

*Summary: Seven of Nine helps Janeway recover after the captain's assimilation experience.
Content Disclaimers: Following the Voyager 7th season episode "Unimatrix Zero Part 2",
surmising that something more profound happened between Janeway and Seven in that virtual
world.*

FROM LOVE COMES STRENGTH

by Lara Zielinsky

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"Seven?" Kathryn Janeway looked up from her book at the lean figure silhouetted from the corridor lighting. Even without the placid, ice-blue eyes clear, or the white blonde hair that the older woman so loved to see down, Janeway knew it was Seven of Nine, *Voyager's* astrometrics officer. She brushed at her cheeks, setting aside the book. "Having trouble regenerating?"

Seven's gaze swept the captain's tousled appearance. Easily seen from the lighted corridor, she noted the normally blue eyes were a bleak gray. She stepped inside, shutting out the corridor lighting, leaving them both in only the light from the reading lamp and the faint starlight filtering through the transparencies. "My alcove is functioning properly," she assured *Voyager's* commanding officer. She took two long strides, lightly catching the half-risen woman's shoulders in her hands.

Janeway stilled. The hands, one warm flesh the other cool mesh, wrapped around her bare upper arms, just past her elbows. When she lifted her eyes to Seven's face she saw the younger woman nod. *God, it hurt so much*, Kathryn thought, willing herself to let go. "Annika..."

Without another word, Seven tucked the tear-stained face into the curve of her breast against her shoulder. She nudged away Janeway's hands, capturing them gently in her one as they tried to come up between them to push away. "I know, Kathryn... I know."

Janeway's hands relaxed, releasing the fists she had been making, and cried into the fabric of Seven's blue suit while the blonde stroked her hair.

"Kathryn, you are not alone any longer. Do not act as such." Seven brushed her lips over the captain's brow. "Please?"

She felt the strong spirit she knew so intimately begin to reappear in the lift of the captain's chin, the more composed straightness to the line of the smaller woman's back, even as her fingertips moved over it, encouraging their continued bodily contact. She felt thin fingers trace over her lips as she focused on gray eyes gradually going blue once more.

"What am I going to do?" Kathryn whispered, her voice still edged with fear.

Very seriously, in a soft earnest voice, Seven cupped Kathryn's chin with her fingertips and said, "You are going to let me love you."

The taller woman lifted the smaller into a cradle of her arms, nuzzling the skin of Kathryn's throat and feeling the soft auburn hairs of her nape caress her own cheek. She bore the older woman to the full size bed in the sleeping room.

Without parting their lips, Seven ably employed her Borg-enhanced dexterity and strength to lower Kathryn to the sheets, before sliding her own body over the smaller woman's. She pushed up the bottom of the gray top, kissing Kathryn deeply as her fingers skimmed over satin skin and breasts, tracing once over the remaining starburst implant that still regulated the captain's adrenal

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system.

The Doctor said it could not come out without endangering the captain's life. In time, when the nanoprobes circulating in her blood stream died off, the Doctor felt this last evidence of the captain's assimilation could be removed.

Seven's hands skimmed away from the starburst and covered the small breasts she adored, had adored in Unimatrix Zero, feeling the puckering of the nipples and capturing the woman's gasp in her mouth.

She offered through her kisses the adoration she felt for this Human, who had lost her innate strength so recently.

Kathryn's voice was thin, wanting, when she gasped her need into the blonde's mouth. "I want to remember... Help me."

"I will, captain. Always, my Kathryn." Seven knew her captain's needs intimately. Their experience had bonded them elementally. She kissed both eyes closed and pulled off the captain's shirt while shrugging out of her own suit.

The soft cotton shorts Kathryn had been wearing were gone next. Seven's long lean fingers smoothed over quivering thighs, outlining the shapely muscles.

She suspended her body over the smaller woman, hands braced to either side of the auburn head, and kissed a trail down the curve of Kathryn's chin, over the pulse point in Kathryn's throat. Balancing carefully she moved one hand up from thighs to hips, stroking the skin and then further until her palm cuddled the downy auburn triangle of the woman's sex.

Janeway gasped in surprise, in pleasure, and ultimately in pent-up need. "An...ni....ka..." she moaned low and slow. Her hands flowed over Seven's skin, but it was clear Seven intended for this to be primarily about Kathryn's pleasure, and only by extension her own.

With a gentle hand, she brushed fingers through the soft curls, finding the hardening knot at the top of Kathryn's opening. Kathryn wrapped her arms tightly around Seven's throat and buried her face against the blonde's shoulder. Seven first slipped a finger below that, gathering moisture... not much... certainly not as much as she might have before all these *things* had been done to her body... and cried out when the younger woman carefully soothed the moisture over the entirety of her sex...

"God... Annika." It was a duller feeling than she remembered from before, but she focused on it, and focused on who was giving her this pleasure.

Her love for Annika Hansen, Seven of Nine, former tertiary adjunct to Unimatrix Zero-One, the woman who was her own soul's other half, carried her the rest of the way... to fulfillment.

When she opened her eyes, tears flowing down her cheeks, she saw ice-blue eyes studying her with intensive study. "Annika?"

"Yes, Kathryn... It's all right." The blonde shifted so that she lay on her side, and brought the smaller woman into the curve of her body, soothing her palm over the lean muscular tiny back.

"You saved me," Kathryn admitted.

"No more than you have done for me every day since I met you..." Seven acknowledged softly. She was rewarded by a gentle kiss on the cheek as Janeway brushed her lips over the scar on Seven's face that she had caused as they were fighting on the cube.

"Thank you."

THE END