

***Oh god no- you can't
Please don't eat me!***

a 'sex-thriller' by
**Jo-Anne
Wiley**

**CRASH
DIET**

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Crash Diet

by

Jo-Anne Wiley

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Historical Note: On July 19, 1989, United Airlines Flight 232, on route to Chicago, crash-landed in Sioux City, Iowa, after the tail engine exploded. Fragments of the engine ruptured all three hydraulic systems leaving the plane with virtually no flight controls. One hundred and eleven passengers died that day, many of them children. Beyond that, this is a work of fiction.

Jo-Anne Wiley

Chapter One

“Chicago O’Hare- Chicago Control- this is United Airways flight 232. I am declaring an in-flight emergency. This is a Mayday- Mayday- Chicago do you copy. Over.”

“Flight 232. We have you on radar. Please state your emergency.”

“Chicago. I am Captain Irene Ross. I have lost engine number two. And hydraulic pressure is dropping. Request an emergency landing. Over.”

“Hold, Captain Ross.”

United Airways regularly scheduled Flight 232: On route to Chicago. The plane: A MacDonal Douglas DC10-10. Captain Irene Ross at the controls: Fifty-two years old with 26,000 hours of flight-time. A veteran. Cool, calm, collected. Her First Officer: Co-pilot Brad English, 14,000 hours. Two hundred and ninety-six passengers onboard, mostly children. It’s Fun Day at United and children fly for a penny.

“Flight 232; this is Chicago Control. We have a team of engineers standing by. Please give particulars.”

Irene exhaled. If she died, they would want information on the demise of her aircraft. “Chicago. There was a violent vibration shortly after takeoff. We ramped-up to forty-thousand and engine number two blew. Hydraulic pressure has been dropping. My Flight Engineer tells me we have lost the fluid. I am losing control of my aircraft. Over.”

“Thank you, Captain. We are working on it. Suggest emergency landing at Sioux Falls. Heading 2-40. Do you copy?”

“Roger Chicago. Give us a moment.”

“How is it handling?”

“I’m losing it, Brad. You got Sioux Falls up on the computer?”

“Heading 2-40. It’s our best bet, Irene. About fifty-five miles out.”

“Roger- Chicago do you copy?”

“Go ahead Captain.”

“We are diverting course to Sioux Falls. Over.”

A new voice blustered in: “Captain Ross. This is Ernie Dymes. I’m Senior Aeronautical Engineer with the NTSB. You have three separate hydraulic control systems on that bloody aircraft. You haven’t switched over. Use one of the alternate systems, for christ-sake. That’s what they’re there for. Don’t make me fly all the fuckin’ way out to god-damned Sioux Falls to investigate a crash just because you forgot to throw a switch. Get on the ball.”

Irene fought for composure. “Mr. Dymes. I assure you that I have manually shuttled back and forth, several times, between all three systems. And the fact remains: The hydraulic flight controls are inoperable. I am losing control of my aircraft, sir. The elevators, ailerons, spoilers, horizontal stabilizer, flaps and the slats are all inoperable. I am attempting to steer with the engines. So, Mr. Dymes, being you are comfortably on the ground, while I am currently flying directly at it, I would- respectfully- enjoy any further suggestions you may have for me. Over.”

There was a very long and empty silence.

“Captain Ross. This is Chicago Control. The approach to Sioux Falls has been cleared. Good luck, Irene.”

“Thank you, Chicago. Flight 232, out.”

“Flight 232. This is Sioux Falls Gateway. We have you on radar. You are losing altitude. Bring the nose up, Captain.”

“Roger, Sioux Falls.”

Irene checked the altimeter. She had lost thirty-thousand feet and the nose of the aircraft was below the horizon. She struggled with the control column, the sinew twisting like root beneath the pale skin of her forearms, but the aircraft failed to respond.

“We have to get the nose up.”

Brad was focused on the instruments. “More power?”

“Go. Our only option.”

“But we’re dropping so fast.”

“Yes- throttle it up.”

Brad inched the controllers forward. The two remaining wing-engines spooled and Irene clutched her breath as she watched the nose of the aircraft inch up past the line-of-horizon. The right wing started to dip. "Throttle that damned starboard engine."

"Roger."

"Sioux Falls, this is flight 232. How is our vector?"

"You are coming up, Captain, but still off course. Steer left, bearing 2-40."

"Roger, Sioux Falls." Irene worked the rudder controls but they were unresponsive. The plane droned on without turning and the right wing began to drop. "Lord. We've lost the barn door," Irene said.

"Negative, Sioux Falls. We can't steer left."

"We'll have to haul her around with the engines," Brad said.

"Increase power to the starboard side. Now."

Brad slid the controller forward. "Anything?"

"Try decreasing power to the port side."

"Anything?"

"Nothing. Christ. Let me think... Can we steer to the right?"

Brad went back to the controllers. "How's that?"

"Yes," Irene responded. "She's coming around. We can steer to the right. Steady now. We'll go full circle until we are on course for Sioux Falls."

"Gotcha. Watch the nav-computer and I'll guide you in."

The plane did a complete circle to the right and came up on heading 2-40.

"Flight 232, this is Sioux Falls. We have you twenty-six miles out. Can you reduce air speed. Over."

"Negative. Not without losing altitude. We need to maintain air-speed, presently."

"Roger. Dump your payload."

Irene looked down through her windscreen and saw a town. She was so low she could see the upturned faces of

startled children in a schoolyard. “Negative, Sioux Falls. Over an urban area.”

“Roger. Keep her coming, Captain. You are cleared to land on any runway.”

“Thank you, Sioux Falls.”

“I’ll buy you a beer if we get past this,” Brad said.

“Make it a vodka and soda, if you’re still around to pay for it.”

“Why is the right side rolling under?”

“Increase thrust to the starboard engine.”

Irene thumbed the sweat from her eyes. She pressed the intercom switch. “This is Captain Irene Ross. As you’ve probably guessed, we are having some difficulties controlling the aircraft. We have diverted our course to Sioux Falls and have requested an emergency landing. The flight-crew is fully trained for this eventuality. Please follow their instructions. And understand, this is a trying and unusual situation for all of us, but we up on the flight-deck, will do everything possible to get you safely on the ground. I will update you again just before landing. Thank you.”

“Jesus,” said her co-pilot.

“Sioux Falls. Flight 232. How are we looking?”

“Still too low. You need to get the nose up, Captain Ross.”

“Roger. Increasing air speed.” She notched the throttles forward and watched the nose of the aircraft sway and lift.

“God. We’re coming in awfully fast.” Brad started to sound shaky.

Without hydraulics Irene couldn’t drop the wing flaps to reduce air speed. “Can we lower the wheels in back. The drag may drop the tail down.”

Brad went to work but the hydraulics were completely unresponsive. “I’ll have to do it manually.”

“Go on then,” Irene encouraged him with a weak smile and pointed to the panel in the cockpit sole that housed the cranks.

Slick with sweat, she readjusted her grip on the yoke but it was the souls of two hundred and ninety-six passengers that she held in her hands. She looked up through the windscreen and was chilled by the sight of the Sioux Falls runway stretching out in front of her. "Sioux Falls. I have you in sight."

"Roger Flight 232. You're too low Irene. You're coming in short. And way too fast. Rein that puppy in."

Irene checked her air speed and realized her dilemma: She was coming in at three-hundred miles per hour with little or no flight controls. To reduce speed would mean landing short of the runway- increase speed and scream in at over twice the velocity of a normal landing. No jetliner had survived a landing at three-hundred miles per hour but she had little time to ponder the logistics. Her only concern now was putting her aircraft onto the runway. That's where the emergency response vehicles would be waiting: The medical technicians, the ambulances, the fire department, the trained disaster response personnel. Above all else, she had to put her crippled aircraft down onto that runway. The survival of her passengers depended on it.

Decision time.

She hit the intercom button. "This is Captain Ross. Please ready yourself for landing. We are about two minutes out. Please be advised that this will be a crash landing. I'm doing my best. Your God be with you." Irene reached out and pushed the throttles forward, felt the engines respond and watched the nose lift through the windscreen. Jesus Christ, she thought as she roared down toward the runway.

"Everyone strap in." She hit the intercom switch once more: "Brace- Brace- Brace-"

As she gripped the control column, she felt the effect of the landing gear. The wheels in back were lowered and the resulting drag and air turbulence suddenly dropped the tail section. It was what she had prayed for but it came a second too soon. She felt the plane suddenly dropping, tail

down, a mile short of the runway. In a desperate, last minute bid to pluck salvation from the jaws of certain disaster, Irene jammed the throttles wide open.

The engines screamed, seemingly intent on wrenching themselves free of the wings.

The nose lifted violently and for a long moment she thought the aircraft might turn-turtle; flip completely over and land on its back. Those watching from the ground later swore the plane was flying belly forward, like a demented demon; a huge flying crucifix. Irene lying on her back in the control seat, was only aware of the bright blue sky filling the windscreen and the sound of the screaming turbines.

Chapter Two

Pull up. Pull up. Pull up... the automated alarm droned on. If only, Irene thought, her mind blurred in fear. She was going down, she realized, and there wasn't a thing she could do about it.

Just when she thought she had lost the gamble, the tail hit hard; so mind-crushingly violent that at first, Irene thought the jolt had broken her back. She screamed, more out of fear and frustration than pain as she felt the tail of the aircraft crumple where it smashed into the pavement at the end of the landing strip. Just before the aircraft slammed down, the right wing rolled under. Irene saw the runway again, the white hatch marks blurred by the mind-numbing speed. She managed to apply reverse thrust with the engines still shrieking. The brakes were gone. The forward section of the plane crashed down. It was like riding an express elevator straight into hell. All ten tires exploded and the struts and hydraulics that supported them were sheared away in a shower of burning metal.

With the collapse of the landing gear, the airliner sheared sideways on its belly, folding the right wing under. The vibration rattled Irene's eyeballs in their sockets. The plane's backbone fractured; ruptured just where the forward doors weakened the fuselage and the nose section of the airplane broke free with the gut-wrenching screech of torn metal.

"Oh Jesus... no!" The cry came from behind, from the service area; followed by a chilling wail, the sound drifting away like someone falling into an abyss.

"God! That was one of the flight-attendants," Brad shouted above the sound of shrieking metal. He strained against his seat restraints and was horrified to see daylight through the cabin door in the flight-deck bulkhead.

Tears welled up as Irene envisioned the torn floor opening up beneath the poor girl's feet. She imagined a blue uniform tumbling down to disappear under the grinding

fuselage as the plane skidded on its belly at three-hundred miles an hour; the girl's body turned to pulp; a bloody smear across the asphalt.

The nose section of the plane broke off like a pencil-point with Irene and her crew inside and spun to one side. The nose seemed to trip, tumbled end over end once, twice, before spinning crazily along the apron of the runway. Irene, realizing she was still alive, watched through what was left of the windscreen and was horrified at the sight of the main section of her DC10-10, with all two hundred and ninety-six passengers inside, slide past her field of vision.

In a dozen windows she saw faces. Hundreds of tiny hands on the glass, reaching out for her.

She watched the left wing collapse and fold under, and then the starboard-side fuel tank erupted with a violent shudder; a massive fountain of flame and smoke. The reek of burning aviation fuel assaulted her sinuses and the heat scorched Irene's face through the smashed windscreen, but she couldn't close her eyes against the sting of horror. The port wing tank exploded, sending a plume of black smoke with orange flames crackling, skyward; lifting like a rolling volcano. And thankfully, the windows and little faces were suddenly gone, consumed in bellowing smoke. The entire passenger compartment was fully engulfed in greedy flames.

But the flames couldn't conceal the shrieks of horror.

Oh Jesus Christ almighty. All those children!

Irene bravely walked across the tarmac to survey the burnout hulk that just minutes ago had been a sleek, forty-five million dollar aircraft; a beautiful piece of engineering. She didn't know it yet, but miraculously, one hundred and eighty-six had survived the crash, even though the plane had been totally destroyed.

Irene staggered to breath when she saw the body litter being passed down to the men on the ground. She had to

force herself to look again; to look at the blue uniform. It was one of her flight-crew.

Fearful of what she might find, Irene pushed herself forward, by-stepping the teams of rescue workers. She was conscious of heads turning, the sight of her four Captain's bars betraying her rank and responsibility. And the reason she walked among the dead and dying. No one met her eyes as she focused on the stretcher.

As she got closer her insides emptied and she stifled a cry into a cupped hand. She saw the red hair. Susan. Her head flight-attendant and closest friend of some twenty years.

Susan lay lifeless, the right-half of her face was gone, shredded away, the left-half looking amazingly serene. Her arms stretched out, the ligaments distorted by the heat, looking like two blackened sticks; the branches from some burnout tree. It appeared as if she had been climbing out when the flames overtook her. Susan's wedding band was melted into the flesh. She gazed up at Irene, peacefully, relieved perhaps, that the searing pain and suffering was over. Someone flipped a blanket across her face and the rescue workers hauled Susan's body down.

Irene staggered back, her knees giddy. There was a wheel lying on its side, torn from the undercarriage and Irene managed, just in time, to drop her haunches onto the rubber sidewall.

Sharon. Gone.

The sight of Sharon's misshapen wedding ring was searing the fabric of Irene's brain. Christ, what was she going to tell Ted? She had stood at their wedding, less than three years ago; watched as Ted slipped that ring onto Sharon's finger.

"Captain?"

The word cut into her thoughts. Captain- she didn't feel much like a Captain. Not now.

Irene looked up, saw a young flight-attendant, saw the blue jacket across her arm and the four gold bars.

“The photographers have started arriving,” the girl said. “I brought you a clean jacket. Where’s your flight bag?”

Irene stared back at the girl, her mind clouded and empty. She fought to understand. Photographers?

“Captain. Your flight-bag.”

Irene hardly had the strength to raise an arm.

“Somewhere, there.” She waved a hand toward the pile of crumpled metal that had once been her flight-deck.

The flight-attendant pulled a hair brush from her own bag and taking Irene by the chin, started working the tangles free.

“Who are you?” Irene asked.

“It doesn’t matter. Slip into the jacket.”

Irene shrugged on the clean uniform coat. “Where are they taking the bodies?”

“One of the maintenance hangers.”

“I have to go...”

The flight-attendant touched Irene’s cheek. “I know. Take my arm.”

“Who are you?” Irene asked again.

“Really. It doesn’t matter.”

Gathering her strength and trying desperately hard not to cry, Irene allowed herself to be escorted into the maintenance hangar that had been converted into a temporary morgue.

She tried to stand straight. They’d want the photographs for the six o’clock news: Captain Irene Ross, in her uniform, grieving over the children she had killed.

Irene was stilled by the sight of row upon row of yellow body bags; most appeared partially filled. Children, she realized. The pathetic bags were filled with the bodies of children. Then straight from her deepest, blackest nightmare, the body bags were moving. Writhing like seething yellow maggots. Internal organs coming back to

life; hearts pumping, lungs filling, hands clawing, tearing the yellow vinyl. Breaking the zippers. Bodies forcing themselves back into the world of the living to rip at her legs and drag her down. She screamed. And screamed and screamed.

Chapter Three

Irene's leg jerked, mercifully jolting her away from the decaying fragments of the demented dream. She lay half out of her bed with sweaty sheets knotted about her ankles. Irene swore, violently kicked herself free, and rolling to her side, she dumped her naked body onto the carpet. She blinked at the ceiling tiles for a moment, trying to remember. And then it all came back, cascading back, landing in her brain like a brick, and she wished she hadn't tried to remember. She slumped in a moldy heap, ridding herself of the last of the nightmare.

Her head, still swimming in vodka, felt like there was a battle-ax embedded in her brain. Irene tried to focus on the clock radio. Christ, it wasn't even eleven. She had started in on the vodka that morning and the last thing she remembered was turning off the six o'clock news when they had announced the court's decision: Manslaughter. Failure to perform her duties. After six months, it was finally over. She was unemployed, financially ruined, and soon to be homeless.

Irene pulled herself from the floor and sat on the edge of the mattress. She looked around for the bottle thinking a drink would help. The bottle was there, alright. On the floor. But during her convulsive thrashing, she had managed to kick it over and a pool of vodka was settling into the carpet. Shit! Irene reached for it, drained the dregs into the back of her throat before tossing the bottle against the wall.

She used the toilet, then filled the sink with cold water and forced her head under. No, she discovered, she couldn't drown herself. But the water was sobering. Maybe if she had something to eat. At the thought, her stomach rolled and Irene realized she hadn't eaten all day.

There was a can of chili in the cupboard, somewhere. And a saucepan in the sink.

Irene, working the can opener, looked out her kitchen window, across the dark drive and saw the light from his

desk-lamp. She paused a moment and watched Adam struggling with his schoolwork.

The neighbors had moved in six years ago and Adam was always around to give Irene a helping hand. He cut her grass, weeded her flowers and wasn't afraid of a paintbrush. Irene had never given him much concern; he was just the great thirteen-year-old kid from across the way. But one day, when she was bent over lifting a chair, she realized he was taking a sidelong look down the front of her shirt. It gave her a queer feeling, somewhere below her navel and her breasts suddenly felt weighty.

After, he had accepted a beer instead of lemonade and, sitting across from Adam, Irene was struck by how his shoulders had filled out. He was taller too and she was surprised to learn that he was at university. She felt the buzz again. A loneliness- a yearning that she took to her bed that night.

And the next time Adam dropped by, she met him at the door wearing heels and a tight skirt that showed off superbly tanned thighs. She wore a loose blouse without a bra and left a button loose. It was sinfully wicked and she could barely stand it.

She watched Adam now, through her kitchen window and those same feelings returned. Maybe Adam could help her, she thought, help where vodka couldn't.

Irene looked down at herself. Her body glistened with beads of perspiration and her dark hair was still damp from the dunking in the bathroom sink. She was a mess. But still...

Irene dropped the pan. She soaked her hands under the tap and scooped water into her hair and handfuls onto her chest until moisture ran in rivulets across her tummy and along her thighs. Irene reached for her bag on the table, dug out her phone and scrolled down the menu. When she pressed Connect, she watched through the glass as Adam reached for a shirt pocket.

Her analyst, when she could still afford an analyst, had called them Age-Gap Relationships; something stemming from a massive guilt complex, the result of killing all those kids. The psycho-babble aside, Irene just thought of young guys as a way of getting a rousing good fuck with no strings attached. But then what did she know, she was drunk half-the-time.

“Adam. It’s Irene. Next door. I hate to call you so late but I saw your light.”

“That’s okay, Miss Ross. What’s up?”

“I got a water leak over here. Place is a mess. Could you come over; at least turn the water off until I can call a plumber in the morning?”

“Oh, sure thing.” Irene watched Adam stand. “I’ll be there in a sec.”

Yeah. Good kid, Irene thought with greedy intent.

Young Adam was almost into Irene’s kitchen before he realized she was naked. “Miss Ross...” He diverted his eyes and tried to wheel away but Irene had anticipated his move and holding him by the arm, she got the door closed.

“I got soaked, Adam,” Irene grimaced while backing his squirming body against the door-frame. She caught an insane giggle in her throat. He was average height for his age which meant Irene had three inches on him and it gave her an advantage. She held him in a sisterly hug that didn’t seem so sisterly, being she was naked, but it served to keep her face hidden. She caught her reflection in the glass over his shoulder and found she was grinning like an idiot.

Irene promptly bite down on her lip. “Water was flying everywhere. I had to get my clothes off. You’ll understand when you see my bathroom.”

Adam was flustered, felt inadequate. “I’ll wait until you find a robe or something.” He tried to keep his eyes focused above Irene’s neck.

“Oh come off it, Adam. I’m not that hard to look at, am I?”

It was true. At age fifty-two, Irene Ross was remarkably well preserved. She had never married, never had children, had been a diet junky most of her life, and she was athletic. Irene had a body that many twenty-year-olds would kill for: Straight shoulders that supported the weight of fine breasts, a flat tummy that curved down into a crowning knuckle that was covered with thick dark curls. Heavy puckered lips protruded from between the rolls of her sex. She had good legs.

Irene released her grip on Adam's arm. "And we're friends, right?"

"Well, I guess. I mean yeah. Friends..."

"Okay then."

Irene turned and moved toward the fridge, giving Adam a chance to appreciate the gait of a firm behind. "Well the way you reacted, it made me feel, I don't know, cheap somehow. I thought I had misjudged you." Irene yanked on the fridge door. "I got beer here, you want one?"

"No. Better not. Got classes tomorrow."

Irene opened a long-neck and slipped her round bottom onto a stool at the breakfast bar. She cocked an arm and tipped the bottle back, knowing full well he couldn't miss the lift of her breasts. Irene swallowed deep to kill the thirst the vodka had left behind. His eyes rose from the sight of her brown nipples to the pumping of her pale throat. And he saw her knees drift. Poor Adam couldn't help himself; he had to look. Her sex was gaping and he could see the secretions gathering in the folds. Despite all efforts, his penis had taken on a life of its own and started to uncoil in his jeans.

"You like me Adam, don't you?"

The color flushed in his cheeks and his eyes came up. "Of course. We've been friends since I was twelve."

"That's good, Adam. I didn't think it would matter between us. We're close, like family. I mean, I don't let just anyone see me parading around. Now, while I find a robe,

why don't you go into the basement and turn off that valve thing before my house floods."

"Oh gosh!" Adam took a step toward her basement stairs. "I forgot. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry." The relief was evident in his voice and Irene almost laughed as he pounded down her basement steps. This was delicious.

Irene pulled a hip length beach-wrap from the bedroom closet, draped it around her shoulders and loosely belted it about her waist. By the time she had returned to the kitchen, Adam was back, his hands covered with rust stains.

"Here. Come by the sink. Let me help." Irene took his left hand and worked a damp cloth between his fingers. "You've got strong hands," she said and felt the jolt range through his body when she pushed a breast into his arm. "Girls appreciate that in a man." She reached across for the opposite hand.

"Thank you, Miss Ross. But my girlfriend doesn't seem to appreciate anything about me."

Irene glanced up. "I didn't know you were seeing someone." Irene sought out his eyes. "How long has this been going on?"

The color came up into his neck and he glanced down to where Irene still had hold of his fingers. "Almost a y-year; since I met her. Pamela, I mean." His breath staggered as Irene moved closer.

God, he was so shy and Irene felt a rush of hedonistic delight as she tickled her nipples with a sweep across the front of his shirt. Back and forth.

"And you're not sleeping together? With Pamela?"

"No ma'am."

"Are you having trouble, Adam? Do you have an erection in the mornings, when you wake up?"

Adam blew out a breath. "Yes, ma'am."

"Do you masturbate?"

"Oh God."

“Are you hard, right now Adam? For me?” Irene ran a hand down along the front of his jeans and discovered the answer for herself. “Oh baby. That’s so wonderful?”

“Ma’am?”

“Show me Adam.”

“Miss Ross, I can’t. I mean you’re my friend and all, but it’s not right. My mom will kill me.”

Irene tucked her fingers into his belt. “Your mother will never find out,” she said, playfully rocking his hips. “And you’re a big boy now; old enough to make your own decisions. Or maybe you don’t like older women?”

Adam felt trapped. “What do you want from me?” he asked despairingly.

“I want to watch you masturbate.” Irene said with a silly smile and tugged suggestively on his belt.

“That’s crazy.”

“Yes. But you’ll do it for me, won’t you; because I asked. And because I can help you with Pamela.”

“Pamela?”

“Sure. You bring her around and introduce us. How about Saturday? I’ll throw some burgers on the grill.”

“She doesn’t eat meat.”

“Doesn’t eat meat...” Irene took a moment to reassess. “Well salmon then. I’ll pick up three salmon steaks.”

“She’s a vegan. Doesn’t eat fish nether.”

Irene tried not to roll her eyes. No wonder Adam wasn’t getting any; the girl didn’t suck on anything except carrot sticks.

Irene’s eyes lit up. “Nachos! Re-fried beans, salsa, melted cheese; it’ll be Mexican night. I’ll make a pitcher of margaritas and pick up a case of Dos Equis. How about it?”

“Might work, but she doesn’t drink.”

“Of course she doesn’t. Look, doesn’t matter. After dinner, Pamela and I will sit down together and have a little girl-girl chat. I’ll tell her how good you are. You are good, aren’t you Adam?”

“Christ. How should I know?”

Yeah, exactly! Irene stepped back. “Let’s find out, shall we? Masturbate for me. I like to watch.”

“Right here? In the kitchen?”

“Sure,” she said, slipping her bottom back up on the stool. “It makes clean-up, after, so much easier.”

Adam dragged a hand along his face. “Oh Jesus. Please.”

“C’mon Adam. Do it for me. Right now. I’ve got hand cream here, by the sink.”

“No Miss Ross. I can’t. Really.”

“You’d like me to go first? Is that it Adam? You want to watch, Adam? I know you do. You’re nineteen and the hormones are raging.”

She perched her ass on the very edge of the bar stool and opened her knees.

“Miss Ross, I... I should be going.”

“Shut up, Adam. Look at my pussy and tell me how much you love her. Tell me, Adam. C’mon.” She suckled each word.

Irene reached down with two hands and holding herself either side, spread the folds. She was heavy with secretions and the lips clung stubbornly a moment before slithering open to present the slippery pink.

Adam pulled his eyes away. “Oh Jesus, Miss Ross. I shouldn’t...”

“Dammit, Adam. Look at it. You think I open my legs for just anyone? Look at my pussy and appreciate what I’m going to do for you.”

There was a whimpered response from Adam and he dragged his eyes back.

Irene widened her knees. “Say something, Adam. For christ-sake.”

He tilted his face up and sought out her eyes. “You’re beautiful, Miss Ross.”

“Not to me,” she snapped. “Tell it to my pussy. Tell her how delightful she is; how lovely. That you want to kiss her;

taste her. Tell her that you want to watch as she's stretched, opened up and explored. Tell her how much you want to see her finger-fucked. Tell her you want to watch as she cums and cums. C'mon Adam. Talk dirty to my pussy."

Adam lower his eyes once more. Looked at the drooling gash. "Miss Ross, I can't." He had turned brick red.

Irene reached with a finger and touched the clitoris. "Sure you can, Adam. Tell her how lovely she is. Then ask me to masturbate for you."

Adam wiped perspiration from his forehead, hesitated and struggled to find his resolve. "You're the- the sweetest pussy I've ever seen," he formed the words carefully, "and I want you to cum for me. While I watch. Please."

Irene couldn't help herself. She laughed in his face. "And?"

"And I want to watch you masturbate."

"Then watch, Adam. Learn something you can use on that peevish girlfriend of yours." And Irene reached behind for the tube of vasoline. She watched Adam gaze in amazement as she ran a line of goo along the tip of a finger. His eyes followed her hand down. She spread the lips with the fingers of the opposite hand and applied the vasoline to her clitoris in sweeping strokes. And as Adam looked, his face tight in concentration, she slipped two fingers up inside.

Adam gasped when he saw her knuckles disappear between the lips.

"Yes Adam. Pamela will love it when you do this for her. And don't forget here..." With a sly smile, Irene pulled her fingers free and traced a mucky line down along her crotch. Adam's jaw worked as he anticipated what she was about to do; a look of disbelief spreading across his face. And Irene didn't disappoint him. She found the smaller orifice and drove a fingertip in.

"Watch, Adam." She didn't have to remind him as she finger-fucked her anus; her thumb worrying the clitoris

above. "Get dear sweet Pamela's underpants down and stick your finger up her ass. She'll love you forever."

Chapter Four

Irene felt madly insane, performing as she was, in front of a nineteen-year-old boy. What she was doing was vile. And she shamelessly savored it. She jammed fingers back inside her vagina just as the contraction arched her spine and with her head thrown back, a second, more powerful orgasm squeezed her crotch like a vise.

“Oh Christ, Adam,” Irene wheezed with clamped jaws. “You’re doing it to me. Fucking me with your eyes.”

“I don’t mean to.”

“Shut up Adam. Come here and masturbate for me.”

Irene reached for the tube of hand cream, unscrewed the top and placed it in his trembling grasp. “Here. Use this.”

Adam had to relent, he had never seen anything like what Irene was doing to herself, ever before. And she was wonderful. Her hair was black, forgiving the odd strand of gray. There were a few lines about her eyes and at the corners of her mouth, but that lent an air of maturity that of itself, was dauntingly sexy for a nineteen-year-old. Her neck was long and her melon-sized breasts were unlikely to ever droop. They sustained sporty brown nipples that stood up and begged. And lower, between open hips, the hairy cone of her sex gaped: dark, mysterious and moist. Why couldn’t Pamela be so easy?

His cock was throbbing.

“Undo your jeans,” he heard Irene’s breathy sigh and she leaned forward and squeezed the end of his cock beneath the denim. His buttocks pinched and instinctively he reached to hold her by the back of her neck. He couldn’t help but want to rub her face in it.

“Mmm,” Irene cooed, the hardness pressing now, into her fingers. “Undo your jeans and cum for me.”

Adam was lost to it. Nothing mattered now but the release. He tugged at his belt, twisted open the button and worked the zipper down. Irene watched as he smeared on vasoline and, gripping himself, he worked the foreskin.

He closed his eyes. Tried to ignore the whisper of her breath tickling his neck. Tried to ignore the fact that she was watching. Tried to ignore the fact that when he ejaculated he would splatter his cum across her belly.

There was only him and the slippery feeling of his cock. He tried to think of Pamela. Imagined her standing before him, the blonde curls and tiny tits. What would she look like with her legs open? What would she feel like in his hands? What would she taste like?

“Oh- oh,” he groaned.

“Don’t waste it,” he heard Irene and was barely aware of being pulled toward the stool. And then he felt himself being drawn in. The tight warmth. “No. I shouldn’t. I promised Pamela.”

“Pamela’s not here,” Irene said, “I am. And besides, we’re not really doing it. You’re not all the way in. It’s like you’re doing it on a magazine.”

“But...”

Irene held the head of his cock between the vaginal lips. “Masturbate into me.” Adam was still working himself. “Or if you want,” Irene whispered, “you can cum in my mouth.”

Irene felt him jolt and she laughed inside herself. Young boys were so easy; so predictable.

“Oh God,” Adam stiffened and he came in her pubic hair.

Irene reached down and furiously rolled her clitoris under her fingertips and by the time Adam erupted a second time, she had forced him all the way in and they were cumming together.

The next morning, Irene began the unenviable task of reading her emails. There were two more rejections. Even airlines who she knew were actively trying to attract new pilots, wrote to say that their rosters were full. She had written all the major carriers without success, lowered her sights to the regional airlines, and now was working her way down a list of cargo carriers. No one was hiring pilots.

Irene pulled up the number for the personnel department at American. "Matty?"

"Oh, Irene. It's you."

Irene exhaled loudly through her nose. "I can tell by the sound of your voice that you're thrilled to hear from me."

"I'm sorry, Irene. But I haven't heard anything back. I made a few calls but no one's interested."

"But someone must be hiring pilots. I have the experience, the papers and over 20,000 hours."

"Look. No one is disputing the fact that you're qualified. Hell, you're cleared to fly anything out there. But the fact is, you're bad news, Irene. No one wants to take the public relations risk."

"Risk?"

"The bad publicity, Irene. When they put that expert on the stand and when they played the cockpit voice tapes. It made the news; the television and the papers. Everyone heard."

Irene fell back in her chair, the shame and embarrassment still burning. "It was that insurance company and the plane's manufacturer; they hired that snotty prosecutor and the bunch of them ganged up on me."

Irene closed her eyes, the courtroom fiasco still fresh in her mind.

She saw the skinny woman, in baggy skirt and jacket, rise from the prosecution table to cross-examine the metallurgist; a row of young male lawyers seated behind her, all eager and panting to lick her ass. "Did you determine the cause of the crash?" she asked the witness, her voice resonating in her nose.

"Yes ma'am. The turbofan in the tail engine exploded. Shrapnel tore through the fuselage and ruptured all three hydraulic lines. The lines come together there, where the plane narrows at the tail. With no hydraulics, all flight controls were made inoperable."

The lady prosecutor made a great show of studying her legal pad. "And did you recover the turbofan?"

"Three large pieces were recovered from a farmer's field. The pieces represent about eighty percent of the fan."

"And the rest of it?"

"Blown into smithereens would be my guess."

The lady prosecutor walked back and forth on skinny straight legs, sensible shoes and baggy pantyhose. "I see. And you tested the pieces of the fan you recovered?" she drawled on in a voice that would give a hard-on to a foghorn manufacturer; stretching out her questioning and thoroughly enjoying the sound of her own voice.

"Yes. We analyzed the titanium alloy and found nothing unusual. And the aircraft maintenance records were in order and show that procedures were followed in strict accordance to the builder's specification."

The reps from General Electric, manufacturer of the jet turbine, sat back, relaxed; they were off the hook.

The lady prosecutor sighed loudly, like the case was so elementary, it was hardly worth her time. Or the million dollar retainer she was getting. "Your witness."

Irene's attorney stood. A bright young man who was clearly out of his depth and knew it. "Sir. I'm sure the court would like to hear your explanation of how a perfectly sound turbofan, one that was maintained in accordance to the manufacturer's specification, suddenly blew apart at forty-thousand feet?"

The metallurgist shifted uneasily in his chair. He had been paid by the prosecutor as an expert witness and was clearly on her side. He didn't want to say anything to damage the case.

"Sir?" Irene's lawyer pressed. "The court is waiting."

"Well it could have been a small weakness in the casting. A small crack."

"A small crack." Irene's lawyer tried to pry the information from the metallurgist.

“Yes, from mishandling the turbofan. It wouldn’t take much: A small nick from a mechanic’s chisel would do it.”

Irene’s defense lawyer jumped: “Are you suggesting sabotage?”

There was a ripple throughout the courtroom. All eyes pinned on the expert witness who was going pale about the cheeks.

“Objection!” The lady prosecutor bounded up from her chair. “Defense is putting words into the mouth of the witness.”

“Sustained. Defense council will refrain from prompting the witness.”

And right there, Irene’s defense lawyer lost his credibility. And to make it worse, he sheepishly apologized. “So you’re not suggesting sabotage?”

The expert witness straightened his tie. “Of course not. How could you possibly suggest such a thing. And besides, there are easier ways to bring down an aircraft.”

The courtroom relaxed and the thought of sabotage was instantly dismissed. But Irene had immediately thought of Hanz Skorjas. Was someone trying to kill her?

“Are you still there?” It was her friend in the personnel department, hanging on the line.

“Yes. Yes, just had a thought is all.”

“C’mon,” her friend continued, “you have to look at this thing from the airlines’ point of view: Would you want to board an aircraft knowing the pilot had just crashed; killing a hundred and eleven paying customers?”

Irene could see the logic in it but that didn’t make it any easier. “No, I suppose not.”

“None of the airlines wants to take the chance. You’re a liability, Irene. In a year or so, people will have forgotten and you’ll be back in the pilot’s seat, but it’s going to take some time.”

“But I need a job now. I’ve gone through my savings, cashed in all my retirement funds and borrowed against my