

## The first time

by Carol Sandford

As she stood in front of the turbo-lift door waiting impatiently for its arrival, Beverly closed her eyes to what was happening behind her. She was alone in the corridor apart from the man that was also waiting for the lift. Tall, broad-shouldered, and subtly exuding an aura of very masculine sexual energy, and it was all aimed towards her. Being alone with him, with the fear of being seen by others who happened by, sent a shiver of nervous excitement through her.

Had he moved just that little bit closer to her whilst they waited, blocking her only chance of escape - if she wanted to, which she didn't - or was she imagining it? Did she 'imagine' the look that had just ran from head to toe as he seemingly stripped her bare? Imagining was easy, it had happened before, for real, and it was happening again.

She knew he had seen her own treacherous reaction of his predatory, possessive look and had wallowed at its effect on her. The way her breasts had swelled beneath his intent gaze, the pink flush that had heated her face, and the tiny intake of reaction as images rocketed through her, making her squirm with need. Her head turned towards him and her eyes met his. She watched the satisfied smile slowly emerge upon his handsome face the moment her body had betrayed her.

But the lifts sudden abrupt arrival popped the intimate bubble that had surrounded them in the all too brief sexually charged moment. Regrettably, he moved away just far enough for Beverly to edge past him, making sure that it wasn't so far that she could avoid his presence. Her shoulder brushed his broad chest, the action gaining his own sharp intake of breath. A tiny smirk of satisfaction etched her own face as she stepped past him, turning full circle to face him, and what was come, as the lift door closed behind them both.

It was now, or it was never. The thought of never having this opportunity again quenched the logic in her and let the insanity surface. She needed this moment. She needed ~him~ They were as familiar to each other as husband and wife. Lovers. But things had changed - ~he~ had changed, but his feelings had not. Nor had his desire for her. It had been as obvious as night and day to anyone who cared to look beyond the surface. But he had resisted. They both had resisted, until now.

For weeks, they had skittered around each others feelings. Avoidance seemed to be the key, but acceptance held the answers. Friends watched with fascination as day by day, the pull of what they had felt for each other seemed to push them further apart. Tempers had flared, tears had fallen and too many words had slipped unheeded from their lips, eventually creating a wall of silence.

Until the two people that had mattered most to them, the same two people who had been the cause of everything that was wrong between them, freed them from their invisible chains and had given them their blessing. It had taken days to let them go. It had taken seconds to let each other in.

It started with a smile, and then a simple hello, and then a touch, the touch became a hug, and then yesterday, a kiss. Today? Well, today was about to happen, right here and right now...

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To say the ensign that was waiting to board the turbo-lift was shocked was an understatement. He had taken one step into the lift and stopped dead in his tracks. Commander Riker had got the doctor pinned to the wall, his palms flat against its surface either side of her head. They weren't just kissing, they were devouring each other. It had clearly gone beyond a simple kiss; The telltale position of his legs, the way her hands were splayed over his butt, pulling him intimately against her told him that if there hadn't been the barrier of clothing between them they would have been having sex.

Even when they realised they had been caught, it took a moment for them to surface from the erotic dream that they were both adrift in. Will reluctantly and slowly released her lips, staying close enough for their breaths to still mingle. His sex-infused midnight blue eyes locked with hers, unable to break away from what had just happened between them.

Inch by painful inch, they severed their bodies from each other until they stood completely apart, separated by only a few unwanted inches. It was enough, just enough for them to move their non-steady legs and turn around. The ensign had already backed away from the lift and stood, ramrod still, as though he was about to be addressed; his arms locked to his sides, his eyes fixed straight ahead, pretending that he saw and heard nothing.

But even amid the rosy flush of acute embarrassment on all their parts, the two senior officers that nonchalantly passed by him without even acknowledging him, were painfully, and obviously, desperate to continue what they had started. As the ensign quickly stepped into the turbo-lift, he couldn't resist one last look at what was going to be the hottest topic on the Enterprise D at supper time. He wasn't disappointed to see them link hands and quicken their pace to the commanders quarters.

By the time the doors had swished shut behind her, Beverly's heart was bumping against her chest, the buzz of sexual excitement now heightened by the incident in the lift, fuelling her with a courage that she never knew she possessed.

Will's eyes flared when he realised her intent; Beverly wanted control. As much as his own body and senses screamed out to take what was his, it took a monumental effort on his part to hold onto his cascading emotions and let her take the lead. He stood and watched her as she came to a stand before him. She held her head high as her teasing, wanton eyes danced with desire as she brazenly ran her gaze along his entire length, stripping him bare with her look, making him swell with pride at her frank appraisal of his masculine form.

The atmosphere pumped with animalistic tension. The carnal need to reach out and devour, oozed from not only him, but her too. Beverly could see the tightly coiled passion in his eyes, as it poured over her own body, bringing it alive with a need that had been buried deep inside her. There was only one man who existed now that could unlock her soul, and that man stood before her, waiting.

She took a step closer to him, letting the hand that had been itching to touch him, rise to his chest. His heartbeat thumped wildly beneath her fingers, his slightly minty breath fanned her flushed features as she rose her face to meet his. Somehow, Will knew that she didn't mind him to kiss her, not yet, so he fought against the pull of her amber-tinted, slightly open lips, inwardly groaning at surge of renewed life in his lower anatomy. She was slowly, but surely going to drive him insane.

Her husky, "Take it off, Will" let loose another flare of urgency, one he was glad to respond to. Only a second or two later, they both sighed with bliss as her hand settled back onto his now bare torso, his heartbeat reverberating through her heated palm. The thick mat of hair that covered his chest dipped beneath his waistband, and on further still, surrounding his sex. Beverly knew exactly what Will looked like buck naked. She'd witnessed him at his most vulnerable when he'd been in her sickbay at the mercy of her medical skills. And she'd seen him, fully aroused, in her bed. It didn't matter that it wasn't ~really~ him. The man that had made love to her was most definitely the sex god that stood before her.

Nothing could mistake the awesome prowess of William T Riker. He wore it like he wore his skin; with comfort, and with the knowledge that he could make love to a woman as though she was a cherished goddess. Beverly couldn't stop the delicious shiver of anticipation that zipped through her. She could feel her body melting with arousal. Everything about Will tormented her senses in ways that she had never imagined. Making love with Will before had been bittersweet. Making love with Will now, she hoped, would blow her mind. She could feel her face burning and her heart racing at the explicitness of her rampant thoughts. Shocked even.

Even though love - this kind of love, was not a new experience for her, making love with Will Riker was a close as she could get to feeling almost virginal. Jack had been the one to unlock her body to all that love had to offer, and Odan had rekindled her belief that love still existed. Even when Odan had been within Will's body, it had still been ~Odan~.

But the man who stood before her now was a new experience. She was about to go to another level of love-making. She knew it, and so did her body, and it was reacting to him with every raw, exposed emotion that she possessed. Beverly wanted him, and she was going to have him. She wanted to show him the true her; The sensual Beverly Crusher. The hot, wild and exposed Beverly Crusher. The woman.

Will was sure he was going to lose it as he studied the creature before transform into something he'd never thought he'd live to see. She closed the space between them, settling her lips around one of his small nipples, clamping it gently with her teeth as she suckled. His sharp intake of surprised, excited breath forced him to thread his fist into her hair and hold her. His first instinct was to clutch her to him, but the need to watch her play outweighed his desire to close his eyes and lose himself to feelings.

Beverly winced even though she knew Will wasn't intending to hurt her. She felt his hand span the back of her head, his fingers curling in response to her gentle tugging, catching the long strands of her hair within his fingers, tugging her away from him - just a fraction. He wanted to watch. She knew he was because she could feel his heated breath upon her brow. So he wanted to watch, did he? Well, she was going to give him something to forever remember her by.

Will felt the cool air rush to his searing hot, and now distended nipple as she abandoned it and moved to the other, and as her mouth settled around it, the feeling of bliss engulfed him once more. He felt her hands move to his waistband and he automatically sucked in his belly to aid her removal of his pants. His body began to tremble with excitement of what was to come. It was then that it truly sunk in just how much he needed her. He'd known for a long time that he wanted her, but always imagined it was just her body he craved, but now, as he watched her head descend

down his body leaving a trail of wet kisses, dragging his pants down at the same time, the urge to spill his heart overwhelmed him, the whispers tickling his mind, pleading to be heard.

But instead he simply groaned with undisguised pleasure, and relief as she knelt before him and treated his throbbing member to the same delights that his nipples had just experienced.

He was huge and Beverly could do no more than gently tease the blood engorged tip, but as she listened to him moan above her, she knew that what her mouth couldn't do, her lips and teeth could do better. Her own body began to quiver with an unquenched ache of her own. By the time she had slid up Will now naked torso, she was naked too. Inch by delicious inch, her satiny skin blazed a path up along his hair covered body, but by the time she had reached Will's chest, his fragile patience had shattered and she found herself hoisted non too gently the rest of the way and clamped against his chest, wrenching her head back so that he could at last, feast on her mouth.

Every inch of her body and soul boiled like a volcano about to erupt. Hands scorched paths, and nails tore at soft skin, setting free tiny droplets of the searing lava, the moans and gasps of pain, and pleasure bubbled from their throats. She was dissolving in his arms. Hot moisture poured from her, saturating her inner thighs as she frantically rubbed herself against Will, unable to keep still and not even wanting to. He cupped her buttocks, lifting her high enough to torment her with his own pulsating hardness, its need to seek oblivion as determined and demoniacal as hers.

In less than a heartbeat, Will lifted her from the floor and swung her around, quickly but gently dropping her onto the nearest chair, and then dropping himself onto his knees between her thighs. And then gentleness deserted him as he grabbed her calves, roughly dragging her forward so she barely sat on the chair's edge, lifted her legs high and plunged into her waiting, wanton body with a thrust that went so deep, Beverly screeched. But Will didn't give her time to recover from his rough induction to his kind of lovemaking. Before her yelp had even subsided, Will began to pound into her over and over, and over again.

Will watched her face from where he knelt as she fell apart before him. It was a sight to treasure as her beautiful face contorted with pleasure, and surprise. Pride burst from every pore of his body at what he had managed to achieve. He hadn't wanted their first union to be a replay of their last; when his body and mind had been controlled by Odan. It hadn't been him making love to her, it had been the trill. Not his way, but Odan's way and he was determined he was going to make love to Beverly Crusher and make sure there wasn't a trace of Odan's brand in between them.

Beverly stared in awe, and surprise as Will had made love to her. Deep within her, she thought that she would never be able to block out Odan. Her determination to treasure what she and Odan had had, got swept away every time Will touched paradise. And he did, Oh god, he did. He filled her, and he consumed her, in a way that Odan never could have.

But what she'd had with Odan seemed...temporary; as though it was all too good to be true. Like she was waiting for the disaster to happen that would tear them apart. And it did, in the worst possible way, and at the worst possible time. Layers of trust and hope had been shredded away, leaving her shattered feelings raw with anger, pain. Need and total dejection.

But now there was Will. Now there was hope, she saw it in his eyes as he gently lowered her feet to the soft flooring, tenderly took her hands and pulled her into his embrace, their skins clammy with

desire, the scent of their union drifting between them, creating a lasting memory of their first time.

Will buried his cheek into her hair, drinking in its flowery perfume and its softness. He felt her softly kiss his shoulder blade and shuddered with satisfying comfort. He had come home. ~They~ had come home. Like two people who had done the dance, and wondered if the next step would lead them to here, together; two lovers, one heart, two dreams with one goal, and as he spoke the silent whispers that had caressed and haunted his mind, and hers, they welcomed what lay ahead for them both.

Hearts had been broken, hurdles had been cleared. Past and fears had been pushed away, leaving them both free to love again, and as Will threaded his fingers into the living fire of her hair, softly caressing the nape of her slender neck. Beverly moved far enough away to look into his handsome face, and they both smiled into eyes that mirrored each others, seeing the future within the azure depths, and knowing that it was all just about to start anew, for the first time. ~Their~ first time.