

Summary: Captain Janeway meets an alternate universe Annika Hansen and discovers truths in her own heart.

Content disclaimers: Sometime after "Collective" and "Child's Play" but before season 7.

REVELATIONS

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"What the --" Kathryn Janeway, the captain of the USS *Voyager*, felt the ship roll and pitch violently beneath her.

Thrown from her small eating table where she had been consuming dinner, Janeway picked herself off the floor only to hurtle across the open space of her quarters toward the replicator at the far wall. Another rough toss took her completely off her feet. Airborne for only a few seconds, she last felt her head contact the wall with a sickening crunch and darkness enveloped her senses.

* * *

Gradually climbing up from inky blackness, to a gray fog, Kathryn winced and shut her eyes, shying away from a sharp stab of pain in her left temple. Fuzzy shapes filled her vision as she rolled onto her hands and knees, lowering her head trying to get the blood flow to help clear away the pain and cobwebs.

"Knocked myself for quite a loop there," she muttered, slapping her left breast where her comm badge should be. Dismayed she found only fabric. "Well, damn," she muttered again, pleased to hear her own voice at least coming out correctly if at a very low volume.

Finally, she positioned herself with her back against the near wall and tilted her head against the surface until the throbbing faded somewhat and she opened her eyes. Light as bright as day poured into her room making her wince. Cupping her right hand over her eyes, she squinted, ignored the pain and focused again, trying to make out shapes.

The first thing that was very obvious was the plush chair set about four feet away. A thick polished wooden frame, with plush navy blue cushions, it was not among her usual complement of furnishings. She eased onto her knees and braced herself as she stood, against the chair's wide arms.

The whole room took shape then, revealing sunlight pouring in from a blue cloudless sky outside, into a carefully arranged sitting room. Aside from the chair, it boasted a matching plush love seat, two straightback chairs at a pair of matching simple writing desks in more of the polished wood. A small collection of PADDs lay haphazardly strewn across one surface and mostly neatly stacked on the other. A domestic arrangement if ever she saw one, Kathryn thought, wondering when she would see the dog that belonged to the chew toy laying half concealed under the loveseat.

Questions were: where was here, how had she gotten here, and what was the purpose of being here. Not difficult questions really, just she needed to find someone to offer up the explanations that she needed to right her world again. Absently she rubbed her temple again and wondered if this wasn't all a coma-induced dream from hitting her head on the wall in her quarters.

But then her fingers sank into the cushions and the whole experience was familiar somehow, rooting her to the spot and settling her jangled nerves to a miraculous degree. The scents

in the room were sandalwood and candlespice. "Just like home," she thought.

She went to the window and looked out, a light hand stroking the curtain material soothingly. It was an odd angle, from a hilltop she had frequented as a child looking down across the gently sloping valley, but Kathryn Janeway was nearly positive that she was somehow back in the Traditionalist settlement where she had grown up. "Q!" She spun, falling back heavily against the window until her visual world righted itself again. She dropped her head to close her eyes and will away the throbbing that renewed itself behind her left ear.

"Kathryn?" Janeway's head shot up at the sound of that voice. It was familiar, but not. With a strange force constricting her chest making it almost impossible to breathe, she took in the sight of Seven of Nine, *Voyager's* astrometrics officer.

Definitely out of uniform. The thick fabric biosuit the Doctor had constructed to support the ex-Borg's remaining implants, which had shown off a curvaceous lean body to almost puerile effect, was gone. She wore a pair of hip-hugging denim pants, belted over a red plaid cotton work shirt, rolled up unevenly to reveal the pale skin of her arms to past the elbows.

The shirt was unbuttoned halfway down, gaping open on a red tank top that revealed the smooth beginning of the swells of her breasts. Kathryn found her gaze lingering, and remembering propriety, she brought her head up, following the line of Seven's throat until she finally met the young woman's eyes.

"Kathryn, are you all right?" A quizzical eyebrow rose and it was then Janeway realized she saw no implants. The young woman normally had a starburst-shaped implant where her right jawbone terminated against her ear, and a crescent-shaped ocular implant should have hugged the bone around her left eye.

Both were gone. Instead, she was confronted with eyes bluer than the cloudless sky outside studying her as she studied them. "Seven?"

Concern, an emotion Janeway had almost never been able to discern on the former Borg's face before, suddenly flooded the rounded eyes, darkening them to a storm-tossed hue.

"Kathryn, you've been hurt." The blonde woman strode quickly to Janeway's side. Her long fingers wrapped around the captain's upper arms. One slid around her back, the heat from the touch distracted Janeway badly enough that she couldn't speak again until Seven had released her onto the love seat.

Then the blonde sat next to her, on the left side, lightly fingering the bruise on Janeway's temple. "Seven, stop..!" She tried to grasp the lean fingers and end their touch on her.

"You have bruised yourself, Kathryn. Did you attempt to move the case without my assistance?"

Inspiration struck from somewhere, and Janeway heard herself murmur in wonderment. "Annika?"

Blue eyes suddenly went translucent, reflecting her bewilderment as they locked with Kathryn's. A person could read the blonde's every emotion, Kathryn thought, if only they concentrated on her eyes. A smile spread luxuriantly over the full porcelain features and Seven -- Annika bent closer, pressing her lips to the corner of Janeway's mouth.

Janeway's chest started to hurt, her heart hammering so hard against her ribs she fully expected to see it burst from her chest any second now. "Annika...Where are we?"

She was enfolded in a tender embrace, fully unexpected from the Borg woman she knew, and somehow fully in character for this gorgeous alternate before her. She felt herself surrounded in a cuddle so exquisite tears of joy sprang to her eyes.

"We are at home, Kathryn," Annika's voice melted over her ear, where the blonde barely breathed the words that soothed her. "Right where we have always been for the last three years." She was set back, into a cradle created by the curve of Annika's elbow, and gentle fingers lifted her chin to study her eyes once more. "You must have definitely hurt your head. Perhaps I should seek the doctor's advice."

Janeway sighed in relief. Another piece of the puzzle. "The Doctor? He's here too? Did they all come?"

"All who? Kathryn, Dr. Randolph has treated you since you were a child."

"You say we've been here three years and --" Kathryn shook her head. "Where were we before that?"

The look of confusion was endearingly familiar but Annika finally seemed to gather herself and responded evenly. "You were aboard the *USS Voyager*, on a mission to the Badlands to apprehend the rebel Chakotay and his Maquis cohorts. After several years lost and presumed dead, you reappeared in the Badlands and came home."

Rubbing her head, which made Annika enfold her soothingly again, Janeway absorbed the information. Okay, so she was in a parallel universe. How different was the history here? "Did the Maquis go to trial? What happened to your implants?" She tentatively brushed her fingers over Seven's brow in wonder. "No scars."

"Implants?" Annika clasped Janeway's fingers tenderly as she pulled away. "I think I will call Dr. Randolph..!" She started to her feet only to have Janeway more firmly grasp her hand and hold her still.

Janeway frowned. So in this universe, Annika Hansen had never been Borg? Incredible. "No. It's just -- I'm all right. Just playing a game with you...darling," she gambled, feeling only a bit odd at the endearment slipping from her lips. What would an unassimilated Annika Hansen have turned her mind to, Kathryn found herself asking, burning with sudden curiosity. Unwilling to be subjected to accusations of insanity, she stood slowly. "Forget that. I did try to move the case without your help. Why don't you show me...your latest work?"

Annika smiled then, the concern melting instantly away from her features. "Certainly." She captured Janeway's hand under the inside of her elbow.

Kathryn fell silent under the power of smooth skin, vibrant muscle and a sensation of sleekly coiled energy. Bemused at both the sensations and her sped up heart rate in reaction to them, she could only follow Annika to another room.

Huge bay windows and skylights vibrantly lit a gallery-light room. Canvasses and easels, brushes and boxes of paints filled the room in profusion.

Phoebe would love this, Kathryn thought, wistfully thinking of her sister as Annika left her side to put a canvas up on an empty easel.

Janeway bit her lip and stepped forward. The sight that greeted her eyes startled her with its vibrancy. Colors burst from the white fabric that had been washed to a cream color, matching the wall paint in the other room. Her breath died in her chest, tears springing to her eyes as she recognized herself, curled in the corner of a plush couch. A light sheet granted the nude form modesty, but the sensuality was palpable. Knees bent, a foot tucked under her body, Janeway's head rested on her fingertips, eyes gazing out onto a starry night sky seen through the window behind her.

"It's...incredible," she whispered, cupping her palm over her mouth, unsurprised to feel the damp tracks of tears on her cheeks. "Oh, Annika..!" she breathed, turning to meet the young

woman's eyes.

"You are always my inspiration, Kathryn," Annika replied, enfolding Janeway from behind in her long arms and cupping her palms over the older woman's abdomen. Their body heat merged and made Janeway's palms sweat.

She looked back at the picture, noticing the moonlight spilling through the painting and felt the sunlight spilling across them both now. Kathryn found herself looking at other canvasses. Still lifes, starscapes, a vibrant portrait of a younger Annika, cupping a glass bauble in her palms.

The image drew Kathryn from Annika's hands though the younger woman remained at her shoulder as she crouched by the canvas and reached out, touching the curve of Annika's cheek. Never assimilated. God, but she had been beautiful. Then she looked closely at the bauble in the painting's fingers. It was a tiny rendering of her at Starfleet Academy graduation. The look on the painted Annika's face was filled with longing and deep devotion.

"Phoebe knew I was in love with you even then," Annika admitted. "I was --" she shrugged. "Fourteen or so, but my parents had come to San Francisco to participate in a research project with Starfleet."

"But this is my graduation." Kathryn marveled. "You couldn't have been there."

"I was in Phoebe's art class. I...snatched it from her satchel."

Kathryn marveled. "And you painted this from that one picture. Incredible."

"I never dreamed you would finally notice me," Annika breathed. "I never thought you'd come back from the Badlands. That was so dangerous, Kathryn. I watched every communiqué for months just for a breath of news." Kathryn found herself wrapped up in another hug as Annika re-experienced the desperation of those lonely months.

Automatically, just as she had another universe away, Janeway offered comfort, wrapping her hands around shaking shoulders. Only now Annika welcomed her touch and it filled her heart with pleasure. "Sh, sh. It's all right."

"I love you, Kathryn. I can't bear to think that I might have lost you before I could tell you that."

Kathryn pulled back and found herself drowning in bottomless tearful blue eyes.

It was spontaneous. It was a moment out of time. Kathryn Janeway pressed her lips to Annika Hansen's trembling ones. Sincerely she murmured as they parted, "I'm so glad you waited for me."

"I would have waited a lifetime, Kathryn." Annika stood, bringing Kathryn up with her, kissing her lips while stroking over the older woman's more compact form.

Oh God, Kathryn thought, I have to get home. I have to show my Annika how much I love her. She wondered what had happened to her counterpart here, that Annika Hansen so loved. If she were to suddenly return to her own universe, would Annika be bereft of her love, or would hers reappear for her?

Annika lowered her to the bed, sliding them both out of jeans, shirts and soft underthings. The blonde's hands were gentle, urging her to experience each touch in its immediacy. The light scratch of manicured fingernails through her pubes made her gasp for breath. The light nip of teeth on a tender, tightening nipple made her clasp smooth shoulders, holding tight to the giver of pleasure. Janeway gave herself over to the sensations, leaving reasons and questions behind with each layer of cloth. She lurched up at the caress of lips and tongue over her deprived sex. "Annika!" she cried out, not caring which woman it was at the moment, only knowing the touch of tenderness, loving and full, had been absent too long from her life. She inhaled deeply.

The scents were intoxicating. Sleek muscles shifted under Annika's satin skin. Kathryn's hands again and again caressed over the peaks and valleys of the taller woman's long, lean flesh as she focused on nothing more than the deep blue eyes above her. Annika with blonde hair tumbling wildly about her cheeks poised herself over Kathryn, a knee judiciously placed between her thighs. Devouring kisses poured over the older woman's throat trilling with laughter. It was a rough, unused sound that soon became fuller with passion, intense and demanding.

Annika laughed when she found herself tossed onto her back, a ravenous Janeway nibbling down the center of her chest before lavishing attention on taut nipples.

Heaven, Kathryn thought mindlessly just before searching fingers caressed over her hips and full lips covered hers, catching the incoherent cry of pleasure when slender digits penetrated her at long last. She explored the body beneath hers, marveling in its form. Full breasts filled her palms, the salt-sweet taste of heated skin filled her mouth, and finally, gasping sounds of the younger woman's pleasure filled her ears.

She cradled the taller woman's head against her chest, rolling them both to the side in a tangle of sheets, the cool silk soothing to their hot skin. A contented silence blanketed them. Reminiscing fingers slid over damp skin, cradling the weight of a breast in a soft palm, or tasting the sweat with a sweet kiss on a damp forehead. Kathryn Janeway closed her eyes and wondered what would happen now. *Would Annika have 'felt' the difference somehow? Would she have to admit to not being Annika's real Kathryn? Why should she hurt the young woman that way, telling her the truth?* Pressing a kiss to Annika's forehead again, Kathryn let her mind quiet on the multitude of concerns...for now.

Annika stirred in her embrace. "You have not made love like that in a long time, Kathryn," Annika murmured, pressing her lips against Kathryn's collarbone before she raised up on an elbow, balancing her chin so she could study the auburn-haired woman's flush features.

Thinking about six long years aboard the lost starship, honestly Kathryn answered, "No, I haven't."

Annika dusted her fingers over Kathryn's features, as if memorizing a face she had become unfamiliar with. It made Kathryn's heart clutch. Was her counterpart drifting away from this lovely woman? Their eyes met and Kathryn felt her chest expand. Tears filled the blonde's eyes and she knew that in this universe, Janeway was falling out of love.

"It has been a while," Annika admitted, shying back from their contact. Janeway nudged herself onto her elbow and tucked a wisp of stray blonde locks back behind the younger woman's ear. Confusion ruled blue eyes for a long moment as Annika's head came up. "You haven't once mentioned returning to service today."

Janeway nodded. So that was it. The Janeway here had retired, and in her quandary about being torn from her stars -- stars Kathryn Janeway had always felt the pull from -- she had pulled away from the pure happiness presented by this young woman's love.

"I've...been troubled, I know," she tried to explain the likely feelings behind her counterpart's distance. "Starfleet was my life for a very long time. It still is where I feel most useful." Annika rolled into her embrace, listening to the quiet words. Janeway hoped to God she was doing the right thing. "I...haven't been sharing that with you. I'm sorry."

"You haven't said anything. Do you want to...go back out there?"

Janeway considered that for a long time. "I do. But only if you could come with me." She would never get enough of space, and she knew it. She suspected her counterpart was the same way, even if she hadn't said so to her partner. She stroked gently over the lean lines of the blonde's long

back. "But I promise you I won't hold back any longer." Those breathed words preceded another exploration of the young blonde's form, who quickly turned it on the captain.

As Annika's mouth skimmed over her skin, Kathryn had a fleeting thought. *Can it be wrong for us to share this now here? The one I love but have not been able to bring myself to touch is a universe away.* For this Annika too, this was a moment suspended out of time. If she were to leave, this universe's Kathryn Janeway might not give Annika the fulfillment that shined with promise from her eyes.

It was her last coherent thought before Annika's touch made thought impossible. The sunlight over their bodies, and the gentle caress of the fan overhead along with Annika Hansen's fingers in Kathryn Janeway's most intimate place, sent the captain's senses spinning out of control.

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As Janeway orgasmed again, light exploded behind her eyes. She shut them tightly and cried out. Opening them at long last, she found herself panting, and alone, on the bed in a dark room. "Annika," she called out, softly, breathlessly. Gradually the shadows took on shapes. The replicator at the far wall sprang into relief, and the translucent aluminum revealed the starfield streaking past.

She was back aboard *Voyager*. "Oh, God," she murmured, rolling her face into the pillows and covering the tears streaking down her cheeks. "Annika, I hope yours came back to you."

She rolled onto her side, a caressing hand sliding over her own belly, down to feel damp curls at her center. She wondered if she could make things right in this universe, with her own Seven.

Chime.

Closing her eyes she gradually ceased her touches.

Chime.

Groaning softly, Kathryn rolled off the bed, settling her bare feet into slippers and retrieving the robe from the end of her bed. She was stepping into the main room of her quarters when the third chime sounded at the door. "Just a moment." She splashed some water on her face, hoping it lowered the heat she felt flushing her cheeks. Grabbing a towel, she dabbed at her face while walking to the doors. "Come in."

Seven of Nine stood there, almost incongruous now she appeared in her biosuit, a sapphire blue one with soft bands of gray over the shoulders. "Captain, I apologize for disturbing you."

Kathryn's heart leapt, familiar with the reserve of the young woman. Instantly she noted the difference in tonal quality, Seven used measured phrases; Annika, though she spoke more formally, had a voice filled with emotional resonances. Kathryn longed to hear Seven speak that way again. Before she thought better of it, she had grasped the young woman's hand and drawn her into the room. "Come in, Seven. It's all right." She held up the towel. "I wasn't sleeping."

"Oh."

Encouraging Seven more with body language than with words, Janeway settled to the couch. She watched as Seven paused, then realized what she was silently being asked to do and gingerly settled to the cushions, long legs together, fingers laced together across her knees. "What can I help you with..?"

She cut herself off before she addressed the young woman as Annika. Her Seven did not appreciate that name yet. Kathryn recalled the interview early in their relationship where she had tried to encourage Seven of Nine, late of the Borg Collective to consider the name. All they had

been able to agree upon was "Seven, imprecise, but acceptable." And so, the rescued human girl had come to accept her rescue, but not her old life.

"I am in need of some advice, Captain."

Janeway smiled. Thank God. For the last year, Seven had almost steadfastly ignored anything the captain might have offered, getting them into argument after argument over the most terrible things. "I'm pleased you would think to come to me," she said softly, trying to restrain herself from reaching out and easily taking Seven's right hand in her own. Their proximity was intoxicating and the urge to touch Seven almost unbearable. She began to mildly regret having given over to the emotions in the other universe; once unleashed the sensations were proving hard to ignore. "I'll try to help."

Seven ducked her head and looked toward the starfield streaking past outside the ship. "I have been thinking a great deal lately...about human intimacy."

"About what?" Janeway managed just barely to keep the surprise out of her voice.

"In my dealings with the children, I have recently found a touch on the shoulder, or a hug, considerably aided in their adjustment to a given situation." She looked down at her hands forlornly. "I had not considered that."

"Touch is very important," Kathryn responded simply.

"It seems to be able to convey much without words. Support, restraint, even affection," Seven enumerated.

"Oh it does," she agreed, wondering where this was going and only daring to hope in the briefest instant what it might mean between the two of them in particular.

"Why would humans with the ability for language resort to communications without words?"

"Let me ask you...tell me about the first time you touched one of the children without speaking first. What was the situation? Why did you do it?"

"Mezoti had become angry, disconcerted about a task we were all participating in. She started to move away quickly intending to leave the cargo bay. I stopped her."

"Why?"

"I did not wish for her to leave the room. It is not safe for a young person to move about *Voyager* unescorted..." Her voice trailed off as she considered further. "And I knew in her current state, that she could easily hurt herself."

"So, why didn't you simply tell her 'Mezoti, I wish you to stop'?" Kathryn watched Seven's face as the former Borg worked through the memory, trying to analyze it.

A light went off. "I did not believe she would listen to the request."

"What did Mezoti do when you touched her?"

Seven's face took on an extremely pained expression. "She sank to the floor and cried." Seven herself looked about ready to tear up herself. "I did not know what else to do. I held her as she continued."

Janeway smiled. "You did exactly the right thing. Mezoti was confused. You gave her something to hold onto while her emotions worked themselves out."

"And this is the only reason someone would wish to be held?"

Arching an eyebrow, Janeway shook her head. "For a small child, it makes them feel safe. Supported. Loved when it is all too confusing to process."

"Why do you no longer touch me?" Seven caught Janeway off guard, surprise easily readable on her face. "There are many times when I have heard you say you wished me to feel safe...that I belong on *Voyager*...with you...with everyone else. When I was first severed, you held me even

as I raged violently in the brig.."

"Seven, I.."

"I miss that."

Janeway knew why she had stopped letting her hand reach over and pat Seven's during a conversation, or in their ventures into Da Vinci's studio. She began to be unable to trust herself not to escalate the contact into what she needed from the young woman, too afraid that Seven was as yet unable to understand it, or want it herself. "I didn't realize you even noticed it," she said honestly.

"So, why have you stopped?"

"Seven, are you asking me to hug you?" Janeway took a deep breath. "Are you feeling unsure about something?"

Seven took a deep breath. "I am...unsure of your feelings toward me."

Janeway closed her eyes and bowed her head, hiding away her cheeks which she felt begin to heat with the true answer to the question posed in Seven's face and hesitant words. "I have always felt you belonged on *Voyager*...with us."

You have said that much," Seven pointed out. "But I don't...get the same feelings through our contact that I once did."

"What..!" Janeway wet her lips briefly. "What feelings were those?"

Seven cocked her head to the side and nailed Kathryn with a serious, intent gaze. "That you want...to be around me." She swallowed. "Captain Janeway, do you *like* me?"

"Of course I do, Seven." Her protestation was very quickly to her lips and she pulled back from the young woman.

Seven leaned forward, bringing Janeway's attention to the fact that she had pulled away from Seven. "Your body does not say the same thing."

Oh God. Janeway hung her head. *Well, it's now or never, Kathryn,* she charged to herself. "That..!" she breathed deeply and exhaled slowly. "is not why I pull away, Seven." She lifted her eyes and searched the blue depths framed by an ocular implant.

And found a yearning soul looking back at her. In response to the pull between them Janeway reached up, shyly touching the smooth curve of jawline in wonder. Seven's fingers joined hers, their baby soft tips skittering over the muscles and tendons in Janeway's hand.

"I didn't know," she breathed, catching her breath raggedly. "how you would react."

"It is much as it was when I reached out to Mezoti," Seven contemplated.

Janeway almost laughed, painfully aware that whatever Seven felt for Mezoti it had nothing on the powerful consuming need Janeway had for Seven of Nine. "No, Seven...this is very...very different. Only adults can feel this way with other adults." She demonstrated her feelings by pressing upward from the couch cushion, and seeking Seven's full lips with her own. She brushed over them tenderly letting all her restraints go, then pulled back. "Now, do you know the difference?"

Seven blinked, obviously overwhelmed, then nodded curtly. "I know that I have never wanted to kiss Mezoti like that. But I can think of nothing better to do with *you* again."

Tucking her hand behind Seven's head as the Borg lowered her head until their lips were a breath apart, Janeway chuckled throatily, sending a skittering of sensation down Seven's spine.

"There are many better things for adults, Seven," Janeway breathed, amazed that she was able to manage coherent words. She claimed Seven's lips once more and feeling the taller woman slide her arms around her back, pressing their bodies tightly together even as their kiss deepened.

Janeway sank back on the couch, Seven over her, their mouths communicating in delicious silence. She swept her hands over Seven's torso and tugged their bodies together for a passion-filled hug. Seven cried out as Janeway's lips settled over the pulse pounding in her throat and sucked there, while massaging one of her breasts through the tight biosuit. The zipper of the biosuit parted under Janeway's fingers and Seven leaned back, finding Janeway's tunic zipper.

Clothing drifted to the floor amidst the incoherent sounds of passion. Tender touches, clear as the pure tones of a bell, spoke eloquently of support, and loving devotion. Lips kissed love into the hollows and hills of entwined bodies.

Janeway coaxed Seven onto her back, without words, offering Seven the first experience of her body's truest pinnacle of expression. The blonde was unable to remain silent, flung upon the precipice of sensation by Kathryn, who guided her with her hands over the edge. She was caught during the plummet with one grasp of Kathryn's tongue which held Seven suspended on the sensations as her body frenzied, hips wrapped in the captain's strong arms.

"Come to me, Seven," Kathryn whispered, and it was as compelling as a barked command in the heat of battle on *Voyager's* bridge. Instantly Seven felt her senses overload and her muscles seize up, grasping the captain's fingers. Her throat forced out noise, the primal energy of it enveloped Kathryn.

Gently wiping the young woman's musky flavor from her chin Kathryn slid over the lush body and hugged Seven. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you before," she murmured.

"Perhaps I was not ready to hear what you had to say," Seven murmured back just as softly. The two women tangled together amid the sheets. Kathryn's head found its way to Seven's shoulder and Seven's long arms slid around Kathryn's back, stroking the sleek muscles down until her palms cupped the smaller woman's buttocks. With a nudge she brought their hips together. "Now I can also hear what my body has been saying."

THE END