

The war within

by Carol Sandford

Will not only heard the sigh that left her lips, but the one that reverberated through his mind too. The woman above him was still unsure, still afraid. He knew it wasn't him, it was her, it always was.

In his mind, the past three months had been a miracle. In Deanna's it had become a chance for every fear, and every doubt to surface along side the passionate woman that he once had known so long ago.

But despite it all, Will watched the war with fascination, knowing that in the end, love would be the winner. It had to be. He just had to ride out the battle along with her long enough for her to down arms, down memories and future fears.

Will never held one of those fears. The moment that she had stepped back into his arms, his life, everything else had faded away, even the future. Being a Starfleet officer had taught him that strategy. 'Live for the day, not the tomorrow, or the past' Will had never truly understood the statement until now.

He and Deanna had a chance at happiness and he was taking it, whatever happened and over whatever obstacle stood in his way. At the moment it was the woman naked upon his chest silently trying to think of a way of removing herself but not finding a good enough reason why.

Her body was so small, Will had no problem reaching her cooling bottom, tracing its lines with his fingers, memorising its shape, its texture, its smallness. The small indent at the base of her spine, and the way she fitted so perfectly against him.

He lifted her higher, placing her still warm and moist juncture upon his taut stomach muscles, allowing him to nuzzle the softness of her throat. Her slight moan tickled his own throat as she reacted to the new sensations that his fingers were creating.

Will grinned in the dimness as his ploy began to work, feeling her inner battle slipping away. Will was taking her on another magical ride, one so far away from the war zone that when she finally returned, he would have chipped another piece of her armour away.

His own body began to react as Deanna tried desperately to mould her body even closer to his, not even wanting a heartbeat to intrude on what his torso was doing to hers. As his one hand held her fast against him, the other snaked up and threaded itself into her hair, gently pulling her head away far enough for him to fasten his lips onto hers. It was barely a nanosecond later when he felt her submission to his darting tongue, seeking permission to enter, and as it touched hers, a duet of moans left their souls and collided within their mouths.

Will held Deanna still as she began to squirm against his body, unable to hold the desire that surged through her loins. Will heard her whimper, its pitiful sound lost in the depths of his throat as he continued to love her tongue with his. Until at last, he broke away long enough for them to gasp for the precious air that surrounded them, their own intimate scents drifting amongst it, charging it with a heat that only their own fire could set aflame.

Deanna pushed herself up onto her hands as Will once more held onto her derriere, his two huge palms encasing it within them, controlling her tiny movements against his heated skin. His eyes found hers, her beautiful face half obscured by the mass of hair that swung free and wild. With one deft move, she swung the mane over her shoulder.

But within seconds it had fallen back as she watched Will raise his head and suckle a rose tipped nipple that bobbed barely inches away from his face, the action causing her head to fall forward, unable to stop herself

from watching the intimate act. She whimpered in protest when he abandoned it, but only long enough to feast on the other one.

Will shuddered with satisfaction as his successful attempt at removing her desire to leave him that night evaporated into the sighs and moans that now left her as he laved her breasts with the relish that only they deserved. But it wasn't enough. Not just for him, but for her neither. The tiny movements against his stomach began to increase and he felt her pulling against his hands as she tried to move back down to the bulging ache that now waited patiently in the wings for what he knew was going to be one humdinger of a union.

But not just yet. Will hadn't finished with her, not-just-yet.

Before she knew what had happened, Deanna felt herself physically lifted by strong hands and moved up onto Will's chest. Her squeaked "Will!?" was filled with shock and surprise, but his 'Shhhhhh' silenced her feigned prudishness as his powerful hands moved her just that last fraction of an inch for him to reach his goal.

She tasted of him, and her. He recognised the exotic scent as clearly as if he wore a nosebag filled with the tantalising aroma all day long. There was no mistaking it, or her. He touched his tongue to the sensitive bud, holding on tight to her as a pleasurable spasm set off a wave of quivering that only resulted in intensifying the sensations that rocked through her.

Her tiny gasps were muffled and Will knew her hands were covering her face, hiding the tell-tale flames of passion that suffused her. They were also covering her mouth that he knew would be open, unable to contain the movements, and eyes that would be blazing with desire. He'd seen her do it many times before, when she was close to exploding.

But not tonight.

Will scraped his hands up her fevered body and pulled her hands away from her face. He felt her resistance until she'd focused on his silent plea, 'Please, Imzadi' her eyes finally seeking his as he lay prone between her shaking thighs. For a moment she didn't know what he wanted as he gently tugged her hands towards his face. His midnight blue eyes held the plea and in that instant Deanna knew.

Her own hands moved between her salve saturated thighs, and her trembling fingers held herself apart, allowing him freedom. Allowing her a whole new set of sensations to take over. It was all so new to her, so sensual, and as he began again to send her to another level of euphoria, Deanna gave up on her inhibitions, threw back her head and let whatever emerge, emerge, whether it be from her mouth, her body, or her heart. Will had her at his mercy and she no longer cared.

It was only seconds before Deanna felt the familiar ache build within her. Will felt her body stiffen, watching with fascination as she blossomed before him. Her sleek body straightened out as she began to go rigid, waiting for that final tumble into oblivion, but Will denied her that final moment, slowing down rather than speeding up. Missing ~the~ spot deliberately even though she squirmed above him trying desperately trying to get him to touch that one place.

Will heard her whimper of frustration as her movements grew more frenzied, revelling in the power that he had over her. But when his own loins began to pulsate with a longing that only she could quench, Will suddenly moved his hands to her tiny waist and shifted her sweat slickened body away from his face and down to his waiting hardness, impaling her on to it, in one, hard, long, mind-shattering thrust, groaning with satisfaction as he filled her to capacity, her muscles tight with tension as she'd inadvertently held off her orgasm.

Instinctively, Deanna's hands flew to her face as her body reacted to Will's welcome intrusion. Never had she felt so filled and complete. Will always had a way of doing that to her, not only with his body, but with

his words, his actions, but most of all his love. There was never any question that Will loved her, the question was her own. But not tonight. Tonight she was his, totally and with that thought, she opened up herself and let Will in, completely.

Will felt her succumb and his heart soared. As he rocked beneath her, his hands once more reached up and removed hers from the side of her head. As she had climbed the stairway to heaven again, her hands had left her face and clung to the sides of her head, her arms raised, allowing him the full pleasure of watching her beautiful body fall apart before him.

He felt his own body begin to do the same. Deanna felt and saw his body change, and entwining his fingers between hers, she pinned them down beside his own head, changing the intimate angle so that their bodies became even more in tune. Even more surreal.

Blue eyes stared into black. Creamy soft breasts caressed hair covered nipples, until at last, by mutual want, their mouths met and tongues danced in time with their bodies until finally they both wept with relief when their loins became fused with the intimate sap that only lovers revealed.

Deanna collapsed against Will's sweat-laden body, totally spent and exhausted. Will's arms held her close as they slowly drifted in the aftermath. But her heard her husky, 'My God.' against his throat and he chuckled in the darkness.

But something more important than that had happened. Will felt her reluctance to move and knew that for tonight, he had won the war. Tonight, Deanna was staying in his bed and in his arms.