

## Aspects of Troi Part 2

The film ended. It had been gory. Brutal. An *elegant* enigmatic ending. No one leaving paid particular attention to Guinan listening to snippets of conversation. This was as she wished. Stillness radiated from her. She didn't notice Lieutenant Barclay.

"Almost believable," Barclay thought as he made his way to his quarters. At least the movie had done its job. Through it he had been able to briefly forget the pain he had to endure when sitting down. His lips were no longer so swollen. And, best of all, there had been *no one* there from Engineering. He managed to hold the mood as far as the lift. A slim, shapely Andorian blocked his way when the doors opened.

"Lieutenant, Sir." She smiled as she exited. "Behaving yourself?" Her antennae curled in amusement as she caught his look of embarrassment and anger. The blue of her skin deepened. A lovely hand-washing gesture; now cut him off *sharp* as he tried to speak. "I outrank you, Mister."

He could still hear her bell-like giggle as the lift started. "Fucking hell!" Barclay swore vehemently. He paced the turbo lift frenetically. "G-Goddammit. Bl-bloody---fuck, bloody hell—I mean **SHIT-FUCKING BLOODY Betazoid BITCH!**" "**FUCKING...**"

"Destination---?" the air queried hesitantly.

Far to one side, and a little above, Deanna Troi's anger pulsed in sync.

Despite its disastrous aftermath, Barclay had tried to hold to the professional and useful portion of Troi's counseling. His encounter with the Andorian Jalan ruined that. Now, the anticipation of redemption and love from a gorgeous, scantily-clad Greek Goddess began mounting steadily. And maybe, just maybe a little retribution of his own. The thought now inflamed him, captivated him. He would do it.

His quarters. *At last*. Now clandestinely equipped with its own holo-transmitters, it was the one place in which Barclay felt safe from the hostile universe. He sagged inwardly with relief. "*Computer*. Run Barclay 3. Authorization 4-11-36, Secure, secure."

The stone temple flashed into view. It was a hot and windy day. Barclay began to get hard as the woman he idolized above all others came out of the soothing Adriatic waters. Her statuesque naked body gleamed. Troi tossed succulent long wet hair out of her face; spread her arms in welcome. "My lord,"

Barclay tapped his keypad, adding in his desired refinement. "M-my Goddess," Barclay stopped. He cleared his throat. "My l-lovely. I'm sorry this is necessary."

She turned from setting the spanking implements out neatly beside the altar. "Don't be," She smiled quietly at him. "I must be punished. You know this."

"*Too fucking right, Bitch.*" Barclay thought.

Troi bent over, gripping the altar with both hands. He began to sweat with heat and excitement. Taking his time, Barclay let her see his first selection, a particularly vicious paddle. Her knuckles whitened.

"*Freeze* program."

That horrid taste returned to his mouth in a sour rush. *Move !* He thought desperately as he spun

around.

A hand steadied him, pulled slightly. Barclay's own momentum carried him around full circle back to where he started. He stared. His quarters had been violated.

Walls of warm stone. Spicy wood burned in an austere fireplace. Weapons graced two walls; *Klingon weapons*. And Barclay knew they were hung there only to tease.

A fountain sculpted in the form of a Denebian Slime Devil gushed shimmering, steaming water from its fanged mouth. The waters were caught in an ornate basin set comfortably at waist height. Two yellow bars of soap graced that washbasin.

He gulped the soapy taste down and wiped his mouth. Jangled, searing emotions held him rigid. She slipped an intimate arm around his shoulder and leaned in close from behind.

"Denlbya' Qatlh," Deanna whispered in his ear. "Spank her until she *bleeds*."

Pause.

Her body was so warm. "Shit-fucking Betazoid .... *Bitch??*"

Anger seethed as he watched Goddess Troi take the `oy'naQ down from the wall.

"D-Deanna," Barclay fought to get the words out. "Th-this thing's g-gone far enough---"

She watched with him as the holo-Troi checked the pain-stick's settings. "Oh, I don't think so," she said. Her own anger rippled to the surface. "I *told* you I'd check up on you after your appointment this morning. And, what have I discovered? My poor little *man-boy* still doesn't know how else to feel good...." Her grip tightened. "What *has* gone far enough is your filthy, disgusting demeaning behaviour. You haven't learned *anything*, have you! How dare you even *think* of trying it again with a holo of me! After what happened!" Now only her mesmerizing eyes held Barclay in place. "You have a tough choice ahead of you, Lieutenant. You can choose to report to Captain Picard."

Shoving past, she entered the program and swung to face him. Her growl was deadly calm. "Or you can report to *me*."