

~ Ready for Take Off ~

by DS Bauden

Disclaimer: None really necessary. This is the latest story to be extracted from my brain.

Sex: Oh yes, Honey.

Additional Crap: This is my first attempt at a PWP. I hope you enjoy it. J

And Another Thing: I've been told to recommend this should NOT BE READ AT WORK!

Ready for Take Off By DS Bauden

Final boarding call for flight 1901 to Ottawa, Canada is now at gate H8. Again this is the final boarding call for flight 1901 to Ottawa, Canada. Please report to gate H8. Thank you for flying Amscray Airlines.

God, I know I'm being followed. I've felt her stare for the last twenty minutes, now. I guess this is what it feels like to be stalked. Let me tell you it's not a good feeling. I've been on pins and needles. I can't tell if she's really looking at me or someone else. It's only a feeling, but still. Can I report a feeling? I doubt it.

I got here too damn early. I've been sitting at this damn gate for over an hour. I should really learn how to read these damn tickets. When is it the other time zone, when the plane lands or when it takes off? Shit!

This is my first business trip, ever. I'm nervous as all hell. The last time I was on an airplane I was eight years old going to Disney world with my family. jeez, that was over 20 years ago. I know by the time we land in Houston, I'll have thrown up at least twice.

There she is again. She's sitting on the other side of the waiting area. Shit, look at her! Her dark hair cascading down her broad shoulders. Her long denim legs stretched out with her feet crossed at her booted ankles. She's wearing a black leather jacket over a white T-shirt. Those sunglasses she's wearing aren't fooling anyone either! What does she think she's hiding? I can't believe how arrogant she is.

Her hands are draped in between her thighs. I swear she just touched herself. She's actually smiling. I think it's directed towards me for sure this time.

Why can't I breathe?

God, she's gorgeous.

I can actually hear my own heartbeat beating wildly inside my chest. Whoa. Maybe if I ignore her, she'll go away, or start bothering someone else. I'll grab my book and read until my flight starts boarding. Hopefully, she'll get the hint and just go away.

Jesus, make her go away. Please?

Ok, I've still got over an hour before we board. Once I'm able to board I don't have to think about her anymore.

Shit, I've read the same two sentences for the past twenty minutes. This is not good. I've had to wipe my brow three times already. Maybe I'll get up and walk around, perhaps find a gift shop. I have to do something. She took off her sunglasses and I can feel the burn of her stare. I can't just sit here any longer; she's making me absolutely crazy.

Oh my God, she's gone! She's moved from her seat. Now where did she go? She's really not making this any easier on me. I'm nervous enough without having to worry about her shadowing me. I made a subtle attempt to survey the waiting area and I couldn't see her anywhere.

"Looking for me?" A low voice hummed in my ear from behind me.

I squeaked in response as my head whipped around to face the most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen.

"Wha... um... what?" I choked.

"You were looking for me weren't you?" She cockily asked again.

"I most certainly was not!" I said indignantly. "I don't even know you!" I hoped my flushed face wouldn't give me away.

"No, but you'd like to, wouldn't you...?" She paused looking at my carry-on luggage tag.
"Terri?"

I gulped loudly hearing her purr my name. I felt more nervous now than before, if that were at all possible.

I opened my mouth urging something to come out. Unfortunately, nothing did.

"I thought so. I'm not usually wrong," she said with an incredibly overconfident smirk on her face.

"I think you've got me confused with someone else," I stammered.

"Oh, I don't think so. I think I know you better than you know yourself. Isn't that right, Terri?"

My stranger whispered again into my ear sending chills throughout my betraying body.

"Look," I swallowed. "I don't know where you came from, but why don't you go back there before I call airport security!" I said through clenched teeth. They weren't clenched because of anger, but of frustration and arousal.

Damn her.

"Alright Terri, I'll tell you what. When you think about my offer and realize it's too late when you can't find me, don't say I didn't try. Have a good flight," she said into my ear and sucked my lobe into her mouth before retreating.

I don't know if I vocally moaned or kept in inside, but the look on her face tells me she heard it, too. I watched her swagger back into the throng of people in the airport until she disappeared.

I blew out a breath and sank into my chair. I felt many eyes on me as I tried to get my heart rate back to normal. I've never felt like I was on display until now. Oh, that woman... that woman... Christ, did I just make a huge mistake?

She was gorgeous.

And she wanted me!

Fuck. Nice going, Terri.

I think I should just go to the bathroom and try to wash my face and her memory away.

I walked down the noisy corridor and found the ladies room. I wheeled my carry-on bag into the restroom with me and rested it on the far wall right outside of the stall I was using. After I got out, I walked to the vanity to wash my hands when I felt eyes on me once again. I felt my temperature rise knowing damn well who was watching me.

"Well, well, well. Who do we have here?" The stranger chuckled. "I knew you were following me."

"I was not! I came in here like everyone else does. I just used the bathroom!" I could feel my heart rate increase ten fold.

She needed to go away and fast. I was starting to lose control of my senses. Her scent was driving me wild! Was it her perfume or was it her pheromones? I'm sure I don't want to know!

"What's the matter, Terri? You look a little flushed," she smirked.

"What do you mean? I'm not flushed! It's warm in here," I stuttered.

"Oh, you feel it too then? I find it's quite warm in here as well. We should speak to someone

about it, don't you think?"

"You're making fun of me!" I cried.

"On the contrary, I'm agreeing with you. I agree that it's warm in here as well, but I don't think it has to do with the building. Do you?" I could do nothing but stare at her arrogance.

She walked stealthily behind me and I could feel my body wanting to fall against hers.

NO!

"I can feel your struggle, Terri," she purred. "Just let it go. I promise not to hurt you. In fact, I can guarantee you'll be begging me not to stop." She gently put her hands on my shoulders and I couldn't push them away if I wanted to.

I didn't want to.

Her hands started a slow massage of the muscles in my shoulders and I could feel my head lolling to the side.

Traitor.

"See? You just need to loosen up a bit. You're coiled like a rattler," she whispered in my ear.

Her voice was a siren song to my body. I was at her mercy and I knew it.

And so did she.

I could feel my jacket being removed from my shoulders as she continued her quiet perusal of my body.

"Do you like to fly?" My mysterious stranger asked.

"Nn... no actually. I'm really quite nervous about the whole thing," I dumbly admitted.

Christ, she has great hands.

"Flying is such an incredible rush," she purred as I felt myself being pulled into a large stall.

God, just take me now! I can't believe how turned on I am! I can't believe I'm letting a total stranger have their way with me. Oh fuck it, I don't care anymore!

"First you get settled in your seat and buckle yourself in," she removed my belt from my jeans and draped it over the stall wall.

She moved in front of me and looked at me intently. I almost melted at her stare. I'd only seen

that color blue in the center of a flame. Her fingers found the buttons of my 501's and slowly undid each one while looking directly into my eyes.

I slipped off my shoes and felt one leg at a time being pulled from the impedance I called jeans. Her eyes were boring into me as she leaned close to my face. Her fingers delicately slid down my body and removed my wet underpants. She slowly stood, lightly scratching the skin of my legs with her fingernails on her way up.

My breathing hitched as I felt her mouth attach itself to my neck. I heard her moan silently as she nipped the heated skin she found there.

Oh God!

I could feel my toes curling in response to her ministrations. I didn't know what to do with my hands as her tongue tasted my throat and hovered dangerously closer to my chin and mouth.

I wanted to grab her face and kiss her senseless, but I didn't want any of the feelings to stop. I kept them clenched tightly at my sides. She must have sensed my dilemma because her hands caressed my arms as they slid closer to my fists. She gently took my right hand and brought it to her lips and tenderly kissed it until the grip loosened. She repeated the motions with my other hand.

The tall woman brought my own hands to the buttons on my shirt and helped me to undo them. After all of them were opened, I realized I was standing almost completely naked, in a stall, in an airport bathroom, being ravaged by the sexiest woman, I'd never seen before.

I must be dreaming!

The bite to my nipple brought me back to my unbelievable reality. I hissed out my pleasure and she kindly repeated her actions to my other breast. She moved back and smiled at me with a predatory grin.

She slowly leaned in and gently kissed my lips. I could feel the fire building within us both. Her tongue came out to greet mine and they quickly became friends. We stroked each other orally for many minutes when she pulled back slightly to suck on my earlobes.

"Then you brace yourself against your chair and wrap your fingers tightly around the armrest until you can almost see your knuckles turning white," she husked sending bolts of electricity down between my soaked folds of tender skin.

Flying... she's talking about flying.

The rest of my clothes were stripped away leaving me exposed and vulnerable to her. Her hands reached down to mine and raised them so I had one hand on each of the stall walls.

"Your mind tells you to hold on tightly, so your hands obey the silent request," the stranger said

into my eyes looking for a sign from me that I understood what was expected of me.

I did. I was starting to like flying very much.

I held on tightly to the walls of the cramped cubicle and braced myself for whatever my enigmatic lover had planned.

Her lips found my bare nipples and began to suck in earnest. Her tongue flicked at my nipples, teasing me like I'd never been teased. My hips began to gyrate and thrust forward, wanting to press against her. She leaned closer to me to accommodate my voiceless plea. She nipped and suckled my breasts as her fingers slid their way down my body to the place I wanted to feel her most.

She entered me with one finger while she teased my clitoris with her thumb. My body was on fire! I'd never felt such power coming from anyone as I felt coming off of this amazing woman. She controlled me from the very beginning. My breaths were coming in short gasps and my grip on the walls was firm.

She stopped her movements on my breasts and I felt her body move lower. I felt her breath against my heated skin and my body never wanted anything as badly as this before. I wanted her tongue on me, tasting me, entering me... taking me.

She picked up one of my thighs and raised it over her shoulder. I held tighter to the wall for stability.

"You feel the plane move beneath you picking up speed as it gets closer to the end of the runway," she said as she lifted my other leg over her other shoulder. I crossed my ankles behind her back and sucked in a huge breath of much needed air.

Oh yeah, take me there.

Her tongue began tasting me lightly at first and I groaned loudly in reply. I felt her hands grab my ass and she held on tightly as she stood taking me up with her. My legs instinctively held firmly to her shoulders and I felt her tongue begin to brush against my clitoris repeatedly. The sensations were blinding me. I felt myself falling until I heard her voice again.

"Faster and faster you pick up speed until you are ready for take off," she mumbled as her tongue entered me. She brought my wetness to an all-time high as she held me impossibly closer to suck my clitoris. She scraped her teeth against me and flicked her tongue faster and faster until I knew I was at the point of no return.

"Oh Jesus! Don't stop!" I cried.

She knew I was close and I heard her moaning into my wet skin. I felt the tingling sensations begin and my eyes closed tightly against the florescent lighting close to my face. I thrust quickly and held on for dear life as the tremors shook me violently. I screamed out my pleasure to the

dismay of unknowing travelers retreating from the restroom.

"We have lift-off," she growled and dove back inside of me.

She was relentless.

She didn't stop her movements until my second orgasm sent a cramping sensation to my legs. I begged to be put down and she graciously complied with my request.

"Whoa..." I breathed as my head fell to her shoulder.

"Easy, baby, easy. Take nice easy breaths. That's it, I gotcha," she cooed in my ear as my body tried to remember how to stand.

Her arms wrapped around me filling me with warmth and tenderness I'd longed for my whole life.

"That was incredible," I sighed against her.

"Yes, it was. I told you so," she chuckled.

"You told me what?" I asked as I pulled away from her.

Her eyes were sparkling. "Well, two things actually. First, I told you you'd beg me not to stop," I could feel my face redden from her comment.

"You're so beautiful when you blush like that," she said as she stroked my cheek.

"What was the second thing?" I said finding my voice again.

"I told you flying was a rush," she smirked.

"Yeah, well, if flying is like that, I'll make a lifetime reservation right now!" I exclaimed making my nameless lover laugh.

She helped me to dress and we casually, well as casually as we could, walked from the stall and gratefully to an empty room. My relief must have been written all over my face.

"Glad we're alone?" She asked.

"Yes," I breathed. "Although, I think we had a few onlookers. Luckily no one stayed for the encore." I laughed in spite of myself.

I stared at her in disbelief. "Do you do this often?"

"Do what?" She smiled.

"Take innocent women into airport bathrooms and have your way with them. That's what," I challenged with a hint of teasing in my voice.

"Well, first of all, innocent you are not, Miss Terri," I opened my mouth and grabbed my chest in mock pain. "But to answer your question, usually before I fly I take matters into my own hands, you know to relax and unwind. It's usually a solo flight, but having a copilot is much more fulfilling," she smiled.

"Ah, I see. Well, I'm much more relaxed now, so I should thank you as well," I sheepishly smiled.

We checked our appearances and I looked at my watch and knew it was close to boarding time.

"You're very welcome, Terri," I grabbed my bag and she grabbed hers as we headed out of the restroom.

"So, where are you headed?" She asked.

"I'm going down to Houston on business. It's my first real business trip. I'm kind of excited about it," I said not wanting my time with her to end.

"Houston's great this time of year, you'll love it," she reassured.

Boarding for flight 0704 to Houston, will begin in fifteen minutes at gate G12. Again, boarding for flight 0704 nonstop to Houston, will begin in fifteen minutes. Thank you for flying Amscray Airlines.

"Well, I've got to get ready, and it looks like you'll be boarding soon," she said with a smile.

"Yeah, it looks that way," I started. "Hey, um, I know it doesn't really matter now, but can I ask you what your name is?" God, I felt so cheap.

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.

The End

Feedback is the Ruler of All Bards

DSBauden@att.net
