

HANGAR

BY

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I enter from the tarmac, spike heels rapping out sharp echoes.

Pausing as the ricochets fade, I realize I have taken a wrong turn searching for our private flight. Another set of footsteps break the silence, and a figure emerges from the recesses of the cavernous building.

“Can I help you?”

I look at the man, breath quickening. “I’m supposed to be boarding the GSG jet for the trip to Rome.”

Thunder booms, lightening crashes and a torrential rain beats down on the tarmac, raising steam. I start, lifting a hand to my throat.

“Well,” he says, eyeing my hand, “no one is going anywhere for a while, not even out of this hangar. The blacktop floods too quickly.”

His eyes run over me, taking in the dark suit, creamy, high-necked lace shirt, and vermilion stilettos. My nipples tighten under his regard but his gaze returns to my hand, specifically to the band on my thumb- a ring with a loop, indicating my submissive status. He grabs my wrist, bringing the ring to his lips, and bites the skin just above it. I drop my briefcase and lower my gaze appropriately, he recognizes the gesture.

He is taller than me, even with my ersatz inches. Tan skin and dark wavy hair worn a bit too long, dark brown eyes and a strong mouth are what I notice first. His shoulders and thighs stretch the fabric of his work clothes, muscles barely contained. He runs his hands over my body, pinching through the suit material and pauses when he feels the metal collar covered by the high lace of my shirt. It is a simple gold band, requiring a special tool to open. I feel myself slicking when he tugs on it. Hands on both thighs, he runs my skirt up over my hips, exposing a metallic, glittering thong. Reaching into a pocket, he pulls out a switchblade. I gasp and stiffen, looking frantically for signs of his intent.

He whispers, “Do not be afraid, I would never mar one as lovely as you.”

Cold steel against my hip, a sharp flick of pressure, and the thong drops to the floor with a faint

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ping. My arousal heightens and he presses his groin against me, eliciting a soft moan. Grasping my upper arm, he propels me into a partitioned office at the side of the hangar.

“Strip for me. Now.”

I glance up, catching his eye and earn a short sharp slap to the face for my impertinence. Unbuttoning my suit jacket and shrugging it off, unzipping my skirt and letting it fall, unhooking my lacy bra- I step clear of my clothes, standing in just my ring, collar and so-high heels.

He picks up a coil of rope and begins to wind it around one wrist, many turns, creating a cuff. The rope is silky, not rough. He pulls my arm behind me, and then repeats on the other wrist, tying them together.

“Kneel woman.”

I sink slowly to my knees, struggling to maintain balance. I feel a pull in my hip and look down, a rivulet of blood marks where the knife pricked me. I suck in a breath and my nipples pucker further. He opens a drawer and holds a glass dildo to the light, iridescent and shining, with a wide base...light reflects crazily off the uneven surfaces and bumps. He gilds it with lubricant and stands behind me.

“Lean forward a bit,” he says as he places a hand between my shoulder blades.

I have to be careful not to overbalance. Cold, wet glass bites against my asshole, and then pressure builds as he slowly, inexorably, works the glass into my ass and seats the base with a final twist. I gasp and clamp down, feeling the glass warm.

“Do not, under any circumstances, drop this.” I can only nod my understanding as erotic sensations flush through my body. He helps me kneel fully upright again.

Another rope and he proceeds to bind my breasts, chest, and back. The nipples distend, so sensitive that air movement is torture. Moisture trickles down my inner thigh, and I twist my hips to rub my labia together, earning a swat across my buttocks that has me fighting to keep my glass plug secure. I pant with exertion and desire.

“Undress me.”

I pause, considering, and then lift my chin to grasp the tab of his pants between my teeth. A little

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tongue manipulation, a little chewing, and the pants are unfastened. I lean in closer to grab the zipper pull, and must stifle a scream as my nipples brush against his trouser fabric. All rational thought flees my mind as I kneel and pant to regain control. His cock responds vigorously to being bathed in puffs of warm moist breath.

I work the waistband of his pants down over his hips, then lower my face to the floor to bite and tug his shoes off, followed by his socks. Concentration is required to maintain the lovely glass plug in place. Pants and underwear follow easily, and his cock springs free, heavy and warm.

He shrugs out of his shirt himself, a lovely sight. Then he places sharp-toothed clamps on my nipples and this time I cannot restrain the scream of mingled pain and pleasure. Several sharp slaps across my bottom is his response, jerking the glass, setting the clamps swinging, and stinging my ass cheeks. I swoon with sensation and the room spins.

Jerked to my feet, I teeter for a moment, but maintain my balance and the glass dildo as his cock rubs against my thigh. He propels me onto a platform, under a metal structure with ropes and chains. Now he binds my ankles to a spreader bar, puts rope around my waist and connects it all to a hoist. I am lifted, my legs going higher and higher, until I am suspended vertically, upside down.

He taps the glass plug, "Good girl. But you dropped one of your shoes."

With that, lashes rain down on my buttocks; I can feel the welts forming - hot, tight and stinging. My pussy aches. He twists my body around and my mouth comes level with his thrusting cock. Grabbing my jaw between his fingers, he forces himself deep into my throat. I gag, and almost lose the glass, but by clenching and working muscles I didn't know I had, I am able to draw it firmly back into me. I moan and buck, the nipple clamps bouncing rhythmically with his thrusts, starting my orgasm. I taste a salty trickle of pre-cum. A bolt of lightening shocks the room and the air crackles. My skin shivers and muscles tense.

"Oh, not yet for you, lovely one."

He lowers the rigging until I am parallel to the floor and bends my knees, lashing the spreader bar to the hoist. Fingers slide inside me, working around, his thumb rocking the anal plug. I convulse,

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breasts bursting, nipples beyond sensation, and still he will not let me come. Tears track down my face, I plead for relief. His reply is a soft whipping across my vulva- causing me to scream again as the tender flesh engorges, and the pull for orgasm alternatively swells and recedes. Finally, he touches the tip of his cock to my dripping, hot pussy, grabs the ropes, and in one harsh pull, thrusts into me.

I scream as wave after wave of sensation crashes through me, igniting the tips of my breasts and the rim of my ass. Turns of the rope abrade my skin as I writhe in the grip of a phenomenal orgasm. Vaginal walls clench down on his cock, milking a prodigious explosion from him. Slowly, the world stops whirling, vision returns and I begin to catch my breath. He lowers me to the floor by the hoist, then takes his knife and slashes through all the bindings.

He hands me my clothes, "Get dressed."

There is quiet now; the storm has ceased both in and outside the hanger. I dress, the fabric torture against my skin, nipples traumatized when grazed by the lacy bra. Hair fixed and make-up reapplied, I drift, having some trouble keeping my mind focused. He returns, handing me the iridescent dildo, cleaned and wrapped. I stare, he smiles and tucks it into my briefcase.

"The tower is clearing planes for take off again. C'mon, I'll give you a ride in the cart over to the proper hanger."

I nod, beyond words, my body still suffused with pleasure, the rope marks chafing against my clothes. Planes gleam softly at the back of the hangar as the cart bumps out onto the glistening tarmac.

The abandoned thong glitters on the hangar floor.