

Only one love
by Carol Sandford

"There was only ever one first time for me. I shall remember it for as long as I live. I shall treasure it for infinity. I didn't see it coming. I know I should have because I had wanted her from the moment I laid eyes on her. I am not adverse to the lady taking the bull by the horn, in fact I quite liked it, but I wanted our first time to be romantic; flowers, a bottle or two of wine, a meal, and then some quality time getting close, and then hopefully, closer still. I didn't expect her to grab me suddenly and thrust her tongue down my throat.

She tasted so sweet, so hot, I remember thrusting her away from me, telling her that it wasn't right, that she wasn't ready. She showed me how ready she was when she did it again. Only this time, sense stayed away and chance grabbed the opportunity.

I don't really remember us sinking to the floor, but I guess we must have. I do remember pushing her clothing away, watching her body erupt into a carpet of heated goose bumps, each of which I licked clean away. But instead of cooling her ardour, it only inflamed her more. She became a wild thing. She became my ultimate fantasy. As she squirmed beneath me, trying to somehow get closer than what was humanely possible, I too became someone that I never thought anyone else would see. I did things to her that somehow, deep down, I know I shouldn't have done.

But damn it all, she was hot! She was willing. I was willing, and I was in love. I didn't know it at the time of course. Well, I did, but I'd managed to keep it hidden - or so I thought. I guess she must have seen my response to her whenever I saw, or spoke to her. I had to visibly contain my arms from reaching out for her, and I had to squash the extremely graphic images that seemed to be permanently swimming around in my head, forcing certain parts of me to mimic a yoyo.

I remember one time, she tried my patience beyond all reasoning. But I won. I came through. But deep down, I was aware I'd only won because my inner self had screeched at me constantly that it wasn't the right time. That she wasn't ready, and if I'm honest, I wasn't either.

But Gods, I wanted her, so badly.

But when it happened, it was like the past vanished, and our precious moment in time stood still for us just so's we could capture it and treasure it forever. When my body slid into hers, time couldn't have predicted a more perfect instant. Her eyes had held mine with such surety that what we were doing was meant to be, I didn't notice the violent trembling of her legs, or the pounding of her heart against mine as I pressed myself into her. I'd never taken an innocent before. But then I'd never taken a woman that I'd loved before either. Somehow I don't think that what happened would have happened if she had've been with another. The fact that I was her first, and in retrospect, she was my first too, in more was than one, seemed to make the union a man's ultimate dream.

But it was as I loved her that becoming the first finally filtered through my sex-infused head. I kissed her - but I kissed her so deeply as I melded her body with mine, that for a moment, just one, magical moment we became one. Whispers filled my senses, and moans filled my lungs, but she...she filled me completely. She took my soul and made it hers, and I gave it, gladly.

She was right when she said that even though I had made love before, I had never made love and been in love before, and even if we'd never made love again, I knew that I would never, ever feel the way that I felt when I'd made love to her. I don't ever WANT to even feel that way about another woman again. There is only one love - one true love that captures your heart and soul that way, and Deanna Troi had ensnared mine for eternity.