

## Programmed for Pleasure

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## Programmed for Pleasure

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### Summary

When aliens force Commander Riker and Lieutenant Commander Data to have sex, Riker sees it as a fun opportunity to introduce Data to sex.

What he doesn't realize is just how exhaustive Noonien Soong's programming really is.

"That doesn't make a lot of sense," Riker said.

The alien High Councilor steepled his fingers. "You interrupted our traditional marriage ceremony," zhe said levelly. "According to our nation's laws, we are owed a performance."

"But what if the – er – performers aren't very interested in performing?" Riker said. "In our nation, you can't force a person to have sex."

"This is not a Federation planet," said the High Councilor. "Your laws do not apply."

Riker turned to Data, who looked back at him with that blank, calm expression so typical of him. The sight of it exasperated Riker a little. After all, Riker was totally fine with a public sex scenario – his motto was 'the more the merrier'. He was always down to fuck. But he was arguing here for Data's sake, and Data barely seemed to notice. Turning back to the High Councilor, Riker said,

"There's one problem. Commander Data is an android--"

"We don't mind," said the High Councilor.

"That's not the point. His programming is very specific. It doesn't allow him to sleep with commanding officers, and it especially doesn't allow him to sleep with men." Which Riker only knew thanks to an incredibly awkward night in Ten-Forward six months ago.

"Is this true, android?" asked the High Councilor.

Data tipped his head forward. "It is accurate, Councilor, but not entirely precise. My creator, Dr. Noonien Soong, did indeed program me to avoid sexual interactions with men." He chanced a glance at Riker. "But each and every aspect of my programming can be overcome if a Human life is in danger."

Riker's eyebrows shot up.

"Excellent," said the High Councilor. He gave a regal wave in Riker's direction. "Fuck the commander or he dies."

Data nodded and started to unbuckle his belt, but Riker's hand shot out, keeping him in place. "Hang on a minute," he said. "Can we have a minute?"

"We're not savages," said the High Councilor. "Take all the time you need."

Zhe gestured to a private room – the same bedchamber where Riker and Data had disturbed the happy couple while searching for a bathroom. Riker closed a hand around Data's biceps and tugged him inside. He somewhat doubted the bedchamber was all that private – there were cameras mounted in each corner, though they looked deadened for now – but it would have to do. He pulled Data to the far side of the room, away from the door, and smoothed his hands down Data's arms.

"Data," he said softly, "how much experience do you have?"

“With what, Commander?”

Riker grimaced. He lowered his voice confidentially. “With sex.”

“Ah. I have engaged in sexual intercourse exactly once, Commander,” said Data.

“And you’re okay with this?” Riker checked.

“Any new experience is a valuable one,” said Data reasonably.

How to phrase this? He couldn’t exactly ask Data if he was excited – attracted – eager. Whether Riker agreed or not, Data would just say he didn’t have emotions, so none of those words applied. Chewing the inside of his cheek, Riker tried a different tactic.

“If there were no threat to my life, is this still a new experience you would find ... valuable?”

“If there were no threat to your life, Commander, then my programming would not permit me to participate,” said Data.

“Theoretically, then. If your programming allowed it.”

Data blinked. His golden eyes shifted down Riker’s face, taking in his expression – and Riker knew exactly what expression that was. He could feel his features drawing tight with anxiety over what was to come – and how unwilling Data might be – and what damage it would do to Data, to him, if this weren’t entirely...

Data leaned in for a kiss.

“Data!” said Riker, leaning back so fast his spine twinged. He caught Data by the arms. “What are you doing?”

“I have kissed you once before, Commander,” Data said, and a hot flush passed over Riker’s body as Data grabbed his forearms – a direct mimicry of Riker’s gesture, but gentler, more sensual. “I have often wished I could recreate those parameters.”

Riker’s head spun. He was hyper-aware of Data’s palms on his forearms. “Sorry,” he said. “Remind me when we kissed.”

“As Lal,” Data said helpfully.

Lal! Of course. Data had downloaded her memories. The flush spread to Riker’s cheeks as he thought it through. It hadn’t exactly been the best kiss. He’d been taken by surprise. But Data remembered it – wanted to try it again–

Slowly, Riker slid his palm up to Data’s cheek. He leaned in, and this time neither of them flinched away. His lips brushed Data’s – warm and soft like a Human’s lips, but without any trace of flavor. A cool tendril of excitement curled low in his gut and as he deepened the kiss he remembered his first time sleeping with a dozen different men and women, the shock and awe as someone went down on them for the first time, the uninhibited moans of someone who’d never experienced real pleasure before–

Oh, this was exciting. Riker turned to one of the supposedly-deadened cameras and said, “We’re ready!”

From a speaker, the High Councilor said, “Very well. Begin at your own pace.”

Bliss. Riker slid his hands down to Data’s trim waist, felt the heat radiating from beneath his uniform. He pushed him gently toward the bed. One hand went to the hidden sealing strip on Data’s tunic – easier to open it from the inside, by snaking his hand up beneath the hem, against the taut bare skin of Data’s stomach. His knuckles brushed against Data’s nipples as he eased the sealing strip apart and mouthed at every inch of bared skin: the vulnerable throat, the exposed collarbones, the flat planes of Data’s chest–

Data’s hands closed around Riker’s wrists.

“Commander,” he said politely, “may I suggest something?”

Riker pulled away reluctantly. His pupils were already blown as he met Data’s eyes. “Anything,” he said a little breathlessly, leaning in for another kiss.

“Let me lead,” Data said.

Riker was so busy kissing a line down Data’s shoulder that at first he didn’t understand. Slim fingers slid into his hair and scratched at his scalp. Gently, Data drew his head up, forced Riker to look him in the eyes. When Data raised a questioning eyebrow, the question fell into place with a click.

“Lead?” Riker asked.

“If I may,” said Data neutrally. His hands fell on Riker’s shoulders, easing the sealing strip apart so casually that Riker scarcely noticed – not until he felt the heat of Data’s thumb stroking his bare shoulder.

Flustered now, he managed an inarticulate, “Uh–” before Data guided him to the bed. Those clever hands skimmed down his body, through his chest hair, over the sensitive, almost-ticklish skin of his stomach, and then Data hooked a finger in Riker’s waistband and tugged him sharply forward, hip-to-hip.

“I thought you weren’t very experienced,” Riker managed.

“That is why I should like to try,” Data said in a murmur. Riker swallowed convulsively. His limbs suddenly weren’t working. He could do nothing to resist as Data laid him down on the mattress; it was like every muscle had melted, turning to liquid heat.

And all he could think about were Data's lips on his pulse point – Data's hands on his waist – Data's intoxicating gentleness as he eased Riker's pants down, Data's clever tongue between Riker's legs, Data's brute strength as he maneuvered Riker's body as easily as if he were a child, as he spread Riker's legs and bent his knees up for him, as he lowered his head and let the electrifying warmth of his tongue fall on that sensitive stretch of skin, over the vulnerable weight of Riker's balls, one hand pinning his cock to his stomach so Data could swipe his tongue up the length of it – every touch earning a new, pathetic cry, wrenching embarrassing uncontrolled noises from Riker's throat, quickening his breath until his chest heaved and his thighs trembled and–

*"Data,"* he cried.

And that was just the first hour, out of six.

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When all was said and done, Data dipped a wash cloth in a basin of warm water and cleaned every inch of Riker's skin. He dressed him like a doll – a necessity, because Riker was still trembling too hard to dress himself. He clasped his hands at the back of Data's neck and leaned on him as the commander worked the sealing strip on Riker's tunic.

"How the hell did you do that," Riker rasped when he found his voice again.

Data gave him an innocent look. "Commander, Dr. Soong's programming is quite thorough."

"But you've never..."

"I am an android, sir. An android does not need practice. Only the proper programming." Data gently broke Riker's hold on him and got to his feet. "Can you stand?"

"Carry me," Riker mumbled, resting his face against Data's stomach.

"Of course, sir," Data said. He lifted Riker like it was nothing, and Riker tried not to be too smug as his science officer carried him right past the High Council. He was used to being the pleasure-giver in his relationships; until today, he'd thought there was nothing better than making someone else shiver and moan.

But this?

He could really get used to this.

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