

Aspects of Troi

Part 4

“C-computer! Override-” *Like that would work*, Barclay thought. He swung to face her. She was moving in on him. “Troi. **Troi**. *Jesus Christ*, pl-please, no. Stop.”

Deanna gave a low, wicked laugh. “Reg, Reg. Had enough, have you?” As Klingons go, her voice was gentle. Deanna winced as she touched her bruised cheek. *Troi, is it now?* she thought. *Interesting*.

Deanna mused. “You *hit* me....I’ve fallen off my pedestal, haven’t I. I think, I think maybe my man-boy is finally learning.” She set the `oy’naQ hovering in the air between them and folded her arms. Her eyes dared him to try for it. Barclay considered it; didn’t move.

Shock, Deanna thought. She caught him just as he went down, cradled his fall. The program frozen, she was again the lovely compassionate Betazoid counselor he remembered. He shuddered as she restored his clothes, administered a stimulant, and raised the room’s temperature. She helped him slump wincing into a chair. Deanna’s regimen had not contained a painkiller.

Schooling herself for patience, Deanna drew up a stool and sat before him. *Do it right*, she thought. *Mess this up and we’ll have gained nothing. We’ll both have to face the Captain---* She scanned him again.

He wouldn’t look at her. As his breathing finally slowed, his attention became focused on the fountain. The Denebian Slime Devil leered blankly. She went over to it, posed briefly. He didn’t react. *So*. Deanna dropped the soap into the steaming water and watched his breath quicken. She continued, satisfied she had his attention again.

“*Lieutenant* Barclay. This is Counselor Troi speaking to you. I am going to ask you some things now. I want you to think before you answer.” She paused, eyed him narrowly. “I can’t *hear* you.”

“Then use your goddamn Betazoid abilities, *Counselor!*” Barclay shot back rudely.

“I pick up on your pain, Reg. Don’t make the assumption I like it.” She ignored his filthy epithet. “I pick up on your humiliation and anger.” *Do it right*, she thought desperately. She kept her rich melodious voice soft. “Can you understand the depths of *my* anger? Can you *feel* it?” Another pause. He still wouldn’t acknowledge her.

Reg is going to like this a whole lot less than anything I’ve done for him so far, she thought. Deanna took a deep breath. “I’ve done something else to you, Reg. I’ve gone and had a look-see in all your holo-programs.”

Barclay stiffened.

She nodded. "That's right. You have no more secrets."

Barclay reddened. "Y-you h-had no r-right---" He finally looked at her. The way Deanna watched him gave him chills. *Ohmygod, Jalan*. He forgot the pain.

"And you thought I was bad?" Deanna had dropped her voice. "Do you have any idea what Andorian honor *demands*? About now, you'd be begging her for death. And you wouldn't get it, not for a very, very long time!" She raised her hand. "Don't interrupt! Jalan would kill you *slowly*, Reg. When she was done your body would feed her *pets*. And you know, Starfleet would have to exonerate her."

Deanna got control of herself. She could still lose him if she wasn't very careful. The counselor softened her stance and moved in a careless, casual and non-threatening manner. "I've deleted that one program for you, Reg." It was time for humour. "I was particularly fascinated with what you did with '*Ensign Ro*'. She'd probably take you up on it if you asked her to." She touched his arm, smiled. "Shall we watch it together?"

Barclay was appearing to have come to grips with what Deanna had had the holo-Troi done to him. He was realizing his compulsion wasn't harmless. At last.

He didn't pull away when I touched him. Thank the Powers, Deanna thought fervently. He still has a ways to go, but it can be treated in a conventional fashion. Although it had had its satisfying moments, she had not enjoyed treating him in this fashion. "Take the big step, Lieutenant."

The moment was intimate. Barclay found he could savour it without his previous infatuation with her. He took a deep breath. "C-computer. Delete all my holo-programs. And-and d-deny future holo-programs that haven't been authorized by Counselor Troi."

Barclay breathed out and opened his eyes. It was done. One giant step on the road to recovery. He stared blankly. The room hadn't changed. He stiffened as Deanna placed the `oy'naQ in his throat. *What the hell?*

"`oy' DaSIQjaj !" Barclay knew that one. "May you enjoy the pain."
The Slime Devil seemed to smile at him.

"*MajQa*!" Deanna got her formidable Klingon face right into Barclay's personal space as she chivied him along. "You did very well, Reg!"

He balked, she slapped at his blistered ass.

Barclay jumped and yelped. “Did you think you could talk like that to me and get away with it! *I don’t think so*, little *boy*! You get yourself right over to the sink.” She propelled the protesting Barclay around to face the sudsy basin. “You know the drill from this morning! Pants down, shirt off *now*.”

“Now, you need to learn your manners from a lady.”

“C-counselor!—” Disbelieving, Barclay twisted around to face her. “I-I know y-you mean business. I know you c-can do it. Don’t please. I apologize....oh, *fuck* ---” His eyes opened wide. Her and that goddamned transporter trick. This time he didn’t move. Barclay let the sudsy torrent filling his mouth spew right into Deanna’s face.

The counselor wasn’t quick enough. She made a face as some went in her mouth. Part of her was grimly satisfied that Barclay was resisting. “Ooohhhhh!” Deanna didn’t bother wiping her face. Wanting something *physical*, she tossed the `oy’naQ aside and fainted for her favorite spot: his groin. His hands went down; hers went up. Barclay’s aim was deflected by the simple expedient of her painful grip on his ear. In a second she had him helplessly hunched on his knees and gagging into the basin.

Barclay blinked through the blinding tears. A bar of soap swam into view. Deanna scooped sudsy water into his face. She followed up with the bar itself, scrubbing hard. The counselor got a firmer grip on the back of his neck and pushed his face right into the basin. The water erupted into a sudsy geyser. It diminished suddenly as the enema bag emptied itself. She let him up. Barclay gripped the sides of the basin with both hands as he wheezed and spluttered.

Deanna grabbed up a nearby paddle and then reconsidered. The holo-Troi had done too good a job. Any more could cause serious injury. She let him recover while she lathered her hands.

“Have you really learned your manners?” Deanna soaped his face again. She popped the soap in as he tried to answer. *He never learns*, she thought in amusement as she worked the bar around. The soft bar rapidly coated his tongue. She kept the bar wet to maximize discomfort. “jQuE ! SoH matlh loDHom ! You’re going to be so *clean* when I’m done!” Barclay’s head was tilted back to get the rich suds running down his throat.

“ *Warning*: Scans show subcutaneous swelling to eyes, trachea and epiglottis. Probability of a significant stay in Sickbay 38.6%.” Pause. “44.7%---”

“*petaQ ! Qu'vatlh yIntagh toDSaH.... toy'wl'a' !*” She grabbed the hypo spray. “How extremely unfortunate.” The computer rendered bloodlessly. Deanna was aback at the translation. A great deal of juice seemed to have been squeezed out somewhere.

“Grip the bar with your teeth. *Don’t* let go.” The counselor stepped back. “Now turn around. Let me have a good look at you.”

Barclay complied. His eyes were squeezed shut against the soap. The analgesic was already working and he could breathe through his nose. He stood still trying to sense where she was.

Deanna studied him critically. “Ah, yes. Look at those suds you’re drooling! All that soap caked on your teeth! *Very good!*” She gave a small laugh and spun him around to caress his throbbing backside. “What a fine set of welts you’re sporting! You’ll remember this for a long time, won’t you.” She laughed again, spun him back. “Now you have the proper appearance of a totally shamed little man-boy.” Barclay stiffened. “Speak to me, *little boy*. What was that word you used?”

He tried to use his hands; she knocked them down and slapped his face for good measure. “Are you asking to be whipped? Leave your filthy *paws* where they are, young man! *What* did you call me? Say it!”

“Argghh—Ugh—blethhh---Guh-” He fought out.

“You called me a fucking Betazoid bitch,” Deanna recited matter-of-factly. “Say ‘I am a very sorry dirty little boy. I understand why I was punished. I apologize.’” Pause. “And, Reg? You’d better be convincing. You may take the soap out now.”

Barclay fumbled the bar out of his mouth. The urge to spit a mouthful of suds in her direction was overwhelming. He knew better than to try it. “Guh, I-I’m—echh uh very dirty little—ugh b-boy. Bleh,” Oh God, his tongue **burned**. “I-I underthand why I was p-punished I apolothesize! *Theanna!!*”

Deanna placed a gentle hand on Barclay’s shoulder and guided him around to face the basin. She placed the jetter in his hand. “You may rinse now, Lieutenant. Report to Sickbay when you’re done. Dr. Crusher will want to have a look at you.”

“Our next appointment will be at 1000 hours tomorrow. A *regular* appointment. Yes?” *Honor satisfied*, Deanna thought as she headed out.

Guinan and Deanna were deep in discussion when Riker entered. He came over to their table. “May I join you ladies?”

Guinan stood up. “I’d better get back to work,” she smiled. “Maybe next time. Can I get you something, Commander?”

Riker shook his head. “I’m on shift shortly.”

“Deanna?” Guinan studied her sidewise. “Dessert perhaps? A chocolate sundae?”

Deanna smiled softly, naturally. “No, thank you, Guinan. I’m *fine*.”

Riker straddled his chair. “Uh, Counselor, about today,” Deanna looked at him innocently. Riker became uncomfortable. “I mean- I had this, er, report from Sickbay...” A questioning amused tilt to her head; a raised eyebrow. Deanna hitched her chair around closer to his. “I mean, well -maybe a little more *discretion*—next time--”

The counselor ran a warm hand down Riker’s face in a loving caress and then gripped his chin. “**N**ext time? Are you *asking* for something, Will?”

Deanna smiled mischievously.
