

Chapter 12

Freddy pulled the limo up alongside the sleek Gulfstream G-550 corporate jet. The powerful Rolls Royce engines were purring at idle speed, and in a matter of minutes they would be in the sky, climbing to 40,000 feet and cruising at 550 miles per hour. Freddy and Charley got out of the limo and began unloading the luggage while Monique, Bill and Lisa walked over to the gangway. Standing next to the stairs were Captain Johnny English and Steve. Bill introduced Lisa to Johnny and then told Johnny to give Lisa a quick introduction to the jet. Bill took Steve and Monique aside and told them he wanted to change the flight plan to go directly to St. Martin and stop at the Cayman Islands and the other places on the way home.

It had been a hectic week with business meetings and trying to tie up all loose ends so that he could totally relax and devote all his time to Lisa. Bill did not see her all week until that morning. Even when they were in the limo, Bill was still making last minute phone calls. His meeting with Dan in Little Italy had gone better than expected. Dan's business associates were very friendly, mannerly and not at all like old-time mobsters. They were well-educated, dressed in expensive designer suits, and spoke without the accent normally associated with the mob. Yet there was this underlying attitude of *you better not cross me or else*.

Bill told them, as he had told Sophia, that he was flying to South America with investors interested in a project that the company was developing in Brazil. They really had no reason to disbelieve him, since that was what he had been doing for years. Of course, Bianca knew the itinerary, but was sworn to secrecy. This time, Bianca really was envious of everyone going, because she had always wanted to go to Rio. There were many times that she, too, would have liked to accompany Bill. Often, she had considered hiring more secretaries but then thought better of it because of her age. She was afraid that a younger, better-looking girl would try to vie for her job.

All week, Monique and Lisa were busy shopping, buying Louis Vuitton luggage and filling the suitcases with everything from sexy Manolo, Gucci and Feragamo shoes, to bikinis, flowery sun dresses, flowing chiffon cocktail dresses and wonderful lingerie. They bought the guys brightly colored shirts, white shorts, new bathing suits, hats and sunglasses. They had made a list and hoped everyone would be happy with their choices.

When they boarded the plane they waved good-bye to Freddy who was standing by the limo, and then closed the cabin door. That's when Bill grabbed Lisa and hugged her so tight she could hardly breathe.

"Finally, I've got you to myself and now we can forget the rest of the world. It's just you and me," he whispered in Lisa's ear.

He led her over to one of the plush leather couches. They sat down and Bill fastened her seat belt, then his. Steve opened the door to the cockpit and said that they had gotten clearance and were ready to taxi. Charley and Monique were sitting in the club chairs across from each other. They pulled up the folding table, got out some cards and began playing gin. Bill had his arm around Lisa and she snuggled against his chest and held onto his free hand. When the jet lifted off the runway and soared into the air, the exhilaration she felt was an undeniable sensation, plus Bill kissing her at the same time was something she would never forget! When they reached their assigned altitude and leveled off,

Johnny turned on the auto pilot and set it to follow the GPS route that was assigned on Steve's flight plan. All the pilots had to do now was to watch the four TV-like screens. The screens displayed everything they needed to know about the plane's engines, the instrument gauges, their heading, route, etc. The GPS showed their track along the Atlantic coastline.

Johnny English had been a pilot for Eastern Airlines and when the airline got into financial trouble, he left and got a job with Bill's company as a corporate pilot. Fun-loving Johnny always had a smile on his face and was easy to get along with. He had a good-looking face, was five-foot-ten with a lean body, and sported a bushy head of strawberry-blond hair. The girls all loved his witty ways and jokes. Recently divorced, he played the field, loving his single life.

Monique and Charley got busy in the galley, opening the mahogany cabinets, taking out crystal champagne classes, Limoges china, sterling silver flatware and linen napkins. They set everything on a marble-topped serving cart, then opened a bottle of champagne and put it into an ice bucket.

Bill and Lisa looked out the window, watching the coastline, and Lisa knew exactly where they were, remembering geography maps that she had studied. She was eagerly pointing out state landmarks and calling out names of rivers that emptied into the Atlantic. Monique poured champagne into their glasses and served tea sandwiches, strawberries and chocolate truffles. Then Charley and she took sodas and sandwiches to Johnny and Steve in the cockpit.

Johnny said, "Hey, thanks. These sandwiches look delicious. Did you get them from our usual caterer?"

"Lisa and I made them early this morning. Hope you like them."

"Mmmm, yeah! Boy, they are good! Wait. Before you go back to the cabin, stay here a minute, I want to run something by everybody. Instead of staying at that fancy five-star hotel, why don't we go to the Orion Resort? It has a clothing-optional beach, villas on

the beach, a nightclub, boating – hell, you name it, they’ve got it, and best of all you don’t have to wear any clothes!”

They laughed and said they had heard of that place, but had never thought about staying there and running around naked.

Charley said, “It’s okay for you kids, but I don’t think I want to show off my pot belly.”

Fun-loving Johnny began to elaborate on being a naturist. “No, no, you got it all wrong. A true naturist does not look at what kind of body you have, it’s the freedom you feel not having to wear clothes – it’s all about communicating with nature.”

Steve piped in with, “What about getting a hard on? What then?”

Monique gasped and blushed as she pinched Steve’s shoulder.

“In all the years that I have gone to nude beaches and on nude cruises, I have yet to see that happen to anyone.”

Monique giggled as she said, “Nude cruises! Come on, Johnny...”

“Yeah, matter of fact, the last one I was on was a Windjammer Cruise out of St. Martin. A bunch of us pilots with our wives had one hell of a good time. It was around Halloween and you should have seen the costumes. There was one really big guy that flew for Hawaiian airlines, and he painted himself green and went as the Jolly Green Giant!”

They all burst into laughter. Bill heard them from the cabin and asked what was so funny, and added that Lisa and he should be in on the joke, too.

“Okay, it sounds like fun,” Steve said, lowering his voice conspiratorially, “but what are we going to tell Bill?”

“Listen, Monique,” Johnnie chimed in, “where they are going, do you think for one minute that they are going to wear any of those clothes you spent so much time buying?”

“Good God, I never thought about that! Oh, well. They can always wear them somewhere else!”

When Charley and Monique walked back to the galley, Bill watched them talking and chuckling. He mused out loud, “I wonder what you guys are up to...” and they just laughed harder.

It wasn't long before Monique came back with the news that they would rather stay at the Orion Resort than go to the hotel.

“So, that's what you guys were giggling about in the cockpit! Sure, go ahead and have fun,” Bill said with a knowing smile.

Lisa finally turned her head away from the window and asked what they were planning on doing, and Bill told her he would tell her later.