

Moonlit Moments
by Carol sandford

I close my eyes and she appears before me. I can't help it. I don't want to help it. This is ~my~ time, the only place I can let down my guard, my pretence and my walls and let her take over.

Man, she is something else. I swear if I reached out my hand, I could feel her. she is that real. She is my ultimate fantasy and I want her, badly. Badly enough to jeopardize my fragile relationship with another.

I do my best to control my carnal thoughts during the day, but at night I'm free to be me. I'm free to let myself believe that she is mine.

I love to watch her slip her nightgown from her shoulders, the act sensual and deliberate, and she knows what it'll do to me. Her smile is shy but knowing, her eyes sparkling and sexy. The stars outside zoom in on the coppery highlights in her hair, encasing her, making her seem even more ethereal.

I can't help but grin with satisfaction when she kneels on the end of the bed and makes her way slowly up towards me, catlike, predatory. I prepare myself to be mauled and man-handled and my pulse increases ten-fold. I can't wait.

Her tongue traces a path in between wet kisses from foot to throat and I find myself paralysed, unable to move, unable to reciprocate. I know its selfish but she doesn't seem to mind. She knows her turn will come - later.

She pulls the pillow from beneath my head, throwing it across the room. I feel totally exposed and vulnerably but she won't receive any complaint from me. I can handle anything she takes from me as well as handling anything she gives to me, I'm not ~that~ selfish.

I groan out aloud as she climbs higher, her eyes finding mine in the starlight. At last, my body allows my hands to move and I tenderly hold her slender hips. they feel so soft, so creamy. I can't control my hands for long though, its barely seconds that I let them move lower, cupping her taut derriere, then travelling on down to her slender thighs.

I can feel her heat and I can smell it too and she's getting hotter. But not as hot as I. As I raise one hand back up to cradle her head, encouraging her to touch her mouth to mine, my other hand settles on the small of her back gently pushing her closer to my own throbbing heat.

I've got to taste her, all of her, and with a sigh she lowers not only her face to mine but her body too. The shocked gasp that erupts from both of us as our bodies fuse together is filled with wonder, and urgency and love.

I love her. I never thought I would but I couldn't help myself. When I was joined with her lover, I took a part of him when he left me, the part that he had to leave behind; Me.

But I'm not complaining. Beverly Crusher is one hell of a woman. A woman that finally saw me for what I was; A man in love with her. A man that was not going to let her down by leaving her behind. A man who she realised had become more to her than a host.

As the room darkened so did the fantasy before me. It happened, every night. Every night as I lay on my bed waiting for her to appear, I knew that it would only be for a short while. I knew that when the darkness came she would go, she always did.

One day, Beverly is going to get over Odan and search for what he left behind, and I'll be here, waiting.