

Vulcan vs. Betazoid

(A Star Trek Story)

Synopsis:

Type: Sexfight



Gerzed Risaam

Jarra Itroivu

In the arrival hall of Space Station 234, it was a sound that occurred on varying but quick intervals, on one stardate after another. The quick squeal, and then heavy exhale of a transfer hatch opening. One that allowed weary crew and their stress-afflicted captains to move from docked ship to the station proper.

Such sounds, and the filing exits that followed them, often caught the attention of no one. The arrival of ships and their sentient contents being marked by no cheerful greetings or held signs for loved ones.

For life, at least on Space Station 234, was cold. Not because life support systems have failed, but because of its proximity to the edge -- to the meeting and messy borders of both the Klingon and Romulan Empires. Borders which had been crossed before, and fought over for longer than any alive could remember.

And yet still, despite that vicinity to violence, both real and threatened, on the station, people still milled. Still ate. Still drank and talked. Just guardedly so. Every member of the station's crew ready to man their stations, should sirens blare and alert hues harden.

Focused though most were, and dangerous though life may have been, still did one such crewman stand. Waiting. Smiling. Ready beyond words for that telltale sound of squeal and exhale. He, an attractive Trill male named Gerzed Risaam, having finally convinced

the commanding officer of the station to request for a transfer to be made.

The transfer of a young, vibrant Betazoid named Jarra Jarra Itroivu, to be exact. A lieutenant in Starfleet, who had just finished a tour on the U.S.S. Intrepid. A stay in which she distinguished herself as not only useful but invaluable, given her telepathic abilities. Abilities which, when tested, found her to be in a class of her own, even amongst Betazoids.

A quality that made it an easy pitch for Gerzed -- he being a Lieutenant Commander in his own right. A rank that earned him a place on the bridge, and a keen understanding of the problems the station faced on a daily basis.

An understanding that led the the brown-haired Trill to suggest to his Commander that a request be made. One that would bring the Federation's top telepath to be brought from ship to station. A telepath which would be of critical use in a part of space so beset by not only import, but impasse.

Logical and commendable though the idea and suggestion had been, Gerzed's purpose was not purely professional. For he, in the same host, had fallen facial-spots over heels for the Betazoid during their time at Starfleet Academy.

She was beautiful and brave. Sensual and soft. Caring and considerate. Her long, black hair entrancing him, as her river-deep blue eyes stole his soul. And though he fell for her, and at least as far as he could tell, she for him, they never became one. Never even kissed, though they had each wanted to on so many occasions.

Such withholdings came not from disinterest, but distraction. For each knew, to the depths of their soul, that it was their destiny to join Starfleet. And because of that known and tasted fate, they could waste not a second on anything other than study -- other than studenthood.

But now that each had graduated at the top of their class. Now that their days of classes, quizzes, and Kobayashi Maru's were over, maybe they could be what they had each wanted. Maybe they could become what they had denied themselves before.

But do not mistake a coveted possibility for villainy or narcissism. For Gerzed just wanted to see Jarra again. Just speak to her. Hold her hand, and embrace her as a friend once more. Allowing whatever might come next to be the natural outcome of their own gravitational pull towards one another.

Gerzed, having lived many lives before as a Trill, being fully aware of how fickle the heart can be and how easily transient intentions could pass. And yet that knowing and sobriety did little to stop his handsome smile from widening as that sound came. As the hatch to the loading tube opened. And as his Jarra stepped forth.

Her eyes searching, then finding, then growing wide with excitement as the black-haired Betazoid ran to him. They two wrapping their arms around each other in the tightest of embraces. One that lingered without words, as each clung to the other. Jarra fighting back tears, as she whispered in his ear, one that rested just next to her bright red lips. "I've missed you."

The words quivered as they traveled and shook as they moved, and though they spoke of Jarra's incredible joy, Gerzed could find no reply. Nor strength. For seeing her again. Hearing her again, not on communique from across the stars, but in person, seized him. Stole him. His focus and mind. Leaving him to just nod silently, as her body pressed against his.

A sensation which made him blush, knowing she could read him like an open book. Knowing that even if she tried to suppress her telepathy, she would know of his excitement. And though he feared rejection because of such immediate and indecent thoughts, Jarra merely squeezed him tighter. And if he wasn't just his own utter

delirium from their reunion, to shift softly from right to left, thereby rubbing her perfect breasts against him as a message.

Before Gerzed could fully grasp what that message might be, or how he might act on it, Jarra pulled back and pressed her forehead to his. She then closing her eyes, as the softest and most delicate of smiles took to her lips.

“Jarra, I...” The brown-haired Trill began to speak. He meaning to tell her something she needed to know.

“Yesss...?” The Betazoid asked softly as she tried with all her might not sense what he meant to say. She shutting off her abilities, as best she could -- wanting to hear it from his lips first.

And though she did then hear words that sprang from lips, they were not his. No, they were someone else's. Cold words. Seemingly emotionless, but somehow anything but. They coming like a phaser blast to the hull. One which knocked both Jarra and Gerzed from their beautiful moment of long-denied desires.

“And who is this...?” Asked a woman, whose very presence set Gerzed's mind alight like a star going nova.

“Oh, uh....” Muttered Gerzed, as he backed away from Jarra, literally pulling himself from her grasp. “This is....”

In a flash, the Betazoid’s love-glistened eyes hardened, as she saw Gerzed struggle to remember her name. “Jarra.... My name ... is Jarra.” The black-haired beauty said as she tried to restrain her desire to hit Gerzed.

A Trill who looked from the woman to Jarra and then back. The sight on one end of that bounce being a gorgeous, red-headed Vulcan. One just as tall as Jarra, standing 5’5”, whose body appeared to have been poured from the same mold.

She, just like Jarra, wearing the shortest dress-bottomed uniform Starfleet would allow. Dresses which revealed, apart from their equal rank of lieutenant, their strong, muscular legs, and perfectly shaped C-cup breasts.

Move though Gerzed’s eyes did, from Vulcan to Betazoid, their eyes became locked. Not on the Trill who stood between them and to the side, but on each other. Each examining and judging the other’s body and beauty against their own.

A scan which continued until those eyes, each pair dark blue like a Terran sea, raised, met, and then fused together. Not in a glare, but in

a deep, penetrating study of the other's everything. A peering that intensified, as Jarra read not only Gerzed's mind but the Vulcan's. Finding in each a long, sordid tale of heated sexual encounters, near-miss relationships, and worst of all -- a sense from at least she, that they were not yet done writing that log.

"Uh ... Jarra, this is...." Gerzed, began before he was cut-off.

"Tellus. But you know that already, don't you, Betazoid...?" When written, it looks like a question, but it was more an accusation. One that Jarra took as nothing less, as she hardened her stance and crossed her arms across her chest.

For a moment, Jarra felt the urge to just walk away. To forget Gerzed, the Vulcan, and all else that seemed contrary and hurtful at that moment. But as she searched her own inclinations, she felt her Trill quarry's desperation.

"Don't go." He thought. "Please...." He begged without words. "I never thought I would see you again. I never thought we could...."

And just as his words began to take firm root in Jarra's heart, she heard it -- they all heard it. Gerzed's communicator go off with a chime, just before a voice through it spoke, "Lieutenant Commander Risaam to the bridge."

Before thinking. Before explaining. Before apologizing. Gerzed responded, after a light tap of the device resting on his chest. A chest which still contained a racing and troubled heart. “On my way.”

After having responded, he reached out with both arms and took one of each of the girls’ hands, before saying. “I am so sorry, but I have to go. We’ll talk soon. The three of us. I swear.”

With that, and a slow lingering look he shared with both of the two women, they having finally broken their examining gaze, did he leave.

“We’ll talk. The three of us....”

What did that even mean? What was there to discuss? What foolish idea had Gerzed concocted in his multi-being mind? A question Jarra tried to answer by prying it from the Trill’s mind as he walked away. To her horror, however, the Betazoid found that even he did not know. He being as unclear as they were, and that at that moment, he wanted them both.

Both Vulcan and Betazoid.

Both Tellus and Jarra.

Two women who watched Gerzed walk away, before looking back to each other in silence. A silence in which Jarra broiled with emotion. Anger, sadness, jealousy, and even humiliation. All while Tellus appeared to remain unaffected. Unaffected, and yet still defiant. As finally, when Gerzed had entered a turbolift and disappeared, she spoke.

“I intend to make him my mate.” Each of the words felt like a its own separate dagger. Blades which then drove into Jarra’s heart. Together making the Betazoid even more jealous. Not only because they were about Gerzed, and spoke of the Vulcan’s intent to keep him. But because she was so sure. So certain what she wanted.

A certainty that was deeply at odds with that Lieutenant Itroivu felt as she stood there on the brink of an emotion-driven warp core breach. She being uncertain, confused, and above all else at that moment, compromised. It is true, that above career, she had come to the border of two of the Federation’s greatest enemies, to be with Gerzed. To make him her lover. Her Imzadi. Her husband. The father of her children. And then, when their voyages had come to an end, the dead body that laid to rest next to hers.

But he was taken! Or was he...? Jarra did not know. And after the Vulcan spoke once again, saying, “Did you hear me, Betazoid...?” She did not care.

“Yes, I heard you, VULCAN....” Jarra responded harshly, as her eyes hardened into a glare. “And that’s unfortunate because those are my intentions too.” It felt good. Saying it. Meaning it. Knowing that of all her possible options, she had chosen one. Chosen him. Gerzed. No matter what that meant.

And though the eyes of the Vulcan did not narrow and flare, Jarra could still see it. Or maybe she could only feel it. Sense it. A pillar of fire, somewhere deep within Gerzed’s pointy-eared pursuer. An emotion, suppressed though it may have been, that screamed at Jarra. Threatened her. Hissed and howled at her like a wild animal.

But even as the Betazoid listened to those barely-there wisps of Vulcan emotion calling to her from the darkest recesses of Tellus’ being, the same stepped forward. Closer to Jarra. In fact, only a foot from her -- she wanting more privacy for those words she spoke next.

“That is unacceptable.” With hands resting on her on uniform-covered hips, the Vulcan spoke. And though her statement sounded calm and rational, it was still a challenge. A phaser blast

across the bow. A demand that Jarra concede Gerzed, or else. Or else what...?

Before the Betazoid could ask that question, the one that hung on her lips, the high-pitched chirp of a communicator again interrupted. Not once, but twice. As each of the two officers' badges went off. They at the same time announcing, though with different voices.

“Lieutenant Tellus, please report to Sick Bay.” “Lieutenant Itroivu, please report to the bridge.”

For a moment, neither of them moved. Neither of them spoke. Each only looking into each other's eyes. The two communicating, though without words. With Tellus thinking, and Jarra reading. The Vulcan setting the terms for their next meeting, and the Betazoid nodding to accept them.

A conversation had -- an agreement made in silence.

Tellus' quarters, when their shifts for that day had come to an end.

It was then, with a plan to meet, but little understanding of what might follow, that they each broke their lingering gaze, turned from each other and began to walk. As they did, they each reached to their chest to tap and respond. “On my way.”

Jarra expected to see Gerzed on the bridge. Not only see him but spend the rest of the day fending off questions from him, like what happened when he left? Or conversations about how she and Tellus might fit together into his life.

An expectation, however, that had been thwarted by duty. For Gerzed had been sent to a nearby planet to pick up a delegation of diplomats for an upcoming conference that would take place on the station. A useful absence. One that would keep the man she and Tellus wanted elsewhere, as they together discussed those desires.

A meeting which seemed so distant when their shifts began, only to have it feel shockingly near, as the moments of their day passed by. A proximity realized, as, after a brisk walk and turbo lift ride to the section and door relayed to her by Tellus' thoughts, Jarra had arrived.

A presence alerted to the Vulcan by a soft sequence of chimes, that rang out once and then again. An announcement she responded to with a quick, "come in."

A beckoning the Betazoid accepted, as the door to her rival's quarters opened. An opening that Jarra then walked through. Her emotions once again under control. And her determination to win Gerzed as her own stronger than ever.

She having spent the day processing all that happened and all that said in that arrival hall. Something it appears the Vulcan had done as well, for before Jarra could even speak, Tellus apologized.

“Lieutenant Itroivu, I must apologize. I did not mean to offend you when I identified you by your race.” The still uninformed medical officer said as she stood from a seated position on her utilitarian, Starfleet issue sofa.

“It’s—it’s ... fine. Don’t worr...” Jarra began sweetly, as the softness of Tellus’ initial words pushed her to respond in kind.

“No, I did not take into account how that moment must have felt for you. Nor how my tone might have appeared combative.” As the red-headed Vulcan continued to speak, and explain her own perceived failings, she walked -- moving from the center of her quarters to Jarra. The Vulcan still without expression, and her voice still without emotion, despite the sincerity of her apology.

“I hope that you can put that encounter aside, and see that we are not enemies.” Every word sounded perfect. Sounded peaceful. As if all that had occurred before, and all that she had assumed would occur there in Tellus’ quarters, was just a fiction. A mix of her own imagination and Betazoid passions run wild.

And yet, despite that momentary doubt, strong as it was, she could feel it once again. Just the tip of the iceberg, but still, it was there. Jealousy. Anger. Frustration. Emotions that welled within Tellus. Somewhere even she did not know existed.

“I want him,” Jarra said quickly and with intentional force. Testing what the utterance would do those emotions she felt buried beneath Tellus’ Vulcan control.

“I know.” Tellus responded, she keeping her emotions suppressed, even if she had to close her eyes to do so.

“Isn’t that unacceptable?” Jarra asked, as she continued to study every firing neuron in her rival’s mind.

“Yes.” The Vulcan responded as those hidden emotions Jarra felt began to grow.

“Doesn’t that make us enemies?” The question and the Betazoid’s path to it were logical.

And it was that logic, or at least, the questioning of as much, that caused Tellus’ eyes to shoot open. Eyes which then looked at her guest quizzically, as if the nature, and perhaps consequence of the

question intrigued her. Still though, despite that intrigue and interest, the Vulcan still replied, “no.”

“You’re lying to me.” Jarra accused, in a still soft tone. One she kept as she stepped forward, and closer to her host.

“You’re even lying to yourself.” The Betazoid pressed, knowing that this meeting had to settle things between them -- that this was their one chance to do so before Gerzed inserted himself between them.

And though each of the accusations should have compelled Tellus to respond with denials, she instead found herself speechless. The Vulcan searching her mind to determine if Jarra was right. If the black-haired empath could sense those emotions she had spent her life training to suppress.

“You believe we are enemies. That we will battle for Gerzed. And that when we do, you will win.” With every word that was spoken, the Vulcan’s emotions began to rise closer and closer to the surface, and as they did, Jarra could feel them. Taste them. The very images in Tellus’ mind, being the telepath’s to see.

“Stop it...” The red-headed medical officer demanded, as her hands raised to her head and pressed to her temples.

“No. We don’t have time to lie to each other. This has to be decided before Gerzed returns.” As she spoke, the red-uniformed Jarra continued to move, slowly and cautiously towards Tellus. She only stopping a foot away from her blue-suited rival.

“I’m.... Not.... Lying.... I....” The Vulcan almost grunted through gritted teeth, as she tried to push Jarra out of her mind. Her eyes closing again, as she stumbled and fell back-first into the wall. A position in which she remained, even as the Betazoid continued to advance.

“You are.... Just let me show you.” Every word that Jarra spoke came soft and sensual -- confident and curated.

“No....” Tellus replied in a hushed tone that betrayed her growing fatigue. A mental exhaustion born from her efforts to resist the emotions swirling within her.

And though Jarra felt herself taking control of the encounter, and breaking through all of Tellus’ psychic barriers, she wanted more. She needed more, if this was to be the moment where she earned her rival’s agreement to withdraw. From Gerzed’s life. His bed. And his future. And so the Betazoid stepped forward once, and then again, until her own uniformed body pressed into to the medical officer’s.

The breasts of the two women pressing together, as the bare skin of their dress-exposed legs came to touch. Jarra then leaning in and pressing her forehead to her rival's, as she gazed core-deep into her eyes.

"This is what you want...." The telepath's words were like a poison being injected into Tellus' veins. They making her weak, both mentally and physically, for so many reasons she could not even list them if she tried. And though she could not enumerate how the moment was overwhelming her, she did speak in a voice that shook like a ship with damaged nassels.

"If we ... are enemies..." Tellus began, as her breathing began to quicken, and heart to race. "...this is..." The Vulcan struggled to speak, as the primal passions of her people, ones she had spent a lifetime learning to suppress, began to take hold. "...illogical...."

"Is it...?" Asked Betazoid lips that moved closer and closer to those of the Vulcan, until they lingered only a hair's width away.

"This is the battle." Jarra explained, as her lips brushed against Tellus'. Those of the latter extending to those of the former. Each of the two women's bodies shaking in the intensity of the moment. An intensity that gripped Jarra, just as badly, despite her control of the moment and sight into her rival's mind.

“A kunat kal-if-fee....” Came the Vulcan’s reply. She speaking of the ritual combat that is on occasion undertaken by her people, when they battle for a mate.

“Yeesss....” The Betazoid said in a hissing whisper, as her plan took shape in her mind. She would stand no chance in a fight with a Vulcan. Nor could they wound each other, without risking their promising, young careers. But she could still challenge and defeat her rival.

Doing so with her own, legendary Betazoid passions as her weapon. In a battle in which she would have the advantage. One of sensuality and not violence. Pleasure and not pain. At least, that’s what Jarra presumed, as she continued to lean into Tellus’ body with her own.

It was the answer. The solution. And though those battles had historically involved violence and striking, this one appeared to be something quite different. Something soft. Something sexual. Something more akin to a test of their womanhoods, than one of their brute strength.

A difference shown, as the lips of each suddenly pressed together, cutting off a heavy, lustful breaths they had been taking. An occurrence which sounded not entirely unlike the sound of an airlock

door opening in the arrival hall. The sound Gerzed had waited for, when our tale began.

A tale which brought both Jarra and Tellus there, to the quarters of one, with lips sealed together, and tongues gently meeting. Gently sliding. As the hands of each moved to the other's body.

It had begun.

Their battle for Gerzed.

Their kunat kal-if-fee to earn that handsome, wise, and yet still-conflicted Trill as their lover.

Begun though it had, the speed at which they kissed and touched one another seemed trapped in some kind of broken temporal distortion field. For one second and then two, they would move quickly, breathe heavy, and clash their tongues together like bat'leths. Then the next, they would slow and almost freeze together.

The beating of their hearts meeting somewhere in the solar storm of passion and persistence and syncing together. Hearts which belonged to Gerzed, even if he remained undecided and found himself absent. From the battle of Tellus and Jarra.

A battle of Betazoid-and-Vulcan sensuality.

A struggle of starward wills.

Such though their war was to Jarra in its entirety, for Tellus, it was something more. Or perhaps, she was something less. As for the first time in her adult life -- for the first time since she had learned to control her intense Vulcan emotions, did she feel.

Not feel, only as we do, for the emotions of the people of Vulcan run Delta Quadrant-deep and Omega strong. They, when set free being violent and volatile -- rapid and wanton -- unpredictable and even irrepressible, when they have moved too far past their dam.

Facts known to Tellus, who even in her long, lingering kiss with Jarra -- her rival, could not escape her quickly growing concern. Not about what would happen if she lost Gerzed, but instead, what would happen if she lost all and permanent control of her Voroth-deep well of suppressed Vulcan emotions.

Emotions which seemed to grow exponentially, in that kiss, one that each of the two beautiful Starfleet officers began to lose themselves in. They being drawn out not only by the innate competition between she and the Betazoid whose body pressed to hers, but also by the empathic nature of the same.

She, that long-haired, brunette beauty using her unmatched abilities to break through Tellus' logic -- Tellus' famous Vulcan control.

Like a damaged nessel, the redheaded medical officer's control and discipline was shutting down. And yet, she, mid-warp -- mid-kiss -- mid-kunat-kal-if-fee, could not find a way to repair it. Not just because she had already accepted the terms of the battle, but because she wanted it. Needed it.

The Vulcan feeling, and in fact, deducing, that somehow, the challenge presented by Jarra, one for a mate she had already chosen, had pushed her into an early pon farr. One she had missed all opportunity to resist and combat, when she accepted and returned the Betazoid's kiss.

And so there Tellus found herself, in an undiscovered country. Far beyond the neutral zone, in a slipstream of passion, lust, and sexual competition. A Wolf 359 for just she and her rival, one in which she suddenly grabbed, suddenly pushed, and then suddenly turned.

The sum of which saw the two officers roll in their body-to-body press, across the wall on which Tellus had leaned. But only once did they do so, before Jarra found herself pinned against the same surface, with her Vulcan competition now in control.

A control that the redheaded student of Grey's Anatomy did not use to pull away from their kiss. One so perfectly matched in intensity and tone that the hearts of those in it ached. No, for instead Tellus freed a roaming hand from her rival's body, raised it, and then, when the eyes of each were shut tightly in passion, she pressed.

The Vulcan placing and pushing her fingertips down on the forehead, temple, and cheek, of Gerzed's other. In so doing, Tellus locked both she and Jarra in a telepathic link -- a mindmeld.

An act -- a decision, instinctual as it was, which caused both women's eyes to shoot open and their mouths to pull back from their kiss. Their tongues decoiling and retracting, as their lips peeled from one another, from need though not want.

An end that left them still forehead to forehead, shaking in each other's grasp. A shaking that came with a deep, mutual gasp. One that broke and bent into a low, desperate whimper from each, as their minds began the transference.

Each finding their every thought.

Every emotion.

Every desire, laid bare for one another.

Each feeling the entirety of the other's essence flood their own mind. Neither Betazoid nor Vulcan in control of the waters. They coming too fast and too strong. Like the shockwave of Praxis, it overwhelmed them both.

They not in its aftermath, but occurrence, collapsing together slowly to the carpeted floor of Tellus' quarters. Each quivering. Each moaning. All as they fell to their knees, with foreheads still pressed and mindmeld still intact. The Vulcan's being unable to remove her fingers from Jarra's beautiful face, even when the impulse to free herself from the mindmeld came.

Even when the intensity of the meld became too intense to tolerate.

Even when, there on that floor, they together began to cry. From the pain of the transference. From the emotions of the other, both beautiful and tragic. And finally, from the pure, unfeigned love they each felt for Gerzed.

Those feelings of affection and fondness, so alike in kind and care, met at the very precipice of their meeting minds and clashed. Their collision, ethereal and indescribable as it was, caused each of the two linked officers to suddenly break from their meld. Break, and then

collapse apart. Their eyes closing, foreheads parting, and uniform covered bodies dropping to whatever laid beneath them.

There they remained together, teetering on the edge of their own mental oblivion. Hearing and seeing in their own minds scattered moments from the other's times with Gerzed.

Times of smiles and laughs -- of joy and happiness, at least at first. Times which made them each second guess their claim to him. Their worth as his mate. But slowly, those memories began to fade.

They dissolving into darkness.

Then from the darkness sprang new images. Not memories, but fantasies. Each seeing the other with Gerzed, not on the bridge or mess hall, but in bed. He and their rival naked and copulating. They having raw, passionate sex, but oddly, with the eyes of the other looking. Glaring. Affixed to the center of view.

As if those eyes could see she the watcher of those images. As if they fucked Gerzed not out of love, but to spite the other.

To punish the other.

It is from such images that they each suddenly woke. Their eyes shooting open, as they brought themselves back up to their knees in a rush.

Their eyes locking together in a glare -- one finally returned by Tellus. Her firewalls of emotional suppression stolen away by Jalla and their mindmeld.

“How dare she?!” Jarra thought to herself, without putting those thoughts into words.

Unsaid though the question was, somehow, Tellus could hear it. And upon its hearing, the Vulcan responded, she too in thought alone, as each remained on their knees. “How dare I...? How dare you...?!”

“You-you will-never touch Gerzed again!” Jarra thought aloud in her mind, unsure how Tellus could perceive her thoughts, when their mindmeld had seemingly been broken.

“You are mistaken. It is you, who will never touch Gerzed again.” Broken though their physical connection had been, as if they shared the same mind, the two kneeling rivals communicated without words as they glared.

Each promised. Each threatened. And only seconds after they did, could they feel it. Not apart but together. The sting, though that is too weak a word, as it felt more like a dagger tip driven into their heart.

The notion of being without Gerzed for the rest of their lives.

The idea of him being taken away from them by the other.

The emotion of it. The devastation and tragedy of it combining in their linked minds and amplifying in a shattering echo of despair. A sound, one they alone could hear, that sent their bodies forward and to the floor in a thud as their eyes welled with tears.

Tears which came in a flood, as in desperation they crawled towards one another. The pair of emotion-capsized officers reaching out and pulling each other to their knees.

On which they whispered in unison, "I can feel it." The speaking pair leaning into each other to avoid collapsing.

"Your love." Their voices overlapped, as foreheads and nose-tips met again.

"Your jealousy." In harmony they spoke, as their tear-wet eyes met and fused together. Not in a glare but with empathy.

“Your pain.” They shuddered as they clung to each other, unsure what was happening to them. What was happening between them, though they were certain it was from their attempts to enter and control each other’s minds.

“Aaaarrrrrggggghhhhhh...” Once more and together their voices came, but this time in a sudden and pained groan.

A groan followed by silence, as each found themselves standing in a vast, gray nothingness. A nothingness birthed of wisping smoke and shifting darkness. There, in that endless plain, they found nothing, but each other.

Neither wearing their uniforms, as they were in reality, but instead standing nude. Nude and apart, a few paces or so.

“What have you done...?” Jarra asked, her tone calm and almost curious, despite the agony she felt not moments before.

“I... I do not know.” Tellus answered, she too perplexed by their suddenly displaced surroundings.

“We both love him.” The brunette telepath said flatly, as if where they were or how they got there was no longer of importance to her.

“And yet, neither of us will let the other have him.” As if the Betazoid’s comment had woken her from a daze, Tellus replied as she stepped closer to her naked rival.

“And so we fight for him.” Came the brunette’s matter-of-fact reply, as she too began to move closer to her rival.

“With our passions.” Tellus stated in step, her tone betraying how uneasy she was even saying that word -- given the depth of Vulcan emotions.

“With our bodies.” Jarra answered in stride, doing what she could to ebb her rival’s threatening reticence.

“With our minds.” Added Tellus, just before she and Jarra reached one another in the sea of twisting absence that surrounded them. And upon that moment of contact, they together woke their on the floor of the Vulcan’s quarters, just as they had when together they cried.

It was a soft moment -- a delicate moment, as together they leaned back back from one another. Tears still rolling down their cheeks as together they raised a gently lowered palm to the other’s cheek. The pair knowing what was to come and how deeply their minds were tied together.

The telepath par-excellence and the young Vulcan having, in their unchecked initial engagement, ignored all protocol and caution.

Jarra entering her rival's mind and drawing forth the molten emotions that lied beneath long-held controls. She diving deeper and further than she had ever tried before.

While Tellus engaged in a mindmeld with she who was to be conquered. Not one done patiently and with care, but instead desperately and in the throws of emotions uncontrolled.

Neither knew what the consequences of their reckless insertions into one another might be. How or if they might undo what had been done and sever what had been connected. And yet, despite that unknown path, together they leaned once more.

Their lips and tongues meeting softly, as for the first time they engaged in mutual need.

