

Scream

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Scream

by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

Deep in the night, Riker hears Counselor Troi calling his name.

Riker fell out of bed and was already scrambling back to his feet, phaser in hand, before he realized what woke him. Heart hammering, he could still hear the echo in his head. Deanna's voice, so loud it ripped him right out of sleep, screaming for him.

WILL!

And then, as he raced toward the door and grabbed his robe, he heard her voice again, even louder than before, more urgent:

IMZADI!!

He lurched out of his quarters with the robe only half-tied and bolted down the corridors. Anyone who got in his way got shoved aside or bowled themselves over when they saw the look on Commander Riker's face. His lungs ached, every breath too shallow, too fast, and the scream inside his head got louder, louder — overwhelming — vibrating in every fiber of his being, threatening to send him crashing to the ground, and—

And Deanna's quarters were right here, and Riker tore the door down without a second thought.

"Augh!" said a very male voice.

Target acquired. In seconds, before he even recognized the voice, Riker had the intruder pinned to the floor. Naked — naked! God above! — flesh bruised beneath Riker's knee as he slammed the intruder down and cracked his head to the side, examining his face.

"Will!" Deanna said.

"I'm sorry," he said, voice garbled with fright, the realization that he had almost been too late. "I came as fast as I could. Deanna—"

Lieutenant Skriss groaned in pain.

"—did he hurt you? Did he touch you?"

"Will, *yes* he touched me," said Deanna impatiently, covering her bare chest with the blanket. Love bites had turned her neck a lovely shade of pink and purple, and Will belatedly noticed the wildness of her curls, like someone had raked their fingers through her hair. "What are you *doing* here?" she demanded.

Lieutenant Skriss. Wait, this was *Lieutenant Skriss*? The gentle, shy fellow from engineering who always blushed when Riker said hi? *That* was who snuck into Deanna's quarters at night to...?

"I..." Riker looked back at Deanna. "You screamed."

"No, I didn't," she said impatiently.

"She didn't," said Skriss, his voice a little weak.

"You did," said Riker. "I heard you."

“Will, let Gregory up, *please*.”

There was a wealth of strained patience and anger in Deanna’s voice, and she certainly didn’t look like she was in danger, so Will slid off Skriss’ back. The lieutenant picked himself up gingerly, every muscle clearly sore, and covered his crotch.

“I think you need to leave,” said Deanna.

“You screamed,” Will insisted, turning to search her face, to make sure she was really okay. Mindful of Lieutenant Skriss, he switched to nonverbal communication. *I heard you, Imzadi*.

“Will,” said Deanna aloud.

In my head, he said. *You called my name. You screamed—*

And Deanna blushed scarlet, and Will’s brain finally caught up with him, and it was the most difficult thing in the world to keep a delighted, flattered smile off his face.

You screamed for me, he said, and the smile won.

“Oh, get out,” Deanna snapped.

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