

Wishful Thinking  
by Carol Sandford

Not so long ago, I used to count my men, my lovers. For a long while I thought of myself as 'Loose', it wasn't a title I was proud of and it certainly wasn't something that I wanted my colleagues to know about.

Oh, Will Riker was different. He knew, whether I told him or not. But funnily enough, he was the only one who I had no fear of condemnation, and I always assumed it was because he was the same way.

Will used to date women as many times as I ate chocolate, it seemed to be almost constant.

I wasn't that bad!

But I had quite a few, more than my colleagues knew about. More than those that the Captain had a right to know about. God, I hated revealing my relationships to him when a mission ended or went bad.

Why was it me that always suffered when it went wrong. Why was it me that always ended up with 'the bad guy'? And why was it me that always seemed to lose my heart?

I guess because I was always searching for that elusive relationship that meant more than a quick roll in the hay. But I never found it. Oh, I always thought I had, but I never did.

Mind you, Will Riker didn't seem to fare any better than I. He managed to fall in love even more times than I did, but the end result was always the same. We both always ended up with a temporary broken heart.

That's an odd phrase, 'Temporary broken heart', but it's so true. Each relationship we ever had that meant anything, was over and done with within days, hours sometimes. Which just goes to show just how shallow we have become.

Each one of us too damn scared to take the real plunge and fall headlong and hopelessly in love.

So why don't we. Why doesn't that happen to us?

I don't know, and I don't suppose Will does either. On the odd occasion we have sought each other out to console one another on another failed liaison, we always end up blubbering like idiots asking that same ridiculous question, 'Why me?'

But I'm glad he's there to make me feel better, he always does, and I know I seem to be able to do the same trick for him. I guess that's why we are such close friends. I guess that's why we are like we are.

Two people, searching for a relationship that was as strong and intense, erotic and mind blowing.

All consuming and simply as wonderful as ours once was.

Isn't it a shame that we can't give each other what we seek in everyone else anymore?

We wish...