

Jet-Set Billionaire
The Complete Series
By JB Duvane

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Jet-Set Billionaire

The Mile High Club is about to induct its newest member...

Recently single flight attendant Erica Blake finds herself caught between her pilot ex-boyfriend, Brad, and billionaire Malcolm McDaniel on an intercontinental jaunt on his private jet.

The young playboy is en route to Tokyo with a bevy of beauties, and it's up to Erica to remain professional even when he decides that the most gorgeous woman on the plane is her!

Malcolm is used to getting his way and won't take no for an answer. He'll do whatever it takes to convince Erica that he's the man she needs to move on from her ex.

But when the plane crashes on a tropical island and they must turn to each other for survival and comfort, ex-boyfriend Brad lets Erica know that he has no plans of letting her go.

This bundle includes all four parts of the steamy, romantic adventure series as well as a bonus epilogue that isn't available anywhere else.

Jet-Set Billionaire: The Complete Series is a novel length book that totals 43k words and includes a very HEA.

Chapter 1

Erica

"Hey, Erica, over here!"

I turned my head and looked in the direction of the voice that called my name and there was my friend Lainey waving frantically at me.

"Hey, Lainey," I said as I walked over to her car in the long-term lot at the Farmingdale Republic Airport in New York. It had been a while since I'd flown out of the private airport and I was glad to see a familiar face.

"I haven't seen you in months, Erica. What have you been up to? Have you been working out of a different city or something?"

"Yeah, I've kinda been laying low for a few months, mostly flying out of Teterboro. I just haven't been up for seeing Brad. I guess you probably know that we broke up four months ago."

"I heard. I'm so sorry, Erica," she said as she touched my arm. "If you need to talk about anything I'm totally here for you."

"Oh, I'm fine," I said as I smiled and shook my head, as if doing that would make me sound more convincing. "It was months ago and I'm doing a lot better now."

We continued to talk as we walked across the tarmac toward one of the jets that was being fueled up.

"Yeah, well, I mean, on this flight. If being around him gets you down I'll be here for you," she said as she looked over at me.

"Are you telling me that on my first flight back going out of this airport I booked one that Brad is flying?"

"Yep, he's the pilot, and he'll be taking us to Tokyo and back."

"Fabulous. Well, I guess it is just my luck," I said as I shook my head and looked down at the ground.

"What happened between the two of you, anyway?" Lainey asked in a quiet voice. "I mean, I don't want to pry. If you don't want to talk ..."

"No, no, it's okay. I don't mind. It wasn't anything dramatic. We both just couldn't make time for each other and things started to fade. I was the one that actually put an end to it. I always hear people say it's easier to be the one that does the dumping than it is to be dumped, but for some reason it took me a while to get over him. And we never even got that close.

I don't know, maybe it was more the idea of him that was hard for me to get over. And the knowledge that I'm getting older and if I don't find someone soon I'll wind up an old maid," I said as I hugged my arms around my chest. The wind blowing across the air field wasn't particularly cold, but suddenly I just wanted to feel the closeness of something. Even if it was my own arms.

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry. But you are most definitely not an old maid, or anywhere near that. Your gorgeous and sexy and you have a body that I have been jealous of since the day we met."

"Oh, come on," I said as I looked up at her and laughed. "You have men falling all over you, Lainey, with your long blonde hair and blue eyes and that model thin body of yours."

"Well, this isn't a contest. The men that fall all over me just happen to be into what I have to offer. But I've seen plenty of men checking out that curvy figure of yours as you walk back and forth through the cabin. You just need to get out there more. Let them know that you're interested. I think that's what really gets a lot of guys going. If you're too quiet and reserved they just figure you're not into anything."

"Well, maybe that's true. Maybe I'm not into anything."

"I don't believe that for a minute. Come on, let's get over to the jet. We're supposed to take off in about a half hour."

"Erica."

I turned around when I heard the familiar deep voice of my ex-boyfriend, Brad. He looked just as handsome as ever in his pilot's uniform, with his dark

brown hair and sea blue eyes that matched his jacket.

"Brad, I didn't know you'd be working this flight," I said, not really sure why I was lying. It had been the truth, though, until about five minutes ago.

"I haven't seen you in months. Did you move? I thought this was the main airport you took flights out of."

"No, I've just been spreading myself out a little more to some other airports. Trying to stay on my toes," I said as I laughed a little, trying to sound casual.

"Oh, I hope you haven't been avoiding flying out of Farmingdale because of me," he said as he moved a little closer.

I looked up into his kind eyes that always had a little bit of a smile around the edges and swallowed hard. I hadn't expected to feel so nervous seeing him again, but maybe I was kidding myself. There was a reason I had been avoiding flying out of this airport.

"No, of course not. I've just been busy," I said with a smile. I really didn't want him to feel bad because of my inability to get involved in a serious relationship. None of what happened was his fault at all.

"Well it's really good to see you, Erica. I'm glad you'll be on this flight. Let me know if you need anything. You know where to find me," he said with a smile, then turned and walked away toward the cockpit.

I went back to stowing my overnight luggage in one of the crew sleeping compartments and then went to the galley to familiarize myself with the menu. I looked everything over and made sure we had the bar stocked with all of the top shelf alcohol on the list.

Most of the time these private parties drank for the majority of the flight and I spent most my time walking back and forth with trays of drinks. And all I could think about now, after what Lainey had told me about men watching me walk back and forth through the cabin was a bunch of drunk men staring at my ass.

I knew that being a flight attendant came with a certain stereotypical reputation but it was still uncomfortable for me to imagine myself being watched so intently.

"So, what are we looking at today? A group of rich frat boys? Business flight? Bachelorette party?" I asked Lainey as she joined me in the galley.

"No, this is Malcolm McDaniel's private jet, didn't they tell you when you talked to the agency?"

"Oh, probably. But I never pay much attention to details like that."

"Well, you should. Especially to details about Malcolm McDaniel."

"Tell me, who is this mysterious Malcolm McDaniel," I said as I rolled my eyes at Lainey. I figured it was probably someone who regularly appeared in the gossip columns. She loved all that stuff and was always telling me about the Who's Who in the New York social scene.

"He's only the most eligible, single, billionaire bachelor on the entire East Coast. I can't believe you haven't heard of him, Erica. Haven't you ever flown on one of his jets?"

"Well, the name doesn't really sound familiar, so if I have I wasn't aware of it. Is it just him?"

"No, it looks like he has a party of eight guests. They're flying to Tokyo for the evening, and we'll be tying down in Narita airport overnight. We have the layover booked for 24 hours so I don't know exactly when the return flight will be. But it looks like we'll at least be there overnight and then it's another 13 or 14 hours back here, so we've got our work cut out for us."

"Oh great, so we can go into Tokyo? It's been a couple years since I've been there I'd love to get some good sushi."

"I don't see why not. That sounds fab," Lainey said as she rummaged through the galley compartments. "Okay, it sounds like our party has arrived. I'll go out there and get everyone settled and see if they want anything to drink. Why don't you round everything up on the menu for the first meal and we can get it all set up immediately after take off."

It looks like Mr. McDaniel had a nice menu planned. Lobster, filet mignon, a variety of French cheeses and fruit," Lainey read off a piece of paper that she handed to me.

"Oh, that sounds wonderful. I'm starving. It's going to be hard to keep myself

from scarfing down some of that Le Châtelain Camembert on French bread."

"I know! It sounds heavenly," Lainey said as she disappeared around the corner and into the main cabin.

I found everything that was listed for the first service; champagne, Almas caviar, Bar-le-Duc gooseberry jam, Kopi Luwak coffee to go with a variety of french pastries. It all looked so incredible and I wondered if it was a special occasion or if Mr. McDaniel ate expensive cheeses and lobster every day.

I was starting to become a little curious about this Malcolm McDaniel character. I never paid attention to celebrity news of any kind and name-dropping never did anything for me. Maybe it was just the food. I was so hungry and the thought of a guy putting this much attention to the details of the menu piqued my interest.

I heard the engines start up and secured everything in the galley for take-off. Lainey was already giving out the very short safety evacuation speech that we were required to issue to the passengers, so I took my seat in the flight attendant area at the front of the cabin. As I did I glanced at a group of passengers that were seated about fifteen feet away from me on a couch in the center of the cabin. One person in particular caught my attention and immediately made my heart race.

Two intensely dark eyes peered at me from across the cabin as I buckled my seatbelt and made myself comfortable. Lainey was standing right in front of me directing the passengers attention to the emergency exits but the man's eyes didn't move once. Actually, they did move, down to the bottom of my legs and back up to my face, but in the long few minutes before Lainey was done with her speech his eyes seemed to be glued to me.

I looked around the cabin as nonchalantly as I could, but every time my eyes drifted back to the dark-haired man his intense gaze was burning into me.

"Well, that's over with. Probably my least favorite part of the job. Talking to people who are just counting the seconds until I shut up is not one of my most favorite past times," Lainey said as she sat down next to me and buckled her seat belt.

"Who is that man," I asked as I looked down, pretending I had dropped something in between the seats.

"What man? Oh, the one that's looking over here? That's Malcolm McDaniel. Isn't he dreamy? I can see why he's such a sought after commodity."

"He's not an item that's for sale, Lainey. I'm sure he's just a regular man who does regular man-like things."

"Yeah, like stare at your shapely legs. He hasn't taken his eyes off of you since I sat down," Lainey said in a low voice as she moved her head down to where mine was. "What are you doing? Did you drop something?"

"No, I was just trying to ..."

"Avoid his piercing stare? Well, good luck. You've got twenty-eight hours round-trip booked with that man right there as your boss," she said as she gestured toward the dark stranger with her head. "And it looks to me like he's really looking forward to it," Lainey said with a sly smile.

"Boy, you sure know how to make me feel better," I said as my glance left hers and traveled back over to the most gorgeous eyes I had ever seen in my life. And they were still planted squarely on me.

I placed a large wooden cheese board filled with ten different French cheeses, a number of Italian cold cuts, heaps of grapes and cubes of incredibly sweet, black skinned watermelon and a perfectly ripe cantaloupe as well as multiple bottles of champagne in ice buckets onto a rolling cart and pushed it all out to a large glass table in the center of the main cabin.

The table was surrounded by two large, plush white couches and four chairs made of the same soft material. The party of eight people were scattered around in smaller groups on the couches and chairs as well as at some tables along one wall of the cabin. The party seemed to be made up of mostly young women, with Mr. McDaniel and another young man at a table against the wall being the exception.

As I pushed the cart through the cabin I avoided Malcolm McDaniel's stare, but while I moved the food and champagne from the tray to the table I felt like every move I made was being watched. He was sitting at the corner of one of the couches surrounded by three girls, with one long-legged blonde girl in a very short dress practically sitting in his lap.

The way she was acting I assumed she was his date, or maybe they all were, and by the looks of things I imagined that he could get all three of them to do just about anything he wanted.

"Mineral water, please," the girl said as I sat down the last ice bucket. I nodded my head and shifted my gaze over to those dark eyes.

"Is there anything else I can get you, sir?" I asked almost at a whisper. I didn't understand why this complete stranger had such a strong effect on me, but the second my eyes met his I felt like I couldn't breathe.

"Everything you've done so far has been perfect." The words seemed to spill out of his mouth like dark, warm honey and I stood there for a second too long trying to figure out if he had answered my question or not. Then, after looking at him for entirely too long and watching a smile start to curl up on one corner of his mouth, I nodded and walked back into the galley.

"Good Lord," I said as I leaned back against one of the counters in the galley and held my hand to my chest.

"He's really getting to you, isn't he?" Lainey said as she pulled more bottles of champagne out of one of the refrigeration compartments. "He's just unbelievably gorgeous. You're so lucky to have him burning a hole into that ass of yours with his eyes. I saw the way he was watching every move you made while you set out the cheese tray. My God, he looked like he was about to devour you."

"Lucky? You've got to be kidding. He's making me so nervous I can't even think out there. Was he really looking at my ass?" I asked as I tried futilely to look behind me.

"Honey, just take a few deep breaths and calm down. Your ass looks gorgeous."

"I don't know why on earth he's getting to me like this. He's just a man. A

man that I don't even know. And the way all those girls out there are pawing at him and practically dry humping him on that couch. He must really think he's God's gift to women."

"Well, isn't he? If he invited me on a weekend trip to Japan on his private jet I'd be all over him on the couch to. Just go with it, Erica. You don't have to do anything. Just enjoy the attention. Really, what can it hurt? Just go back out there with some attitude. You've got it going on. Just show him you know you're worth just as much as he thinks he is, and ignore those other girls. Obviously you've grabbed his attention more than any of them have," Lainey said with a big grin.

"Okay, you're right. I can do this. I can be a confident ... sexy ... woman," I said with absolutely no conviction as I straightened my shirt adjusted my skirt, then went out into the main cabin with two more bottles of champagne.

Chapter 2

Malcom

"Where are we going dancing, Malcolm?" one of the blonde girls standing next to the couch practically whined into my ear. The plane had just taken off and I wasn't sure how much more of these pouty little brats I could take.

"Why don't you talk to Sasha about that, it's her birthday, after all," I said, hoping to deflect some attention off of me, but unfortunately it didn't work.

"It's so sweet of you to take your little sister all the way to Japan for her birthday, Malcolm. You must be the sweetest guy in the world," the one sitting next to me on the couch purred as her lips brushed up against my ear.

They were all practically begging for my attention but it wasn't even close to working. It wasn't that I didn't find these girls that were surrounding me attractive. They were all beautiful. But when I tried to have a conversation of substance with any of them I found myself impatient and disappointed. They didn't challenge me or exhilarate me in the slightest, and from my experience they were all the same.

When I was in my twenties I couldn't get enough of these girls. They were everywhere and I shamelessly took advantage of how easy it was for a young, attractive man with money to get them in the sack. But the last few times I'd spent the night with one of these young "party" girls I just wound up feeling more alone and miserable the next day. I never thought it would happen to me, but lately I'd actually started wanting something more.

Something like that incredibly gorgeous dark-haired stewardess that was walking toward me with two bottles of champagne in her hands. I didn't even know what it was about her that made it impossible for me to tear my eyes away from her. It definitely had something to do with her incredibly curvy figure, but there was more than that.

Something in her eyes told me that she wasn't just going to jump in my lap the minute she got near me and that drove me out of my mind. She had a self-

confidence that none of these girls could touch. And the way she moved through the cabin while she was setting up the food, it was mesmerizing. She knew how to seduce with every inch of her body without even trying.

There was nothing about her that screamed "look at me" or "doesn't my ass look sexy when I bend over and bite my lip like this?" She wasn't trying to get me to look at her, in fact, she didn't even seem to care when she saw my eyes burning into hers, and that kind of attitude guaranteed that I couldn't tear myself away.

When she looked directly at me asked me if I wanted anything else it took just about every ounce of strength I had in me to not grab her hand, throw her down over my knees, and pull up that damn skirt so I could get a hold of a real ass.

I don't even remember exactly what I said to her because all I could think about was her turning around and delivering her ass to me right down onto my cock. I'm pretty sure I didn't say anything about that otherwise she would've slapped my face and told me to go to hell. And I would have loved it.

"We could go to Womb," one of the girls said as she leaned over the arm of the couch, exposing the majority of her tits to me.

"No, I just went there a few months ago with Jake and his friends. It was fun but I want to try something new, don't you, Malcolm?" the girl sitting next to me on the couch said, the last few words in the voice of a six-year-old.

"Sasha! These girls want to know where you want to go dancing tonight," I said with a raised voice to my sister who was sitting across the cabin with her boyfriend, Franklin.

I immediately became distracted again as I watched that sweet ass sashay its way back into the galley. I took a drink of champagne as I tried to drown out the overwhelming thoughts that were playing over and over in my head of me peeling that form fitting skirt off of her like the skin of a round, juicy peach. I was trapped on this plane with my sister and her friends for a very long flight and all I was doing was torturing myself.

"Well, we're taking a helicopter into Tokyo and from there we've got a car

that will drive us wherever we want to go. I was thinking Birdland first for sushi, then a few drinks somewhere, maybe Star Bar, and then dancing at Ageha. I booked us rooms at the Aman in case we want to stay longer than Malcolm."

"You're not going to stay with us the whole time, Malcolm?" the girl next to me whined.

"I have some business to take care of while I'm in Tokyo. I'll meet up with all of you at some point in the evening, but after that I'll have to head right back. I have meetings scheduled all next week in New York. So, you'll probably be needing those suites you booked. And don't worry, I'll have the concierge at the Aman reserve another private jet for your return. It's all on me," I said with a smile.

I saw the dark-haired stewardess out of the corner of my eye as she brought in more food and I almost had a heart attack when she bent over right in front of me. Her breasts fell forward in her bra as she arranged the plates of food on the table. I could just imagine the weight of them in my hands as they swayed ever so slightly with each of her movements.

Her big, blue eyes were suddenly on mine and by the look on her face I could have sworn she knew exactly what I was thinking.

"Glad you could take an hour out of your busy schedule for me on my birthday," Sasha said as she threw a big black pillow across the cabin at me, almost knocking over an ice bucket of champagne in the process. I snapped out of my trance just in time to catch the bucket before it tipped off the table, then picked up the pillow and threw it back at my sister. By the time I looked back across the table the stewardess had disappeared. But my cock twitched at the memory of that cleavage ... and those eyes.

"Hey this flight is over thirteen hours long! You've got a captive audience right here and you're not even taking advantage of all of the charm I have to offer," I said as I tried to distract myself again. I was starting to wish I hadn't thrown that pillow back at my sister. I felt like I was going to need to cover up my quickly stiffening cock any second.

I knew Sasha didn't really care if I spent her birthday with her. She just wanted to impress her friends with my jet and my little black card. She had plenty of her own money from the trust fund our grandparents had left her, but it was her birthday so she knew I was going to spoil the hell out of her.

My mind kept wandering back to that stewardess though. I wanted to find out her name. I wanted to have an actual conversation with her. I wanted to pin her up against the wall in the galley and hike that skirt up over her hips with one hand while the fingers of my other hand slowly found their way down her soft stomach and in between the silk of her panties and

"You're awfully quiet, Malcolm," the girl on my left said as she rubbed her hand across my chest.

"I've got a lot on my mind. You'll have to excuse me," I said as I stood up.

I was tired of serving as a scratching post for those needy little baby kittens that were curled up around me on the couch. I looked around and noticed that the other stewardess, the blonde one with the narrow ass, seemed to be busy in a cupboard at the back of the cabin so I took the opportunity to sneak away from the party and into the galley.

I pushed the curtains to one side and entered a small kitchen area where I found the object of my desires. That sexy, dark-haired stewardess was cutting something on the counter and her body moved slightly with each slice, which in turn caused her lovely ass to sway back and forth.

As I moved closer to her I could smell the lemon she was cutting, but I could also detect a light, fruity scent coming from her general direction. The closer I got to her the more I realized it was coming from her hair and I couldn't stop myself from leaning down and inhaling the mixtures of feminine scents that were emanating from her neck.

She turned around suddenly and dropped the knife on the floor.

"What on earth?" she exclaimed as she reached behind her back and grabbed a hold of the countertop, looking up at me with wide eyes. "Is there something I can help you with, sir?"

"I'm terribly sorry," I said as I bent down and picked up the knife, examining

the soft curves of her legs while I was down there. "I thought I smelled something ... sweet. I didn't mean to startle you. I apologize," I said as I handed her the handle of the knife.

"That's ok," she said as the tension in her body relaxed a bit. "I was just startled. Is there something you're looking for? Do you need more cheese or fruit or ... anything? Another bottle of champagne?" she asked with the cutest look of inquisitiveness in her eyebrows.

"No, no. I don't think anyone out there is eating much to be honest. It all looks incredible, though. The presentation is flawless."

I had no idea what I was babbling about. Something about the food ... or maybe it was her perfect lips. As I gazed down at her all I could think about was getting just an inch closer to her.

Just a little bit closer, I thought as I leaned ever so slightly toward her. I didn't want to come off as a creep and get that slap in the face I had thought about earlier, but I wanted to get closer to those lips and inhale that intoxicating scent of hers again.

Just then the plane hit an air pocket and teetered back and forth and I was by some act of God thrown forward so that my entire body was pressed into hers. My hands found their way around her waist and back as my chest was thrust against hers. My lips were hovering barely an inch from her own as the weight of both of our bodies rested against the counter.

I stared down into her eyes and breathed in her heavenly aroma. As her head fell back a bit I was compelled to move my face down to her neck, my lips just grazing the milky white skin. The air around me was filled with her scent and my head started to swim as I became intoxicated with her.

I didn't know anything about this woman, I didn't even know her name, but I did know that I would now stop at nothing to have her. She had invaded me somehow and I was helpless to resist her.

I brushed my lips along her neck as I moved them up toward hers and as I did I pulled her hips into my incredibly hard cock. I heard a gasp and a very faint moan escape her lips as my hand moved up her back and behind her head,

then into her soft hair. Suddenly, I heard her clear her throat and felt her push gently on my chest.

"I'm sorry, sir, no passengers are allowed in the galley."

I looked down into her eyes that had gone almost completely black. I could tell she was just as turned on as I was. Her breath was uneven and heavy and she was trembling ever so slightly in my hands. It took me a moment to regain my senses, but eventually I straightened up and took a step back and then loosened my tie a little. I wasn't sure how I was going to go back out into the main cabin with a raging hard on so I tried to stall a little longer.

"Could I have a glass of mineral water?" I asked. I was still standing directly in front of her, almost hovering over her.

"Sure," she said as she ducked around me. I watched her as she filled a glass with ice, then filled it with Perrier and handed it to me. I leaned back on the counter that we had just been pressed up against and took a long drink out of the glass while my eyes stayed fixed on hers. She didn't look away and between that and the rosy glow on her cheeks I was sure she felt the intensity between us. I knew I couldn't have been the only one.

"I'm sorry, I got a little ... carried away there. You're a very beautiful woman."

She continued to look into my eyes with her mouth open slightly but didn't say a word.

"I'm Malcolm. Malcolm McDaniel," I said as I held out my hand to her.

"Erica," she said as she shook my hand.

"How long have you been a stewardess, Erica?" I asked after another long drink of water.

"I prefer flight attendant."

"I'm terribly sorry, flight attendant," I said with a smile. She wasn't going to let me get away with anything. "How long have you been a flight attendant?"

"About five years."

She almost sounded like she was going to make this conversation as difficult as possible for me, but after a few seconds pause she continued.

"After college I decided what I really wanted to do more than anything was travel and I had a friend who had gone to flight attendant school. She suggested that I give it a shot. And here I am. Look, Mr. McDaniel, it's been very nice meeting you ..."

"Please, call me Malcolm. They have a school for flight attendants? That sounds interesting," I said, merely trying to keep the conversation with this gorgeous creature going for as long as possible.

"Yes, there are several ... Malcolm ... but unfortunately, I can't have you back here in the galley. It's against FAA rules, so, I am going to have to ask you to return to the main cabin. I could get into a lot of trouble if anyone finds you back here."

"You do know that I own this airplane, don't you?" I asked as I drained the last of the water in my glass and watched Erica's face turn beet red.

"Of course, Mr. McDaniel. I mean, Malcolm. Of course, you own this airplane so you can pretty much go anywhere you want," she said with an embarrassed smile.

"I won't make your job any more difficult than it already is. I'll go back in the main cabin, where I belong. But I'd love to talk to you again sometime."

"Well, I'll be here on the return flight," she said as she stepped to the side to let me pass.

"I was thinking about after the return flight," I said as I set the glass on the counter, then walked past the blonde stewardess who was standing in the doorway with her mouth hanging open.

I was definitely going to be talking to that woman again. And whether she realized it or not I had some pretty big plans for her on that return flight.

Chapter 3

Erica

"What in the hell just happened in here?" Lainey said as she walked up to me with eyes as big as saucers.

"I have no idea," I said as I leaned up against the counter, still stunned by what had just taken place.

"Your face is completely red, Erica. Was he mad at you or something?"

"No, he wasn't mad," I said as my eyebrows arched up and furrowed together in the center of my forehead. "He tried to kiss me." I swallowed hard then looked over at Lainey.

"What? You're kidding. In here? Tell me everything! How did it happen?"

"I don't know. It's all kind of a blur right now," I said as my head started to clear.

Why on earth did that man have such a severe effect on me? Why had I let him hold me like that for so long?

"He was behind me, I think, and then the plane hit an air pocket, I guess, then all of a sudden he was practically on top of me."

"On top of you? How? Did he laugh? Was he embarrassed?"

"No, he most definitely did not laugh. And he sure as hell didn't seem embarrassed, either. He had his hands all over me and I could feel his ... when he pulled me into him ... his whole body was against mine."

"Oh my God, Erica, that sounds like something out of a movie! Then what happened?"

"Well, what do you think? I pushed him away. I don't know that man. I mean, it was pretty presumptuous of him to think that he could touch me like that to begin with, let alone letting it go on for so long. He really has some nerve," I said, the conviction in my voice trailing off. It suddenly was sounding like I was trying to convince myself more than Lainey.

I had let it go on for just as long as he had and if I hadn't been at work, if we

had been alone, I wasn't so sure that I would have stopped him.

"Erica!" Lainey said in a loud whisper. "Are you crazy? He's so hot! I would let him do whatever the hell he wanted, and I would have loved it. My God, I can't believe you didn't just hop right up on top of him right here in the galley. You know I would've shut the curtain for you," she said with a big grin. "But I can't guarantee I wouldn't have peaked."

"Lainey! Shhhh! I don't want any of the people out there to hear us talking. In fact, I don't want that man to know that I'm talking about him at all. I'm sure he already thinks we are since we've been back here so long. Can you go out there and see if they need anything?"

"Oh, great, so, you're going to hide in here for the rest of the flight? That's another eleven hours, you know," she said as she looked down at her watch.

"Well, I figure, they'll probably all be going to bed pretty soon and that's a good eight hours. So, hopefully by then ..."

"Oh, come on, you can't do that! This isn't high school! If I were you I'd be flaunting it all over the cabin in front of those little trust fund party girls. I saw the way he was looking at you. He came all the way back here just for you, I'm sure so he could have a little privacy while he got you alone. Oh God, and I bet he smelled really good too," Lainey said as her eyes went starry.

"He did," I said as I leaned against the counter and remembered the spicy scent of his cologne as his hands pulled me tightly up against his hard body and his lips brushed my neck.

"But that's not the point," I said as I snapped back to reality. "He thinks he owns everything on this airplane and I'm here to tell him that he's got another thing coming if he thinks he can just grab any woman he passes by. He must be some kind of entitled little ..."

"There's nothing little about him, hon. Not from what I could see when he walked past me back into the cabin. Ok, I won't force you to go out there. I'll take over for the next few hours, but if he asks for you, you're going out there and you're going to give him exactly what he wants!"

"Ok," I said weakly as I steadied myself against the counter. The same

counter where the weight of Malcolm's body held me down. The same counter that disappeared along with the rest of the world as his hot breath moved up my neck and his lips came so close to...

Stop it! Stop thinking about him! I thought to myself as I tried to get a grip. That man was just plain arrogant and I was appalled by his overly confident attitude. He acted like he owned not just the airplane but everything inside of it, including me.

But no matter how angry I was I still couldn't stop thinking about the way my body felt in his arms. The way his lips felt when they brushed against my skin and the way his hands felt as they held me firmly against him. My head started to swim as I closed my eyes and every cell of my body remembered how he felt.

"That's enough!" I said to myself as I opened my eyes and shook my head. "I'm going to go out there and act like nothing happened. Because that's exactly what happened between us, *nothing*. I'm not going to let him see that he affected me in any way."

I walked out into the main cabin and noticed that the food had hardly been touched. The girls surrounding Malcolm were just drinking champagne and hanging off of him like a bunch of teen-aged groupies. I walked around the room and asked each of the guests if I could bring them anything.

When I finally made it over to where Malcolm was sitting on the couch with his arms stretched out across the back like he owned the world, I looked into his eyes and they were fixed on me with an intensity that made me silently gasp.

"Would you care for anything else, Sir? More champagne or food?" I asked in the most professional tone of voice I could conjure while watching a smile slowly curl up one side of his mouth.

"I do have a craving for something soft and warm. Do you have anything like that to offer?" he asked, the half smile now a full grin that made it almost impossible for me to catch my breath.

"I'm not sure if we have anything that fits that description. We do have lobster and some desserts on the menu that your party might be interested in," I

said as I looked at the girls who were surrounding him but not even giving me the time of day.

"No, that's fine. This group doesn't seem to be very hungry. At least not for the things that I'm hungry for," he said slowly and thoughtfully, his eyes never leaving mine for one second.

"Very well, Sir. Just press the call button if you need anything else," I said as I turned and walked off.

I spent the rest of the evening passing through the cabin, pouring champagne and picking up food trays that had barely been touched. I felt victorious each time I walked past that man and successfully avoided looking at him. I kept telling myself that I was winning each time I snubbed one of his intense stares, but whenever I would return to the safety of the galley I wasn't so sure exactly what it was that I had won.

Eventually all of the guests disappeared to the various sleeping quarters and all I could picture was that smirking man with his arms spread out along the headboard of a king size bed with a gaggle of skinny blonde models surrounding him.

"They can have him," I said under my breath as I curled up in the flight attendant's quarters with a book. "That self-centered, egotistical ..."

But I lost my momentum before I could even finish the sentence. No matter how hard I tried to keep my mind off of him, I couldn't stop thinking about the way I felt in his arms.

Lainey and I took turns walking through the cabin every hour or so to see if any of the guests were up and needed anything but eventually I got in bed and drifted off to sleep. When I woke I bolted up in bed because I realized the engines weren't running anymore. We had already landed in Tokyo.

I jumped up and ran to the bathroom and straighten myself up a little. I couldn't believe I had slept so long and left Lainey to deal with the group of passengers. But as I looked at myself in the mirror I knew that the real reason I was rushing to make myself presentable was so that I could see Malcolm McDaniel before he left the plane.

"That's what he told me, and Mr. McDaniel is the one paying us so I don't particularly want to risk going against his request," I heard Lainey say to Brad as they stood talking in the main cabin, which was completely empty.

"I'm so sorry, Lainey. I can't believe I slept for so long. You should've woken me up. Have all the passengers already deborded the plane?" I said as I sheepishly walked up to where Lainey and Brad were talking to each other in the main cabin.

"Oh, don't worry about it, Erica. You can always take the night shift on the return flight," Lainey said with a smile. "Yes, everyone just got off about fifteen minutes ago. Brad and I were talking about the conversation I just had with Malcolm McDaniel. He said he would prefer it if we all stayed on board for the entire layover. He said he doesn't know when he will be returning to the plane and he doesn't want to have to wait," Lainey said as she folded her arms in front of her.

"The guy is really something," Brad said as he shook his head. "I've never been asked to stay on a plane indefinitely for a layover. There's usually at least some sort of a schedule, but I guess if you've got the money you can tell people to do whatever the hell you want them to."

"We can't even go out and get sushi? I was really looking forward to that. Where does he get off telling us we can't leave the plane? He doesn't have any right to make us stay here for God knows how long while he's gallivanting all over Tokyo with his little entourage!"

"Well, like I was just saying to Brad, he's the one that's paying us, including double time for the layover and the return flight. So, if we want to get paid we have to do what the boss says," Lainey said as she flopped down on one of the chairs in the main cabin. "Might as well get comfortable, we're going to be here for a while."

"That man is unbelievable. He just thinks he can buy whatever he wants,

doesn't he? Well, I'm starving and I'm going to eat some of that bread and cheese and see what else is in there. You want me to whip something together for the two of you as well?"

"Oh, is there still some of that fabulous French cheese in there? They didn't eat it all?" Lainey asked as she looked up at me and clasped her hands together.

"They didn't eat any of it. I couldn't believe how much food those people wasted. I had only set half of it out for them and I wound up throwing pretty much everything away. But the other half is still in the refrigeration compartments. I think we should dig in," I said as I put my hands on my hips.

"Yeah," Brad said as he sat down in a chair next to Lainey. "We might as well take advantage of what we've got on board. I'd better let the co-pilot know what's going on so we can take turns getting some sleep."

"So, how have you been, Erica? It really is good to see you," Brad said with a smile as he leaned back in his chair.

We had all just finished eating and Lainey said she wanted to make sure the co-pilot had something to eat, but I had a feeling that wasn't the only reason she left us alone.

"I've been doing really well. Mostly going out to see movies, going out to restaurants ..."

"By yourself?"

"Yes, by myself. I guess I'm one of the few women on the planet that dares to dine alone at a five star restaurant," I said with a laugh. I never understood the need to always have a man around.

It actually seemed burdensome to me to imagine being accompanied by someone no matter what I did for the rest of my life. I imagined that either I would be forcing them to do something they weren't that interested in or vice versa. How could two people want to do the same thing all day every day? The idea was just preposterous to me.

"I didn't mean there was anything wrong with that. I just ... well, I would have liked to join you on some of those occasions."

Brad was so sweet, and really very handsome, but I wasn't sure I wanted to go down that road with him again. I didn't remember feeling much of a spark when we kissed, and we had kissed quite a few times. I kept hoping something would happen, like I would see fireworks or feel the world dropping out from underneath me, but I never did. In fact, I had never experienced a kiss with Brad or anyone else in my life that felt anything close to what happened in the galley with Malcolm. And he didn't even kiss me.

I was caught in a trance again at the thought of those lips so close to mine, and the feel of his hard cock pressed against me.

"But if you're not interested, I totally understand. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable." Brad said as his words snapped me out of my daydream.

"I'm sorry, of course. Yes, I'd like that, Brad. When we're back in New York we'll have to make a plan to get out," I said with a smile, but not sure at all that I meant any of it. I could tell by the heat of my face that it was flushed, so I stood up and picked up some plates and glasses and took them into the galley.

"Well, I think I'm going to try and get a nap in," Brad said as he set two plates of food down on the counter. "Hopefully I'll have a couple hours before McDaniel returns. I'll see you in a little while," he said with a sweet smile, then turned and headed into the crew quarters at the front of the plane.

I wanted to like Brad, I really did. Why couldn't I just have these ridiculous feelings for a nice guy like him instead of that smug bastard Malcolm McDaniel.

Chapter 4

Malcom

"Mr. McDaniel just texted Brad and told him he'd be here in fifteen minutes and he went ahead and started up the engines so we can take off as soon as the party arrives."

I had just boarded the plane and noticed that Erica was talking to someone behind a curtain in a sleeping compartment, so I walked up behind her and waited for her to turn around. I hadn't planned on spying on her but while I was standing there I couldn't help but overhear the conversation she was having and I especially couldn't help but take in the view of her lovely ass.

"I love the way you say *Mr. McDaniel*. It sounds so sophisticated and proper," said the voice from inside the compartment. I assumed it was the blonde stewardess.

"Well, sophisticated and proper is all he's getting from me. I want him to know that he can't just buy everything. That just because he's rich doesn't mean that he gets whatever he wants."

I couldn't help but smile at that comment. She had no idea who she was dealing with. Before I was done with her she'd be begging me for just one more orgasm. Oh god, I loved a good chase.

I stood there until I heard Erica tell the other stewardess to stay in bed, that she could take care of the passengers, then she shut the curtain and turned toward me. She jumped when she saw me and seemed speechless for a few moments, but then started to talk with a startled look on her face.

"Mr. McDaniel, I didn't realize you were aboard the plane already," she said as her face turned almost fuchsia. "Are the other passengers aboard as well?"

"It will just be me for the return flight. I'm ready to go whenever the pilot is cleared for takeoff," I said as I took a step closer to her.

I could feel the tension in her body and in her stare. She couldn't fool me for one minute. I could see the way she swallowed hard and the way she twisted the

fingers of each hand together in front of her. And I was sure I heard her gasp with each step I took closer to her.

I leaned in just a bit so that I could smell that heavenly scent of hers, then as I inhaled deeply I spoke softly into her ear.

"It does sound sophisticated."

"What?"

"The way you say my name," I said as I hovered over her. "I like it."

"Oh," was all she said. "I'll go tell the pilot we're ready to go."

She turned like a startled deer and disappeared into the cockpit.

I had barely been able to keep my mind on my business meeting or the birthday celebration for my sister while I was in Tokyo. All I could think about was getting back to the plane and wrapping my hands around that little waist, then moving them either up to the soft, full breasts or down to that gorgeous round ass.

While I was in the meeting I had to keep concentrating deeply on the faces of the Japanese business-men because the second I even thought Erica's name my cock sprang to attention.

I took a seat on the same couch I had occupied on the first leg of the trip, mostly so that I could be front and center when Erica came walking out into the cabin. The plane had leveled out and we had been flying for about a half hour when she pushed back the curtains and walked toward me. Her hips swayed and her breasts bobbed a little and I was hypnotized.

"Is there anything I can get you, Mr. McDaniel?"

"A scotch and soda on the rocks would be nice," I said with my eyes fixed on hers.

I wasn't trying to be intimidating, I just couldn't tear my eyes away from those gorgeous blue pools in front of me.

"I'll be right back with your drink," she said, then turned and sauntered away.

If I didn't know any better I'd say she was doing that on purpose. How on earth did she get her hips to move like that?

On the return trip she had her hips in high gear again and when she approached my seat she leaned over and set my drink down on the table next to me.

As luck would have it we hit another bad spell of turbulence and within seconds Erica had fallen over right into my lap.

This is going to be easier than I thought, I said to myself with Erica trapped in my arms. I almost laughed at how perfect this moment was as I held her soft, warm curves firmly in my hands.

The plane rocked and dipped a few more times while Erica grabbed a hold of my shoulders, her feet scrambling to find the ground.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry, Mr. McDaniel," she said as she struggled to sit upright. "This has never happened before, I'm so embarrassed."

"Think nothing of it," I said as I continued to hold her in my arms. "Did you hurt yourself?" I asked, knowing full well that she hadn't.

"No, I'm fine, thank you. You can let me up now," she said as she looked into my eyes.

"Are you sure about that? Maybe you'd be safer staying right here."

She didn't say anything for a moment. She just looked up into my eyes, her legs still partially in the air and her skirt hiked halfway up her thighs.

"Mr. McDaniel ..."

"Malcolm."

"This is extremely inappropriate, Malcolm. I am your employee, not one of your groupies. Please let me up."

I couldn't wait any longer. I could see the desire in her eyes and on her lips as they remained parted, waiting for me to fill them. I held the back of her head and leaned down, pressing my lips against hers and moved my tongue into the space that willingly opened up to accommodate me.

I felt her legs curl up next to me on the couch as her body twisted toward me and her hand touched my chest. But then that hand pushed me back a little and

I looked down at her eyes as they fluttered open when my lips left hers.

"Malcolm, this really isn't a good idea. We shouldn't be ..."

"Erica, I'm sorry if I've made you uncomfortable, if I've been too forward. I truly hope I haven't offended you. But I find you incredibly captivating, and I don't seem to be in control of myself when I'm around you," I said as I watched her eyes grow wide.

"You're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life. I want you. Now. And that is one thing I absolutely will not apologize for."

Erica continued to look up at me for a moment, but then reached up and grabbed the sides of my face and pulled me down so that our lips were locked together again. I moved one hand across her back and the other up into her hair, pulling it loose from the comb that held it in place. Her long, dark hair fell in cascades down around her shoulders and I moved my face so that it was buried in the silky softness.

Everything about her smelled and felt incredible and I was overcome with the need to possess her. I wanted to be inside her, I wanted her to be part of me.

My hand moved around to the front and as I unbuttoned her blouse I felt the soft curve of her large breasts as they rose and fell with each of her quickening breaths.

I pulled her bra down so that both of her breasts were exposed to me and I caressed the soft, warm flesh as my lips closed around a nipple. Erica gasped as her body slid onto the couch while I moved out from underneath her and forced my hips in between her legs.

I pushed them open even further and pressed myself against her wet panties as I buried my face in her neck. Then I heard a squeal as I continued to kiss my way down to where her neck curved into her shoulder, all the while caressing and kneading both of her breasts.

I kept kissing my way down her incredibly soft, milky skin until my face was buried between the silky mounds of flesh that my hands were gripping firmly. I licked and sucked circles around each breast until I was biting and pulling at rock hard nipples and Erica was moaning with her head twisted to the side.

There was a fantastic look of ecstasy spread across her face and a smile at the corners of her open mouth. I watched her as I reached down and pulled her skirt up over her hips, then looked down as I hooked my fingers into the sides of her panties and pulled them down over her incredibly soft bush.

She opened her eyes and watched me as I pushed her legs together and continued to pull her panties down until they were off and then I tossed them on the ground. I bent her legs back up toward her chest then pulled them apart and pushed down on the inside of her thighs until she was spread wide in front of me.

I reached down and pulled her pussy lips apart with my thumbs, then ran a finger through her wetness and up and down the length of those soft lips. Her mouth was still open as she watched me lower my face to the musky space between her legs and she laughed and moaned simultaneously as my entire mouth covered her clit.

I licked and sucked on every inch of her while I moved two of my fingers into her soft wet hole, pressing upward and finding the sensitive spot that made her moans deepen. Her entire body was writhing around as she moaned and grabbed her breasts and I gripped her ass with my free hand and I pressed my mouth even more firmly into her.

I could feel her orgasm coming with the change in her breathing and the deepening of her moans. She held onto my hair with both hands and I focused all of my attention onto her clit and my fingers thrusting inside of her. Suddenly, her ass lifted off the couch and pressed harder into my face and after that her body started to convulse.

The moans grew even deeper as she threw her head back and twisted it into the couch while her legs clamped around my head. As the final throes of the convulsions enveloped her body, her muscles let go and her legs fell away.

A sudden movement confused me; like the sensation that the couch underneath us had fallen away and when I open my eyes I realized I was on the floor. The plane rocked and fell violently as we hit more air pockets but these ones seemed a lot more severe than any turbulence I had ever felt.

I realized that the nose of the airplane was pointed downward and I caught Erica as she rolled off the couch and onto the floor next to me. We were both thrown back and forth uncontrollably as the plane rocked and went into a full nosedive but I held onto her and protected her from slamming into any of the furniture.

Finally, I was able to grab a hold of a table leg and I held onto it with one hand while I held firmly onto Erica with the other arm wrapped around her. We stayed like that for a few moments until everything shook violently and I felt the jarring crash of the plane hitting the water then rising up into the air again.

The plane seemed to hit the water a number of times but because we were being thrown around so violently it was impossible to know what was happening.

Then, with a final jarring impact, there was a deafening sound as the plane split into two halves just in front of us and I don't remember if it was Erica's scream I heard first or if it was the vision of her being pulled out of my arm. But the last thing I remember was her being sucked away into the gaping black hole in front of me.