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## Star trek tng fanfiction

Tea and Affection richard schultz series: TNG Codes: Yar Set on the warring planet, Yar is a mercenary outfit called Legion that is pulling out. Set before ST: TNG, she is about 17. Rating: [R] Posted: Size: 58,341 bytes Review Teasing Game by Alara Rogers Series: TNG Codes: P/Q Q is boring, and he thinks what Jean-Luc's doing is boring, so heproposes the game. Relationship established fic. Rating: NC-17 Posted: Size: 20,325 Bytes Review Series: TNG Codes: R/D Data and Riker stuck to a turbolift, and Riker helps Data Practice run some unused programs. Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 16,857 bytes Review Tempestuous by Heather Smyth Series: TNG Codes: P/C What if instead of being sent to Earth, Will and Deana have had to face the Borg Queen, especially if the queen is tempted to mate with Riker? Should Will's love for Deana be the last chance enterprise and earth? Rating: [R] Posted: Size: 18,659 bytes Review Temptation jean-luc picard with Whoa Nellie Series: TNG Codes: P/V Naughty Vash In Tavern Wants Spanking. (We're notkidding on this last part. WARNING of mild consensual BDSM.) Rating: NC-17 Posted: Size: 32,361 bytes Review Tempted Too Far by Mercutio Series: TNG Codes: W/T Violent and Sexual Inter-Pin Between Worf and Deanna. Rating: N/Posted: Size: 3788 bytes Review Series: TNG Codes: P/C Beverly and Picard try to hide their feelings about each other. Troi tries to act as a mediator. Beverly has a disturbing meeting with Locutus on the holodeck. Rating: [R] Posted: Size: 94,272 bytes Review Ten Forward by Mrs.Picard Series: TNG Codes: D, LaF Tells jokes are hard. Rating: G Posted: 5,715 Bytes Review Tenderness Courage by Heather Smyth Series: TNG Codes: P/C Picard and Crusher are on their way to Earth for the birth of their first child, but unhappiness strikes. Rating: NC17 Posted: 116606 bytes Review Testimony that Kathy Cummings Series: TNG Codes: P/C, PWP PWP. In Generations Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 6,457 Bytes Review Time Tests by N.L. Clarke Series: TNG Codes: P/f Lana Myers flight to Berkeley radically bend into the twenty-fourth century, landing her mid-elaborate deception. Captain Jean-Luc Picard's efforts to help her just drive across deeper into the Starfleet-Maquis piece that can cost Lana her life, and force Picard back into the hands of Gul Madred. Rating: [R] Posted: 361,494 bytes Review That Which We Deny: Through by Melinda In Loges Series: TNG Codes: au, D / au-Data, D / different &amp; different &amp; different and different and different and different and different , krustošanas ar Bajoran Wormhole lapas Dati iesprostoti spoguļa Visumā kontrolē viņa spoguļis kolēģis. Rating: [NC-17]. bdsm Posted: Size: 430,818 bytes Review That's Part of the Service Rating: [NC-17], bdsm Posted: Size: 43,0818 bytes Review That's Part of the Service Service LittleSecret Series: TNG Codes: P/C, T's new mission gets Captain into a precarious situation... Rating: [NC-17], bdsm Posted: Size: 21150 bytes Review There'll Never Be Another Q... by JoAnne Soper-Cook series: TNG Codes: Q/f Acknowledging Commander Emily Tarrant's psi capabilities, Q takes him to the council chambers of Q. As a result he is ousted from Continuum. How can Emily help him now? Rating: N/A Posted: Size: 41,476 Bytes Review Case Beauty by Stephen Ratliff Series: TNG, Raging Hormones Drabbles Codes: P/C sequel to Cait N.'s Figure Odds and my figure Beauty.Locked in a closet due to Ferengi temporary teenagers let theirhormones get the better of them. Rating: R Posted: 1941 bytes Review thirty-seven and fifty-four morgan brace Series: TNG Codes: D/f scientist starts inducing emotions Data... Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 13221 bytes Review Thoughts on the Troi by Christopher L. Estep Series: TNG, au Codes: R/T, W/T, T/m Captain Deanna Troi considering his romantic past, present and future in anticipation of his next assignment: command uss hawaii. Set immediately after the Courtship Of Deanna Troi. Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 6091 bytes Review A Thousand Miles by Melissa Zander Series: TNG Codes: P/C Jean-Luc Picard and Beverly Crusher don't recognize their feelings for each other, but their dreams are driving them crazy. Until Beverly finally decides to take action... Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 18,442 bytes Review Three Minds One Heart by Heather Smyth Series: TNG Codes: P/C Genderless comes on board and comes in attracted by both Beverly and Jean-Luc. Rating: NC17 Posted: Size: 32,0064 bytes Review Three's Crowd by Christine M. Faltz Series: TNG Codes: P/Q/f, several young woman invites Jean-Luc Picard to share afternoon intimacy, but Q interrupts and offers himself a site. Which one will she choose? Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 21,709 bytes Review Three's Company by YM Simon Series: TNG Codes: P/C/Jack Crusher, Several When Beverly Comes Home Unexpectedly, she finds her husband in bed with Jean-Luc Picard. But it doesn't surprise her half as much as Jack's request that she join them... Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 22,620 bytes Review Time Out Of Mind by Kathy Cummings Series: TNG Codes: P/C, Minor R/T Set at Insurrection. Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 12,394 bytes Review Time Will Tell by Ster Julie Series: TNG Codes: Sa/Perrin, Ki, S How did Perrin enter Sarek's life? his heart? Why not lovelost between him and Spock? Disclaimer: Don't own Star Trek. However, it may belong \*me\*... Archive where you want until you tell me where! Rating: PG Posted: 25164 bytes Review Series: TNG Codes: R//f N/Rating: [NC-17] Posted: Size: 21153 bytes Review Two Years Ago, Star Trek was a fan fiction contest where the winners would be featured in the official chronology Strange New Worlds. I wrote a next generation story that I dearly loved, and writer pals told me it was really powerful and really touching – and perhaps most importantly, it felt tonally right with the voices of nature. Well, it doesn't make it ethology. But after some urging from friends, I've posted it FanFiction.net. After the jump, here's the first act of SIGHT – where a strange unit aboard the collapsed Starfleet ship, Picard and data wrestle with how to notify the deceased crew of the surviving family. ### I'm alone. Stuck in limbo, black silent emptiness with no shape or shape. Then they arrive. I don't recognize them at first, or notice much of anything really, even after the light comes on. It takes several seconds for random thoughts to be quiet and form coherent ideas: I might be the only one here. Where's here? Who am I? Why don't I know that? Lighting doesn't explain where I am. It just changes what I see. First comes searing white, another kind of blindness. Then the shapes appear, from focus and out of reach. At best I admit three humanoid beings standing around the dim room, lots of grays and whites painted among fuzzy shadows. They hesitate, then slowly walk, wide angled colors above the black pants, two of them yellow and one in dark tone in red. Form. Starfleet uniforms. I don't know if I really smiled, but at least inside, I tried. Memory, fixed, fully formed memory with all the completed blanks: Starfleet, the research and protection division of the United Planetary Federation. And my former employer, though, I can't remember my actual job or where I served. Other memories are locked inside my brain, bubbling just below the surface. What else can cause them? Officers inspect the premises, waving their devices in different corners of the room. I try to focus on the details, but every time fatigue washes over me and all I want to do is shut down, take a rest, regain my strength. But I tell myself to keep fighting, stay present. Limbo has been my home for too long, and now the rescue team is here, just yards away. I'm looking, waiting until they're in the earshot. Three officers take their time by measuring the far end of the room. They are careful, I go from left to right, and as I approach, my vision is still hazy—this part has n't changed at all, but I see that women are red-clad. She's moving to my corner, and as she turns to look in my direction, I finally say something. Help me. My voice is weak and crackled like an infection has ruined my neck. Which very well may be the case. In fact, this is what I would like. Infections can be cured. I imagined an injury to the throat and laryngeal would call for a uglier recovery process compared to the Starfleet Medical Army's antibiotic. Female officer turns around but I can't draw her face In fact, I barely hear, although I call again, the second and third time. She took steps my way, hand waving the device, and I can tell that she is looking for me. I'm buried with scrap. In the room, facility or is it a ship?-it's hard to tell with my blurred vision, but there are different shades of gray and spots of black sprinkled across the room. There are no colors, at least there are no seemingly active panels. Damage, perhaps, or something caused power loss and insulation. I force another call, and she leans over, the device beeping as she waves it over me, and her eyes lock. That much I can tell despite the hazy view. Her device— tricorder, I remember now — probably undergoes a medical scan. I understand that although I want a wave, I can't move. Am I covered with rubble? Maybe, but I can't even flex your finger or wit your finger. In fact, I do not feel anything: there is no pain, no tension, no feelings. I returned giving the infection. Give me confidence that I won't need a bionic spine. Help me, I say it again. My voice becomes scratchier, spawning all sorts of internal panic. The concern will race through my mind, and it takes a tedious amount of willpower to calm down, focus. I can't feel anything. The female officer leans close, and although it is fuzzy, I see a distinct ridge across her nose. It's A-Goran. Information floods my mind, facts and figures about Bajor and its inhabitants, its historical conflict with Cardassians. She must be a refugee, given the current Cardassian control of Bajor. I may have smirked this little episode day; it's hard to say because I can't feel anything, but after being purgatory seemingly forever, it's nice to know that the nod to intergalactic politics still lives in my head. I got something here, she says, before waving over other officers. Two yellow/black blobs move around looking around, and I see that they are both men, one of them has dark skin with a kind of ornament over the eyes, while the other seems very pale. Both pull out tricorders, their distinct songs go over me, and I can feel my strength begin to slide. I'm very tired, I say. The world fades to black as I focus on my hearings and speeches. I need help. One male officer takes a sharp breath. What happened here? I believe this is a rhetorical question, but I answer anyway. I can't remember. I may have a broken neck. Perhaps, I hesitate to speak at worst, compressed limbs. I do not know. I don't feel pain. I can't move. Please take me with you. The trio break long enough for me to wonder if they are still there. Intriguing, the other male officer says, before the tricorder beeps again. Intriguing? Children's science fairs are intriguing. The growth patterns of fungi in a controlled environment are intriguing. Trapped, possibly dying amnesia sufferer is not what I'd like Intriguing. I want to but my basics have tapped out of my reserves, and my spike of irritation at the word intriguing drains me further. Footsteps move away from me, and three voices start to debate. I decide to conserve my energy now, focus on what I can hear. Finally, the voices stop, and after a few seconds comes a different shout of metal. One of the male officers speaks from all over the room. LaForge to Enterprise, he says, we've come across something here. We'll bring it back to us, but it will take some time for everything to be ready. How much time, commander? crisp English accent says. Data? Roughly, the other male voice says this one closer to me. In fact, his voice is mixed with clanging metal. From one hour, twelve minutes to one hour, forty-three minutes. Do I have a sick bay standing by? Far man-LaForge, apparently-hesitant. I hear him start and stop several times before he manages to get the answer out. I don't think it will be necessary, he says, but counselor Troi may have her work cut out for her. Recognize. Picard. I let the world remain dark, having a mechanical symphony of metal and composite debris being removed. Time becomes as fuzzy as my vision, and I'm not saying much else than the occasional thank you to my savior. Male officer-data-may be accurate in his estimates to release me, or he may be wildly off. Fatigue, injury, infection, disease, dehydration; I run through all the maladies that could potentially overwhelm me, and wonder how long it will take to treat them, or if it will even be possible to walk again on my own. At some point, Dati announces that he believes it will be safe to move me. Sir? LaForge says. Yes, I manage. Do you have a name? I'm sure I do. I just can't—My voice scratches get worse, and although I repeat the last words, something doesn't allow all the right syllables to come out clean. LaForge starts to say something, but the data stops. Geordi, if I may, he says, before his voice gets closer. Sir, I'm going to give you something that can help. Is that okay? It's too bad I can only grunt affirmatively, not talk. Otherwise I would have told him that his help was intriguing. I hear rusting movements as well as tricorder scan. Whatever the data was, suddenly my voice is stronger. What was it? We've just tinkered you up a bit, LaForge says. Gotta make sure you do it in one piece on our board. I open my eyes to find that my vision is clearer. Not quite perfect, but blur has sharpened in lines and shapes. Whether they were temporary stimulants or actual wound treatments, I won't complain. All three lean over to look at me: woman Bajoran with her light auburn hair cropped close, LaForge with a kind of data that makes me hesitate. His skin is gray, colorless. I'm going to focus on the pale gold in his eyes. I'm android, he says, as if he could read my thoughts. Android. Intriguing indeed. Of course you are, I say, when nothing else comes to mind. Your ship? That's right, Bajoran says, Enterprise. Starfleet's flagship. I remember it, along with the fact that I've never seen a ship in person. My lucky day. I still can't move. Despite your treatment. Let's just take things one step at a time, LaForge says. How about your memory? Your name, what did you do here? This place? Looks like a lab. But that's just an assumption. The fact that my voice is projected loud, firmly, clearly tickles my senses, and give me a huge urge to smile. Before you got here, I was barely conscious. It took all my strength to call you. But little things like seeing your uniform, they caused details in my memory. The room was quite small and the bathroom was quite small. You certainly are with a lot. We're going to give you something to stabilise you. You'll probably feel that LaForge looks at Data a little tired. But enjoy the rest. Even in the laForge talks, I began to fight against the desire to close. My vision fades again, and although there are no scratches to return to my voice, it becomes harder to push the words out. Sleep, Bajoran says, and it sounds like a great idea. The last thing I hear is LaForge reporting to his board. LaForge to Enterprise, he says. Three lights up. And a few loads. Read the rest FanFiction.net FanFiction.net