

# ~ Back To Reality ~

## (Island Dreams Part Two)

by Mavis Applewater

August 2003

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

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Ginny drank in the morning air while she pattered about the rose garden. This was her life now and she was constantly amazed that she was truly happy doing nothing but playing in the garden and rarely wearing shoes. Gone were the expensive business suits and the snotty attitude she carried about for years in an effort to be someone she wasn't. She smiled wiggling her toes in the grass still damp with the morning dew. "Hello?" A familiar voice beckoned from the patio. She gazed up with a smile when she saw him standing there.

"I'm in the garden Byron," she greeted her lover's father. She truly liked the kindly older man who treated her as a member of the family. Robbie's mother on the other hand was quite a different story. Bunny as her friends called her, was a stuck up, cold-hearted bitch with a constant drive to be the very best and hated Ginny with a passion. The brunette found Beverly Stanton Spaulding-Devonshire's attitude amusing since for most of her life Ginny acted just like Bunny. "No more," she sighed happily once again thanking her lover for freeing her from the chains she had created around her life and heart.

"Hello Ginny," he greeted her with a warm hug.

"How are you today Byron?" She returned his greeting with a smile.

"Good," he muttered diverting his gaze, which meant there was trouble brewing. "Any word from R.J?"

"No, she must still be with the suits," Ginny offered before wiping her hands and strolling arm and arm with Byron back to the grand home she and Robbie shared. The suits were the family lawyers, Robbie hated them and Ginny quite often concurred with the redhead's assessment. At that moment poor Robbie was probably locked in a stuffy office dreading every moment. It all

began when Robbie decided that they should go on holiday. She wanted to take Ginny to somewhere warm and tropical, like the island they met on. Robbie also wanted to get her pilot's license back so she could be airborne again. She finally decided that she no longer wanted to be idle and hoped to start her own little business.

Sadly Robbie's actions over a decade ago became a stumbling block. All Robbie wanted was her passport renewed; normally it would be a snap. The U.S. Government didn't think it was a good idea. "I told her we could just vacation in the states, but when all of this literally turned into a federal case she got pissed," she explained to Byron while she stowed her gardening supplies and guided her guest into the sitting room.

"I just don't understand what all the fuss is about," Byron commented thoughtfully. "All she wants is her passport and to be able to fly again."

"Byron, the government takes a dim view on selling your passport," Ginny tried to explain. "The DEA got involved because her passport ended up in the hands of drug dealers. They don't think she should be allowed to fly a plane or hold a valid passport. On paper I'm inclined to agree with them. Despite Robbie's intentions at the time none of this bodes well with the authorities."

"I can see how they might think she is involved with drugs, but hells bells the girl just wants to take her sweetheart on a vacation," Bryon grouched. "The garden looks great my mother would be proud."

Ginny furrowed her brow at the abrupt change in conversation. Something was up. "Would you like some tea?" She offered when he made himself comfortable in chair near the expansive bay window. "Something stronger?"

"Two fingers of Glen if you don't mind," he sighed while she went to the bar that was in the back of the spacious room.

"This can't be good," she jested as she handed him his scotch.

"There's a storm brewing," he carefully began.

"Do I need a drink?" She questioned with a light laugh.

"Maybe," he confirmed her suspicious.

"What is it now?" She sighed plopping down on the sofa.

"UDV," he began in a solemn tone.

"My old firm?" She questioned while tucking her feet beneath her body. "I quit my job, what is it eighteen months ago, and I was presumed dead for a good nine months before that."

"They are under investigation and your name has come up," he continued.

"I haven't worked for them for over two years and when I did I may have been ruthless, cold hearted and a total bitch that made almost every personal assistant who worked under me cry, but I never broke the law," Ginny explained not really taking the news seriously. This was after all the world she had happily walked away from. "How bad is it?"

"Bad enough for the Spaulding's to start circling the wagons," Byron directly informed her.

"Why do I get the feeling I'm not supposed to know about this?" Ginny sighed heavily. "Bunny must be doing a happy dance and playing my going away party."

"Yeah," Byron chuckled while standing and refilling his glass.

"Thanks for the heads up," Ginny offered warmly.

"Heads up about what?" Robbie questioned upon entering the room.

"Some trouble at my old firm," Ginny shrugged with indifference. "That's not important tell us what happened."

"Can't leave the country and can't fly," Robbie glumly stated.

"I'm sorry baby," Ginny offered sincerely standing to wrap her arms around her lover.

"Hey it's my own damn fault," Robbie sighed.

"No it isn't," Byron objected.

"Yes it is Dad," Robbie cut him off. "Today I sat in this tiny office trying to plead my case to some poor guy, whose skin is turning green from working sixty hours a week under florescent lights for half his life while I'm surrounded by lawyers who make more in an hour than this poor guy makes in a month. There I am explaining that I am just a spoiled rich brat who didn't give a damn and sold my passport for a couple of bucks I didn't really need because I have more money than God. My plight doesn't invoke a lot of sympathy."

"Hold on there Tarzan," Ginny cut her off. "You did need the money, you weren't taking a dime from your family, and didn't you work as a dishwasher in Italy, scrub toilets in Brussels, work in a mine in Australia and a long list of other jobs just so you didn't have to sleep on the streets?"

"All so I could be a beach bum," Robbie sadly concluded.

"And you were a damn good one," Ginny argued.

"I could have done that without selling my passport," Robbie argued.

"No you couldn't. Bunny would have thrown a clot and dragged you home if you didn't change

your name," Ginny fussed.

"Listen to the girl," Byron cautioned. "Wait Tarzan?"

"Oops," Ginny blushed while her lover snickered at her faux pas.

"Now you've done it," Robbie taunted the brunette who was squirming. "Trust me Dad you don't want to know."

"Fair enough," Byron muttered in discomfort. "Getting back to the matters at hand, you keep trying R.J; I am planning on having my little girl take me up in the air by my birthday."

"Dad I don't want you to be disappointed in me again," she pleaded desperately.

"You have never disappointed me," Byron admonished. "If your mother and I had reacted to your life differently none of this would have happened. Speaking of your mother I need to hit the bricks before she realizes I snuck out. Ginny I don't know the details yet, my wife is being very tight lipped about things, but if I find out anything I'll let you know."

"Thanks," Ginny responded standing to show him to the door. "You aren't driving are you?" She whispered concerned by the amount of scotch he had consumed in such a short period of time.

"No," he reassured her. "I took the car service, Carl is driving me. Thank you for caring."

After seeing Byron safely to the car she returned to her sullen lover. "Tell me what is going on with your old firm?" Robbie inquired when Ginny snuggled up against her warm, inviting body.

"No changing the subject," Ginny chastised the redhead. Robbie huffed in response. "Come on Tarzan," she prodded. "I know being able to leave the country is no big deal, but being told you can't fly must be killing you."

"I've been allowed to fly a plane longer than I've been allowed to drive a car," Robbie sullenly answered her fingers playing with the hem of Ginny's tank top. "Stupid, what I did was stupid. Deep down I knew that the passport was going to be used for something illegal and I didn't care. What scares me is that poor woman from Nairobi, the one who ended up with my passport, could have died from all the drugs she had in her body."

"It was her choice," Ginny protested squirming from the delightful feel of her lover's fingers brushing against her stomach.

"All she wanted was a better life," Robbie fumed her fingers still dancing playfully across the brunette's flesh.

"So did you," Ginny whimpered fighting against the tantalizing feel of Robbie's knowing touch.

"I had a better life," Robbie grumbled her touch stilling for a moment. "Ginny if I had told you

the truth back before we became lovers that I was rich and hated it so much that I just walked away, what would you have said?"

"You mean back when you insisted on calling me Wilma just to annoy me?" The petite woman merrily quipped. "I would have called you insane, which looking back would have been nicer than some of the other things I used to call you. Yet, after meeting your mother, I completely understand why you went to such extremes to get away."

"Can't blame all of this on my mother," Robbie muttered her touch slipping from Ginny's body.

"Hey what happened to that cavalier beach bum I fell in love with?" Ginny gaped unaccustomed to the redhead looking so sullen.

"She got grounded," Robbie pouted.

"Robbie if you want to change this then fight," Ginny demanded. "I have never known you to just give up don't start now. And for the record the first time I met your dear, sweet mother I almost decked her," she cupped the redhead's face in her hands. "Robbie for over nine months you kept us alive on that sand dune, and despite the fact that I was no help and bitched constantly, you saved us."

"Okay, I'll keep fighting," Robbie chuckled leaning in to Ginny's comforting touch. "After surviving all those months with you tossing your shoes at me and climbing trees to get lunch a bunch of bureaucrats should be a walk in the park. Sometimes I wish they never found us."

"I don't," Ginny's tone turned serious. "I loved our little slice of paradise but if help hadn't shown up when it did you would have died. I will gladly endure what passes for the civilized world if it means I'm with you."

"Just goes to prove what I've been saying since the day we meet," Robbie drolly retorted. Ginny released a wild laugh when the redhead suddenly clasped her sides and flipped her onto her back. Ginny sighed happily enjoying the feel of Robbie's body covering her own.

"What's that?" She giggled lacing her fingers through Robbie's unruly locks.

"You have no common sense what so ever," Robbie teased her before stealing a kiss.

"No I don't," Ginny heartily agreed.

"What's up with your old firm?" Robbie inquired nuzzling Ginny's neck.

"I don't know," Ginny murmured her lover's breath tickling her skin. "Apparently, UDV is under investigation and my name has come up. That is all I know, except that your mother is happy about it, which can't be a good thing."

"Is there anyone you can call, old friends at the firm?" Robbie encouraged.

"I know this is going to shock you, but I didn't have a lot of friends," Ginny chuckled recalling how most of her associates use to cower in fear whenever she entered a room. "There was Jada Rawlins who didn't like me one bit until after I came back and quit. I can't say that I blame her; she had been with the firm much longer than I was, hell I used to work under her. I, of course, cut her off at the knees and took her promotion."

Ginny was amused by her lover's shocked expression. "It's true," Ginny confessed. "When I turned up to quit she was floored by how much I had changed, she even tried to talk me into staying."

"Anyone else?" Robbie gulped.

"My bosses, they wanted me to stay on but that is only because I used to bring in so much business," Ginny grumbled. "And Warren of course."

"Oh yes, that sorry," Robbie snidely began her words cut off by Ginny's fingers pressing against her lips. Ginny yelped when the redhead nipped at her fingertips. "What about him? Didn't he work for the same company?"

"Yes, but Warren was less than pleased that the person who came back wasn't his bitchy, controlling fiancée who was driven by the almighty dollar," Ginny's heart pounded recalling how badly Warren had taken things when she walked out on him. "The new me, the calm subdued lesbian disappointed him terribly."

"Why don't you give Jada a call and find out what is going on?" Robbie suggested her fingers once again finding their way up and under Ginny's tank top.

"Later," the brunette purred wrapping her legs around Robbie's long, lean body. Ginny was amazed by so many things. Just a few years ago news that UDV was under investigation would have been her only focus, but at this moment in time her thoughts were consumed by how good it felt to be in Robbie's arms.

The velvety touch of Robbie's tongue invaded her mouth while strong fingers glided up her body. Ginny gasped with pleasure her body anticipating the sheer ecstasy that only Robbie could make her feel. Her hips ground urgently against Robbie's body the redhead's kisses already filling her with an aching desire.

Long, slender fingers captured her nipples pinching and teasing them until they hardened against Robbie's touch. Everything about Robbie drove her insane filling her with a desperate need to give her lover whatever she desired. It began the first moment she met the enigmatic pilot. Her stomach fluttered as she spied the tall redhead joking and sipping her coffee. Ginny fussed and fumed berating the pilot in an effort to quell the fire burning in the pit of stomach.

With every barb she threw out in an effort to throw Robbie off balance she couldn't stop the heat coursing inside of her. She had stepped into the bar eager to get back to Los Angeles her cool

façade locked firmly in place until she spotted the pilot. Her eyes quickly drank in Robbie's long, lean body locking on the way her lips caressed the rim of her coffee cup. Naturally she responded by barking out orders and accusing Robbie of being drunk.

Now it all seemed like a lifetime ago. Now she was in Robbie's arms fighting against the urge to rip the redhead's clothing from her body. "I'm so wet," she screamed at the top of her lungs Robbie's fingers responding by pinching her nipples harder. Sounds of her urgent groans and desperate pleas echoed throughout the large estate. Robbie's mouth savagely attacking her breasts while strong hands yanked her cut off shorts down her hips.

She dug her blunt nails into Robbie's broad shoulders her body thrusting wildly demanding her lover's touch. Ginny cried out as Robbie's fingers slipped inside of her. "Robbie, yes," she gasped at the feel of her lover gliding deeper inside of her while teasing her throbbing clit with the tip of her thumb.

"Is this what you want?" Robbie growled stroking the brunette long and hard.

"You know it is," Ginny panted rocking her hips in an effort to keep up with her lover's frantic rhythm. Ginny's head tilted back her muscles tightened her body convulsing and finally collapsing her trembling body still reeling from the intensity of Robbie's touch. "Hmm," she sighed her eyes finally focusing greeted only by Robbie's smug expression. "Proud of yourself?"

"Oh yeah," Robbie smugly asserted licking Ginny's passion from her fingers.

Ginny's body shuddered mesmerized by Robbie's mouth suckling her long digits. Ginny pressed her palms against Robbie's shoulders guiding the taller woman back. She slipped off the sofa kneeling between Robbie's legs. Ginny released a throaty growl her hands busy with undoing her lover's linen slacks. Making love to Robbie was new and exciting each time. It could be raw and passionate as it was at that moment or soft and gentle. There was never a plan they simply followed their hearts and desires.

Everything about Robbie filled Ginny with a renewed sense of freedom. They could be lost in a euphoric haze or simply strolling in the garden; it didn't matter for Ginny every moment was precious reminding her that she was where she wanted to be. "Gunner," she whispered knowing that at this moment where she wanted to be was nestled between this captivating woman's legs.

Robbie whimpered while Ginny gave into her burning desires. Lowering Robbie's slacks down to her ankles she licked her suddenly parched licks. "Take them off," she demanded casting a haughty gaze up at her lover. Robbie's lip quivered as she complied with Ginny's request and lowered her panties. Feeling impatient the brunette took control and tore the silky garment from redhead's body. "Much better," Ginny gloated running her hands along Robbie's firm thighs.

She cupped Robbie's firm backside drawing her closer murmuring softly while drinking in the musky aroma of her lover's passion. She dipped her head nestling her face against Robbie's flesh kissing it softly. Robbie inhaled sharply in response to Ginny's mouth caressing her thighs. Ginny parted her lover's swollen lips with her tongue before capturing her engorged nub between

her lips.

She suckled the throbbing bundle the sounds of Robbie's passionate moans spurring her on. All she wanted, all she needed was to feel her lover's desire washing over her. Ginny teased and taunted her lover eagerly Robbie's hips thrusting urgently and her body tightening against Ginny's. Robbie held the ornate sofa cushions in a death grip as Ginny suckled harder drinking in every last drop of the redhead's passion until the pilot's screams filled the room.

"Now who is proud?" Robbie snickered her vision finally clearing.

"That I am the only one granted the privilege to make love to you?" Ginny sighed happily resting her cheek against Robbie's quivering thigh. "I'm not only proud, I feel like the queen of the universe."

"Well my queen how about we dine out this evening? When I am capable of standing of course," Robbie gallantly threw out.

"It would be my pleasure," Ginny beamed.

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"This is nice," Ginny sighed happily glancing around the elegant dimly lit restaurant. "I'm glad you suggested it."

"I have to confess there are some things about being back in civilization that are nice," Robbie responded thoughtfully her fingers teasing the rim of her wine glass. The gentle motion of Robbie's fingers captivated Ginny.

"Robine Jane," a stern voice disrupted their bliss. Ginny glanced up blinking with surprise at the frail looking elderly woman standing over them. Her eyes widened when she spied a face from the past standing directly behind the matron.

"Grandmother Spaulding," Robbie curtly responded as she stood to greet the woman. "Ginny this is my grandmother Celeste Marie Baldwin Spaulding. Grandmother this is my friend Ginny," Robbie grinned throughout the introduction.

"Ms. Carlson Baxter," the matron curtly nodded her eyes locked on her granddaughter.

"Oh goodie," Ginny grumbled realizing that the disapproving woman was already well informed about her no doubt from defiling tales woven by Bunny. "A pleasure to meet you Mrs. Spaulding," she managed to muster standing to greet the woman properly. She wasn't surprised when the older woman not only refused to shake her hand but to look at her.

"And this is my cousin Harper," Robbie plowed ahead ignoring her grandmother's rude attitude.

"Winston," Ginny smirked.

"Baxter," Harper brightly returned with a wry grin. "R.J long time."

"You know one another?" Robbie sputtered much to Ginny's delight.

"Stanford," Harper causally supplied. "Delta Gamma."

Ginny snickered at the short direct answers and lengthy names and how good it felt not to live in that world any longer.

"She's a Gamma?" Mrs. Spaulding questioned Harper sternly.

"Leave that out of your report?" Robbie taunted her cousin as she took her seat. "Come now Harper the family may frown on your chosen profession but of course that never stops them from utilizing your firm. Certainly the investigation into my lover's life would have fallen into your hands."

"R.J, I haven't seen you in a dozen years and this is how you greet me?" Harper countered with mock indignation. "And yes, of course Baxter's background check landed on my desk. As a private investigator it's not often I get a chance to check up on a Gamma. Grandmother's a Gamma as is R.J."

"Beg pardon?" Ginny choked on her wine.

"What?" Robbie squirmed. "So I went to college, big deal."

"M.B.A from Yale," Harper eagerly added. "We should have lunch, say Wednesday noonish? You're at Mont Clair aren't you?"

"You know I am," Robbie curtly shot back.

"Robine Jane," Mrs. Spaulding chastised her quickly.

"Oh so this isn't a request it is a command performance," Robbie rolled her eyes. "Will you be joining us Grandmother Spaulding?"

"I have a prior engagement," she politely declined. "Yet I would be agreeable for a future invitation. You've been home for quite some time and I would enjoy spending time at Mont Clair providing,"

"Yes, we kept the billiard table," Robbie laughed as her grandmother finally smiled. "And I will stock up on the brandy."

"Good girl," Mrs. Spaulding nodded her approval. "Miss Carlson Baxter."

"Mrs. Spaulding, Harper," Ginny nodded politely shaking her head once she and Robbie were

alone again. "Did you see my file?"

"No I told mother to burn it," Robbie explained her eyes narrowing. "How well do you know Harper?"

"Well enough to be offended by that question," Ginny bristled in response. "Why didn't you tell me they had me investigated?"

"Because I don't care about your past," Robbie defended her actions.

"Hmm," Ginny huffed. "There are things I'd like to know."

"Weren't you there?" Robbie laughed as Ginny scowled.

"There is so much we don't know about one another," she tried to explain. "My father, Garrison Carlson Baxter, walked out on my mother when I was two days old. If Harper investigated me she'd know where he is."

"My God Ginny I'm sorry I didn't know," Robbie stammered placing her hand over Ginny's. "If Harper doesn't know trust me she can find out. Okay?"

"Thank you," Ginny sniffed. "You're Gamma," she added in shock.

"I was a legacy they had to take me," Robbie responded with a boisterous laugh. "What about you were you a legacy?"

"Robbie, I'm lower middle class latch key kid from Fresno," Ginny tried to explain. "I almost didn't make it into Delta Gamma because I was there on a scholarship. We really are from different worlds."

"No, we're not," Robbie argued as she signed the check. "We were both born on a sandy beach in the middle of nowhere living off coconuts and making love under the stars."

"Damn there you go being nice again," Ginny teased rolling her eyes at her lover's bemused grin.

"Sorry," Robbie laughed taking Ginny by the hand and leading her out of the posh restaurant. "If it is any comfort, I think we can view Harper and Grandmother as allies."

"Harper maybe?" Ginny objected. "But your Grandmother I don't think so."

"Trust me in public she is Mrs. Spaulding," Robbie merrily explained. "Give her a couple shots of brandy and a chance to shoot pool and she's whole different woman. But as I said in public she more than lives up to her pretentious name."

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"Harper what a surprise," Ginny greeted her guest who was, of course, two hours early for their luncheon. "Robbie is out."

"I know," Harper cockily retorted breezing past Ginny and making herself comfortable in the library. "I always enjoyed Mont Clair, didn't get to visit often."

"Why is that?" Ginny questioned studying her old college acquaintance carefully.

"Mont Clair is a Devonshire estate, I'm a Spaulding," Harper bluntly informed her. "Speaking of names," she calmly threw out as she tossed a large file on the desk that had belonged to Robbie's grandfather. "Genevieve Wilhelmina Carlson Baxter, daughter of Sarah Lincoln Carlson Baxter and Garrison Carlson Baxter both would be artist. Your mother came from humble beginnings and your father from a modicum of money. C&B Auto Parts and Storage Centers, very big fish and a very small pond, certainly not what my family would consider coming from money, but still better than your mother."

"Leave my mother out of this, she was a saint," Ginny threatened. "She worked three jobs to support us and told me I could grow up to be anything I wanted."

"Your mother still is a saint," Harper cut her off. "Pity you tried to emulate your father's side of the family. I do give you credit, your mother is living out her retirement in comfort thanks to your generosity and she misses you."

"I miss her too," Ginny guiltily confessed her heart breaking thinking that she had been a disappointment to her mother. "I'm ashamed of who I became, listening to my father's family instead of being myself."

"Are you ashamed of whom you are now?" Robbie's voice echoed as she entered the library.

"No," Ginny thrust out her chin.

"Then call her," Robbie insisted glaring at Harper. "Where is her father?"

"Prison," Harper sheepishly supplied. "Garrison Carlson Baxter never worked a day in his life. Instead he spent his days romancing women and taking whatever he could. He did marry a couple of times almost always for financial gain, except the one time he discovered he was going to be a father. As far as I can tell you're an only child, he had a vasectomy not long after you were conceived."

"So Dad's in prison again?" Ginny easily accepted.

"You don't seem surprised?" Robbie questioned with a quirk of her head.

"Not the first time," Ginny scoffed. "What Harper said is the truth. My father scams women. I was about ten when I over heard my Aunt Prudence talking about his up coming trial. Funny that what bothered me about him is not that I never met him or spoke to him but that he was

disreputable. What prison is he in? It might be nice to meet him, especially if he is a captive audience."

"The information is in the file," Harper laughed. "My God you've changed since Stanford. Robbie you're a miracle worker. How ever did you get that stick out of her ass?"

"Crashed in the middle of nowhere and held her captive in paradise for almost a year," Robbie dryly responded.

"Interesting approach," Harper nodded thoughtfully. "I think I'll stick with candle light dinners. Now shall we discuss the real reason I'm here? UDV."

"What exactly is UDV?" Robbie demanded wrapping her arms around her lover's waist.

"Mergers and acquisitions, real estate development. UDV Corp. is actually a division of Brinkman Enterprises," Ginny prattled off nestling against the warmth of Robbie's body.

"And Brinkman is owned by the Murdock Corporation," Harper informed them invoking a surprised gasp from Robbie.

"What?" Ginny curiously inquired gazing up at her lover.

"What do you know about The Murdock Corporation?" Harper questioned.

"Founded by a group of robber barons prior to the civil war, the company no longer manufactures anything it simply buys and sells smaller companies or countries," Ginny supplied with disinterest. "Great investment if you could buy shares in the company but since the stocks aren't public you can't. The shareholders are surviving members of the founding families. The company is worth billions and the share holders never have to work a day in their lives."

"And the list of share holders would read like a guest list to one of my family gatherings," Robbie nervously confessed. "Spaulding, Stanton, Robine, Baldwin, Devonshire, Winston, Cabot, Harper, Ashford and Murdock take your pick they're all related to me one way or another."

"Oh my God I use to work for you?" Ginny cringed.

"Indirectly," Robbie tried to reassure the grumbling brunette.

"And you," Ginny glared at Harper. "Miss Harper Ashford Winston."

"Actually it is Harper Ashford Spaulding Winston," she glibly supplied.

"Jesus talk about inbreeding," Ginny shivered. "Honestly does your family tree branch out?"

"Barely, now can we focus on UDV or do I have to tell Robbie that you kissed me in college?"

Harper huffed tapping her fingers nervously on her chin.

"What?" Robbie fumed.

"I did not," Ginny sneered. "You tried to kiss me and I slapped your face. Get to the point Winston before I slap you again!"

"That's my girl," Robbie boasted tightening her hold on Ginny.

"UDV is under investigation for misappropriation of funds," Harper finally revealed. "Someone has been embezzling and not just stealing creating bogus accounts, but scamming clients with bogus mergers. It has been going on for at least five years. The money is hidden in a dummy corporation with an off shore bank account in the Cayman Islands. Guess whom the trail leads to? Genevieve Wilhelmina Carlson Baxter who, according to her ex-fiancée, staged her disappearance two years ago and only reappeared when she was discovered hiding on a tropical island. To cover up her crime upon her return she resigned and disappeared to parts unknown. Mr. Whitfield also claims that you duped him into helping you."

"I knew he was hurt but this is just spiteful," Ginny stammered. "I'm screwed; maybe my father and I can get adjoining cells?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Robbie argued.

"Robbie, did you really earn an M.B.A.?" Ginny spun around her lover gaping at her. "Good, do you remember what I told you about what I used to do for a living?"

"Not really," Robbie's cock-eyed grin explained. "Honestly I wasn't listening."

"Why am I not surprised," Ginny rubbed her throbbing temple. "I was in a perfect position to do actually what they think I did, and then disappear with a truck load of money without anyone finding out for years. If Warren testifies that I did this I am going to jail."

"Warren?" Robbie almost laughed. "The man worshiped the ground you spit on."

"And I broke his heart," Ginny carefully explained.

"Well Aunt Bunny and Grandmother have a few ideas on how to handle this unfortunate situation," Harper offered.

"Oh let me guess what Mother said?" Robbie sneered. "Throw Ginny to the wolves and let her rot in prison."

"It's like you were in the room," Harper conceded.

"And Grandmother?" Robbie pressed.

"Oh I'll let her spring her idea on you herself," Harper laughed. Ginny cringed just pondering what Mrs. Spaulding had in store for her. "She's coming by tomorrow evening isn't she?"

"Yes," Robbie nodded her hands clasping Ginny's hips.

"If I may make a suggestion," Harper stood. "Baxter by staying missing you look guilty, reappear go back to California and if you have any allies left at UDV use them to find out whatever you can. I'm flying back in couple of days we could travel together and I'll keep working on the case."

"The three of us will fly back," Robbie flatly informed her cousin.

"Don't you trust me R.J.?" Harper gasped with a hint of amusement.

"With solving this case and cleaning up this mess absolutely," Robbie asserted. "With traveling alone with my girlfriend no freaking way."

"R.J.," Harper gaped with a wry smile. "You know what I think? I think Warren is involved and if he isn't he wants to make damn sure Ginny takes the fall regardless of who the guilty party is."

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"Are you sure you're a lesbian? You can't shoot stick worth a damn," Mrs. Spaulding grilled Ginny.

"She's a late bloomer Grandmother," Robbie defended the now frightened brunette.

"My God you weren't kidding," Ginny gaped as the elderly woman cleared the table. "A couple of snorts and she really is a different person."

"What did you think Robine Jane's free spirit was a fluke?" Mrs. Spaulding laughed. "Pity my own children took after their father God rest his tight assed soul. I wish you could have met Helen and Martin."

"My father's parents," Robbie explained chalking her pool cue.

"Growing up Helen and I were inseparable," Mrs. Spaulding prattled on. "She and Martin were quite a pair. Byron had their sense of humor until he married my daughter. Helen and I were eighth or ninth cousins twice removed or some silly connection like that."

"I knew there was inbreeding," Ginny muttered as Mrs. Spaulding shoved her empty glass in her hands.

"Fill 'er up," the elderly matron insisted.

"Yes, Ma'am," Ginny dutifully complied.

"Now I have an idea that might take some of the heat off of Ginny," Mrs. Spaulding prattled on.

"What's that Grandmother?" Robbie questioned crouching to take her shot.

"Get married," the matron calmly stated Robbie almost tearing the felt on the table as her pool cue flew out of her hands. Ginny responded by gulping down the glass of brandy. "What? It's legal now. If she is married to a Murdock shareholder UDV will ease up on her. I think that's empty Dear best pour a round for all of us."

"Grandmother," Robbie began unsteadily while Ginny poured a round of drinks.

"Don't start with me Robine Jane," Mrs. Spaulding cautioned. "Thank you," she said to Ginny as she took one of the glasses. "The two of you survived a plane crash, lived in the middle of nowhere with nothing but each other. Ginny when you got back you sold everything you owned refused all offers of money bound and determined to find Robine Jane. You thought she was broke and just some beach bum still you were willing to follow her anywhere. Now I know that you," she directed towards her flustered granddaughter. "You moped around like a lost puppy, not eating, sleeping or flying because you thought Ginny walked away. Are you trying to convince me that you aren't in love with one another?"

"I am deeply in love with your Granddaughter," Ginny flashed. "I refuse to marry her to save my ass."

"She was going to propose anyways," Mrs. Spaulding huffed. "The trip to a tropical island like the one you met on."

"Grandmother," Robbie sputtered trying to catch her breath.

"You were?" Ginny blinked her knees quivering when the pieces fell into place.

"I, Uhm, well err," Robbie sputtered downing her drink quickly unable to meet Ginny's startled gaze. "Thanks a lot," the redhead growled at her grandmother. "Grandmother Spaulding," Robbie sternly began seeming to regain her composure. "I am not going to propose just because it is good business or because you have a twisted sense of humor, don't lie to me. I know you part of your motivation for this scheme is based on how much it will annoy my mother."

"I'm in hell," Ginny muttered under her breath. She had thought she understood the true meaning of hell when she woke up in the tattered remains of Robbie's airplane discovering that she was stranded on a sand dune and the ocean was her new powder room. Now she realized that Robbie's romantic proposal was ruined tarnished by her past. *'I wonder how much time will be tacked onto my sentence for killing Warren?'* She pondered while Robbie and her grandmother argued.

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"Penny for you thoughts," Robbie greeted Ginny who was relaxing on the bench beneath the statue of Venus while she gazed up at the stars.

"Oh I was just regretting that California has the death penalty," Ginny wryly responded her eyes still locked on the stars.

"And just who are thinking of offing?" Robbie nudged her playfully.

"Warren," Ginny sighed turning to meet her lover's crystal blue eyes gleaming in the moonlight.

"Were you in love with him?" Robbie's lip quivered as the question slipped out.

"You know I wasn't," Ginny snapped a familiar sense tugging at her heart.

"Then why were you with him?" Robbie timidly pressed on.

Ginny took a deep breath before answering, "Because he was sweet, willing to do whatever I wanted him to do, he was secure and safe. Most of all he looked good on my arm and my resume. Pretty shallow huh?"

"That isn't who you are," Robbie argued cupping Ginny's face in her hands.

"I kept pressing those travelers' checks in your hand knowing you'd cave," she admonished herself. "Money talks right?"

Robbie pursed her lips her eyes dancing merrily. "You know what I remember?" Her rich voice echoed in the darkness. "I remember you climbing a tree to get us breakfast. I remember you collecting seashells and starfish to decorate our little lean-to. I remember you holding me when I was near death, begging me not to leave you. I remember you making love to me in this garden. And I remember the way you kissed me just this morning because you loved the way the sunlight looked on my face. That's what I remember."

"You're impossible to argue with Gunner," Ginny sighed happily.

"That's because I'm always right," Robbie boasted her words drowned out by Ginny's wild laughter. "I am."

"Of course you are," Ginny laughed harder the tears streaming down her cheeks. She cleared her throat finally regaining her composure. "I have a question."

"Why am I still stealing your pantyhose?" Robbie joked.

"No I know why you do that you pervert," Ginny wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "I was going to ask why you call it a billiard room. You don't have a billiard table you have a pool table."

"Did you see my Grandmother kicking ass at eight ball?" Robbie snidely commented. "Who do you think taught me? Speaking of my Grandmother about what she said tonight,"

"No you don't," Ginny cut her off. "I want romance, I want to give that to you and I want it in return. We're not going to rush into anything just to keep me out of prison. We'll get through this and when the time is right then we will finish this conversation."

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Ginny tapped her fingers nervously Robbie was out enjoying the day or at least that is what she told the brunette. Ginny suspected that the tall redhead wanted to give her some space. She needed to contact Jada, yet she was terrified that the older woman might not be willing to speak to her. Adding to her fear was the question on whether or not it would be wise to contact Jada at the office. With so much going on her call might cast a shadow on Jada. "What to do? What to do?" She muttered repeatedly. Years ago she'd never question her course of action. She flew on autopilot knowing just how to handle every situation. That was until the ill-fated trip to the tropical island. Her life and heart forever changed by the unexpected turn.

She was forever changed, finally happy and now the past had managed to come back and bite her in the ass. "I wonder if this is how Robbie felt when I barged into her life?" She pondered out loud startled by the sound of the front door opening. She knew in her heart that the person entering the elegant manner was not her lover.

"Why Bunny ever think of knocking?" She snidely inquired at the tall woman who was sporting a scowl. Ginny wasn't surprised or bothered by Bunny's expressions. She had long ago grown accustomed to Bunny looking down at her as if she smelled something foul in the air.

"Where is Robine Jane?" Bunny demanded in a huff.

"Out," Ginny shrugged not eager to entertain the woman one moment longer than necessary. "Something on your mind Bunny?"

"I did wish to speak to my daughter," Bunny sighed dramatically. "Just what did you hooligans do to Mother last evening?"

"Do?" Ginny rolled her eyes. "Nothing, except have her teach me that shooting eight ball isn't for the faint of heart."

"Mother is under the weather," Bunny huffed parading through the house as if she was the owner.

"Hung over is she?" Ginny laughed heartily receiving an icy stare in response. "What? I didn't twist her arm in fact she twisted mine. Robbie was right, out of the lime light your Mom is a pistol."

"Robbie," Bunny sneered her voice dripping with disdain. "I would prefer that you not refer to

my daughter by that ridiculous name."

"Whatever *Bunny*," Ginny taunted the uptight woman. "Look, if you'd like I will tell *Robbie* that you paid a call. I can assume the message you wish to convey is that she cut me loose and run like hell. Or perhaps should I just volunteer to fall on my sword?"

"If only you would," Bunny dryly retorted. "But you won't."

"I'm innocent," Ginny asserted confidently.

"Pity," Bunny sighed. "How is it you failed to hold your own at billiards. I thought your type was gifted when it came to such endeavors."

"Billiards, hate to burst your bubble but your mother shoots pool," Ginny laughed wondering just how much longer she was going to be subjected to Bunny's presence.

"Count your blessings, she could have been in the mood to play cards," Bunny threw out still wandering around the house slipping her fingers along the woodwork and furnishing apparently checking for dust. "Where are the servants?"

"As we've explained to you in the past we don't keep a full time staff," Ginny prattled off curious that Bunny was still there. "We prefer our privacy. Why are you still here? Normally by this time you'd be half way to a social function after insulting me or offering me a pile of money to leave your daughter. Certainly it isn't the cleaning woman's capabilities keeping you here, so what gives?"

"Your current situation is quite a quandary," Bunny casually began still roaming about the manner checking everything.

"Fine," Ginny huffed her temple throbbing. "Offer me the bribe already so I can tell you to shove it. Frankly you are giving me a headache."

"If only," Bunny curled her lips into a sneer. "The garden looks nice."

"Thank you," Ginny muttered clenching her fist while fighting against the temptation of decking the annoying woman.

"You certainly are more determined than the others," Bunny continued proceeding out on to the patio.

"By the others are you referring to Robbie's past lovers? The ones you paid off just to get rid of them?" Ginny fumed. "Most of whom never cared for your daughter, they only courted her knowing you'd toss a big check at them so they would leave. You do know that is the reason she ran away, don't you?"

"Those would be the ones," Robbie brightly exclaimed as she joined the uncomfortable duo.

"Good afternoon, Mother. How's tricks?"

"Robine Jane," Bunny softly cursed. "The garden is lovely, whom did you employ?"

"No one, Ginny has taken a shine to tending to the garden," Robbie boasted.

"Taken a shine," Bunny muttered shaking her head. "Very well done Ms. Carlson Baxter."

"Did you just compliment me?" Ginny sputtered taken completely aback by the comment.

"No need to worry, I doubt I will do it again," Bunny teased with just a hint of a smile.

*'Holy Moly don't tell me that under all that make up and ostentatious jewelry lurks a real human being?'* Ginny mentally gasped while her lover's eyes bulged.

"Mother?" Robbie sputtered. "Uhm why are you here? Other than to tell me to get rid of Ginny before the shit hit's the fan."

Bunny continued to stare out at the garden; Robbie stretched her arms over her head releasing a yawn. The redhead seemed to accept that her mother would get around to whatever it was she was plotting when she was good and ready and not one second before. Ginny on the other hand was infuriated and stormed back into the house.

Left alone in the den once again she was pondering if contacting Jada would be a wise course of action. Her troublesome thoughts were disrupted when Bunny once again made a grand entrance and invaded her space.

"You're innocent?" Bunny demanded.

"Yes!" Ginny shouted in response as Robbie reclined in the seat next to her.

"UDV," Bunny murmured thoughtfully. Ginny's nostrils flared wondering when the bothersome woman would just get to the point.

"Rutherford Whitfield is the CEO is he not?" Bunny sighed with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"Whitfield?" Robbie questioned in a knowing tone.

"He's Warren's uncle," Ginny sheepishly confessed.

"Oh?" Robbie countered with an accusing glance. Ginny flinched not having seen that look in Robbie's eyes for a very long time. It was the same accusing glare she possessed each time Ginny would act like a Prima Donna back when they were stranded.

"Rutherford Whitfield," Bunny continued seemingly amused by something as she repeated the name of the man that everyone at UDV including Ginny use to refer to as God. "Interesting."

"Oh just spit it out Mother," Robbie demanded. "You only look this happy when you swing into Tiffany's. What is so special about this guy other than his fondness for nepotism?"

"I don't care for him," she gleamed almost drooling.

"Mother you hate everyone," Robbie annoyingly pointed out. "Oh I get it taking him down would please you. Ginny, my love I think we've got another ally."

"Now why does that make me nervous?" Ginny questioned with an uneasy laugh.

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Later that evening Robbie had grown distant and quiet. Ginny was on edge after countless efforts to get the brooding redhead to talk to her. They were lying in bed, Robbie's hands gently caressing Ginny's body. The brunette released a terse breath pushing her lover's hands aside. "Don't you think I can feel that you don't want to be doing that?" She bit out harshly. "Damn it Gunner I can't change who I was. You always said it didn't matter, apparently it does. I'm going to California. I think I should go alone."

"If that's what you want," Robbie grimly answered rolling on her side.

"What I want, since when has any of this been about me?" She sniffed feeling the coldness seeping from her lover's body. Just a few short days ago Ginny was happy now everything seemed wrong. She shot up suddenly startling Robbie. "I know what it is," she muttered climbing out of bed not caring that the redhead was staring at her like she had lost her mind. Granted it wasn't the first time had looked at her in such a manner. The first time was when Ginny insisted on flying despite the storm warning.

"Not that I'm unhappy to finally seeing some spunk returning to your step but what the hell are you doing?" Robbie sputtered while Ginny flipped on the bedroom light and began packing a bag. "Look I'm sorry, I'm being a jerk," Robbie blew out in exasperation. "I was wrong to assume,"

"No you weren't," Ginny cut off the stunned woman. "Do you know what Warren used to call me?"

"Ginny," Robbie tossed out keeping her eyes locked on the brunette's frantic movements.

"No," Ginny bluntly corrected her. "Dear and it was usually preceded by 'yes'. When you heard Warren was my boss' nephew you assumed that I used him much in the same manner women used to use you. And you'd be right, almost. I wasn't looking for a pay off, well I was, but not the kind off pay your old flames were looking for; I was in the closet to protect my career. I was a good businesswoman and being gay didn't fit that mold. Think what you will about my cowardice the truth is Rutherford Whitfield would never promote a homosexual to a position of trust."

"So he's a fucker," Robbie sputtered climbing out of bed trying to stop the smaller woman from packing. "I'm sorry, honest to God I love you and I don't believe that you're using me."

"I know that Tarzan," Ginny smiled snatching her bag from Robbie's grasp. "I forgot something, since we've been living here. I forgot that I'm a damn good businesswoman. That is what this is business. I may not be the savage viper I was, but I still know a thing or two. This is my fight."

"Our fight," Robbie corrected her.

"My fight," Ginny placated the brooding woman. "If I fail I'm not taking you down with me. The Feds are already investigating you now and with my mythical off shore account that won't look good."

"I don't care about that," Robbie fumed.

"I do," Ginny argued. "I'm going to California now, without Harper or your family's help. This is what I'm good at."

"Leaving?" Robbie challenged.

"No you goober," Ginny smiled brightly. "Just look after the rose garden until I get back. And keep praying my return won't be ten to twenty years from now."

"I'll wait for you," Robbie laughed. "Bake you muffins? I'll even slip a file in your birthday cake."

"Just tell me where my pantyhose are," Ginny beamed.

"I think you might need new ones," Robbie blushed.

"Pervert," Ginny laughed zipping up her suitcase. "Not to worry I'll be needing to buy new suits, shoes and a bunch of other stuff. I still have my own money so nothing can be traced back to you."

"What are you up to?" Robbie coughed.

"Doing what I'm good at," Ginny reassured the taller woman as she cupped her face. "Baby the Bitch is back."

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Ginny strolled into the posh restaurant sporting the latest style checking her watch and looking as if she owned the place. In some small way it made her feel good knowing that all eyes were on her. She didn't want to return to be the callous cutthroat she had once been but she had to admit it felt good taking charge again.

"Genevieve?" The dark skinned woman sputtered as Ginny took a seat at her table.

"Jada," Ginny beamed brightly.

"I Uhm I'm meeting a prospective client," Jada nervously hedged her eyes darting around frantically.

"I know," Ginny smirked with delight. "Stanton Enterprises I'm afraid that I lied to your poor assistant. I needed to meet with you and was a tad leery that my luncheon invitation might not be accepted."

"Good call," Jada praised her former adversary. "Well look at you, unemployment seems to agree with you. Speaking of looking at you, I think you should know that a great many people are looking for you."

"So I've heard," Ginny conceded snapping open her menu. "I am confused that after everything I did you'd warn me about that."

"Baxter, you were a backstabbing wench," Jada flatly agreed. "But you made the firm a lot of money. When you came back that was missing, you were still sharp and hungry but not evil. It was like you grew a heart."

"I did," Ginny proudly announced. "Is the salmon still good here?"

"Yes," Jada nodded. "I know you didn't do this, tell me you're here to clean up this mess?"

"Absolutely," Ginny boldly asserted. "Tell me everything."

"The trail leads to you," Jada began in earnest. "Your name is all over most of the dummy corporations which was my first clue that you had nothing to do with this. Stupidity isn't one of your traits. I should warn you the initial trail led to Warren."

"I had a feeling," Ginny responded in a thoughtful tone. "It is Wednesday. Does God still play golf on Wednesdays?"

"Of course," Jada nodded.

"That means that he won't be in the office until tomorrow morning," Ginny theorized. "I'll need to pay him a visit."

"Damn you're just going to barge into Rutherford's office?" Jada gasped.

"Wouldn't be the first time," Ginny laughed. "Jada I know I have no right to ask but what can you tell me about this mess?"

"Baxter if you don't clean up this mess the firm sinks and I'm out of job," Jada quickly informed her. "Plus, I like the new you. I'll tell you everything I've heard the auditors are being very tight lipped but I've heard a few things. After I do you have to tell me what is going on with you and why you look so freaking happy?"

"Me? I've been gardening," Ginny smiled. "With the most beautiful woman in the world."

"You fell in love," Jada sighed. "That explains everything. Okay it all started during a routine audit six months ago."

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"Where the hell have you been?" The older woman with the sparkling emerald eyes demanded.

"Hi Mom," Ginny sheepishly responded uncertain if she was still welcome in her mother's home. She exhaled a heavy sigh as her mother's arms wrapped around her body squeezing her tightly.

Ginny spent two hours explaining why she was back on the West Coast and skimming over the details of her new life on the East Coast. "Sounds like a mess," her mother nodded thoughtfully.

"The good news is no one claims to have dealt with me directly, only Warren," Ginny sighed heavily. "I knew he was hurt when I ended things, I just had no idea he'd be vindictive."

"Losing love can bring on a whole lot of hatred," Sarah sighed thoughtfully.

"You never hated my father," Ginny pressed.

"The hell I didn't," Sarah laughed. "I just got past it. He may have been a disappointment but he did give me you. So, are you going to tell me why you just sprinted off to the East coast after being lost at sea?"

"I fell in love," Ginny gulped extracting the picture from her pocket. The brunette's hands trembled as she handed the picture of Robbie to her mother.

"Beautiful girl," Sarah smiled.

"Yes she is," Ginny proudly agreed. "You're not disappointed are you?"

"No," Sarah answered with surprise. "Ginny darling I told you when you were sixteen and confused that I didn't care who you were and I'd love you no matter what. I'm not your Aunt Prudence."

"I should have listened to you," Ginny bemoaned. "I didn't even know that was what you were talking about. Aunt Prudence caught wind of my doubts and bluntly informed me that there weren't any queers in the Carlson Baxter family and there never would be. Uhm Mom there is something I found out that I think you should know. My father,"

"Is in prison," Sarah smiled. "I know. I've even visited the old bugger once or twice."

"You don't still have feelings for him do you?" Ginny pried surprised that her parents kept in touch.

"Lord no," Sarah laughed. "Of course it helps that he isn't devilishly handsome any longer. Garrison was never the great love of my life. If I hadn't gotten pregnant it probably would have only been a fling for the both of us. He was charming, but no I knew his reputation. I was attracted to him, but we were just friends."

"Oh my God my parents were fuck buddies," Ginny gasped shaking her head violently.

"Tell me her name?" Sarah persisted holding up Robbie's picture.

"Robbie," Ginny responded with a goofy grin. "I love her. She is the most beautiful, infuriating and not to mention insane person I've ever met and I can't wait for the two of you to meet."

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"Where in the hell have you been?" Harper Winston demanded when Ginny burst into the investigator's office. "My cousin is going out of her mind. Granted for R.J it is a relatively short journey."

"Good morning to you as well Winston," Ginny smirked Harper's eyes narrowing. "I will call my girlfriend soon. First I need to have a little chat with you and not as your cousin's girlfriend. Think of me as a sorority sister who needs a favor."

"Paying clients would be such a nice change," Harper fussed.

"Give it a rest Harper," Ginny frowned. "After studying criminal justice, then earning a law degree, you studied to become a private investigator which annoyed the bejesus out of your uptight family. After learning everything you could by working for a prestigious firm you opened your own shop, stealing most of your former employers clients. Winston Investigations isn't hurting for money and even if it was you aren't. But enough about you lets talk about me."

"Tell me does R.J ever get to be on top?" Harper taunted the petite woman.

"Whenever she wants," Ginny purred as Harper gaped at her brash statement. "Winston, I didn't want to come to you because you are related to my lover and frankly I'm sick and tired of the way your family feels a need to barge into our lives whenever the mood hits them."

"Then why are you here?" Harper curiously questioned while twirling her pen between her fingers.

"I'm here because if this happened and I had never met Robbie sadly I would have knocked on your door for help," Ginny reasoned. "Utilizing a former sister's talents is one of the reasons for joining a sorority. If you don't wish to help, then so be it."

"What do you need to know?" Harper blew out. "I did the work already, might as well put it to some use."

"Is it true that everyone who was misled or swindled never worked on those deals directly with me?" Ginny pressed forward eager to put this behind her and return to her life.

"Yes," Harper blinked with surprise. "You've been a busy girl. From what I've learned something kicked up during a routine audit nothing major but one thing led to another. The firm tried to keep it quiet but word got out and the cops got involved. The trail led to Warren who immediately said it was you and had the paperwork to prove it. He claims that you coerced him into going along with your scheme. Based on the fact that you were engaged and countless witness statements that you led the poor smuck around by the nose are very convincing. Warren cut a deal he won't do any time and has agreed to testify against you. That's it."

"I already know all of that," Ginny fussed.

"Oh?" Harper grumbled with disappointment.

"Fine," Ginny began thoughtfully. "Do you know why Bunny dislikes Rutherford Whitfield?" "No," Harper furrowed her brow. "Then again my aunt dislikes a great many people. Wait," she blurted out suddenly as she began to search through a stack of papers on her desk. "He graduated from Harvard and he was a Tao Omega at the same time Bunny was a Gamma at Radcliff."

"And who do Delta Gamma girls date and marry?" Ginny beamed.

"Tao Omegas," Harper gleefully responded. "Rutherford comes from money but a Spaulding would have been a major sprint up the food chain. Think he trifled with Bunny's affections?"

"Absolutely I just don't know how I'm going to utilize this information," Ginny pondered drumming her fingers against Harper's desk. "What has Warren been up to since I disappeared? Any new love interests?"

"No," Harper grumbled. "He is still talking about you, sorry bastard. Adding to the mix is that these misappropriations ceased when you resigned."

"Warren was stealing because he was about to marry someone who was high maintenance," Ginny theorized.

"Or his ego was bruised because not only were you better at the family business but made more money than him," Harper concluded.

"I need to get Warren to confess," Ginny grinned as she plotted on just how she could

accomplish the seemingly unlikely event. "I also need to keep Robbie's name out of this."

"Not going to happen," Harper cut her off. "The Feds have looked at your bank account."

"There is nothing there except the money from when I consolidated my assets," Ginny protested.

"Yes almost every penny," Harper explained. "You haven't worked in almost two years, so how have you been supporting yourself? They want to know how you've been living, where you've been living and who is paying your bills."

"First things first," Ginny sighed. "I'm paying Rutherford a visit."

"Why?" Harper pressed.

"To turn myself in," Ginny flatly explained. "And rattle his cage. If the Whitfield clan is anything like your family they'll start circling the wagons. Keep digging. A woman by the name of Jada Rawlings will be calling you. I'll need some discreet surveillance complete with pictures and sound. Can you do that?"

"Of course," Harper smirked.

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"Good morning," Ginny greeted Jada as she breezed into the corporate offices of UDV. She snickered at the gaping looks she received from her former co-workers.

"Ms. Carlson Baxter," Jada politely greeted her. "God is in his office," she whispered conspiratorially.

"Of course he is," Ginny grinned. "It is eight A.M on a Thursday morning, not only is he in his office he is half way through his morning martini. Any idea where my sniveling ex-boyfriend is?"

"He had to resign," Jada confided.

"Damn if they're not careful he is going to vanish along with the money," Ginny sneered. "While I'm disrupting God's breakfast call this number. It should connect you with Harper Winston tell her to have a full set up ready in one hour, at this address don't mention my name just your own. She will know what to do," Ginny explained handing Jada the information. "Wish me luck."

"You got it," Jada promised.

"Miss Carlson Baxter?" Rhonda Mr. Whitfield's assistant stammered as the brunette breezed past her. "You can't, he's not."

"Oh yes I can," Ginny cackled as she burst into Rutherford's office. Her abrupt entrance caused the man to spill his morning cocktail. "Take a break Rhonda," she informed the agitated woman. "Rutherford it has been a long time," she beamed slamming the door behind her.

"Where have you been?" He demanded the veins on his neck bulging.

"Living my life," Ginny supplied honestly. "I hear you wanted to see me. So here I am."

"The police want to see you," the rotund executive sputtered. "Why did you do it?"

"I didn't do squat and you know it," she laughed making herself comfortable in one of the leather bound chairs that faced his expensive empty desk. "Rutherford, honestly do you believe if I was so inclined to skim off the top I would be stupid enough to leave a paper trail. Where is that little weasel you wanted me to marry?"

"Rhonda call the police?" He barked into his intercom. "I never should have let you anywhere near my family."

"Please, you told me to go out with him," Ginny laughed. "In fact I distinctly recall you enjoying the way I kept him in line. You said I was good for him because, and I quote, the sorry little shit couldn't find his own ass with both hands and a flashlight. He was never going to survive in this business. If I married into your family UDV would survive, you know it and I know it. The future isn't looking bright for the firm from what I hear. Never mind we can get into all that when the police arrive."

"Rhonda cancel the police," Rutherford barked into the intercom slumping in his chair. "What are you up to?"

"I'm simply trying to bring the truth out in the open," Ginny confidently smirked. "I can save this company interested?" His jaw dropped as he glared over at her. "Good I have your attention. How long before Brinkman drops UDV? Do you think they will wait for the scandal or do you think Murdock will insist they pull out before UDV folds like a wet napkin? Beatrice Spaulding must be happy now that you're in hot water and she can force Brinkman into ruining you."

"That woman," Rutherford wearily responded wiping the beads of sweat from his brow.

"Tell me did you dump her or was it the other way around?" Ginny eagerly questioned. "Knowing you, you probably stepped on your dick and she dropped you like a bad habit."

"It was a misunderstanding," he sputtered. "How do you know this?"

"It doesn't matter," Ginny offered with a self-satisfying smirk. "What does matter to me is that I clear my name. Now I can do that by bringing you and your precious firm down during a lengthy and nasty trial. Or I can do it quietly."

"How?" He pleaded.

"Warren returns the money and brokers a new deal with the Feds," Ginny casually supplied. "The company remains solvent, Warren will probably stay out of jail and I can assure you that good old Bunny will back off."

"Baxter," he choked out. "Do you honestly think Warren was bright enough to pull this off?"

"Apparently we both underestimated him," Ginny conceded. "Pick up the phone call him, arrange a meeting and leave my name out of this. I can't blame him for hating me, but I won't go to prison over it."

"And just how are you going to keep Bunny Spaulding off my ass?" Rutherford sputtered in amazement. "Baxter I know you're good but you're not a miracle worker."

"Really?" She purred with delight extracting her cell phone from her pocket. " Good morning," she murmured when Robbie answered the phone. "How are you?"

"I'm not going to tell you," Robbie fussed playfully. "Where are you? How are you? And how often am I supposed to water the roses?"

"I know I asked you to look after them, but maybe you shouldn't touch anything until I get back," Ginny fearfully blew out.

"Nothing?" Robbie taunted. "What about myself?"

Ginny squeaked momentarily distracted by her lover's comment. "I should be returning soon, perhaps I could assist you with that?"

"Is there anything I can do to speed things up?" Robbie pleaded.

"Call Bunny and tell her to back off," Ginny slowly instructed.

"From?" Robbie pressed. "Cause you know there is a long ass list of things my Mother should stay out of."

"For the moment I'll settle for her leaving things at UDV in my hands," Ginny carefully explained.

"You are choosing your words very carefully do I want to know why?" Robbie inquired.

"No," Ginny smirked. "Just convey to Bunny that the matter is being dealt with."

"Fine," Robbie beamed. "Then can I touch myself?"

"Only if you call me when you begin handling things," Ginny released a pleasant sigh before saying goodbye. "Done. Now your turn, call your nephew."

"Damn I always knew you were good, but handling Bunny you should get a medal," Rutherford sputtered in amazement. "Any chance you'd consider coming back once this matter is behind us?"

"Not a chance in hell," Ginny boldly confessed. "I have to admit it feels good dipping my toes back in the water, but the thing is I no longer want to swim with the sharks. I much prefer this nice quiet pond I've been playing in. Have him meet us at this location in one hour and don't tip him off that something is up."

She slid the information across his desk and waited listening carefully to his conversation with his misguided nephew. "Now wasn't that fun?" She taunted the scowling man. "Now you stay here and finish your martini like a good boy."

"I'm not going with you?" Rutherford bristled.

"No," Ginny cut him off.

"How do I know that any of this is for real?" He demanded.

"Fine, I'll turn myself into the police and let Bunny Spaulding Devonshire take over," Ginny threatened. "We both know she'll have the majority shareholders at Murdock on her side. Even if I do go to prison your company and everything you've worked for is gone."

"Fine," he bitterly spat out.

"And don't even think about tipping off Warren," she cautioned as she stood. "All I want is the truth, and frankly I owe him an apology. Do this my way and we all walk away. Deal?"

"Deal," he agreed slumping deeper in his chair.

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Ginny smiled confidently spying Harper nestled comfortably at the table adjacent to Warren's at the outdoor café she had selected. She wanted the meeting to be out in the open with plenty of witnesses just in case Warren was more unstable than she suspected he was.

"Hello Honey did you miss me?" She offered with a saccharine smile as she seated herself next to her very surprised ex-fiancée. "Sorry I had to go through your uncle, but I wanted to make sure you'd show up."

"Ginny?" He gaped over at her his hands trembling. "You're back?"

"No," she quickly corrected him before he went off the deep end. "I'm only here because apparently I'm a fugitive. Any idea how that happened? Warren I'm sorry that I hurt you, what I did was unforgivable, but framing me was way out of line."

"I didn't," he stumbled. "I thought you were dead. I wanted to die and then when they found you it was like a miracle until you started talking like a crazy person."

"It's not crazy to be in love," Ginny tried to reason with him. "I'm gay, I always have been. I'm sorry that I used you, but I'm in love with Robbie and she loves me."

"That pilot," he growled. "So what now you're living in some trailer park, is that what makes you happy?"

"Robbie would make me happy if we lived in a cardboard box," Ginny slowly explained. "This isn't about my leaving you. Warren the fraud started long before we were engaged. Why did you do it? And why use my name?"

"Why doesn't anyone take me seriously?" He whined as a bulb went off in Ginny's head.

"That is why you used my name. The clients wouldn't sign on to the bogus deals if it was just you," she sighed. "This was never about money was it? This was about showing everyone who doubted you that you're smarter than us. Your father, your uncle, the other junior VP's and last but not least me. Well you've shown us all now give the money back before your family ends up bankrupt."

"Oh you're wrong," he retorted with an evil smile. "In the beginning it wasn't about the money. Now it is. Just knowing that I'll be living in paradise while you are rotting in prison makes me happy. How long do you think your girlfriend will wait?"

"She did promise to bake me muffins," Ginny beamed pleased when Harper choked loudly.

"We could go together?" Warren boldly offered. "I'm not such a bad option compared to prison. We could be long gone before anyone misses us."

"It is not that simple," Ginny blew out. "I love her. Warren give the money back, I'm certain the family lawyers can keep you out of jail if you make restitution."

"Not a chance," he laughed. "You dumped me and made a fool out of me. Now it is my turn. I'll be gone with all that money and you'll be someone's bitch in prison."

"Tsk," she laughed.

"Fine you'll have a bitch in prison," Warren conceded as Ginny broke out in wild laughter. "What?"

"Nothing just something Robbie said about you never being on top," Ginny laughed as his face turned crimson.

"You told her?" He squealed in horror.

"She figured it out," Ginny laughed harder. "Oh God," she sniffed wiping the tears from her eyes. "Sorry, before you leave tell me how you did it? I have to admit I am impressed."

Ginny sat smugly for over an hour listening to Warren bragging about how he pulled off the elaborate scam. She had to admit she did underestimate him in one respect the plan was brilliant. Sadly for Warren he explained each and every detail of how he did it. When he concluded Harper gave Ginny the thumbs up and dialed her cell phone.

"So, still think I'm an idiot?" He challenged her.

"I must say the way you pulled it off was brilliant," Ginny confessed checking her watch quickly. "So when are you leaving to empty your account in the Cayman Islands?"

"After I have you arrested," Warren smiled as he began to dial his cell phone. "Just so you know there are no hard feelings I'll give you a head start it should take them at least ten minutes to get here then again the office is right down the block."

"They're here," Ginny shrugged as the two agents approached the table.

"Genevieve Carlson Baxter?" The older of the two men addressed her as they flashed their badges.

"Yes," she smiled confidently.

"I was just calling you," Warren sputtered.

"Ms. Baxter you are under arrest," the agent continued.

"Excuse me Special Agent Morris is it?" Harper cut in showing her id as well. "I'm Harper Winston of Winston Investigations. I suggest that you not let Mr. Whitfield out of your sight. I have an audiotape and video that my associate in the van right over there shot. You might find them interesting."

"I'm not going to like this," Agent Morris sighed.

"You are going to love this," Ginny asserted. "Now arrest me and take the weasel with us."

"And why should I listen to you?" Morris demanded.

"Because if you don't the money and snot boy will be long gone," Ginny slowly explained.

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Ginny was exhausted when she was finally released from police custody. She said her goodbyes

to Harper and hailed a cab. The first thing she did was turn on her cell phone planning on contacting Robbie just to let her know everything was finally all right. Her phone chirped alerting her that she had missed a call. Her smile grew broader as she instantly recognized the caller. She punched in the numbers and settled in the back of taxi eager to hear her lover's voice.

*"Hey Wilma I guess you are busy," Robbie's voice purred. "I guess I will have to take matters into my own hands without you. Right now I am sitting on our bed wearing nothing but a smile. I am running my hands along my stomach wishing you were here. My hands are slipping higher," she moaned deeply. "I'm touching my breasts my nipples are so sensitive. They are hard just thinking about you. I'm pinching them. I'm so wet. I need to touch myself. I'm still pinching one of my nipples but my other hand is slipping down my body. It feels so good. I'm stroking my clit very slowly. Oh yeah. God Baby I need more. I'm inside myself fucking myself long and hard. Oh it feels so good. Yes, oh yes so good."*

Ginny's jaw was hanging open as her eyes bulged out while she listened to the sounds of her lover climaxing. "I'm going to kill her," she squeaked as the sound of her lover's voice continued. Ginny squirmed in her seat listening to Robbie groaning in ecstasy until the passionate cries finally ebbed.

*"Oh that was so good," Robbie cooed. "Sorry you missed it. I hope your day is going good. Call me?" Robbie brightly chimed as the message concluded.*

"Paybacks," Ginny gasped saving the message her hand trembling as she put the phone back in her pocket.

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"Hello gorgeous," Ginny purred into her cell phone plopping her feet up on her mother's sofa. "Loved the message you left."

"You said I could play with myself," Robbie boldly countered the noise in the background of where ever she was making it difficult for Ginny to hear the tall redhead.

"Yes, I did indeed," Ginny blushed thankful that her mother excused herself. "And thank you for sharing it with me. You do know that was naughty and I will have to spank you for it don't you?"

"I was hoping," Robbie eagerly responded. "Where were you?"

"Jail," Ginny shrugged. "The police confiscated my cell phone when I was arrested."

"Beg pardon?" Robbie squawked. "Do I need to come bail you out are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Ginny laughed. "No need to start plotting my escape, the whole thing is over. I know I said I didn't need any help from your family, but I thought since Harper is an old college mate that didn't qualify. Anyhoo, Warren is in jail probably brokering a new deal. I should be on my way home soon. I want to spend some time with my Mom."

"I knew you could do it," Robbie brightly exclaimed. "Could you do one more thing for me?"

"Anything," Ginny promised.

"Open the door," Robbie purred as Ginny's brow crinkled. She looked around in confusion keeping the phone pressed to her ear she stood and opened the front door. She squealed with delight upon discovering her lover and mother standing in the garden. "Hey there," the redhead beamed as Ginny threw herself into her lover's arms.

"What? How?" Ginny stammered.

"I know you needed to do this on your own and I respect that," Robbie timidly began hugging the smaller woman tighter. "I just wanted to be here for you just in case you needed a hug."

"I always need your hugs," Ginny exclaimed as her mother laughed.

"What did you do to my daughter?" Sarah sputtered. "I haven't seen her this happy in years."

"Me?" Robbie shrugged. "Nothing, except well never mind. I can see where Ginny gets her fondness for working in the garden from, your home is beautiful Ma'am."

"It is Sarah, and thank you," Sarah laughed. "Nice way to change the subject. Will you be visiting as well Robbie?"

"Yes, thank you," Robbie politely accepted. "If the two of you don't mind there is something I wanted to show Ginny?"

"Well now that this brouhaha is finally over I'd be happy to have a little fun," Sarah accepted.

"Whatever you want," Ginny concurred. "I just want you to promise me one thing Gunner."

"Anything," Robbie shrugged guiding the two women to the rental car.

"When we get back to Mont Clair change the locks," Ginny demanded. "Having your family prancing in and out whenever they please doesn't work for me."

"Excellent suggestion," Robbie beamed. "Shall we?"

"Mont Clair?" Sarah questioned as they drove along the highway.

"Our home," Robbie answered as Ginny squirmed.

"You named your house?" Sarah carefully questioned.

"No my great grandfather named our home," Robbie quickly corrected. "It is a hand me down

but it has a nice view."

"Uh huh," Sarah muttered.

"Mom, before you get the wrong idea I had no idea my charismatic beach bum had any money," Ginny quickly defended her actions. She slumped in her seat knowing that based on her past actions it wouldn't be a far fetched assumption.

"Not only did you think I was unemployed you offered to support me," Robbie laughed outrageously.

"Oh," Sarah blew out in relief. "I don't know what you did to my little girl, in fact I'd probably die happy not knowing, I'm just happy that she is finally happy," she added with a knowing smile. "Why are we at the airport?"

"You'll see," Robbie, taunted the duo parking outside of an airplane hanger with the name Murdock boldly scrolled across the top. "Ready?"

They strolled through the busy hanger dodging workers and pilots weaving their way through a row of expensive private jets. In the back was a shiny little jet expressive for most people yet demure when compared to the other planes filling the hanger. Ginny thought it was beautiful. "Uhm Tarzan I think it is beautiful but you're not allowed to fly," she stammered fearful that Robbie's roguish ways might have returned.

"Yes I am," the taller woman explained flashing her new license. "While you were fighting your battles, I decided to follow you example. I left the suits behind and threw myself on the mercy of the bureaucrats. Something I said must have been convincing because they finally saw things my way. Well not entirely, but I can fly again. Still can't leave the country but what the hey."

Ginny stroked her chin thoughtfully as she studied the plane. She had to fight against the gales of laughter as she studied the painting of a buxom brunette painted on the plane. "You named the plane Wilma?"

"Couldn't resist," Robbie beamed with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "Anyone want to go for a ride?"

"I don't know," Ginny teased. "The last time you took me up in the air we crashed into a sand dune and you started stealing my pantyhose. Fire her up and show me what you got hot stuff."

"Not in front of your mother," Robbie gasped before winking at her lover.

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"That was some trip," Ginny blew out in exhaustion dropping the luggage in the front foyer of Mont Clair.

"I still can't believe that Warren just confessed everything," Robbie sighed locking up behind them. "I'll call the lock smith and security company in the morning. No more uninvited guests. So why did he confess? He could have been half way to paradise by now."

"He needed to show me how smart he is," Ginny shrugged taking her lover by the hand. "Warren, albeit dutiful to everyone, wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. Stealing was never about the money he needed to show everyone up including me. When it was discovered he figured that he could use his well planned ruse to either get me back or make me pay for leaving him. In some twisted way he did prove that he is smarter than I thought he was. It was a brilliant scheme. Unfortunately he under estimated my survival instincts. The Feds couldn't apologize enough after they heard the tape."

"I hate that he isn't going to jail," Robbie grouched following as Ginny led her upstairs.

"The money has been returned and he is on probation for a very long time," Ginny explained. "White collar crime is a slap on the wrist. I just hope he has learned his lesson and moves on with his life. I don't really care I'm just happy that it is all behind us."

She smiled devilishly as they stepped into the master bedroom. "I really enjoyed spending time with my mother and having the two of you hit it off so well was more than I could ever hope for," she offered in a feral tone. "It just sucked being in such a small house and not being able to express my feelings."

Robbie's eyes glazed open as Ginny retrieved a fresh pair of pantyhose from the pocket of her jeans. "Now Tarzan I have plans for you," she purred tightening the nylons in her hands. Robbie gulped in response as Ginny backed the taller woman up against the bed. "That message you left on my phone was very naughty," she growled her emerald eyes dimming with desire. "I saved it by the way. Turn around," she demanded reaching up and ripping open the redhead's short-sleeved blouse. She cupped Robbie's breast teasing her lover's nipple through the lacy material of her bra. "I said turn around," she repeated with a quick pinch of the taller woman's nipple.

Robbie released a throaty moan before complying with her lover's wishes. Ginny licked her lips as her lover bent over bracing her hands on the bed. Ginny cast the nylons down stepping behind Robbie's warm inviting body. "Do you remember the first time you spanked me?"

"Yes," Robbie gasped in response while Ginny ran her hand along her lover's backside.

"I wanted you so much," Ginny groaned slipping her hand around Robbie's waist and busying her hands with the buttons of her lover's shorts. "I was so wet, I wanted you inside of me to fuck me long and hard," she continued as she yanked the redhead's shorts down to her ankles. "I kept pushing my ass against your hand needing to feel you take me, just like I needed you when I listened to your message. You've kept me waiting and that is very bad."

"Yes it was," Robbie smirked kicking off her shoes and shorts while Ginny's hand glided against the thin material of her panties.

Ginny slipped her hand between Robbie's thighs moaning when her lover's wetness greeted her touch. She ground the heel of her hand against Robbie's mound while pressing her body against the redhead's backside. She moaned with pleasure as Robbie's hips thrust back grinding into her body. Her desire growing the seam of her jeans rubbed against her clit as she thrust against her lover's body. "You're so wet," Ginny murmured with delight. "You weren't playing with yourself on the trip home were you?"

"No," Robbie chuckled. "I was too busy flying the plane. Ah," Robbie gasped when Ginny ground her hand harder against her throbbing clit.

"Whatever shall I do with you?" Ginny taunted slipping her hand from the warmth of her lover's body. Slipping her hands along Robbie's back she could feel the redhead's body quivering in anticipation. Ginny quickly removed the tattered remains of Robbie's top and then her bra the taller woman's body shuddering from her touch. She cast the garments across the room pleased at the sight of her lover bent over clad only in her panties. She ran her tongue along Robbie's spine while her hands glided up along the supple curves of the redhead's body. "You didn't answer my question," Ginny whispered hotly in Robbie's ear. "What should I do with you?"

"Anything you want," Robbie pleaded.

"Good," Ginny beamed swatting the redhead firmly on her ass. "Stay there," Ginny instructed feeling light headed as she stepped away from her lover. "I love you," she murmured in wonderment as she quickly shed her clothing. Approaching her lover she released a happy sigh. She ran her hands along Robbie's body enjoying the feel of the redhead's flesh trembling beneath her touch. Once again she cupped her lover's firm round cheeks before delivering a firm swat. Her pulse raced when Robbie moaned with pleasure jerking her hips backward eager to feel more of Ginny's touch.

Ginny traced the waistband of her lover's panties her heart racing as she hooked her fingers in the thin material. She lowered the black silk garments slightly down exposing Robbie's soft flesh. She caressed the newly exposed flesh before delivering another slap. "You're so bad," Ginny brightly asserted pinching her lover's bottom playfully.

"I'll be bad whenever you want me to be," Robbie panted while Ginny lowered the redhead's underwear down her hips. Ginny allowed the garment to slip down Robbie's legs. She started spanking her trembling lover who was begging her for more. Ginny slipped her fingers between Robbie's thighs moaning as her lover's desire filled her hand. Licking her lips she slipped her fingers between Robbie's slick folds slowly teasing her lover. She captured Robbie's throbbing clit between her fingers enjoying the feel of her lover's body rocking against her touch. She tenderly stroked the engorged nub her body trembling with her own aching need.

Robbie whimpered when Ginny's touch slipped from her body. The brunette slowly licked the passion from her fingers keeping a watchful eye on her lover. She sighed deeply sinking to her knees cupping her lover's firm backside in her hands. Robbie's hips swayed against her touch.

Ginny slowly glided her tongue along the curve of her lover's ass caressing her skin. She moaned softly her tongue slipping between Robbie's thighs tasting her slowly while the redhead pleaded for release.

Ginny slipped her tongue deeper inside of Robbie's passion holding her lover tightly as she feasted upon her. Robbie's hips bucked pressing her body harder against Ginny. The brunette smiled brightly ebbing her touch. "Please," Robbie choked out as Ginny stood.

"Climb on the bed," Ginny boldly asserted retrieving the pantyhose. Her eyes glued to the sight of Robbie's naked form scurrying up onto the bed. "Oh yeah," Ginny murmured climbing up behind her eager lover. She guided Robbie on to her back capturing the pilot's wrists. Robbie gaped at her with a mix of surprise and pleasure.

Ginny slipped the nylons around Robbie's wrists, tying them tightly raising the redhead's arms above her head. She shuddered when the softness of Robbie's breasts brushed against her skin. Using the pantyhose she tied the taller woman to the bedpost. "What no blindfold?" Robbie purred slipping her knee between Ginny's thighs.

"No I want you to see everything," Ginny promised her eyes smoldering with desire.

"I don't get to play?" Robbie whimpered.

"You've had your turn, Tarzan now it is my turn to have a little fun," Ginny quipped with a sly grin her hand slipping down her naked torso. She paused brushing her fingers against her nipples her lover gaping at her movements. Robbie struggled against her restraints as Ginny became preoccupied with her erect nipples. "You're killing me Wilma," the pilot sputtered.

Ginny moaned pleased that she was driving her lover insane. She rolled her hips brushing her damp curls against Robbie's stomach. Ginny could feel her desire mounting her lover's needy whimpers calling out to her. She dipped her head capturing one of Robbie's nipples between her lips suckling it urgently. Robbie bucked against her touch gasping as Ginny suckled her harder.

The headboard creaked from Robbie tugging against the pantyhose when her lover's mouth released her breast from the warmth of her mouth. Robbie gritted her teeth causing Ginny to smile wickedly. "Poor Tarzan," she taunted the pilot her hand returning to her own breast. She giggled as Robbie wriggled beneath her begging to be touched.

Robbie inhaled sharply as Ginny's hand slipped further down her body. The brunette's breathing quickened knowing that her lover's focus was firmly locked on the slow descent of her left hand. Robbie flailed about when Ginny's fingers brushed against her mound. She could feel her desire greeting her touch parting her swollen nether lips.

"Is this what you were doing when you left that message for me?" Ginny taunted the flustered woman squirming beneath her.

"No," Robbie flushed. "I wasn't doing anything, I made it up."

"You lied to me? Tsk tsk," Ginny smirked her nimble fingers dancing across her pulsating clit. "Ah," Ginny gasped her fingers slipping deeper inside of her wetness. Robbie began to nibble on her bottom lip her crystal blue eyes riveted to the sight of Ginny slipping inside of her wetness. Ginny swayed her hips wiggling her fingers inside of her center. She watched the unsteady rise and fall of Robbie's chest the redhead struggling to breathe. Ginny stroked herself slowly teasing her engorged nub with the pad of her numb Robbie's desire mingling with her own as she thrust her hips wildly her body tensing as she pleased herself.

Ginny's body shuddered she began kissing her way down the lanky pilot's body painting Robbie's flesh with her passion coated fingers. "Sweet Jesus, Ginny," Robbie screamed out as the brunette's touch drifted lower. Ginny nipped at Robbie's flesh savoring the taste of her skin. Robbie struggled for freedom her lover caressing her backside drawing her passion closer.

Ginny nestled between the pilot's thighs her senses reeling from the musky aroma of her lover's desire. Still in a playful mood she flickered her tongue against Robbie's throbbing clit only to retreat when her lover pleaded for more. She taunted the flustered woman again and again each time Robbie groaning and pressing her body urgently against Ginny's touch.

"I love you," Ginny whispered helplessly nestling her lips closer to her desire. Robbie's legs were wrapped around her shoulders drawing Ginny closer. She couldn't resist such a tempting offer slipping her fingers inside of Robbie's center her body pulsating as she felt Robbie's body tightening against her own. She suckled the throbbing bundle in her mouth her fingers gliding in and out of Robbie's wetness. She held her lover steady drinking in the taller woman's nectar. Her mouth and fingers driving Robbie higher until the redhead was screaming out her name.

"So good," Ginny murmured as she continued to pleasure her lover who was still struggling to free her hands.

"Baby, baby please baby," Robbie cried out. "I need to touch you."

Ginny tried to ignore her lover's impassioned pleas loving the feel of Robbie's essence spilling over her. Finally she released her hold on the whimpering woman. Robbie quivered her eyes rolling back as Ginny kissed and tasted her way up the pilot's body.

Robbie continued to tremble helplessly even after Ginny had freed her from her nylon restraints. Ginny kissed the pilot's sweaty brow cradling the taller woman in her arms. "Hi," she greeted Robbie shyly when blue eyes slowly blinked open.

"Hi," Robbie breathlessly echoed her hands tenderly caressing Ginny's body. Ginny nestled against her lover's body allowing the pilot to slowly touch her. She smiled knowing that Robbie wanted to take things slowly. There would be no spankings, no games just Robbie's gentle caress. Ginny trembled her flesh quivering giving in to Robbie slow delightful torture. She murmured happily wrapping her arms around Robbie's body.

Moaning softly when Robbie slipped inside of her their eyes locked before her lover captured her

in a searing kiss. Robbie slowly guided Ginny to the edge never rushing the moment as they exchanged tender kisses. Ginny's body erupted in ecstasy Robbie taking her higher still not rushing the moment. Robbie continued guiding Ginny to new heights until neither had anything left to give.

"How did I get so lucky?" She softly questioned listening to the steady rhythm of her lover's heartbeat.

"I'm the lucky one," Robbie whispered tightening her embrace.

The End.

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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