

Summary: BDSM Warning. Janeway and Seven share an intense role reversal.

Story Notes: Sometime in 4th season, after "Dark Frontier".

WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU, MAKES YOU STRONGER

by Lara Zielinsky

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"Captain Kathryn Janeway of the starship *Voyager*, and I'm going to kill you."

The blonde young woman arched an eyebrow. "I am Borg," she replied imperiously. "How do you expect to defeat me?" Her words were precise and clipped, though as she looked longer into cerulean eyes coming closer, she felt a quiver start in her abdominal cavity.

As she had stated, the small auburn-haired woman before her in the Cube corridor was every inch the formidable Federation captain. Seven of Nine, tertiary adjunct to Unimatrix Zero-One, stood in her alcove, looking down on the insignificant human, having fulfilled her duty as an obedient drone and demanding the intruder's identity.

The Borg did not experience fear, and it was not fear that quivered Seven's body at the bold hand that reached out and traced her abdomen through the slick gray biosuit. Nor was it fear that weakened her knees at the woman's low voice.

"I do not intend to defeat you," The starship captain, Kathryn Janeway burred, brushing her hand down from Seven's vulnerable throat to her curves. Anxiety warred with expectation and buckled Seven's knees, the alcove restraints were the only things keeping her upright under the Human's assault on her nervous system. "I intend to kill you... with kindness."

Seven's eyes shot open at the feel of firm fingers parting her biosuit's closure. She tried to retreat from hands awakening her flesh. "I am Borg," she breathed. "Kindness... is... irrelevant."

The mouth settling on her nipple was hot and wet, creating sensations that surged through her body with the force of electrical discharge. It curved into a smile at her involuntary moan. "We'll see," Janeway said imperiously, completing Seven's disrobing with a rough pull.

Seven arched against her restraints again. "You will release me." She meant it as an order, but there was the beginning of a plea in her tone.

Fingers trailed over her stomach and into the down covering her sex. "No," she was corrected, a fingertip delving into her center, slipping easily through the wetness there. "You will discover your own release." A second finger joined the first, and Seven shut her eyes tight as shadows edged her vision.

Rhythmic and deep, Janeway's fingers set up a resonance vibration in Seven's body. If not for her restraints the young woman knew she already would have collapsed to the dais. She tried to vocalize objections, but succeeded only in raw pants, punctuated with tiny cries and finally a plea.

"Oh, Kathryn... Please..." Her head fell back; her body jerked and she sagged. The slim digits within never ceased, never slowed. "Kathryn... Kathryn... please." Her head drifted forward and she open her eyes to find Janeway only a breath away.

"Are you dying, Seven?" The captain demanded imperiously.

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Seven quivered. She fought to get out "Let me die." Tears flowed down her right cheek; the left false eye incapable of such expression.

Janeway's thumb slid over Seven's hardened clitoris, setting the bundle of nerves aflame. The tempo within her suddenly changed. Her orgasm shook every muscle and fire consumed her.

The rough, tender sound caused Seven's chest to explode from the tightness of emotion and behind her eyes she succumbed to a burst of light, crying out aloud, "Kathryn, save me!"

"I'm here to save you," Janeway's voice slipped through the heat offering cool respite. A hand slid over her right one, and she vaguely heard a click before her world shattered.

A few moments later...

Seven's eyes fluttered open. She lay on the dais looking up at the ceiling, her arms aching slightly but released from the restraints. Her hands rested lightly on her lap, lightly covered by a smaller one. Turning her head she followed the arm up until she met the face of her companion through this ordeal. Kathryn Janeway, *Voyager's* captain and Seven's self-appointed guardian, cradled the Borg's body over strong thighs. Her fingers stroked reassuringly through the loosened hair on Seven's head. Janeway's face slowly curved into a generous, loving smile.

"You saved me," Seven breathed.

"Annika," Kathryn nuzzled the weary blonde's pale cheek. "I always will."

She bestowed a kiss on the younger woman's full lips. Silence surrounded them in peaceful comfort for long moments. Then Janeway shifted.

"Computer, end simulation. Transport two to the Captain's Quarters."

The Borg cube faded from sight, the yellow and black holodeck grid revealed before the computer whisked them away.

THE END