of you", Evan mumbled ruefully.

Time passed. Eventually Anna managed to fall asleep, but Evan was still left scrolling listlessly. She'd been right, he was far too worked up to relax now, but there also wasn't any way he could really do anything about it. Unless... he lowered his phone, and looked at Anna's peaceful face. Maybe he could amuse himself by messing with her? It'd certainly kill time better than watching another dumb action movie. Why not?

It wasn't hard to lean back in the chair and start things off. Evan closed his eyes and concentrated, bringing his right pointer finger up to his lips and pressing in slightly. When he pulled it out there was more weight to it, a small, darkly dripping spike melded over the tip. He grinned, then leaned over to Anna's sleeping form.

Fortunately the plane was warm enough that Anna hadn't had to bundle up in a blanket, so he could easily find a patch of bare flesh on her leg. As far as anyone else would be able to see he was simply cuddling up with his partner, but in truth he drew his latex claw softly along the length of her thigh. He watched as the blackness he left behind was drawn to her veins like iron filings to a magnet, pooling smoothly together then pumping up towards her core.

Anna stirred softly in her sleep. Her cheeks flushed just a little, while a smile drifted over her face. She shifted to accommodate Evan as he moved closer, holding his face just above her left ear.

"Can you feel that heat?", he whispered to her. "It's building slowly but surely, and you know that eventually you won't be able to think about anything else. So the question is, do you try and do something about it now, when there's a chance you could still be discrete? Or do you try to hold out until the end of the flight, and take the risk that you won't make it?"

A bead of sweat appeared on her forehead, already looking a little darker than it should have. Without thinking or waking, her hand slid down her waist, rubbing idly over her thigh. Having gotten things going, Evan settled back into his seat, happy to watch this play out.

Anna stayed asleep for a good 15 minutes after that, although she was increasingly distracted. Even when she did stir, full awareness ran several seconds behind consciousness. It was only belatedly that she realised her right hand was firmly placed inside the waist of her jeans, and the three-fingered rhythm she'd fallen into was already producing a heated response. She smacked her lips, finding a more viscous texture in her saliva than there should have been, and when she pricked herself on a sharpened incisor she could tell that her lips flexed more like rubber than normal flesh.

Despite everything, her first conscious response was to roll her eyes. "You jerk", she sighed. "You couldn't just entertain yourself?"

Evan shrugged, a smug grin on his face. "Where's the fun in that?"

She wanted to respond, but she could already feel her tongue starting to plump up, and she knew it would be increasingly hard to keep up a witty conversation. Either she'd need to take care of this, or find a way to step on it quickly. On the plus side, at least it was still dark, so...

At that exact moment, the cabin lights swelled to full brightness. That was accompanied by a polite 'ding', and a brief announcement over the intercom.

"Good morning folks. We're going to be commencing our breakfast service in a little while, so we ask you to wake up to be ready for that. Thank you, and we hope you managed to get some sleep."

Anna stared daggers at Evan, and his smile only got more self-satisfied. "Oops", he offered.

She paused, but it was hard to stay mad with the heat he'd left tugging at her. Instead she licked her lips, coating them with a thin sheen of slick blackness. "Well, two can play at that game", she hissed.

Unbuckling her seatbelt, Anna slid off the chair. Thankfully the fact that they'd wound up in a section with extra legroom meant that she could kneel in front of the row, and with a little shuffling she settled in between Evan's legs. She reached back for a moment to pull down all the tray tables, blocking her from the view of anyone in the aisle. Then she leaned forwards, running her hands over his knees and between his thighs.

Immediately, all the cockiness drained from Evan's face. "Wh-what are you doing?", he stammered. "They're going to be coming through with breakfast soon!"

Anna purred her response directly into his crotch. "Well then you'll just have to be quick, won't you?"

The tips of her fingers were already dripping, and it took only a brief flicking motion to pull her nails into claws. She pushed her hands up against his hips, feeling her fingers plump out into paws in response to the pressure. The blackness spread from her as she drew a slow circle, sliding over the denim of his jeans in the centre of his crotch. Then with an involuntary shudder Evan couldn't help but lean back as his waist thrust forwards, his cock slipping freely through the portal she'd formed in his clothes. The latex enveloped it as it emerged, so in moments his fully sex-beast junk was exposed, even as the rest of him was unchanged.

Now it was Anna's turn to grin. "Now this is my kind of in-flight entertainment."

She moved forwards, and the best Evan could do was curl his fingers into her hair, tracing slight scratches to her scalp as he fought to keep his claws from developing fully. Anna was far more focussed on her mouth than her head, revelling in the familiar sensation of plastic slickness spreading down her throat. Already her lips were stiff enough to form a tight 'o' around his shaft, and she could feel the rest of her body shifting outwards from that point to better accommodate him. Every time his cock filled her mouth felt like the satisfaction of a lock meeting its key, while her artfully ridged tongue danced playfully along his length, delighting in the blissful approval the very taste of him provided. Even her face got in on the stimulation, broadening into her feline muzzle to better soak in his scent, as well as letting her rub her soft pink nose affectionately against him.

Evan was struggling to breathe, struggling to do anything but tear everything out of the way and fuck her properly. The only mercy was that Anna wasn't simply teasing him, she had quickly settled into a rapid enough rhythm to try to encourage him to finish. It was just a matter of leaning into it and letting that happen, and given how skilled she was that wasn't likely to be a problem.

At least, it wouldn't have been, if an attendant hadn't chosen that moment to step up to their row. "Uh, sir?", she said politely, pointing at Anna's empty seat. "Do you know if the lady sitting here would prefer the pastry or the fruit?"

Evan forced his yellowing eyes to focus, but his tongue was too thick in his throat for a coherent response. In a moment it hit him, and he answered as casually as he could manage while his cock finally released. "She'll have what I'm having."

Deep satisfaction pooled from his balls as she milked him appreciatively, her enhanced form thankfully preventing any mess or sound escaping as his cum surged down her throat. The moment lingered as Evan's head drifted slowly to the side, until eventually he realised the attendant was still there.

"So... is that pastry or fruit for both of you then?"

He coughed. "Uh, pastry, thank you."

The food was placed on both of their trays, and the attendant left without any further comment. Evan exhaled heavily, but before he could properly relax a voice emerged from below.

"I would have preferred the fruit actually."

"Well, that's your own fault for missing out", he shot back.

There was a pause, and Evan thought things through a little clearer.

"I will buy you some fruit when we land."

"Thank you", came the answer.