“Good evening, Ms. Hunt. Thank you for choosing Blue Skies. My name is Chloe, and I’ll be your personal flight attendant tonight.”

Erin glanced up from her phone. The terse reprimand for interrupting her fell from her lips as she looked into kind, light brown eyes. Instead, she nodded and went back to her email.

Chloe never lost her smile. She had dealt with people like Erin Hunt on a daily basis. It was something she had gotten used to since she began working in the first-class executive suites for Blue Skies Airlines. She couldn’t complain, though. As dismissing as most of her passengers were, they typically tipped well. Especially if someone like Chloe doted on them.

It wasn’t conceit that drove Chloe’s thought but experience. To get this job, you had to fit specific requirements. And Chloe’s hourglass figure and what society deemed a beautiful face fit those requirements to a tee. But Chloe was never one to completely conform to those social norms. That was evident by the silver highlights in her hair and the diamond stud in her nose.

She wasn’t your typical flight attendant. Then again, Blue Skies wasn’t your typical airline. Executive first class offered luxury suites for those passengers who could afford the steep fifty-thousand dollar price tag. From what she had heard about Erin Hunt, that price was equivalent to pocket change. And, apparently, Ms. Hunt had quite the reputation for being dismissive and unkind. This was a cush job that allowed Chloe to travel all over the world on luxury planes. If dealing with entitled passengers was a part of that deal, Chloe was more than happy to take the problematic assignments when the other girls refused.

You just needed to know how to handle them, Chloe thought as she bent closer to the woman. Before she even opened her mouth to offer a beverage, Ms. Hunt’s scent wafted into Chloe’s nose. Eucalyptus. I bet she’s a nervous flyer. She smells fantastic, though.

“May I get you a drink, Ms. Hunt? Champagne or perhaps something stronger?”

Once again, Erin’s first instinct was annoyance. But the sweetness of Chloe’s breath touched Erin’s ear in a way that nearly caused her to shiver.

“Whisky, top shelf. With an ice ball.” Erin took a cursory look around her, noting the mostly closed suites around her. Once she was ready to settle in, Erin would close her own suite and enjoy the privacy. “How many people do I have to share you with?” she asked.

“I’m all yours tonight, Ms. Hunt. Few people fly the redeye anymore, even with the comfort of their own bed. Or they can’t afford the price hike Blue Skies was forced to implement lately.”

Erin raised an appreciative eyebrow. She wasn’t used to people being so honestly blunt with her. They were usually too intimidated by her presence. That had as much to do with her six-foot-tall stature as it did with her aloof demeanor.

She eyed the young woman in front of her. The uniform she wore was tight but respectful. The navy blue skirt fell to the woman’s knees, and the buttons of the crisp white shirt were undone enough to hint at what was underneath but still give the imagination space to work its magic. Since Erin was in between lovers at the moment, her imagination was quite good. Chloe would definitely fuel her fantasies for the long flight secluded in her personal suite.

“I suppose you get what you pay for,” Erin muttered. And I wouldn’t hesitate to pay for a night with you.

To her, the price tag was well worth being separated from other passengers. Crying babies, flirting men, and being cramped in those uncomfortable seats for almost nineteen hours was not a pleasant experience. When Blue Skies started offering luxury suites, Erin decided she would fly no other way. Why would she when she had access to a 125-square-foot, three-room personal residence in the sky? She had a VIP attendant to cater to her every whim and a living room to work and eat in with a 32-inch TV if she needed a break. The ensuite bathroom with a shower was a massive plus on these long trips. As was the double bed with an assortment of pillows, Egyptian cotton sheets, and a natural fiber mattress. Her peers always questioned why she didn’t buy a private jet since she traveled so often and paid enough to buy at least three jets a year. But Erin found it more convenient to have her assistant book a flight and not worry about anything else.

Chloe grinned. “I suppose you’re right.” She winked at the older woman. “I’ll be right back with your drink.”

Did she just wink at me? Erin shook her head and shrugged it off. Obviously, the beautiful young woman was just being nice. Flirting never hurt when it came to getting a big tip. She put it out of her mind and dug her laptop out of her briefcase. Work first, then a little rest and relaxation.

“I hear you got the Dragon Lady.”

Chloe spared a quick glance over at her colleague, barely resisting rolling her eyes. Heather - not even her real name - smirked as she poured cheap vodka for her passenger. They had worked together before, but Chloe would never call them friends. Or even friendly. It was just her luck she had to spend the next nineteen hours with her in the private section of the airplane. Since there were only two passengers up here, they only needed two flight attendants.

Heather - aka Agnes - was well past her prime but fighting it every step of the way. Normally, Chloe adored older women. But not when they tried to hide their age behind fake names and enough Botox to hinder any emotions of any kind. She always wondered what the partners of these individuals thought. Did they always look bored? Even in the most exciting and intimate times?

No, Heather wasn’t Chloe’s type at all. Erin, on the other hand…that olive skin, short black cropped hair, and slim physique… yummy. Throw in those blue eyes, and Chloe was in heaven.

“Ms. Hunt doesn’t seem so bad.”

Heather scoffed. “You talked to her all of three minutes. Just wait until she makes indulgent demands on you. I heard she made Crystal cry.”

“I can handle her.” Chloe took out a Glencairn whisky glass and opened the freezer. Ice balls still made her chuckle. Where she was from, ice came in cubes, not this fancy sphere. But she had learned that passengers with expensive taste preferred the shape of the round ice because it diluted the whisky less. The things you learn on this job, Chloe smiled.

“Sure you can.” Heather’s sarcastic tone told Chloe she didn’t believe that at all. “You can’t just flash your tits at a woman and get the same response you do from men.”

Chloe nearly laughed out loud. Heather obviously knew nothing about lesbians. And she highly doubted her own gaydar was wrong about Erin Hunt. If it were, she would take Heather out for girls’ night. She shivered with disgust at that thought. Please be gay.

She poured a generous amount of the finest whisky on board and carefully put the bottle back on the shelf. The shit cost more than her rent, car note, and one month’s salary combined. She craned her head, looking at Heather’s passenger info on the manifest. A dude, Chloe smirked. And one who asked for cheap alcohol. She would bet her tip at the end of the flight that the dude would pass out within the next hour of the long flight if he drank enough of the cheap stuff. Chloe grinned. That meant Heather

would disappear during the flight to sleep. Oh, it was going to be such a peaceful night.

“Have a nice flight, Heather,” Chloe said sweetly as she sauntered off to take the drink to Erin.

Erin’s eyes blurred as she went over page after page of figures. Tedious reports were the worst part of her job. But also one of the most essential parts. Numbers were her bread and butter. If she didn’t have the patience to look at them, read them, and predict what they would do, perhaps she should find a different job.

She took one indulgent moment to close her eyes and see a different sort of figure. For some reason, her flight attendant’s ample breasts came to mind the moment she switched her brain off of business. Erin couldn’t help but wonder if they were as pillowy soft as they looked. She had been with her share of women with big tits. None of them were soft, though - the breasts or the women. It took her ten models with fake tits to conclude that she preferred natural breasts. Unfortunately, Erin was too busy and terrible at finding women that met her needs. So, she left that up to her friends, which was always a total mistake. If she ever wondered if her friends really knew her, their choices in women for Erin answered that question.

Erin jumped at the light touch on her arm, catching her laptop just before it fell to the floor. “Shit!”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you.” Chloe set Erin’s drink on the table before bending to help Erin with her laptop.

Those ample breasts were close to coming into contact with the skin on Erin’s arm. “I, ahem, I wasn’t sleeping. I was just resting my eyes.”

“Ah.” Chloe smiled. “Well then, I’m sorry for startling you. Is there something else I can do for you?”

I’m sure I can think of a thing or two. Instead of saying those words, Erin looked at her watch. “I would like my first meal in exactly twenty-two minutes.”

Chloe looked at her own watch. She wondered if Erin was always so precise. “Yes, ma’am. You’ll find tonight’s menu on the touchscreen. Just press…”

“Yes, I’ve already looked,” Erin stated without making eye contact. “I want the langoustines, Ossetra caviar and gentian drops appetizer, to begin with. Five and a half minutes after that, I want the cream of chestnut and celeriac soup. Seven minutes after the soup, I want the main course. Make sure the chef cooks the filet mignon medium rare. One-hundred thirty degrees.”

“Of course. Will you want an after-dinner nightcap? Or I could prepare coffee for you?” Chloe gestured to the silver coffee service.

“No. Water during the meal. Fill the glass to the rim with ice. Sparkling water. I do not wish to be bothered before, during, or after unless I call for you.” Erin essentially dismissed Chloe with a flick of the wrist.

Chloe rolled her eyes and shook her head. It wasn’t as though her passenger would notice. Oh, no. Ms. Hunt couldn’t even be bothered to look at Chloe as she spouted off her demands. I guess this is why she’s called Dragon Lady. Maybe Chloe exaggerated being able to “handle” her, she thought as she closed the doors to the suite.

“Nope,” she whispered to herself. “You got this.” Chloe set the alarm on her watch. “Twenty-two minutes. I bet she color coordinates her closet.” She closed her eyes and thought of Erin Hunt. Monochrome attire. Black slacks and a black satin button-down shirt. “Black, white, and gray. No color, no personality.” Chloe guessed.

It was uncouth to gossip about passengers. But did that really count if you were gossiping to yourself? Chloe chuckled to herself. “Nah.”

“Regretting your assignment already?”

Chloe looked over her shoulder. Dammit. Why hadn’t Heather slinked away to her rathole yet?

“No. Why? Are you?”

“What crazy demands has she given you so far?” Heather asked instead of answering.

If Chloe told her colleague that, it would fall into the gossip category. Plus, she didn’t want to give Heather the satisfaction of being right.

“There have been no crazy demands.” Chloe left Heather and took a seat, picking up her book. She had seventeen and a half more minutes before she had to get Erin’s first course to her. She could at least get a chapter read. Chloe settled in and forgot all about Erin Hunt and her eccentric demands.

Chloe plastered a smile on her face as she carried the tray of caviar to Erin’s suite. Her mood had rapidly soured when she had to put her book down during a scorching scene. It’s your job. Get over it. She knocked on the doors of the suite before opening them.

“Langoustines, Ossetra caviar and gentian drops,” Chloe announced as she set the

immaculately plated food in front of Erin. She gasped when Erin grabbed her wrist.

“You’re late.”

Chloe’s hand curled into a fist. “You’re touching me without my permission. Take your hand off me, or I will call the air marshal.”

Erin looked at her own hand as though it belonged to someone else. “I…” She let her hand fall. “I don’t like tardiness.”

“And I don’t like rude people. Yet here we are. Your watch is fast. I am right on time.”

“My watch is a Rolex,” Erin said, offended by the flight attendant’s audacity.

“Oh! Well…”

Erin watched as Chloe walked away without another word. Or an apology. You didn’t apologize for grabbing her arm, either. Erin shook her head, unfolding her linen napkin to drape it over her lap. The food looked too delicious to keep wasting time worrying about things that couldn’t be changed. Erin looked at her watch - her accurate watch - once again. Three minutes and forty-five seconds until the soup.

“You’re late,” Chloe muttered sarcastically. “I should stick my thumb in your soup. I won’t because that’s gross, but I’ll think about it.” She paced the galley, trying to get rid of the angry energy. “How dare she grab me! Entitled, rude, bit.…”

“Chloe, the soup is ready!” the chef called out.

“Thank you, chef. I’ll be back for the filet in exactly six and a half minutes,” she smiled. She loaded the soup and silverware onto the cart, along with a fresh bottle of sparkling water and a new glass of ice - filled to the rim. She checked her watch. “Best not be late.”

She pushed the cart to the suite, knocking lightly before opening the door. With a deep, calming breath, she entered the room.

“Your soup, ma’am.”

Erin wiped her mouth with her napkin, glancing up at the young woman. The cheerful demeanor was gone. In its place was a formal, impersonal attitude. You have no one to blame but yourself. Had you not been such a dick, you’d still be seeing that beautiful smile. “Thank you. I… uh…”

Chloe replaced Erin’s empty plate with the soup, placing a silver spoon on the bowl’s

right side. Without a word, Chloe finished her task, filling the glass with water and taking the used glass with her.

“Enjoy. I will be back in seven minutes with your entree. If you need anything before then, please use the call button.”

Chloe didn’t wait for an answer. Her tip would take a severe hit because of her attitude, but with the way Ms. Hunt manhandled her, she was okay with that. She paced the length of the galley as she waited for Ms. Hunt’s steak to be done, checking her watch every thirty seconds. Maybe she should have synchronized her Apple Watch with the Dragon Lady’s froufrou Rolex to ensure she was on time. Chloe scoffed. Just because it was a Rolex didn’t mean it was right. Her watch gets the time from the atomic clock. How more accurate could she be?

“Chloe! Steak! One-hundred-thirty degrees. Just as the Dragon Lady ordered.” Chef Louca rolled his eyes. “She think Louca does not know how to cook?”

“I’m sure she does, Chef.” Chloe found herself defending Dra…Ms. Hunt, despite her rudeness. “She probably just has very peculiar tastes that she’s trying to communicate.”

Chef Louca grunted. “She needs to learn to communicate better.”

“Oh, I don’t disagree,” Chloe grinned. “Smells wonderful, Chef.”

“You want one, Miss Chloe?”

Chloe laughed softly. The grumpy chef’s sweet side always came out when he tried flirting with her. He knew he didn’t stand a chance, but that never stopped him. And Chloe liked him despite the grumpy facade he liked to put on for everyone else.

“I might take you up on that later, Chef Louca. Put one aside for me?” Chloe loaded up her cart and returned to Ms. Hunt’s suite. She checked her watch. Right on time.

Erin heard the slight knock and prepared herself to apologize when Chloe came in. Yet Chloe never made eye contact with her. Sure, she was efficient and professional. But Erin found herself missing the warmth from before.

“Chloe?”

“One-hundred thirty degrees, just as you requested. Your side dishes tonight include a Pomme puree and sauteed spinach with toasted almonds. Would you like a whiskey or a red wine with your meal?”

Goddammit, I would like for you to look at me. “No, Perrier is fine for now, thank you.”

“Very well. Enjoy your meal, Ms. Hunt.”

“I…” Before Erin could even get another word out, Chloe was gone. Erin sighed heavily. Once again, her business-like attitude bit her in the ass. Who the fuck did she think she was grabbing that woman’s arm? How fucking entitled did Erin think she was? She could try to defend herself, but there was no defense for her behavior.

Erin cut into her steak, dipping her knife into the Pomme puree before pairing it with the buttery soft meat. Perfect. Everything since Erin boarded this plane and met Chloe had been perfect except for that slight hiccup that Erin was determined to make up for. She didn’t know why it bothered her so much. It never had before when the other flight attendants avoided her as much as they could during the flight. But they hadn’t started off as kind as Chloe had. Erin didn’t like being the reason for that light going out.

“Since when did you become a softy?” Erin asked herself quietly. “You didn’t get as far as you have by being merciful.” And maybe that’s your problem, Erin. You can’t keep a girlfriend for more than a month. Hell, you drove Chloe off in less than a couple of hours. Her dark eyebrows rose at that thought. How did she go from thinking of girlfriends to thinking of Chloe? She shook her head as she sampled the spinach. The crunch of the almonds brought Erin out of her head. She would concentrate on this delicious meal. Then, she would focus on apologizing to Chloe—something Erin rarely found herself doing.

“Would you like dessert? Perhaps coffee or a nightcap, Ms. Hunt?”

This was Erin’s chance. Her deadlines for Chloe were over, it was late and quiet, and Erin hadn’t seen the other attendant for some time. This could work if Erin could finagle some time with Chloe like she finagled numbers. She was determined to see Chloe smile at her again. It didn’t matter why it was important to her. It just was.

“I’ll take a Baileys, please.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Want that in 10.9 seconds? Chloe bit her cheek to keep from saying that out loud.

“Bring the bottle,” Erin called out as Chloe left. She knew from experience that the suite had glasses and ice for her convenience. It would certainly be convenient if she could convince Chloe to have a drink with her.

Chloe grabbed a tumbler, plopping another ice ball in before getting a sealed bottle of Baileys from the cabinet. “Bring the bottle,” Chloe repeated. Was Erin planning on

drinking the entire bottle tonight? If so, she was going to have an incredible hangover tomorrow morning. Karma. Chloe rolled her eyes at herself. She was fully aware she was overreacting about their unfortunate exchange earlier. Admittedly, her feelings were hurt more than anything else. She was so sure Erin Hunt wasn't as bad as the others said she was. So sure she could handle whatever was thrown at her. And, usually, something so small wouldn't have bothered Chloe. So why did it?

Chloe shook it off, determined to lose her bad attitude and do her job. She didn't have to be all sunny and bright, but she could be friendly. It was quiet in the cabin. The one other occupied suite was closed, and the 'Do not disturb' light lit, dimly illuminating her walk back to Ms. Hunt. This was Chloe's favorite time of the flight. She was alone. Chef Louca and most of the kitchen staff were on break until breakfast, leaving only a skeleton crew for any requests that may come in. Heather was most likely sleeping in her own bunk. Probably had been since her passenger flipped on the do not disturb after the entree was served. And as soon as she delivered Ms. Hunt's nightcap and offered the turn-down service, Chloe could pick up her book, nap, or maybe even eat the steak Chef Louca had left for her.

"Come in," Erin called out at the light knock at her door. She had rehearsed what she would say to Chloe the entire time she was waiting, but now that Chloe was back, Erin lost every word. You're going to have to wing it. You're used to that.

"Your bottle of Baileys, ma'am."

Erin winced at the 'ma'am.' Interestingly enough, she noticed a slight change in Chloe. Almost as though she had thawed out a little. She silently chastised herself for that description. Chloe didn't have an icy attitude. She was merely responding to Erin's idiocy.

"Thank you. Chloe?"

Chloe had already turned to make her departure when she heard Ms. Hunt beckon her. She turned back with a smile, wishing hearing her name come out of the woman's mouth didn't make her body tingle.

"Is there something else you need, Ms. Hunt?"

"Yes, for you to call me Erin. And," Erin gestured to the seat in front of her. "To join me. Please."

Well, that was unexpected. "Oh! Um…" Chloe glanced behind her, even knowing no one would be out there. "T-that's not permitted."

Erin cocked her head, studying the alluring woman. She knew what happened on these

flights. While Erin herself had never engaged in the festivities, some of her colleagues had come away with some…interesting stories.

“I think we both know that’s not altogether true, don’t we?” Erin saw a flash of panic - and was that intrigue? - in Chloe’s eyes. “I’m not propositioning you, Chloe.” Even if it is an exciting idea. “I just want to apologize to you for my behavior properly. And to do that, I would be grateful if you would sit with me. Conversation and an open mind, Chloe. That’s all I’m asking for.”

Chloe saw the sincerity in Erin’s soft features. It was the first time since she met Erin that the hard, business persona fell away to reveal the woman beneath. Chloe had to admit she much preferred this version of Erin Hunt. With that in mind, Chloe agreed, closing the door softly before settling in.

Relief rushed through Erin. Then again, so did dread. She wasn’t used to feeling this nervous, especially not with women. To Erin, women were just another equation to solve. Where did they fit that made the most sense in Erin’s life? And for the most part, they were quick, physical interludes for Erin to catch her breath before returning to work. Had she ever sat down with someone to have a heart-to-heart?

“Thank you,” Erin said as Chloe sat down. Chloe’s posture was rigid, but Erin could understand that. This meeting wouldn’t cause any trouble for Erin in the long run. But for Chloe, it could mean her job if someone wanted to be vindictive. She picked up the extra glass she had found in a cabinet. “May I pour you a drink?”

Chloe shook her head. “I don’t drink.”

Erin’s eyebrows shot up. “At all?” Another shake of the head. “Is there a reason? I mean, should I not drink in front of you? I don’t want to be rude.”

Chloe smiled. It was sweet of Erin to ask. “You’re perfectly welcome to drink. To answer your question, I just don’t see the appeal. People drink for many reasons. Many of those reasons are because they’re mad, sad, stressed, or a combination of all that and more, and they need to take the edge off.”

“And that’s a problem?”

“No, not at all. But I prefer to face my problems head-on. Solve them, not try to dissolve them.” She leaned forward, opening the Baileys for Erin. “The problems don’t go away. The edge comes back - sometimes even sharper. It’s a temporary fix that can potentially make a temporary problem permanent.”

“That sounds like experience talking,” Erin said, impressed by Chloe’s point of view. She took the bottle from Chloe when she tried pouring Erin’s drink. Erin didn’t ask

Chloe in here to serve her. “I can get that.”

Erin’s confidence took a minor hit when she spilled some Baileys on the white table. “Damn turbulence.” Of course, there was no turbulence, but Chloe said nothing. She simply blotted at the spill with a napkin, taking the bottle from Erin. Their fingers brushed, and Erin felt an electricity she couldn’t remember ever feeling before.

Chloe held Erin’s gaze for a second too long before going back to her task. “I, um, was raised by an alcoholic. I suppose that’s where I learned it could create more problems than solve them. I never developed a taste for it.”

Erin accepted the double shot of Baileys, nodding her appreciation. “I could make some coffee if you’d rather….”

“No, thank you,” Chloe chuckled. “I’ve had three cups already. Any more, and I’ll have to start doing laps up and down the aisle.”

A smile formed on Erin’s lips. She enjoyed hearing Chloe laugh. There was an optimism behind it that Erin hadn’t had or heard since she was a kid.

“I really am sorry for earlier,” Erin blurted, needing the air cleared between them. “I was way out of line, and I wouldn’t blame you if you filed a….”

“Erin,” Chloe laid a light touch on Erin’s free hand. “It’s fine. I overreacted…”

“No, you didn’t. I never should have touched you like that.” You deserve to be touched softly. You deserve pleasure. Whoa. Where the hell did that come from?

“How about we forgive each other and move on?” Chloe patted Erin’s hand before retracting her own. She didn’t know what she was thinking, touching Erin like that. “It was just a small bit of turbulence that has passed.”

Erin snickered behind her drink. As she took a sip, she watched Chloe over the rim. Where the hell had this woman been on all the other flights Erin had taken?

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“My colleagues have taken this trip as many times as I have. Each time, they get the same attendant. They’ve built a rapport, and everything awaits them when they board. Yet, I have someone new each time. Is it because I’m a lesbian or because I’m demanding?”

Chloe was surprised Erin was so forthcoming. She didn't think someone like Erin usually spoke so freely about herself. That had to be a liability in her line of work. Moreso than that, Chloe was ecstatic that her gaydar was on point.

Erin found the look on Chloe's face curious. Surprise mixed with a bit of… something else she couldn't quite read.

"Do you have an issue with me being a lesbian," Erin asked carefully.

Chloe beamed a smile. "If I did, there would be some serious self-hate I'd have to deal with. No, I'm thrilled I won't have to take Heather for drinks."

"I…" Erin's eyebrows drew together. First, she was intrigued to find out Chloe was family. But the second half of Chloe's revelation was confusing. "I don't understand."

"Oh, sorry," Chloe snickered. "Heather had made a snide remark about how I couldn't flash my tits at you for a bigger tip. I had a bet going that if you were straight, I would buy Heather a drink."

Erin's brain nearly stalled at the vision of Chloe flashing her tits. But disappointment replaced exhilaration. "You made a bet that I was gay?" Not only did that bother Erin, but the thought of Chloe buying someone else a drink tickled her sense of jealousy. Ridiculous. She's your flight attendant, not your girlfriend.

"No, no! I would never discuss anyone's sexuality - or any other personal information - with someone else. My bet was with myself. My gaydar definitely pinged with you. I'm happy to know I still got it."

Erin relaxed significantly. She knew all too well what it was like having her personal business broadcast to the masses. And having those people form uninformed opinions about her because of it. She offered Chloe a sexy smile.

"Congratulations," Erin winked. "Okay, so if my sexuality isn't widely known and frowned upon, it must be my… eccentricities."

That's one way to define it, Chloe mused silently. Yet, even though Erin had the nickname Dragon Lady around the cabin, Chloe didn't believe it was warranted—or Erin's fault.

"To be honest, I don't think it's either." Chloe smiled at the puzzlement on Erin's beautiful face. Chloe was reasonably certain that wasn't a normal emotion for the successful woman. "My… colleagues have been doing this job for a long time. But growth in this field isn't phenomenal. And as much as we don't want to believe it, looks play a big part in what we do. They're not growing older gracefully, as they say.

And then they see someone like you. You're beautiful, successful, maybe a little eccentric," she teased. "But you're everything they're not. Jealousy is a bitch. And since it's human nature to blame others for our failures, you're a good candidate."

Well. That was a lot to take in for Erin. However, the part she kept replaying in her head was the 'beautiful' part. Chloe thought she was beautiful. Of course, she could just be being nice, but it still caused a shiver to run through her. The other stuff made sense, though Erin wished it weren't true. Her colleagues were male and easier to manipulate. At least, that was Erin's experience.

"You definitely don't have to flash your tits to impress me, Chloe."

The statement was so unexpected it caused a deep laughter to rumble through Chloe. Truth be told, she wouldn't mind flashing her tits at Erin, but that wasn't her job. Speaking of, Chloe was still on the clock for another hour before she could take her sleep break. Oddly enough, Chloe didn't want to leave Erin. Even her book didn't interest her as much as sitting here talking to Erin did.

"Good to know," she chuckled, then sighed. "I've enjoyed talking to you, Erin."

"Don't go." Wow. Desperate much? "We were just getting started."

"I'm sorry." Chloe smiled gently. "I have a few duties to finish before my bunk rest."

"Bunk rest?"

"We're required to rest for four and a half hours on flights this long. I take my break when you're ready to shut down for the evening."

Interesting. "I see." Erin stood, setting her glass down on the table. She had forgotten about the Baileys sitting here with Chloe. Erin had been one of those people who drank to take the edge off and relax. But tonight, all she needed was Chloe's company. "Do you think you could come back in forty-eight minutes for the turn-down service?"

Chloe snorted with laughter. "I'll set my alarm. May I ask, why such precise times?"

Erin cocked her head to the side. "All time is precise."

Chloe opened her mouth to argue, but Erin was right. All times were precise. She nodded. "Okay. I will be back in," she checked her watch, "forty-eight minutes, Ms. Hunt. Can I bring you anything?"

Erin shook her head, a grin playing at her lips. "Just you."

“Just you.”

Chloe’s brain replayed those words on a loop as she took a quick shower. She had completed her tasks in record time—giving her more than twenty minutes before she was due back at Erin’s suite—meaning she had the potential to spend a little more time with Erin. If Erin wanted that. Usually, these quick showers reinvigorated her — emotionally and physically. This time, however, she was too distracted to enjoy the hot water on her skin.

“What did she mean by that?” she asked herself, her voice barely above a whisper. Chloe had to admit that talking to Erin was interesting. Behind Erin’s confidence, Chloe found a vulnerability she hadn’t expected. Erin Hunt was flawed, just like everyone else. And that made Chloe like her even more. She wished, however, that Erin wasn’t so alluring. That voice, that body, everything about Erin was causing Chloe to rethink her resolve to remain professional.

She shook her head. “Idiot. Just because you are horny for Ms. Hunt doesn’t mean it’s reciprocated.” Chloe’s watch beeped with a five-minute warning. “Shit.”

Had she not been preoccupied with unprofessional thoughts, Chloe wouldn’t be rushing to get dried, dressed, and ready to face Erin again. Her uniform was snug enough. Trying to get it on while damp was nearly impossible. Chloe tossed her towel to the side, grabbing her skirt and shimmying it up. As much as she would love not to put her bra back on, Chloe plucked it off the towel rack she had draped it on. She blew an errant strand of hair out of her face as she struggled with the clasp.

“Maybe a shower wasn’t the best idea,” she mumbled as she picked up her white shirt. The quality of the shirt always impressed Chloe, but even the expensive material wasn’t going to hide the fact that her body was still wet. “Oh well, it’ll dry eventually.”

After tucking in her shirt and zipping up her skirt, she looked at her watch. One minute, fifty-three seconds. Chloe glanced in the mirror. She had put her hair up in a bun before the shower, and now the loose tendrils were damp as they clung to her neck like a needy lover. She shrugged, opting to leave the bun to allow the strands to dry. Besides, she was out of time. She slipped on her heels and was out the door with fifty-seven seconds to spare.

Erin heard the soft knock on her door and miraculously didn’t bother to look at her watch. For the first time in a long time, she didn’t care if someone hadn’t met her deadline. All Erin cared about now was Chloe was back.

Odd. Maybe Chloe’s presence just relaxed Erin, and that’s why she didn’t care. Or perhaps she was still ashamed of the way she had reacted earlier. Whatever the case, it felt nice not living life on a precise schedule. She took a breath, inhaling the minty

scent of the toothpaste she'd just used. Open the door, Erin!

Chloe looked up from her watch when the door opened and was taken aback by the sight before her. "H-hi. You look… refreshed."

And Erin did. Her hair was wet, and she was dressed in one of the fluffy robes the airline provided. A quick glance at Erin's feet confirmed to Chloe that the matching slippers were also being utilized.

On the other side, Erin was mesmerized by Chloe's glistening skin and the long neck now exposed by Chloe's updo. Either the young attendant's duties were taxing, or Chloe took a shower, too.

"I feel refreshed," Erin said, allowing Chloe to come in. "Having the use of a shower on a long trip like this is worth the price alone. I always feel grimy after a few hours in the recycled air."

"Don't I know it," Chloe agreed wholeheartedly. "I had just enough time to take mine before returning here."

Erin lowered her eyes. "You hurried, didn't you? Because of my absurd…."

"Erin, please." Chloe laid a tender hand on Erin's arm. "I actually lost track of time there for a moment, and that's why I'm rushed." Her hand lingered longer than it professionally should have, only falling away when she walked past Erin. "Are you ready for your turndown service?"

"Do you think we could sit and talk for a bit? Or…"

"I'd love to."

Erin smiled as she took the seat in front of Chloe. She'd never bothered getting to know any of the women she'd shared… time with. Erin knew it wouldn't last, so she didn't want to waste anyone's time. And while she was well aware her time with Chloe was even shorter, she found herself wanting to know everything.

"Have you always wanted to be a flight attendant, Chloe?"

Chloe laughed. "Not at all. Actually, I wanted to be a pilot."

Erin raised a brow. "What stopped you?"

"The cost of flight school," Chloe answered honestly. "As I got older, I realized some dreams are unreachable due to circumstances beyond our control. This job gets me in

the air, just not how I imagined. It's not a bad gig, though. Getting a job as a personal attendant is tougher than getting one as a pilot here. Luckily, I have a friend who works in administration for Blue Skies."

"I imagine your personality helped," Erin complimented with a grin. "Do you ever think about taking lessons now?"

Chloe shook her head. "That ship has sailed. I quite like what I do. For now. I get to travel, see exotic places, and serve interesting people like you." She frowned slightly at the wince on Erin's face. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No," Erin said quickly. "I just... I don't want you to serve me."

It's literally my job, Chloe thought silently. "Do you have a maid, Erin?"

"Um."

"A gardener? Maybe a handyman? Do you go out to restaurants to eat? Everyone serves someone. I suspect even you do in some capacity. It's not what we do, but how we're perceived." Chloe gestured to Erin. "Money buys respect, but…."

"But it doesn't buy happiness," Erin finished for Chloe. She was right. Money separated the perception but not the definition. The more she spoke to Chloe, the more impressed Erin was. And the more she thought about her own life. Chloe's different perspective prompted Erin to rethink everything she thought she believed. "You are a remarkable woman, Chloe."

Chloe blushed slightly. She'd been called many things in her life. But she didn't recall ever being called remarkable. And coming from such a successful woman was delightful. "Thank you, back at you."

There was an awkward silence between them now, as though neither knew what to say or do next. For Chloe, she would have turned down the bed by now and left to take her break.

For Erin, she would be sleeping after setting her alarm for precisely three hours and forty-five minutes. But looking into Chloe's kind, expressive eyes caused Erin to dread her usual routine.

"I should…" Chloe began, breaking the silence, gesturing toward the door. She didn't want to leave, but she was working. Technically, she was amid her break period, but that typically didn't include spending time with a passenger in their private quarters.

"R-right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to keep you." Though she'd rather savor Chloe's

company longer, Erin had to respect Chloe's job. And boundaries. She certainly couldn't kidnap the woman for the night, at least not without consequences.

"I enjoyed talking to you, Erin. It was a breath of fresh air I didn't expect on this flight." Chloe stood. "I'll just turn down your bed for you and let you settle in."

Erin followed Chloe to the bedroom, watching her tugging the comforter and sheets back, making a crisply folded corner. When Chloe smoothed her hand over the white sheets, Erin noticed the subtle nail polish on short, manicured nails. Chloe's hands were elegant and strong. Tanned but smooth. The veins that popped told Erin Chloe was used to working with her hands. And Erin could only stare with appreciation.

Chloe straightened and turned away from the bed. She wasn't expecting Erin to be so close behind her, and their breasts were a mere breath away from touching. So Chloe held her breath as Erin's gaze pierced her resolve.

Erin watched, fascinated, as Chloe's eyes darkened. Chloe had to be feeling at least a hint of the attraction Erin felt. But Erin couldn't force this. She refused to make Chloe feel obligated to be with her. Erin's colleagues were proud of being the 'aggressor' and thought any kind of service from the flight attendant was owed to them. But that's not what Erin wanted from Chloe. Erin wanted Chloe to want her as well.

"Stay with me," Erin whispered. "Please?"

Erin's soft plea sounded nothing like an order. It was a genuine need for Chloe to stay and… what? How far was Chloe willing to take this with a woman she would probably never see again? Sure, Chloe had had one-night stands before. But that's not what this felt like. What Erin felt like. And that confused her. They were six hours into a nineteen-hour flight. She knew nothing about Erin apart from the tidbits she'd learned during their brief conversations. Yet, there was something…

Chloe slowly closed the gap between them, the hand Erin had just been admiring now resting on Erin's cheek. "I don't do this, Erin," Chloe said before leaning in and kissing her softly.

Erin's arms slipped around Chloe's waist, pulling her closer. She believed Chloe wholeheartedly, and that made this moment magical for Erin. The kiss itself was tender, selfless. Chloe gave generously and allowed Erin to return the favor. As their tongues united, Erin's body shivered with desire. During her past liaisons, kissing wasn't a necessity. The quicker they got to the main event, the quicker Erin could thank them and move on. But with Chloe, Erin wanted the kiss to last forever.

Chloe tasted mint on Erin's tongue, felt the warmth of Erin's body pressed against her, and Erin's arms wrapped around her. Every touch, every taste was magnified. She

couldn’t believe she was doing this, but at the same time, she didn’t want to stop. What was it about this woman that was making Chloe do things she never imagined she’d do?

“Do you want to stop, Chloe?” Erin asked, her lips grazing Chloe’s chin and neck. When Chloe didn’t answer immediately, Erin stopped, looking her in the eye. “You owe me nothing. This has nothing to do with service or obligation. I need you to know I want this, but how far we go is up to you. If it ends now… whatever you decide, I will respect.”

Erin’s compassion and honesty touched Chloe. For a split second, Chloe was concerned about what this meant to Erin. With that worry soothed, the desire in Chloe was reinvigorated.

“I want this,” Chloe reassured as she reached between them to untie Erin’s robe. “I can’t explain why I’m drawn to you, Erin.”

Erin smiled, her breath catching when Chloe opened her robe, and she felt the cool air on her heated skin. “I can’t explain this either. I’ve never even entertained the thought of… something like this. These flights are all about work for me. Then you leaned down, and your breath touched my ear not five minutes after I boarded. I think that’s when this need started for me.”

“Just so we’re clear, that wasn’t me trying to seduce you.”

“I think that’s why it worked,” Erin teased, unbuttoning Chloe’s shirt. She glanced between them, then looked up with a sly grin. “My robe was easy. Care to help me out with your uniform?”

Chloe appreciated Erin’s playfulness enough to help. She reached behind her and unzipped her skirt while Erin finished with her shirt. At that moment, Chloe realized that she had forgotten to put underwear on in her haste to get to Erin’s suite on time. She could feel embarrassed about it or take it for what it was—one less thing to waste time on.

“I’m not doing all the work for you, Erin.” Chloe took a step back, her arms spread wide.

Chloe’s fully unbuttoned shirt fell open, giving Erin an excellent view of Chloe’s bra, cleavage, and… mmm, a diamond stud navel piercing. Erin accepted Chloe’s invitation to relieve her of that tight, sexy skirt. She kneeled, curling her fingers into the waistband of the skirt, and tugged. Chloe performed a provocative sway of her hips to help, and Erin began salivating. If Chloe’s hips moved like that the rest of the night, Erin didn’t know if she would survive. But, oh, what a beautiful death it would be.

“Well, this is a sweet surprise.” Erin leaned close, her nose grazing the soft hairs of Chloe’s well-groomed, intoxicating sex. She hadn’t expected Chloe to be going commando. “Are you always like this?”

“Wet?” Chloe murmured, her entire body aching for Erin to touch her.

Erin groaned. “Not my initial thought, but now that’s all I’m thinking about.” She stood, needing to feel Chloe’s voluptuous curves against her. “Now for the unsexy part. I’m clean. I’m single. I’m not trying to cause you any drama or heartache. So, if you need to stop at any point, please tell me, Chloe.”

Chloe’s eyebrows furrowed as she searched Erin’s features for any sign that she was being insincere. There weren’t any. “You’re wrong. That was one of the sexiest things you could possibly say to me. I’ll return the favor. I’m clean. I’m single. And I’m not going to want to stop, which may very well cause us both drama and heartache. But at this point, that’s a risk I’m willing to take.”

Erin tucked a strand of Chloe’s hair behind her ear. “Remarkable.”

They moved together as if some unseen force was pushing them. Whatever clothing left on or open was quickly discarded, and Erin nudged Chloe onto the bed. Erin wasn’t used to doing this in such a small bed, but she didn’t intend to be far from Chloe for bed size to matter. As they kissed, Erin followed Chloe, laying her body flush against Chloe’s soft flesh.

Chloe’s head bumped into the wall behind them, and their teeth clashed. “Ouch.”

Erin chuckled, playfully wiggling her front tooth to ensure it was still there. “Sorry about that.”

“If your head isn’t hitting the wall, are you even doing it right?”

Erin’s chuckle morphed into a wide grin. “I’ll keep that in mind.” She struggled to maneuver her full weight off Chloe and to scoot them down away from the wall. But there were so many pillows she ended up falling onto Chloe with an ‘oomph’ coming from them both.

Laughter filled the air. Whoever said having sex for the first time with a virtual stranger was all sexy and flawless was a damned liar. But it made it real, and Erin loved that. It wasn’t clinical — or cynical — like most of her other encounters. And knowing Chloe was just as tickled by this turn of events thrilled Erin.

“Why are there so many pillows on such a small bed?” Erin began chucking pillows

one by one off the bed.

“I ask myself that every time I have to pick them up.” Chloe was still giggling while Erin finally discarded the last pillow. “Now that we have a bit more room….” Chloe pulled Erin down for a scorching kiss. These slight mishaps only served to make her want Erin even more. That severe, buttoned-up facade had completely faded into a playful - desirable - woman. And Chloe couldn’t wait any longer to feel all of Erin.

Chloe’s thigh connected with Erin’s throbbing clit with excruciating pleasure. There were so many things Erin wanted to do to Chloe, but their cramped quarters didn’t leave room for bringing much of those fantasies to life. But Erin would certainly do her best to make this experience memorable for them both.

“Are you okay?” Erin panted. If she wanted to last longer than some horny teenager, she would need to stop rubbing herself on Chloe’s thigh.

Erin was holding herself up, her hands on either side of Chloe. But Chloe wanted to feel more. She grabbed one of Erin’s hands, effectively getting Erin’s body to fall onto Chloe.

“You’re not hurting me. I want to feel all of you, Erin.” Chloe glanced around them. “Or as much of you as I can.” It was weird how such a large space in an airplane could be so small when it counted the most. You don’t need much room to feel her inside you. With that thought, Chloe guided Erin’s hand to her wetness.

Erin’s eyes fluttered closed at the first touch. Chloe felt divine. Soft skin paired with arousal had to be one of the most potent aphrodisiacs Erin could think of. The added scent of Chloe had Erin salivating. She wanted to sink into Chloe’s wetness, as deep as Chloe would allow her to go. But she also wanted to savor the moment.

Erin rolled the pad of her thumb across Chloe’s wet clit. Had she ever noticed how a woman felt beneath her fingertips? Had she ever taken the time to marvel at the smooth skin or how a woman’s body shivered when her touch glided over saturated lips? No, she hadn’t. Because if a woman moved under her the way Chloe did, that feeling would be seared in Erin’s brain.

Chloe’s nails raked down Erin’s back as she teased Chloe. She spread her legs further, granting Erin better access. Her breath quickened when Erin dipped the tip of her finger between her lips. Fuck. It had been a long time since Chloe felt this overwhelming passion. If she ever had. The feel of Erin’s soft mouth on her neck was just as intoxicating as the feel of her fingers and the way Erin moved her body on top of Chloe’s.

“Inside me, please,” Chloe begged. “I want to feel you, Erin.”

Erin’s heart rate spiked, and her stomach did that flip thing she’d only read in romance books. She slipped a finger inside, her own pussy contracting at the warm, wet heat. Erin felt Chloe’s hand lower to her ass, pulling her closer. Chloe lifted her leg simultaneously, sending shockwaves through Erin’s system.

Their bodies moved together like they had done this dance before. Their soft moans filled the air as they both struggled to stay relatively quiet. It wasn’t easy when it felt like every nerve was exposed and being massaged in the most erotic ways. When Chloe’s hand snaked between them to rub Erin’s clit, it was impossible to hold back the orgasm that had been teetering close to the edge since she first touched Chloe.

“Chloe,” Erin whispered passionately. Her body moved faster against Chloe’s fingers as she added another finger, curling them up to increase Chloe’s pleasure.

Chloe moaned. Erin had hit that sensitive spot inside her, and Chloe lifted her hips to draw her in deeper. “I’m close, Erin! Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

Erin fused her mouth to Chloe’s, swallowing the sound of ecstasy that came from them both when the dam of pleasure was released. She squeezed her eyes shut as wave after wave caused her body to shudder against Chloe’s. Chloe’s legs clamped around her, her body shaking as she continued to whimper against Erin’s mouth.

Erin slowly floated down from her high and rolled off Chloe, wrapping an arm around her to keep her close. She had never snuggled before, yet that’s all she wanted to do now. As their breathing evened out, Chloe sighed contentedly, curling into Erin’s side. Somehow, someone got the covers from beneath them, and they drifted to sleep, still clinging to each other.

Erin tightened her embrace when Chloe stirred awake. She opened one eye, searching for the culprit of that atrocious sound disturbing her bliss.

“That’s me,” Chloe whispered sleepily. “My break is over in a few minutes.” She tried moving again, but Erin was reluctant to let go. Chloe shifted until she was on top of Erin. She used her watch to turn off the alarm, then focused on the woman under her. “I have to go.”

“I’m logical enough to know that. But I’m honest enough to tell you I don’t want you to.”

Chloe smiled and gently kissed Erin. “I don’t want to, either. But I have to get ready for breakfast service.” She kissed Erin again, lingering longer. Finally, she groaned with frustration and pushed herself up off the bed.

Erin watched Chloe bend over to pick up her shirt. Ugh, she should have spent more time exploring that body before falling asleep. But she imagined Chloe needed the rest before going back to work. As wonderful as their time together was, it left Erin with an overwhelming feeling of… uncertainty.

“Will you be here on my return flight?” Erin asked suddenly. “Can I request you? N-not for this! Though I had an incredible time with you, I’m not asking just for this. I enjoy your company, Chloe. I enjoy you.”

Chloe tugged her skirt up, tucking her shirt in before zipping it up. “If you request me, Erin, the company will put me on the schedule.” She leaned down and kissed Erin’s soft lips. “I have never done this with a passenger before. And I won’t do it again.” Erin nodded, her eyes dropping from Chloe’s gaze. But Chloe lifted Erin’s chin to bring them back up. “However, I enjoy you, too, Erin. You’re much more than just a passenger.”

Erin smiled brightly, relief flowing through her body. Still, their subsequent encounter wasn’t guaranteed. Chloe didn’t say she would be here, only that she’d be scheduled. What if she was booked on another flight? Somewhere on the other side of the world?

“Where is your home base?” Erin asked curiously.

Chloe stepped into the bathroom to splash water on her face and fix her appearance. After her time with Erin, she was sure she looked a fright. Erin didn’t seem to mind, so that was a good sign.

“Canada,” Chloe called out.

Hmm. New York isn’t that far of a commute. Depending on where in Canada, we could work with that.

“Is that where you will go now? I’m here for a few days, so I’m wondering if I request you if you’ll be around.” Okay, so Erin sounded like a lovesick puppy. But in all honesty, that’s not how she felt. She was telling the truth when she said she enjoyed Chloe’s company. If they never made love again, Erin would still want to have those enlightening conversations with Chloe.

Chloe blotted her face dry and fixed her hair. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror. Erin was even more intriguing when she was flustered. Chloe walked back into the bedroom just as Erin was slipping on her robe. She went to her and pulled it together, tying the belt in a loose knot.

“I usually have a couple of days off in between long flights. If you request me, they’ll likely put me in a hotel until your return flight.”

So… Chloe could have time to spend with her on the ground. But would Erin have time? Fuck it. She'd make time for Chloe—something she'd never done before for a woman. Erin reached over to the small table next to the bed and grabbed her phone. A small compartment on Erin's phone case held her business cards.

"Here's my number. You can reach me any time you want. Maybe…" Erin hesitated, hoping she wasn't overreaching. "Maybe we could grab a coffee or… dinner while we're both stuck in Singapore. I'm there on business, which usually takes up most of my time, but I'd love to, um, see you on equal footing. When we're both not working?"

She's so sweet, Chloe thought with a secret smile. She took Erin's phone, asking her to unlock it. When she was in, she entered her contact information.

"When you're not busy, give me a call." Chloe leaned in and kissed Erin. "I really have to go. Thank you for… everything. It was beautiful."

"Thank you." Erin watched Chloe walk away. "Chloe?" When the charming woman turned back, Erin's breath caught. "Please don't be offended when I leave you a tip. It won't be for what we shared but for how wonderfully you treated me. Even after I was an ass."

Chloe grinned. "But it's such a great ass. I'll be back with your breakfast in thirteen minutes, Ms. Hunt," she winked and then walked out.

The pilot's voice came over the intercom announcing their arrival in Singapore. Erin had seen Chloe a handful of times since she left Erin's suite that morning. Though the professional facade was back in place, Chloe still managed to make Erin feel special. Seen. A slight touch here. A knowing look there. Never once did Chloe make Erin feel as though last night was a regret. Something Erin was grateful for. The extra special attention made it hard for Erin to concentrate on work, but for once, she didn't care. Did that mean she was finally ready to settle down? Who knew? What she did know was Chloe changed something deep within her.

Erin signed off her computer and packed it away to prepare for landing. A wave of anxiety rolled in her belly at the thought of stepping off this plane and possibly never seeing Chloe again. Sure, she had Chloe's number, but that didn't guarantee Chloe would answer if she called. Erin shook her head at her ridiculousness. Even if this were the last time she saw Chloe, Erin would cherish their magical night for the rest of her life.

Chloe slipped through the door of Erin's suite, closing the door softly behind her. She saw Erin looking pensively out the window. Chloe shouldn't be in here. She should be in her seat, seat belt on, and getting ready to say a ton of goodbyes with a smile

plastered to her face. But she snuck down here for one more private goodbye.

“Erin?”

Erin jumped at the sound of Chloe’s hushed voice. She turned away from the window to see Chloe’s striking face. “Chloe!” Erin unbuckled her seatbelt and stood up.

“Shh. I’m not supposed to be here. But when you disembark, I can’t do this….” Chloe took Erin’s face in her hands and brought their lips together in a passionate kiss.

Erin’s arms wrapped around Chloe, crushing her to her. She took what Chloe offered, giving just as much in return.

The scorching kiss ended too soon for both women, but they were grateful for the stolen moment. Chloe smoothed a thumb over Erin’s bottom lip.

“I have to go,” Chloe said hurriedly, reaching for the door.

“Chloe? Will I see you again?”

Chloe smiled. “Ask for me, Erin. I’ll be here.” She blew Erin a kiss and disappeared as swiftly as she appeared.

The smile on Erin’s face was brighter than the sun filtering through the window. She would ask for Chloe again, and Erin looked forward to getting to know Chloe even better.

Chloe’s fixed smile turned genuine as Erin walked down the aisle to the exit. “Goodbye, Ms. Hunt. I hope you enjoyed your flight.”

Erin smiled at Chloe. “My flight was extraordinary, Chloe. And the service was unparalleled, thank you.”

“My pleasure, Ms. Hunt. I look forward to serving you again.”

The End?