

Leaving a memory behind
by Carol Sandford

"That was nice of the Commander and the Counselor to take charge of the bridge so that you could enjoy your birthday party knowing that the ship was in capable hands, wasn't it, Captain?"

Tongue in cheek, Beverly Crusher, tried in vain to hide the cheeky wry smile that bubbled instead in her teasing, blue eyes. Before the captain could comment, she humorously added, "After all, they have only been married a short while, I'm sure they'll enjoy the opportunity of spending some time out of their last few days in the one place that probably means the most to them."

Picard watched the fiery red-head with amusement, unsure if she was baiting him or genuinely pleased about the situation. He had no doubt in his mind that the 'forced' solitude of the bridge would incur a liaison that neither one would want disturbing, and if that was one on the last memories they wanted to take with them when they left the Enterprise for their own ship, the Titan, who was he to deny them?

Jean-Luc Picard, famed Captain of the Flag Ship, Enterprise, hid the little smile behind the glass filled with a rich plum liquid, a surprise gift from the only person on board that was aware of his ~true~ penchant of a fine wine; Guinan.

Swirling the nectar around his gums, he swallowed reluctantly, already missing the sensations that the wine induced in his mouth before gamely answering the pretty doctor that stood before him, expectantly waiting for an answer, "For sure, Doctor. No Captain in his right mind would begrudge two of his most revered senior officers the chance to say goodbye in private."

Picard inwardly laughed at his choice of words knowing that without hesitation, William Riker and Deanna Troi- Riker were indeed, doing just that...

~*~

Her finger trailed along the smooth line, imprinting on her mind its texture, its coolness even though she knew a heart beat within it, giving it life, giving it ~soul~. She felt its pulse and allowed it to fill her own soul with memories that she would never want to forget.

She sighed wistfully, "I ~am~going to miss the ship, Will. I didn't realise just how much so until now."

Will came slowly up behind his wife, his smile gentle and indulgent as his own eyes followed the trail of her fingers as they followed the line of the tactic's consul. It was only a second or two later that his own fingers began to follow hers, feeling what she felt. Saying goodbye to an old friend.

He bit back the sudden rush of emotion that rose to his throat, his previous determination to not let those emotions get at him and mar the last few hours with his ship, and his friends.

But he watched as Deanna lost her battle with her tears, reacting instinctively to the rush of tenderness that her tear-washed chocolate eyes always evoked from him. He pulled her into his arms, loving the way she fitted to him, knowing that if she'd been any taller, it wouldn't have been the same. ~She~ wouldn't have been the same.

Will liked the way her head fitted against his chest, aware that his heartbeat would give away his honest feelings for her, whether they be purely pulsing with his obvious love, or pounding with a desire that only she could quench.

At that minute, it was love and tenderness, tinged with a little sadness as he soaked up her sadness too. Gently rubbing his huge hand up her slender back, he softly muttered against her hair, "Hey, don't be sad, Honey, just think of all the fun we're going to have on board our own ship."

Her arms squeezed him tighter as she soaked up his strength, suddenly feeling very scared and unsure of herself. Two more days, just two more days before her - their whole lives changed forever.

Even though they were now married, things hadn't really changed. She was still called Counselor Troi, and every female on board still looked upon Will with puppy-dog eyes, imagining themselves to be his latest object of desire. Will hadn't looked at another female in that way for a long time. Not since Ba'ku, and not since they'd gotten a second chance. Nor since they'd remembered what being Imzadi really meant.

Not since they'd fallen in love all over again.

Deanna felt Will's arms suddenly tighten around her own small frame and in that instant knew that Will himself had realised that things were about to happen in their lives that would be monumental.

Will's mind was awash with emotions that he'd managed to keep in check since they'd heard that he had been commissioned his own ship. Along with their wedding plans and numerous debriefing with Starfleet, Will had gone on automatic pilot, until now.

Now, surrounded by each other and the ship that had been a huge part of their lives, and a ship that they were both about to leave, they had finally given in to the moment rather than the future and all that it held.

Deanna eased her body away from Will's so that she could look up into his face. He stared down at her, his eyes overly bright, his mouth closed tight, holding in his anguish, his fears. His loss and his excitement.

Deanna reached up to caress his hairless jaw, her own eyes moist from not only her own erratic emotions, but her husband's too, and in the silence, they both let go. In the silence,

they reached out for one another, linking and locking their hearts and minds in an effort to get through the next few minutes.

But tears became forgotten as Will started to descend his mouth to hers, sensing desire over-riding misery. Urgency over-riding sensibility as he rasped, "Are we insane to be doing this, Imzadi?"

As his mouth fiercely took hers, Deanna didn't bother to think about his question, already knowing in her heart that what he meant was their decision to leave the ship and not for the passionate encounter that was about to happen on the bridge of the Enterprise.

They both sunk to the floor, mindless of where they were, or what they were about to do. All they knew in their hearts was it was the right thing to do, for them. Somehow Deanna found herself to be the one laying prone on the floor with Will kneeling astride her body.

Bracing himself on his hands he continued to kiss her mouth with the power of a madman and with the gentleness of a tiger licking her cub. Tongues fused as they both struggled to imbibe what their taut bodies craved. He plunged, she sucked. He swirled, she bit. He poured, she soaked up, leaving them gasping and aching.

They broke away in an effort to not only regain their lost breath but to ponder briefly at what they were doing, and what they were about to do. Deanna, her hands still laced behind Will's neck, erotically stroke her fingers on the soft indent of his nape, stared through half lidded sex-infused eyes into his not so controlled blue orbs, silently asking him too many questions that needed too many answers, except one.

The corner of his mouth turned up in a devilish grin as he lowered his mighty frame onto hers, pushing aside uniforms enough for his skin to touch hers, he effectively gave her the answer to that one question; 'You bet we are, Sweetheart.'

And so, behind the tactical station on the bridge of the Enterprise E, Will and Deanna Troi said goodbye. Amongst a fumbling of eager hands and sighs of frustration and longing, Will locked with his wife's body in a joining that was both pleasure and pain. Desperation and heartache. Memories and dreams.

As he surged into her over and over again, ecstasy over-rode sorrow. The quiet throb of the ships heart pulsed through their bodies adding its own tempo to theirs. Deanna could feel it through her still prone body just as Will could feel it against the palms of his hands as he hovered over.

But Deanna wanted more. It was her turn to take control. As quick as it had taken for Will to reduce her to a lifeless, limp wanton puddle beneath him, within a heartbeat, she had reversed the situation.

One moment Will was above and in command, the next it was he who felt the seductive vibes through his body as she in turn felt the pulse beneath her tiny hands as they lay beside his head.

Deanna sat astride her husband, drinking in his tousled hair, salve moistened lips and the throb of his manhood laying snug between her hot juncture of her thighs. He groaned as she lightly squirmed against him, devilment lighting up her eyes. Her smile widened as she felt him harden even more beneath her, and she couldn't help baiting him, "You want more, Captain?"

Will growled as he captured her hips within his powerful hands, pulling her hard against him, "Damn witch, you know I do."

Deanna's throaty chuckle rang out in the ship's quietness, its effect on Will's senses made him groan with desire as he hunted blindly for her hot centre with his even hotter erection. That was until he realised that she was having none of it. She had effectively closed her body against his intrusion. She was playing games with him.

He growled again, "Damn witch, two can play at that game. I bet you'll be the one begging for me before I succumb to you." and he promptly released his grip and put his hands firmly behind his head.

But his teasing didn't bother her in the least. Quite the opposite in fact. All she had to do was move, very gently, up and down. Will watched her beneath hooded eyes, thoroughly enjoying the vision before him.

Her own lips were swollen from his kisses as were the heavy, taut mounds of her breasts, half exposed as his own hands had sought their softness when he'd been embedded within her not a few moments ago. Now their gentle swaying movement as she undulated upon him captured his gaze, keeping his mind effectively off what her lower body was doing to his own loins.

That was until he realised that her own tempo had quickened and little sighs were escaping unwarranted from her mouth. Her eyes were closed as she lost herself to the sensations that were coursing throughout her body. She was bringing herself to a climax right before his very eyes.

Will watched fascinated. Unable to stop himself, his hands moved instinctively to her hips again as he gently manoeuvred her to a more suitable and intensifying position, the action instantly bringing on a warm wash of moisture from her.

Tiny sighs became gasps. Gentle rocks became frantic gyrations against him, and Deanna reached for his hands, grasping them between her own hot palms and moving them up to her breasts. One strong tug and Deanna had pulled down the soft fabric of her uniform dress to her upper arms, revealing breasts that were screaming to be touched.

Will gladly obliged. He didn't really have a choice as her own hands held his fast against their plumpness, the action bringing on another warm flood against his bulging hardness.

She wanted him inside her again, but somehow she knew that Will was deliberately denying

her that pleasure. It was her game after all. But the game was over, she wanted him inside her, where he belonged, and if she had to beg for it, then so be it.

Her eyes finally opened, found his and pleaded as much as her voice, "Oh God, Will, take me now...please!"

Will wanted to deny her, just for the sheer hell of it, but he couldn't. hell, he didn't even want to in the end. He wanted to feel himself inside her even more than she wanted. To feel her tight snugness, the heat, the power as she hugged him tightly was more than any man could stand, least of all him.

Without even breaking the motions, Will found her moist centre and slipped inside, the action allowing the moan to escape from her very soul, its intensity overwhelming. The climax sending convulsing spasms throughout her flushed body.

Wave after wave of pleasure ripped through her spent body as Will pulled her down against his body, cradling her against his chest as their heartbeats regained their composure.

But moments later, they hear the familiar drone of the turbolift moving towards their destination. They both went stiff with comprehension at not only its imminent arrival but at the state of their own apparel.

Deanna struggled to rise, but Will held her fast, "No! don't move" Without missing a heartbeat, Will spoke to thin air, "Transporter room, Captain Riker here. Site to site transport. My location to my quarters, NOW!"

The lift door opened, emitting a crowd of the Enterprise's finest officers, including its Captain, all of which were a little worse for the wear having imbibed more than just a little of Guinan's fine wine stash, with a chorus of, "SURPRISE!!!!!"

As numerous pairs of eyes searched the bridge for the new captain of the Titan, and his wife, their ears and eyes caught a glimpse of Deanna's bare ass astride Will's lap just before they shimmered out of existence.

It was several moments before anyone's eyes could leave the intimate scene that they had all witnessed with open mouths, until Captain Picard as forthright as ever quipped, "I see they said goodbye after all. I'm just relieved to see they resisted giving my chair a personal farewell gift."

~*~

"Oh my God, Will, its Captain Picard on the viewscreen, I wonder what he wants."

Deanna stood behind her husband of three months, her fingers digging into his shoulder as she plucked up the courage to face her former C.O.

Will chuckled as his wife's acute embarrassment. This had been the first time she had 'seen' Jean-Luc Picard since they had left the Enterprise. Reaching up to tenderly squeeze her cool hand he tried to placate her, "Maybe he wants to congratulate us, Honey. Perhaps he's heard

the good news."

Will heard Deanna swallow behind him and knew she had closed her eyes as she fought the acute embarrassment at having been caught making love on his bridge. Even more so, the idea that they had conceived their first child there too. The happy event had to have been then, it just had to be. The timing, the dates, everything had pointed to that day. Such was the accuracy of 24th century medicine, and Beverly Crusher's insistent extra checks to prove it.

Will and Deanna's baby was conceived on the floor of the bridge on the Enterprise E in a moment of sadness and madness. A memory never to be forgotten by either them, or the stunned senior crew that had witnessed a miracle in the making as well as a farewell.

Or maybe it was a hello...