

Incorrigible

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by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

“You’re trying to lead, *Imzadi*,” said Deanna, amused.

“I’m not,” he said.

“Are you contradicting me?”

His throat was tight and dry, a sudden burst of color washing over his cheeks. “No,” he said.

“No, what?”

This was always the worst part. Caught between headspaces, still capable of being embarrassed. Heat flooded his face and he had to close his eyes before he could say it.

“Did you just stick your tongue out at me?” asked Deanna, her eyebrows raised.

Will folded his hands over his padd and gave her his best innocent look, like he had no idea what she was talking about. He had stuck his tongue out at her; he thought it was funny, maybe a little cute. She’d been teasing him about how bad his after-action reports were, after all. And usually, when he did things like this, Deanna would be amused, but now her tone was almost dangerous, and Will realized he’d stumbled into a game he hadn’t meant to play.

“No,” he said, becoming serious far too late.

“No?” she repeated.

He swallowed hard and shook his head.

“Don’t lie to me, Will,” she said almost severely. She rose, sinuous and catlike with a firm purpose in her gaze, and something about her posture made his heart drop. He held still as she approached his desk, her own padd abandoned on the sofa. When she reached for him, Will held his breath.

Delicate fingers grabbed him by the chin and jerked his head up, her grip hard enough to bruise. Deanna searched his face.

“I think someone needs a bit of attention,” she decided, and now Will’s heart hadn’t just dropped, it was fluttering somewhere in his rib cage. He could feel his personality shifting and his skin prickling, the way it always did when Deanna used *that* tone.

“Good attention or bad attention?” he asked, and he meant for it to come out a little cheeky, but instead his voice was low and rough.

“I don’t think you’ve earned the right to choose,” said Deanna, eyes sparkling. “Up.”

He obeyed without thinking, his knees knocking against the bottom of his desk. Deanna made an imperious gesture, circling her finger, the type of gesture that meant for him to walk around and stand in front of her. Once there he sank to her knees automatically and craned his neck to look up at her.

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“No, Mommy.”

Her hand patted his cheek, her skin cool and soothing. “That’s what I thought,” she said. “Now, this can go one of two ways, darling. Do you want to hear your options?”

He nodded, and at the same time he canted his head slightly to the side, pressing his cheek harder against her palm. Deanna ran her fingers gently through his hair.

“You can either have a spanking,” she said, and his stomach tightened at the thought, “or we can go into the bedroom together and you can work off your punishment in bed. What do you think?”

Both sounded good, but Will kept his mouth shut. He eyed the bedroom door, imagined the taste of her on his lips, the tension and frustration of bringing her to release without ever seeing it for himself. And if he continued to be just a little naughty, then he might get the spanking too — the sting of her palm against his bare skin, the humiliation of being punished...

“Work it off,” he said finally, and Deanna’s hands tightened in his hair until his scalp burned. She released him and shoved against his shoulder, sending him down on his hands and knees.

“Then crawl,” she said.

He could hear the smile in her voice. Slowly, he slid one hand out in front of the other and shuffled forward on his knees. Deanna moved behind him. Her foot tapped lightly against his ass, not really a kick, just enough to tease him. Affectionate and disciplinarian at the same time.

God, I love this, Will thought.

And exasperated, Deanna thought back, *At least stay in subspace if you’re going to project, you incorrigible brat.*

He’d almost forgotten she could read his thoughts. And of course, as soon as he remembered, his mind flooded with all his filthiest fantasies, all the ways she could humiliate or discipline him... and afterward, the ways she could put him back together again. Self-indulgent and arousing and limitlessly fun, and when he glanced over his shoulder, Deanna’s stern expression had broken a little, replaced by a blush.

This was going to be fun.

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