

PILOT ERROR

“How much more?” Malana sighed as another group of coconuts fell around her, and she nimbly hopped away as one nearly brained her.

“This should be the last of them,” Leilani replied above in the tall palm tree. “A couple of these are not quite ripe.” She hoisted a large hemp sack over her back, grabbed hold of the trunk, and climbed down carefully until she could jump back onto the sand. “Kalea, are you almost done?” she called out to another copse of smaller trees nearby and began collecting her haul.

Soon. Just gathering some kiwi.

Leilani grinned and looked at Malana, who rolled her eyes and shook her head. No matter how many times they traveled to this secluded archipelago south of Bora Bora, Kalea was bound and determined to always get some kiwi fruit for herself.

“Honestly, Kalea!” Leilani thought, *“A wonder there is anything left as much as you take!”*

I do not take a lot! There was a slight poutiness in her sending.

Malana chuckled and looked up into the neighboring trees. *“You take enough. You are growing quite plump lately. Soon, people will think you are giving birth to my pup.”*

Amid their giggles, there was a growl and a lofty, **Only more otter to love, Malana.**

Finally, a dark-brown otter with glowing, violet eyes and ravishing black and silver hair done up in a tight braid climbed down from a nearby tree, her pareo pockets stuffed with the sweet, pale brown, and furry fruit. “All finished,” she gave them a sunny smile. “We return now?”

Malana smiled and patted her backside. “We can return, yes. Princess?”

They both looked at Leilani, who was now gazing at the horizon and frowning, cupping her ear. “I hear something...” she said quietly.

All three otters turned towards a distant rumbling low in the sky. It started like thunder, and at first, they thought a late-summer shower was coming – except there was hardly a cloud overhead.

“What is it, sister?” Malana scanned the skies curiously.

“I cannot see anything...” She looked at them both. “Perhaps we should-“

The noise was suddenly much louder until the roar filled the skies. Then, just on the horizon, they saw a plane dipping and swaying like a wounded animal, trailing plumes of thick, black smoke, the engine sputtering. As they looked on in wide-eyed wonder, there was a tiny explosion. The top of the plane

disintegrated, and a lone figure jettisoned upwards—just as the plane rolled and slammed headlong into the side of a neighboring cliff and exploded, showering flaming debris.

“Gods...” Leilani whispered.

“Look, Princess!” Malana shouted and pointed at the figure floating back down with a giant parachute attached as it plunged into the sea and disappeared.

Quickly, Leilani dropped her sack and untied the pareo around her. “We should help!” As she ran towards the water, Malana and Kalea looked at each other and nodded before undressing as well and following the princess as she dove into the waves.

As they drew closer to the pilot, they saw with dismay that she was paddling with all her might to stay afloat and appeared exhausted. “Hold on!” Leilani shouted, gulping air and dove, swimming powerfully towards the struggling pilot, with Malana and Kalea at her heels.

The female Siamese cat had unclasped her helmet by this time and turned around in several directions to get her bearings before striking out to swim toward the shore. Suddenly, she was grabbed from below and pulled down. She glub-glubbed as she faced three naked sea otters, and her eyes widened. When one of them tried to come nearer to her to pull at her jacket, she slapped their paws away and kicked back to the surface.

“Wh-What are you doing?!” she sputtered at them all as they followed. “I am fine. L-Leave me be.”

Leilani looked at her strangely. “You wish the sea to take you...?”

Malana growled, “Then we should leave her, princess.”

No, Kalea sent gently, **We must help her.** She dove in front of the cat and swam down to her kicking feet. She grasped her legs and removed the heavy boots one at a time, then watched them float lazily down into the depths.

“Wait!” the cat panted. “You do not need to...do that.”

Malana joined Kalea underwater, and together, they undid clasps and buttons along the flight pants and pulled them down her legs and away from her feet until she was wearing only black silk panties from the waist down. Leilani, meantime, floated behind the cat and undid several latches and straps holding the parachute.

“Stop it!” the cat implored, greatly upset now. “Please! I-I do not need your...help...”

The other otters surfaced and assisted Leilani in pulling away the parachute. They then went about unbuttoning the feline’s jacket and sliding it away from her arms. Then, grasping hold of the edge of her undershirt, they pulled it over her head, leaving just a lacey black bra to cover soft, pert, grey-furred breasts.

Together, the otters bunched up the parachute and let it float away. Leilani then turned and pressed against the cat, helping her tread water. "Are you alright?" she asked as her rudder tail slunk about her hips to hold.

"I-I was fine...really. I..." She swallowed hard as the otter brought an arm around her, and she could feel bare breasts nestling against her arm. "I...I am Hayami. Hayami Amano. I-I was part of the Japanese forces of the IJN, but I defected. I...have seen too much horror to believe my people are right in... carrying on this senseless war." She looked at them and added, "I-I heard of the movement here, the Islander Resistance, people in the South Pacific fighting back. I-I wish to join them."

Leilani and the other otters looked at one another for a moment. "*Should we trust her?*" she asked silently of Kalea.

Kalea sent back in their native language, **<How can we? We were told never to divulge information about the Resistance.>**

Leilani countered, "*<That may be so, but she did just fall out of the sky, and her plane is ruined. She has no means to return.>*"

Malana added, "*<She has a point, Kalea. This is not a place one would willingly want to be stranded.>*"

The three girls nodded, and then Leilani replied, "Hayami, we will take you to our village in Bora Bora, and you can meet with my father, Chief Ahomana. Perhaps he can be of some help." She tilted her head curiously. "But...why did you take on so when we were trying to help you?"

Hayami glanced meekly away. "I was...trying to rely on my training, to prove to myself I could survive in the water..." Her sky-blue eyes took on a proud shine. "I was once a racing pilot back home on a remote island of Japan called Madarashima. We would have many races, and I would win many times. One of the first rules we were taught was about survival in the water in case of a crash since our home is surrounded by the sea, like yours."

Malana nodded. "So, when we tried to remove your clothes, you did not want us to."

Hayami sighed. "I-I just wanted to resort to my training, trying to swim back to shore on my own, in full flight gear."

Leilani chided her but was gentle. "I have seen too many lives unnecessarily end because of pride. You should have let us help you."

The cat retorted glumly, "Well, I did, did I not? I am nearly naked like all of you. My clothes, my belongings, everything I had," she gestured at the smoking ruins still visible on the cliff, "is either at the bottom of this blasted ocean or burnt to a crisp inside my Nakajima fighter. Besides..."

She stopped talking as another rumble rolled through the sky, and the four quickly looked around them. "Oh no..." she gasped, "They are coming! They are looking for me! I-I cannot let them find me!"

“Dive, quickly!” Leilani grabbed the cat around her torso and dove down with her in tow before Hayami could get a good breath, while Malana and Kalea followed, swimming strongly towards a scenic coral reef several feet below.

Hayami wiggled and burbled a few times in the otter’s grasp and tried to hold her breath as the water deepened. When they arrived at the reef, Leilani tugged the flailing cat down to the rocks to keep her as the other otters surrounded her. All four looked up at the surface intently as the rumble grew louder.

Too soon, Hayami could no longer hold her breath and tried to swim back up to the surface, but Leilani’s paw shot out and grabbed the cat by the ankle, yanking her back down to them in a cloud of bubbles. As the feline’s struggles weakened and she began swallowing water, Kalea swam near and leaned her head in close to her, taking her paw. **Do not be afraid. You are safe with us. Let us breathe for you.**

Hayami looked incredulously at the otter and burbled again, clamping a paw over her mouth and fighting to keep the water out. Leilani pressed into Hayami gently, moving the feline’s paw away. Then, she pushed her mouth against the feline’s, giving her a few breaths. Hayami burbled in confusion but accepted the gift, bringing her arms instinctively around the otter and hugging, while Leilani looped her arms around the cat.

Once Leilani had shared enough breath, Kalea came to her and clamped her mouth against the princess’, sharing a bit of her air in return. Leilani pulled away, nodded, and kept a firm grip on Hayami’s paw, signaling her to stay still as they continued to look above them. Through the surface, they could see a massive aircraft, at least five times as large as the fighter, circling not too far above the water.

Hayami glubbed and looked at Leilani fearfully, signaling that she needed to breathe again, and the otter pulled the feline into her arms to give another few puffs of air. As the plane circled for several minutes, Leilani gave Hayami occasional breaths, and the cat blushed redder with every kiss.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the plane circled one more time and flew away again. The four waited until the rumbling had faded entirely before kicking back up swiftly to the surface to breathe.

Hayami gasped and spat some water, coughing slightly, as the otters surrounded her again. “I do not...oh, I do not know how to...how to thank you...you saved me.”

Leilani brought her arms around the feline’s waist and licked her cheek. “You are safe with us. We were just returning to our skimmer to return home with some food for supper. I am Princess Leilani Ahomana. This is my sister, Malana, and our best friend, Kalea.”

The cat smiled and gave each of them a hug in turn. “Thank you, all of you...I...y-yes, I am quite hungry. And it would appear I have no home to go to now.” She looked sad until Leilani smiled and rubbed noses with her.

“Do not be sad. You have a home. With us.”

Malana nodded to Hayami. “We will have to explain who you are.”

Leilani tilted her head. "A lost native girl we found?"

"She is wearing too much clothing to be a native girl."

The three otters chuckled and then dove in front of Hayami, dragging the cat back underwater. As she burbled and bubbled wildly, her eyes opened wide as the otters surrounded her again, undoing her bra and pulling the panties down from over her waist and thighs. They slid the silk over her feet and let the undergarments float away. Hayami started kicking at them, shaking her head wildly, giggling now.

Leilani pulled up close to her again and pressed her mouth against hers to breathe once more, and Hayami purred loudly as her arms drifted to Leilani's shoulders to hug. The otter continued kissing her a bit more deeply.

After a few more breaths, the feline pulled away from the otter. Instead of returning to the surface however, she smiled warmly and dove naked toward the reef with Leilani and the others on her tail. They all arrived at the rocks again and surrounded her, smiling.

Kalea sent, **NOW she looks like a native girl.**

Leilani smiled, "*She does. And quite a beautiful one...*" She moved forward and began kissing Hayami again, giving the cat more air occasionally until she had more than her fill and could return the otter's kisses with nothing short of fervor.

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When they returned to the village in Bora Bora, after a meal of fruit, nuts, and coconut milk, Leilani presented Hayami, now in a regal red and white floral pareo, to her father and mentioned the cat's intentions to join the Resistance. After some time, she was allowed to leave the main hut, and Leilani took her paw gently as they walked.

"It is nearly dusk. I am sure you are sleepy. I have arranged for you to stay in my hut until we can make one for you. We will notify the Resistance of your arrival, and they will send a delegate to assist you."

Hayami gulped and looked at the otter timidly. "You really...do not mind if I am a guest?"

Leilani smiled and took her paw, shaking her head. "Not at all. I would enjoy the company of a lovely feline tonight..."

As they walked towards her hut, Hayami sighed and squeezed her paw. "Thank you again, Princess Leilani, for saving my life..."

The otter smiled and led the cat inside, closing the bamboo shades behind them. "It is my duty to protect those who fight for peace." She led the feline to her hammock and slowly undressed her, then removed her own pareo as well.

After a little more kissing and exploring, they snuggled naked together, and Hayami rested her head against the otter's breasts, purring softly. Their legs gently tangled beneath a silk sheet, and their foot paws caressed. "Peace..." she whispered as she drifted off. "May we all find it someday..."

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