

*Summary: Janeway and Seven spend an evening in the captain's quarters enjoying each other's company.*

*Story Notes:*

*This story is the result of being challenged by my site's 20,000th visitor, Des Inman. She challenged me to include the following five quotes in the same story. The setting where each quote had to occur had to be from Janeway to Seven, in the captain's quarters.*

*Quotes to include:*

- 1) *"I don't know about you, but I feel lucky today."*
- 2) *"Maybe I could stand with an apple on my head and you could phaser it off."*
- 3) *"I may never put my hands on my hips again."*
- 4) *"Just like Jonah and the whale, you're going in."*
- 5) *"Coffee, first."*

*Des approved my efforts when I sent her the draft and so as a treat for more than five years of readership, I offer you all this treat.*

*Coincidentally: Happy holidays 2003!*

## **LUCKY IN LOVE**

*by Lara Zielinsky*

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### ***Voyager Captain's Quarters...***

Captain Kathryn Janeway swept into her quarters with a definite air of elation sparkling the blue-gray of her eyes a very deep, passionate blue. She turned in place, reaching up to pull her auburn hair from its ponytail and simultaneously smiled at her companion, Seven of Nine, striding into the private sanctuary behind her.

"I don't know about you," Janeway said, "But I feel lucky today."

"Indeed. You have won... again."

The normally placid looking blonde uncharacteristically wore a frustrated expression. Her shoulders were taut and unyielding even as Kathryn lifted her hands to smooth them. "Buck up, Seven. It's just a game."

Seven started to pull her bottom lip back in when Kathryn pressed up against her and caught it between her teeth with a light nip.

"Is it really so awful that I can be better at Velocity?" she asked, caressing the starburst-shaped implant at the junction of Seven's right ear and jaw.

"Commander Tuvok would revoke my phaser rating had he witnessed my performance today."

"Maybe I could stand with an apple on my head and you could phaser it off to get your rating back," Kathryn assured.

That horrified Seven. Her porcelain features whitened. "What if I missed?"

"You wouldn't, darling. Honestly. I trust you at my side no matter the circumstances. And if Tuvok still wanted to revoke your rating, I can reinstate it." Kathryn grinned broadly. "There are a few benefits to being captain."

Seven exhaled; they sat down together on the small couch. The captain's warm body snuggled into hers and Seven felt herself letting it go. Kathryn may be human, she soothed her Borg-enhanced strength and acuity. But she was very special.

She thought perhaps that she might have a better reaction to her continued defeats if the captain did not have such an exuberant response to her wins. "Perhaps if you did not continually recount your record."

"I what?" Kathryn sounded appalled.

"You put your hands on your hips and report the score even as the computer does."

"Are you saying I gloat?" Kathryn turned up her nose at the thought.

Seven stood and demonstrated. She put her hands on her hips and with nearly perfect inflection repeated the captain's words on the holodeck.

"I sound like that? I look like that?" Kathryn shook her head. "I may never put my hands on my hips again. I look like a spoiled two year old."

"I do wish to spoil you," Seven assured. "However if that is how you looked at age two, I would indeed find it distasteful."

Kathryn lifted her hand in the motion of taking a solemn oath. "I swear I will never do that again." She kissed Seven to seal the promise.

Their connection lingered. Kathryn's hands slipped down from Seven's shoulders cupping the other woman's full bosom boldly. Seven smiled into the kiss, having come to appreciate this time after their matches, when the captain's energies turned from the heat of competition. Almost ritually they had started engaging in a shared shower, the hot dousing leading to other "hot activities," as the captain referred to their lovemaking.

She was surprised then when Kathryn shook her head. The firm chin lifted and it was suggested, "No, a bath I think. You go start the water."

"What will you be doing?" Seven asked as the captain stood, and walked away.

"Coffee, first," the captain replied, continuing to her replicator and ordering the beverage.

Seven watched as the woman inhaled the aroma drifting on steam from the top. "Your consumption of that beverage is excessive," she warned.

"I need something to keep up with you," Kathryn replied cheekily. Shaking her head, Seven rose from the couch, passed Kathryn, and moved through the captain's bedroom into the ensuite.

Allowing her mind to drift in the white noise created as the large tub began to fill, Seven sat on the side, drifting a hand in the warmth and recalling the first time she had seen the captain in the tub, immersed in one of the few relaxations the auburn-haired woman permitted herself.

*Flashback...*

The baby found in the failing maturation chamber of the ship carrying the immature drones, and sent to *Voyager* for the Doctor's emergency care went into pulmonary distress less than 24 hours after the conclusion of negotiations which led to all the immature drones being taken over to

*Voyager*. The infant died before the Doctor could suitably diagnose the problem.

Seven was called. The Doctor asked her if there was anything they should do for the body according to its species customs. She had been unable to identify the species from her vast stores of Borg knowledge. She had been unable to do more than stare at the still, tiny figure, unmoving.

The captain had entered the sickbay several minutes later. Seven did not recall actually seeing the smaller woman enter, nor could she recall hearing footsteps. Suddenly Janeway stood at her shoulder, looking down at the bundle of blankets and baby in the incubator.

"What happened?"

Seven could not find it in herself to speak. The Doctor spoke past her, answering the captain. "Pulmonary failure," he said.

"Related to the pathogen?" the captain asked.

"I don't do testing on live subjects, Captain," he retorted.

"That is not what I meant," Janeway bristled back, then turned on her heel. "If Seven has decided what rituals are necessary, have her direct the burial preparations."

Something in the captain's voice, something brittle, made Seven turn. However she managed only to see the bottom of the captain's black boots as *Voyager's* Commanding Officer strode out of the sickbay.

Seven had been angry, when she had processed the bit of conversation between the captain and The Doctor, and gone to the captain's quarters after arranging for the baby's interment in space, according to Terran space-faring custom.

She had gone into the captain's quarters when Janeway had not answered her chime, and found the captain crying in the tub. Mourning the baby's death, she realized.

They had said nothing to one another. Seven excused herself to the living room, where Janeway met her a few moments later, wrapped in a blue robe, her auburn hair curling slightly from the dampness of the bath.

"What was it you needed to discuss, Seven?"

Seven had lost all her anger; dully she shook her head. "When the Doctor explained you intended to use the pathogen had the Borg children not relented, I assumed you were pleased by the baby's death."

"So you came here to yell at me." Janeway's voice was flat.

"I did."

"Well, I'm all yelled out. Can we just sit quietly?"

They sat together on the couch, their gazes tracking the stars outside the captain's porthole.

She had not expected her own reaction, but aware of the hand resting on the cushion tensely between them, Seven had let her own hand slide over it. Neither woman had moved another muscle, afraid both of what they were saying with the gesture, and what might happen if they spoke any of it aloud.

*Back to the present...*

The whole event had been the most comforting moment Seven could recall in her limited experience. Later, Janeway had admitted the same.

"Darling?"

Seven looked up to see Kathryn leaning against the doorway, head tilted inquisitively, and arms crossed over her nude figure. "Yes, Kathryn?"

"I expected to find you relaxing."

"It is your bath."

Tugging gently on Seven's shoulder, Kathryn corrected her. "Our bath."

"We cannot both fit," Seven protested.

"Just like Jonah and the whale, you're going in," Kathryn quipped then removed Seven's suit with sure fingers while kissing her. Once the blonde was nude, Kathryn pointed to the water. "Go on. Settle in."

Hands gripping the sides, Seven lowered herself into the tub.

The surface rose slowly, very nearly sloshing over the top.

With her long limbs Seven nearly filled all available space. "Kathryn?"

She looked up to watch Janeway stepping in. The woman's left foot glided past Seven's thigh and settled to the floor of the tub outside Seven's right knee. Then Kathryn set her right foot down in the tub along the outside of Seven's left knee.

Instinctively Seven's hands came up to steady her lover's body, sliding up the tensed muscles of well-toned calves, thighs and the curves of Kathryn's generous hips. She gripped lightly, aware that now, at head height, was the apex of Kathryn's center. She lifted a brow curiously, saw Kathryn's return smile, and leaned forward, kissing the front side of each thigh in turn. "A very satisfying position," she said.

Kathryn laughed, her throat reverberating on the sound richly, tantalizing Seven's senses. She bestowed a kiss directly to the auburn triangle of curls to Kathryn's delight if the gentle moan that interrupted the laughter was any indication.

"I told you we would figure something out," Kathryn said, her fingers drifting from Seven's hair, to her shoulders, and back up again as Seven took her time, thoroughly enjoying the slow progression of their evening's lovemaking.

When Seven began her attentions in earnest, Kathryn's knees buckled.

Arms equal to the task, Seven helped Kathryn lean back on the cool porcelain edge, the smaller woman's hips cradled by Seven's knees.

That Kathryn was already on the brink was not in question. Seven had caught the sweet musk from the other woman even as they walked back to the quarters following their velocity engagement.

Now the petal-like folds of her sex were dark, and the small bundle of nerves at the top distended. The whole area glistened with moisture.

Knowing the sweetness of the taste Seven licked her lips in anticipation while she stroked her right thumb adoringly over the intimate flesh.

Kathryn shuddered and moaned. Their eyes met over the curves of Kathryn's stomach and breasts as Seven removed her hands then deliberately leaned forward, settling Kathryn's hips upward to meet her mouth.

"Oh God, do it," Kathryn groaned.

Seven let her breath caress the folds for a span of time between Kathryn's racing heartbeat which she could hear through the femoral artery in the thigh pressed against her ear.

Kathryn grasped for Seven's hand resting atop her left thigh. Twining their fingers, she could feel every part of her body coiling, readying for Seven's first contact.

Even now, after months of their relationship, Seven's first touch almost always set Kathryn off quickly. They had discussed it occasionally, but Seven remained unconcerned. Certainly in the

beginning Kathryn had understood herself. After all, six years was a long time to go without. Still she marveled at the intensity and quickness, as though she were an inexperienced boy.

"You are you, Kathryn. I rejoice in that. You should also," Seven said now, sensing her anxiety once again.

Just at the sound of the understanding sweet voice, Kathryn shuddered. Then, as Seven's tongue touched her, her thoughts scattered.

Seven was never finished with just once. She enjoyed Kathryn's body immensely and now pulled the smaller woman's center against her own hard abdomen. Kathryn's body arched and curled against the muscles as Seven latched onto a hardened and sensitive nipple with the edges of her teeth.

Kathryn threw her arms around Seven's neck. "Oh God, I love how you love me," she groaned in Seven's ear.

At the huskiness of Kathryn's voice, which had drawn her to the other woman even in the rough beginnings of their association, Seven was aroused quickly. Sometimes she could reach her own orgasm simply by tending to Kathryn's needs.

Already she felt the tightening in her groin, the heightened sensitivity of her skin everywhere she and Kathryn touched. The hardness of her nipples pressing into Kathryn's abdomen made her moan her own pleasure helplessly around the nipple caught between her lips.

"Oh yes, darling," Kathryn urged, a hand slipping between their bodies.

Seven threw her head back. Kathryn's fingers found Seven's engorged center and firmly stroked the hardened bundle of nerves under the warm water.

As Seven's fingers slid up inside her, Kathryn was joined in her explosive journey by Seven's gasping cries, and surging hips. Water continued to slosh, soaking the floor outside the tub as their bodies sank together in the drifting post-coital bliss.

Two beings fitting perfectly together as one in the same space.

**THE END**