

Sweet Beginnings

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Sweet Beginnings

by [Beatrice Otter](#)

Summary

Worf has noticed Deanna in a whole new way. Deanna has noticed him noticing.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Even when he was conflicted and unsure, Worf was decisive and forthright; that was one of the things Deanna liked about him. It could occasionally get him into trouble, but Deanna had enough patients come to her who needed to be coaxed into admitting their feelings and thoughts, and then into taking appropriate actions to deal with their problems, that it was good to have friends who were more straightforward.

Which was why, when his attention started turning to her when they were both on the bridge during quiet shifts, she noticed. There was a bit more attraction in it than she was used to, from him, and also a bit of hesitance that was deeply uncharacteristic. It kept drawing *her* attention to *him*, but Deanna was a professional, and used to managing her response to others' feelings. Especially their feelings about *her*.

Still. It did make her wonder.

So she was not surprised when, a few days after noticing his attention straying to her, she felt him develop a firm sense of resolve. Curious, she took her time logging off her station at shift change, as did he, which got them a turbolift to themselves.

"Counselor," he said as soon as the doors had closed. "Would you join me in Ten Forward tonight?"

"Business or pleasure, Worf?" she asked with a smile. "If it's pleasure, you should call me Deanna."

"Deanna," he corrected.

She wasn't surprised, given the flavor of attention he'd been paying her recently. Still, long experience with non-telepaths had taught her it was better not to assume. "I'd be happy to, Worf. What time?"

"Nineteen hundred hours, if that is acceptable."

"I look forward to it." She smiled at him as the turbolift doors opened.

Now that she was wearing uniforms on duty, she had to change when she got off-shift. Especially for a meeting with a friend which *might* turn into a date. She picked a new dress that she hadn't gotten to wear much, and ate dinner. Unless there was a crisis or diplomatic mission, she had ample time to write up counseling notes and do other miscellaneous paperwork when on bridge duty, which gave her all evening to relax. Tonight, it gave her the opportunity to think about how she would respond if Worf *did* want to start a romantic relationship with her. Given the sexual edge to his thoughts when he looked at her, recently, it was likely.

It was a surprising choice. Klingon men, in general, preferred their women on the aggressive side, which she was not, either in or out of bed. She was no pushover, and she could hold her own in a fight, but she didn't *enjoy* fighting as Worf did. And she knew for a fact that Worf's tastes were well within Klingon norms. Given his upbringing among humans, he tended to work harder at conforming to Klingon norms

instead of simply living within them, but he *did* genuinely find aggressive women more attractive. (Being an empath on a ship filled with mostly non-telepaths incapable of shielding their minds, she knew a great deal more about her shipmates' romantic and sexual lives than she wanted to.)

But he *had* been looking at her with pleasure lately, and he knew her very well. He knew she wasn't anything like a typical Klingon woman. If he wanted to have a relationship with her, he wouldn't be expecting her to turn into someone she wasn't.

So, assuming that *he* would be interested in her as she was, was *she* interested in him? He was a handsome man, certainly, and she suspected his intensity could be very enjoyable in bed. She liked him; he was honest and honorable, with a sense of humor she appreciated on the rare occasions he let it loose. But she'd never considered him as a possible partner, because she knew she wasn't his type.

Although apparently that wasn't completely true.

The whole thing was completely impractical. Their cultures, their ideal home lives, their sexual and romantic desires, all were too incompatible. The smart thing to do would be to let him down gently. She had a lot of close friends on board, she had sexual partners when she wanted them, she didn't lack for companionship of any sort. If she wanted romance, there were better options.

But she couldn't quite resolve to do that. Clearly, her heart (and possibly other regions) thought it was a better idea than her head did.

Did she want a relationship with him? Deanna couldn't say for certain, one way or the other, but the idea was oddly compelling.

What was the worst that could happen? They were both professionals. If it didn't work out, it didn't work out, and if she could maintain a friendship with Will, and work alongside him as a colleague with their history, she could certainly do the same with Worf.

By the time 1900 hours rolled around, she had listed off all the reasons why this was a bad idea ... and resolved to ignore them.

She wasn't late, but Worf was there before her. She could sense where he was, of course, but she paused just inside the door, with the corridor lights giving her a bit of a backlight. It was the sort of trick her mother used, which Deanna sometimes did without thinking. If her subconscious was pulling out those old tricks, she was more interested in this than she thought she was. Worf saw her, and she could feel his appreciation for her as she walked over to the table. She liked feeling that, from him, she realized.

He'd chosen a table in the corner by the windows, with a decent space between them and the others in the lounge. "I like the dress," he said.

"Thank you." She sat down across from him, and a waiter deposited a chocolate sundae in front of her, and something she vaguely recognized as a Klingon dessert in front of him. "You know my tastes *very* well, thank you." She smiled at him and took a bite, savoring the intense flavor.

"You're welcome," Worf said. "I hope to bring sweetness to your life."

Deanna raised an eyebrow. "You've been studying Betazed culture." And it answered the question of whether or not he wanted this to be a date—that was a formal phrase often used at the beginning of courtship. It didn't necessarily require a response.

"Only recently," Worf said. "It is very different from Klingon culture." He applied himself to slicing his dessert into bite-sized pieces.

"It is," Deanna said. She decided that forthrightness was the best tack to take, and one Worf would appreciate. "I am not very like Klingon women, so it surprises me that you are interested in me."

"You are honorable," Worf said, "and have strong convictions, and although you do not seek battle in the physical sense you are a warrior of the mind who trains others to do battle with the problems within themselves." He speared a piece of his desert with the point of his knife and raised it to his mouth.

"All that is a good basis for professional respect," Deanna said. "What makes you want a different relationship than the one we have?" It would have been too blunt, for a Human, but one of the odd commonalities of Betazoid and Klingon cultures was an honesty that came off as blunt and tactless to many others. For Betazoids, telepathy didn't allow for the sort of social deceptions non-telepaths thrived on, and Klingons disdained dancing around the truth, considering it adjacent to cowardice. It was a bit of a relief, when talking with Worf, knowing she didn't have to beat around the bush.

"I have been re-evaluating what I desire in a mate—and what I need," Worf said. "And what Alexander needs. And how much my desire to keep my connection to my culture has influenced who I allow myself to be attracted to."

"And what specifically was it about me that drew you in?"

"A number of things," Worf said. "Once I no longer dismissed you out of hand, your competence and grace under pressure were very appealing. It has occurred to me that it is harder to face danger when you are not, yourself, dangerous, than it is for someone who is trained as and thinks like a warrior. I enjoy your humor, on the rare occasions that you show it."

Deanna smiled. If you asked the crew, the two of them would probably be the senior officers with the least sense of humor. Yet they appreciated one another's, it seemed.

"And you are very beautiful."

"Thank you," Deanna said. "You are very handsome, and I like you very much as well. And I enjoy spending time with you and Alexander. If you were willing to compromise on cultural things, so would I, and that would be necessary for any long-term relationship between us. I've never really thought about a relationship with you before, because we are so different, but I find myself intrigued by the idea."

"What concerns do you have?" Worf said.

"Well, the most *immediate* is that I'm not into pain play, and not much into violence play either," Deanna said, "and I wouldn't be interested in a relationship where either of us was ... unsatisfied."

Worf speared another piece of his desert. "Then we should test our sexual compatibility sooner rather than later. Alexander is at a sleepover with friends tonight, if you are interested." He looked at her with a challenging, suggestive glint in his eye.

Deanna hummed and took another bite of her sundae. She leaned back in her chair, eyes sweeping his form, and stretched a foot out to curl around his. "Oh, I'm interested," she said.

End Notes

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