

True Imzadi  
by Carol Sandford

She stood looking out at the stars. It made a change for it to be her instead of me. But then it wasn't me who was leaving.

It wasn't me who was deserting her ship.

It wasn't me she was running away from.

It was herself.

And I couldn't do a damn thing to stop her.

That's what I thought. That's what I believed.

Maybe that's what I wanted to believe. Maybe I was too scared to tell her; to ask her. I'd spent too many years pushing my deepest feelings concerning Deanna Troi as far back into my psyche, I'd trained myself to only ever let her see 'just enough.'

And now that 'just enough' was not enough. But then how could it be? Deanna deserved more, much more and now had decided to move on.

Away from the ship.

Away from her friends.

Away from me.

And I didn't know what to do.

I tried to say 'I love you', but she knew it wasn't the kind of love she was searching for. I guess it had been said so many times that it ceased to be important; to have any substance.

She knows I care about her and she knows I love her. And I do, but it's not the kind of love she wants.

Is there any other kind?

I guess there is, and I wish I knew where to find it.

{Search your soul, Imzadi}

Her silent voice reached me from across the room, but I could have been the other side of the quadrant and I still would have heard her.

I pondered on her words as silently as she had softly spoken them. Did she really want me to do that. Would it make a difference?

Would it make her stay?

I was disappointed when she didn't answer me. I guess I got my answer. But she was giving me one last chance.

Maybe.

My feet began to move of their own choice and before I'd know it, I was barely a breath away from her. So close I could smell her perfume. So close I could put my arms around her and pull her against my body.

I wanted to, God, I wanted to so much, but now wasn't the time. She needed more and I had to find it.

I had to.

{I don't want you to go Deanna, I need you }

{Needing me Will is not love. Its only love when you can't live without me. Could you live without me, Will?}

{No...no I can't, you are too much a part of me. If you left me Deanna, that part would cease to be. I might as well be dead because that is how I would feel, inside.}

{Do you believe we were meant to be, Imzadi?}

{If you'd give me a chance, I would show you.}

{I gave you a chance, you threw it away. Do you think you deserve another?}

{Yes, yes I do. I was wrong all those years ago, I know that now. I knew it then. The biggest mistake I ever made was letting you down, but I never stopped loving you, Deanna, not for a minute. If I did anything right in my life it was when I gave my heart to you, and I'm sorry I caused you so much pain, but I was in pain too.}

{You were? funny, I didn't feel it.}

{No, you wouldn't have, you must have hated me, I know I hated myself and I still do, for what it did to you, and to us.}

{Its past Will, too late.}

{No, I won't let it be too late, I need another chance Deanna, please give me another chance.}

{Why?}

{Because what we have ~is~ more than love and worth fighting for.}

{I'm done fighting Will, its all I've done for the past eight years, mostly with myself. I'm tired, I want to go home and get on with my life, without you.}

Will took that one step forward and did what he wanted to from the first moment he'd stepped into the room; he pulled her into his arms, wrapping his arms around her tightly, scared that she might run. His spoken words against her soft hair spoke volumes,

"But I'm not done fighting, Imzadi, and if it takes you leaving the ship to make me realise just how much I love you, and just how much it will kill me to see you go, then I'm going with you. The very thought of saying goodbye to you hurts so damn much. I can't say goodbye, Deanna, I won't say goodbye, I can't. I couldn't bare to not feel the way I do when we say hello. Don't you know that Deanna. Don't you know that I couldn't bare to be parted from you, or to ever see your face again. Or to hear my name fall from lips, or to know that you were never more than a heartbeat away from me. Don't you know that?"

He spun her around, never releasing his grip for one second, except one hand long enough to lift her chin so that he could kiss her.

He kissed her with a kiss that he had only dreamt about for eons. He kissed her with a passion that defied all reasoning and dared her to deny Will's true feelings.

It was there, in that kiss. Everything he ever felt and still felt for her was poured into the sweet recess of her mouth, drenching her to her very soul.

He was ~not~ going to let her deny him, not while he still had a breath in his body.

On and on, and on he plundered her mouth until she had clung onto his fever pitched aroused body, her own saturated with erotic agitation, until at last, they broke apart, stepping a pace away from each other as they both faced one another and let their emotions and feelings continue to spark between them as they clamoured to breath once more.

But it was only long enough to see how each other felt as seconds later they fell into each others arms, united once more.

Lovers once more.

Imzadi once more.

True Imzadi.