

## Barclay 9

STARDATE: 2711.00

The door hissed open and Lieutenant Barclay backed into Corridor 8 mumbling something under his breath. He had dragged out the session an extra couple of minutes and now, shift change completed, the corridor was mercifully empty. Barclay was relieved. He didn't think he could stand the bustle of normal crew people going past him, doing and feeling normal things. His relief evaporated as he heard a door hiss open. He knew without looking it was her door. Barclay tried to move faster.

"Mr. Barclay? I didn't quite hear that..." Her rich and melodious voice was hypnotic. It could make one shiver.

It demanded response and Barclay found he was only walking away from her in his mind. "DenIbya' Qatlh, I said!", her cool professionalism suddenly triggering a hot, irritated center he never knew he had. There was a cold, cold silence. It forced him to swing around, irritation gone.

"I-I'm s-sorry Counselor. It's j-just---" Deanna Troi's gaze stopped his words. He was mortified. She was, after all, the gorgeous woman he had been caught idolizing on the holodeck.

"SoH matlh!" Deanna snapped. "Reginald! And I really thought we had made progress today." Her sudden hard demeanor, coupled with being told in Klingonasse he was filthy and disgusting held Barclay motionless. It was so at odds with the warm caring counselor he had poured his feelings to a short time earlier. Involuntarily a holo-image of a scantily-clad Greek goddess flashed into view.

Deanna's face was set; her mesmerizing eyes narrowed. "Why, Lieutenant. It doesn't take a Betazoid to know what's going on in your mind."

Barclay reddened as his manhood did things all by itself.

"So, you still think you must have me in your fantasies" Seductive. "Perhaps-" Lovely hands clasped. "-we've gone about this all the wrong way." She slapped her com-badge. "Troi to Riker."

"Bridge; Riker here."

"Commander, I'd like to request Lieutenant Barclay be excused from duty today. Our session hasn't gone well. I'd really like to take this opportunity to delve deeper."

Riker sat up as if stung. "A moment, please, Counselor." He turned to La Forge who was trying suddenly to look busy at the Engineering station.

La Forge shrugged. "He doesn't do a full day's work anyway, Commander. Holodeck addict."

Deanna waited, amused. She'd picked up on their emotions, and suspected the Bridge had suddenly gotten hotter.

Riker came back. "He's all yours, Counselor." His voice was so carefully neutral that she made sure he heard her little laugh.

Her smile got wider. "Come along, Reg. You have a date in Holodeck 2." Barclay flinched. The turbo lift had been silent most the way down. Barclay had made one more effort to get back to work but she had stared him down. Effortlessly. His anxiety rose as they neared her destination. Doors slid open. Anxiety up another notch. Barclay wondered what in space she had planned in the holodeck. He watched the beautiful counselor as she stopped at the holodeck console. Barclay realized that the Betazoid was aware of his frequent glances, but khest, he was at least trying to control his infatuation.

Deanna gripped his ear, pulled his face to her. "I have just spent the last three hours listening to the inside of your filthy little mind." Her other hand continued entering data, refining her program. The computer obliged her with the formula for lye soap. She keyed it in. Her anger boiled over. "I heard you again just now, and I've about had it!" She propelled him away from her. "Computer. Run Program Barclay 9."

Walls flickered into place and Barclay stumbled into an odd-shaped alien commode. He swung around quickly, knocking something to the floor. He bent to pick it up then stared. Now he knew whose butts the commode had been designed for. The Klingon pain stick made painful contact as the counselor's heavily-booted foot kicked him to the floor. He writhed and yelled. An elegant hand with long sharp nails gracefully deactivated the pain and rolled him onto his back. Muscles cramping, Barclay stared up and his breath caught. Even with forehead ridges and heavy brows Troi was still the most alluring woman he'd ever seen.

Deanna Troi looked around critically. Her gaze took in the plentiful acutements and she frowned. "Computer. Remove cleanser dispensers. Create three yellow soap bars; rounded corners; weight: 150g each." Multiple mirrors reflected her new formidable Klingon appearance as she looked down at her charge. "Filthy language and nasty thoughts are the same no matter the language they're thought in." Her voice was stern, unforgiving. "We'll just have to take care of the problem human-style, with Klingon variants." She showed her jagged teeth and swung the enema bag into his view. Out of his sight, her other hand enabled the transporter.

Barclay levitated off the floor. His gaze went from the counselor as she lathered her hands to the enema bag of soapy water. The transporter effect made it bubble nicely. Barclay's eyes opened wide. "C-Counselor--" A frothy spittle came out as he spoke, and a strange desperate look came. He lunged.

The Betazoid adroitly sidestepped as Barclay hunched over the commode, spewing out a steady stream of acrid sudsy water. An attempt to breathe through his nose misfired and he gulped down a mouthful and retched helplessly. Barclay wheezed and gripped both sides of the commode as she yanked down his pants. Deanna delivered five stinging slaps to his buttocks with her soapy hand. He bucked and tried to holler. Soapy water sprayed everywhere. She

spanked the reddened target again, harder. The sour sudsy water trailed off to a trickle and a jolt from the painstick sent him onto his back. He moaned.

“Now, Reg, what are you?” She asked. Her voice was that of a mother forced to discipline against her wishes. “Ah, yes. A naughty, naughty boy. Aren’t you?”

“P-please---” Barclay whispered. “D-Deanna, please!!”

Deanna didn’t relent. “And, what did you call me? Say it !”

Barclay flinched and thought desperately. "Maybe I really was too rude.....Don't think so.....she really worked my brain over back in her quarters.....God, my ass hurts....."His thoughts became jumbled from the way she looked at him. "Sure don't want any more of that BLOODY DAMMED FUCKING PAINSTICK. Gotta apologize. Get it over with." Aloud he said: “I c-called you a Denebian Slime Devil.” He added contritely: “Counselor, I was out of line. I was naughty. I’m sorry.”

Deanna considered his statement. “Reginald, Reginald.” She said. Her voice was a silky purr. “Thats just not good enough. You really do deserve the painstick, you know, and I know just how much you love it.”

Barclay flinched. He was now truly anxious to placate her. He thought HARD at her: Leave out the Painstick, and I’m yours.

“Sit on the toilet, please.”

Barclay complied hurriedly. Klingon commodes were most unforgiving to the human anatomy. He shifted uncomfortably.

Deanna held the soap to his lips. Copious suds flowed over her hands and down her bare arms. Unwillingly, he opened his mouth wide. Deanna’s eyes sparkled. She worked the bar from side to side. It lath-ered beautifully and the old-fashioned lye stung bitterly. She used the full weight of her body to pin him to the commode while she scrubbed. Barclay twisted helplessly in her embrace. Each movement made on the wretched Klingon toilet sent searing stabs of pain through his buttocks.

She pulled out the soap and used the jetter to flood his mouth with water. Hot suds cascaded down his chin and over his uniform shirt. His com-badge shorted out with a pop. Deanna soaped his face and mouth and then just paused, holding the bar in against his tongue. She gently tilted his head back. Suds only flow downhill, and downhill was now down Barclay’s sore throat. Blinding tears coursed down Barclay’s face. His hand touched hers beseechingly. In response, Deanna ran a finger gently along the inside of his ear. He shuddered as she stepped back.

“Don’t drop the soap.”

The counselor surveyed the results of her gentle ministrations. She took her time. Barclay coughed and squirmed but left the soap bar in. His lips were rapidly swelling and his eyes streamed. The rich lather caked his face, neck and shirt. His eyes were locked on her. An errant trickle of suds went down to his groin and Deanna had to resist an urge to wipe it away.

“Have we learned our manners yet, Mr. Filthy-Mouth Barclay?” She asked.

Barclay moved his head fractionally.

“Very well,” Deanna replied. “You may stand now and get dressed.”

When he was dressed she stepped in close to take the soap out. He recoiled in fear.

Deanna asked mischievously. “Are you asking for more?” She picked up the two unused bars and laughed as he choked back an oath.

“Take these with you,” She instructed. “Report directly to Engineering for the remainder of your shift. Do not change your uniform. I want everyone there to know what happens to dirty mouths.” Her appearance flicked back to gorgeous Betazoid as she headed out. “After your shift, I’ll come check in on you, and you will recite Shakespeare’s Hamlet to me.”

“In Klingonasse.”

Barclay turned to the sink, slipped on the soapy floor, and landed on the painstick. He screamed as his vision went black.

His scream reverberated in his ears as he opened his eyes. It was still black. Gradually, red numbers hove into view. 0500.

"Two hours until my appointment with Counselor Troi," Barclay thought fuzzily. "How am I gonna explain her in my holo-program...Greek Goddess..." His mind came fully awake and he bolted up. He licked his lips; checked sensations in his mouth anxiously. Was that a hint of soap? Lieutenant Reginald Barclay huddled back under his blankets and shivered.

"Trek3 "