

I Dare You by Carol Sandford

"I dare you."

She stared up into his eyes that were alight with humour and teasing as well as something else. She thought it was hope, but he had her backed into a corner and she was stuck.

Well, that wasn't strictly true. she could have scratched his face, she could have thumped his chest, very hard. She could have also brought up her knee and done possibly the worst kind of damage to his libido, but she wasn't ~that~ mean.

And she could have also just have said ~No~ and meant it.

So why didn't she?

Because she wanted him to kiss her. She wanted to be consumed, enraptured and worshipped by him, even if it was just for a moment, even just for a second.

Just once.

But not like this, not in front of her friends who were watching from a distance, the other side of Ten forward in fact. But they might have well as been across the other side of the ship for what good her pleas were.

She thought once Data was going to come to her rescue until she saw Beverly slap his arm and shake her head vigorously at him. He then preceded to prop himself against the bar along with the others, albeit rather stiffly.

Whereas the others were all watching intently to see what the outcome of this little game was going to be, she could see that Data was taking a lesson in the finer art of teasing.

Will watched her lick her lips shakily, not quite able to meet his eyes. But she had no choice as Will ducked his head slightly, searching her out, pleading her to look into his and see what was written in the blue depths, but she was too ashamed and embarrassed at having her own teasing game back-firing on her and herself becoming the target of the tease.

How did she get into this impossible situation?

She did know really. Herself and her friends had been tormenting Will unrelentlessly about his knack for being able to ~pull~ any woman he wanted - according to him. That was until Data innocently mentioned about Will and Deanna once having a relationship and how obvious it was that there was still something between them, and how come Will hadn't managed to ~pull~ her.

It was a very silent, stunned 30 seconds that followed until Beverly, bless her heart, said, "That's true, why haven't you tried to date Deanna again?"

Deanna almost squealed with indignity and embarrassment at how the conversation had turned about face and was now directed at her - and Will.

She wouldn't have minded if Will had protested his aversion to the idea, or had backed up her in her adamant refusal to ~get personal on board~

But he didn't. He just sat there and watched, and waited to see what she would do. But without him to take her side she was in a hopeless situation, especially when Geordie turned and asked him if it was all true, and he'd stared at her headlong, his blue gaze intent of her dark one and said, "No, Deanna's too scared to fall in love with me again."

Another stunned silence fell around the group. But Deanna and Will hadn't noticed. Will watched her try and form words to vindicate his claim, but couldn't. Deanna's eyes pleaded with him to drop what was becoming a very intimate conversation; A conversation that they should be having alone.

But she'd been put on the spot and she'd known it. Breaking the spell she tried to get her own back, "Hey, when was he supposed to have fitted me in when there is always a queue right the way along our corridor to his quarters from 8pm onwards."

That should have stung him she'd thought to herself. That was until he'd sat forward, his arms resting on his knees, alert and ready for battle, "I'm actually available from 7.30 but you never come even though I'm always ready and waiting."

She gasped with shock along with the others. You could almost see the invisible 'strike one' being marked in the air. It only took her a moment to recover, "I need longer than half an hour, lover boy."

To her shame, he grinned slyly, "Oh, I know I need all night long with you, Deanna Troi. Its a shame you're too scared to try."

"I am not!"

"Yes, you are."

When had they all come to a stand. When had they all stepped back and watched as Will had stepped towards the small woman and she in turn had backed away like a scared rabbit, right up to the solid wall of the lounge?

His eyes glistened with intent, relentless with a need for an answer, "Why are you so scared of me, Counselor Troi. What is it I do to you that keeps you away from my heart and my bed?"

Deanna swallowed painfully, "I...I'm not scared of you, Commander Riker."

"Yes you are."

"No I'm not."

"Then prove it. Kiss me."

"This isn't fair, why are you doing this to me Will?"

Will placed his palms on the wall either side of her head as he briefly contemplated her question,

"Fair? No, your right, I'm not being fair, but then that's why I'm a success, the only thing I'm fair with is that the women I date give me as much as I give them. But the one woman that I love doesn't return it. Now that's not fair Deanna."

"You don't love me, you just want me added to your score board."

He grinned slyly, "Sorry sweetheart, you went on there a looong time ago, remember?"

Deanna flushed, How could she forget. Who would want to? It seemed that they both had for the past God knows how many years.

"Why now. Why did it take a little harmless bantering to make you realise that you'd rather have had me than the past 1000 or so that has passed through your doors since then?"

His voice dropped lower, as he leaned into her, whispering against her ear, "But none of them were a patch on you Deanna Troi. None of them kiss like you did, or touch me like you did, and they sure as hell don't..."

Her eyes welled at the pain he instantly inflicted on her, her palms coming up to his chest and pushing away slightly so that he could see the impact of her words, "Don't say it, Will, don't sully the memory please."

A determined light lit up his eyes as he fought against her tears, "Then kiss me, Deanna, remind me why you still come out as my all time number one girl, in and out of bed, even if it was a lifetime ago."

She shook her head, but her words were light, "No."

He smiled wide, the devilment back, "Come on, I've just confessed all in front of our friends, and half the engineering crew too, at least you could kiss me."

"No."

And then he'd said it. If there had been any three words that was like waving a red flag at a bull it was those three.

"I dare you."

She dared him.

Will's eyes shot open with startled surprise and trepidation when he felt Deanna's knee push between his and wrench it to one side, exposing his more vulnerable parts to a possible attack.

Looking into the woman's eyes that he loved, Will wasn't quite sure what her intention was, good or wicked.

Her black eyes glittered with devilment as she systematically ground her pubic bone against his thigh, Will could feel its heat against his solid muscle.

Hot. She was so incredibly hot, Will stifled the groan before it reached his throat waiting to see what she was going to do next.

Everything went in slow motion as her small hands crept up his arms and her fingers spread wide upon his head, urging his face down to hers. He held his breath as his lips descended towards hers, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Will inwardly gasped as his mouth reached hers expecting a chaste brief kiss. But instead of finding genteel moist cool tantalising lips, he got her hot wild tongue, free and unleashed and determined to reduce him to a slathering mess.

He tried to break away but she'd known his intent. Will whimpered when he'd found his ears firmly clasped as she continued to kiss him hungrily.

Starved was more like the case. Will had never known anything like it. Even in the the throws of wildest passion he'd never been kissed so intimately, or so savagely.

And he wasn't sure if he liked it.

He was out of control and he didn't like that either, but she still didn't stop. In fact it got worse.

She released his now throbbing ears and slid her arms back down his torso. Will inwardly sighed with relief, allowing himself to lessen the intensity of the kiss now that his lips weren't pinned to hers.

But Deanna had other ideas. Before Will had had a chance to say 'Ok, you win.' he'd been grabbed by both cheeks of his ass and pulled against her once more. He felt Deanna's hot breath against his throat and he could feel she was as distracted and heated as he.

Putting his hands upon her shoulders, Will took a moment to look over his own shoulder towards their audience, slightly relieved to find that a vast majority of them had turned away and were continuing on with their own thing.

Turning back, Will closed his eyes allowing his lips to rest on Deanna's forehead and let her tiny kisses and sucks wash over him.

He groaned anew, "Deanna...Imzadi, don't you think we should continue this somewhere a little less public, or save this for a later time?"

She reached for his lips, continuing the parade of tiny intimate kisses upon his mouth and chin, "Do you want to stop?"

He reached down and kissed her tenderly once more, his thoughts wondering if indeed he could stop long enough to go elsewhere. He moaned again, "God, no, but I think we've got to...come on."

Reaching down for her hand, Will severed the bodily contact and made to pull her away, but stopped dead when he met resistance. "What's wrong?"

Deanna was mortified, "We can't go now! everyone will know what we're going to do if we walk out of here now!"

One glance at the room's occupants told them that her assumption was correct as heads turned their way watching and waiting for their next move.

Will grinned impishly, "I know, come on Dee, live for the minute, I dare you..."

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The door hissed shut and Will pulled the willing woman into his arms, "Now, where were we?...Oh yes, your knee was about...here, my hands were...here, and yours were there and your head was juuust about here."

Deanna giggled as Will gently pushed her head to his throat and her hands to his rear, she squeezed gently as she ran her tongue up the long column of his throat. Will moaned aloud grateful that this time he was free to do so.

He dropped his own hands to her tiny waistline and pulled her flush against his body, lowering his head so that he too could nuzzle her soft neck, but it wasn't enough, he wanted to be kissed like he'd been in the lounge only this time there was no audience, no holding back.

Grasping a handful of her hair, Will forced her head back and this time it was he who was the aggressor. This time it was he who forced his long tongue into the small recesses of her mouth, filling her so completely, she could do no more than hang on and allow herself to be all consumed and lost in his kiss.

Of their own violation, Deanna's hands left his luscious rump and slid up under his tunic top. Hot fingers trailed over even hotter skin. She went higher, pushing the now cumbersome piece of cloth higher as she rested her hands upon his naked shoulders.

Deanna broke the scorching kiss, gasping for precious breath as she lay her head against his broad furry chest. Will rained kisses upon her head as they both gained momentum for the next round that they knew was coming.

Deanna began to kiss his chest, searching for a way to reach his tiny nipples through the fabric. Will heard her feint whimper and seconds later the top was in a pool on the floor beside them. Deanna sighed contentedly as she latched her mouth on to the firm bud.

Will's own hands began to do a little exploring of their own. It had been a long time since he had traced her curves with his fingertips rather than his mind.

Too long, far too long.

Why had it taken so long for her to realise that they had been ready for a relationship? Will had known years before but felt compelled to wait for her. Maybe it had been him that was scared rather than her. And maybe it had been both of them.

Stupid, so stupid.

He hadn't realised he'd spoken the words aloud until he felt Deanna's lips leave his torso and look up into his questioningly.

Oh no, she'd thought he'd meant that what they were doing now was stupid. Oh God, it was anything but that.

"Oh no, Imzadi, don't stop, please don't stop now. I've waited a lifetime for you, I'm not letting you go now or ever again. I'm yours, Deanna, if you want me."

Her smoky chocolate eyes met his in the dimness of the room. He didn't need to hear her response, it was there, written in her gaze. He leant down capturing her lips within his, pouring his love into her mouth, saturating her through to her very core.

She didn't know he had removed her dress until she'd risen her arms and broke away from his lips so that he could lift it over her head and discard it onto the floor along with his top.

Deanna's head dropped back, allowing her hair to cascade like a waterfall to the arch of her back. Will watched her with awe, marvelling at the sensuous pose. He knew exactly what she wanted; lowering his head, he felt and heard her sigh as he fastened his mouth onto her aching swollen nipple.

As he gently suckled, Deanna couldn't hold the pose, finding herself clinging onto him and burying her face into his neck, her legs beginning to buckle. Seconds later, Will swept her up into his arms and took her into his bedroom, gently lit only by the stars racing by outside his window.

He lay her down on the coverlet as gently as though she were a delicate flower, but it wasn't what Deanna wanted. "Your clothes, take them off, now."

The air was becoming fraught with sexual tension. It hung around them like a blanket; hugging them closer and closer together, moulding them into a unity of one as they began the dance of new found lovers; Lovers that had been given a second chance.

As Will began to kiss every inch of the woman beneath him, he marvelled at the changes that had taken place over the years. Deanna Troi had turned into one hell of a woman. Will growled as he took his place where he rightly felt he belonged; within her.

With one powerful plunge, he reclaimed his woman. With one searing kiss he reclaimed his destiny, and with one silent word, he reclaimed her love, for eternity. ~Imzadi~