

Summary: A Valentine's Day story. A Velocity match brings out Janeway's competitive nature, and Seven makes a proposal...

V-DAY

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Voyager's holodeck...

Captain Kathryn Janeway careened around the holodeck, breathing heavily and sweating hard as she tried to maintain her position as the undefeated Velocity champion aboard the *USS Voyager*. Over the years she had released mountains of tension on this high-speed and physically demanding game. No one had surpassed her in six years. That was all in danger now, she realized, howling and grunting as she landed against the floor bruising her right shoulder and almost losing her game pistol before she could fire on the red-banded disc skimming dangerously close to the floor.

Contact with a surface would immediately result in...

"Impact, Janeway. Point to Seven of Nine. Seven of Nine ties match 4 games to 4."

The computer's report was impassive, just as cool a reflection of the currently dominating Seven of Nine, who calmly straightened from her half crouch, and lowered her at-ready weapon. "I am in the lead," the lanky woman stated. Kathryn could not accuse her Astrometrics officer of gloating. Seven almost never expressed emotions of any kind whether she won a game or lost.

Kathryn could not suppress her own emotional reactions, however, and slammed a fist into the floor with a furious disappointment.

"Captain?" Janeway looked up, levering up on her elbows, catching Seven's customary inquisitive posture. The woman had her hands tucked behind her back. She had tilted her head to favor her left ocular implant's angle on the situation, lips forming a moue.

Janeway forestalled the question, groaning as she pushed to her feet. "I'm fine, Seven. Let's go."

"You are severely winded, Captain. Perhaps we should..."

Janeway would not concede. Seven could not be allowed to patronize her. Despite her youth and her Borg-enhanced stamina, Seven of Nine had never beaten Kathryn Janeway at this game and the captain would see to it that was not going to start now. She cut off the blonde, who startled at the sharply waved hand, and responded with characteristic determination, "I'll never surrender."

Seven stared at her for a long moment; Kathryn guiltily appreciated the stunned expression and what it did to take away the former Borg's superior air ... as well as the precious moments the reaction gave the captain to catch her breath. Then her pulse jumped at the way Seven's shoulders moved in an elegant, and very unconcerned, shrug. The tall woman turned fully to face her and settled into position. Kathryn settled over her knees to mirror the pose.

"Computer," Seven commanded, as the point winner of the last game. "Begin next round."

Seven considered her moves with the speed and ease of many long hours as the captain's opponent at this diverting holodeck game. As she yet again stretched around the stumbling smaller form to make her shot, her abdomen absorbed the impact of the compact body. More particularly

Janeway's rear rubbed Seven's groin.

The sensation sent such a flash of energy through her systems that momentarily Seven's gaze hazily narrowed until the captain's auburn head was the only sight she could focus on. And then the other woman's face came into focus as Janeway turned to assess what had happened.

Seven swallowed down the uncomfortable twist her stomach made at the caress of fiery blue eyes, and blindly fired where she projected the disc to be.

Janeway's eyes widened and followed the beam, leaving Seven stumbling away trying to recover. *What is wrong with me?* She queried her systems and found nothing amiss except for the quivering in her muscles. Apparently she was finally overtaxing her energies for this game. Satisfied with that explanation, Seven returned her full attention to the game at the same moment the captain skillfully found a way to rebuff the wild shot with an upstroke of her own.

The muscles in Janeway's arms stood out as she brought her weapon to bear at the awkward angle, and Seven's gaze was drawn past the weapon to the line of sweat dripping down just under the woman's determined jaw, along her throat and into the collar of her workout suit. Seven had a sudden vision of wiping it away. Her fingers tingled so much that she fumbled with, and almost lost, her phaser.

It was an almost statistically impossible shot to make, but even exhausted Seven's reflexes were unnaturally close to instantaneous. Seven got off her shot, sending the blue-edged disc as it changed to red, heading for the wall behind her. She turned to see Janeway racing at her.

The captain challenged her movement with a lithe dodge. "I want you, Seven, and I'm going to damn well have you!" The auburn woman leaped at Seven, grappling with her to bring her to the floor of the holodeck. The captain fired at the disc, successfully defending the shot and, with Seven stunned beneath her on the floor, claimed the impact at the same time the computer reported. "Yes! Five to four! One more game and I'll have you. I'll win."

Seven blinked, confusingly aware that the captain straddled her, their groins pressed together, the captain's muscled legs bent easily around her own thighs. The confusion however was wondering why she found it suddenly so notable. Certainly they had been in this position a multitude of times previously. The game frequently had them tripping and falling onto and around one another. She grasped the captain's upper arms and flexed her hands around the finely honed muscles, and looked up into vaguely dazed blue eyes. "Captain, are you attending the gathering in the Mess Hall this evening?"

She blinked again and queried her mind. *Where had that come from?* Of course the captain would attend the ship's party that evening. The captain attended all of Neelix's concocted reasons for a party. Tonight's was some absurd anniversary of a saint's death, St. Valentine's Day. And she would see the captain there, since the entire crew was under 'orders' to attend.

But Seven felt a distinct need to have the captain attend with her.

Kathryn felt Seven's hands on her arms like a brand. The big woman was warm and surprisingly soft. Bracing herself to move off and stand, her hands slid across Seven's abdomen, aware the muscled hardness there was not implant. She had been certain Seven's entire middle was implant, considering the number of times she had bruised herself slamming full-force into the body during their many matches.

Her hands' unconscious movements drew both their eyes to them. Without any will at all, she was stroking in gentle circles. Then she became aware of Seven's gradually widening eyes - such a pure blue, like the skies at home in Indiana on a blustery spring day. Caught in that gaze,

Kathryn's tongue felt heavy in her mouth as she tried to remember Seven's question. "I... well, of course, I am going to attend Neelix's party."

"I do not comprehend a holiday set aside for love, but perhaps, as my friend? Be my valentine?" Seven clarified.

"Seven? As your friend..." Kathryn could feel herself perilously close to a confession with the young woman. She had promised herself she would never complicate Seven's return to humanity with the overwhelming thoughts she had long had of loving her. It felt, as Seven's hands rose toward her face, that the end of her silence was nearing rapidly. Kathryn could feel her heart racing and her breath becoming short.

With the urge too great to deny, Seven caressed the captain's throat, slipping through the sweat as she had imagined doing before. The other woman's heat surrounded them both and invaded Seven's loins. Fumbling through the ritual language, seriously Seven confessed to her appraisal, "Captain, I believe you are 'hot'. Your presence is requested for a date."

"Seven, are... Are you sure?" *How could she not be sure about this?* Seven thought, too aware of the body against her to trust herself to speak coherently. She could only nod and swallow.

Janeway's eyes then widened slowly and Seven... it was really the most incredible sensation - Seven felt that gaze caress her face, setting her skin tingling and warm.

With the smile that Kathryn Janeway then bestowed on her, Seven knew a reason to celebrate a holiday for love. The captain brought her lips against hers. Filled with overflowing emotions of breathless joy and vibrant excitement, Seven wrapped her arms around the captain's back and felt the

small body nestled against her as their kisses went on and on.

Seven felt the instant Janeway softened against her in surrender.

Simultaneously the disc collided with one of the holodeck surfaces.

Janeway's kiss drowned out the verdict from the computer. Seven did not care. The game was over but both had won. Love really was the most powerful thing in the universe. More powerful than an ex-Borg drone and even more than a Starfleet-honed captain could have ever hoped to beat.

THE END