

Deanna Troi.

An enigma. One hell of a woman and one hell of a pain in the butt.

You wait your whole darned life for that one special love. That one special woman to complete your life, fill your soul, and have something worth living for.

And what do I get?

A pain in the butt.

My one special love has left an ache within me that I have to drag around with me every darned minute of the day.

And night. God, I hate the nights.

But hell, I wouldn't be without them, or her come to that matter. They are one.

I go to bed at night and she joins me. Not in body, but heck, she sure as hell joins me in mind, just so's she can play around with my soul.

And other things.

Its hard when I wake up, drenched in sweat, as horny as hell and as miserable as sin, especially when I reach out for her and end up with a rather sorry looking pillow.

Thank God for replicators.

I try to not let it happen, but how can I not? She's as big as part of my psyche as I am sure I am of hers, but I bet she don't wake up in quite the same way I do.

I bet she sleeps like a God damned baby; full of romantic, slushy dreams, tender kisses and lots of sighs.

Shit, I wake up grunting like a pig thats done ten rounds with a randy lady pig.

A guy can only stand so much.

And then..

AND THEN!

I have to get up and spend the day working with the damned woman!

I mean, come on, do I deserve this kind of torture? Do I, William T Riker, a man of action, integrity, looks, charm and a few other ' nice' things I ' m sure, really deserve to suffer in this manner?

Guess I do.

I guess I ' m still paying my dues for being not quite so ' nice' way back then. For behaving like the pig that life has ensured how I spend the rest of my days.

Living on fantasies.

Jeez! Give me a break!

PLEASE!

You know, ' She' sometimes loves to taunt me. ' She' , loves to do nothing more than fire up loins when ' She' knows I am unable to respond, or react. Or howl out in frustration.

Man, I have come ' that' close.

And what does she do!?! She laughs in my face, turns and sashayes that damn pert butt of hers away from me and my lecherous thoughts, knowing that I am going to have one hell of a night reliving the moment.

Again!

But, then I have to flip the coin and imagine my life without her - and those dreams.

That would be a nightmare, the worst kind. The unspeakable kind.

I have a commitment to the woman I love. For as long as I draw breath, I will dream of her. I will love her, I will cherish her, and I will continue to screw her senseless - in my dreams, because she is the only woman that can, and will always be able to evoke that kind of madness from me.

She is my one special love.

She is Deanna Troi.

Imzadi.

And yes, she still is a right, royal, pain in the butt.

And I wouldn' t have her any other way.

Well, I would, but that' s another story...