

Hell is Heaven by Carol Sandford

Jean-Luc Picard couldn't wait until his first officer left the bridge. All damn day, the sexual tension that not only invaded his body but his mind too, ran riot leaving him, frustrated, abnormally hot and as horny as hell.

Even though it had been a long time since he'd thought of the ship's doctor, Beverly Crusher in any other guise than friend and confidante, it had always been there; that 'urge'; that 'what if'; that 'maybe'. And now it screamed at him full force; that 'I've got to!'

At last as Jean-Luc furtively glanced at the timepiece on his console, he was sure for the millionth time in the last hour, their shift was over. Even though the Captain was relieved to see the back of his number one, he was admittedly startled when he received barely a grunt from him as he leapt from his seat and headed out of the door.

But right then, right at that moment, Jean-Luc Picard didn't give a damn, because as soon as he was sure Will had been whizzed away in the turbolift, he followed suit, managing to grind out a low deep throaty growl to the android as he passed, "Bridge is yours, Data, I don't want to be disturbed."

Once Jean-Luc was inside the turbolift heading towards his own living quarters deck, he finally let his head roll back and let the past few hours worth of frustration slip from his lips in one long guttural moan, feeling his loins tighten and blossom, leaving a rather conspicuous bulge. But he didn't care. Within ten minutes he knew he was going to be relieved by the doctor's own gentle body and if not, by his own not so gentle hand.

Quickly stepping into his quarters, Jean-Luc didn't waste any time stripping off his clothes, speaking to thin air as he threw the offending garments across the room not caring where they landed, "Captain Picard to Doctor Crusher, I need your assistance in my quarters, medical emergency."

He didn't even feel guilty when her voice sounding panicked came back to him, "On my way, Captain, hold on."

Picard chuckled crudely as he slipped in between the cool sheets on his bed and waited for her to arrive. She was stepping into his room before he'd even counted to 50, but all that was forgotten as the fiery red tornado swooped in, slightly startled to find her Captain in bed.

"Captain, what's wrong, are you in pain?"

Picard groaned, reaching for her hand, pulling her towards him, "Oh, God, yes Beverly, my body's on fire. Help me."

The last thing Beverly expected as Picard grasped her hand and pulled it towards his fever pitched body was for him to hastily guide her hand towards his bludgeoning manhood, so engorged and swollen, she had to pull back the covers to confirm with her very own eyes that it was a normal sized erected penis rather than an inflamed, hot and enlarged mass of of pure muscle.

Realising it was the former rather than the latter, Beverly tried to pull away, but Jean-Luc held her hand fast, her eyes met his, gasping at the raw pleading she saw in the milky-blue sex-fuelled orbs. He repeated his urgent request again, "Help me...please, Beverly."

She tried to pull away once more, shaking her head with the absurdity of the situation, "Jean-Luc, I...I can't, this isn't right. This isn't you, what's wrong?"

She was startled when he forcibly stretched her fingers around him and began pumping using his own hand to ensure its success. He groaned as he eyes found the ceiling and concentrated on the intricate pattern above him, "I don't know. I...I think it maybe something to do with the planet's atmosphere, I... I've felt so damn horny since we've gotten here, I've just got to have it relieved. You're....you're the only only who can do it, Beverly."

Beverly's eyes fell to the event's happening beneath her fingers, still covered by his strong larger ones. Back and forth, back and forth they now both continued. It had been a few seconds ago that Beverly had realised that she was giving him relief of her own violation.

A damp sheen covered Jean-Luc's body as he unconsciously squirmed and lightly bucked in time to the rhythm, drawing his legs up and apart, the light coverlet pooling in a silent puddle at the foot of his bed.

Jean-Luc began to feel the rising tension in his body and knew his release was imminent. Beverly pushed herself to her feet as it became obvious what was about to happen. He whole body urged him on, her own feminine heart getting swept away with the excitement happening in front of her very eyes, "Come on, Jean-Luc, come on, you're nearly there.."

And then it happened. Jean-Luc lurched his ass off the bed in anticipation of the eruption, crushing Beverly's fingers around his pulsating erection as he held on for dear life. But seconds later, they both stared at the still engorged staff as it became painfully apparent that he hadn't let go of it's precious cargo.

Jean-Luc slumped back against the pillow as Beverly slipped to her knees beside his bed, feeling nothing but pity for her best friend feeling his agony and despair. Pulling herself back up and sitting on the bed facing him, she swept her hand across his brow, concern at his pallor evident in her clear blue eyes, "Let me get you something from sickbay, Jean-Luc, I can..."

Picard flew to a sitting position, his face horrified, his voice elevated in desperation, "NO! NO...You can't do that, Beverly, Please don't."

Beverly knew his fears. There wasn't much in the sickbay that went un-noticed by her staff, a trait that she was particularly proud of. Her staff knowing everything and everyone's secrets was a total necessity and their ability to keep it all confidential was paramount, and all her

staff did that, admirably. But it was true, the Captain having a problem with his 'waterworks' would not be missed.

Beverly jumped slightly when she felt Jean-Luc's fingers run a trail down from her throat to her stomach, Beverly's body instantly arched for more as the sensation heated up her own loins, leaving her with an ache that was rapidly becoming a problem of her own. Seeing and touching Jean-Luc's still ramrod hardness had stirred something inside her that had lay dormant for a good many years.

When she and her son had arrived on The Enterprise, the attraction between herself and the Captain had been obvious even if it was a little misplaced. It was no secret that he had been on the same ship as her husband when he had been killed, but she had never blamed him, ever. But there had been no mistaking an attraction between them, even before that. But Jean-Luc had been a gentleman. Never would he have approached her whilst she was with Jack and nor her approach him.

That was until they had boarded The Enterprise, but by then it had been too late. Jean-Luc Picard was Captain, with everything that being a Captain entailed; Responsibility and no time for a relationship.

And so here they were, best friends and in the worst predicament of their lives, but it was all down to Beverly and how she wanted to deal with the situation. They both knew it, and as their gazes locked, they both knew the answer.

Beverly stood and pulled at the fastening on her topaz uniform, kicking off her shoes as she did so. Jean-Luc watched her with hungry eyes, taking in a sight that he'd waited to see for as long as he could remember. She stood hesitantly before him in a cream camisole teddy, her hands folded coyly in front of her womanhood.

Jean-Luc's voice was low as he held his eyes steadily with hers, "Take it off."

He watched Beverly nervously lick her lips, the action tugging at his loins, refiring his own ache to an uncomfortable level again, and as her fingers reached up to push down the shoe-string strap upon her shoulder, Jean-Luc flew upright, grasping the silky garment in his hand and ripped it clean away from her body.

In the same fluid movement, he grabbed her arm, pulling her down onto the bed, sliding his hand up to the nape of her neck, forcing her face towards him. His last words before he devoured her mouth were, "God help me, Beverly, I'm sorry for what I'm about to do."

Strong arms quickly moved across his body, but not all of it was his eagerness. Beverly was as keen as he to fulfil the dream of a lifetime, no matter what the circumstances. Straddling her across his waist, Jean-Luc deftly slid on finger inside her moist folds, groaning with satisfaction into her mouth at her readiness.

Dropping both hands to the rigid line of her hips, Jean-Luc lifted her body slightly so he could watch what was about to happen. The sight of his massive pulsating manhood sliding in between her delicate pink folds was something he would never ever forget. Once he was

embedded to the hilt, their eyes met once more, seeing nothing but desire and a love that was solely and uniquely theirs.

As if in perfect harmony with not only their bodies, but their hearts and minds too, they began to move, the eye contact never breaking, their breaths joining in unison as they began the climb to oblivion.

Flesh slapped against flesh, smooth skin against rough, one pounding heartbeat against slender fingers that spanned his chest, holding her position, but letting him master the ride, until at last along with her own imminent flood of burning intense heat, threatening to blow her mind and shatter her senses into a trillion and one delicious pieces, she felt Jean-Luc's own eruption begin.

He ground her centre against his as he felt the fire sear throughout him, the explosion bursting forth like an erupting volcano, spewing out red hot liquid, saturating his heavy sacs, but it wasn't long before they both realised that it wasn't his sweet juices running forth, but hers.

Beverly collapsed upon Jean-Luc's body, her own now saturated with perspiration and desire. She felt his arms circle her, welcoming the comforting hug, she grinned against his throat until she suddenly felt his arms tighten around her and his low voice against her ear, "Stay there."

Once more, Jean-Luc began to move with Beverly pinned hard against his body, using his strength to set up a rhythm that defied all logic and reasoning. The movement was so minute, but God, so powerful as he systematically rocked her back and forth, the delight of having her exposed swollen bud being caressed by his tiny dark curls stimulating her liquid essence to lave her lover's continued ministrations.

But once more, he was defeated as it became apparent that he wasn't going to be rid of his 'problem' yet. Perversely he didn't mind and he suspected that the woman crumbled on top of him didn't either, but knew he couldn't continue with some kind of assistance.

Beverly must have know what was going through his mind as she pushed herself back into a seated position, her fingers seeking out his tiny nipples as she stared at him head long, her copper hair falling haphazardly around her slender face. She smiled secretly at him as she began to move off his body, Jean-Luc was loathe to let her go. That was until she moved to her knees beside him, her intention obvious.

Pushing himself onto his elbow, Jean-Luc looked at her with a puzzled frown, that was until she wriggled her ass to the cool air, her copper hair cascading like a miniature waterfall around her face as she faced him squarely, her voice husky with desire, "Just one more try, Jean-Luc."

Comprehension dawned and he needed no further urging. Moving to his own knees, he position himself between hers. Gripping her hips once more with firm hands, Jean-Luc couldn't stop himself from slamming himself into the inviting sight before him, both crying out with the euphoria of the action.

Once again he began to move, but this time, Jean-Luc was intent on giving her a little in

return. Reaching forward over her back, he slipped one hand to caress and nurture her breast, twirling the distended tip between his fingers. Beverly whimpered, but that whimper turned to a full moan as his other hand began to stimulate her already sensitive bud, still saturated with the sweet sap from before.

Beverly couldn't stop the words from slipping from her lips as she began her own rise to heaven, "More, Jean-Luc, don't stop, please don't stop. Oh...!"

Her body went rigid as her orgasm rocketed her to a place she had never been before. Never, never had she experienced a moment like it, and if it never happened again, she would always have this one time to treasure, again and again in her mind.

They landed in a crumpled heap upon the bed, totally spent and totally exhausted, even though the wondrous event still hadn't given Jean-Luc the release he still so badly needed.

As he gasped for breath, he heard the unmistakable voice of his Number one break the momentous moment, "Commander Riker to Captain Picard." But Jean-Luc couldn't answer him, not yet. He heard the hail again, and this time, he swallowed painfully trying to regain his voice, "Yes...yes Number One."

Jean-Luc groaned as he heard the puzzlement in his voice, clearing seeing Will standing there with that puzzled look upon his face, "Are you alright, Sir?"

Picard was anything BUT alright, but he couldn't tell him that, "Yes, I'm fine." he lied "Can this wait, Will?"

He heard the sorrow in his first officer's voice, "No, Sir, I don't think it can, I'm having some...difficulties, Captain and I would like to request that we move out of the planet's orbit."

Jean-Luc swallowed his disappointment, but knew that he didn't have any choice. He was having as much difficulty as Will along with he suspected many other of his crew members and maybe they were all suffering too. It wasn't fair of him to cause this amount of agony to his staff just because he wasn't ready to throw in the towel yet. But he still could hide the dejection from his voice, "Very well, Commander, make it so."

Within minutes of Will's request, Jean-Luc began to feel the effects as the ship began to move away from the planet. Beverly watched with fascination as his body returned to its normal state.

Feeling decidedly bereft, Beverly climbed off Jean-Luc's bed and began to pick up her clothing, until Jean-Luc's hand reached out to clasp her arm, silently asking her to stop and look and listen to him. But Beverly held up her hand to silence him, "Please, Jean-Luc, don't tell me you're sorry it happened, or even that you're sorry. I'm NOT sorry it happened and it's up to you if you want to continue what ever it is we started here, or if you want to become 'friends' again, the choice is yours."

Before he could even voice his thoughts, Beverly stepped into his bathroom and firmly closed the door, emerging a few minutes later, just as Jean-Luc was pulling on his last boot. Coming

to a stand, he stepped towards the sultry but now wary woman, reaching out for her fingers and pressing them against his lips, tenderly kissing the soft knuckles, his eyes never leaving hers. Taking a deep breath, he stepped in with both feet before he chickened out, blowing the only chance of his life to be with the woman he had always loved,

"I believe we have some unfinished business to deal with, Doctor, and I would very much like your assistance, tonight, here, 21 hundred hours. Is that satisfactory, Doctor?"

Beverly smiled tenderly at him before huskily whispering, "Yes, Captain, that would be very satisfactory."

Releasing Beverly's hand, Jean-Luc Picard, Captain of The Enterprise, took a deep breath, placed a grin upon his handsome face and muttered, "Right, well...Time to face the music...and the bridge crew. God help me..."