

GEAR CONFESSIONS

"Gear log coded. Personal file," a young woman's voice instructed. A long pause followed before she continued to speak, the recording hissing softly.

"I am afraid," she said, speaking in a low voiced whisper. "I'm afraid I will betray everything that I hold dear, everything that I've been raised to believe in. And that I will betray the man I love.

"I have to speak to someone about this. I feel like I'll explode if I don't. I tried to talk to Yale but he can't help. And I can't talk to anyone in the camp. They wouldn't understand. It would destroy the delicate peace among us that we barely manage to maintain. I know. I've seen it happen before.

"I feel guilty just having these thoughts. I'm betraying the one man that I've ever loved - the love of my life who I finally, really, found here on G889. The one man that came after me, without thinking about the consequences to himself, when I desperately needed him. The only one that believed in me." A slight catch entered into her voice. She took a breath, ready to continue, but the rustling sound of a tent flap being pulled aside interrupted her. The woman's startled gasp was recorded clearly.

"Oh," another voice, a man's voice, spoke hesitantly, "I'm sorry. Were you busy?"

"No, no," she replied. "Just entering some private thoughts." With an audible click she switched off the machine.

oOo

"Gear log coded. Personal file. This morning, I nearly made a fool of myself in front of the entire camp. It was my turn to hand out breakfast. When I gave him a cup of coffee, the man that I secretly desire, he thanked me. And looked me straight in the eyes. Something so simple. But my heart jumped into my throat and I felt as if I was drowning. I was afraid everyone would see the blush that I knew was creeping up from below my collar. I was so shocked that I nearly dropped the cup, splashing hot liquid all over his hands, causing him painful burns that needed treatment right away.

"I ran out, as soon as I could. I really hope they all believe I just stumbled. I'd hate for anyone to find out the real reason why I was so clumsy."

oOo

"I don't know if I can do it. I don't know how much longer I can keep my hidden desires

a secret. We have been on this planet for more than a year now. And every day the attraction's getting stronger.

"Lord help me but I think he knows. Some nights, over the campfire, our eyes meet. And although my love is usually sitting beside me, holding my hand so gently in his, or whispering the sweetest endearments in my ear, it is the man at the other side of the fire that I want.

"Even now, as I sit here, confessing all these thoughts into my private logs, I imagine what it would be like to have him touch me... To have him undress me slowly... his strong hands caressing my back, my legs, my breasts--" Her voice, husky now, stopped the narration and for a few moments only soft breathing was recorded as she tried to regain control.

"Just thinking about it drives me crazy with desire," the woman continued at last, resignation in her voice now. "Oh, what I wouldn't give to hold him, just once... It wouldn't be right though. I don't love him. And yet, how I lust after him. This big, strong man, his icy-blue eyes and his golden curls."

oOo

"I had a dream last night. In my dream, we were together. Finally I was able to run my hands through his blond hair, messy and so soft to the touch. I gazed into his blue eyes and my stomach clenched with expectation. He wanted me. His desire was clear in his eyes. His hands, strong but gentle, stroked my arms, and slowly, ever so slowly, pulled up my shirt, pulling it over my head, colder air wafting over my skin.

"I was incapable of movement, desire pulsing through me, warming me inside. As he freed my breasts from their confinement and kissed them tenderly, suckling them lightly, I gasped and threw my hands around his neck. He lowered me to the floor, right there and then, undressing me further. My excitement moistened the insides of my thighs, glistening, and when his hand touched my most sensitive spot I arched my back, pushing against his fingers. At last my fantasies were coming true...

"And then I woke.

"There are no words to describe the disappointment I felt, when I realized it had been but a dream. I was left with this nagging ache between my legs, unfulfilled and empty. There was nothing I could do but wake the man sleeping beside me, hoping that he could satisfy me. Of course my hope was in vain...

"Don't get me wrong. I love that man and I know he loves me. We are good together. At

least, I think so. He is only the second man I've ever made love with. Maybe that's why my mind is wandering. Maybe I just want to know what it would be like with another."

oOo

"Gear log coded. Tonight's the night." Excitement sharpened the woman's voice.

"We are away from the others," she continued in a whisper. "He and I. He was sent on a scout and I managed to go along with him without raising suspicion. They think I'm gathering food samples for preservation. And we'll have to spend the night out here. I am scared and excited at the same time. He is setting up camp and I took the chance to sneak away for this recording. I just can't keep silent.

"All day long, I couldn't stop staring at him. It's been a hot day -- it's dark now but the air is still warm to the skin. I think we will see a thunderstorm later tonight; the air almost crackles with electricity, raising the tiny hairs on my arms.

"Like I said, I couldn't keep my eyes off of his powerfully muscled arms, admiring the way they controlled the Rail so expertly while I sat next to him. I imagined what it would be like to be held in those arms, arms lightly covered with golden hairs.

"He noticed my stare and asked me what I was looking at. I flushed and stumbled over my own words. It made him laugh. Was it just me? Or did his laughter hold a promise? I'll find out soon enough."

A man's gruff voice, in the distance, far from the recording device, called. "I have coffee ready. Do you want some?"

"Yes, Walman," the woman replied. "I'll be right there." In a softer voice she continued. "Walman... Even the sound of his name sends shivers along my spine." The silence lasted a long time; the microphone had captured only the peaceful sounds of the night. With a faint rustle of clothes the woman moved.

"I'm sorry, Morgan." A whispered apology and the recording clicked off.

Disclaimer: This story is based on the Amblin Entertainment/Universal Television series Earth 2. The original creators own all original characters. The story is meant for entertainment purposes only and does not have the intention to infringe on any copyrights.