

## The Boob

by Carol Sandford

I never had to define my relationship with Deanna Troi until someone - some jerk, told me that what I felt for her was lust, not love.

I almost hit him.

And I'm ashamed to say, that he did get me thinking about Deanna in a way that I never had before. I've never questioned what was between us, I've never had to, until now. I've always considered myself to be a man with depth. Not too much, but enough to make a lady feel cared for - cherished. Even if it was just for one night.

I guess I'm no different than any other 'animal' in the universe. We were put on God's earth to procreate, and most of us do a good job of that, I think. Me, I prefer the safe route. Don't fall in love and don't leave them pregnant. If that makes me a swine, then so be it.

I used to have nightmares about some girl coming up to me and saying, 'I'm having your baby, and I thought you'd want to know about it.'

Like hell I did!

But if a certain little Betazoid had told me the same thing, I know it would have been a different story. I know I would have been chuffed to bits, because she wasn't 'one of those'. Deanna Troi is the one woman in this universe that I would have welcomed having a child with.

Not lusted, Loved. No question, no hesitation. Just the pure, honest simple fact; I loved Deanna Troi.

I've had a lot of women in my lifetime. I'm not proud of that fact, not really, but then I am a man, and us men have urges, and unfortunately, we have to act upon these urges otherwise we become uncontrollable bears.

Some may think I'm already a bear, what with my height, and the beard, the way I sometimes growl at 'stupid people'. But honestly, I'm nice, I really am.

Do you really think Deanna would fall in love with a bear??

But then again, she did date the Klingon...

Nah, that wasn't fair. Worf was a nice guy really. I figured Dee just wanted a little 'rough ride' for a while. That's okay, I can handle that. I heard she even fell for him a little. Now that I did mind.

There is only one person in this cosmos that Deanna can love, and that's me. What is between us is something else. I've yet to categorize it. I know I love her, and she loves me. I know I desire her body even though it has been 'a while'.

That's okay, we're both cool about it. But it still gets my back up when I think about what that guy said; Lust. The very idea of it! The cheek!!

Lust is when you go after a woman and you don't care who she is, or what you're doing as long as you get 'a result'. You don't care when you get up and walk away from her after. Heck, you don't even care when she calls you a 'mean son of a bitch'!

Now passion, that's different. Without love, passion sucks. Without love, passion doesn't even figure.

Without Deanna, there is no such thing as passion. She ~is~ passion. She is fire, and heat. She is my light. She is my love. She is the whole friggin' ball game.

When she touched me, so long ago, she consumed me. She filled me, she surrounded me. She took over my heart and left me weak and wilted, literally, and I didn't mind. Deanna had introduced me to the finer art of love, and lust wasn't anywhere in sight.

She wanted me almost as much as I wanted her. I saw, I hunted, I scored. But she in turn lay down and let me catch her. The chase was short and what she showed me was more than I'd ever envisioned.

The animal became a man. I fell ~in love~ with her that day, and I love her even more deeply today. If I had a chance at reliving the moment we became joined for eternity, I'd change nothing - except the massive boob I created afterwards. A boob that I'm still paying for. A boob that still keeps us linked, but irreparably apart.

But even so, she still loves me, so I guess I didn't boob too much. I guess by the time I'd made the boob, I'd managed to get under her skin, and for that, I will be eternally grateful, for life without Deanna Troi's love would not be a life at all.

I love Deanna passionately, but the passion is within. It is secret. It is cherished, and it is worshipped. When I am with her I am happy and content. My animalistic traits get crushed underneath the constant waves of love that wash over me when she's near, or when I choose to take out a treasured moment and savour it for a minute.

And I'm sure she does the same.

So that man was wrong. I don't lust after Deanna, I love her. Lust is constantly on the wander, looking for ~something~ Love is like being home with apple pie.

Lust!?!? Ha! Who needs lust when I have passion, love, Deanna Troi AND apple pie?