

*Summary: A journey to Risa for Seven and Chakotay takes a different turn when Seven finds Janeway taking some R & R at the infamous pleasure planet as well.  
Content Disclaimers: After "Endgame", series conclusion.*

# A HORGON FOR YOU

by Lara Zielinsky

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## *Alpha Quadrant, Pleasure Planet Risa...*

Seven had never seen such opulent and lush natural abundance. The planet Risa was every inch the tropical and temperate environment she craved after the sparse Arizona scrub and desert of Chakotay's tribal lands.

The land had not been uninteresting but as their time among his people lengthened, Seven began to find the tribal life, well, boring. She had received word from The Doctor that the hologram, granted sentience and independence, was taking a vacation to celebrate.

She required Chakotay to take her 'on vacation.' When pressed on where, she simply told him where The Doctor had chosen: Risa. Seven had not understood then why the Commander's eyes had lit up, as Naomi would have described, "like a kid in a candy store."

Perhaps now she did understand. He must have visited previously and known of the natural beauty of the place. She enjoyed the open air market for its collection of wares from across the galaxy, knowledgeable as she was of the Federation species, each piece told her a story. Though the teeming cacophony of people wore her out quickly.

The sandy beaches and enclaves around Risa's many springs and pools were also quite favored. Mostly tranquil, as people relaxed in the sunshine, the rhythmic lapping of the waves filled her with thoughtful peace.

In those thoughts she found herself reflecting on her life since being severed by Janeway's command. Then she found herself silently thanking Janeway for each experience, good and bad, along the way.

Then, as she walked on their fourth day, she found herself wondering if Janeway was happy with Seven's development. She remembered callously charging that Janeway would not accept Seven's death because Seven had failed in her journey to humanity. Seven had survived the threat to her life then, and wondered if Janeway's perception of Seven had altered as a result.

Chakotay was just returning from a 'trip to the shops', as he had so eagerly let her know earlier, so she adjusted her posture to address him.

"Do you believe the captain feels she was successful?"

Blind-sided by the topic, Chakotay blinked, looking down at the wrapped bundle in his hands. "She was successful, Seven. *Voyager* came home."

Yet, aside from official functions, she has not attended any of the celebrations."

"They promoted her, remember? She's now in charge of all Hiramian sector deployments."

"You know that she would make time if she wished to see us," Seven stated emphatically, as it had always been true, for her. Janeway had always had time to see Seven should the former Borg need to talk.

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Chakotay looked again at the bundle and his shoulders slumped. "Here, I..Look. This is for you." He held it out.

She took it, studied it, and then unwrapped it.

"It's a Horgon," he explained, sounding sheepish. "I had thought our trip to Risa would be... for us...to...get closer." He frowned. "But apparently that's not in the cards. Take it though. With my..!" He shook himself. "No. Just take it."

He started to walk away.

"But what am I expected to do with it?"

"Give it to someone you love, Seven."

"Who?" she called out in confusion.

"Kathryn Janeway." His usually deep baritone was flat.

"But she is not here," Seven pointed out.

"She's certainly never too far away...from you."

With that, Chakotay was gone. Seven found out later that he packed his bag, vacated their room, paying her stay for two more days, and took the first shuttle off the little world.

Seven stared at the little carved wooden totem, memorizing its markings and combing her collective memory for a more thorough explanation.

*Give it to Janeway?*

*Give it to someone you love.*

*Did she love Janeway?*

Pondering the question, dissecting it with all that she comprehended about the term, Seven slowly meandered the beach, not concerned with her direction, only with the journey of her thoughts.

*Admiration. Aggravation. Amazement.* She experienced all these emotions when considering her sojourn on Janeway's ship.

*But romantic or sexual feelings? Their night excursions to one another's quarters to talk?* Romantic perhaps in setting. Lighting had been low; their conversations very personal and positions close.

Seven however was at a loss to identify any sexual thought connected to the captain. She looked up into the Risian sky and her only thought became sadness. *What a terrible thing to have not experienced, when they had experienced so much else together.* Tears wet her face; she lifted her hands to wipe them away.

At first Seven thought perhaps her submerged personalities were resurfacing in some odd dream. She thought as she stared through the tears that she saw the captain - out of uniform in a bathing suit but that petite form had walked away from her so often it was unmistakable - settling to a beach chaise. The feminine chin dropped, eyes scanning the pages of a book open in her hands, and Seven knew a sudden lightness to her being.

She hurried forward, her long legs devouring the distance. Feeling a sensation akin to hunger and out of breath, she dropped to her knees on the sand beside the chair.

Her abrupt arrival raised cobalt eyes to her own. She tasted so many words wanting to spill from her lips. Only one made it past the logjam in her cortical processor absorbing every detail of the face only a single meter away. "Kathryn?"

"Seven?"

"I must give this to you," Seven explained as she reverently rested the Horgon across Janeway's bare and toned abdomen.

"Seven?" The book dropped; smooth hands cradled the Horgon, lifting it - almost forlornly. "Seven, I can't accept -"

"You must," Seven interrupted, her hands closing around Kathryn's, keeping them both around the Horgon's girth. "I am required to give it to someone I love."

Tears clouded the cobalt. "Chakotay?"

"I experienced nothing with him," Seven said honestly. "Everything of significance I experienced with you."

Seven squeezed their hands together more tightly around the totem. Kathryn sat up and instinct told Seven to capture her this moment.

Hands occupied, she could only use her mouth, capturing Kathryn's lips. The other woman groaned and the lips answered her own unspoken claim.

The contact was nothing like Axum's kiss, or Chakotay's. Sensation electrified her whole body. She moaned herself and Kathryn's tongue slipped between her teeth.

Her belly tightened; her groin convulsed. She gasped again and when their mouths parted she swallowed against the dryness in her throat.

"Will you share this experience with me?" she asked earnestly.

"Oh, Seven." Kathryn's right hand slipped out from under hers and cupped Seven's cheek. "I wouldn't miss it for anything in the universe."

Her lips were covered in another kiss. Kathryn pushed up against her; they stood. Seven grasped Janeway's hand, finding it small and delicate in her palm. "We require privacy," she observed, looking around at the now seemingly crowded beach.

"I dreamed about this too often on my bed," Janeway said in shy admission. "Why don't we go to yours?"

"You have dreamed of us?"

Kathryn nodded briefly. "But I never dared have hope," she added.

Seven reached up with her other hand, still holding the Horgon. Kathryn took it; Seven then cupped her cheek, unable to stop her fingertips from tracing and caressing the silk smooth jaw, the fine lips, the high cheekbones and the aquiline nose. "You must always have hope, Kathryn. Your hope saved me," she said softly.

**THE END**