# A Trip To The Colonies, Chapter 3

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*A romantic tale inspired by a fellow lush author, to whom I dedicate this work of passionate love.*

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Ace drove the SUV to the base and headed straight to the Officer's Club parking area, fond a place not too distant from the entrance and parked. He normally would have driven his classic Jaguar XKE, but with Mary joining the group, the 'two seater' just wouldn't do tonight. Besides, if the club wasn't active enough, he and Nicole could slip out to the parking lot and fool around, something they both got off on regularly, the thrill of being in public one would guess. They walked the short distance to the entrance and found the Corporal in charge of seating, who said "you're table is ready for you Lieutenant Stone" before starting off around the room leading them to the appropriate place. Actually they had gotten lucky; the table wasn't too far from the doors and the dance floor only a few feet away. The server came over and greeted them as he seated the ladies and asked "would you all care for a cocktail, or a soft drink perhaps?" Ace requested an imported beer and the girls each asked for frozen margaritas with lots of salt on the rim. Mary looked around the club and commented "Very nice place, love the décor, they go all out for you Navy guys." Ace nodded and Nicole said "yeah, we love it here, lots of fly boys in white" and let forth a lecherous chuckle. The drinks arrived and each began to sip down their own drink of preference as they visited. Mary gave Ace an inquisitive look as he searched the room for a likely candidate to satisfy Mary's challenge; none were to be seen, not yet at least.

As the time went by, the girls ordered another round, Ace had done his limit; he was the designated driver and took it very seriously, so it was soda or ice tea for him the rest of the evening. Nicole started getting a buzz as she finished the second margarita and began tapping her foot to the music, Ace took the hint and said "let's dance while we wait for the jarhead," a term he often used referring to the Marines that worked at the club, "to take our order." Nicole gave Mary a look seeking approval for abandoning her, and Mary said, "Go ahead I'll dance with him next", not that she really wanted to, but it was a good thing to say and it allowed them to go enjoy themselves. As the waiter came up to the table Mary motioned for them to come order dinner, which they did, rather out of breath from the fast paced music they had been dancing to. They returned to the dance floor as another song started up, this one romantically slow. Mary watched them as they glided easily together across the floor. Her

thoughts were lost in a time not that long ago when she and Bret had gone dancing at a club in Suffolk . She thought it, and then dismissed the thought, this night was to be a new beginning, and that is that, she told herself. As she looked back to the dance floor Ace and Nicole were walking towards the table. They didn't sit down, but rather informed Mary that they would be back in ten minutes…tops, and walked to the door leading to the parking lot.

As she watched in astonishment of knowing what they were going to do for those ten minutes her gaze turned to a handsome man walking in the door. His looks were wonderful, somehow even familiar, though she knew that she had never met him. He had seen her too and gazed back, looking straight into her eyes. He was dressed, of course, in the all white uniform of a Naval Officer, his chest decorated with several colorful ribbons and a pair of wings atop them all. He is an aviator. Mary had always had a weakness for a man in uniform, but the purity of the white naval officer's was foremost. Her heart pounded just at the sight of his elegance and poise, his smile intently focused on her. Noticing that she was seated alone at a table with three drinks on it he paused only for a moment before crossing to the table to introduce himself to this beautiful woman. Not to say that all aviators are so self confident that they would do that, but this one was, and driven by her beauty, pulled it off well. He stepped up to a place only a foot away from her, she looked up at his gaze as he began to speak, she still thought he looked familiar, just didn't know why, he didn't really look like anyone she knew. He said "Good evening Miss I am Lieutenant Cross, I don't believe I've seen you here before." She stood to shake his outstretched hand and as they touched the electricity flowed instantly between them, as did the recognition of why each looked so familiar. She held his grip as she asked "Were you at Chino 's Restaurant today?" He chuckled and replied "Yes ma'mm that must be why I thought I'd seen you before. May I ask your name Miss?" "Mary, Mary Osborn" came her reply, "and may I ask your given name Lieutenant?" "Yes ma'mm it is Michael, but the other pilots call me biggun, or at least that's my call sign." An expression of curiosity flashed across Mary's face, but she dared not ask 'why' that was his call sign or nickname. He continued, seeing her dilemma, "That is a beautiful accent you have, is it English?" She chuckled and in her best Saxony impression answered "Right-O." They both laughed at the mocked linguistics. He again broke the silence of the moment "Mary, I see that you have three drinks and no people to drink them, have you been abandoned for the music?" She smiled as thoughts of where Nicole and Ace really were, and God knows doing what before replying "They stepped out for some air, they will be back in a few minutes." His look of curiosity prompted her to continue "Would you care to have a seat? We've already ordered dinner, but can surely get you something too." He grinned and held the chair to allow Mary to return to her seat before taking up the obviously empty one and sat next to her.

Seeing the addition to the table the waiter came over and asked if the Lieutenant would care for anything. He ordered an "ice tea" and "whatever she is having for dinner will be great." Michael took the lead in the ensuing conversation as he asked where she was from, why had she come to South Carolina, and all of the normal 'get acquainted' questions one would ask of a new acquaintance. She responded in an even tone to each inquiry before going through the same questions of him. She found out that he was from Texas, had been in the Navy for 3 years since his graduation from Texas

A & M, was indeed an aviator, and proudly announced that he had just finished ‘Top Gun” schooling in Florida a week earlier, and was now on leave before his Mediterranean tour began. Mary listened intently as he answered all of her questions, and was enthralled by the poise of this southern gent from Texas . About then Nicole and Ace returned from their antics in the SUV, and got a questioning look from Mary as to “how did it go?” Nicole’s smile said enough and the subject was changed. Nicole blurted out “can’t leave you alone for a minute Mary, we step outside and you find a fly boy to talk to.” They all roared with laughter as introductions were made, and the weary pair sat down to get acquainted with Mary’s new friend. The guys ended up in a conversation about thrills of flying, of course, and the girls sat off to the side and discussed the guys. Nicole said “he’s adorable, have you asked him yet?” with a chuckle. Mary’s face flushed as she said “NO!” They both giggled loudly, enough so that it got the guys’ attention. Fortunately their dinner had arrived and after being served, they all began to eat quietly.

Ace and Michael finished first and sat back to return to their earlier conversation about the schooling in Florida, Ace wanted so badly to become what Michael had become, a fighter pilot on the front lines of America’s fighting force. As the girls finished dinner the plates were cleared and they again began to chat about the ‘boys in white’. Mary continuously glanced up at Michael ‘biggun’ Cross, as did he repeatedly watch Mary at every opportunity, without being overly obvious to the others. As each conversation seemed to ebb Michael stood up and walked to Mary’s side. He stood tall and asked “May I have the privilege of a dance Miss Mary, Mary Osborn?” She looked up and replied “Yes you may Sir” as she rose to join him. They walked slowly to the dance floor as a slow romantic tune came from the bandstand.

She turned to face him as he laid his left hand on her hip and took her left into his right in the proper and classic waltz pose. They began to move, gliding gently across the floor as if they had danced as partners for years; they both felt the electricity of touch as their eyes stared into the depths of each other’s gaze. She thought about taking this slow, but knew that this was indeed the man she needed, and wanted him to know it, without just blurting out some common innuendo or comment, so she closed the gap between them, pulling his shoulder close to hers and their extended hands in to the other as she lay her head against his chest and shoulder. She was careful not to rub too hard against it; she didn’t want to get what little makeup she had on to rub off on his pure white uniform. They danced on, now close, both of their hearts pounded out a rhythm that spoke of the desires they felt, but didn’t verbalize. He let loose her left hand and put his arms around her softly; she melted into his loose grip and let her mind wander in the bliss of the moment as she wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders. Another slow song started up and they continued to enjoy the feelings of being one with each other. His left leg between hers, her right between his, her head against his shoulder, and his gently laid against her forehead, their movements were so natural, so totally perfect together. As they glided across the floor she found her hip to be in just the right place and pushed harder against his mound and somewhat swollen cock. She moved a bit to the side and made sure it was in the tender area between her hip and abdomen as she started grinding against it teasingly. The effect was only obvious to her, he was getting harder by the moment as the music ended, and the band

announced that they were going to take a break. They walked back to the table; luckily no one could see the prize she had caused, his jacket covered well, but she knew by the feel that is was not the reason for his nickname/call sign, it seemed small compared to Ace, perhaps the size of Bret, maybe a bit larger. She hoped beyond hope that she would find out first hand TONIGHT.

The evening was winding down, Ace had another training flight at 0900, so needed to get some rest, actually needed some of Nicole's sweet pussy, and then some rest. Nicole was rather tipsy, having consumed 4 frozen margaritas, so was feeling very horny for her husband's big dick. None of this was mentioned, of course, but they all knew what was afoot. Michael broke the tension of the moment and said "Mary, may I drive you home? I'd love to visit more on the way, if you'd allow me to." She smiled, looked over at Nicole for approval, not that she needed it, and the expression on Nicole's face was one of lustful agreement, so said "Yes Sir, I'd be honored for the ride. Maybe we can stop somewhere and get a coffee, if you're willing." They all knew that coffee was not what Mary had in mind, especially Ace who knew that even though he hadn't provided her knight in shining armor, she was bound to let him off the hook. They all rose after the check and tip had been taken care of, and walked to the parking lot to go their separate directions, Michael said he would have Mary home by dawn, at which they all chuckled.

Nicole said "dawn, hell, just whenever you two get done 'visiting' is fine, just so she and I get to talk about it afterwards." They all roared with laughter as Ace and Nicole got into the SUV and Michael escorted Mary to the Triumph Roadster he had proudly restored and opened the passenger door. She sat down on the low set seat and he gently closed the door before going around and getting in on the other side, tossing his flat topped hat behind the seat. They were alone, at last.

As always I ask that the readers of my tales leave a comment and/or a vote about my works. I am trying very dilligently to learn from each story, and I can only grow to be better with your help. It will only take you a moment, and I'd really appreciate the assist. Thank you.