

**Air Rescue:
A Circular Love Story**

a.k.a.

Around the World

By

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When I first confront the blank page for the first time, there are always numerous questions which I must answer.

What should I say?

Which is to say, how much should I say?

And then, when should I say it?

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Overwhelming these the days, the answer is everything, right away, right at the beginning, and more than you could possibly want to know.

And to this end I must tell you that the story is rather simple. It is the circular story concerning the love of a good man -- told over and over and over from beginning to end... or should that be, once we get to the end, we'll go right back to the beginning?

No matter, I think you get the point.

But the point you might not get (not ever, not if I didn't reveal right here at the beginning or like a coward towards the end or in the very last line) is the fact that I am a man. A happy -- I like to think -- well adjust man. No predilection to cross dressing, no solitary Tuesday nights at the gay bar, no nothing.

I just like to write on occasion from the female point of view, because writing is more than it would seem for me. It is a transformative process that takes over my soul and guides my very senses, which is to say: if you are what you eat, then I am what I write. And at the moment, I am a stunning brunet.

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Take a moment if you like to enjoy the form.

In real life I would like to run my hands over this character's body, the body of Joy. So why not do it now?

Ah, but we are on a crowded airplane -- or at least, an airplane that soon will be crowded -- so let us be discrete and dust off our stewardess's uniform with our hands, straighten our blouse, and make sure that our stockings have not fallen.

Take your time about this. Enjoy your long thin arms and slender fingers. Enjoy the line of your bust -- well, maybe you wouldn't do this, but I would. And then suck in your gut and notice the line, the physique. I'm thinking that you must work out. As if standing all day in high heels serving drinks to the passengers in first class wasn't work out enough.

What else do we have, with this body, this physique? Trust me, it is everything you could want, and more -- or once again, should that be less. And then to top it off, to sort of put it all on hold, this sexual being, this desire, grab your long swirls of hair and loop them into a bun. I know this would probably take more than a few seconds, but this is going to be a relatively swift moving tale, and we don't want to get bogged down in logistical details.

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When you are at ease with yourself -- your new self -- and it is time to move on, smile. Greet the passengers as they arrive. All characters who no longer really matter. The couple with their neck braces and eye patches who will spend the entire story sleeping: greet them.

“Welcome aboard.”

And for your efforts receive a sleepy yawn, but no matter. Pay no mind. Let the bumbling theatrics of the would be rock star roll off you.

“Can I help you with that?”

But the answer is no. We need not go into more details, his complaints about never arriving at his big gig that doesn't really exist, or the complaints from the other passengers, stuck in a never ending revolving story as they are.

“Why do we keep on doing this over and over?”

“Maybe we crashed and this is our hell?”

Maybe. Originally the plane was going to crash... but then I didn't have the heart.

See him -- HIM -- for the first time. Tight jeans, bulging muscles, a new pair of glasses, and wicked smile -- like he's known you forever, even though you've just met.

Can you feel the nervousness, the unease. So many times, but it's always like the first. I suppose he must make you feel like a little school girl inside -- all sugar and spice. And with that I think you can see my quandary. I mean, how would a little schoolboy feel inside -- all toads and earthworms? It just isn't the same.

Brush down your uniform one last time. Suck in your gut. It's time for the show. You've got a job to do after all.

Begin to ask of the rugged stranger? But then get caught on the word. Is he a stranger? After all of these loops? But then, what do you really know of him? Good looks, kind caring eyes, soft hands even though -- judging from his physique -- he must be a construction worker.

He notices your glance. “Gloves. I wear gloves when I work, so my hands stay soft.”

It’s too considerate...

“So can I get a drink?”

“Oh, right.” How does he do that? Fluster you so, after all of this time. What the hell, go for the gold. Smile, flirt, flutter you eyes, grab hold of his massive forearm, just gentle like, feel the warmth, and sort of stammer, “Coffee, tea, or me?”

“Shouldn’t we get in the air first?”

He’s always saying that. Time and time again. The tease.

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No matter. It’s a quick moving tale. Steady yourself as the plane takes off. Accidentally, sort of on purpose lean into him and brush up against his wide shoulders. As he turns to face you, feel his breathe on your...

Sigh. Enjoy the moment for as long as you like.

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But it won’t last.

Feel the first shake.

“What was that?” he asks.

But you know what it is. He knows what it is.

From the pilot’s cabin, you can hear the informative cry, “This is it! We’re going down!”

As the neck brace couple sleep through the commotion again, the guys with the laptops fire off one final email in an effort to close the deal, and one elderly couple who have it down right simply hold hands as they gaze into each others eyes and agree, “It was fun while it lasted.”

“Are we going to crash?” the hunk asks.

“Nah. That was the first version, but we,” which is to say I, “killed the crash in rewrite.”

Oh course, other facets of the story remain. Like the parts about the horrified passengers screaming:

“The engine’s smoking!”

“It’s on fire!”

And then, Ka-Boom!

After which the captain voice comes on, just to, you know, reassure everyone that although there has been a slight technical glitch and the starboard engine is no longer attached to the plane, no one should worry.

“So, this is it? We’re going to die?” my sweet man of muscle asks calmly. But no, we’re not going to die. And more importantly, much more importantly, it is time for you to take control of the situation.

“So about that drink? Coffee? Tea? Or...”

“Me... or you. The last one.” It would appear that he is human after all and has emotions... desires. I find it refreshing, endearing... desirable.

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Kiss the man. This is the moment for it. Flip up those arm rests, straddle that bad boy’s body, and just kiss the man. Let the worries of the day slip away. Let the Captain’s useless messages fade into the background, and forget about everything else.

Just kiss the man. Feel it in the tips of your toes. The urgency, the need. Let it flow through you.

Take your hands and explore his body, his face.

And as we fade to black, take your time, doing whatever you’d like, in these final moments.

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Crash landing in water? I don’t think we need to do that?

Instead, let us simply return to the resort where we began our day, swimming in a pool.

Look over at the hunk and then giggle. “Water wings?”

“I don’t know how to swim.”

“But water wings? The water’s only three feet deep.”

“They make me feel comfortable.”

There really is nothing to do but laugh, to loose yourself in the happy, carefree giggles that so often follow a rollicking good time at 30,000’.

Remember the sway of the turbulence if you’d like, and his body under yours, under the covers, all alone in first class, as you fill his order: coffee, tea, or...

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But really, in nostalgia we are missing the moment. He has picked us up in those big beefy arms of his and carried us out of the water.

“Wait! Where are you taking me?”

We’re supposed to do the desert island poolside scene next -- complete with the email’ers, the sleepers, and the darling old couple, but he is having none of that, as he explains, “You know where I’m taking you.”

“No. There’s more, more to the story,” about how this or that, fake hotels under construction. Staying with him at his jobsite, enjoying the pool, because they finished that first, or sunset barbeques on the beach with a dozen handsome hunks. Of what more could a girl dream?

But he’s not listening.

He’s got other things on his mind.

And as he lays me down on the bed, before my mind turns to mush, and the scene blacks away, I gaze over at the desk...

“I got your note,” he says as he interrupts my train of thought.

“You got it?”

“Yes.”

“And you read it?”

“Yes.”

“And?”

“Some of the punctuation was a little iffy... and the plot was thin in places... and I would have liked to learn a little bit more about that old couple...”

“But the revelation?”

“The big twist, which you sort of spoiled by revealing at the beginning?”

“Don’t give me a hard time about how I structure my tales.”

And he just laughs, as he kisses me, as he runs his lips, and his tongue, and his fingers ALL the way down my body, and me biting my lip, and quivering, and shaking, and figuratively pinching myself (Can this be real?) as my hands seek to memorize the features of his face, and his skull, as I, “Oh, oh, oh my god.”

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And then, when it is over -- but really, dally, take your time - - but when it is over, he remembers the old couple, “So what about them?”

“Well, if we keep this up long enough...”

And he’s all, “I can keep it up!”

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And that’s my man!

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And this is my story.

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And as I get ready for work, I realize that if I am to have any hope of ever seeing him again, I'm going to have to write a quick note, trying to explain...

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But you know, the problem is always the same.
Where to begin?
And where to end?

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And who is telling the tale... and therefore, trapped in the tale...

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Well, as to that last -- or that second to last, for as we all know, the first shall be last... and as to the rest...

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Which is to say, I think the best place to end is holding hands, gazing into each other's eyes, clacking teeth, as we try for that final kiss before the prospect of certain oblivion overtakes us...

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I could loose myself in that moment.

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I could make it my own personal Heaven.

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But then, you cheated on me!
And with that whoring slut, no less!

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So, for some this may be Heaven, but for you my dear heart,
I have every confidence, you'll find loving yourself to be a never
ending Hell.

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Hope you enjoy, bastard!

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