

Knowing

By Carol Sandford

"This is so new to me, I can't stop touching you."

Deanna chuckled against his shoulder. "This is hardly new to you, Will Riker."

His hand stopped its trail abruptly as he looked deeply into her eyes. They were still lying amongst the soft grass, their body's imprinted for eternity in the even softer earth.

"Deanna, trust me, this ~Is~ new to me. I have never felt this way after I've...After I've..."

"Bagged someone." She giggled mischievously.

Will raised his eyebrows as he chided her, "Your not going to let me forget that are you?"

She shook her head in mock denial.

He cupped her chin, forcing her to face him. He wanted her to see his sincerity. He wanted her to see how much this moment meant to him.

"Look at me, Deanna. I never knew that I could laugh when I was making love and not be condemned for it, and for you to laugh along with me, just because what we had just done was so joyous, so beautiful."

"I never knew that kissing you would be so wonderful that it would feel like the first time, but even better feel so comfortable, you'd think we'd been kissing a lifetime."

"I never knew the wonder of looking into your eyes and seeing that you love me, and understand how you felt because I felt the exact same way."

"I never knew that making love would be an experience that could only be shared by two people becoming one. Before you came along and showed me how, making love was just a release. Just a function that I had to perform. I never knew how empty I felt after every time until you came into my life and showed me what making love really is about."

He kissed the tears that streamed from her onyx eyes away, his whisper caressing her face as he gently rained tiny kisses everywhere his mouth touched.

"I know now."