

~ I've Never ~

by DS Bauden

Disclaimer: This is the sequel to [Ready for Take Off](#). To know the characters of this story, I would recommend you read that first.

Sex: Ummm... yep... :)

Dedication: To my favorite duo, Shazam! This one's for you.

I've Never By DS Bauden

My head instantly began to drop as what I'd just done started to sink in. I felt her fingers lift my chin until I came face to face with the beautiful blue eyes that would soon haunt me.

"My name is Charlie," she reached around to her bag. "But you can call me Captain," she finished as she placed her pilot's cap on her head.

My eyes widened like saucers at this revelation.

"You're flying my plane to Houston?" I cried.

She nodded. "It seems I'll be your pilot once again. I can guarantee that this flight won't be nearly as fun, but I can make it up to you when we land in Texas." She smirked that sexy smile at me and my blood began to heat up again at the implication.

"You got a date." I leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips.

She looked around at the shocked faces around us. "Oh, you're gonna be fun," she growled as she lightly slapped my ass. She kissed me back and ran to change into her uniform.

I watched as she fled to the gate to board the plane with the flight attendants. She caught my eye and winked as she ran through the door.

God, what have I gotten myself into?

Oh, Houston, we most definitely have a problem.

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That was over a year ago and still no word from Charlie. When my flight landed in Houston all those months ago, she was nowhere to be found. I guess one romp with me was enough. To say that it was a blow to my psyche would be a great understatement.

After that sexual encounter in the bathroom, I haven't had sex since. Sure, I've had opportunity, but just can't bring myself to do it. Charlie had ruined me, emotionally and sexually.

Damn her, anyway!

I've had internal arguments with her hundreds of times. Trying to imagine what I'd say to her if we were face to face again was almost a daily occurrence. This was getting ridiculous; I knew it and everyone around me knew it. Although I never put a name to the person that broke my heart, people just assumed a bad break up had taken place. How could I tell them that a break up required a relationship first?

Friends who were worried about me would take me to dinner or have me over to meet new people. Nothing ever matched up to my meeting with Charlie.
Charlie.

Damn her!

Today was Valentine's Day, a day for lovers. Jessica, another gay woman from work, was having a party for those of us "unattached". She said, "come on, Terri, we're all in the same boat. Come over, party with us and take your mind off your troubles."

Have I mentioned how much I hated Valentine's Day? I wanted to just stay home and sleep until the new day began, but here I was, driving to Jessica's to celebrate being single. Oh boy.

Pulling into her driveway, I recognized a few cars from the parking lot at work.

"Wow, I guess there will be plenty of people to drink away my sorrows with tonight, eh?" I said aloud, pulling my keys from the ignition.

Getting out of the car, I walked slowly up the driveway and to the front door where I rang the doorbell. Chewing on the inside of my cheek, I jumped as a semi-inebriated Jessica brusquely opened the door.

"Hey, baby! You made it! Come on in!" Jessica swayed, pulling me into the house.

"Hey, Jess. No need to ask how *you're* doing," I said with a teasing smile.

"Nah, I'm feeling great! Come on in, let me get you a drink," she said, grabbing my arm and leading me into the family room.

Most of her friends were sitting on the couch and other chairs spread around the room. Some of them were hanging around the kitchen table playing some sort of drinking game. I suddenly felt

like I was in college again playing chandeliers. And losing. I never played that game well. It's amazing I learned anything in college.

Feeling a hand on my shoulder, I turned to face a couple women from work, Jamie and Wendy.

"Hey gals. How are you?" I asked in my no nonsense chipper voice.

"Great, Ter. How are you doing tonight?" Jamie asked, taking a sip from her cup.

"Pretty good. Whatcha got there?" I asked, looking at her plastic cup.

"Jungle juice," she replied happily.

Yep, back in college again. Ain't no doubt about it now.

"Did Jess make that?" I asked with a chuckle.

"No, one of her friends did. Isn't she lovely?" Wendy asked, pointing towards the back of a woman that made my heart stop.

Swallowing wildly with wide eyes, I waited for the woman with the dark hair to turn around. Hearing someone call her name, Tina turned and smiled. It wasn't her... It wasn't her. Thank God.

"Terri? Is something wrong? You look like you saw a ghost," Wendy asked gently.

Taking deep breaths to calm my racing heart, I shook my head and answered, "Yeah, sorry. She looked like someone I haven't seen in awhile and it sort of spooked me."

"Old girlfriend?" she asked.

"Something like that," I answered more harshly than I intended.

If you could call having sex in an airport bathroom having an old girlfriend.

"Sorry to hear that, Terri. You know if it helps... she's the one who should be sorry it's over. You're a catch," she said with a wink and left with Jamie in tow.

Feeling a little better, I turned to find Jessica coming back towards me with a drink in hand.

"Here, sugar, have some of this. It'll fix whatever ails ya... and then some," she said, laughing at her own joke.

Smelling the liquid in the cup, I smiled at its contents: cranberry and vodka, my favorite. I took a large gulp and felt it warm my insides greatly. "Mm... thanks, Jess."

"You're welcome. We're gonna play a game of 'I've Never' soon. You should play. If you wanna get wasted, it'll be a perfect opportunity for ya."

"I've Never?" I asked not remembering the game.

"Yeah, it's when someone says something like, 'I've never had sex in a car.' Then everyone that HAS had sex in a car takes a drink. It'll be great fun, come on!"

Laughing at my friend's exuberance, I nodded and agreed to play later on. "Just let me know when it starts." "You got it," she said and sauntered back towards the kitchen to get another drink.

After about an hour, and a few cranberry and vodkas, I sat heavily on the couch with a nice buzz. I watched people come and go, talked to a few drunken souls, but was actually having a decent time. Jessica introduced me to a woman named Becky, who I was sure drank a case of beer all on her own. She was dead asleep next to me, drooling happily between snores. Occasionally, she would hiccup and a tiny bubble would escape her lips. I found this incredibly amusing and asked others to come and watch. It didn't take much to entertain me right now.

Searching for Jessica, I spotted her talking animatedly to a woman I didn't recognize. Finding the strength to get up, I walked away from my snoring couch buddy and approached my friend.

"Hey, Jess. When's that game gonna start?"

"Hey! We're gonna start now, actually. I was waiting for a friend of mine, but apparently she's not coming. Come on, grab a seat."

I did as she asked and took the seat next to her. I watched as several other women filled their drinks before sitting down around the table.

"Ok, Jess, it's your house. You start," a small red headed woman suggested.

"Fine. Um... ok, I got one. I've never had someone suck on my toes," she said while drinking, indicating that yes, she's had someone do that to her.

Most of the table drank which brought on a round of laughter. Next in line was little ole me. I had no idea what to say. What had I done that no one else had?

"Ok, well let me think for a second... um..." I nervously stuttered, and then finally remembered something from my youth. "I've never had sex in a park on a picnic table."

Looking at a few wide-eyed stares, I laughed and happily drank my beverage. Alone.

"Ooh, no one else? Wow, I'm a legend!" I said with a laugh and pumped my fist.

"Yeah, yeah, in your own mind. Go ahead, Wendy, before the room becomes too small for her

head," Jessica joked.

"You're just jealous," I whispered back to her earning me a light slap to my thigh.

"Fair enough. Ok, I've never spanked someone or have been spanked before, and liked it," she said and downed the rest of her beverage. One woman actually coughed into her cup, but slyly drank as well. I could not partake in that round. I didn't like being spanked. Apparently though, as time went on around the table, I was in the minority. 'Different strokes...' I've always said.

After a round of boasting and drinking with my new friends, I took a look around and noticed we were the only ones left at Jessica's place. I guess the others had enough partying for one night. If nothing else, Jess was right; I was having fun and wasn't thinking of ways to strangle Charlie. Just having a good time with familiar and some new faces, was doing wonders for me.

Looking at my watch, I noticed it was quickly approaching eleven o'clock. Eighty minutes away from living through another V-day. It couldn't end soon enough for me. A nudge to my elbow sent me back into the game.

"Thanks, Jess," I mumbled, trying to wipe the newly spilled drink from my slacks. I must have been getting drunk, normally I would've freaked out after someone ruined my clothes.

Cranberry and khaki, not the best look for me.

"Your turn, darlin'," Jess slurred a bit.

"Ok, well some of you have taken some of my answers, so let me think," I said while trying to come up with a doozy. "Mmm... alright ladies, how about this," I said, giving an evil glare to the questioning eyes staring at me. "I've never..."

"Had sex in an airport bathroom," the velvety voice finished behind me, causing my breath to leave my body. There was only one woman who sounded like that.

And she was standing behind me.

All eyes were on me as I fought my emotions bravely. You could've heard a pin drop with the amount of silence that raged through the room. Before I knew what was happening, my anger had clouded all of my reasonable judgment. I stood and turned, facing the demon of my dreams for so many months. With a flick of my wrist, I threw the rest of my drink in her face.

"I think you need to drink on that one," I snarled, walking through the kitchen and headed for the front door.

"Terri, wait!" Charlie cried, running up behind me and pressing my body with her own into the door.

"What the hell are you doing here, Charlie?" I gasped out.

"Jessica is a friend of mine. She told me you were going to be here," she whispered touching her wet lips onto my ear, sending all sorts of jolts down my body.

Damn her!

"Get off me! I want to leave!" I said, trying to maneuver myself away from her to no avail. "How do you know her?"

"We went to school together. I knew after seeing your luggage tags that you both worked for the same company. I asked her if she knew you and she said yes. I never told her about us."

I scoffed at her last remark, "US? There was never any 'us', Charlie. You saw to that after blowing me off in Houston."

Her body moved away from me and I turned in her arms putting my back against the door. Looking into those beautiful eyes, I actually thought I saw a wave of sadness wash over them. As soon as I considered that possibility, it was gone. She began to wipe away the remains of the drink from her face.

"I'm sorry about Houston."

"Yeah, me too," I sarcastically replied. "Now get the hell away from me!"

This was not going like *any* of the scenarios in my head had gone.

Damn her!

Struggling for the door handle, she put her hand on mine. "But I'm not sorry for what happened in that bathroom, Terri. Not one bit."

"I bet not!" I spat. "What's not to like about fucking some stranger in a public bathroom? I'm sure your pilot buddies got a real kick out of that. I'm glad I could boost your ego among your colleagues." My emotions were bordering close to tear mode.

No! I was NOT going to cry.

Feeling her stiffen slightly at my last remark, I went in for the kill. "Don't worry, Charlie. It *was* only a fuck. But, a decent one at that. I just don't like being played for a fool," I said with vicious intent.

"I never meant to hurt you, Terri..." She paused and let out a long breath. "Can we go somewhere and talk?"

Turning my head towards the family room, I noticed we had attracted a crowd. Once I spotted their heads craning around the corner, one by one they guiltily disappeared.

"Jess?" I called out to my friend.

Her head popped back out, "Yeah?"

"Do you mind if we go into your room to talk?" I asked wondering why I was giving her this chance for redemption.

"Sure, in fact, go up the stairs and go into the second room on the left; it's the guest room. You'll have more than enough privacy in there," she said generously.

"Thanks, Jess," Charlie said and began walking towards the stairs.

"No problem, bud." Jessica retreated back to her guests.

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Finding the guest room was easy. Staying there and listening to Charlie, was going to be a bit harder. When I entered the room, I found her sitting on the edge of the bed playing with cording of the duvet cover on top of the comforter.

Closing the door behind me, I stood facing her not wanting to be too close. "Ok, Charlie, say what you need to say. I don't want to be here all night," I impatiently said.

Charlie looked up at me and took a deep breath before speaking. "Terri, I never meant to hurt you."

"So you've said," I interrupted. Putting my hands up in apology, I motioned for her to continue.

"Being with you was exciting to say the least. When you asked me if I had done that with anyone before, the honest answer was no. I told you that I usually took matters into my own hands before flying, and that was the truth.

"I've never picked up anyone in the airport while waiting to fly. There was something about you that caught my eye, and I couldn't take them off you. I felt such a rush of adrenaline that I couldn't control myself. I guess I could sense your trepidation of the flight then one thing led to another... and... well, you know the rest."

"Yes, Charlie, I know the rest, I *was* there, remember? But what I don't know is what happened *after* we landed. Why didn't you meet with me? Why are you here now and where have you been all of these months?"

I could see her head spinning from all of my questions. But dammit, I thought I had a right to find out why she had made me so miserable. Waiting patiently was not my forte. As soon as I decided to rip her apart with a new barrage of questions, her head raised and she looked at me with frightened eyes.

"I was afraid, Terri."

Surprise was clearly written on my face, I could feel it. "You were afraid." It came out more like a statement than a question.

"Yes, I was. I was afraid of what I felt from being with you. Hell, being with a stranger should feel... well, strange! But it didn't. I felt so comfortable with you, like we'd been friends forever. The way we clicked in the bathroom, well, you sometimes never get that even from a person you've been with for years. But there I was, going to town on you like I already knew every inch of your body and how it would respond to me. Frankly, it scared the shit out of me!"

Taken aback by her brutal honesty, I sat down at the foot of the bed and swung myself around to look at her. "You're not kidding, are you?"

She looked up into my eyes and I knew she was serious. "Wow," was all I could say.

We stayed like that for many unsure moments. We simply stared at each other until a knock was heard at the door. When I verbally answered it, Jessica poked her head in.

"You guys all right?" she asked, concern written on her face.

"Yeah, we're fine. Just had to clear the air about some stuff," Charlie answered for the both of us.

"Okay, well, the last of the girls just left, and I'll be up for a little while longer. Feel free to stay the night, if you'd like," she offered.

"Thanks, Jess. I appreciate it," I replied.

"No problem. If you do decide to leave, don't worry about the front door, it will automatically lock once you close it behind you."

"Ok, thanks again," Charlie said.

"Goodnight," Jessica said and winked.

"Nite, Jess," we said in sync.

"Terri," Charlie said as I said, "Charlie."

Smiling at our spontaneous outbursts, Charlie looked at me. "You go first."

"I understand that you were scared, but you have no idea of what I've been through this past year. I had never done anything like that with anyone. I have only been with a handful of people my entire life. For some unknown reason, I wanted to have sex with you even though we were strangers. Once we were finished and you wanted to see me again, the self-consciousness I felt was gone. After landing, however, it all came back with a vengeance. You were nowhere to be

found and I *looked*, believe me. I haven't been with anyone since you, Charlie. I've been cursing your name for so long, it's become part of my daily regimen."

This got a chuckle from my "roommate", causing my own mouth to form a smile. "That's something my mother used to say," she said with a grin.

"Your mother hasn't been with anyone since you?" I said, seeing if she found the humor in my statement. She did.

Laughing, she replied, "No! I meant she used to curse my name. A lot."

"I know, I was only kidding."

"I know," she replied, looking deeply into my eyes. I felt my toes curl in response. She moved a little closer to me and touched my hand that was resting on the bed. "You haven't been with anyone since me?" she asked softly. "Why not?"

"Because Ms. Charlie the pilot, you've ruined me! You took me to places I only ever dreamed about. I knew I was never going to feel that again with anyone else." My head dropped to my chest and her fingers raised my chin in a very familiar response.

"I am so sorry I didn't call you. Jessica told me she was having people over to try and perk up her buddy, Terri, who'd been in the crapper since her business trip to Texas last year. How many of you could there have been? I asked if I could drop by and here I am."

"You came here because of me?" I asked, suddenly aware of the tingling in my gut.

"Yes," she whispered. "Like you, I haven't been able to think of anything or anyone else. Once I got a handle on my fear, I wanted to... no, *needed* to find you. I'm so glad I did."

Pulling on my chin, her soft hand guided my mouth to lips that were so familiar yet almost forgotten. Our lips came together in a very tentative meeting. Her lips were softer than I remembered and I found myself sinking into them willingly.

Hearing the soft whimper coming from Charlie's throat caused my stomach to flip. Bringing my hands to the sides of her face, I pressed my lips to hers in a possessive manner. Nibbling her bottom lip, my tongue stroked her mouth, asking for entry. I didn't have to wait long for a reply. Our tongues met harshly with deliberate strokes. I could hear my own moans coming from deep within. I had missed her so much I couldn't even remember to be angry anymore. All I could feel was bliss.

Pushing the cardigan sweater from her shoulders, Charlie caught my hint and began to disrobe quickly. In her bra and underwear, she came towards me like a panther on the prowl. Nodding to an unasked question, I began to undress as well. Standing, I pulled off my slacks, socks and sweater as Charlie turned down the blankets on the bed.

Charlie approached me and gently caressed my cheeks with the backs of her knuckles. "I

promise I won't run this time."

"You'd better not if you'd like to continue breathing," I half joked.

She embraced me and for the first time I felt her skin against mine. It hadn't dawned on me until right now that I still hadn't touched her. She'd had her way with me in the bathroom while I held on for dear life. I never had the chance to reciprocate.

Until now.

With our arms locked around each other, we both undid the fasteners of our bras, freeing them from our bodies and allowing them to fall gracelessly to the floor. Charlie's eyes roamed up and down my semi-naked form. "God, you are so beautiful, Terri."

"Thank you," I shyly replied.

"No, thank you," she said softly.

Taking in her long frame, I brought my fingers up to the waistband of her underwear and looked at her in question. She nodded and I brought the material over her hips and down her thighs. I could smell her arousal and it turned me on greatly. As she stepped out of them, I felt her hands on my own underwear. I smiled shyly at her and watched as she took them off of me. Leading her to the bed, she gestured for me to get in first.

Climbing in before her, I opened up the blankets in invitation. Our bodies met again, this time void of any obstruction. Charlie lay on top of me with her arms on either side of my head looking down at me. Her mouth came closer to my own until I could feel her breath mingling with mine. The anticipation of our kiss left me breathless. I was not disappointed. Her mouth was like fire and she branded me with each stroke of her tongue.

"You taste so sweet," she whispered between kisses.

"Mmm," was my only coherent response.

Charlie's body molded perfectly against mine. Nothing ever felt more right. Except this. Flipping her over, I surprised her with my strength. She looked up at me in wonder then opened her arms giving me the lead in our convergence. Taking the reins, I began to kiss her throat and then down towards her chest. Tasting Charlie's sweat was like tasting ambrosia. The soft moans she elicited were all the encouragement I needed to continue my exploration in earnest.

Taking my own cue, I wrapped my lips around her right nipple and began to lightly suck it into my mouth. She coiled like a snake and groaned sensually while her hand found purchase in my hair pulling my head closer to her body. I moaned in response and sucked harder on the nipple, biting it slightly on my up stroke. Her hand massaged my scalp, urging me to keep going. I repeated my actions upon her other nipple causing an even greater response from my pilot.

My pilot, I liked the sound of that.

Kissing my way lower towards her belly, I could feel the small tremors inside of her. Looking up from my ministrations, I caught her smoldering gaze with my eyes.

"Are you okay?" I asked making sure my actions were wanted.

"Very okay," she husked in reply.

She watched as I made my way down her abdomen and above the dark hair above her sex. Moving my body even lower, I reached down and raised one of her legs onto my shoulder, resting it there as I looked up again into expecting eyes.

"I've never made love to a pilot before," I said, waiting for my cue.

"I think you need to drink," she rasped out.

"Oh, I plan on it," I replied before taking my first taste of her. There was nothing that could have prepared me for the rush I felt taking her this way. My tongue moved with a mind all its own. Drinking in her essence, my body began to crave contact. My pelvis moved against the bed trying to relieve some of the pressure that had built between my thighs. I took her clitoris between my lips and sucked gently, feeling her hips raise even higher off the bed.

"Ughh," she moaned.

My tongue was lapping her wetness as fast as it could, but she was producing more and more with her impending climax. Replacing my tongue with my thumb, I continued to stroke her clitoris. Feeling the shudders coming from her body, I entered her with my tongue as far as it could reach. I felt her fingers weave into my hair, begging me for release.

"Terri, please..." I heard her softly say.

Removing my tongue from its warm home, I once again used it to stroke her with purpose. Raising my eyes to meet hers, the first wave of orgasm ripped through her. Watching her rapture was the most wonderful thing I've ever witnessed, sending my hips faster into the mattress bringing my own orgasm to life. Moaning my own release into her, I felt her shiver against my face, milking out even more pleasure. With one final thrust against my face, I heard her groan and fall back against the bed. I removed her thigh from my shoulder and slowly made my way up her body.

Looking down onto her damp face, her eyes opened and fixated themselves on my lips. Knowing what was being asked of me, I lowered my lips until they met with hers. Her tongue snaked out and explored the inside of my mouth, stealing her essence away from me. I pulled back quickly and smiled accusingly at her.

"You're not trying to take yourself back are you? Because I really liked having your tang on my

tongue."

"No, I liked tasting our combined flavor," she said, trying to catch her breath. "That was amazing, Terri."

"Yes, it was," I agreed.

She pulled my head down until it rested on her chest between her neck and shoulder. Her arms encircled me and I felt her fingers lightly stroking my back. All that could be heard was our mixed breathing and the rapid beat of our hearts trying to slow from the surge of emotion they'd experienced.

Silence stayed with us for many moments. I had several thoughts running through my mind, and I was sure she was feeling the same.

"Charlie?" I said, breaking the silence.

"Hmm?"

"Where do we go from here?" I asked, needing to know we had a future and that this wasn't just another repeat performance like before.

"Well, to say we make a fresh start would be silly considering our history. But I'd love to give 'us' a try, Terri. That is, if you'll have me," Charlie said, sounding very unsure of herself.

Looking at the clock on the side table, it was two minutes before midnight. Smiling back at the gorgeous woman beneath me, I said, "Well, considering you saved my Valentine's Day, the least I can do is let you take me out to dinner."

Laughing at my bravado, she replied, "Out to dinner, eh? Why go out when we can eat in?" Charlie asked, rolling me over and claiming my lips for herself.

Breaking free of her, I attempted to reply, but came up with nothing. "Good point," I readily admitted defeat.

"There's another aspect of flying that I'd like to show you," she said with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh yeah? What's that," I asked, unsure of where this was going.

"The difference between flying coach and flying *first class*," she growled and proceeded to show me in great detail, the service upgrade you receive when you pay a hefty price.

My price was this last year, but right now I was getting the greatest payback I could've ever imagined.

Oh yeah, first class - a much better way to fly.

The End?

Feedback is the Ruler of All Bards

dsbauden@comcast.net

See the sequel - [Surprises Can Be Fun...Or Not](#)
