

Aspects of Troi

Part 3

His form was shrouded and indistinct. Only the face was clear as it swam towards her through the darkness. Mocking eyes regarded her from an expressive white face. The mouth opened, revealing double-edged fangs.

Gunian bolted out of bed. Her hands clawed emptiness; a half completed warding spell in an alien dead language hung in the warm air. Her naked body was covered in cold sweat ----

---But that's a different story.

The Klingon Lady took the proffered `oy'naQ from the holo-Troi. “jQuE! What happened to you earlier was just a *taste*,” she warned. “If I have my way, you’ll wish you had chosen Starfleet discipline. DaH wuK bij !” She tapped her heavily booted foot impatiently. “DaH wuK bij !” Seeing his blank look, Deanna snapped: “Choose. Now.”

To his surprise Barclay suddenly found he stubbornly standing up to her, and was in a little awe of himself. “kU`vele`ta ! Enough fucking Klingon crap!” he snarled. “This isn’t therapy! This is how you get your fun, right?” His usual stammer had vanished. “You bloody bitch! Fucking--”

“Klingons regard strong family discipline as all-important. This setting is most appropriate!” Her guttural Klingonasse was fluent. Pity Barclay now had to rely on a translator, she mused. Her eyes bored into his. He stepped back a pace. “You forget, I know how you have fun! You were about to spank *me*!” A jagged snarl.

“And since you’re once again behaving like a foul-mouthed little child I also thought it appropriate to include Human refinements.” Not surprisingly, there was no word for *soap*. She had to revert back to Federation Standard. “Soap. Lots of it! And, other things.” She came up for air. “DaH wuK bij !”

“God, what kind of *gdayt* monster is she,” he wondered. “How could I have adored her?” He looked at her spin the painstick. The thought of ever idolizing her again on the holo-deck made him feel acutely nauseous.

Deanna’s eyes glittered. “I’d say my therapy is working,” she said.

Barclay gave her a very small nod. He *had* to placate her. If he faced the Captain, he’d be lucky to be allowed to remain aboard *Enterprise*. And the *Enterprise* was a very special ship.

His Goddess took her time, sensuously undressing him. She stepped to one side, gracefully indicating what lay behind. The implements neatly arranged by the ornate altar were very familiar. Barclay's ardor cooled even further as she indicated the position she wanted him to take. She smiled quietly. He swallowed. He had never seen a Klingon altar before.

"My lord is already sorry," she whispered. "But you know you deserve it."

Klingon altars are not designed for worship. Equipped with ingenious pain devices and restraints, the Klingons used them solely to ensure their children became strong warriors worthy of Stovikor.

After she had ensured Barclay was securely restrained, the holo-Troi leisurely displayed the well-chewed soap bar Deanna had used on him that morning. It was wet and dripped suds. She ran her soft hand sensuously up to his groin. A pause -

-- Eyes slitted, Deanna unconsciously caressed the `oy'naQ's pain settings -

-- She squeezed. Barclay yelped. In moments he was adding new deep bite marks to the soap. One hand maintained the discomfort while her other lifted that paddle. Barclay mumbled around the soap bar and squirmed frantically. Troi checked the fast downward swing at the last second. She set the paddle aside and wiped his nose clean, giving him more air. "G—G—Thsss-!"

Her hand went to the soap, gave it a few turns. Having created a little more room, she shoved the bar further in. "My lord wishes to speak?" She asked.

"Errr—ah— Gd---Mmmfff--Sss!—Ugh--" The soap was an agonizing burn against his swelling tongue.

Tears of desperation coursed down his face as her grip on his groin tightened. Barclay's eyes bulged. He lost sight of her face, moaned as she ignored the pleading twitch of his hand, which was all the movement the restraints afforded. A moment later and the paddle connected with all her force. Red welts blossomed across his buttock. Barclay howled, spraying pieces of soap everywhere. The paddle came back down hard on the same spot. And then again. And again after that. She paused to regard her handiwork. The paddle had left bloody welts in the pattern of the Klingon Imperial Trefoil. Satisfied, she continued the paddling down the inside of his leg. Barclay fought the restraints wildly. As intended, the altar's design was scraping cruelly at sensitive areas of his body.

Had Troi been real, Barclay might have been crippled. As it was, the computer program constantly scanned him and kept her aim and force accurate to a decimal point. There would be no permanent damage.

"My God!" Barclay sobbed. "Oh, stop, God, Jeez, Owww! -"

She was methodically repeating her treatment on the other side. Giving him no respite, she released his groin to toggle the agonizers set into the altar. Blue fire ran down his nerves. Barclay writhed. His screams were choked off as he gagged on the remaining soap. The agonizers switched themselves off.

On the verge of passing program parameters, Troi froze, a half-smile on her lovely face, hand holding the paddle millimeters from connecting.

Soapy spittle dribbled as Barclay gasped for breath. His body heaved. “C—C---C—Coun-sel-lor---” His words were cut off as the paddle suddenly made contact. The force was less and the location changed. Somewhat diminished, the fire returned.

“choSuvchugh 'oy'llj Daghur neH.” “Struggling only makes it hurt more.” The translator supplied helpfully. Deanna eyed the soap bars thoughtfully.

Adrenalin surged and Barclay broke the restraints. He rolled off the altar, frantically evaded Troi’s swing and crawled sobbing for Deanna. The paddle broke on the altar. Troi froze mid-stride as she went after him. “C-Counsellor---Deanna...*please...*”

“How does it feel, Reg?” Deanna asked. She prodded him to his knees with the `oy’naQ. “How’s it feel to be abused by a holo-program? I wonder, how many times have you raped ‘me’?” She fingered the controls. A satisfying holler. He went down hard, rolled gasping on his back. Another bolt. “Now you get yourself back *over there!*” Nulled, she used the painstick to prod him back to the altar. “Go on. Move. I said, *move!* That’s it, keep moving.” A guttural command, and new restraints appeared. Whirling, Barclay cracked the counselor hard across the face. He bolted for the door, found it gone. He scanned the vast room desperately.

Deanna glared murder.