

Giving In

by Carol Sandford

She stood before him and it was a moment Will would never forget. It was a moment that with just one movement, one word, or one look would shatter the resolve that kept him riveted to the spot. That kept him from reaching out for her.

He was torn in two; More than anything he wanted what was about to happen, but more than that he didn't want to lose her, and somehow, something deep inside told him that this moment was a mistake, a dreadful mistake, and he didn't know how to stop it.

Will didn't know how to make her stop because more than anything in the cosmos, and in his heart, he wanted her to approach him and give him - show him, what was so clearly written in her beautiful Cimmerian eyes.

She stepped forward. He stepped back, his eyes never leaving hers. He was too afraid to. Afraid that if he let his guard slip she would take advantage of the lapse, and he would be lost, totally lost if she reached out and touched him.

Will saw the immediate shimmer in her eyes, he was hurting her. He didn't want to. God help him, it was the last thing he wanted, but it was inevitable. Whatever happened today...now, would hurt her.

And him.

But she was determined. The glint in her eyes amongst the translucent teardrops that clung heavily to her eyelashes could not be ignored or denied, but Will was going to try. He was going to fight her every step of the way, but even he had to acknowledge, he was rapidly losing the battle.

The woman before him wanted him; his touch; his lips; his body and his heart. Will silently acceded his heart to her, it was always hers, always. But to give her the rest meant more, but more meant certain pain, and he'd hurt her enough in the past, he didn't want to hurt in the future.

She stepped forward again and Will knew he had nowhere to go other than against the hard edge of his doorway, but he still took that fateful step even though it caused his heart to drop to his toes at what was going to happen.

He saw the triumph in her eyes, he also saw the shuddering breath she took when she'd realised she'd won - almost. He had to try to make her see. He had to make one last plea, but his voice broke in two as spoke that plea.

"Please, Deanna, don't let me do this."

He expected her to put her petite body against his. He expected her to settle her lips onto his

lips, knowing that once she'd done that, he'd be lost. They'd both be lost, totally.

But she didn't, she did something worse, she spoke his divine name; the name that reminded him of a past full of passion, a present full of friendship and understanding, and a future full of pain.

As her finger reached up to trace his jawline, his eyes fell shut with the wave of desire that surged through his whole body; His mind, his heart, his traitorous loins, and his soul. He heard her gasp and knew she had felt them too.

Her hand was trembling as it settled over his heart, feeling its pulse. She spoke his name again, "Imzadi."

His own hand, shaking as much as hers, reached up to try and remove her tiny one, but as soon as it touched her softness, he brought it back up to his lips and kissed its palm, his agony etched across his features as the battle raged on within him.

His heart screamed, 'Please!' his mind echoed, 'Please don't!' but it was hopeless. He couldn't stop pulling her into his embrace anymore than he could stop the sun from giving light.

His breath hurt as he struggled to stop the inevitable, but as his mouth covered hers, his guttural moan was entwined with her answering whimper. His body unwillingly hardened against her and he couldn't help himself from lowering his arms and pulling her to him; showing her what she was doing to him.

But Deanna didn't need to feel the evidence, it was written in his eyes, his lips, everywhere. Everywhere Will touched Deanna, inside and out, Deanna knew. She also knew how much Will didn't want this.

But she did. Will had pushed her away for long enough. She'd hung on for dear life waiting for a time when he could no longer deny her or their relationship. Ten long years, Will had treated her like a very precious parcel that had been put away for safe keeping, afraid to open it for fearing he wouldn't like the gift inside.

But the gift was far too precious to be hidden any longer. Deanna knew he wasn't ready for her, not really ready. But she was, and she wanted him, now.

Her mouth sought out his again, this time she told him in no uncertain terms that her body wanted what her tongue was receiving. He couldn't ignore the rhythmic movement; In and out, in and out, again and again, over and over.

Her body moved against his as she ground her most sensitive area upon the solid rock of his thigh, until at last, he gave in and pulled her small body up and continued the torturous dance upon his own bulging ache.

Her salve saturated mouth broke away as the intense heat within climbed higher and higher.

As her head fell back and Will's half closed sex-fuelled eyes took in the vista before him.

Deanna was beautiful. The long column of her throat, flushed with heat. Her mouth, open as the tiny pants raged through her body. Her eyes were closed, but not for long. Will wanted her to see what she was doing to him. He wanted her to see him fall apart in her arms.

Somehow she knew; she sensed his need. Raising her head once more, her eyes locked with his. The pressure built, the inner heat spiralling higher and higher, until at last, with a united cry, the explosion happened, shattering Will's resolve into a trillion pieces, along with his petty excuses of keeping the woman he loved away.

As her orgasm along with his own happened, so did his belief that somehow, someday, they could be happy together, as a couple; as lovers. As man and wife.

His fears dropped away as the image of her wearing his eternal ring cascaded through his mind. Holding her tightly in his arms as they slowly came back down from heaven, Will gently stroked her hair and rained tiny kisses across her forehead. He couldn't stop himself from whispering over and over and over, "I Love you, Imzadi, I love you."

Deanna answered him by stepping away. Will felt the loss immediately, but only for a second as his eyes searched hers and he took the hand she tenderly proffered him.

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