

Title: Deanna's Eternal Secret

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Disclaimers are in force, leave me alone guys.

Both Will & Dee gazed out of the shuttle's window as it touched down on the landing pad just a few feet away from the outskirts of the settlement.

The tiny moon that paced its way steadily around the barren planet of Cladius was the true haven in this particular solar system. Its surface, lush with tropical forests, idyllic waterfalls with crystal clear pools, surrounded settlements, alive with an assortment of settlers from every walk of life.

And it was here that Will and Deanna had chosen to take a much needed break. Three - whole - luxurious days to themselves. Three days to lay back, lay down, and love to their hearts were content.

Three whole days...

The couple grinned with happiness as they stepped from the pad, hand in hand. Their other hands clutched their overnights, which held little more than a tooth brush and a swimming costume. they didn't intend to wear them at all if they could get away with it.

The after effects of the Briar Patch's rays still lingered on in their hearts. Both still felt the giddiness of youth's exuberance. Both still in total awe of what they had re-discovered about themselves.

Neither one could keep their hands off each others bodies.

They were in love again. Neither one ever thought they would ever have this second chance of happiness. It had been barely hours after arriving in the Briar Patch before its first affects began to emerge. Just one touch was all it needed to spark the dying embers into life. Now it roared like an insatiable furnace, constantly hungry for more to keep it's heart alive.

They giggled like naughty school children as they stood in the hotel's foyer requesting their key for their pre-booked room.

The hotelier hid the smile that tugged at his lips, having heard the same line of what seemed like the thousandth time. These two were no more married than the last couple that stayed in the hotel's only honeymoon suite. He handed over the key to the strikingly tall man with the brightest blue eyes he had ever seen on male human. The woman with him having the

opposite, the blackest eyes he had ever seen. One as clear as day, the other's as dark at night. A striking combination.

Will pulled Deanna up the ornate winding staircase as fast as he could without making it painfully obvious what was going to happen as soon as their door was closed behind them. But Deanna's girlish giggle gave the game away and by the time they had reached their room, their laughter could be heard right across the second floor, until the firm slam of the door once they had stumbled through it, severed the delights of things to come from listening ears that craned to hear the distinctive sound of lovers. Red hot lovers.

The exited couple looked around their room gasping with awe as they did so. Decorated in the richest red, everything was plush, luxurious and designed purely for sensuality. Unable to resist the pull to the bedroom, Will clasped Deanna's hand and led her silently through the door. The same red adorned the heavy satin coverlet on the huge circular bed, and everywhere there was a space, there was a candle. The room was heavy with the scent. They both sniffed the air as they tried to discern the separate aroma's.

"Cinnamon..." said Will, with a twinkle in his eye and a grin on his lips.

"Oranges..." echoed Deanna as she stepped closer to he, already beginning to feel its heady effects.

Their lips met in a desperate plea to satiate the mounting ache that saturated their senses. Towering over her tiny form, he devoured her lips as though he hadn't touched her soul for eons. Deanna gladly let him play the master. The promise of the night ahead only heightened the pleasure. Breathless sighs, gentle sucking sounds as they struggled onto each others mouths as the actions of their melding tongues tormented their bodies into a frenzy that screamed for mercy. But they weren't ready yet. They were here to play. Things had to be discovered. Words had to be spoken. Dreams had to realised before they could satisfy their innermost want.

The game was just beginning.

## Chapter two

Stepping together into the huge circular bath, with the steam and scents from the thick foam that obscured their bodies as they inch by inch disappeared into its depths, until at last with a contented sigh, only their heads and creamy shoulders were visible.

The ornate bathroom was only lit by the candlelight that flickered shadows

across the contented plains of each others faces. Bliss was etched into their smiles. Seduction was evident in their eyes. Torment was in the fingers that caressed below the surface of the thick foam. Pleasure was the tiny gasps that slipped easily from their lips.

"You know what would really make this perfect Will?"

Will's eyes were closed, but he opened them with feint surprise at her words. "What...could be more perfect than this Deanna!?"

Deanna sighed as she sunk even lower into the water so that the suds tickled her chin and the bubbles clung to the few spirals of hair that had escaped the clasp. Her voice almost dripped with ecstasy as she uttered one word. "Chocolate..."

Will laughed out aloud as he watched the woman he loved. The woman who moved against his fingers and toes as though she was about to orgasm any moment. The only woman he knew that could put something above almost anything else.

Chocolate.

Deanna almost leapt out of the bath with shock as the huge gush of water got sucked away from her body temporarily as he suddenly leapt out of the bath and made a grab for the huge fluffy towel and began rubbing his body with such speed that for a moment Deanna thought he was angry with her.

But seconds later she spotted the playful grin as the man she totally adored hastily told her, "If my Imzadi wants chocolate, then chocolate she shall have. I want this day to be perfect, and that is what it's going to take, then so be it."

Deanna sat up and leaned on the ornate bath's edge as she watched with amusement as he tried to tug clothes on a still damp body. Skipping the underpants and the socks, and slipping his boots on, he hopped the last foot and planted a quick kiss on her startled, but grinning mouth. "Don't go away, I'll be right back."

Barely a second later, she heard the door slam with a resounding thud, finally laughing out loud as she listened to his footsteps pounding down the hallway like a bat out of hell.

Still chuckling, Deanna climbed out of the steaming tub, and wrapped her own body in the luxurious huge towel that was so big, it dragged along behind her like a wedding gown train. Deanna chuckled at the thoughts that

raced through her mind. There was no doubt in her mind that a wedding was imminent, and she had a hunch that Will was going to 'pop the question' on this very holiday. She sighed with an inner contentment that hadn't been with her for many years.

She hadn't felt this way since their very first coupling in the Jalara jungle, so long ago on Betazed. That had been the first time that she had been certain of Will's love for her. This was the second. Only this time there was no running away. Will had got everything he wanted in life. Almost everything. Even his chance at captaincy seemed to be on the cards now. And now there was them. Will had finally, at last accepted his fate, his destiny. And that destiny was her.

And Deanna was beside herself with happiness.

Drawn to the enormous window, Deanna pulled aside the heavy drapes and the netting and opened both windows. Outside there was a tiny balcony. Deanna figured it was more of a safety barrier than a balcony because she could barely get one foot onto it. Instead she leaned her elbows on the ebony rail and let the curtains fall against her back.

Deanna scanned the main avenue for Will's tall figure. Twilight was settling in and the steady flow of people leaving and entering various shops, all intent on their own lives, were oblivious to the beautiful woman that watched them from above, wearing nothing more than a towel and a serene smile.

Moments later, Deanna heard the click of the door closing, but she was watching a mother with her infant son, who was throwing a paddy in the middle of a street. Deanna spoke over her shoulder. "I'm in here honey, you should see this little guy, he's giving his mommy a day in he..."

Deanna didn't even hear his approach until suddenly, she felt his hand cover her eyes, and his whispered words close to her ear. "Shhhhhhhh, don't turn around."

Deanna chuckled delightedly as his body pressed against hers, his arousal already firm as it pushed against the small of her back. "I was expecting chocolate Wi..." Her voice suddenly broke off as he's arm tightened around her midriff, his own voice coming out harsher than he intended. "No, don't use my name. Tonight, I am Imzadi, promise me you'll only call me Imzadi..." His low growl defied ignoring, "Promise me Deanna."

Deanna sighed with contentment. She was right after all. Tonight was going to be very special. Tonight was going to be the one that they would never,

ever forget. Tonight she was certain that Will was going to ask her to marry him. Tonight he was going to love her, inside and out. Over and over. Tonight she was all his.

"I promise, Imzadi..."

His fingers traced a path up her body as his lips showered feather-like kisses along her shoulder. His breath scorching its own path before each kiss, alternately making her shudder on first, and hot the next. She groaned with pleasure.

As he reached the delicate lobe of her ear once more, she sensed the new urgency within him, but she could do no more than wait. His tongue traced a path around the sensitive skin until at last, he spoke.

"Promise me you won't turn around Deanna, no matter what I do, or say. You must promise me you won't turn around."

Deanna felt the first queasy sensation of fear, but dismissed it almost as quickly as it came. This was her Imzadi, the man who worshipped the ground she walked on. The man who would give up his life for her in a heartbeat. The man she loved. The man she could no more fear if her life depended on it.

"I promise Imzadi."

She not only felt, but heard his relief along with the excitement of whatever she had permitted him to do. Moments later Deanna caught her breath with anticipation as she felt the hem of the towel begin to rise.

He still seemed to be reluctant to move his hand away from her eyes, until Deanna moved to remove it herself along with a hushed, "I promise." Slowly, very slowly, he moved his hand away from her face and Deanna felt it trail down the other side of her body as it reached the towel's travel on its way up.

Deanna felt the chilled rush of air as her naked legs became exposed to the cooling evening breeze. It only heightened her arousal, but not as much as the touch of his tongue to the delicate rear of her knee. Her hands gripped the rail as a rush of heat threatened to buckle her legs. It was all she could do not to cry out with surprise, so she allowed a pitiful whimper to leave her lips instead. Her eyes fell shut as she let herself be taken away with the cascade of erotic emotions that filled her every sense and every pore. She could feel her body trembling as he continued his quest.

His tongue burned a slow, languorous trail up the velvety line of her leg, pausing only long enough to stop and start again on the other leg as his hands worked their own magic on her waist and tiny ribcage.

As his tongue reached her inner thigh, she felt him nudge her with his nose. Her eyes flew open as his intent hit her with full force. "Oh my God Imzadi, I can't do this out here!"

His two simple words, "Trust me." quelled her fears, when seconds later, she shifted her foot to allow the the access he sought. She felt him rise to a stand once more, but his hands never left her fevered body, intent on keeping the fire that slowly built within her. He was a master at his game, and Deanna trusted him enough to put herself totally at his mercy.

Snaking his hands up under the towel's tight knot, he found her breasts, hot, hard and desperately in need of his touch, a fact he discovered when Deanna's low moan slipped out as he cupped one full mound that almost begged to be caressed.

With one hand intend on her breasts, the other hand found its way to the apex of her thighs. He was gratified to find her already damp, hot and swollen from the promise of what was to come. He felt her trembling beneath his agile fingers as they began to work their magic, stroking her, tormenting her, promising her, tempting her, teasing her. Loving her.

And he did love her, with all his heart. Every heartbeat belonged to her. Ever since they had parted on that fateful day on Betazed, his heart had carried around an ache that turned to pain whenever he had come near her. Had touched her. Had watched her walk away with another. But tonight, the heartache was gone, and for the first time in years, he felt free.

She was getting close, he could feel it. It was time. It had to be now, or never. This was his one big chance to show her how much he wanted her, cared for her. He was ready for her. Quickly pushing down the zipper, he let his own throbbing ache free of its confines, so that it could find its way to where it belonged.

Deanna barely contained her sigh when she felt the unmistakable velvety sheaf of his penis as it searched for heaven...for home. Deanna couldn't stop herself from leaning into him, guiding it to where it belonged, deep inside. No man in the entire universe made her feel the way that he made her feel when he made love to her. As bodies connect, then so did their hearts, their minds, and their souls. Combined at the one sacred moment, like now, was enough to almost make them both howl at the moon.

It was all down to one man. The man that loved her now, inside and out. Her Riker...Her Imzadi...No other came even close. She never wanted any other. They had found each other again and this time, they had it all. A home, a career that they could share with their family, the crew of the Enterprise. And a future, at long last, they had a future, together.

But none of this mattered right here, and right now. As he loved her, caressed her, urged her on with words, some from his mouth, but all came from his heart. He quickened the pace as he felt the explosion becoming imminent. Deanna could feel the urgency in his movements, her own mirroring his as she pushed herself against him even harder. He grasped her tiny waist as he clung on for dear life. One, two, three...As he filled her erupting body with his own, he pulled her away from the railing hard against his body, enfolding her within his arms to ride the roller coaster ride together.

Barely a minute later as they both gasped for precious breath, Deanna felt his whisper close to her ear once more, "Always remember I love you Imzadi..." and then he let her go. Still trembling from the aftershocks, Deanna could do no more than clutch the railings once more. This time she looked to the streets not quite believing what she had done in such a public place. But then she smiled impishly as she realised that she had rather enjoyed the thought.

But her thoughts turned to sheer terror as she spied a familiar figure making his way towards the hotel, a large ornate box, complete with a huge red ribbon tucked beneath his arm. Spotting her from afar, Will beamed as he frantically waved hello to her. Deanna could do no more but to wave back as her head desperately tried to get around what had just happened.

The man she had just had mind blowing sex with could not possibly have been Will. She tried to juggle within her mind how long it would have taken Will to have left her and run far enough up the street to make it seem like he was playing a game with her. But it had only been a minute since he had left her. Barely enough time to get to the foyer.

Deanna's mind spun with every emotion imaginable, but only one went over an over.

"Who?"

"Who?"

"Who?"

There was only one other man that could make love to her in that way. That could make her feel that way. That loved her that way, and that man was locked away in a Cardassian prison.

Or was he?

She watched Will's figure disappear into the foyer below her. Suddenly she became frantic. What on Earth was she to do?! It was then that she remembered what this holiday was all about. It was supposed to be a celebration between two people who were about to spend the rest of their lives together. It was about two people who at last, had decided to commit to each other, totally.

It was about Deanna Troi and William T. Riker.

It was not about Thomas Riker. Somehow, some way, Thomas Riker was free and on this planet, in this tiny town. And he had just made mind-blowing love to the woman who ditched him to be with his mirror twin.

Deanna felt torn. As much as she loved Will Riker, somewhere in the back of her mind, in the corner of her huge heart, there was still a place for Thomas Riker...There would always be a place for him.

But not here, not now, not this weekend, nor in her future.

Her mind made up, Deanna hastily raced into the bathroom, shedding the towel as she did so. And when Will walked into the room barely seconds later, Deanna was up to her chin in rapidly dissolving bubbles again.

Will laughed as he stepped into the bathroom. Hastily throwing the box of chocolates to one side, he quickly threw his few clothes off and sunk into the cooling water beside her.

"Right, where were we..."

[The end...]