

*Summary: Janeway receives a night visit from Seven, but a philosophical discussion is not on the ex-Borg's mind...*

## VISITATION IN THE NIGHT

*by Lara Zielinsky*

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### *Captain's Quarters, late night...*

*There she is.* Crystalline eyes, glowing slightly in the starlight from the window, searched the sheet-covered figure on the bed. Locks of auburn curled against gently angular features. Pale arms lay akimbo, one over her head and the other lightly across her waist.

With the soft click of heels, the visitor to the captain's quarters moved closer, though remaining in the shadows cloaking the edges of the room.

Blue-gray eyes flickered open, something unidentifiable awakening the slumbering woman. She identified her visitor. A voice, fulsome with the languor of sleep, rent the stillness.

"What brings you here, Seven?"

Hungrily Seven drank in the long shapely limb that left the captain's pillow and the fingers that tapped the base of a lamp, illuminating them both in a pool of light. She shied from it. "I wish to discuss today's away mission," she said, eyes on the reclining woman now holding a sheet to her breasts with one hand and raising up on the bent elbow of the other. Her blood sang with hunger. She contained it carefully, licking her lips.

Tired exasperation cooled the huskiness now to a rasp. "No. I made my call; we did the mission. Your warnings were unfounded. I won't hear it again."

"You have not heard my report."

"I'll hear it in the morning meeting. Now go regenerate." Kathryn Janeway's voice bespoke terrible consequences should Seven refuse. Her chest expanded with rapid breaths. The captain's blood was oxygenating, her facial color growing more reddened.

Seven lurched a half-step forward but stopped before she could be caught in the light from the lamp. "I do not require regenerating. I need... you... to talk," she added hearing her own voice giving away her blood's desire.

"Damn it, Seven. I said 'No!'" Janeway lurched up in the bed, clutching the sheet to her upper body with one hand and imperiously pointing the way out with the other.

Seven's blood boiled over, her mouth began to salivate at the sight of Janeway's throat caught in the starlight from the window. "You don't understand..." She grasped Janeway's outstretched arm then the other, the sheet becoming pinned between their bodies as she dragged the woman from her bed. "I need..."

Something silky and very uncharacteristic in Seven's voice set off a red alert in Kathryn's adrenal glands. Eyes locked as they were drawn impossibly closer, Janeway's breath caught in her throat as Seven loomed, finally leaning into the glow of Janeway's bedside lamp.

The normally pale ex-Borg's face was nearly translucently white. Her full lips were vinacious and formed into a rare smile, revealing perfectly aligned white teeth. Kathryn was

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fascinated by the sight. Seven drew closer, her breath breezed hot across the captain's face, her expression an odd mix of the usual arrogance and uncharacteristic vivaciousness.

Seven's smile widened, drawing Janeway's wide with it in an unexpected echo of pleasure. *She's really beautiful.* Heat from the blonde's body brushed Janeway's breasts. An alarm sounded in her head. "Seven, I... a little close." She tried to lean back.

Hands warmed up her arms to her shoulders and she was pushed backward onto the bed. Perfectly formed pearl white incisors lengthened before Janeway's eyes. The lamplight gleamed at last fully on Seven's face, shimmering on a blood-hungry and lust-filled midnight blue gaze.

"Very close," Seven's sibilant voice hissed, mouth descending to inhale and seize upon her prey. Kathryn made no sound at the first touch of Seven's lips.

*...Fade to black.*

**THE END**