

~ Surprises Can Be Fun...Or Not ~

by DS Bauden

Disclaimer: None really necessary since this is a work of original fiction. This is the third installment of the **Charlie and Terri Series**. To fully understand the characters, please feel free to read their previous adventures: [Ready for Take Off](#) and [I've Never](#).

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

Surprises Can Be Fun...Or Not

By DS Bauden

Last scene of *I've Never* -

"Charlie?" I said, breaking the silence.

"Hmm?"

"Where do we go from here?" I asked, needing to know we had a future and that this wasn't just another repeat performance like before.

"Well, to say we make a fresh start would be silly considering our history. But I'd love to give 'us' a try, Terri. That is, if you'll have me," Charlie said, sounding very unsure of herself.

Looking at the clock on the side table, it was two minutes before midnight. Smiling back at the gorgeous woman beneath me, I said, "Well, considering you saved my Valentine's Day, the least I can do is let you take me out to dinner."

Laughing at my bravado, she replied, "Out to dinner, eh? Why go out when we can eat in?" Charlie asked, rolling me over and claiming my lips for herself.

Breaking free of her, I attempted to reply, but came up with nothing. "Good point," I readily admitted defeat.

"There's another aspect of flying that I'd like to show you," she said with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh yeah? What's that," I asked, unsure of where this was going.

"The difference between flying coach and flying first class," she growled and proceeded to show me in great detail, the service upgrade you receive when you pay a hefty price.

My price was this last year, but right now I was getting the greatest payback I could've ever imagined.

Oh yeah, first class - a much better way to fly.

On to our current tale -

"So where are we going?" I asked again, hoping for a little hint.

"You'll see when we get there. Now, no more asking," Charlie answered for the umpteenth time.

I knew she was getting tired of my questions, but I wasn't really big on surprises. With our track record, you'd think she would understand that.

Well, to catch you all up on how our lives have taken off (no pun) since our last adventure, Charlie Stewart and I, Terri Palmer, were now officially a couple. We moved in together after a month or so after Jessica's party. We knew we were no good without the other. I was smitten with her and had to have her around me all the time. That's right boys and girls; she finally made an honest woman out of me. Or vice versa, whichever it was, we were happy. Life had truly been great the last few months. Oh, sure we'd had our spats, but making up, we'd found, was a hell of a lot more fun than fighting. Although, I caught Charlie making things up to fight about just so she could get some. Needless to say, when I caught onto her little game, she didn't get any for a good long time. Paybacks can truly be a bitch. And you can spell bitch, T-E-R-R-I, if you'd like, because during those forty-eight hours of celibacy, that's exactly what I was to Charlie. Ok, so I wasn't that mean, but regardless I did make her wait. She wasn't pleased, although it did teach her a bit of a lesson. She apologized profusely for deceiving me to get what she wanted. And I told her how silly she was for doing so, when all she needed to do was look at me with those eyes of hers and I was hers for the taking.

Hearing that, Charlie held and kissed me immediately, telling me she'd make it up to me someday, somehow. Well, the somehow has arrived today and I have no idea where she was taking me. All I knew was she told me to pack for a week, and pack lightly. The next thing that happened, we got on a plane (that she wasn't flying) and landed in Miami. I thought, *great, a trip to Florida, fantastic!* But she said that wasn't really the case. So, here I was, sitting patiently while she drove along the shoreline of Miami, not offering me anything else.

Watching her pull our rental car towards the harbor, my stomach started to register something uneasy. Like MAJOR fear. Charlie looked over at me to see if I'd guessed her surprise. Suffice to say, my response wasn't nearly what she'd expected.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Blue eyes intently focused on mine.

"You're taking me on a ship?" I asked, somewhat stuttering.

"Surprise?" she asked somewhat awkwardly.

Swallowing a few times, I tried to act happy. "Wow, I never would have guessed that you'd do this for me."

Seeing through my pretense, Charlie pulled the car into a parking spot to talk to me. Putting the car into park, she turned to me and said, "Terri, I can tell something is wrong. Please, what is it?"

Now feeling more foolish than ever, I tried to look away to no avail. Charlie took my chin in her hand, as per her usual, and tugged on it gently to face her. "Tell me," she almost whispered.

"I'm afraid of big bodies of water." There, I said it; it was out in the open.

"You're afraid of big bodies of water," she repeated.

"Yes. I've never liked them, even as a kid," I started to explain, noticing a grin on my lover's face. "Why are you smiling like that? Anything can happen on those big ships, Charlie, you know that. You watched *Titanic* with me!"

Stroking my thigh gently, almost distractingly, Charlie said, "Baby, you know those ships are made so much better now. Accidents hardly ever happen."

We sat in silence as I tried to absorb her words. I was very nervous and wasn't sure if I was more afraid of getting on the ship, or disappointing Charlie if I said I didn't want to go. Looking up into warm, caring eyes, I knew that answer faster than I'd asked the question.

"If you promise me that you'll protect me from anything that comes our way, I'll get on."

"Baby, that's grea..." My finger went up, stopping her response.

"But for any reason, if I want to get off the boat and go home, you'll raise hell and high waters to make that happen... Do we have a deal?"

Charlie leaned over to me and kissed all my worries away. I felt her assurance in that kiss, among other things, but that definitely would have to wait until we checked into our cabin. Tasting her for one second longer, I sighed internally. This was one fear I was going to conquer this week. I was not going to disappoint her.

I mean really, what more could I ask for? I'd have my girl in a bikini, we'd be on a cruise with nothing but sunshine in our faces, and we could make love in our cabin all day and night if we wanted. For one whole week. Yeah, that was a hard decision to make.

"Ok, are you ready?" I asked, a little surprised that I was as excited as I felt.

"I am indeed, baby. Let's get to the ship so we can go through the *quick* check-in process," she feigned excitement in her last phrase so I knew it would be nasty.

"Let's do this before I lose my nerve."

Walking around to the open trunk, I pulled out our luggage and started to close it. When Charlie's hand stopped the motion, I looked up into expressive eyes. "You don't have to do this if you're truly afraid, baby. I don't want you to feel like you *have* to do this, okay?"

Putting my hand on hers, together we closed the trunk. "I'm going to do this because I have you to help me through it. If I have that, then I can do anything."

"You are so good to me," she said, landing a small kiss to the top of my head, walking towards the enormous ship.

"Funny, I was just thinking the exact same thing."

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After almost having a heart attack walking up the ship's "welcome plank," I sat with Charlie for nearly an hour while we checked in. I was told that it beat the other people since my girl found a way for us to be V.I.P.'s this trip. I don't know how, but I'm not one for looking a gift horse in the mouth.

We had to go through a rigorous review of what to do in case of an emergency. It was quite fun actually, watching these women running around in their life vests. This told me that I was in pretty good hands if, God forbid, something were to happen. Everyone knew the risks and the crew, in theory, was trained to get us out of any dangerous situations that might arise. I liked that knowledge. A lot.

Once we got our rescue station memorized, we made our way back to the cabin. It was quite large considering I was thinking it would be the size of a tea cup with both of us having to walk belly to belly to fit. Much to my surprise, it had two beds, which we of course pushed together, a vanity table, two chairs and a bathroom with a shower. The bathroom wasn't really made for more than one person, but we'd make do with that. We'd been in smaller quarters, I happily remembered as our first meeting came to mind. We fit in that stall quite comfortably if my memory serves. According to Charlie, *it was all good*. And again, who was I to argue?

Our first trip to the top of the ship was confusing. I'd never traveled so many small steps in my life. There were so many stairways and doors, I was sure I would get lost on my way back. As I rested my arms on the railing looking over to the people waving at our departure, my tall, gorgeous woman approached bearing fru fru drinks for us to enjoy in the sun.

"Here you go," she said, clinking our eighteen inch glasses together.

"Cheers, honey," I said, tasting the first of many daiquiris to come that day. "Mmm, I have a feeling this is going to be a wonderful trip."

"Yeah, baby, it is. How could it not?" Charlie put her arm around me. "I have you on this gorgeous boat for the next seven days while we sail to exotic places around the Mexican border," she said, looking around at the other women on the boat. "None of these women better get any ideas either. You are mine... and I'm not sharing."

Charlie pulled me to her and proprietarily kissed me with a passion that sent chills down my spine. Her tongue snaked out into my mouth and I couldn't help but moan in response. I felt my arms wrap themselves around her neck pulling her closer to me. She removed the drink from my hand and moved it to the small table next to us without breaking contact with my lips.

Both of her arms wrapped around me until I could feel her thigh wriggle in between my legs. I could feel the moment change from fuzzily warm to irrepressibly hot in seconds. Knowing my girl's thoughts were far from appropriate, I needed to back away before we gave our new shipmates a show they hadn't planned on viewing.

Charlie's lips were attached to mine so firmly, a popping sound was made once I pulled back. Her head rested against my shoulder as she steadied her breathing.

"God, I love the way you kiss," she breathed out, trying to resume her composure.

"We need to go back to our room if you want to continue this," I reminded her.

She shook her head in the negative and said, "No, I can control myself for a little while anyway. We should at least fully leave the dock for God sake!"

We both shook from laughter and held each other as we waved to the last people in view. It felt like the Love Boat all over again. Although *this* Love Boat was filled with lots of gay women and would've caused many eye sockets to bulge if network television aired this in the seventies. Although, these days, they'd throw it on Showtime and it would be a hit.

Hell, I would watch it. Wouldn't you?

Having Charlie wrapped around me was the safest feeling in the world. I knew I was just being silly with my fears of the ocean. I've never encountered anything first hand to give me those fears, but yet, I still had them. Perhaps my first foray on a ship would squelch those feelings I had, because I still had, as a friend once said to me, butterflies in my gut in plague proportions.

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Our first dining experience was quite enjoyable. We had lunch in the dining room with several hundred other women. Sitting down in the booth assigned to us, Charlie and I met with our dining partners. Michelle and Kathy were the first to introduce themselves. Coming from the Midwest, they'd never been on a ship like this either. It was kind of relieving for me to hear that.

"Here I thought I was the only paranoid person on the ship," I chuckled.

"No way! It took many bribes and promises for me to get her on this ship," Michelle joked about her partner.

"Yeah, but after awhile, I figured if she could put up with me for ten years, the least I could do was do this for her," Kathy said and kissed her redheaded lover.

Charlie and I shared a warm smile. Wondering if she was thinking the same thing I was, I voiced my question.

"Well, hopefully the big guy here and I will make it as long as you two have," I said, grateful that the expression on Charlie's face turned even softer. Lifting my glass of wine, I turned to toast the celebrating women. "To the many years ahead of you. Congratulations," I toasted and drank my wine.

"So how did the two of you meet?" Kathy asked Charlie.

With an interested expression, I faced Charlie to see if she would answer honestly.

"I piloted a flight that Terri was on last year," Charlie started, not even looking to me for help. "After a brief meeting in the airport, we lost contact. Lucky for me, we met up a while later through a friend of a friend. Now, I wouldn't let her go for anything in the world," she finished softly.

Wow, that was indeed a version of the truth, but damn... The thoughts raced through my head as I watched three heads turn my way.

"What?" I asked, hoping my voice would hold through the myriad of sensations wracking my system.

"I said, you're very lucky," Michelle repeated, smiling at us both.

Charlie looked at me with more devotion in her eyes than I'd ever seen before. Clearing my throat, I was suddenly aware of the emotion that threatened to come forth. "Amen to that," I responded, downing another gulp of wine.

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The rest of the meal was spent with light and entertaining conversation with our new friends. With a promise to meet later, Kathy and Michelle left to go work off some of their lunch. The way they were looking at each other, I knew they would be returning to their cabin. And soon.

That thought left a smile on my face. Knowing that two people could still feel passion after ten years together, gave me renewed hope for my future with Charlie. Not wanting to ever lose the passion we had, was something I was holding tight to. Feeling arms come across my middle as I

looked onto the sea, Charlie lightly kissed my neck and settled behind me. Squeezing her arms to hold me tighter, I felt myself fall against the strong body embracing me.

"You'd better knock that off. My girlfriend is on this cruise and would certainly kick your ass if she thought you were making a move on me," I joked.

"This girlfriend of yours... is she a big girl?"

"Colossal," I said with a giggle.

Turning me in her arms, she pinned me with her blue eyes. "Colossal, huh? I'm not that tall," she argued.

"Honey, your feet hang over the edge of the bed."

"Hmmpf, I suppose I just ate my Wheaties as a kid," she grumbled, not really disagreeing with me.

"And drank Miracle Gro from the garden," I continued to rib my lover.

"Alright, that's enough out of you." "Oh yea?" I raised an eyebrow in challenge.

"Yeah." Charlie leaned down and kissed me hard stifling any other comments from my mouth.

"Mm, you are so good at that," I managed to say once she pulled back.

"So you've said." Charlie smirked her half smile at me. "How about you show me what else you think I'm good at? In our cabin, in say about five minutes?" she suggested.

"Now that certainly sounds inviting," I happily agreed, already feeling my arousal.

"Let's go put that mouth of yours to good use."

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Charlie and I returned to the main deck after spending a few glorious hours in our cabin. My body was still singing her praises. Charlie had a way of making me feel her long after our sheets had cooled. The essence we left behind always made me long for the next time we'd have together. I truly hoped it would always be that way.

Settling on one of the lounge chairs, I sighed deeply and waited for my lover to return with our drinks. Inhaling the fresh sea air, I closed my eyes and relaxed into the chair.

"Hi there," I heard a voice say next to me.

Opening my eyes, I noticed a dark haired woman with pretty eyes looking at me. They were a

blue-ish green with specks of gold towards the pupil. It took me a couple seconds to speak after I realized I was staring.

"Um, hi," I replied, feeling a small blush warm my cheeks.

"Enjoying the sun?" she asked with a nice smile.

"Yes, thanks. You?"

"It's gorgeous out here. I've never been on a cruise before, but I figured I'd rather do one of these cruises than the ones for straight people."

Laughing, I nodded my head in agreement. "I've never been on one either. So far, it's been really great. Everyone is so friendly here." "I know!" she exclaimed in agreement. "It's like Disneyland on the sea."

A moment of silence passed after we shared a laugh or two. Looking around for my partner, the friendly stranger spoke again.

"So are you free for a late dinner? I'd love to get to know you better," she started then raised her finger to pause my response. "My name's Melanie and I'm all by my lonesome." She fluttered her eyes at me and put a pout on her lips.

Sticking out her hand, I amusedly shook it trying to get a response in edgewise. "Melanie, I'm Terri. As much as I'd like to dine with you..."

"I would love to dine with you, too," she said in a low sexy tone.

"She's taken," I heard Charlie's voice growl behind me before I even saw her approach.

"Excuse me?" the stranger stupidly asked.

"I said," Charlie repeated, "she's taken." She'd put down our drinks and stood to her full intimidating height.

"I don't see a ring on her finger. Besides, don't you think she should have the opportunity to answer for herself?"

Feeling my partner's agitation, I tried to jump into the conversation. "Honey, it's okay." I turned back to Melanie. "Look, as I was trying to say before, as much as I'd enjoy dining with you, I am with my partner and will have to decline."

"Oh, you will, huh?" she seemed to mock my answer. Looking back to Charlie, she said, "Looks like you have her pretty well trained. Good for you."

Hearing her describe me as a young puppy, my hackles started to rise. "Excuse me, I am not a

pet that needs to be trained!"

"You'd be surprised what women would argue that point," she said cockily.

"Look, Melanie, is it?" Charlie began. "Why don't you scour the ship for another trainable woman? This one's all mine and I'm not sharing her with anyone. Anyone."

Looking us up and down with her eyes, Melanie replied, "Pity. I have a feeling we could've had an incredible time together." She sighed to accentuate her point. "Oh well. If you change your mind, come and find me," she whispered, making me question myself for almost a second. Shaking myself of those thoughts, I turned to Charlie who watching our uninvited guest leave.

"Honey?"

"Hmm?" Charlie responded, acting as if she too, was breaking free of those thoughts.

"Things that make you go hmm, eh?" I joked.

Pulling her sunglasses down over her nose, my girlfriend continued to watch Melanie walk away. "You ain't lying. Damn."

"Well, if you wanna, you know... I could be easily swayed. She was very attractive," I said, waiting patiently for her reply.

When no answer came, I looked back to find Charlie staring at me. I had a feeling she was trying to decide how to answer.

"Honey?"

Shaking her head, Charlie replied, "Are you serious?"

"What do you think?" I replied, hoping she knew me well enough to know that answer.

"Baby, I know there's a right answer in here somewhere, but first I want to know if you're serious."

Unknowingly, I had put a bug in my partner's ear. Perhaps she did want to have a threesome and just never told me.

"If I was, would you... you know... with her and I?" Now, I wanted an answer, because I had put a bug in my *own* ear!

"Well, now I don't know how to answer." Charlie sat down next to me and downed half her drink she'd taken off the table next to us. The condensation from the glass dripped down her tank top and right between her breasts. I watched the droplet disappear under the fabric of her shirt and returned my eyes to hers, which were filled with amusement. "Find something interesting?"

I leaned over and kissed her gently. "I've never been jealous of a drop of water in all my life." I smiled and tried to get a better look down her shirt.

She playfully slapped my hands away. "Seriously, baby. Is having a threesome something you'd want to try?"

Pondering her question seriously for a few minutes, I realized I'd never really thought about it. A threesome would certainly be a different encounter, but knowing myself, I'd have to have full trust in both people before going there. Making up my mind, I turned to face my gorgeous partner.

"I don't think it'd be so bad," she said before I could answer.

My eyes opened wide at this realization. "So you'd like to do that? I mean with her, here on the boat?"

She shrugged, relaxed. "I've never done that before, baby. Honestly, I've always wondered what it would be like. I can't think of someone better I'd like to do that with than you. I totally trust you and if you wanted to, I guess I would do it." I nodded at that remark as she continued, "Yeah, I guess I would."

"Well, what do you know?" I said out loud. Looking to see if I could spot Melanie, I careened my head causing my partner to laugh.

"Let's try and find her after dinner," Charlie suggested.

"Alright." I sat back down and took my drink in hand. Staring at the colors swirling around in my glass, Charlie interrupted my thoughts.

"Baby, are you sure this is something you wanna try?" She asked again.

"Yes! I said I would try it and I will," I answered a little harshly.

With a furrowed brow, Charlie questioned my response. "Ok, that was NOT a happy answer. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I said too quickly.

"Yeah, right. I know that look." She knew me so well.

Swallowing loudly, I found her soft baby blues searching for my own. "I'm fine, honey. Really. I just don't know how to act about it," I said, smiling nervously.

Taking my hand in hers, she brought it up to her lips. "If you are absolutely sure, than I'm okay with this. If you're not, I want you to tell me."

"I promise. If I feel at all uncomfortable, I'll let you know."

"Deal," my girl said confidently. "If you want out, you say so and no matter what's going on, we *will* stop."

"I can live with that."

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Searching the ship for a woman to have sex with was certainly not something I had expected to be doing. Here I was though, searching, *with* my girlfriend, for another woman to sleep with us. Charlie wasn't kidding when she said this was a surprise. I was greatly surprised with the turnout of this trip.

Walking past one of the several bars on the boat, I caught a flash of familiar dark hair walking past the door. Grabbing Charlie by the arm, I led her into the crowded room. With the room filled with women, this turned out to be a harder search than originally thought. As luck would have it, I spotted Melanie on the dance floor with a small redheaded woman. Watching her moves on the floor, I was suddenly staring intently at the sway of her hips. *Perhaps I can go through with this. Just watching her dance is getting me a little twitchy.*

Feeling Charlie's hand on my lower back, I came back into my own reality and tried to make eye contact with the reason we were here. Melanie danced and turned her partner all over the dance floor, impressing not only myself, but my partner as well. We watched for a few minutes more before she noticed our captive eyes. Smiling cockily at us, she whispered something to her dance partner and made her way towards us.

"Hello, again," she greeted. "To what do I owe the pleasure?" Her confidence was oozing from her lips.

Trying to raise my courage level, I moved a step closer to Charlie. Feeling her presence really gave me the push I needed. "Hello, Melanie."

"Please, call me, Mel." Her smile was wide.

"Ok, Mel. We wanted to find you to um... revisit our earlier discussion."

Looking between Charlie and myself, Melanie's expression was a combination of amusement and intrigue, or at least that's what it looked like to me. Raising an eyebrow, she addressed my girlfriend. "So, you've decided to share after all? Yourself included in that equation." "We have," Charlie answered. "That is, if your earlier offer is still on the table."

Smiling even wider, Melanie answered, "Absolutely. Let me get rid of the little girl I was dancing with and I'll..." she paused, pulling a key from her pocket and handing it to me. "see you in a little while." She winked. "Make yourselves comfortable. I have a feeling we're in for a long night."

Taking the key in hand, I smiled back at her and gave another one to Charlie. We shared a knowing look then I turned back to Melanie. "Well, we'll see you in a few then." Winking again at us, she replied, "You can count on it."

Melanie walked back to the dance floor to meet up with her smaller dancing companion. By the crestfallen expression, I had to guess that the redheaded woman was just told that she was being replaced for the evening. I couldn't help but feel badly for her.

Feeling Charlie's hand in my own, we turned and made our way back through the bar and out onto the main deck. We walked in silence as we searched for the right hallway that would lead us to Melanie's room. After several wrong turns, we finally found the correct corridor and quietly stood in front of cabin 319.

Looking up into my lover's eyes, I asked one last time for reassurance that she wanted to do this. Her answer had not changed and now I wasn't sure how to feel about this situation.

Was this what I wanted? Did I want to invite someone into our lovemaking? Was I strong enough to watch someone else have sex with my girlfriend? Would I be able to have sex with someone else while Charlie watched? Oh, God!

The questions raced in my head at a rapid pace. Charlie must have felt my trepidation because I soon felt her arms surround me. "Baby, what's going on in that head of yours?" Answering honestly, I said, "I just have a lot of questions going on in my head. I've never done anything like this before. I'm just a little nervous." "I'm nervous too, baby," she softly admitted, rubbing my back. She bent her head to look at me and I could see the honesty in those baby blues. "If you want to back out, it's still okay."

"What about you? Do you want to back out?" I didn't want my voice to be the sole decision maker. Nor did I want to be the only baby here.

"Well, like I said earlier, if you want to try this, I'll try it with you. If you don't, then lets leave right now." Seeing the no-nonsense look in her eyes was all I needed to see. I nodded my assurance then Charlie took the key and put it in the lock of the doorknob.

"Well, hello there," a voice said behind us. Melanie approached as we stood in the doorway. "Going in?" she asked, grasping the key and turning it. The door opened, eliciting smells of incense and a pleasant fragrance I wasn't familiar with.

Looking to my partner for any last minute jitters, I received a wink and a smile. "I guess we are," I said softly, taking her hand in mine.

We followed Melanie into her cabin and she offered us drinks. Knowing I would need a nice strong one, I accepted as did Charlie. Melanie was very comfortable it seemed. I wondered if she had done this on another occasion or three. Handing us each a glass of wine, I gratefully swallowed a third of the drink in one gulp.

"So, where are you from Melanie?" my partner broke the uncomfortable air among us.

"Tucson actually, you?" she asked, taking a sip from her own glass.

"Cleveland," Charlie lied. Can't say that I blame her for not wanting her to know where we lived. Not correcting her, I couldn't help but internally praise my partner's response. Stalkers can be scary.

Charlie and I stood side by side slowly drinking the wine that was offered to us. Melanie smiled and put her drink down. Approaching us, she put one of her hands on my left hip and the other on Charlie's right. "Now, why don't we start what we came here to do," she purred.

Slowly turning our bodies, Charlie and I now stood face to face. Melanie took the glasses from our hands, moved them to a table and stroked our backs in encouragement for us to make our first moves. Charlie leaned her head down first and I met her lips in a slow sensual kiss. Her tongue snaked into my mouth and I laved it with my own. The passion that was usually in Charlie's kisses was missing. *Perhaps she's having performance anxiety?*

Pulling from my lover's kiss, I turned my head towards Melanie only to be kissed fully on the lips by her. The lust she was trying to invoke into me just wasn't happening. The kiss left me feeling all sorts of wrong and not hot and aroused as I should've been.

Releasing myself from her kiss, I watched as she took my lover's cheek in her hand and kissed her solidly on the mouth. Seeing Charlie being kissed by another sent my stomach into turmoil. I knew that this was something I could not go through as much as she may have wanted me to.

As they pulled apart, I couldn't help the outburst that came from my mouth. "I can't do this!" I cried out, meeting Charlie's eyes. "I'm sorry, I just can't do this."

Retreating from our triangle, I moved towards the door. Turning the knob and pulling the door open, I walked into the hallway and began to run towards our room. I heard Charlie's yell of *Terri*, but I couldn't stop my fast forward motion.

With shaking hands, I fumbled with the key but managed to open our cabin door then collapsed on the bed. My heart was racing from all the stimuli in the last 15 minutes. As I rested my head in my hands, I heard the door open and close, knowing exactly who had entered.

"Baby?" her voice called softly.

Meeting concerned blue eyes, I leapt from the bed and into her arms. The tears came without my permission and I let them out. I felt so out of control! My body was shaking terribly even wrapped in my safety nest.

"Shh, it's ok. I promise, it's ok," she soothed.

"I'm so sorry. I feel like the biggest baby," I cried into her chest.

Charlie ran her fingers through my hair and tried to comfort me as much as possible. We stayed in that position for several moments, both of us relishing the security of the other.

"I have a confession to make," she announced softly, breaking the silence.

Pulling from her arms, I met her eyes. "What is it?"

"Let's go sit." We moved to the bed and sat down, still wrapped around each other. "If you had waited two more seconds, you would've seen me do the exact same thing."

I know my eyes went wide from her admission. "Really?"

Nodding, Charlie replied emphatically, "Really. Watching her kiss you really threw me. I couldn't tell if it was jealousy or if it was something else. All I know is it didn't get my motor going. When she turned and kissed me, it just wasn't you..." She paused and gently stroked my cheek with the backs of her knuckles. "After that, I wanted nothing more to do with the whole scenario."

Upon hearing all of this, I threw myself onto Charlie's lap and wrapped my whole body around her. "Thank you... thank you so much for saying that."

"Oh, baby, you're welcome. If I'd known your reaction was gonna be so strong, I never would've agreed to it. I'm sorry," she apologized.

Charlie and I stayed in our own personal cocoon for many minutes. My heart stopped hammering in my chest and returned to a normal beat. Raising my head, I looked into my lover's eyes. She was looking at me with such warmth and caring. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

Chuckling softly, Charlie answered, her voice thick with emotion, "I'm thinking that the only person I want to invite into my bed is you." She took my face into her large hands and kissed me tenderly. The softness of her lips made my heart start to beat wildly again.

"Is that so?" I challenged back, knowing full well where this would lead.

"Absolutely," she growled, assaulting my mouth with her lips and tongue.

The intensity of her kiss was felt down to my toes. Wrapping her body around mine, we slid to a lying position on the bed. A well-placed thigh was pushed against the apex of my legs, sending all sorts of sensations southward. I could feel her heartbeat pounding along with my own. Soft mewling sounds from Charlie allowed me to hear her passion as well as feel it. A fire that was so transdermal raced through me. Guttural sobs escaped my throat; her powers of seduction were always overwhelming.

As I once said, she has ruined me. I'm never letting her go. Never.

Her movements against me became desperate. I could feel the warmth of her body and knew we needed to become less encumbered. "Honey?" I panted in her ear.

"What, baby?" she paused her ministrations and locked her eyes with my own.

"I want to feel you. ALL of you," I purred, pulling at her clothing.

If someone could be described as lightning fast, then Charlie would be that person. The woman had her clothes and my own off of our bodies faster than it took me to suggest it. Before I knew it, I was back in my position, looking up into the most gorgeous eyes belonging to the most gorgeous creature God had put on this earth. I know it sounds cheesy, but she is all of that and more. Much more.

Charlie's hands found their home on my breasts. They moved with such determination and grace, I responded instantly. Arching my back into her touch, Charlie attached her mouth to my neck, sucking and tasting every part of me. I threw my head back for her to reach every part of my skin that was available. Moaning softly, her hands moved lower to my sides and slowly towards my butt. Caressing my skin, she reached down, raising my right leg to wrap around her body. I put both arms around her back and ground myself into her. Feeling the shiver of passion race through her, I sighed in response.

"God, you feel so good against me," she breathed into my ear.

"Mm," was all I could sound out.

I grasped her ass and pulled her harder against me. Our movements were hot and sweaty and I loved every minute of it. There was only one thing that could add more to that pleasure. "You didn't happen to remember to pack it, did you?" I asked with a shaky voice, knowing full well she'd know what I was talking about.

My lover stopped all movements and raised herself onto her hands and knees, smiling down on me. "Do you think I'd leave you hanging like that?" she cheekily replied, reaching over to the bedside table. Opening the drawer, she pulled out the implement I was thinking dreamily about. "I wouldn't leave home without this."

"I love your brain," I chuckled, mentally applauding my girl's memory for things that are important.

Helping my tall lover into her apparatus, she slowly knelt over me so I could assist her in placing the bullet on her already stimulated clitoris. The cool metal pressing against her searing and sensitive flesh caused her to gasp out in pleasure. Adjusting the straps a final time, we got ready for a very exciting ride.

Handing me the remote for the bullet to vibrate, my lover's gaze went down to my wet sex. I grabbed onto the phallus and gently tugged at it to test its position. Charlie's body jerked towards me and she hissed out her pleasure.

"You liked that, huh?" I asked, knowing full well what the answer would be.

"God, yes," she whimpered.

Sitting up a little more, I decided to play with my aroused partner. As I pulled on the phallus, I brought it close to my mouth and licked the silicon tip. Charlie groaned long and low and I felt her move closer to me. Her knuckles brushed the skin on my cheek as I continued to lick and suck the toy sensually. Hands ran through my hair as her head fell backwards allowing the fire to burn through her core. I never saw a more erotic sight in my life.

Pulling the toy from my lips, Charlie moved backwards on her knees until she was, again, between my legs. Her hands and arms immediately went behind my knees to lift my legs onto her shoulders. With a dip of her head, she began to drink from me and I instantly grabbed hold of the bedding. Long, slow kisses were placed on the wettest part of my body. Her tongue darted everywhere sending waves of unrestrained lust through my being. Grabbing onto her hair, I couldn't contain the sounds I was making. Needing more contact, I dug my heels into her back and thrust my pelvis towards her mouth. Nips and licks were her response until I pulled her head away from me.

When our eyes locked, I plead with her to take me over the edge. "I want it so bad... I can't take much more."

Pulling away, my lover was smiling at me. "I bet you can take this though, can't you?" her voice purred with want, taking hold of the dildo and lightly stroking it.

"Yes... please Charlie... come inside me." I knew I was begging but I didn't care.

Spreading my legs wide, she removed them from her shoulders as she positioned herself above my sex. She leaned over and kissed me passionately. Our tongues met in a ritual dance, devouring the other with passion. Putting all her weight on her left arm, Charlie used her right hand to place the tip of the phallus inside of me. Slowly she thrust her hips so my body could take it all in. Once I had gotten used to the fullness, I wrapped my legs around her. Coaxing her once again to bring me to places only she could.

She tentatively thrust her hips in and out, almost teasing. "Come on, baby. I'm so ready for you," I plead once again. Charlie scooted her knees closer and fully leaned onto her elbows. I locked my feet together, holding her in place with my legs. Ensconced in our new position, she gently thrust into me, moaning as our bodies met. The feel of her moving against and inside of me was overwhelming to my senses.

"Oh, God, yes!" I cried, pulling her harder with each thrust.

Remembering my little handheld remote, I clicked the button once to send vibrations to the bullet resting on her clitoris. Charlie's body reacted as I'd hoped and her movements had doubled in speed. The slap of our bodies was louder as well as our cries of passion. Feeling closer to the precipice, I pushed the button a second time, sending a harder vibration to Charlie.

"Uggh, baby, you know I won't last much longer," she groaned, filling me completely with each

thrust of her hips. She sucked at the base of my throat as I continued to pull her to me at a frantic pace. I heard her moans become more frequent and the spasms began to race through me. As her tempo increased, I knew she had reached the beginning of her climax.

"Don't hold back, honey... Come for me," I husked, reaching my own climax, crying out her name.

Charlie cried out her pleasure as our bodies met time and time again, milking every last ounce of passion from our bodies. "Oh, baby..." she whimpered before she begged me to turn off the vibrations.

Holding her tight, our bodies gently slowed until she rested completely on top of me, spent. The phallus was comfortably taking up residence inside of me and at that point, it was the best feeling in the world. It felt like an appendage of Charlie and that thought sent a new wave of emotions through me. My eyes welled with tears and I held tighter to her. She must have felt the change in me, because she leaned on her arms so she could look at me. Surprising me, her eyes were also filled with tears. Holding her stare for many moments, my world was complete.

"Charlie, I..." she put her fingers to my lips.

"I know, baby. I know," she said softly, kissing me with such tenderness I couldn't help the tears that rolled down my cheeks.

This woman held my heart and I knew I'd be aimless without her.

Charlie pulled away from me slowly, removing the toy from both inside of me and her own body. It fell to the floor gracelessly as my tall lover wrapped her body securely around me. We stayed in that position for several minutes, neither one of us saying a word. So much had been spoken in our lovemaking, we didn't need vocalizations.

"You cold?" she asked, seeing the gooseflesh rise on my arms.

Nodding my answer, we got up and turned down the sheets on the bed. After moving around to get comfortable, we managed to get under the covers and I rested my head on her chest. With her arm draped around me, she stroked my back with her fingertips. I'd never felt more content than I did right then. Sighing in happiness, I gripped my lover's hand that rested on her stomach.

"You're the best, you know that?"

I could feel her chuckle underneath me. "I'm glad you think so, cuz you rock my world."

I leaned up on my elbow and looked down at her beautiful face. "I rock your world, huh?"

Touching my cheek with her fingertips, she nodded. "Absolutely."

My head lowered and we found ourselves in a heated kiss. As her fingers found purchase in my

hair, I knew that sleep would be the only thing that wasn't coming soon.

~~*~*~*~*

The week went pretty quickly after that night. All my reservations of being on a ship on a large body of water had vanished. I had my girl, Charlie, to thank for that. She helped me conquer a fear I'd had since I was a child. With her at my side, I know my life will be filled with escapades of all shapes and sizes.

Stepping up to the rail of the ship, I let the wind blow back my hair. As I closed my eyes, I let the rush of air fill my lungs. Feeling the anticipation of our future exploits run rampant through me, I grabbed Charlie's hand and raised our entwined fingers high above our heads.

"Let the adventures begin!" I shouted loudly as we approached our final destination. Laughing together, my lover wore the most carefree expression I'd ever seen on her face. Turning my head with a hand to my chin, Charlie looked down at me and smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Until next time...

Feedback is the Ruler of All Bards, so let me know what you think!

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