

It's Always Darkest Before the Dawn

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It's Always Darkest Before the Dawn

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Hope and Love make the world go around, even in darkness, at the end of the 23rd Century.

Notes

This went a bit dark, but I reeled it back with hope and love. Weekly Challenge: Lovers. Part of this may be seen in a new story, in slightly different fashion.

Starbase 23
The Past

Croft comes awake to warmth. He smiles, not having to open his eyes to identify the two different settings of heat on either side of him.

He feels the warmer one lift up. He can sense her looking down at him. He turns his head in the opposite direction, at the other one, who still lies with her smooth head in the crook of his arm. He reaches down and kisses the smooth skin on the right side of her skull. She snuffles slightly, but doesn't waken. He can feel the burble of her Threads, as well as low-level images from her brain through the Link.

He turns to see T'Varilyn looking down at him, from her vantage point where she sits. Her golden hair cascades about her shoulders, the high cheekbones prominent in the low light. Even though he knows her apparent age, she looks young, with almost a vulnerable quality on her features. He reaches up, as always, asking permission for a touch, even though they had spent a great deal of time earlier in more intimate touches, all three of them.

She quirks the lips up on her left side, as she always does, an instant before he touches the full pillows of those lips with his thumb, as he palms her cheek. They gaze at each other for a long moment, before a voice from below cuts into their reverie.

"Well, should I wait until you both quit gazing into each other's eyes before I try to have my way with one or both of you?"

"Or you could just join us," T'Varilyn suggests "Wait a bit on the way-having."

Croft watches as Chandra lifts her long body up, stretching. Her gray eyes fall on both of them; they both feel her Threads come alive as she stares at them.

Her eyes grow soft as she looks first at T'Varilyn, then at Croft. She exhales softly, then moves to take them both in her arms. Croft closes his eyes at the feel of both sets of soft skin against his.

He feels their lips go against each of his ears. He opens his eyes at the sound of two different languages in each.

He moves his head down. Both of them find space to rest their foreheads against his and each other, somehow without injury. He feels the bright laughter of both in his brain, through one of their minds. One is very used to laughing, the other, not so much.

He feels the pleasure of two different types of connections, from the Deltan Link to the connection that T'Vari had created with both of them when they had bonded.

Croft feels the desire rise again as they pull closer.

Chandra starts awake as the Link with both of her loves fades. She finds that she can no longer feel Croft in her mind.

It isn't surprising, since she had seen him leave, just before the surgeon had put her under, in an attempt to unscramble her brains from the Klingon captain's bat'leth strike.

The same bat'leth that she had buried the other end in his throat. Wiping away the wolfish smile, his pinkish-red blood mingling with her purple.

She chokes as she feels T'Varilyn's fingers, soaked in her own emerald blood from the Klingon's dk'tahg, reaching up for the mindmeld positions, on both her's and Croft's faces.

As she thinks of Jamie Blackthorne walking out of her life, the Link fading, she feels her tears spill from where the bandage over her wound on the right side of her head has covered that eye.

She starts as she feels a familiar presence in her mind.

I'm here, my love, T'Varilyn says in her mind. Just like I'm with him. I'll always be with you both.

Even when you won't be together.

Chandra lets the tears flow as the sobs rack her body. She hopes she isn't imagining it, remembering the touch to her face.

As well as to her other love's.

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