Music

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by jamaharon

Summary

Riker has a song for Troi to listen to.

It was a soft melody. Not slow, exactly, but it was a type of quickness that *settled* slow against Deanna's skin and pressed down on her eyelids as she listened, light strokes of the keys, somehow muffled. Like she was hearing it from underwater, staring up from the bottom of a lake, watching sunlight dapple the surface overhead.

Her emotions deepened, mellowed, smoothed. Her muscles relaxed one by one. She'd wanted to listen closely, to spend this time developing an intelligent opinion for when the song was done. But now she couldn't bring herself to care.

She only listened, let the music wash over her, and when the song was done, Will reached over and turned the speaker off with a quiet click.

"Ludovico Einaudi," he said softly. "Natural Light."

Deanna's eyes fluttered open. He'd turned the lights down while she listened: soft and low, not seductive, just relaxing. It took so much effort for Deanna to sit up that she half-suspected she'd dozed off.

"Do you like it?" Will asked, and his eyes were sparkling, and there was a half-smile on his lips, so he clearly already knew the answer.

"I hated it," said Deanna sarcastically. "Play some jazz instead."

He chuckled a little at that. Gently, Deanna reached out and took his hand in hers, giving his fingers a light squeeze.

"I loved it," she said, "and my patients will, too. Thank you for thinking of me."

He shrugged; he looked away; a light blush touched his cheeks. It didn't mean anything, Deanna told herself, but it was there.

"I'm always thinking of you," Will said.

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