

Not fair
Carol Sandford

It wasn't fair, Deanna. It wasn't fair the way you made love to me, back then, back on Betazed. Back when we were young and not knowing what the consequences would be, for both of us.

It wasn't fair how you lumped a treasure upon me that was so special, so ~sacred~ that I would feel like the worst kind of heel for the rest of my life.

So long ago, but seems like it was just yesterday. So young and yet so knowing. Your life against mine. What chance did I have, Deanna. What bloody chance did I have of escaping you?

Your kind of love was so strange, I couldn't help but get sucked up into the torrent of desire that flooded through not only my loins, but head and soul too. Damn it, Deanna, you ~spoke~ to me. You took me and you turned me and my world inside out and upside down. You made me your Imzadi!

There was no way I could fight that kind of love, no way at all. And look where it has left me; behaving like the worst kind of bug. Constantly torn between a rock and hard place. Your friend that can only and will only ever see you in one light; naked and writhing beneath me, and totally mine, forever.

And afraid. I'm afraid of you, Deanna, but worse than that, I'm afraid of never feeling that way ever again.

That wasn't fair, Deanna. That wasn't fair at all.