

Aspects of Troi Part 1

STARDATE: 2710.00

The lift belonged to her. Override in place, She explored the tangled sensations arising from her recent session and allowed herself a satisfied purr. Any knowledgeable observer would have called the purr Terra-feline. The long, languorous wriggle - stretch that followed appeared anatomically impossible and wasn't even remotely Human. Or Betazoid.

Her explorations reached outward through the ship. She honed in on the nearby emanations of anguish, critically assessing them until she was satisfied they didn't signify lasting trauma.

"MajQa' " Deanna Troi thought. She laughed a little at her continued use of Klingonasse. "Still in role, I see..." Deanna enabled the lift again. "choQ wa'maH !"

"Destination-?" the air queried hesitantly.

Deanna Troi snarled softly.

*

Far to one side, and a little below, Lieutenant Barclay gingerly maneuvered himself out of Holodeck 2.

*

The doors to Ten-Forward hissed open. A smile tugged at Guinan's lips as Deanna Troi entered. Troi wasn't the only Empath aboard *Enterprise*.

Her voice reflected an aura that Deanna always ached to be able to emulate. "What'll it be, Counselor?"

"Double," Deanna smiled softly, naturally. "A double....chocolate.....sundae."

*

Engineering Log, Stardate 2710.00: Commendation: Lt. Barclay. His work performance this afternoon is high-normal compared to usual despite the clear physical and emotional discomfort he is working under.

Personal Log; La Forge: The other crew down here have been unable to resist hazing Reg. As this was no doubt Counselor Troi's desire, I have allowed it as long as it remains in good humour and non-virulent. Mr. Barclay has been assigned duties away from delicate engineering equipment as he is still shedding significant amounts of soap. NB: My Visor has been picking up unusual auras in and about Reg's derriere. Supplemental: Reg has just vomited into the Warp Core. In direct contravention of Counselor Troi's orders, I'm sending him to Sickbay. I hope I don't get spanked.

*

The two women were still discussing Deanna's techniques when Beverly Crusher arrived. "Reg will make it," the doctor reported crisply. "A litt - err - a lot of soap

and water never really hurt anyone.” Then her professional demeanor cracked and she collapsed into a chair. “Oh, Dee!” She got out between breaths of helpless laughter. “How could you!!”

*

Deanna started as she found Guinan motionless next to her at the big windows. Ten-Forward had darkened into ‘evening’ and emptied. She had no idea how long she’d been staring into the abyss of space. “Guinan. Where is everyone?”

“There’s a vampire film playing,”

“So why aren’t you there?” The void stared back at her.

“I’ve already seen it.” She replied.

Deanna forced herself to be at least mildly interested. “Is it any good?”

“Counselor.” Her voice held a dead quality Deanna didn’t like. “I’ve already....*seen*.....it.”

Deanna swung quickly to Guinan. She shook her head hard to dispel the imagery that flashed into her mind.

“It’s *true*, isn’t it...” She whispered.

Gouts of blood everywhere. The blood wasn’t Human. A scent Guinan didn’t wear anymore, yet unmistakably hers. Flash of a sharp instrument.

Guinan smiled tautly. “The issue is you, right now, isn’t it.” She held her hands out to the counselor. In them were two large yellow bars of soap.

“But, Guinan---!” I’m ship’s *Counselor*! She thought desperately

“In your mind, Deanna, you *had* been violated. *You* chose the consequences for Mr. Barclay. From there on, what happened had nothing to do with his therapy.”

Her eyes met and held the Betazoid’s. She dropped the soap into the counselor’s immaculately clean hands. “Your professional reputation and integrity is still intact, Deanna.” Guinan turned away. “You’ve been staring into space for hours.” *Counselor. You need to follow through.*

Deanna caught the thought as clear as if it had been spoken.

She looked down at the soap in her hands. Unbidden, her anger rose. Guinan had been right. “Computer. Locate Lieutenant Barclay.”

“Lieutenant Barclay is in Theatre 17.”

~~ Something moved in Guinan’s face as she lifted her glass of red wine. Something frightening. ~~

“That *film*,” Deanna thought. Fine, then. She needed to plan.

*