

Fighting Ghosts
by Carol Sandford

If heaven existed, I found it here, within Deanna's arms. I always did. I always have and always will. But there are times, there really are times when I wonder if she feels the same way, and one of those times is now.

Here she is, in my arms kissing me. Not a chaste kiss. Nor a simple man to woman kiss, or in this case, woman to man, but a real deep throated kick in the nuts kinda kiss. You know the kind I mean?

Sure you do. So why doesn't it feel like its not me she's kissing? Why is she kissing me like she want to be kissing some one else?

Because the truth of it is, she does. The ghost of her former lover seems to have squeezed a place in between us, usually at the most improper, and inopportune moment, and I have to endure being treated as though she wants to throw me on the floor - or a table, or some other level receptacle somewhere, so she can screw the living daylights out of me.

Not that I'm opposed to a good seeing to. Hell, its in my wildest fantasies; to be f***ed senseless by the woman thats currently trying her damndest to rip my pants off.

But damn it all, its Deanna! The same Deanna that I want to marry. Want to see in full bloom with our babies. Want to watch her push those babies into the world. Want to sit in our old rocking chairs watching the last days of our lives fly by - together.

Trouble is, my 'brother', had the same idea. Trouble is, he didn't hang around long enough to see any of it happen, not one damned thing. Trouble is, I'm extremely conscious that I'm only standing here, with my pants around my ankles, have a mouth-f*** because that son of a bitch couldn't do the decent thing for once in his life; Stay here and cherish her as much as she cherished him. And me.

I know that isn't fair, because I am no better than he. But hell, at least I'm trying now, but I'm acutely aware that I've got to somehow erase a not so distant memory of a man that left the Riker legacy behind. A legacy that I, William Riker, haven't used in so long, and its showing. God, its rearing it ugly head so high, I fear that I'm going to lose the one thing that means more to me than anything; the woman I love. Deanna.

Thomas Riker obviously made love to the woman in my arms - well actually, the woman kneeling at my feet now - with passion. I don't mean passion born out of desire and yearning. I mean passion of a man starved of sex for eight long years. Passion without the niceties of manners, and decorum.

I'm ashamed to admit I listened in on a moment of their passion one night and was shocked that Deanna could howl out aloud like that. I couldn't ever hope to exude that kind of response from her. I will also admit that I'm envious that he had that kind of relationship with her.

But then he wasn't the second in command of the Starship Enterprise, like I was. Nor had he given practically every single female on board enough seduction spew to make sure he'd be lined up for a lifetime - if need be, like I had. He didn't need to. He'd gotten eight years worth of hard core fantasy right in his palm as soon as he'd stepped back on board.

Whilst I, had mellowed into something that not so long ago, had been proud to admit; a man with elegance when it came to seducing a lady. But now, now I feel ashamed of that. Now I want to behave like him, even if its one time. Just one time, to dispel him from her thoughts.

I honestly didn't know if I had it in me. It seemed impossible to turn primal again. What if I failed? What if she laughed in my face? Shit, what if she left the Enterprise, and me, and actually traipsed after him as he currently made waves on the Ghandi.

Unfortunately, I know what I have to do, and as I silently yelped and flinched as she not so gently nipped my very delicate under parts, I took the bull by the horns, threaded my hand through her now wild hair and yanked non to gently, pulling Deanna to her feet.

I sank my tongue into her mouth again, moaning with an abandonment that I barely felt, while she...she did her damndest to pull away. But I wouldn't let her, because I knew why. I knew I was getting angry. Hell, I was fighting an invisible entity; Thomas. Or maybe it was myself. Either way I was fighting against one or the other and I chose to fight him, he wasn't here to laugh in my face.

I tried, I really tried not to utter the one word that relayed how I felt and what was happening between us, but I failed, miserably, "Ghosts." I was taken back by the look in her eyes when she at last deigned it prudent to open them and show me just what her memories were doing to her.

Along side the sadness was guilt. But worse than that was a desperation for more. More than I was giving her. More than I was capable of giving her at that time. I had a ghost to fight against. I had a position to fight against too. I also had to fight against her need for him, and she did want him, more than me at that moment.

Her eyes were telling me that and so was her heart, neither which I could win against. Her body was a different story. I could feel her throbbing against me and I could smell her desire, and it somehow hurt to know that he'd seen her in this light too. I hated knowing that the fire that raged through my veins, raged through his. And I hated that he'd f***ed her with such a total disregard, I had no hope of ousting him from her mind.

"You just can't forget him, can you?" I moaned and then died as she shook her head. My worst nightmare had come true. Thomas Riker had won. I'd lost my Imzadi to the better man. I almost laughed aloud when I realised how ridiculous the situation was. I had lost to me.

Stupid, really stupid.

But stupid soon got replaced by sheer horror when she answered me, "I can't forget him, Will. Tom was everything I wanted, and more..." After that little statement the rest of her words drifted off into oblivion and I was glad, I didn't want to hear anymore. Deanna had put a knife into my heart and twisted it.

I struggled against tears, but then I thought why the hell should I. I'd just had my heart ripped out by the woman I loved, for a man that didn't give a shit - now. What I could never understand was why he'd given up on her - again. I mean, I know he loved her, and I know they were good in the sack. Hell, they'd been great going by the way Deanna continually tried to expand on our techniques. Shoot, she even showed me things that made me blush on occasion.

But that was when we were playing. Having fun. Today was different. Today I was different, because I'd finally realised how much of Tom she wanted in me and it was too much.

Wasn't it?

I didn't want to just f*** Deanna Troi, I wanted to make love to her. I didn't want to just adore her, I wanted to cherish her, treat her with respect. Treat her like a lady.

But it wasn't what she wanted, not at all.

She wanted the bad boy Riker, not the sophisticated one. Hell, I wanted to BE the bad boy Riker, but I didn't know if I could deliver. Did I even want to deliver?

Of course I did, I wanted to keep her, I had earned that right. It had been me that had forged a friendship that was so strong nothing could divide us, not even Tom. It had been me that had saved her life by our bond on too many occasions to count. And it had been me that had comforted her when Tom had walked out of her life, again.

But it wasn't enough. Despite all Tom's failings, it still wasn't enough. But I could be, if I could deliver.

I had to try, I just had to. I wasn't going to lose her just because I was too scared to let myself go. I just needed to remember how I was a long time ago. Trouble was, it wasn't pretty. I was brutal, I was coarse and I didn't give a damn.

Surely Tom didn't still use all those tactics. Surely not. Not on the woman that was our destiny.

But what choice did I have? I had to try. But I had to try to make her understand first. One last try at sanity.

"I'm not Tom, Deanna, I never will be, and I know how much you want to be with him."

My heart soared at her honest response, until it suddenly dawned on me that if I'd not been on board the Enterprise, then Tom would still be here, with her. I had to say that, I had to see how she reacted, and I almost cried with relief when I saw how much losing me meant to her.

It was now or never. As I gently begged her for another chance, I watched the tears well in her beautiful eyes. I once more threaded my hands into her hair and pulled her mouth to mine, filling its warm interior with my tongue. Only this time it wasn't an erotic moment, this time it was an onslaught. It had to be for what I was about to do to her.

I felt it, I felt her shock and then her joy as she realised I was going all out for her. I felt my rock hard manhood spark back into life, as it already beginning its search for home. But whereas I was standing almost buck naked, she wasn't. Seconds later that was soon remedied.

The last object of clothing hit the floor as I buried myself to the hilt into her, allowing myself a triumphant hoot as I did so. Man, it felt so good. I felt liberated. Free. Free from constraints. Free from protocol, and free from Thomas Riker.

As I pounded in and out of her, I couldn't stop the words that had always stayed silent. Somehow I knew she wanted to hear them. Why I never knew, or found out, but when I swore like an old sailor Deanna became almost animalistic.

And it felt great.

I felt great.

I, William T Riker was back in the land of living and it felt f***ing great!