

Blessed by Carol Sandford

From across the room. I watched her talking. I watched how she listened, truly listened, and I watched as her face broke into a smile. It was a smile of confidence, of understanding and friendship.

But that was Deanna, that's how she was, with everyone.

Except me. I'm lucky, I have her love too, and I feel truly blessed.

I have been blessed.

But I remember a time when she wasn't a part of me. But somehow I am surprised that I remember those times. It seems like she has always been there. I guess she always was, in the back of mind.

Every man hopes to find the one woman who could fulfil his every fantasy, his every dream, and I had found mine.

Oh, I went through times when dated other women. They were days when I needed a soft warm nubile body to hold onto at night. They were days when the only thing that went through my mind was that the world was mine and so was every female on it.

But now, half of my world is her and the other half is us.

And I couldn't be happier.

It was just a darned shame that it took us near on twelve years to get here; to this point.

For many years I was free, but now I have freedom; Freedom to love and cherish, her.

And I absolutely, and categorically, worship the ground she walks on.

These days, if I even wanted to think of another woman, I couldn't, as my my mind seems tethered and I can't escape thinking about Deanna, all the time, every minute of the day.

Every thought I have is of her is emphasised with tenderness. Every dream I have of her is a fantasy come true, and every word about her is uttered with awe.

And I am in awe of her. I always have been, and I always will be.

I am so in love with Deanna Troi-Riker, that on occasion I have to kick myself to make sure it's true; make sure it's not make-believe.

But just one look into those onyx orbs. Just one look at that aristocratic smile and just one taste of those lips upon mine, tells me I'm here, with my woman. My Deanna. My fantasy. My

Imzadi.