

## Mile High Love

Friday morning, GRADY took about five minutes to pack, throwing three shirts, two pairs of slacks, a sport coat, a handful of underwear and socks, his shave kit (remembering to grab the new bottle of AQUA VELVA that BETTY had bought him) and a few snack bars into his overnight bag and zipping it shut. He ran a quick brush through his JET BLACK hair and he was ready to go.

BETTY had been up late last night trying to decide what to pack. Pairing ensembles with different shoes to see what looked good together, adding earrings and bracelets to each outfit, ironing a few things that somehow got wrinkled hanging in the closet, and actually running out to Victoria Secret before they closed to pick up new lingerie as he had already seen all her “good stuff”. She calculated that she should be able to fit everything into her biggest piece of luggage. After all, it’s about having choices, she told herself. This was their first overnight weekend away and GRADY was being secretive about where they were going and what they were doing so she wanted to be prepared for anything. They had been a couple for a SHORT TIME now and although it couldn’t be more perfect, she still didn’t know a lot about him. He traveled back and forth out of state for business so he wasn’t in town often and was vague about what he did. He worked for IBM, but didn’t offer up many details.

It was coming up on Labor Day weekend and he offered to show her the leaves changing up North and treat her to a weekend at a location he had yet to be forthcoming about. All she knew was that he told her she’d love it. At least her favorite ORANGE skirt would go well with the changing leaves. Now it was here and she had to get all that into one suitcase and get it down to the car. A few hours and two more wardrobe changes later she was all packed and leaving FORKVILLE, heading to RDU. She had stayed late wrapping up all her work at ABC yesterday afternoon and was home free till Tuesday morning.

She turned down the R&B tunes coming from KLUV on the radio that she had been listening to in an effort to calm her nerves and made one last quick call to her best friend JODEE.

“Well, I’m on my way to meet up with him at the airport and who knows where we’re going from there, so if you never hear from me again, it’s been fun!”

“BETTY, you’re such a drama queen! He’s the nicest guy you’ve met in a long time and if he’s going to all the trouble to prepare a secret romantic getaway, just go with it!” JODEE replied to her friend’s worried tone. “Did you pick something sexy for the bedroom?”

“I packed the new camisole with the matching lace panties,” she said.

“Great, that’ll show off your BEAUTIFUL BLUE eyes,” JODEE said. “No man can resist you in that outfit!”

“I’ll call you when we get settled in and let you know where we’re at. Wish me luck!” And with that BETTY rang off and concentrated on her driving.

He had told her he’d be coming straight from work and his CHEVY was in the shop. His best friend and roommate FRANKIE, who worked as an airline pilot, could give him a lift to the airport, so he asked if she could meet him out there. When she asked which airline, he laughed and said it was a small one that didn’t advertise and he’d meet her at the taxi stand. She pulled up and there he was as promised. He hopped in and told her to bypass the parking lot and continue on around to the general aviation side of the airport. Surprised, she followed his

directions until they came to a small building with an assortment of small planes parked behind it.

“Did you charter us our own plane?” She joked, somewhat surprised. She had never been in a small plane before and wasn’t sure if she’d like it.

He responded, rather mysteriously, “Something like that.”

She was starting to get frustrated at the complete lack of information she was getting from him. But before she could say anything he hopped out of the car and reached into the back seat to pull out her suitcase. She knew she was in trouble when instead of pulling the suitcase out, the weight of it pulled him back in.

“SWEETHEART, is JODEE hiding in here?” He had met JODEE previously and knew they were almost inseparable.

“You wouldn’t tell me where we were going so I just packed everything. A girl has to have options.”

He grabbed the case with both hands and heaved it out of the car, popped the handle up and throwing his own bag over his shoulder proceeded to drag it arduously into the building.

“Is she all gassed up and ready to go?” He asked the old man sitting behind the counter as he walked in.

“You’re good to go GRADY. I topped off both tanks, checked the oil, and put the cooler in the back. Have a great trip and we’ll see you when you get back,” the old man replied around an old cigar butt that looks like it had been chewed on for quite some time.

“Oh...BETTY, Chris. Chris, BETTY. Chris just retired from the police department and runs the general aviation side of the airport.”

BETTY was so confused that all she could do was mutely shake his hand and follow GRADY as he continued without stopping out the back door onto the ramp. He pulled up short just outside the door; so quickly that she ran right into the back of him.

“Well, what do you think?”

Frustrated, she blurted, “What do I think? I don’t know what to think! You won’t tell me where we’re going, how we’re getting there, what to bring...” She drifted off as she realized what he was originally referring to. Right in front of them was the most beautiful little plane she had ever seen. The body was a creamy white with a royal blue stripe that swooshed down the side and extended up onto the tail. It was nothing but curves and gleamed like a diamond in the morning sun. On the side under the pilot’s window in fresh blue paint it spelled out “Pilot GRADY SMITH”. Dumbfounded, she let him lead her around to the other side where on the door under the copilot’s window it said “Copilot BETTY SMITH”.

“It’s considered good luck to place the pilot’s names on the side of the plane.” He explained, “I had them do it last night so it’d be dry in time for our flight today.”

“Our flight?” Suddenly she was having a hard time breathing. “Is this yours?” She asked.

“Maybe an explanation is in order. I’ve had my license for over a year and got tired of renting someone else’s plane, so last month I went in on a partnership with FRANKIE on this. It’s a Piper Cherokee. Four seats, one engine and unlimited fun. I got checked out in it last week and have been itching to take her somewhere to show her off. This seemed like the perfect opportunity. We can make the trip up to the mountains in a third of the time it would take us to drive and the view is supposed to be spectacular.”

“You can fly?” She was still having a hard time stringing words together. “We’re going to the mountains in this? Where will we land? Can this get over the mountains? How will we get to the hotel?” And now suddenly it seemed she couldn’t stop talking.

“Don’t worry SWEETHEART; I have everything taken care of. There’s a small airport near the bed and breakfast where we are staying and they’ll come pick us up. The plane is rated for much higher altitudes than what we’ll be flying. If you trust me, we’re about to have an adventure of a lifetime.”

Well, she did trust him; she was all set to spend the weekend with him, so all this really changed was the mode of transportation. And what a mode it was. The Cherokee was beautiful inside and out, and her name was painted on the side of the plane. She was still coping with the ramifications of her name on a plane. How romantic was that? GRADY quickly preflighted the plane and got her settled in complete with her very own pink headset to talk to each other over the noise of the engine. He fired it up, exchanged information with someone on the radio and before she knew it they were heading down the runway.

“This is my favorite part,” he turned to her and said, “when we part company with the ground and join the birds in the sky.”

With that he pulled back on the yoke and before she knew it the ground was falling away below her. It was so smooth that the fear she was waiting for never materialized. It helped that he continued to talk to her explaining what was going to happen ahead of time so she knew what to expect next. He even let her have control of the plane for a few moments and instructed her how the flight controls worked.

“Push forward, descend. Pull back, climb. And turn left and right just like in a car,” he said. But not like any car she’d ever been in. It was all simply amazing. After a few minutes of climbing he leveled out the plane, pushed a button and explained to her that the auto pilot now had control. With that he turned around to the back seat and reached into the cooler for bottles of sparkling water and a Tupperware full of fresh strawberries.

“I wanted to do champagne for your first flight, but I can’t drink and fly,” he explained. “There will be time for that when we get to the B&B.”

She realized how dry her mouth was from the excitement and eagerly took a large swig in a very unladylike manner. GRADY was too busy at the controls to notice. The strawberries were sweet and cold and were the perfect accompaniment to the ice cold water.

He pointed out to her familiar landmarks that passed below the wings until civilization slowly receded behind them and the mountains became clearer in the distance. As they continued north the turning of the leaves became more apparent, especially from their bird’s eye view. GRADY reached into a side pocket and handed her a small digital camera.

“I thought you might want some pictures to show off at work on Tuesday,” he said as he pointed out a particularly vibrant splash of fall colors below them for her to shoot. As she began taking photos he put away the last of the berries and put what was left of both waters back in the cooler. The view below was captivating. Flying commercial, the jets were always too high to afford her any kind of real view out the window. Down here, she could see everything so clearly. The roads seeming to go nowhere meandered in and out of the trees covering the mountain side and here and there she could see wisps of smoke from cabins that dotted the landscape below.

She was still agog with the thought that she was being squired in her own private plane with her own private pilot who looked quite dashing sitting there next to her. As if reading her mind he looked over with his BEDROOM BROWN eyes and smiled. The delicious smell of TRESOR, her favorite perfume, activated by her heat, suddenly filled the small cabin.

“Let me show you why I paid extra for the autopilot,” he grinned.

With that he pulled off his headset, switched the radio to speaker and pulling off her headset, reached in for the first of many soft kisses. Although his attention seemed to be flipping back and

forth inside and outside the plane, it didn't stop him from touching her everywhere, kissing her neck, her ear, reaching down and stroking her thigh. The thought of doing this in a small plane was equally terrifying and wildly erotic. Wait till she told JODEE about this! He continued touching her, his hand up under her skirt, working its way towards an area that was rapidly becoming quite wet. She wasn't sure what he had in mind, but the logistics of what she was suddenly thinking didn't seem possible. He was working her panties down with one hand while simultaneously running his other hand through her BLONDE hair and doing things to the side of her neck with his tongue that had her mind reeling.

She reached over and touched him and realized he was as excited as she was. She undid his belt and began undoing his jeans. Two can play this game! He reached down and with one swift move leaned back and slid his jeans down around his ankles. Oh my god, she thought, the sight of him completely aroused caused her to lose control. She didn't know how but she had to have him. As she leaned over he stopped her.

"I've been planning this in my mind ever since I decided to fly you up here. I've been calculating the angles and think I figured it out." With that he slid his seat back and pulled her around so she was facing him sitting on his lap. It was tight but if she bent just right she avoided hitting the ceiling. She leaned back and hit the yoke which knocked the plane forward, he quickly pulled it back and suddenly he was inside her.

"I didn't figure that into my calculations!" He joked. "Let's let the plane do the work."

And with that he gently rocked the yoke forward and back, causing her to rock back and forth with it. The feeling he was creating was out of this world! As he pulled further on the yoke the G forces pushed him deep inside and as he pushed back the opposite forces made her almost float up off of him.

"Oh my God!" She exclaimed. "HUNNY, you have to stop or I'll explode!"

That didn't seem to deter him; rather it only seemed to fuel his passion. His lips were all over her, their tongues playing, one hand on the yoke and one hand up under her shirt wrapped around her back all the while thrusting forward and pulling back with the movement of the plane. Suddenly he stiffened up and pulling her tight against him, he kissed her deep and hard and she exploded, knowing he was right there with her.

Exhausted from the efforts but unable to move, she could only sit there feeling his arms around her, his kisses softer now that the passion was temporarily satisfied.

"They won't let you do that on the commercial flights," he declared. "Otherwise flying would be a lot more popular!"

She slowly eased off of him and negotiated her way back into her seat and searched around and found her new panties up on the dash.

"How'd they get up there?" She asked.

"The negative G's that we pulled had everything floating," he said. "Now you see why I put the strawberries away and the lids back on the bottles."

She looked around and realized he was right. Stuff was scattered all about the cabin. Holy cow! She set about putting stuff back in order while he slipped his jeans back on. Once reassembled, they put their headsets back on and tried once again to look at the view, but their hearts and minds were still stuck on what just happened. She knew they had taken this relationship to a higher level (bad pun BETTY!). She knew he was a great guy before this, but that experience brought out new feelings she was sure he was feeling too. Her heart hadn't felt this warm in a long time and if she lived through the landing she was definitely going to tell him so.

The miles below went by quickly. Before they knew it the flight over the wonderland of color was over and it was time to bring their baby back to earth. He found the airport up ahead, on the top of a small mountain and made his approach, quickly flipping switches and knobs, announcing his intentions on the radio, and sliding her down and around until she was lined up with the runway. He offered to let her help land it, but she quickly declined.

“I’ll get the next one,” she joked

With a slight squeak of the tires, he touched down and rolled down the runway. A few more switches were flipped, knobs were turned and he taxied her onto the ramp and shut her down. An old station wagon pulled up waiting to pick them up. She couldn’t believe just a few hours ago she was in FORKVILLE and now here she was at a mountain top airport, about to spend a weekend with the last great love of her life. And after the weekend is over, there’s always the flight home to look forward to!

As he helped her down from the plane, holding onto her hand a little longer than necessary and gazing down into her eyes, she could feel the love he felt towards her and couldn’t wait to be alone to tell him how much she really loved him back. As they walked hand in hand to the car, she had a feeling the leaves were going to have to change without them this weekend. It just goes to show you, it really is never too late for happily ever after.