

# ~ Another Vacation Attempt ~

by DS Bauden

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**Disclaimer:** None really necessary since this is a work of original fiction. This is the fourth installment of the Charlie and Terri Series. To fully understand the characters, please feel free to read their previous adventures: [Ready for Take Off](#), [I've Never](#) and [Surprises Can Be Fun... Or Not](#)

**Sex/Lovin':** Absolutely. As in their other tales, these gals like to play and like to play in an adult fashion. Which means, if you aren't old enough to read this, please hit the "save" key until you are. They'll be waiting for you then. For those of you who are here and able... on with the story...

**For Story Updates:** <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/dsbauden>

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When we last left off, Charlie and I had taken a cruise...

*"So this wasn't such a bad surprise after all, was it?" she questioned, her appearance unchanging.*

*"Honey, if all of your surprises are like this, then bring 'em on, cuz I can't wait!" I shouted happily and kissed the hand holding mine.*

*"Good, because I told Melanie we'd be back next year," she deadpanned.*

*Squinting my eyes at her, I replied, "You're trying to start another fight aren't you?"*

*Her eyes widened realizing she could be in serious trouble... of the celibate kind. "No! I... I..." she backpedaled.*

*"You're cut off! I can't believe you'd try that again!" I said, poking her in the chest.*

*After several minutes of pleading for forgiveness, she asked how she could make it up to me. My response was not what she was hoping for. "After the batteries wear out in that lil bullet you're so fond of, I'll let you know."*

*I smiled to myself as I heard the groan escape her throat. She knew I was going to make her think about her actions. In the meanwhile, I would think of all the ways she could make it up to me. When inspired, my pilot could be very creative. And very persuasive. I can hardly wait...*

And what a glorious time we had as she tried to persuade me to forgive her. Feeling like a queen since our cruise has been my only emotion. Charlie hasn't rested since that time and has

basically been at my beck and call without provocation. On days when she's not out flying her big bird, she's tending to my every whim. And everyday, even when she's away at work, she sends flowers or something my way. You gotta love a woman who's on a mission.

Love, yeah, I know I love my pilot. It's been a hard thing for her to express to me. Some days, I can literally see the love pouring from her, but voicing it hasn't been something either of us has been successful in doing. Was it fear? I wasn't sure. She'd told me some stories about a few of her lovers from her past, but quite honestly, I don't want to know the details of that time. Her past is *her* past and she's allowed to keep that to herself if she chooses. As long as I know there aren't any doubts in her mind about us, I have nothing to worry about.

"Hey, baby? Can you come here for a minute?" I heard Charlie call from the opposite side of our home.

Traversing the hallway, I saw the warm light from our bedroom spilling out towards me. As I approached the door, I heard zippers being pulled and things being moved around. Rounding the corner, I noticed Charlie hovering over her suitcase. With a furrowed brow, she turned slowly around the room until our eyes locked. Once that happened a large smile broke out on her face forcing me to do the same.

"Hey, honey, what's up?" I asked, approaching her as she resumed her unpacking.

"I was thinking that since I'm off for the next few days, we could go somewhere for the weekend. Kind of a make up for that cruise which didn't turn out the way we wanted it to."

Circling my arms around her waist, I rested my head on her shoulder. "Oh come on, now, the cruise wasn't that bad. We had a great time once we got rid of that Melanie woman."

Chuckling, she nodded her head. "I suppose, but I'd still like to take you somewhere to try and have a nice vacation. Nothing else around, except you and me. What do you think?"

Pulling away from her, I looked into bright blue smiling eyes. "Well, hell, who am I to turn down a vacation? It's not like I work weekends or anything."

"This is true. So, the answer is yes?" she prodded.

"Yes, the answer is yes."

"Good, because we leave in roughly an hour," she said, checking her watch. "I've chartered a plane to take us to our destination."

Not being able to hide my surprise, I blinked my wide eyes at her. "What? We leave in an hour? Where are we going? Are you allowed to fly me?" I spouted the questions faster than my brain could create them.

"Whoa, baby, ssshhh," she soothed. "Look, you'll be very safe being that this is my profession after all, and yes, we have to be at the strip in an hour. To answer your other question it's a secret and I'll tell you once we get there. Now hurry up and pack a bag for a few days." She swatted my butt as I ran to the closet to fetch my suitcase. Opening the drawers of my dresser, I fished out my bathing suit and threw it on the bed.

Charlie grabbed the article of clothing and smiled at me. "You won't be needing this. I guarantee it. Make sure to bring some sunscreen though." She winked making me blush in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean, Ms. Terri, is that we are going to be in perfect seclusion for the weekend and no one will see that beautiful body of yours, except for me and the sun."

My forehead scrunched up trying to figure this out. "Are you taking me to some unknown island or something?" I giggled.

With a sly grin she replied, "Or something. Now, no more questions; get packed and you'll find out soon enough."

Charlie immediately went to packing her own bag and changing from her pilot's uniform to something more comfortable. Although, I do find her extremely sexy in her pilot's outfit. Once in awhile, I entertain the thought of asking her to wear it when we make love, but I just haven't voiced that certain fantasy out loud yet. Not that I don't think my creative lover wouldn't appreciate it, quite the contrary; I think she'd get a kick out of it. Once we get going though, I don't usually have that much ability to think clearly, so perhaps when I'm in my 70's I'll bring it up to add some spice to our sex life. Who am I kidding? She'll have enough sex drive for both of us until we're both laying six feet under.

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An hour later found us at the small airport strip. Charlie told me this place is for people who have their own planes. It used to be a naval airstrip, but is no longer used in that capacity. After parking the car, she assured me that it would be safe here until we returned.

Charlie grabbed our bags and set them in front of a small airplane. She exchanged hugs with an older gentleman and motioned to me. Together they walked towards me with smiles on their faces.

"Terri, let me introduce you to one of my dearest friends, Max McCoughey. Max, this is my partner, Terri Palmer." He extended his hand to me.

"Hi, Max, nice to meet you." I smiled, taking the larger hand in my own.

"Terri! How wonderful to finally meet you. I've heard so much about you, it's nice to put the name to your pretty face," he greeted cheerfully; I know my eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh? *Oh!* You're the infamous Max? Charlie tells me this flying thing was your idea." Charlie had told me about a Max who was like a father to her when she was younger. He'd been flying forever and always encouraged Charlie to fly, saying she'd never feel a bigger rush. Sadly, I have to admit that not even I can give her the rush she gets from flying. "I should thank you for that, by the way."

Cocking his head, Max replied, "Thank me?"

"Yep," I said turning my smile to my girl. "If it wasn't for you, Charlie wouldn't have become a pilot and we never would've met."

The light bulb went off in his head and he smiled in reaction. "You're very welcome then, Terri. She's talked nonstop about you for the last year or so." He got a bit closer to me and semi-whispered in my ear, "I'm glad she finally pulled her head out of her ass and found you."

"Hey! No secrets!" Charlie protested. "I don't need both of you to gang up on me. Terri does quite a nice job without your influence, Max."

We all shared a laugh and Max handed her some paperwork. "It's all set, Charlie-girl. You know where you're going?" he teased.

"Like I could forget this place," she snorted. "Let me finish with the pre-flight externals, be right back."

Trying my luck, I thought I'd attempt to get some information out of Max. "So, Max... tell me about this place. Charlie won't give me a scrap of a detail about it."

Watching Charlie turn and give Max a look that read, "if you tell her anything I will kick your ass," I knew I wasn't going to get anything out of him either.

"I'll tell you this much, Terri," he began. "You're not gonna want to come home."

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The plane was a single engine Cessna. I was a bit nervous as I'd never been in such a small aircraft before, but Charlie assured me we were safe as kittens. And being she was my pilot, I had to believe her. After our bags were stored, my excited girl took her pilot's seat..

Looking at me with a large smile, Charlie asked, "Are you ready to fly with me?"

Laughing gently, I responded, "I think I've flown with you plenty, but I can't wait to see you in action. Rev her up!"

Charlie motioned to the headset and I placed it on my head with her doing the same. She checked the microphone and I did the same. We now had our communication set up; all that was left was our takeoff.

Swallowing nervously, I heard the engine start up and watched as Charlie checked gauges and pedals. She had a checklist next to her that she meticulously went through before we even got in motion. With thumbs up to Max, who was standing next to the plane, Charlie put us in motion towards the runway.

Slowly we headed down the small airstrip, waiting for Charlie to be given the green light. I listened as she called out to the tower and their instruction back, picking up speed. It was really interesting to be on this side of the cockpit. *Although, with the size of this plane, I doubt one could even call this a cockpit.* There were so many gadgets and two steering columns. Looking around the instrument panel, I found gauges from airspeed to directional gyroscopes to a fancy GPS system. I'm just glad it wasn't up to me to get us...

"Ooooooh myyy Goodddd!" I exclaimed as Charlie pulled us into the air. "This is incredible!"

Charlie laughed into her mic at my exuberance. "I told you this was better than most people's sex," she said with a wink.

"How fast does this thing go?" I asked, sounding like a child.

Pointing to the airspeed dial, Charlie said, "When this gets to one hundred seventy-eight, we've maxed our speed. But I doubt we'll go that fast."

"A hundred and seventy-eight sounds a little slow doesn't it? I mean, don't most cars get up to that?"

Laughing a bit, Charlie replied, "Knots, baby, planes measure in knots, not miles per hour. It's actually over two hundred miles an hour so don't worry. We won't be going too slowly. We have a couple hours until we're there. Sit back and enjoy the view."

"Ok." I snuggled into the leather upholstery and simply marveled at the endless sky in front of me.

It was awesome, in a word, to feel this free. I can fully understand Charlie's desire to be up here all the time. It's beautiful. It's peaceful. It's magical being up here.

After about an hour I was getting antsy. Wanting to know our destination, I started to prod Charlie for an answer. An answer I knew she wouldn't give, but knew would be fun to bug her about.

"Is this place somewhere I've been before?" I began.

"Well, if you have, you weren't there with me."

"Ok." I thought a little more. "Are we close to Florida?"

Tapping the compass on the flight panel, she said, "Why yes, we are headed in that direction, now aren't we?"

"You think you're so funny." I gave her thigh a light smack, then lightly ran the tips of my fingers up and down her leg.

"Here," she said, flicking a switch, grabbing my hand, then the other. "Hold this, it's less distracting."

She put my hands on the U Shaped wheel in front of me and let go. "Oh my God! CHARLIE! What are you..."

"Don't let go or no one will be flying this plane." I tried to remove my hands, but she held onto them.

Pleading with my eyes, I saw that Charlie had a completely serious look on her face. I immediately focused ahead and kept my shaking hands on the steering U. Breathing deeply, I recovered, feeling an amazing rush of adrenaline surge through me. I'd not felt anything like this before. Looking over at my partner, she had on her cocky smirk that just screamed, "I knew you'd dig this." She wasn't wrong.

"God, this is incredible! I feel like I'm actually flying this plane."

Laughing out loud, Charlie said, "You ARE flying this plane, baby. It's just you and the sky now. Just hold it steady, don't lean back or push forward... that's it, nice and steady," she cooed softly in my ear. "Now, see this?" She pointed to something like a level gauge on the panel. "This will tell you if you're flying level or not. If the line stays steady, you're good to go. If you're leaning a wing lower than the other, you need to correct it. You're doing great though, don't worry."

*'Don't worry' she says, SHE'S the one who knows how to do this!*

Staring so intently into the sky, I almost jumped out of my skin when I felt Charlie's lips on my neck. "Don't move, baby, hold her steady. Just. Like. That," she said in-between kisses down my neck and throat. She positioned her microphone away from her mouth and removed my headset completely.

"Charlie! Can we talk about distractions?" I squeaked. "Stop!"

Biting my earlobe, Charlie whispered, "You don't really want me to stop, do you?"

When her tongue entered my ear, goose bumps broke out all over my body. I couldn't stifle the moan that flew through my lips. "We're going to crash if you don't stop that," I said between breaths.

"You won't crash us... I trust you," she taunted, running her fingers over my clothed, erect nipples. Charlie grasped the collar of my shirt and opened the fabric wide. Questing fingers found their way under my bra, teasing my excited flesh into a hard pebble. I found my hips beginning to undulate while I tried desperately not to move my hands.

"You're killing me here," I panted, feeling Charlie shift.

"No... now I'm gonna kill you," she said, while unzipping my jeans. She reached inside the denim and palmed my sex. "Mm, I love when you don't wear underwear."

If there was a way to roll my eyes in pleasure while looking through my lids, I would've done it. Being that it wasn't an option, I had to fight to keep my eyes open, focused and my hands still. This was far too much responsibility for someone who'd never flown a plane before. Charlie was having way too much fun watching me squirm.

"Turn your head for a second," she breathed into my ear.

Complying with her request, my lips were captured in a very wet and demanding kiss. Our tongues felt like they melted on contact when they touched. It was mind numbing, especially when I felt Charlie's fingers begin their exploration of my wetness.

"Mmmpph, Chullie, shtop," I mumbled around Charlie's lips. She pulled back, her eyes like lasers into my own. Sensing my internal struggle, she trailed her tongue around my jaw and ear. Making me want her even more.

"What's wrong? Can't take the heat?" she continued to taunt breathlessly in my ear. "Come on, surely you won't let a little sensation make you lose control." Charlie's teeth found my throat again forcing me to pull away completely.

"We have to stop! I know I won't be able to keep my hands off of you." I smiled sincerely. "Please."

Removing her hand from my jeans, Charlie licked her fingers sensually. "Alright, we'll save this for later." She closed her eyes and inserted her finger back into her mouth. "Mmm, definitely later."

Leaning my head towards hers, I placed a gentle kiss on her lips. "I promise to make it up to you."

Kissing me back, Charlie smiled. "I know you will."

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An hour later, found us on a landing strip surrounded by the most beautiful landscape I think I'd ever seen. There was nothing around us with the exception of a beautiful Mediterranean home sitting on an extremely private beach with crystal clear waters.

"Charlie, where the hell are we?" I asked after stepping off the plane.

My girl exited the plane with our bags wearing a very large grin. "Paradise, sugar! Surprise!"

*Surprise, indeed.* There were a thousand thoughts going through my mind. *How did she find this place? Who else is on this block of "paradise"? And WHY haven't we been here before?*

"Charlie, this is simply gorgeous. Where did you find this place?"

"Nothing is more gorgeous than you, baby," she whispered in my ear, suddenly behind me.

"This is Max's place. This was his little getaway place for he and his wife. Now that she's passed away, he doesn't come here as often and lets his friends use it." She took my hand and kissed it. "It's all ours this weekend."

I was stunned. This place was really ours for the weekend. No one else was around, private beach to make love on, clear blue skies and waters around us... damn this really was Paradise.

"Come on, let's get our stuff inside and I'll show you around."

Charlie practically skipped up the cobblestone walk to the side courtyard leading to the backdoor. The beautiful landscaping simply accented what was already an amazing piece of property. A small eating area and outdoor kitchen were revealed with each step closer. A small stone fireplace adorned the peach colored wall with a hot tub sitting adjacent to it. Looking up, I noticed a second floor deck allowing those to look down on the courtyard and upon the lovely view of the ocean. I couldn't believe one person owned this house.

Putting down our bags, she reached into her pocket, revealing a key that opened the lock. When she pushed the doors open, we walked inside and my mouth hung open again. The décor of the house was breathtaking. Several French doors brought in amazing light to what could only have been called a Great Room, rendering me almost speechless with its beauty.

"Here, let's find our bedroom and throw our stuff in there. There's a guestroom upstairs that Max had set up for us. I can't wait to show you the rest of this place." Charlie grabbed the bags and walked up the gorgeous staircase, calling for me.

Following her path and the sound of her voice, I found the guest room with ease. *Wow*, was my only thought. The room was decked out in yellows with at least ten-foot ceilings. Crown molding wrapped around the room adding another aspect of wonderful taste for the person who designed this home. A huge four post bed sat in a corner of the room with two sets of French

doors leading out to the deck we'd seen earlier from outside. This house was, in a word, awesome.

We stood outside on the deck and just looked out towards the water. Taking a deep breath, I filled my lungs with the smells of the ocean. "Have you ever seen such an amazing view before?" I almost reverently whispered.

"I see plenty of views when I'm in the sky, but from land, I have to say this is one of the best I've ever seen. Max is a very lucky man."

Putting my arm around Charlie's waste, I replied, "And we're very lucky to know such a generous man."

Nodding, Charlie said, "He's something special all right. When Annette passed away, Max was understandably pretty devastated. They'd shared almost forty years together. I think he'd rather die himself than sell this place and sever the memories they shared here. I think a part of him still feels her when he's here."

Sighing, I nodded in understanding. "I don't think I could part with it either. It would always hold a very special part of my heart. If you and I had a place like this and we shared memorable times, I would always keep it."

"Let's not talk about that. Let's nosy around this place and see if we can scrounge up some food. I'm starving!" she declared.

"I'm with you. Lead on, Sherlock."

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After several twists and turns into hallways and closets, we were able to find the kitchen. And what a kitchen it was. Every appliance was stainless steel, even the refrigerator. Which is where we found our note, taped up by Max. Pulling it from the fridge, Charlie read it aloud:

*Hello there! I know what you're thinking, Terri, how in the hell did that old S.O.B. get a place like this? Well, let me tell you, it wasn't from selling matches! Charlie-girl, I hope you and your little woman have a wonderful weekend. The fridge and pantry have been stocked and please feel free to raid the wine cellar. Nettie and I were quite the connoisseurs at one point, so I'm sure you'll find something to your liking.*

*And Charlie, that place we talked about, there's a map on the back of this note, so don't lose it. Enjoy yourselves.*

*Max*

My intrigue was paramount at that last remark, I asked Charlie about it immediately. "So, are you going to tell me about this place you and Max talked about?"

Showing her pearly white teeth, she put the note down on the counter and smiled at me. Looking as though she was considering the right answer, she replied, "I wasn't planning on going there right away, actually. I thought maybe we could head there tomorrow. Is that ok?" Charlie batted her lashes, earning her a laugh from me.

"More secrets, eh? Well, I guess you can't exactly leave me here by myself with a clear conscience, so yes, tomorrow is fine by me."

Wrapping her arms around me, I felt her warm breath in my ear. "I will never..." She kissed my earlobe. "Ever..." Then kissed under my ear. "Ever..." She moved her hands towards my chest, thumbs finding my now erect nipples. "Leave you," she said, now looking directly into my eyes. The deep blue of her eyes penetrated my own like fire.

"Why don't we go upstairs and you can prove it to me. I think I remember something about unfinished business." I smiled amorously.

"You have the best ideas," she growled, picking me up and throwing me over her shoulder.

As we got to the top of the stairs, I was laughing so hard, I warned her that if she didn't put me down immediately, I was going to ruin one of Max's beautiful oriental rugs. Turning my world upright, Charlie led me to the bed, only to turn me upside down all over again.

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Stretching like a lazy cat, I realized morning was upon me as the sun poured in through our window. Our first night in this place was beyond amazing. Charlie was so tender and gentle with me, as if I were the most precious thing in the world to her. She's been showing more of that side of her lately and I have to say I'm really digging it. When we're connected like that, I can see the love shining in her eyes. Last night I was so certain she was going to tell me, but she continued to struggle with that part of her. Something inside is just not allowing her to fully let go. I'm not sure what it is, but as long as she's sticking with me, I'm sure I'll find out.

When she finally allowed me to touch her, it was truly remarkable. She wouldn't let me near her parts until she'd had her way with me. And boy, did she ever. I don't think I've ever been loved more thoroughly in my life. Even my nose was exhausted! Ok, that is most likely an exaggeration, but she was definitely on a mission. Her movement and sound as I made love to her was the most revealing to me of her emotional struggle. Her moans were filled with such passion, such intensity on so many levels. As her body moved with me, it felt like she was trying to push herself into uncharted waters, places we've never reached. And when she finally reached her release, her eyes never left mine, even when hers filled with tears. It was a moment I won't be forgetting anytime soon.

Rolling over, I came to the conclusion that I was alone in this bed. Feeling the cool sheets, I could tell my pilot had been awake for awhile. My bladder was getting my attention, so I pulled back the sheets and walked my naked self into the bathroom. Once I finished with my morning

rituals, I opened the door, only to find my naked pilot back in bed, with a tray of incredibly smelling food alongside of her.

"Wow, if I didn't love you before, I certainly do now."

*Jesus, did I say that aloud?*

Charlie simply smiled her beautiful smile and said, "Yeah, yeah, you're only saying that because I made you strawberry pancakes. Come back to bed and eat with me?"

*Whew, this morning almost got uncomfortable.*

"Like I'm going to decline such a wonderful offer from a gorgeous naked woman in my bed. Move over, darlin', I got my eatin' hat on," I joked, while pretending to put a hat on.

"I love that appetite of yours," she whispered, nipping at my shoulders.

"That's good, 'cause in times like these, it can scare even me."

That breakfast tray didn't have a prayer after I unceremoniously dug into the feast my girl had prepared. Not only did she make my favorite pancakes, but also made me an omelet loaded with ham, cheese and tiny bits of broccoli. You gotta love a woman with a memory for things that matter.

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The day progressed nicely as we spent a good majority of it laying in the sun, completely naked. Charlie reminding me to bring sunscreen was a plus. I can't even imagine getting a sunburned ass. While Charlie's skin was the kind to get a nice chestnut color, mine would get reddish purple like a lobster in two seconds flat. It definitely beat laying out with the multitude of strangers on the cruise ship. Of course, I didn't have the luxury of gawking at Charlie's naked form either. This vacation undeniably takes the cake, in my opinion.

Charlie suggested we get dressed so we could get ready for her big surprise. As she pulled on some shorts and a sleeveless t-shirt, she said, "Wear some sneakers too, you want sturdy shoes where we're going. You don't have to wear much else, though." She smirked cockily, tying the laces of her shoes.

"Yeah, that'll happen," I replied sarcastically. "Can you give me a clue of where we're going?"

Shaking her head, she said, "Nope. Just get dressed quickly and we'll get there sooner. I'll meet you downstairs." She lightly swatted my butt, winking as she passed me on her way to the door.

Saluting my pilot, I proceeded to find some cargo shorts and a tank top to wear on our journey to the unknown. Settling into my tennis shoes, I bent over to tie the laces as my hair fell into my

eyes. I put a brush through my hair, and wove it back into a braid. "There, that oughta hold you," I scolded.

Hearing Charlie call up the stairs, I realized I was taking far too long to get ready. Taking a quick glance into the mirror, I was set. With the speed of a rabbit, I maneuvered the staircase and jumped off the 2nd to last step to land in front of Charlie.

"Ready?" I asked, a smile reaching my lips. Charlie leaned closer and gently kissed me, earning her a sigh when she pulled away. "You're so good at that," I breathed.

"You say that now. Talk to me in an hour or so when I have you naked and squirming again." Charlie chuckled and walked towards the backdoor.

Not moving, I let her words sink in. *I'm in a whole lotta awesome trouble.*

"Come on, baby. Whatcha waiting on?"

"My legs to work, evidently."

Charlie laughed and opened the door. Finding my motor skills again, I made the trek towards her and through the doorway.

Our walk started in the back of the house down a narrow but beautiful path. There were wildflowers growing all over. Beautiful reds and purples were mixed into the yellows and greens. Palm trees were a staple for this landscape, adding yet another degree of beauty to this already gorgeous paradise. A thundering sound was beginning to get louder as we continued to walk. Orange hues were working into the darkening sky above and I, for the first time, wondered if we should've come here when it was lighter.

With a confident gait, Charlie walked on, holding my hand with one hand while she double-checked the map in her other. As the darkening sky and rolling noise continued to unnerve me, I noticed a warm glow coming from the area to the left of us. Before genuine surprise could set in, a gasp of wonder escaped my mouth as I took in the scenery.

Several bamboo torches illuminated the majestic clearing, which was surrounded by more wildflowers, palm trees and a large pool of water. The pool of water didn't make my mouth drop so much as the waterfall spilling into it did. The waterfall was about ten feet high with protruding rocks and bushes all around it. Water was cascading down the drop with a thunderous splash, a noise that I could now finally identify. Plants and moss wet from the spillway, sparkled in the firelight.

When my eyes reached Charlie's, she had an excited look on her face. "Well?"

"Charlie, I... I have no words."

My vocabulary was suddenly gone and my brain unfocused, but my body was melting as it was swept up in Charlie's arms as she spun us in circles in sheer joy. "Isn't this incredible?" her voice mirrored a child's on Christmas as she settled me on the ground again.

Standing, I took a moment to look at the entire clearing. What I didn't notice originally was a blanket laying on the ground, spread out along some of the torches.

"When...? When did you do this?"

Smiling and reaching for my hand, Charlie replied softly, "This morning, while you were asleep. Max assured me the torches would be full and in place when we arrived, so all I had to do was light them and hope they were still lit when we got here tonight."

"Amazing..." I breathed.

"But, this is not all... *I hope.*"

Charlie walked over to the edge of the water, where I saw a rectangular piece of something floating. Reaching into the water, she grasped at the rectangle which turned out to be a cooler.

She dragged the cooler out of the water and carried it to the blanket's edge. Smiling up from the cooler, she motioned me over to sit. "Come see what I brung ya, dear lady." A faux Irish accent escaped her lips.

Sitting on the covered ground next to my girl, I peered inside the cooler filled with ice and several other things. To my surprise, Charlie handed me two plastic wine glasses and a bottle of wine. Setting those down, I looked to see what else she would produce. Charlie gave me two plates and a Ziploc baggie of napkins, plastic silverware and a corkscrew. *She's so MacGyver!* Next, she pulled out two Tupperware bowls containing small salads inside with some dressing in smaller jars. A larger covered bowl was pulled from the cooler and put on the blanket.

Charlie dried her hands on her shorts and looked over for approval. "Well, how do you like it now?"

Opening the container, she took the spoon from within and served some cheese and fruit to my plate. Grinning from ear to ear, I couldn't contain the love I had for her any longer. Reaching over, I grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her towards me for a deep long kiss.

We kissed for many moments, pulling back before it got out of hand. "You are the most thoughtful, romantic, the most perfect woman I could ever dream of. Thank you for this. This is the most beautiful candlelit dinner I've ever had." I know I had tears in my eyes, but I didn't care.

"Baby, after the last fiasco, I really wanted to make it up to you. You deserve to be spoiled. After all, you put up with me. I know I'm not the easiest person to be with. I just wanted you to

know how much you mean to me." When she talks like this to me, shows me her heart, I can't help but love her even more.

We slowly fed each other bits of cheeses and fruits and managed to drink half the wine before we even touched our salads. Once the salads were consumed, the empty bottle and glasses were thrown into the cooler. Her eyes became more hooded as the minutes ticked off. She must have been feeling the alcohol like I was. I was very aware of her eyes on me, even while I was simply eating. My stomach was definitely feeling satisfied so the butterflies I felt were a whole different kind of hunger.

Sensing we needed to clear off our blanket, Charlie started tossing bowls and plates back into the cooler. The night air was warm and sticky and I could feel the perspiration on my skin. Once the blanket was free of obstructions, Charlie rolled towards me. Pulling my legs out from under me, I was posed to a lying position. Once I was supine, she covered my body with her own.

Kisses came hard, teeth nipped with desperation and tongues sought control. My head was spinning from the sensations Charlie was giving me. Her hands lifted my top from my shorts and lightly scratched the skin on my stomach. Goose bumps followed shortly after her nails, creating a trail wherever she went.

Soon our body heat combined with the warm air was starting to get to me. Sweat had begun to puddle under my back making me uncomfortable. Suddenly a thought came to me.

"Hnny," I mumbled through her kisses.

"Hmm?" she hummed back.

"Lesgoindawada," I attempted to say.

Now thoroughly confused, Charlie pulled away and tried to focus on my eyes and mouth. "What, baby?" she husked.

Giggling, I tried again. "I'm really hot, let's go in the water. I bet it'll feel really great on our skin," I said the last part with a sensual growl that had Charlie peeling off her clothes within milliseconds.

*She's so easy.*

Once our clothes were off, we headed towards the water to cool off. We held hands as we walked slowly off the rocks and into the shallow water. We smiled as we walked, feeling so many emotions between us. Before either of us knew it, the bottom disappeared with our next step sinking both of our suddenly squealing selves into the water. Coming up for air, I sputtered with laughter and delight at the temperature of the water and the surprise dunking we'd just received. Charlie was laughing as well when she emerged from below the surface. Treading in the cool waters, we swam towards the waterfall.

"This is so beautiful," I said a little louder to be heard over the rushing water. Swimming towards the waterfall, I reached shallow water to stand in.

Charlie swam closer to me and took my hand, placing a gentle kiss on my knuckles. She led me to the cascading water and moved us directly underneath it. Behind the waterfall, there was a ledge of flat rock. Lifting me with strong arms, Charlie settled me gently upon the rocks. I sat in the shallow water, legs instinctively wrapping around my lover. "You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, Terri Palmer," she said, looking into my eyes. The water gently kissed the back of her, giving me a gorgeous view. Brushing her hands along my neck and into my hair, she released the braid, allowing my wet hair to fall behind my back. Charlie moved closer, my legs tightening in reflex as her lips sought out my own.

The kiss was tender and gentle, unlike the other kisses we shared offshore. Her tongue bathed my own with want and desire, leaving no question lingering of intent. I knew what Charlie wanted and I would give her all of me, any which way I could. Her hands caressed my skin, leaving a heat trail with her fingertips. A fire continued to burn in my stomach and between my legs.

Lowering her mouth, Charlie attached her mouth to my neck and moved down my throat to my chest. Kissing me wetly along the front of my body, her lips and teeth found my aching nipples. Pulling my right nipple into her mouth, Charlie moaned deeply, me along with her. Her hand and fingers stimulated my other breast. The sensations were unbelievable to me. Our wet bodies sliding against each other was the most sensual experience I'd ever had. My hips began to undulate with Charlie tugging at my nipples. I couldn't contain the sounds I was making, nor could I suppress anything I was feeling.

"You feel so damn good, Charlie," I managed to say between breaths.

"Mmm," Charlie said around my breast.

Her eyes met mine as she continued to suckle me. The blue of her eyes was a deep indigo as it always is when she's aroused. Nothing excited me more then when I watched the transition of color for the first time. Now, I can read her like a book and play her like a Stradivarius.

Both hands traveled down to my thighs to gently caress my sensitive skin. Her fingers moved up and down my legs, causing my hips to move even more. My own questing fingers found Charlie's erect nipples and began to play with them. I felt and heard her groan against my wet flesh; her hands grabbed onto my legs with incredible strength. Charlie released my nipple from her mouth and began sucking along my neck.

Charlie leaned back a little and moved a hand down between my legs, finding a wetness that had nothing to do with the water. I sighed in reaction to the feeling of being stroked fully. Charlie's fingers moved around and over my clitoris, sending jolts of electricity throughout my body. Our bodies rocked in motion and I could feel the puffs of air Charlie was panting on my wet skin. Tiny mewls of pleasure were coming from my mouth, causing Charlie to bite down on my

shoulder. Her hand picked up its pace, concentrating solely on my engorged glans. As I felt the beginnings of orgasm, my heart continued to race. Faster and faster her fingers moved against me as I pulled her body closer with my legs.

"Oh, God, Charlie, I'm... I'm gonna... I'm gonna come..." I blurted out, feeling my release hit.

"Yesss..." she hissed, pulling back to meet my eyes.

Our bodies slapped together, splashing water all around us. Head thrown back in pure bliss, I cried out with the final throes of ecstasy. Charlie removed her hand from between my legs and wrapped arms gently around me. With our bodies slowing down, Charlie's grip tightened. She held me for a long time, caressing my head and back with her hands and fingertips, slowing the aftershocks racing through me. "Shhh, I've got you, I'm right here," she whispered.

My body clung to hers out of desperation to keep the closeness we'd just shared. We reached another level of intimacy, as we always seem to do with each coupling of ours. Feeling Charlie's body shake, I gently pulled away.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I could tell she was crying.

Charlie's watery eyes met mine and her hands began to caress my face. "You mean so damn much to me, baby. I don't know what I'd do without you."

I leaned in and kissed her tenderly. "Hopefully, we'll never have to find out." We shared a small smile. "Come here."

Pulling Charlie to me, I held her tightly and rocked us slowly back and forth. Our skin was getting cool so I suggested we go back to our blanket. As we climbed onto the dry fabric, I laid down, pulling Charlie along with me. Her wet head rested on my shoulder as I ran my hand up and down her back. The sky above us was clear and the stars and moon were showing brightly.

"Did you always want to be a pilot? Even when you were a kid?" I asked several minutes later out of curiosity.

Her head nodded against my chest. "Always."

"I never knew what I wanted to do, but it never dawned on me that I would be in an office pushing pencils around my desk in a cubicle."

Lifting her head, Charlie's eyes met mine. "Are you unhappy at work?"

I nodded. "A little. I think I'm more bored than anything else."

Now resting her head on her hand, she asked, "Is there something you want to do now that you haven't done before?"

Giving her a shy smile, I nodded again. "I want to write stuff."

"Stuff?" she chuckled. "What kind of 'stuff' doeth the young Shakespeare wisheth to write?"

Shrugging, I replied, "I don't know. I just know that since meeting you, I have this incredible urge to create, to find a way to harness all the emotion you make me feel. It's really scary sometimes. I want to tell the world what can happen when you finally meet your..." I stopped abruptly, not knowing if I should continue.

She waited patiently for me to go on. "Your what, baby?"

"Your soul mate, your true love." I cast my eyes away from her, only to have my cheek touched, leading me back to warm understanding eyes.

"Am I your true love, Terri?" she asked softly.

Nodding emphatically, my eyes filled with tears. "You are."

Taking a deep breath, Charlie continued to pin me with her stare. "Good, because you are the love... of my life."

The kiss that followed our declarations was one I will feel until I'm ninety-nine thousand years old. Never before had I felt such emotion from one single act. Charlie's lips expressed so much more than she would ever voice. It was a quirk I was willing to deal with, as long as I knew I had her heart. And I knew I had that.

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Leaving our tiny piece of paradise was a sad moment for both of us. We both shared so much in the short time we were there. No more words of love were spoken from either of us, but it was written all over with every glance and every touch.

Charlie got our plane off the ground without any problems. As we sat in the leather seats of the plane, the silence between us was almost comical. You'd never think we'd just come off of the best sexual weekend of our lives. My body will be sore for a few days, but damn if it wasn't worth it.

Knowing what I wanted, I waited until we were at a safe level to unfasten my seatbelt and remove my headset. Leaning over towards Charlie's chair, I began to run my hands up and down her legs.

"Mmm, baby, that's going to be too distracting."

I ran my fingers up over her breasts, feeling her nipples harden under my touch. Charlie's hand gently grabbed my wrist, removing it from her breast.

"Come on, baby, I gotta fly us home in one piece."

Scrunching up my face, I asked, "Honey, you had your hands all over me on the way here with no worries of me flying the plane. I was terrified we would crash, but you trusted me and simply told me to hold the wheel steady. Just do what you told me to do and don't move your hands. Hold the wheel steady, and we'll be fine."

I resumed my assault, only adding kisses to her neck and ears. Charlie tried to remain calm, but she pulled away from me again. "Baby, you have to stop." My lips twitched, trying not to laugh, I cleared my throat.

"What's wrong, Charlie? Can't take the heat?" I teased her ear with my tongue. I brought my hand down between her legs. "Surely you won't let a little sensation make you lose control. You trusted me, I certainly trust you." I love sending her words back to her.

She groaned loudly in frustration. "I sort of um... lied," she confessed quietly. So quietly I asked her to repeat herself. "I said, I sorta lied."

Sitting back, I looked up at Charlie, confused. "What did you sorta lie about?" She flicked a switch before she faced me.

Her face was beet red, so I knew it was going to be something good. "On the way there, I..." she stopped, begging me with her eyes not to have to confess her sin.

"You..." I prompted.

"I put us on autopilot so you would think you were flying the plane," she rapidly said.

Sitting back in my chair, I turned to face her directly. "Would you mind repeating that for those of us who didn't take Evelyn Wood's speed speaking classes?"

Sighing, Charlie repeated her tall tale, "I said, I put us on autopilot so you would think you were flying the plane."

I looked disbelieving at her. "So I didn't fly at all?"

"Um, well, I put us on autopilot to ensure we didn't crash when I started kissing you." Her eyes were pleading with me not to get angry with her again. "You may have had control for a few seconds, but that's all. Baby, please don't be..."

"So all your talk about trust while you were torturing me was all a lie so you could have your way with me in the plane?" My eyes never left hers and I watched as hers dropped in shame.

"It wasn't a lie, exactly, I just wanted to have some fun with you... after the cruise, I really wanted you to have a nice trip. I'm sorry." She was definitely feeling badly at this point so I felt I needed to come clean.

Leaning towards her, I lifted her chin with my fingers. "First of all, don't ever feel like you need to lie to me if you want to make love. Have you learned nothing since we've been together? How many times have I said, 'honey, all you need to do is ask.'? How many, Charlie?"

"A lot."

"Ok, then. So just ask me next time ok? Secondly..." I paused for dramatic effect.

"Yes?" she asked, grimacing, apparently not wanting to know what else she'd done wrong.

"I knew you put us on autopilot." I smiled victoriously.

"Wha... you did? How?" she sputtered.

"I saw this little red light come on," I said, pointing to the light that was on right now, beaming the words AUTOPILOT ON in red letters. "I just thought I'd give you a taste of power before I took it back from you."

She smiled at me, the way she always does after she's realized I have beaten her at her own game. "You really are good for me."

"Yeah, that might be true and all, but... sad to say, though... you owe me again."

Nodding, she replied, "I know, I know..." Realization hit Charlie and she cried out, "Crap! The florist is going to think I'm a total fuck up. He already makes fun of me with all the flowers I've bought since the cruise."

Kissing her tenderly, I smiled. "Just tell him that you buy me flowers every time we have mind-blowing sex. That'll shut him up. With all those flowers you owe me, he'll think you're a total rock star in the sack."

"Which I am," she replied cockily.

"Which you think you are," I teased back.

"Aw, baby, can't I win once with you, today?"

Laughing out loud, I shook my head at my girl. "Honey, you already won me today. You've won me today, you'll win me tomorrow, and the next day and the next day and the next. You're very tenacious; I like that in a woman."

Charlie smiled at me. "So, I guess that means we both win?"

Smiling back at her, I answered, "Yes, honey, we definitely both win."

*Until we meet again...*

Feedback is the ruler of All Bards

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