

# Good Vibrations

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"If that kid doesn't shut up soon I'm going to go insane!"

I wanted to laugh, but I knew if I did Margot's wrath would focus instantly on me. Besides, it was really only funny because I'd been thinking almost the same thing myself. Sitting on the tarmac for a full hour before actually taking off had stretched what was supposed to be a 2-hour flight to the point where the baby in 18C was far from the only one feeling cranky. Fortunately, I had an idea.

The flight attendant's smile looked forced when she came to answer the call button. Delays cause grumpy passengers, after all. "What can I get for you?"

I heard Margot mumble something about ear plugs, but I don't think it carried any further than me. "I was wondering, do you have an idea how much longer we'll be in the air?"

"We're being held back because of a weather delay," she explained in a tone that almost disguised the weariness she had to be feeling. "The best estimate we have right now is about 45 minutes more."

"Thank you, Vicky. This has to be tough on you, too. I wonder, do you have a blanket and maybe a pillow we could use?"

It's amazing what reading a name tag can do. Vicky's professional smile brightened with new sincerity. "I'm sure I can find those for you. I'll be right back." And she was as good as her word, appearing within a minute with two miniature pillows and a blue flannel blanket. "Here you go, sir. Is there anything else you need?"

"This is fine, Vicky. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome." Vicky left us to answer another call button with an extra little bit of energy in her stride.

Margot snorted. "Do you think if you suck up enough she'll give us a pair of parachutes and open the door?"

"That wasn't sucking up," I objected, "that was showing sincere appreciation. And I have a better idea for soothing your jangly nerves, my love."

I reached around Margot and pulled her gently over against me, inserting a pillow between her head and my shoulder for comfort. Then I tucked the other pillow behind my head and opened the blanket to cover us both. Margot peeked up at me with an amused look. "Are we joining the Mile High Club?"

"Shhhhhh!" I said into her ear. "No talking. I want you to just sit quietly, listen to my voice, and follow my instructions. Do that, and I'll help you relax and the baby won't bother you any more. Deal?"

There was no doubt about the answer because Margot loves being hypnotized. "Deal."

I felt her wiggle in the seat to get more comfortable. "Good girl, Margot," I said. "Now, pay very close attention to my voice. Focus on it. Really hear every syllable, every word, every sentence I say. The more you can concentrate on just my voice, just my words, the more you can allow yourself to let go of everything else.

"A minute ago you were focused on the sound of the baby crying a few rows back. That's fine, my dear, but now I'd like to draw your attention to all the other sounds in the environment around us. An airplane in flight makes so many sounds, doesn't it? There's the pervasive sound of the plane itself slicing through the wind ... that constant whooshing sound, always in the background, so that you hardly notice it after a while, but you can hear it now. And then there's the engines, those big jet engines and their steady hum. Such a loud sound, really, and yet we so quickly learn to ignore it.

"And then there are the more subtle sounds inside the cabin with us. Perhaps right now you can hear storage cabinets opening and closing as the flight crew stow and retrieve gear. Little snaps and pops of tiny door latches. Then a louder, deeper sound of the lavatory door opening and closing as people come in and out of the bathroom. Softer still, the rustling of newspapers and magazines as people leaf through them, reading and turning pages. And as you let your focus move from one sound to the next, and the next, Margot, you can also notice how each time you shift your focus your mind can relax a little bit more. Each sound – each pop, each rustle, each footstep, and yes, even the sound of the crying baby behind us – can help to guide your mind even deeper into a relaxed, open, pleasant state."

Margot's head sunk a little deeper into the pillow and I felt her breathing slow. She's so good at going into trance that even airplane noises could be used for an induction.

"Sound," I continued, "is really nothing more than vibrations in the air. The skin of the plane vibrates as it moves through the air, and that vibration reaches your ears to give you the sound of the wind whooshing by. The tiny pops and snaps inside the cabin are from the hardware opening and closing, each time sending a vibration through the air to your ears. The baby's cry bounces through the cabin, off the walls and ceiling, and gets picked up by everyone in the area.

"But your ears, Margot, are not the only place in your body that responds to vibration. Even now, as your mind sinks deeper into a lovely trance, your body can also sense those vibrations and follow your mind into relaxation. Every sound relaxes your muscles, as if they were being massaged by tiny little fingers. Let it happen now, Margot, so that your body can relax so deeply that it's simply too much effort to move."

With my free hand I picked up Margot's arm at the wrist. It was as limp and heavy as a wet dish rag – perfect. "That's my girl. Body so relaxed now, relaxing deeper with each breath. Mind open and blank, allowing my words to reach that place inside you where my every suggestion becomes your reality."

I drew in a deep breath of her scent as my head lowered to meet hers. The third seat in our row was empty, but there were still plenty of other ears around and I didn't need them hearing any more than was necessary if the baby did finally quiet down.

"All those sounds, Margot," I continued. "All that vibration. And you know, my darling, that there are some places in your body where vibrations feel especially good. Where you love to feel vibration. Where the slightest touch can send pleasure cascading through your body. And as you sit quietly, so relaxed and so open, you can allow all of the sounds of the plane and the environment, all of those vibrations in the air, to reach into in all of those warm, delicious places in your body right now."

Margot squirmed again, but this time in a more sensual way. "What are you doing?"

"I'm relaxing you," I answered, keeping my voice smooth. "The more you feel the vibrations, the more your mind can relax and the more pleasure you can experience now. Notice how each sound lovingly surrounds and caresses the most sensitive, erotic places in your body right now. It feels so good, doesn't it, Margot, to let each sound be a light, teasing little touch against your skin ... against your nipples ... against your clit. How does it make you feel, darling?"

The squirming got more pronounced. "Horny," she breathed. "So horny."

"That's right, horny. You feel so horny now, don't you? So aroused, so horny. And you know that when your body is touched again and again in the same place, that sensation of touch just grows stronger and stronger, doesn't it? Like light strokes of a cane concentrated against one particular spot on your bottom. It starts out feeling like just a gentle smack, but then each tiny impact builds on the one before until every nerve ending in that one spot sings out. And just that same way, my dear, you can begin now to notice how the more these sounds vibrate against your nipples, against your clit, against your skin, the more sensitive your entire body becomes to their touch and the more aroused your body becomes. So aroused now, Margot, so horny. Getting hornier and more aroused with each breath, with each second of time that passes, while those vibrations keep thrumming against your body in every delightful place.

A soft moan told me that Margot was feeling the effects quite nicely. "Stop, Todd," she groaned. "Somebody might notice."

We have a safe word for our play. Margot was conditioned to say it automatically if she really had a problem with anything we do. That she wasn't saying it then told me exactly how I could respond. "I know," I said, grinning. "Somebody might notice how incredibly horny and aroused you are right now. At any moment, someone might see the movement of your arms under the blanket as you become so aroused, so horny, that you can't resist adding your own touch to the vibrations you feel from the sounds around you. But I know you, Margot. The thought that someone might see, someone might realize that you're helplessly masturbating under that blanket, makes you ten times more aroused now, ten times more horny. The more you think about someone walking by and seeing you like this, the more you secretly wish it would happen and the more helplessly aroused you become. Isn't that right, Margot?"

The only answer I got was a long, low groan of pleasure. I felt Margo move under the blanket just as I'd suggested. One hand bunched up her skirt to reach beneath it while the other undid a blouse button and slipped inside. Her head wagged from side to side a little, so I cradled it and spoke again.

"It's okay to feel this pleasure, Margot. I give you permission to enjoy this. Just relax and let the

sensations flow freely across your body. There's nothing you need to think about, nothing you need to say or do, but enjoy the pleasure that you're feeling right now. Let it build and grow and take you now to a wonderful place where you can really let go to the pleasure now."

"Do you need ...?" I started a bit at the sudden arrival of Vicky the flight attendant. By the time I looked around her eye was drawn to Margot writhing under the blanket. It had to be obvious from Margot's face what she was doing and for just a moment I felt a twinge of guilt. Vicky blushed, suddenly and brightly. "I, umm, guess you've got all you need."

"We're fine, thanks."

Good karma is never wasted, I thought as Vicky hastily retreated to the security of the flight attendant's work area. If I had been grumpy and demanding with her before, like every other passenger on this plane, she probably would've put a stop to my little game with Margot. Or maybe she was getting a tiny voyeuristic thrill from it.

Margot, on the other hand, was getting a thrill that was far from tiny. "Good girl," I told her. "Feeling to good now, so aroused, so horny, that in just a few seconds I know you're going to have an orgasm that spans every single part of your body. You so desperately want to come for me that nothing else matters to you any more. Nothing else is important, nothing else can even get your attention, because your mind is entirely absorbed and focused on the orgasm that you're going to have for me right *now*."

I punctuated the *now* by pressing lightly on her forehead and you'd think I'd pressed a switch. Margot's head turned and her face pressed hard into the pillow to muffle the sounds. Her body clenched and jerked with each labored breath as she gasped and grunted into the pillow. God, she looked beautiful!

"That's right, come for me now, and let the sounds of your own pleasure join all those other sounds and make you come even harder right now. Coming for me now, completely letting go to the pleasure now, and coming until you're completely satisfied. Only when you're fully and completely satisfied, Margot, does this orgasm end."

It took about three minutes on my watch before Margot's movements slowed and her body relaxed again. Her timing was just about perfect, too, because as she came to rest against me the captain announced that we had been cleared for landing and would be on the ground in just a few minutes.

Margot grabbed my crotch and gave me a firm squeeze. "I'm so going to get you," she promised.

Sure enough, a few minutes later we were on the ground and filing past Vicky on our way to the gate. "Thank you for flying with us," she said, giving me a bigger smile than she had the people before us. "Please come again."

"I will," Margot promised.

We both got a kick out of watching Vicky blush again in response.

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