

## Scrapbooks

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/733) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/733>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">TNG - A Time to Heal - David Mack</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Deanna Troi/William Riker</a>
Character:	<a href="#">William Riker</a> , <a href="#">Data</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Past Torture</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-24 Words: 969 Chapters: 1/1

## Scrapbooks

by [jamaharon](#)

### Summary

Data hasn't been inside Commander Riker's quarters since he and Counselor Troi moved in together.

...Has that bookcase full of scrapbooks always been there?

### Notes

This takes place about a year after ST: Insurrection and directly after the events of David Mack's "A Time to Heal," when Riker is still healing from his month of torture.

It was Data's duty to escort Commander Riker from sickbay. Normally, when a still-weak patient was released, it was a med tech who escorted them and made sure they took their medications. But Commander Riker was a big man — a big man who, thanks to thirty-two days lying on his side in a cramped prison cell, had atrophied too much to support his own weight. And Data was, in perhaps the least extraordinary of his capabilities, very very strong.

"I appreciate it," said Riker, his arms wrapped around Data's neck. He flashed a cheerful smile at a wide-eyed ensign who walked past.

"Think nothing of it, Commander," said Data. He was holding Riker bridal-style, one arm looped under Riker's now-bony backside, the other supporting his wasted legs.

"Still. The first officer of the U.S.S. Enterprise taking time out of his busy day to escort me to my room..." Riker trailed off with a teasing smile.

"I am simply the most logical choice in escort, sir," Data said, his eyebrows furrowed. "And I am no longer first officer of the U.S.S. Enterprise. Now that you are back—"

"Hey, how you doing?" Riker said, nodding to another confused-looking ensign who passed them by.

"—you will of course have the opportunity to reclaim your seat." Data paused. "Or accept command of the Titan, if you prefer."

Riker's hands tightened slightly on Data's shoulders. An involuntary muscle movement, Data concluded, perhaps resulting from an emotional impulse of some kind. Which kind, exactly, he could not say.

But there was no time to speculate. The doors to Riker's joint quarters with Counselor Troi hissed open. The living space had been made over since the last time Data visited, which had of course been two years, six months, twenty-seven days, and sixteen minutes *before* Troi and Riker rekindled their relationship thanks to radiation from the planet Ba'ku. Now, Troi's taste in abstract art mixed with Riker's souvenirs from Risa; a bookcase stuffed with old-fashioned books lined the wall where a houseplant used to be; the bed was covered in Troi's favorite silks from Betazed.

"Shall I set you down on the mattress, sir?" Data asked.

Riker grimaced, locking his fingers together around the back of Data's neck. "I've had enough bed rest, I think. The sofa is fine."

Data obliged. He set Riker down gingerly on the low Betazoid sofa, piled high with shimmering throws and velvet pillows. Riker

stretched himself out and propped his bare feet up on the arm of the sofa, allowing Data his first glimpse at the damage he'd read about in the report: lacerations, inflammation, and an almost acidic damage to the uppermost epidermal layer, all caused either by his thirty-two days in a cold, wet, and moldy prison cell ... or by his escape, literally walking over broken glass.

"I have been authorized to administer a sleeping aid as well as an alpha-blocker which will potentially cause dizziness," Data said.

"An alpha-blocker?" Riker repeated, squinting up at Data. "For what? High blood pressure?"

"For nightmares, sir," said Data politely.

Silence. While Riker processed this information, Data scanned the room. He let his eyes rest on the new bookcase. The spines appeared hand-bound, with titles written down the line in genuine ink.

"Commander, may I ask...?"

Riker followed his gaze, still looking a bit lost in thought. But his face cleared when he saw the books. "Those are scrapbooks, Data," he said.

"Scrapbooks?" Data cocked his head and searched for the definition in his memory banks.

"It's a bit of an archaic practice," Riker said. "They're used to ... to commemorate the good stuff in life, I suppose. Happy memories. Anything you want to preserve." A faint smile tugged at his lips and the color in his cheeks ratcheted up a notch, until he looked almost healthy. "They're more fun when you make them together. With a loved one."

"I see." Data reached for one with a lurid pink spine and traced his fingers over the title. It was just a stardate, nothing more telling than a few numbers. "And you craft these 'scrapbooks' with Counselor Troi?"

"Yes," said Riker. He pulled one of his injured feet into his lap with a wince.

"How does one create a scrapbook, Commander?"

Riker shrugged one shoulder. "Well, if you get a holo printer, you can print out photos. You can crimp the edges, cut the photos out in fancy patterns. You can add ... stickers, uh, pieces of craft paper, diary entries so you remember what happened ... even drawings, if you want."

Data's servomotors were whirring. "I would like to create a scrapbook," he decided. Geordi would like it immensely. "May I see an example?"

"Ah, I wouldn't—"

Data plucked the pink-spined scrapbook off the shelf. It flopped open in his hands, right to a red-papered two-page spread littered with cut-out hearts and scraps of lace. On one page, there was a full-sized photo of Commander Riker, artfully lit, totally nude, with a heart-shaped pillow covering his genitals. On the opposite page, Counselor Troi had laid herself out in a hot tub filled with bubbles, and she had the tip of that same heart-shaped pillow between her teeth, biting into it while she stared up into the camera with her dark eyes.

Geordi would not like this, actually. Data put the scrapbook back.

"...Are all of them...?" he started, counting the other books on the shelf. Fifty-six of them.

"Er, yeah, pretty much," Riker said.

Fifty-six scrapbooks full of nudes, covering — from the first recorded stardate to the last — less than a year. Data recorded this information to his memory banks, fairly certain it must be some kind of record. He turned and studied Commander Riker with a new respect in his eyes.

"I'll take that sleep aid now," Riker said.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!