

Who's teasing who?

by Carol Sandford

'Is he flirting with me?!' Surely not, not in the middle of a conference in the Captain's ready room. Surely not. But seconds later, he did it again. That tiny little smile. That flirtatious twinkle in his eye. I had to hide my grin behind a false yawn to ease the heightened moment.

But then, as we stood chatting after the meeting was done, I nearly yelped in surprise as a feather-light tap to my bottom almost sent me into the arms of the Captain who was standing barely two foot away from me. But whilst I had to stand there and take the amused and knowing stares, HE walked off as if nothing had happened. As if he was deliberately trying to upset my little world just by simply 'being there.' It was bad enough having to deal with him along with loving him within my mind and my senses, but having him here, around me, with me and openly loving me was driving me to distraction, and he was loving every torturous moment of it.

I thought he would leave me alone once we had moved back to our positions on the bridge, but every time I looked at him, whether he was sitting in his chair, or standing behind me, and on the odd occasion before me, he simply 'stared' at me, or rather stared at my body. Or more pointedly at my breasts. He was fascinated with my breasts. It was hard work avoiding that gaze without giving the captain, and the other members of the bridge crew something to talk about after their shift was over.

I wish my shift was over with, I was being driven insane, not only with his lavascious looks and thoughts, but with my own pending 'problem'. Although I couldn't really consider it a 'problem', it was still something I had to discuss with my husband. But in the meantime, I had to deal with HIM behaving like a naughty schoolboy that had had his nose stuck in a dirty magazine.

Even later in the Ten Forward lounge I couldn't escape him. There I was innocently standing by the bar, minding my own business talking to my friend, Beverly, when HE suddenly appeared at my shoulder, waving a tall glass under my nose, its aroma definitely triggering a not so nice feeling in my tummy. But as I turned to tell him to get it out of my face, I was stunned into silence at just how close he was and at just how much his eyes were fixed on my cleavage. And I dont mean just staring, I mean REALLY staring.

My mouth hung open with shocked surprise and horror, and I admit, my

amusement, as he said, to my breasts I might add, 'My God, they are magnificent.' As simple as that. Even Beverly was stunned into silence at his nerve. I was just relieved that no one else had heard, I would NEVER have heard the last of it. I even had to give Beverly an evil look to warn her to 'keep her mouth shut' She just turned away and pretended she hadn't seen a thing. She didn't fool me. First chance she got she would tell, I know Beverly Crusher. I may love her as a friend and a confidant, but hell, NO WAY would she keep this little episode quiet.

He followed me out of the lounge, two steps behind me, all the way. I managed to keep my hands from his neck in the turbo lift. I even managed to contain my mouth, but I don't know how. I wanted to say so much, yell and scream so much, strangle him so much, I found myself mumbling to myself, just to stop myself losing control.

But as soon as we had stepped into my quarters, all restraint flew out of the porthole. How he didn't get his ass stuck in the doors as they closed I shall never know. My lips, my arms and my body slammed against his so hard, if those doors had not've shut when they did, we would have been an embarrassing heap on the corridor floor.

He became an octopus, not knowing where to put his hands first. I knew he wanted to caress my breasts, but I knew he was trying hard to make me feel that he wanted ME rather than just my boobs. But I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to tear my dress off and admire my body. I wanted to feel desired again. And he DID desire me, even more than my breasts, and that made my heart soar.

Luckily today I was wearing my uniform dress, its release was simplistic, one tug and the velcro seal opened and dropped down my body. He knew that, and I felt it go as he plunged his tongue into my eager mouth. His groan echoed the whoosh of the material as it fell to a pool at my feet. One kick and it was across the room, perched precariously from the glass statuette that Data had given me for my last birthday. Bless his heart, he had given Beverly exactly the same one for HER birthday the year before.

But none of that mattered as we sank to the floor in one, long fluid movement. There wasn't time to reach the bedroom, or the couch. He wanted me here and he wanted me now, but not as much as I had wanted him. I had spent the entire day being lovingly oggled at, flirted at, promised at, and provoked to a point that I nearly succumbed to his advances on more times than I could remember, and he, and the rest of the knowing crew were enjoying every moment of it.

Within moments, the tormenting was over and the seriousness took over.

Gone was the teasing. Gone were the octopus arms. Gone was the twinkle in the eye. As he lowered me onto his hardness, our eyes held along with our breath, the solemnity of the moment too precious to take lightly, and as he moved, I moved along with him, perfectly in time, perfectly at peace. There was no other like my husband, I wanted no other than my husband, he was mine and I loved him. No, I worshipped him, and he worshipped me back. We were one, in every sense of the word.

As I felt his own inner pressure build, I sat on him hard, not letting him move. I heard him moan, but I kissed him so deeply, so thoroughly, he was stilled at its impact. I poured my soul into his mouth and he gladly captured it. It was then as he soaked up my love that I told him about my secret. :::We're going to have a baby, Imzadi:::

He pushed me away, just far enough to look into my eyes, his elation was written all over his face, and that was when he looked back down at my breasts, and I sighed with feigned annoyance. "Yes, yes, that's why they look like that."

He couldn't stop his fingers from tracing a path over the swollen mounds, marvelling at not only their size but the image of their child suckling against them. Pulling me back down, his eyes found mine again as he whispered his love and gratitude "You've made me so very happy Imzadi, I love you."

And as our lips met once more, I sent him my own message, ::: And I love you Will, now shut up and take me to heaven and back:::