

The Birthday Wish  
by Carol Sandford

"Come on, Will, blow out the candles, unless of course now you're REALLY old you haven't got enough puff anymore!"

The roar of laughter rocked the room and even Will laughed along heartily, glancing around at the group of people that surrounded him, wishing him well. Friends, each and every one of them.

His Captain, a man that Will could only look up to and admire, and admire he did. Jean-Luc Picard was Will's ultimate aspiration, his life's goal. His life. But more than that now, William Riker wanted to be just like his mentor. Once Will had wanted to rule the universe, to be the best Captain that ever was, but no longer. He'd learned a long time ago that there could be no better Captain than the one that stood before him; Proud and sincere; A good friend. The best.

His eyes rested briefly on the woman beside him. Her blue eyes alight with merriment and mirth, and it hadn't taken Will long to know that Beverly Crusher was the instigator behind this surprise party, she usually was. She liked nothing better than being in the middle of chaos, especially when she had created it, if only to laugh at the end of it all. Will also mildly wondered if she created these small society meetings so that she could put the Captain in an atmosphere of neutrality, the only place where he seemed to let down his guard, even if it was only briefly, but it was usually long enough to satisfy her craving to see the real Jean-Luc Picard.

Geordi's enormous grin lit up the room, the light bouncing off his visor adding to the illusion that he was larger than life. Hell, Geordi La Forge WAS larger than life and Will was immensely proud of the Chief Engineer and what he had achieved in his life and the friends he had made along the way, everyone of which admired and adored him as much as he.

But no one adored him as much as the android standing beside him with a tight-lipped easy grin, his yellow eyes taking in everything he saw, intent on learning everything and anything. Everything that could and would make him feel more at home with his fellow man. Will wondered how long it would be before Data finally realised that he was home, and that he was one of them, he always was and always would be. Data was a very special person.

Will smirked at the giant man trying to hide behind his fellow crewmates, clearly not comfortable being there, but knowing he was part of the family, one way or another. Worf, Klingon warrior, true friend and caretaker, the only man that Will could trust to take care of the woman beside him. The one woman that meant the world to Will. The one woman that he would love, ever love or want to love.

Deanna Troi.

Will's eyes rested on her a little longer than the others as he watched her laugh up into Worf's face at the joke that Geordi had just emitted. The spark of envy that flitted through him was so brief it was barely noticeable to all those others that surrounded him, urging him on to

blow out the forty plus candles upon the huge cream cake. Taking a deep breath, Will's eyes met hers as he prepared to blow, making the wish as he did so. Seconds later with a raucous round of applause, Will made short work of the numerous candles, watching with satisfaction as the plumes of smoke rose from the extinguished flames.

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Will sat quietly, the music gently soothing him as he let the evening's events slip through his mind, leaving him with a deep sense of well-being. The door's chime surprised him, but he was unsure why. He knew that she was on the other side, but the question was why. She had only left him some thirty minutes or so ago, Will could still feel her lingering chaste kiss on his lips; the kiss of a friend. Beverly's kiss had been slightly more exuberant, no doubt to stir up the Captain a little more than anything.

But none of that mattered now as he came to a stand and prepared himself to come face to face with the woman of his dreams. The woman of his wishes. Will didn't hear the hushed husky thrill in his voice as he answered the chime, "Come in."

She stepped through the doors basked in a halo of light from the corridor behind. It outlined her willowy figure, hiding her features in the shadows as she stood in the centre of the room, only lit by a soothing amber glow from a single lamp.

Will was unsure of her intent, not wanting to be presumptuous, or forward. Nor did he want her to see his need. His quiet 'Hello' he hoped was neutral, but he'd forgotten his eyes, and his heart. Will Riker might just as well have spouted his undying love out loud for what good his pretence at being otherwise had done. Deanna Troi read him like an open book.

She stepped towards him, her eyes never leaving his, "Hello Will, I've come to make your birthday wish come true."

Will's eyes dropped to her mouth and then lower before coming back to rest upon her ebony eyes once more. "How do you know what I wished for, it's supposed to be secret."

She made another step towards him, bringing him within an inch or two from her. She looked up into his face; a face that mirrored her desire, "I know all your secrets, Will, and I know what you wished for tonight. I'm here to grant you that wish."

Will held his breath, "You are?"

She stood on tiptoe and touched her lips to his, "I am."

Will lifted his arms and rested his huge hands upon her shoulders, the question in his eyes hovered between them, "Tell me...tell me what I wished for tonight, Imzadi."

Deanna placed her small frame against his larger one, circling his waist with her arms, her tiny smile lighting up her beautiful features as she continued to look into his, "You wished to be surrounded by your family and friends for your next birthday."

Will gasped with surprise. It was true, it was what he had wished for; to be in the same place

surrounded by the same people, his family and friends. But Deanna continued talking over his scattered thoughts, "You will always have your friends, but in order to have a family, Will you have to create one, and to do that you have to have a relationship. I want to be your family, Imzadi. I want to make your wish come true. Marry me, Will."

And in that moment as Will swept Deanna up into his arms, he realised that this was what he had wanted all along. Everything he had ever wanted and desired was here on this ship and in his arms. Wishes did come true after all.

One Year Later...

"Come on, Will, blow out the candles!"

Will chuckled with embarrassed laughter, "Okay, okay!! hang on!! Gotta fill up the lungs just a tad more these days."

Deanna sniggered, "Oh yes, thats true, it takes him almost five minutes now to just climb out of his bed."

Will got her back, "Yes, sweetheart, but thats after I've managed to shift your cute ass off my person. You're no light-weight these days, y'know."

As everyone roared with laughter around them, Deanna could only stare up into her husband's eyes with feigned indignation and a lot of tolerant love, but even so, she couldn't hide the tiny smile that lit up her face whenever she looked at the man before her, "In your dreams, Commander William Riker! I'll have you know, I am not one OUNCE over the weight I was ten years ago!"

Will had to get her, he just had to, Grinning, he said, "That may be so, Honey, but what about all the years in between??!"

That did it. Deanna launched herself at Will with the intention of landing him a playful thump, but instead found herself swept up into his arms with a squeal of shocked surprise and a chorus of hearty hooting, applauds and whistles from their closest friends that were watching the happy couple doing what they should have been doing years ago; living the life of lovers.

Deanna was even more surprised when Will began to make his way out of the door, laughter was in his eyes as he addressed the friends that turned and watched them go. None in the least minding. None surprised. They had all come to accept the strange and wonderful happenings that frequently took their Commanding officer and the Counselor off to a little world of their own.

The door hissed shut on the continuing cheering and claps and Will continued to carry his wife along the quiet corridors of the Enterprise. Deanna giggled self-consciously at her husband's outrageous behaviour, "Will! How could you? and at your birthday party too."

Chuckling, he continued his hurried pace towards the deck that housed the senior officers living quarters, still holding onto Deanna with no intention of letting her go. The occasional crew member that they happened upon, step back in amazement, but still Will carried on with an impromptu, "Carry on, Ensign."

By the time they had reached their joined quarters, Will was not only breathing heavily from exertion, but from the intense feelings that were bubbling up inside his wife. With each step he had taken, Deanna became more and more aroused. There was only one reason Will wanted to bring her back here and that was because he wanted to make love to her, again.

And again.

This had been their third impromptu visit to the sanctuary of their home in one day, but neither one of them were counting. Even before the doors had shut, Will was sliding Deanna down his long body and feasting himself on her mouth as his hands expertly reached for the invisible opening of her tunic.

With one deft, well practised movement, the tunic pooled at her feet, and Will plunged his feverishly hot tongue into her scorching mouth. Fire met fire, its ebullition igniting the spark that had lay in a forced quiescent for the sake of appearances. But now...now it was their time.

Deanna, her own hands feverishly clawing at his top, reached up underneath the fabric and raked her long nails down his rock hard chest and stomach, catching the tiny tight nipples, the pain emitting a strangled highly erotic growl that she swallowed greedily, soaking up its power, using it to saturate Will's senses with everything that she possessed.

Will felt her invade his every pore, every sense, and every dirty thought that washed over him as Deanna continued her assault. But he wanted to ride the carnal siege with her. And from there on, it became war.

Will reached for the hem of her gown, lifting it and removing it in one smooth movement, barely breaking the punishing kiss as he reached over her head, carelessly dropping it to the floor as he felt Deanna's fingers fumble for his pant clasp.

But he was too impatient to feel her hot touch and he broke away from her fevered mouth long enough to shove not only his pants but his underwear too, down his long hair-roughened legs, kicking them away along with his

shoes. They both heard the tinkling of glass as they hit the low table, sending an ornate crystal object that adorned it to the floor.

But neither cared or looked its way as each others fingers continued their frenzied path up and down their heated bodies. Unable to hold back her desire any longer, Deanna reached for Will's head, tugging it lower. Will didn't need telling twice. Ripping his mouth away from hers, he deftly forced down the lacy bra that held her heavy breasts and latched his hot lips onto an already engorged darkened tip.

As he begun to suckle, Deanna groaned aloud at the sensations that shot through her, making her knees buckle. Crushing her body closer, Will pulled her to the floor with him, not breaking the torturous battery to her heaving, overly tender and swollen breasts.

And it was then that Will stopped and suddenly pulled his mouth away from her body, ignoring the salve soaked tips as he stared intently at their form. Deanna's chest rose and fell with her exertions, pushing the mounds momentarily to his face and away again, making them seem even larger than before.

But everything came to a grinding halt; their labours, their breaths, their eyes as they met each others with searching questions, but his own made his heart stop,

"Deanna?"

He watched her smile blossom and with it came his own, this time her name not only held a question, but a tiny shred of hope,

"Deanna?"

She nodded shyly, "Yes, Imzadi, its true. You've got the rest of your birthday wish. I'm pregnant. You're going to have your family, Will."

Tears of joy not only filled his, but hers too as he swept not only her cherished body, but the precious life it contained, into his arms, never feeling so contented or complete in his life before, and it was all down to a sentimental moment at a birthday party and the love of the woman in his arms.