

Feelings

by Carol Sandford

As he whispers words of ardent passion in my ear, words of love, I can't stop the tears from falling. And even when he feels them on his hand as it gently cradles my face and he moves far enough away to look into my eyes, I still feel the passion, the love, bubbling up from his soul. It only makes me cry harder.

"Imzadi," he tenderly whispers as his thumb begins to rhythmically stroke away the dampness, "what's wrong. Why are you crying?"

As the tears continued to pour unheeded, I turn my face into his palm, kissing it fiercely as I struggle to halt the onslaught, "I love you so much, Will."

I feel his ease and know he is smiling at my revelation, "And I love you, Deanna, but it doesn't normally make you cry."

I search his eyes, hoping that he would understand, hoping that the love that poured from my soul would answer him, but when he gently shifted his cooling sweat-laden body from mine, leaving me shivering at not only the sudden chill, but the loss of him surrounding me, I knew I had troubled him, but that was the furthest thing from my mind.

I had waited so long. So damned long for Will to return to me, I still found it hard to accept that he was back. Back in my life, my arms, and my heart. And every time I thought of him, I couldn't stop the terrors that saturated me from mind to soul of him not being there anymore, along with the happiness of having him back for keeps.

Every time, one balanced out the other and left me gasping for sanity. Left me in tears, especially at moments like this; When he was loving me with not only his body, but his heart and soul too. It consumes me and overwhelms me until I feel I'm going to burst.

I feel it when he kisses me. When his lips are whispering against mine as he teases and torments, wanting more. When he looks at my naked body with eyes that are ablaze with desire, I want more. And when he takes my body and joins it with his own, I know I can't have any more because I've got it all.

He makes me feel safe.

He makes me feel alive.

He makes me feel cherished.

He just makes me 'feel'

And I love it. I love him.

And now I have to tell him, somehow. Put into words how my head, heart and soul feels when we have moments like this.

And I can't.

And I want to, so much.

And that hurts.

And it makes me cry harder. Hard enough for Will to drag me against his still fevered body and hug me until find myself whimpering all sorts of things against his throat, "I love you so much Will, and I'm scared, and I'm happy. I'm lost without you, and I can't bare to be away from you for even a second.'

I was blubbering, but I knew Will didn't care. And I knew he didn't care because he felt the same way. I know it.

I knew he understood when he hastily pushed me back over and resumed his position on top of me. But this time there was an urgency that surrounded him. I felt it in the way his lips found mine. The way his tongue caressed mine as he poured his heart into me.

I felt it in the way his body joined mine once more. This time the urgency outweighed the tenderness, but didn't - couldn't, diminish the love as he took me to a higher plane of existence, just for a moment, but that moment would last us an eternity.

And I felt it when his own tears began to mingle with mine. When I realised that it was the same for him. This feeling of unification. Of not being able to live without one another. Of not being able to breathe without one another.

Of not being able to feel the way that we felt right now.

Complete.