

*Summary: When Janeway storms away from Seven to work out her frustrations with yet another contrary position by the ex-drone, Seven's unexpected pursuit to reconcile leads to a hot and heavy workout for both women.*

*Content Disclaimers: PWP. NC-17. There is a vague plot here, but I'm sure it has holes. Mostly this was just a workout for my muse to get the kink out before the day begins.*

*Author comment: Mornings are really wonderful. A couple hours before dawn to a couple hours after dawn, with a hot bath, and a hot tea... and my muse and I get to play.*

# WORKOUT

*by Lara Zielinsky*

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## *Captain's Quarters, Deck 2...*

"Damn her!"

Captain Kathryn Janeway, *Voyager's* stalwart leader stormed into her quarters, desperate to hide her fuming and complete disarray from her ship's crew.

*God, how she wanted a good old-fashioned door to slam!* She glared at the hydraulic doors to her quarters as they automatically, and soundlessly, slid shut. Frustrated, she forced her stiff hands through her auburn hair. The gesture did not release the pent up energy born from her anger at Seven's latest episode of disobedience.

Thinking the former Borg had finally acclimated to *Voyager's* necessary chain of command, Janeway had assumed she no longer was required to referee when Seven had an engineering project.

However, one hour ago B'Elanna Torres, *Voyager's* chief engineer, and a half-Klingon hybrid with a legendary temper, had tracked three significant systems modifications as Seven's handiwork. Summoned to Astrometrics by Torres, Tuvok, *Voyager's* security chief, had immediately summoned the captain.

Janeway ordered Seven to undo the changes.

The woman had very calmly refused, pointing out that now a transwarp coil would integrate properly with *Voyager's* systems... and isn't that what the captain wanted most?

B'Elanna had countered with the fact that they had neither a transwarp coil, nor a way to retrieve one since the entire propulsion matrix was now off-line.

Just barely stronger with his highly dense Vulcan physiology, Tuvok managed to restrain B'Elanna. Janeway carefully made the 'put it back the way it was' a request, hoping to appeal to the trait growing in Seven to please Janeway, which Tuvok himself had mentioned to the captain.

"It would be inefficient to undo the modifications only to have to redo them later." Ice blue had been absolutely imperturbable.

Janeway made it an order. Seven again refused. The captain sent Tuvok and Torres out.

A little one-on-one cajoling also failed to get Seven to comply. On the verge of violence, Janeway had departed when the urge boiled up Klingon-like in its images of ferocity in her head.

Five decks, and twenty minutes later, the energy still had not dissipated.  
"I better work this off the old-fashioned way."  
Janeway grabbed a towel and headed for one of the crew's gyms.

### ***Cargo Bay 2...***

Seven felt as though the cargo bay had been decompressed when Captain Janeway strode from it. Her chest hurt, her breath trapped inside. When the captain argued, or yelled, Seven felt alive in an incomprehensibly pleasing way.

Silence was torture. Janeway knew that. From the very beginning the captain had understood Seven's pain in silence. She had always filled Seven's most confused silences, with conversation, explanation, so much time... So much talk.

Unused to expletives as a way to let go of anger, Seven startled herself when her Borg-enhanced left fist smashed into a wall, leaving a large mold of her knuckles indented into the duranium. Gasping for air and a calm that eluded her, Seven darted from the cargo bay in search of the only answer: Captain Kathryn Janeway.

She demanded the captain's location.

"Captain Janeway is in crew gym 4, on deck 3."

Seven ordered the turbolift to that deck, her mind vacillating between anger, extreme upset and confusion the entire time.

### ***Crew Gym, Deck 3...***

After warming up her muscles on the anti-gravity treadmill, Kathryn felt only the straining of her muscles. Her mind finally, mercifully, was blank. Her only thoughts centered on form and weight and keeping her motions smooth as she lay on her back bench pressing a bar programmed to resist her efforts with more than 150 kilograms.

Muscles in her arms flexed and tightened, the rhythm soothing at the same time she felt raw parts of her psyche numb with the useful rush of endorphins.

On the distant edge of her senses she caught the metallic swish of the entry doors opening.

*Public gym*, her mind soothed, relegating the noise to the rear of her concentration.

Returning her focus to her workout should discourage conversation.

"13...14...15." Kathryn exhaled and settled the bar on the brackets, flipping off the gravity switch. Using only her stomach muscles and rolling her shoulders in her tank top, she rose to a sitting position wiping her damp hands on her uniform pants before reaching for her towel draped over a hook on the nearby wall.

Seven froze in the doorway of the gym, every sense captivated by the woman moving through her workout. Her eyes traced the outline of muscular shoulders and arms, the way the beaded sweat glistened and slipped wetly over softly rounded definition. Her ears caught the soft panting, as the count came to an end and the measured exhale as Janeway sat up. Her nostrils flared and filled with the scent of Janeway - a feminine musk uniquely laced with lavender.

It buckled Seven's knees in relieved familiarity, as she knew that scent from their Velocity matches. It meant Janeway wasn't gone, and that Seven had hope to fix things.

She wanted it back, all of it. The talks, the walks, the hard competitive play, the arguments. If only Janeway would speak to her again.

Any word. Anything. Falling to her knees only one phrase fell to express her need. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Over and over again.

Tears racked her frame as she huddled on the deck, unwittingly praying through her desperation. Emotions choked her, clogging her words in her throat behind a logjam of tears. She shook, unable to stop. "I'm sorry."

At the thud of something very solid striking the deck Janeway's head jerked up and around, landing on the figure hunched on the floor in the doorway, blocking the sensor which would have allowed it to close.

"Seven!" Kathryn exclaimed her shock at identifying the pitiful looking huddled form.

Seven's eyes brimming with tears - an anathema Kathryn had never expected to see - lifted to meet her gaze.

By her next breath, Kathryn was on her feet, across the room, and kneeling with her arms encircling shaking shoulders. "Oh God, Seven! What's wrong?"

The suddenness of Janeway's contact startled Seven's crying - a horrifyingly disgraceful state she opined - into a contraction of her diaphragm.

She hiccupped. Her head jerked up and the captain's hand was suddenly in her hair as their gazes locked again.

When Seven saw darker blue shading in Janeway's eyes, the darkening color in her finely boned cheeks, she translated the whole picture to anger. "Talk to me," she required, her voice sounding small in the uncomfortable silence between them. "I can't stand the silence."

From deep in Janeway's chest a vibration rumbled. Seven characterized it as a growl just as the captain's mouth closed over hers and the captain's hot breath seared down Seven's own throat, seizing her lungs and stomach. It left her gasping from the nerve-sparking sensations.

She grasped Janeway's arms to steady herself since it suddenly felt as though gravity itself went off-line in her stomach. Her palms slid in the sweat, and her hands fell to the captain's chest, where the cotton of the tank could be fisted in her hands.

Her closing fingers caught on hardening points of flesh beneath, and Janeway's moan changed in tenor against Seven's mouth. Seven adjusted her touch.

At last the puzzling pieces of information formed a coherent picture for Seven. She lifted her lips from contact with Janeway's and met glazed, dilated eyes.

The signs of female arousal are subtler than male, Seven realized, experiencing effusive joy in the revelation.

She knew what to do about that.

She and the captain had fought. Seven's apology had effected the cessation of hostilities. Now intimate relations would follow.

Exactly as Tom Paris and B'Elanna Torres had been observed many months ago.

She began accessing the data - 30,000 gigaquads of it - and slipped a hand under the captain's cotton tank top, connecting with the underside of a petite breast.

Seven utterly froze in panic. She did not know what piece of information to use first.

Kathryn's heart was pounding hard in her chest as Seven's hands roamed freely over her body. She could not think; didn't want to.

Then suddenly she felt Seven's body go absolutely rigidly still.

She realized in that same surreal suspended moment that Seven's skin smelled of sunshine - *it's crazy; we're in space!* -- and sunflower fields in springtime - *there weren't any seasons aboard a starship damn it!*

Then the metallic mesh covered fingertips of Seven's left hand brushed against Janeway's ribcage. The stalwart woman suddenly wanted to cry like a baby with happiness. *Oh my God*, she prayed, *I'm home*.

She lifted her head, fallen back against the deck in the initial onslaught from Seven, and found bewilderment looking back from Seven's subtly expressive face. The full lips drawn in a moue - lips still swollen from their kisses, and pale cheeks dark with color.

Gently she stroked her fingers through Seven's loosened blonde hair and dislodged a hairpin. She recalled Seven's plea, and realized she hadn't said anything yet.

"No more silence, Seven. No more holding back." She cupped the lean satin cheeks between her palms. While pulling Seven's face down for her kiss, she maneuvered their bodies on the deck hooking a knee around the back of Seven's legs. She rolled the former Borg onto her back, Janeway rising to her knees above her as she gradually ended the kiss.

The feel of their mouths joined was divinity itself, sweet melting and blending textures.

"I do not know what to do," Seven whispered.

Janeway understood what it cost the young woman to admit to her lack of knowledge. As she unsecured Seven's suit, parting the skintight fabric and pushing it off wide but pale slender shoulders, she promised, "I'll talk you through it."

Her lips curled into a confident even somewhat cocky smile. She bared the woman's upper chest, the long limbs trapped in the partially removed suit. Seven bit her lip, a rather endearing look on the stunning face and Janeway realized she was shy.

"Do you trust me, Seven?" They had covered this issue before, and Seven had trusted her then enough to accept life once again. *Would she now accept love for the same price?*

Seven drew herself together with surprise. "I find, repeatedly, that I can do nothing else."

Kathryn smiled and kissed Seven. "Then let me start this 'discussion' with a comment about how beautiful I find you... have always found you." Her eyes lingered over where a starburst shaped implant remained, spawned through, and splayed over Seven's clavicle. The skin looked puckered, bruised a little. "You make me absolutely crazy in wonderful ways."

Bending forward with her hands braced against Seven's upper arms, she brushed her lips over the starburst on Seven's clavicle. Beneath her, Seven's body surged and involuntarily the woman groaned, a sound Kathryn instinctively knew meant pleasure.

Wherever Janeway stroked, Seven felt her body surge as if trying to coalesce to that single point of contact. While the moans were involuntary she strove to put the emotional and physical sensations into words. Only a plea however, that Janeway never cease managed to form.

"Please," she gasped as yet another touch - a concentrated pinch on her left nipple, sent sensation pooling directly into her groin.

"I could touch you forever," Janeway whispered, and the husky voice knocked Seven up to another pinnacle. "But the one place I've always hoped to touch is your heart." The small palm paused over Seven's left breast, splaying out, covering the soft flesh. "I want you to be part of us... part of me," she added with a hesitant whisper.

Seven felt the nipple hardening at the same time as Janeway noticed it. The older woman nodded, and lowered her head. Seven watched the distance shorten between the captain's lips and her chest, mesmerized as the other woman's mouth opened.

"Excuse me while I don't talk for a moment," Janeway said lightly, her eyes sparkling as they met Seven's.

When the auburn head dropped the rest of the distance, it was Seven's turn to 'talk.'

Incoherent sounds erupted through the pleasure from the connection of the captain's mouth to Seven's nipple.

Only distantly did she feel the mildly distracting struggle of the removal of her biosuit as her body and hips flowed and surged, carried along by the captain's mouth through wave after wave of pleasure, secure.

Seven cradled the auburn head, focused on the connection she felt - as much a completion as being joined to the Hive mind, between herself and Kathryn Janeway in that moment. In the next instant she realized they had been circling toward this moment from the beginning. Both entranced, and both compelled, and yet... She clung more tightly.

The captain's hands moved down her body, stroking Borg components and skin alike, and then slender fingers soothed over a bundle of nerves at the peak of her sex. She arched into the contact. The fingers moved deeper.

Tears sprang to her eyes once again, but she felt a peace fill her suddenly weighted limbs, rather than the pain of before. Her throat constricted, and it seemed her whole body again wanted to coalesce to a single point, around the stroking touch within her now.

She gasped, and suddenly the universe exploded through her.

"Omega!"

The connection with Kathryn remained her anchor, and the strokes withdrew gradually. Seven blinked as the brilliant images of Omega faded slowly. Her body floated only slowly back to processing her surroundings.

"Seven?"

Gradually Seven's vision focused to see Kathryn's face above hers, a look of concern preceding the gentlest of strokes in Seven's hair. New smells permeated the air around them. Seven identified sixteen varieties of hormones in unique, varying quantities and cataloged it as "their scent," part hers, and parts Janeway's.

She inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with it. Her chest rose and brushed the captain's.

The captain drew a breath then, and also when Seven slid her hand once again under Janeway's top, memorizing the feel of silky skin.

"Seven," Janeway murmured.

Pulling off the tank top, Seven looked upon taut nipples and recalled how Janeway had handled her own. She set her mouth against the skin, closing her lips around the fleshy nub.

Janeway cried out in clear pleasure and grasped Seven's head, her smaller body surging against Seven's own.

Janeway's voice caressed her ears once again. "Oh, Seven. Yes. Please. Do that." Seven felt Janeway's hot breath against her head. "Again," her voice was barely existent.

Seven coaxed it out again, over and over, requesting instructions, discovering Janeway's body as the woman talked through strokes, kisses, and caresses. Then just as the captain's voice became incoherent, Seven learned how to interpret the language of whimpers and moans and guided Janeway to the same fulfillment, and tears, she had experienced herself moments ago.

Her body curled around Janeway's from behind, hands stroking both breasts and the woman's center. Seven felt and saw another vision of Perfection when the woman in her arms went taut and surged in orgasm. Seven kissed the tendons showing up in sharp relief in Janeway's throat, and her nose brushed the woman's ear, causing a surprising secondary surge in the captain's body.

When she went to stroke within the woman's warm center, Janeway rolled onto her side in Seven's lap, curling up and kissing Seven's sternum with the lightest of contact.

Contentment flowed as her fingers felt the aftershocks rocking the small body, and rippling through the muscles. Gradually Janeway's panting dissipated.

Seven cradled the now-naked woman in her lap and in her arms. A shiver rocked slight, tanned and freckled shoulders and Seven instinctively pulled the towel over to cover Janeway's body.

Janeway murmured, "Thank you."

When the silence returned, Seven felt none of the panic or anxiety, only calm as time passed with this woman cradled in her arms.

Another shiver coursed through Janeway, and Seven realized her nanoprobes were keeping her warm, but the captain required more.

Seven was unwilling to dress the woman and awaken her from sleep. She suspected, from all the times that she had encroached on the captain's quarters that the woman rarely slept. Carefully she rearranged their position and lifted Janeway against her with both arms underneath the shoulders and thighs. She instructed the computer to initiate a site-to-site transport to the captain's quarters.

\* \* \*

Once standing within the private sanctuary, Seven entered the bedroom with her precious cargo, and set it lightly on the bed.

At the different texture suddenly contacting her skin, Janeway opened her eyes. Seven was just standing. She could see the woman remained comfortably naked, and her own body surged with arousal in response. "Seven?"

"You are tired. I should go."

Kathryn shook her head. "That's just it. I don't want you to go." Seven's eyes widened in the dim lighting. Lifting the covers, Kathryn invited, "Come to bed, Seven."

Easing back to make room, she waited and watched Seven's face move through several expressions: from uncertainty to a shy smile of trust. The woman's throat shifted as she swallowed accepting the desire even Janeway could see affecting the tall, lean body.

As Seven joined her in the bed, Kathryn let her settle a little, and then moved back in contact with the body she adored, meeting the eyes from the soul that loved her surprisingly well. "I want you to sleep with me," she said concisely. "Will the silence be too much for you?"

Seven's hand brushed over Kathryn's shoulder, and Kathryn moaned a soft echo of pleasure. "I... will adapt," Seven said, and the humor was unmistakable. "I do not wish to leave your side."

"Then you can stay right here." Kathryn lifted up onto her elbows and the kiss they shared was a delight. Seven's hand moved behind her head, holding her in place for a lingering connection. When Seven released her, Kathryn nestled back down in the arms surrounding her, giving her body permission to sleep.

"Thank you," Seven murmured. "I will undo the changes to the propulsion matrix."

"Then we'll go find a transwarp coil to try your idea."

"It will work, Kathryn."

In the words of her answer, Kathryn conveyed her confidence in Seven. "I look forward to taking you to Indiana."

**THE END**