

Stop!

Carol Sandford

I can't block you out, Deanna. I can't stop 'listening' to you.

If you thought anything of how I'm feeling right now, you would stop. Please stop.

Stop thinking about me. I know you are because I can feel your thoughts brushing through mine, making me warm, and wanted, and I don't want you Deanna, not like that. Not now.

It's too late for us, I know that and so do you. But your thoughts keep betraying you. Your eyes betray you more and I am struggling to hold on to sanity. I am struggling against your pull, Deanna. Please stop.

It's bad enough seeing you on the ship, but it's not just that. I feel you, everywhere. Your aura is like a whisper, sweeping through the corridors, searching me out, driving me crazy. Driving me mad with desire and I can't handle it.

Not now.

You've got to stop missing me, Deanna. You have got to move on, past us, past what once was, and past what could be.

We said our farewell's, a long time ago. If the truth be known, I said mine even earlier when I unwisely took another woman to my bed. In hindsight, I wonder now if I'd done it on purpose. Falling in love with you shouldn't have been on my agenda, but you changed all that. You came to me and gave me ~everything~. I thought I was ready for it, but I wasn't.

I'm still not.

But you are, I know it. I feel your hunger and I feel your pain when I try to put up my defences against you. But its hard, and its getting harder. Your pull is so strong I feel it constantly and I'm not ready for it Deanna.

I'm just not ready.

Please stop.

Please.