

~ Island Dreams ~

by Mavis Applewater

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As always, this is for Heather.

Robbie yawned before taking another gulp from her cup of coffee while she waited for her passenger. She loved everything about living in the tropical paradise except for the coffee. There was something about java back in the States that made her feel complete. The tall auburn-haired woman felt it was a small price to pay in exchange for living the good life. She would have to have her buddy over in Pago Pago smuggle another pound of her favorite beverage to her after this trip. The fee she would receive from whatever obnoxious tourist needed her services would probably cover the cost.

"Hey, Gautier, where is this guy?" she shouted across the bar to the burly bartender who was kind of enough to set her with passengers every now and then.

Robbie had abandoned life in the States to live in peace and quiet on the small island. She barely made ends meet by flying Americans and other adventurous souls between the island and the nearest airport in the tiny twin-engine plane she owned. She wasn't the best since she only worked when she felt like it or needed the money. Robbie was a professional beach bum and had no desire to be anything else. "Gautier?" she growled again as he wiped down the bar.

"It's a woman," he grunted. "She should be here soon. She's in a real hurry to get off the island."

"Where is the pilot?" a hostile voice barked out from the doorway of the tiny bar.

Robbie yawned as she turned to find a petite brunette standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips. "Right," Robbie grumbled. "That would be me, ma'am. Robbie Gunner."

"Fine, lets go," the brunette barked indignantly. "And please tell me you're not drunk."

"Bit early for that," Robbie snorted. "Not to worry. Gautier's coffee might kill me but it won't get me drunk. So you need to get back to civilization?"

"Yes, and now would be good," the brunette snapped before spinning on her heels and storming out of the bar.

"Who wears an outfit like that here?" Robbie scoffed. Gautier snorted in agreement.

Robbie stepped out into the morning sunshine to find her Armani-clad passenger glaring at her. She ran her fingers through her shoulder-length hair as her crystal blue eyes took in the mound of luggage piled up on the deck. A tall lanky dark-haired man was standing nervously next to the pile. "You can't take all of that with you," Robbie flatly informed her passenger.

"Excuse me?" the woman snarled.

"Too much weight," Robbie calmly explained with a shrug. "Take what you need and ship the rest."

"Not to worry, sweetheart. I'll take it with me when I fly back," the man offered meekly.

"Fine," the brunette agreed with a hiss that made the man shrink back. "Warren, I'll call you when I get back to L.A. Hopefully I can clean up whatever mess my staff has gotten themselves into. I don't know why I thought I could leave them on their own," she explained in flurry as she grabbed a travel bag, a briefcase, and what appeared to be a large day planner.

Robbie filled out the last notes of her flight plan while the young couple chatted. Well, the brunette talked; the man just nodded his head in response to whatever she was barking at him. "Poor bastard," Robbie muttered under her breath. She turned back towards her arrogant fare. "Ready?" she called out.

"Yes," the woman clipped as she snapped open her day planner and snatched out a platinum credit card. "Here."

"Cash only," Robbie dryly informed her as she slid her Ray Bans on.

"You must be joking," the brunette snarled in a horrified tone.

"Do I look like I am joking?" Robbie yawned.

"Fine, since you are the only pilot available on such short notice. Warren, pay her," the brunette fumed.

"Yes, dear," Warren stammered as he reached into his back pocket to retrieve his wallet.

The brunette tapped her foot impatiently while Warren and Robbie worked out the finances. "All set," Robbie announced as she strutted over to her aging Jeep. She could tell that the smaller woman was less than pleased when she didn't offer to help her with the few belongings she was carrying. Warren dutifully snatched up her things after she gave him an icy glare. The brunette gave the man a chaste peck on the cheek after he helped her up into the Jeep. Robbie simply

yawned in disinterest as she glanced at her watch.

Robbie didn't wait until the brunette had made herself comfortable; she simply threw the Jeep in gear and sped off. She bit back a smirk as the small woman bounced around from the sudden jolt. Robbie decided that she wanted to get this trip over as soon as possible and, if she could annoy the brunette along the way, all the better. The evil grin she was sporting grew each time she intentionally hit any bump in the road she could find. By the time she parked her Jeep in the parking lot at the island's only airstrip, her passenger was angrily informing Robbie to do things to herself that the tall woman doubted were physically possible.

"Gunner, what brings you here so early in the day?" Pascal asked as she handed the dark-skinned man her flight plan. "What? Her again?" the older man grumbled as he looked over at the small brunette.

"I see you've met my passenger before," Robbie noted with some amusement.

"Yes," the normally good-natured man responded with a grimace. "She was in late last night looking for a way off the island. Her manner was most unpleasant," Pascal informed her. "You have my sympathy, my friend."

"Need the money," Robbie confessed with an uncaring shrug.

"I fear that you may have to give the lady a refund," he reluctantly admitted as he went over her paperwork.

"What?" Robbie asked. "I filled it out right."

"It isn't your paperwork this time," Pascal responded as he handed her a report from the weather bureau.

"Damn," Robbie grumbled.

"Is there a problem?" the brunette demanded as she marched towards them.

"Charming, isn't she?" Robbie quipped to Pascal. "There's a storm that might be heading this way, so it looks like you're going to enjoy the island's hospitality for a few more days."

"Wait, you said might," the brunette snapped. "So you're not certain that it's coming?"

"No," Robbie admitted. "As good as the weather bureau is, only God knows these things for certain. But I, for one, have no intention of being up in the air when I find out."

"I see." The brunette scowled. "Fine. How much?"

"Excuse me?" Robbie sneered in response.

"How much?" the brunette repeated, slowly enunciating each syllable as if Robbie was a child.

"You're a real piece of work, aren't you, lady?" Robbie hissed as she looked down at the contemptuous little woman. "Listen, Miss . . ." Robbie hesitated, realizing she had no clue to the identity of the infuriating woman who stood before her.

"Genevieve Wilhelmina Carlson Baxter," the small woman arrogantly informed the stunned pilot. Robbie slid her sunglasses slightly down the bridge of her nose and stared at the woman in disbelief. "What?"

"What the hell were your parents thinking?" Robbie inquired seriously.

"I beg your pardon?" the brunette gasped.

"Never mind." Robbie waved her off. "Listen, Wilma, it's too risky to fly."

Having had her say, Robbie stormed out of Pascal's office and headed back to her Jeep. "Now you just wait, you overgrown bully!" Genevieve stormed after her. "I need to get to Majuro."

Robbie had had her fill of the smaller woman's arrogant behavior. "Listen, Wilma, in this part of the world these things happen. Or didn't you bother to research it before you decided to vacation here?" The brunette glared at her as she snapped open her precious day planner and began to pull out a stack of traveler's checks. "You don't get it, do you?" Robbie hissed. "This isn't about money. Even when the weather is good, getting on and off the islands can't be done on a moment's notice. Face facts, Wilma; this isn't Los Angeles." Wilma seemed to ignore her as she began to count out more and more checks. "You know, I find it very interesting that all of sudden you have a wad of cash and earlier you stuck your boyfriend with my fee."

"Fiancée," Wilma corrected her as she continued to count. "And stop calling me Wilma."

"Warren and Wilma. How cute," Robbie snickered. She felt her resolve wavering as her eyes watched the stack of checks grow. It was quickly getting past the level she would normally earn in a year. "It isn't safe," Robbie stammered as the woman pressed the checks into her trembling palm. "Damn," she muttered as the last of her resistance slipped away. "I'm going to regret this," she groaned as she clenched her fingers around the checks.

"Just get me to Majuro and I'll sign them over to you," Wilma bluntly informed her.

The money was too much for Robbie to refuse as she gathered up her wounded pride and led the pesky woman back towards Pascal's office. She couldn't look at him as she slid the flight plan over to him. "Gunner?" Pascal questioned her in a cautioning tone.

"It's only a warning right now," Robbie reasoned pathetically. She knew she was mumbling as she spoke to the older man. The truth was that she was embarrassed. "But if the weather changes, we're landing at the first airstrip I can find," she added as a warning to the sneering brunette.

Once Robbie had her plane safely in the air, the only thing she was grateful for was that her passenger was as little interested in conversation as she was. Midway through the flight, her bliss was disturbed; apparently the brunette had grown bored. "I don't understand," Wilma muttered.

"I'm certain that there's a long list of things you don't understand, Wilma," Robbie grunted in response.

"Stop calling me that," Wilma barked. "I fail to understand why my name is so amusing to someone named Robbie Gunner. Your name sounds like a character from a Clark Gable movie."

"I happen to like my name. That's why I chose it," Robbie chuckled.

"My God, I'm flying with a criminal," Wilma gasped in horror.

"I'm not a criminal," Robbie snapped. "I just didn't like who I was so I changed. You might want to try it."

"Oh, I see. You're like some kind of latent hippy?" Wilma taunted her. "Why else would an American choose to live on that island?"

"Did you stop to look at the island?" Robbie asked incredulously. "And I'm not an American."

"Of course you are," Wilma argued. "Anyone would know you're an American just by listening to you."

"Not according to my passport," Robbie responded gleefully.

"Why do I get the feeling your passport also says your name is Robbie Gunner?" Wilma sneered in disgust.

"My name is Robbie Gunner," the pilot chuckled once again.

"I cannot wait to get Majuro," Wilma hissed in response.

"That makes two of us, Wilma," Robbie groaned in agreement.

Robbie's heart began to pound as the sky suddenly darkened. "Oh crap," she choked out. "Wilma, I need you to listen very carefully and do exactly what I tell you to do."

"I told you to stop calling me that," the brunette fumed.

"Listen, I'll call you Madonna or Princess Grace if you want so long as you listen to me," Robbie stressed as she looked fearfully out to the horizon.

"Why is it so dark?" Wilma questioned her.

Robbie ignored the brunette as she frantically tried to radio the nearest airport. "Ms. Gunner?" Wilma said shakily. Robbie continued to ignore her as she checked her instruments. "Maybe if I drop lower?" she asked herself out loud as the rain hit the small airplane. "Under your seat there's a life jacket; put it on." The tiny plane dropped suddenly and Robbie fought to control it.

"Are we heading back?" Wilma's voice trembled as she pulled on the life jacket.

"I hope so," Robbie prayed as the storm arose from nowhere, trapping them.

"What do you mean you hope so?" Wilma demanded as she clung to her seat while the small craft jolted up and down. "What the hell is happening?"

Robbie wanted to offer the smaller woman some reassurance. But she was too busy seeking out someplace to land in the middle of the ocean. The violent storm had come up far too quickly and she was losing control of her plane. Then she spied it in the darkness - a small glimmer of land. She had no idea where they were or what she was flying them into but it was the only hope they had. "Buckle up!" Robbie shouted as she fought against the wind and the rain to steer the small airplane towards what looked like trees and sand. A million thoughts rushed through her mind as her beloved plane crashed onto the beach and into the trees. Suddenly everything went black.

Robbie's head was pounding when she finally opened her eyes. She reached up to touch her throbbing temple where a sticky substance greeted the tips of her fingers. She lowered her hand and peered through the darkness to find blood covering her fingers. She rubbed her fingers together and was only slightly relieved when she realized that the blood was beginning to dry.

"I'm alive," she said as the reality hit her. Her thoughts turned to concern for her companion. "Wilma?" she called out as she began to unbuckle her safety harness. A wave of relief washed over her when she heard the strangled moan. Granted, she didn't like the arrogant brunette, but that didn't mean she wanted to kill her. She stumbled as she crawled into the back of the plane. "Wilma?" she repeated in a gentler tone. Robbie's heart skipped a beat as Wilma's eyes slowly blinked open. For a brief moment she was captured by the emerald orbs looking up at her.

"What happened?" Wilma stammered.

"We crashed," Robbie explained as she freed the smaller woman from her restraints.

Wilma groaned as she started to sit up. "Don't move just yet. I want to check you out," Robbie informed her as her hands began to roam along the brunette's body.

"What?" Wilma choked out fearfully.

"I want to make sure you're not injured," Robbie clarified as the earlier resentment she felt towards the brunette began to return in full force. "Does anything hurt?"

"No," Wilma shyly responded.

"Can you move your feet and hands?" Robbie asked.

"Yeah, everything seems to be working," Wilma wearily responded.

"Good," Robbie sighed in relief as she lifted her gaze. Her crystal blue eyes widened as she looked at what should have been the back of the tiny aircraft.

"What is it?" Wilma grunted in an annoyed tone.

Robbie couldn't respond as she looked just past where Wilma was seated and saw the beach. Wilma pushed her aside and climbed out of her seat. "Where's the rest of the plane?" the brunette demanded once her eyes followed Robbie's startled gaze.

"I have no idea," Robbie admitted as she looked around what was left of her airplane. The front was crumpled in some areas and covered by trees. "Skidded right into the trees," Robbie noted as she realized how lucky both of them were to still be in one piece.

"Whatever possessed you to land here?" Wilma demanded.

"It was here or in the middle of the ocean," Robbie explained in an effort to justify her actions, anger welling up inside of her. "I'm going to radio for help," she muttered before climbing back into the cockpit. She wasn't surprised when she discovered that the radio wasn't working. It didn't really matter since she was uncertain as to their location. "At least the storm has passed," she muttered as Wilma plopped down in the seat next to hers.

"When is help coming?" Wilma asked curtly.

"The radio is dead," Robbie informed her as she felt the throbbing in her head growing steadily.

"What?" Wilma snapped in an increasing familiar tone. "How could you do this?"

"Look around you," Robbie shouted as she waved her arms. "The fact that we're walking and talking is a miracle. Half of the plane is gone, the other half crashed into some trees. The only good thing is the storm seems to have passed. We should be dead."

"If the storm is over, then why is it so dark?" Wilma meekly inquired.

"It must be nighttime," Robbie correctly assumed. She glanced at her watch and found it hadn't survived the crash. Disgusted, she removed it from her wrist and tossed it onto the floor of the cockpit.

"What do we do now?" Wilma fearfully inquired.

"Get as comfortable as we can until the morning," Robbie offered. "Then we can try to find out if this is a populated island or even if it is an island."

"What do you mean?" Wilma snapped.

"It didn't look big enough to be an island," Robbie tried to explain. "But then again, I really couldn't see much. Chances are we crashed onto a small land mass."

"You mean we're trapped on an overgrown sand dune with trees?" Wilma complained.

"Pretty much," Robbie surmised.

They fell into an uneasy silence as each of them digested the situation. "You're bleeding," Wilma said in a soft troubled tone as she reached up and touched Robbie's forehead. The redhead flinched slightly as Wilma's tiny fingers brushed her aching brow. Her heart was hammering in her chest as her skin warmed beneath the smaller woman's gentle touch.

"It's stopped already," Robbie quickly explained as she captured Wilma's wrist. "I should be okay."

"Do you have a first aid kit?" Wilma inquired hurriedly.

"Yes," Robbie responded as she looked over her shoulder at what was left of her plane. "I'll take care of it," she added briskly as she released her hold on Wilma's hand and climbed out of her seat. She quickly looked around the back of the plane in an effort to distance herself from the warmth that had crept through her body as Wilma touched her.

Keeping busy helped to distract Robbie from what was happening. She found blankets tucked beneath one of the remaining seats and draped one over the gaping hole at the back of the airplane. She secured it by tying it to the jagged edges of the ceiling. It wouldn't do very much in the way of keeping predators or the elements out but it distracted her from the sudden overwhelming urge to grab the smaller woman and kiss her senseless.

As Robbie removed the long metal emergency boxes hanging on the wall, she understood where her sudden carnal desires were coming from. It was the adrenaline rush from just having survived a life threatening experience that was the cause of her sudden sexual craving. Wilma was very attractive yet the pilot doubted that the very straight, and very hostile, little woman would be interested in her advances. Robbie felt her skin prickle with excitement when Wilma joined her as she scanned the contents of the boxes.

"Let me help?" Wilma offered in an almost pleading tone.

"No need," Robbie curtly refused the brunette's offer as she fought against the constant drumming of her rapidly beating heart. She caught the dejected look in the smaller woman's eyes. Wilma's body stiffened before the coldness returned to her emerald orbs.

"I'm just seeing what we have left," Robbie explained coldly. "Flares, water, matches are all intact. The first aid kit has bandages, antibiotic creams, aspirin, and a couple of tampons."

Hopefully we won't be here long enough to use any of it. We'll need the flares to flag down a search plane."

"When do you think they'll start looking for us?" Wilma's voice had become as harsh and cold as it had been earlier that day.

"Hard to say," Robbie hedged as she mentally reviewed what had happened. "It could take a few days since Warren isn't expecting to hear from you right away. Hopefully Pascal will be worried enough to check up on us. The real problem is that my radio communication wasn't good when the storm hit and I was forced to turn us off course."

"So no one knows where to look for us?" Wilma shouted, startling some birds nearby who squawked in disapproval.

"Not really," Robbie reluctantly admitted. "I don't know if the tower received my mayday with our location or not. Plus I veered off course."

"Why did you do that?" Wilma demanded.

"We flew into the eye of the storm!" Robbie shouted in response. "I was trying to get us away from it."

"Well, isn't that just peachy," Wilma sneered.

"Drop it," Robbie fumed. "Now let's try and focus on the situation at hand. Your belongings are still with us, so do you want to tell me what you have in there?"

"My briefcase is filled with contracts," Wilma hissed in response. "My bag has a couple of suits, clean undergarments, and my toiletries."

"That's it?" Robbie sighed. "Do you have anything more practical to wear?"

"No. I was on my way back to the States for a series of business meetings. I didn't think I'd end up in the middle of nowhere," Wilma snapped. "I should have never trusted you."

"Trusted me?" Robbie spat back as her heart sank. "You know what? You're right. I let myself be bought and now both of us are paying for it. Money always finds a way to screw me over."

"What are you talking about?" Wilma asked in dismay.

"Nothing," Robbie snapped. "Here," she snapped again as she tossed a blanket at the flustered brunette. "The accommodations are limited. You can try to sleep in one of the two remaining passenger seats or the co-pilot chair."

"Fine," Wilma snapped back as she crumpled the blanket up. "First I need to clean that cut on your head."

"I can do it," Robbie argued. She reached for the first aid kit only to have her hands slapped away.

"It's on your forehead. You'll never be able to see what you're doing," Wilma argued as she pushed Robbie down against the wall of the fuselage. "Good thing you have a thick head," the brunette muttered as she began to rummage through the kit.

Robbie winced as Wilma cleaned the cut. The only thing that seemed to distract her from the sting of the antiseptic was the feel of the brunette's body pressing against her own. *'It would be so easy to just kiss her right now,'* the frustrated pilot mentally noted as she felt the brunette's breath caressing her face. By the time Wilma had bandaged Robbie's injury the pilot's body was screaming for attention.

Thankfully Wilma didn't seem to notice Robbie's overheated condition and simply closed the first aid kit, gathered up her blanket, and curled up in the passenger seat. Robbie grabbed a blanket for herself and climbed into the cockpit. After a restless night Robbie extracted her long body from the seat and made her way to the back. "Great, she's a drooler," she noted as she passed by her still-sleeping companion. Robbie noted that the trees blocked the doors to the airplane so she climbed out the back.

Once the hot sun hit her she was thankful that she was wearing shorts and a light top. "Wilma is not going to like this," she chuckled. She scanned the limited beach while she stretched her aching limbs. The pilot's long body hurt everywhere. She was unaccustomed to confinement in such a small space for a long period of time. She looked out at the expansive blue water and felt the same humble sense of awe she had experienced every morning since she finally stopped running and decided to call the tiny island her home. She inhaled the salt air deeply, allowing it to cleanse her soul. "Time to find out if we're alone," she sighed as she turned her back away from her beloved crystal blue water.

The quick circle she made around the tiny land strip confirmed her suspicions that they had not been fortunate enough to land on an island. She decided to check the dense forest. When she returned from her exploration she found a very disgruntled brunette perched on the remains of a tree the airplane had crashed into. "Where the hell have you been?" the small woman demanded as she jumped up. Robbie almost laughed at the sight of the woman; she was still dressed in her expensive suit complete with heels and a fresh pair of pantyhose.

"Good morning to you too, Wilma," she chimed out a little too brightly.

"I've asked you not to call me that, Gunner," the brunette bellowed as she wobbled across the sand to the pilot.

"High heels on a sandy beach. What an idiot," Robbie muttered under her breath. "Why are you dressed like that?" she asked the angry brunette.

"What would you suggest I wear?" Wilma fumed as she continued to stumble in the white sand.

"First, I'd ditch those shoes," Robbie noted, as she looked down at her own more comfortable and suitable footwear. "And what's with the pantyhose? You must be dying in this heat."

"I'm more than comfortable," Wilma argued. "Just because we're stuck here for the time being, I see no reason not to dress like a lady."

"Right," Robbie snickered as she looked at the torn hem of the brunette's expensive skirt. "Suit yourself."

"Are you going to tell me where you were?" Wilma demanded once again.

"I was looking around to see what we crashed into," Robbie explained with an uncaring shrug.

"And?" Wilma growled.

"Big sand dune," Robbie flatly informed her irritating companion.

"Just freaking great," Wilma snarled as she finally reached the taller woman.

"I do have some good news," Robbie expanded. "Follow me."

Robbie was far too amused by the smaller woman's struggle to keep up with her as she strolled over to a small rock formation. Her amusement began to fade as she quickly became weary of the brunette's stubbornness. "Will you just take those damn things off and haul your sorry ass over here?" she shouted as she leaned up against the rocks. She was pleased when Wilma halted and removed her shoes. Her pleasure disappeared as the expensive footwear came flying at her head. She managed to duck the first shoe but the second projectile struck her in the shoulder. "Bitch," she muttered as Wilma stormed over to her.

"Happy?" Wilma taunted her and the pilot simply snarled in response. "Now what do you want to show me?" Robbie was still snarling as she led the smaller woman over to the area where the waves flowed in and out of a small opening. "Okay, Einstein, what am I looking at?" Wilma grumbled.

"The water fills this space and cleanses it quickly, bringing everything back out to sea," Robbie explained.

"And?" Wilma sighed in exasperation.

"It's perfect for taking care of our personal needs," Robbie bluntly explained.

"What?" Wilma asked in confusion before her jaw dropped and her pale skin turned a brilliant shade of scarlet. "You don't mean what I think you mean?"

"Your new bathroom," Robbie chuckled.

"I couldn't," the brunette stammered.

"Suit yourself but you're going to need to go somewhere and this is sanitary," Robbie pointed out dryly. "Come on, there's more."

"Oh goodie," Wilma grunted as she reluctantly followed the taller woman into the forest.

"Look around," Robbie instructed her grumbling companion. "We're in luck with all the fruit trees and lack of animals. So far I've only seen birds here."

"How do we know what's safe to eat?" Wilma inquired in a serious tone.

"If you haven't seen it at Safeway then don't put it in your mouth," Robbie informed her as she pointed to the bananas. She continued the short distance through the overgrown vegetation, once again amused by Wilma's struggle. Her clothing was constantly being snagged, leaving the brunette cussing as she struggled to free herself.

Robbie was beaming with pride as she stepped out into the clearing that contained her little discovery. "Okay, it's pretty but what are we doing here, Gunner?" Wilma fussed as Robbie drank in the beauty of the water cascading down the small rocky cliff into the pool.

"It's fresh water," Robbie explained. "We can drink from the stream and bathe in the pool."

"Oh," Wilma responded in surprise.

"Between the fruit, the fresh water and catching fish we should be all right until help arrives. That's if I can figure out how to catch fish without a pole," Robbie explained before she began to lead them back to the beach.

"How long before I get off this God-forsaken pile of sand?" Wilma demanded as they stepped out onto the beach.

Robbie ignored the brunette as she began to collect large rocks. "What are you doing now?" Wilma demanded as she stood in the middle of the beach with her hands planted on her shapely hips.

"We're gathering these rocks," Robbie explained as she began to carefully place the rocks down on the beach. The pilot wasn't surprised when Wilma simply threw up her hands and stormed off. Robbie continued to spell out S.O.S with the rocks she painstakingly collected while Wilma watched from afar..

She also wasn't surprised when the annoying little woman watched her as she dug a pit for a fire and went about collecting wood. Wilma simply remained perched on the same fallen tree she'd been sitting on when Robbie first encountered her that morning. "I hope they find us soon or I may end up drowning her," Robbie muttered under her breath as she constructed torches before

gathering up a bunch of fruit for their dinner.

Robbie spent the following days being ignored by Wilma as she built a small lean-to for them. She wanted to have shelter and a place she could actually lie down in when she went to bed. The airplane provided shelter, but since she had no way of removing the remaining seats they were still sleeping sitting up. The project was exhausting but it gave the pilot something to do while the days drifted from one to the other. Robbie's other hobbies were annoying Wilma until the brunette exploded and trying to catch fish.

Robbie was wading in the ocean, contemplating just how she was going to snag a fish, when Wilma asked her the same question she'd pestered the pilot with every day since they'd crashed.

"When is help coming and what are you doing to get us off this pile of dirt?" Wilma shouted from the shore. With each passing day Robbie felt her body stir each time she was near the contemptible woman and each day Wilma's mood grew darker.

"Well, at the moment I'm trying to figure out a way to add something more substantial to our dining habits," Robbie offered casually as she took in the brunette's attire. Wilma was still dressing in a skirt, blouse, and pantyhose. The only thing the small woman had abandoned was the jacket and shoes. "Things might be easier around here if you got up off your ass every now and then and tried to help."

"Me?" Wilma scoffed.

"Yes you, Wilma," Robbie retorted.

"Stop calling me that!" Wilma shouted.

Robbie was searching for something else to say that would further annoy the smaller woman when her eyes drifted to the brunette's firm legs. Robbie understood that she used her well-placed barbs in an attempt to divert her attention away from her growing attraction. It was getting harder with each passing day as Wilma's skirts frayed and shortened little by little. The nights were even harder since they were sleeping so close to one another in the small lean-to Robbie had constructed. The pilot's desires would pulsate through her body in a demanding rhythm. Wilma's unconscious habit of curling up next to her and, at times, climbing on top of her just added fuel to the fire. Each morning Robbie awoke with an increased level of frustration. It didn't help matters that they were literally trapped together. Due to the limited amount of space that the tiny drop of land provided them, Robbie wasn't even granted privacy to take matters into her own hands.

"What are you looking at?" Wilma sighed. It wasn't the first time Robbie had been caught stealing glances at the brunette's body. However, it was the first time the pilot hadn't been checking her out in a sexual manner.

"Take off your pantyhose," Robbie suggested with a grin.

"Excuse me?" Wilma stammered with a blush.

"Your pantyhose. I need them," Robbie explained.

"No," Wilma flatly refused.

Robbie trudged out of the water. The sand turned to mud between her toes as her wet feet met the beach. "Just give me your pantyhose; there isn't much left to them," Robbie insisted.

"No," Wilma refused once again as Robbie approached her.

"Why not?" Robbie asked in dismay.

"I said no," Wilma stressed.

If her anger hadn't taken control, Robbie knew she could have simply explained to the brunette why she needed the nylons. *'But where's the fun in that?'* Robbie mentally chuckled as she grabbed Wilma around her waist, lifting her and depositing her on her backside in the sand.

"Ouch!" Wilma exclaimed as Robbie pinned her hands above her head with one hand as her other hand lifted the smaller woman's skirt. "What are you doing?" Wilma screamed as she struggled to free herself from the pilot's grasp.

Robbie was becoming frustrated as she straddled Wilma's squirming body. "Rats," she muttered once she realized she would need both hands to remove the brunette's pantyhose. Reluctantly she released the smaller woman's wrists and grasped the waistband of Wilma's precious pantyhose. As the struggle increased Robbie could feel her body tingling as Wilma ground against her in the most delightful manner. Her stomach clenched when she heard a soft moan escape from the woman trapped beneath her. She brushed aside her lustful thoughts and returned her attention to the removal of the brunette's hosiery.

Once she had triumphantly removed the garment from the smaller woman's kicking feet, Robbie clutched them tightly in one hand. Wilma was still lying on her back, panting heavily, as Robbie placed her hands on either side of the brunette's shoulders. "You know you just confirmed something that I have suspected for quite sometime," Robbie taunted her.

"What's that?" Wilma stammered weakly. Her eyes fluttered shut while her body trembled.

Robbie leaned down, her nipples hardening slightly as they brushed against Wilma's trembling body. "Warren never got a chance to be on top," she hissed hotly into the brunette's ear.

"Get off me!" Wilma demanded as her eyes snapped open. She pressed her small hands against Robbie's shoulders and shoved the pilot harshly.

Robbie laughed as she wrapped her long legs around the smaller woman's body as she fell back. The movement forced Wilma to fall with her. Robbie felt the air escape from her lungs as

Wilma's body slammed into her own. She tightened her legs around the brunette and enjoyed the warmth for a brief moment as Wilma's body stilled against her. The moment passed and Wilma was once again squirming in a futile effort to free herself from Robbie's grasp. "I'm right, aren't I?" Robbie taunted her even further. "That was the first time you've ever been a bottom." She laughed as she unwrapped her legs and pushed the smaller woman off of her. Wilma released a small squeal as her backside met the sand.

"Chill out," Robbie proclaimed as she stood and brushed the sand from her body. "I wasn't making a pass. I just want to do a little fishing."

"What?" Wilma responded shakily. Robbie waded back out into the water as she unrolled her prize.

Her idea worked and that night Robbie smugly dined on the fish she had netted with the help of the brunette's pantyhose. Wilma refused to eat and stayed in the crumpled airplane to pout. Robbie didn't show the slight pangs of guilt she felt as she triumphantly licked her fingers clean. "Yeah, that was good," she gloated as she smacked her lips with satisfaction. "Good night, Wilma," she called out as she walked over to the lean-to. Not surprisingly Wilma opted to sleep in the airplane that night.

The following morning Wilma stormed into the lean-to just as Robbie was rifling through the brunette's travel bag. "What are you doing?" Wilma demanded, sounding like a broken record.

"I'm taking the rest of your pantyhose," Robbie dryly responded. "We need to eat something besides coconuts, bananas, and mangos. Fish will add protein to our diet."

"Why can't you just ask?" Wilma blared.

"Why can't you stop bitching and help out around here?" Robbie shot back.

Robbie turned to see if her words had hit the mark. She was unprepared for the hurt look that clouded the brunette's delicate features and her heart sank.

"Why should I when you're so good at telling me what to do?" Wilma choked out before abruptly turning away and storming off.

Robbie felt like a jerk as she heard the stream of curses the brunette released. She gathered up the items she wanted and left the shelter. She was about to apologize when she saw Wilma kicking and tossing the rocks she had carefully placed on the beach into the ocean. Her blood was boiling as the smaller woman's tantrum increased and her attention turned towards the airplane. She began kicking the rapidly deteriorating vessel.

Robbie looked at what had once been the only distress signal they had and wondered how long it would take to reconstruct the three-lettered message. The brunette's curses increased as Wilma entered the airplane. Robbie watched in horror as items began to fly out the back and into the ocean. "She's worse than a three year old," she muttered, deciding to just allow the woman her

temper tantrum.

She quickly changed her mind and began to run as fast as she could when she saw the long white metal box containing their emergency supplies fly out into the water. "No," she bellowed as she jumped into the water in a desperate attempt to save the box. She was forced to flounder in the water and dive under the crashing waves several times before she located it. She emerged from the water feeling a slight sense of relief as she clutched the much-needed box to her chest.

Once again her relief was short-lived when she heard the sound above growing distant. She looked at the scattered remains of her airplane still concealed by the dense foliage it had crashed into. Her eyes quickly darted to what should have been an S.O.S and was now nothing more than scattered rocks along a beach. She trudged up onto the shore, the airplane above her fading from her view as she opened the box and pulled out a soaked flare gun. She tossed the now useless item aside and began to run up the beach waving her arms frantically.

As the airplane disappeared from sight, she knew that she'd been too late. Her first chance at freedom had flown right over them without a single clue that they were stranded down here.

"Was that an airplane I heard?" Wilma panted as she ran up beside her.

"It's gone," Robbie responded in a dejected tone.

"Did you signal it?" Wilma asked in excitement.

Robbie turned to her and gaped at the small woman in amazement. "With what?" she stammered as she flailed her arms around.

"Why didn't you signal it?" Wilma growled.

"That's it," Robbie snapped as she finally reached her breaking point. "You want to behave like a spoiled brat, then I'll treat you like one," she shouted as she grabbed the small brunette and dragged her over to the fallen tree Wilma was so fond of sitting on. Wilma squealed in horror as Robbie sat down and pulled the brunette across her lap. Robbie was too angry to stop as she took the small woman over her knee and hiked up her skirt to reveal her underwear. "I didn't signal the airplane because you destroyed the S.O.S. and threw the flare gun into the ocean," Robbie harshly explained as she raised her hand.

"Gunner?" Wilma pleaded just before the pilot's hand made firm contact with her backside.

"Don't," Wilma gasped as she squirmed in Robbie's lap.

The tall pilot didn't listen to the smaller woman's pleas. She muttered about the woman's insane actions while she spanked her. Wilma's pleas dissipated as Robbie's hand continued to make contact with the brunette's firm round backside. The reality of the situation hit Robbie as she raised her hand once again. An attractive woman was lying across her lap while Robbie spanked her.

Robbie stared at her own hand in disbelief. She had never struck another person in her entire life, yet here she was spanking this woman. And what surprised the tall woman the most was that she was excited and, judging by her glistening fingers, she wasn't the only one. She looked down at Wilma who was only slightly struggling as she panted heavily in the pilot's lap.

Robbie's hand returned to Wilma's bottom. This time she didn't strike her; she caressed her. The soft moan Wilma released made Robbie's clit begin to throb in a demanding rhythm. "You liked it," the pilot hissed as she roughly groped one of the brunette's cheeks.

"No," Wilma whimpered as she began to struggle once again.

"Now you're lying to me," Robbie gloated as she tugged on the brunette's panties and pulled them down her thighs. "My, you are a naughty girl."

Robbie could feel her own desire pooling between her now trembling thighs as she delivered another swat, this time on Wilma's naked flesh.

"Please," Wilma moaned.

"Please what?" Robbie teased her as she cupped her naked backside and massaged it roughly.

"Don't," Wilma panted as her thighs parted slightly.

Robbie's fingers glided along the crevasse of Wilma's bottom until they slipped between the brunette's quivering thighs. Robbie bit back the moan that was threatening to escape as her fingers became coated with the smaller woman's desire. "Don't touch your sweet ass?" Robbie asked in huskily as she dipped her fingers deeper into the trembling woman's wetness. "I'll stop any time you want me to," Robbie purred as she pressed two of her fingers against the warm wet opening of Wilma's center.

"I was right, wasn't I? Poor Warren was never on top, was he?" Robbie continued as she felt Wilma's fingers digging into her thigh. "You've never given any one control, have you?" she taunted the woman who moaned as she opened herself up further to Robbie's touch. Robbie trembled and her nipples hardened as Wilma's hips jerked up.

Robbie held her breath as Wilma's hips began to sway in an effort to impale herself on the pilot's fingers. She could feel the raw desire flowing between them as her fingers remained just outside of Wilma's passion. The brunette was grunting with frustration as she tried to rock against Robbie's touch. "Always have to be in control," Robbie choked out as Wilma's wetness filled her hand.

Suddenly the brunette pulled herself up and away from Robbie's touch. Wilma was panting heavily as she pulled her underwear back up. "Who do you think you are?" Wilma spat out. "You don't know anything about me."

Robbie looked up at her quizzically before she realized that her words had been true. "You're just

like everyone else, thinking that I'm some self-centered bitch who needs to be in charge," Wilma continued to rant as Robbie stood.

"So you do like to give as well as receive?" Robbie pushed before she slowly began to lick the brunette's passion from her fingers.

"That is none of your business," Wilma hissed. "You are so arrogant. Do you really think you are *man* enough to satisfy me?"

"No, I'm woman enough," Robbie responded honestly before she stepped past the smaller woman and headed into the woods.

Robbie made her way to the tide pool they bathed in and stripped off her clothing. She submerged her naked body in the warm water as she willed her emotions to relax. She was baffled by what had happened. She knew that she was attracted to Wilma. Robbie had long ago accepted her sexuality and really enjoyed it. But what happened on the beach was out of control.

She looked up to see Wilma standing nervously at the edge of the water. "Miss Baxter," Robbie said softly, "we need to call a truce. We could be stuck together for a long time." Robbie remained in the water, taking in the brunette's untidy appearance.

The brunette shifted nervously from one foot to the other before she spoke. "I'm afraid," she meekly offered. "I act like a bully because I'm afraid. The morning we flew out, I was terrified that my career was ending because my staff screwed up. Since we've been here, I've been scared out of my wits that I'll do something else to get us killed or keep us from being rescued. Turns out I was right."

Robbie allowed the smaller woman's words to sink in before answering. "I'm afraid too," she confessed in a reassuring tone. "We crashed in the middle of nowhere; you'd have to be delusional not to be frightened. As for you keeping us from being rescued, you flew off the handle. The stress of what happened hit both of us. I'm sorry for attacking you. I still can't believe I did that."

"Gunner, you didn't attack me," Wilma corrected her. "You spanked me like the brat I was. It was humiliating at first and then . . ." Robbie blushed as her companion's voice trailed off. "Being stuck here isn't the only thing I'm afraid of," Wilma began again timidly. "It's you."

"Me?" Robbie asked. "Am I that overbearing?"

"No, it's just that I've never allowed myself to give in to my feelings before and now I'm stuck here with you," Wilma tried to explain as she sat down on the edge of the water.

"Oh, so you knew you had the hots for girls?" Robbie responded thoughtfully.

"Yes," Wilma muttered in response. "I just couldn't allow myself to do anything about it. It doesn't fit into my life."

"What century are you living in?" Robbie blurted out before she could stop herself. "I'm sorry," she quickly apologized as she stepped out of the water.

Her companion's eyes watched her as she reached for her clothing. Robbie was debating on whether or not she should just give in to her primal urges when a small hand grasped her arm. She dropped her clothing as she turned to see Wilma kneeling beside her with a helpless expression.

Robbie dropped to her knees and cupped the smaller woman's face in her hands. They moved in unison until their lips and bodies collided. Robbie was lost in the warmth of Wilma's lips as they moved softly against her own. Soon the gentle warmth began to burn with intensity as both of them released all their pent up desires.

Robbie parted her lover's soft lips with her tongue and began a sweet gentle exploration of the brunette's mouth. Her body shivered as she felt her lover's hands gliding along her naked skin. Robbie lowered her lover down onto the soft grass as their tongues wrapped around one another. "Take me," Wilma gasped as the kiss came to a reluctant end. Robbie released a hungry growl as she began to feast upon her lover's neck.

She felt the brunette's body arching beneath her as her hands gripped the soft material of the smaller woman's blouse. Robbie tore open the blouse as she felt small hands caressing her back. She felt truly alive for the first time in years as she reclaimed her lover's lips in a fiery kiss. Her body melted into the soft supple form wriggling beneath her. The redhead's hands busied themselves with trying to free Wilma from her clothing. She moaned into her lover's mouth as she felt a shy hand cup one of her breasts.

Robbie's heart was hammering in her chest as she traced her lover's lips with her tongue and tossed the smaller woman's clothing off into the foliage. They rolled around in the soft grass as Robbie removed more of the clothing that was blocking her hands from finally exploring the body that had been haunting her since the first moment Wilma walked into the bar.

Once the last barrier had been cast off, Robbie allowed her hands to roam along Wilma's soft inviting skin while her mouth tried to taste every inch of the smaller woman. Wilma gasped and moaned as Robbie ran her tongue along the soft swell of the brunette's firm full breasts. She captured one of Wilma's nipples in the warmth of her mouth in a desperate attempt to sate her need. "Yes," Wilma hissed as she dug her blunt nails into the taller woman's shoulders and ground her wetness into the redhead's body.

Robbie suckled the brunette's nipple eagerly as she parted her legs with her thigh. Wilma thrust urgently against Robbie's thigh as the pilot pressed it against her wetness. "Take me," Wilma repeated hungrily as she rode the taller woman's thigh.

Robbie captured the brunette's nipple with her teeth and tugged on it while her hips rocked wildly against her lover's aching need. "You belong to me," Robbie murmured against her lover's skin as she kissed her way over to her other breast. She feasted on her lover's breasts like a

starving child as her clit pulsed in a demanding rhythm.

Wilma groaned in protest as Robbie's body lifted up. The pilot pulled her lover up to her and placed her on her lap. She could feel Wilma's clit rubbing against her stomach as she entered her. Wilma's entire body arched in response as Robbie's fingers filled her center. Robbie plunged in and out of the smaller woman. She could feel her lover's wetness covering her hand as Wilma's body rocked wildly against her touch.

"Is this what you want?" Robbie teased her as she lowered the brunette onto the jungle grass, her fingers gliding in and out as her thumb teased the smaller woman's clit.

"Yes," Wilma cried out in response, her eyes clouded over with desire as she gazed up at the pilot.

"I'm going to fuck you, long and hard," Robbie promised as she added another finger deep inside her lover.

She could feel Wilma's body trembling against her as she deepened her touch. The musky aroma of the brunette's passion invaded her senses. Robbie's head was spinning with desire as she began to kiss and lick her way down the smaller woman's quivering body. Wilma's hips were matching the wild rhythm of her hand as Robbie licked the passion from the inside of her lover's thighs.

The brunette cried out with pleasure as her body exploded. As her lover climaxed against her, Robbie captured her clit in her mouth and suckled it greedily. Her only thoughts were focused upon drowning in her lover's passion. Robbie held her lover's body steady as she continued to pleasure her again and again. Finally she slipped her fingers from her lover's warmth. Still nestled between the brunette's thighs, she ran her tongue along Wilma's sex. As her lover trembled in response, she plunged her tongue deep inside of her, curling it as she glided it in and out of her center while her lover gripped the back of her head and pressed the pilot closer to her.

Robbie teased her lover until she once again screamed out; the pilot's tongue filled her and her fingers teased her clit. Wilma finally collapsed, almost trapping the pilot beneath her. Robbie ran her face along her lover's wetness, painting her skin with the brunette's desire. Wilma whimpered helplessly as Robbie flicked her tongue across her swollen clit.

Robbie watched as her lover drifted off into a blissful slumber. She snuggled up behind the smaller woman and held her in a tight embrace while she slept. Later Wilma's eyes blinked open as Robbie ran a blade of grass along her naked body. The pilot had been enjoying running the tiny blade along the brunette's skin as she watched the goose bumps resulting from her actions.

Wilma lifted her head slightly, her face still flushed from their earlier activities. They began kissing one another deeply as Robbie pressed her wetness against her lover's firm backside. Wilma rocked her hips in response as Robbie swayed against her. Lost in the embrace as their bodies met under the tropical sun, the pilot's hand that had been resting on her lover's stomach drifted down. Robbie moaned into her lover's mouth as she once again dipped her long fingers in Wilma's wetness. She stroked her lover's throbbing clit as she ground her body urgently against the smaller woman.

The birds squawked in disapproval as they flew off while the lover's cries filled the air. Robbie was doing her best to fulfill her promise as her fingers filled her lover's center and her thumb pressed against her puckered opening. She could feel Wilma tensing in front of her. Robbie kissed her deeply as she gently filled the smaller woman completely. The small woman exploded as the climax tore through her body. "Oh my God. Oh my God," Wilma chanted repeatedly as Robbie continued to pleasure her.

Wilma's entire body blushed as she erupted with Robbie's knowing touch. The pilot stilled her movements as her lover's body convulsed with pleasurable aftershocks. Once the brunette's body stilled and she was able to breathe again, she rolled over. Robbie smiled at the brilliant emerald shade her lover's eyes had turned to. "Amazing," Wilma whispered before capturing the pilot in a passionate kiss.

Robbie rolled over onto her back and pulled her lover on top of her. Wilma eagerly accepted the invitation and began her own exploration. Her mouth and hands tried to feel and taste the taller woman everywhere. She murmured with delight as she teased the redhead's nipples with her teeth and her tongue. She seemed lost in the taste of the taller woman's breasts until Robbie pleaded with her to touch her.

The brunette kissed and licked her way down Robbie's body and soon was murmuring as she pleased the pilot with her fingers and her mouth. Wilma pleased her lover over and over again until Robbie could no longer move. After taking a nap, they enjoyed a long bath in the pool then raced naked through the woods until they collapsed in the lean-to and began to make love again.

When Robbie awoke the following morning, Wilma was nestled on top of her. She kissed her lover's head. "Morning," Wilma whispered against her chest.

"Morning," Robbie chuckled in response as Wilma looked up at her with a very satisfied expression. "What do your friends call you?"

"Ginny," the brunette offered with a smile. "Tired of calling me Wilma?"

"I only did that to annoy you," Robbie laughed.

"Well, you could just call me Jane," Ginny suggested playfully.

"Huh?"

"You know, you Tarzan," Ginny explained as she poked Robbie's chest. "Me Jane."

"That's kind of funny," Robbie chuckled.

"Only kind of funny? I thought it was damn witty considering I'm exhausted," Ginny teased.

"No, it's just that Jane is a part of my name," Robbie explained as she ran her fingers through the brunette's soft tresses. Ginny looked down at her with a curious smile. Robbie took a deep breath before answering the unspoken question. "Robine Jane Marie Devonshire."

"And you had the nerve to pick on my name?" Ginny teased before she began to place playful kisses along Robbie's face. Robbie blew out a sigh of relief when Ginny failed to recognize her name. Their playfulness quickly escalated into more.

Days turned into weeks. The weeks turned into months. Neither of them had a clue as to how long they'd been stranded nor did they care. Ginny's outfit changed from her formal attire to using one of Robbie's old brightly-colored Hawaiian-style shirts as a skirt and her bra. They got to know one another better as they filled their days with fishing, sunbathing, swimming, and making love. They didn't talk about getting back to the world or the lives each of them had left behind.

Robbie was trying to net some fish with an old pair of Ginny's pantyhose when she heard her lover's voice. "Oh Tarzan?" Ginny called out in a sultry voice. Robbie turned to find her lover removing her bra and wiggling her finger at the pilot in an effort to get the taller woman to follow her back to the lean-to.

"Oh yeah," Robbie said as she licked her lips and headed towards the beach. "Ouch," she cried out as something stung her foot. Ginny raced to her side and helped her to shore.

"What is it?" Ginny asked as she looked at the pilot's foot.

"Nothing. I just stepped on something." Robbie shrugged as she winced in pain.

"Come on, Tarzan. I'm taking you home," Ginny stated as she helped Robbie to her feet.

Ginny helped Robbie down onto the bed they'd made from palm fronds and the cushions they'd torn out of the airplane. Robbie protested as Ginny opened up the first aid kit. "Geez, you're worse than a kid," Ginny griped as she began to clean the wound.

"This coming from you," Robbie grunted.

"Yes, but when I'm bad you get to spank me," Ginny teased her with a wink as she applied some antibiotic cream to the cut.

Robbie was about to suggest that Ginny misbehave when she winced once again. "How bad does it hurt?" Ginny inquired in a worried tone.

"I'll be fine," Robbie reassured her. "I'll just elevate it and get some rest."

As the day wore on, Robbie was anything but fine. Her foot became numb and swelled up. She felt nauseous and weak; her vision became blurred. *I can't leave her,* her mind cried as Ginny held her and kept trying to clean the wound. Soon Robbie lacked co-ordination and her speech

became slurred as she fell into a confused state.

In her confusion Robbie felt Ginny holding her as words drifted through her mind, yet the redhead was unable to focus or grasp what was happening around her. *'I love you . . . Don't leave me . . . Please help her . . . I don't know what's wrong . . . Please I can't lose her.'*

Robbie's crystal blue eyes blinked open and were blinded by the sterile environment she found surrounding her. "Ginny?" she choked out.

"You're awake?" a soft but surprised voice greeted her. "You had us worried."

"Where am I?" she asked the dark woman hovering above her. "And where's Ginny?"

"You're in the hospital," the woman explained as Robbie's vision cleared. She looked at the nurse who was handing her a cup of water with a straw.

"Hospital? What happened and where is Ginny?" Robbie asked, quickly becoming agitated.

"Stone fish should have killed you. Good thing the ship docked when it did. You are in the Samoans, child," the nurse carefully explained.

"American?" Robbie asked in a panic.

"Yes," the nurse calmly answered.

"Where is Ginny?" Robbie demanded.

"Your friend is . . . ," the nurse stammered.

"She's long gone," a cold voice greeted her from the doorway.

Robbie's head snapped up and found the last person she wanted to see lurking over her hospital bed. "Oh my God, Mother," Robbie squeaked out.

"Robine Jane, it has been a long time," her mother with her perfectly coiffed hair commented with indifference. "I must say you've been very good at hiding. Leave us," she snapped at the nurse.

"I'm not going back," Robbie argued.

"You have no choice this time," her mother explained as she took her seat next to her only child. "You have to go back to the United States."

"No, I don't," Robbie argued.

"You sold your passport in Paris," her mother stated. "Which was quite clever, I must say. But

the person you sold it to, sold it to someone who used it for . . . Do you know what a swallower is?"

"Yes, Mother, I do," Robbie grumbled. "They're people hired in poorer countries. They're given a free ride to a better land if they swallow condoms filled with drugs and deliver them once they arrive. I sold my passport in France so don't lie to me."

"Well, it ended up in the hands of a young woman from Nairobi trying to get into New York. When the Customs officer saw your name, they arrested her. She had a stomach filled with drugs. The authorities want to talk to you. Several countries are very unhappy with you and insist you return home." Robbie felt sick as her mother concluded her explanation.

"Where is Ginny?" she demanded since it was the only thing she really cared about at the moment.

"Miss Carlson Baxter left days ago with her fiancée, Warren Whitfield," her mother dryly explained. "I must say it was quite a touching reunion to witness. He was afraid the poor girl was dead after being missing for so long."

Robbie refused to believe her mother, but as the days passed and the authorities pressed her for information, she began to realize that it was true. To her credit her mother did seem to be making a sincere effort to mend the fences between them. Robbie was still confused. She had vague memory of a dream where Ginny was screaming for her to wake up and pleading not to be taken away from her.

Once she returned home, the dreams became increasingly disturbing. "Robine Jane," her father greeted her one morning as she hobbled into the family dining room, still needing the use of cane. The effects of the venom still plagued her with a slight discomfort that her doctors assured her would pass.

"Morning, Father," Robbie quietly responded as she sat down for breakfast.

"Damn lawyers," her mother grouched as she joined them. "What happened with you and that woman?"

"Could you be more specific, Mother?" Robbie smugly retorted.

"The one you crashed into an island," her mother fumed. "She's trying to sue you."

"Tell them to settle." Robbie shrugged as she felt a stab in her fragile heart.

"Speaking of the crash," her father interrupted before her mother could go off on a tangent. "Walking away from that was amazing. Your grandfather would have been proud of you landing safely in that storm."

"I got lucky," Robbie grumbled as she sipped her orange juice, her heart still aching at the

thought that Ginny had dropped her, gone back to Warren, and was now looking for a payoff.

"No, he taught you well," her father argued.

Robbie smiled as she recalled her grandfather who'd taught her to fly before she could drive a car. He was her only solace in the stuffy life she'd been born into. When he'd died nine years ago, Robbie took off, leaving the money and her name behind.

"Speaking of your grandfather," her father continued, breaking through her memories. "He left you Monte Claire and a trust to keep it running; perhaps you would be more comfortable staying there?"

"Byron, what are you saying?" her mother gasped.

"I'm saying she's too old to be living with her parents. Robine Jane always loved Dad's house; that's why he left it to her. She has more than enough money to be on her own," her father reasoned as Robbie's eyes lit up. "Dear, it's just down the road. Maybe if we give R.J. some space, she won't run off again."

It took Robbie half a second to agree. Her mother was beyond words when her father offered to drive her over that very day. Robbie couldn't help noticing that her father had mellowed in her absence. "So you and Ginny were stranded on that island for nine months?" her father began as they entered her late grandfather's large estate.

"That's what they said at the hospital." Robbie shrugged as she looked around one of the few places that she was ever happy in. "It looks like he just stepped out."

"I called ahead," her father explained. "He left enough for a staff and anything you might need. It's all in a trust. So nine months, huh? It must have been some adventure. In nine months you can create a new life and watch it enter the world. Is that what happened to you?"

"I thought so," Robbie muttered.

"I missed you, R.J.," he father softly explained. "Live here. It's what Dad wanted. It's yours. Hell, you have more than enough money in trust to just do whatever you want."

"I no longer know what I want," Robbie tried explaining as they headed from the main hall out to the patio that overlooked her grandmother's rose garden.

"It's been kept up," her father said, answering her unspoken fears. "All part of the trust," he quickly added as they stepped out onto the patio.

Robbie smiled for the first time in weeks as she drank in the array of colors. "I'm sorry I was gone so long, Dad," she apologized. "You've changed."

"For the better I hope?" he inquired timidly as he led her through the garden.

"Yes," she said with another smile.

"Speaking of your trusts and lawyers," he continued in a casual manner.

"Were we?" Robbie asked in confusion.

"Ginny isn't trying to sue you," he said with a heavy sigh. "She's refusing to accept the money your mother and the lawyers are throwing at her because they're afraid that she will try to sue you or use you." Robbie opened her mouth but her father cut her off. "She didn't leave you. In fact, she held your hand until the doctors pried her away. Then your mother had her removed from the hospital by the authorities that shipped her home. There was no one waiting for her. She screamed for them not to take her away from you."

"Mother," Robbie hissed.

"She thinks she is doing the right thing," her father explained. "She thinks she's protecting you. If you recall, a decade ago I would have done the same."

"Why the change?"

"Disapproving of your child until they leave you is a pain no one should ever bring upon themselves. I lost you once; I won't do it again," he explained as the tears filled his eyes. "Now go do the right thing and just look behind the statue of Venus." He pointed to the marble statue her grandmother had imported from Paris.

"Ginny?" she choked as she raced towards the statue.

Her heart was full as she limped around the statue and found Ginny sitting on a stone bench looking over the koi pond. "Ginny?" she stammered as she closed the distance between them.

"Robbie?" Ginny cried out once she spotted her and rushed into her awaiting arms.

They were sobbing as they exchanged soft promising kisses. "I thought the worst and then some awful woman had the police take me away from you," Ginny sobbed as she clung to the taller woman. "I don't understand any of this. Look, I sold my condo on the West Coast and my car and I think we have enough money to buy you a new plane or go wherever you want."

"You'd do that just to be with me?" Robbie asked. "Give up everything and not care what the future holds?"

"I love you," Ginny explained as she clung tighter to the redhead.

"I love you too," Robbie exclaimed.

They kissed again before Robbie led her lover back up the pathway towards the house. She

spotted her father waiting on the patio. "Robbie, what's going on? Lawyers keep offering me money," Ginny asked. "I told them all I wanted was to see you. No one listened except that nice man who brought me here." She pointed up at Robbie's father.

"First, that's my father, Byron Devonshire, and the awful woman you met is my mother. Oh, and I'm stinking rich and this is my home," Robbie quickly summarized.

"You have got to be joking," Ginny choked out.

"Nope. I'm rich. I always have been; I hated it so I ran away," Robbie explained as they climbed the stairs.

"Not about that." Ginny swatted her playfully. "That woman was your mother?"

"I'm afraid so," Robbie confessed.

"Wait! You live here?" Ginny looked around in amazement.

"I do now," Robbie explained. "Or we can live wherever you want?"

"I don't care so long as we're together," Ginny offered before claiming the stunned pilot's lips in a fiery kiss. "And I get to be naughty every now and then," the brunette purred into Robbie's ear.

"Later, after Dad leaves," Robbie whispered before playfully swatting her lover's backside. Ginny yelped and blushed as they entered their home.

The End

Robbie and Ginny return in [Back To Reality](#).

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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