

Summary: Tom and B'Elanna's wedding gets a surprise when another couple's kissing becomes more of an attraction than the bride and groom's.

Content Disclaimers: This story takes place during Tom and B'Elanna's wedding (which occurred off-screen in season 7 episode "Drive")

A WEDDING SURPRISE

by Lara Zielinsky

© 2003

Part One

Because of his connection to them, Chakotay was made acting captain for the day, in order to officiate at B'Elanna and Tom's wedding. It gave Kathryn the day off and a chance to relax while the rest of the ship went haywire over the marriage ceremony.

An hour before the appointed time Kathryn turned over the conn to Vorik. She headed for her quarters, crossing paths with Chakotay just emerging from his.

She paused to comment that he cut a nice figure. "Are you going in uniform?" he asked, adjusting his uniform's stiff collar.

"Oh, no." She smiled. "You get the official duties. I'll be just civilian Janeway for the occasion."

"Will you do me the honor of a dance at the reception?"

"Me, dance with the captain?" she teased lightly. "Your dance card might just be too full to fit me in."

"Never," he replied earnestly.

"Chakotay -" She dipped her head. "I'll see you in an hour," she added more firmly.

He straightened and stepped back, adjusted his tunic and strode for the turbolift. With a heavy heart Kathryn watched him go. She could never see him as he saw her. He was too deferential for one, she thought.

For another, her own heart gazed too fondly on another.

But she could not, would not tell.

With an exhalation reminding herself that it was worthless to wish for things she could not have, Kathryn entered her quarters and dressed for the wedding. Despite all, she would at least get to spend time watching Seven absorb a new experience.

As she reached into her closet and withdrew her dress, she accepted it. If that was all they could have, so be it.

Part Two

Seven stood anxiously in the Sickbay. The Doctor had agreed to help her choose an appropriate garment for attending the Torres/Paris nuptials. The event would be yet another test of her developing social skills and she was determined to succeed.

She had meant what she said to the captain, that she accepted her adjustment to humanity was her own failing, none of the other woman's. The captain had protested, and Seven, in response

A Wedding Surprise by Lara Zielinsky

to the real hurt she had seen for the first time, was determined to 'complete' her adjustment so that the captain would stop feeling so bad.

The woman had ceased their weekly Velocity matches - at first claiming Seven's recovery from her dire surgery required her to 'take it easy'. The Doctor however had given Seven a 'clean bill of health' at her last check up, and yet another Velocity invitation had been turned down. Seven came to believe that it was now an attempt by Janeway to spare herself from dealing with Seven of Nine's inadequacies.

The Doctor finally emerged from his office. A shimmering fabric draped over his arm. She exhaled and nodded, to indicate that he should display it. He lifted and held out a full length gown in shimmering blue silk.

"It is sufficient," she accepted.

"Sufficient? Seven, your taste is excellent. This is a beautiful gown." He fished. "You must have someone very special in mind to see you in this dress."

She did not answer the implied question. "We will be late. I must change now."

He handed her the garment. "Go ahead and use my office." He stepped over to his control program's console and tapped a few keys. His uniform was instantly exchanged for a sleek ebony tuxedo. "I'll wait."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Part Three

Kathryn entered the already teeming holodeck and found herself in a reproduction of a natural glade. The open space filled with seats facing a small raised platform, was ringed by very ancient looking and gnarled trees.

Tom's programming talent had been put to dramatic use. The sky was frozen at just the moment between night and dawn. The temperature reminded her of a warm Indiana summer.

She was glad to be wearing something light and airy and turned to greet Tom as she stepped toward the front of the assembled seats.

"It's beautiful," she told him. "Your father will love the pictures."

"He'll appreciate I'm in this," Tom replied, pulling at his white formal Starfleet uniform.

"He loves you, Tom." She patted his shoulder "And he will love B'Elanna."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thanks." He swallowed down his nerves and nodded.

"So, where shall I sit?" There was a bride's side and a groom's side, but her history with both made it difficult to choose.

"Anywhere you wa--" Tom had looked away while answering and caught his breath at the opening of the holodeck doors. "Oh my God," he whispered.

Kathryn noted Chakotay too was struck by the newest arrival. She turned around and felt her jaw drop.

With decorum drummed into her since an early age, Kathryn was able to recover slightly, pulling her mouth closed as she watched the couple entering.

The Doctor had in one hand the imagizer as the event's official photographer. In his other hand he held the hand of Seven of Nine. She was heart-rendingly beautiful, and if her gaze moving uneasily over the crowd was any indication, she was also exceptionally nerve-wracked.

Kathryn had never seen anything so diaphanous. The sleeveless, shoulderless gown revealed an implant at Seven's collarbone, but rather than detracting, it shone like a brooch. The gown sleekly followed her every curve, the blue highlighting the swirling shade of her eyes. Her hair was upswept, but not pinned tightly. Tendrils curled around her cheeks. *She is magnificent*, Kathryn thought.

Her tongue remained tied as the couple made their way forward through the crowd, stopping directly before her.

The Doctor's greeting sent her synapses back into functionality. "Good afternoon, Captain."

"Doctor," she greeted politely.

"Excuse me," he said. "It is time for me to catch a little of the pre-wedding ambience."

Turning to Seven, he patted her hand before letting it go. "You'll be fine," he encouraged.

"Thank you, Doctor."

Manners came to Kathryn's rescue once again. "You're, um, welcome to sit with me while The Doctor is 'on duty', Seven."

"Thank you, Captain."

She turned them into the nearest row of seat, which happened to be to the right side of the assembly. Kathryn felt her hand slip against Seven's back. It was a simple gesture guiding her companion as she sat.

The electricity traveling up Kathryn's arm told her it was more. The silk was warm under her fingertips and she spread her palm open against Seven's lower back, only drawing away as the taller woman sat down.

Self-consciously she settled next to the blonde, flexing her hand against the unsettlingly pleasant sensation. The young woman was nervous beside her and almost immediately began expressing her observations and sharing what she had researched about weddings.

"A natural setting is very appropriate, and attractive," Seven began. "It is present in the traditional ceremonies of 426 Federation and Delta Quadrant species."

Kathryn smiled, warmed by Seven's reaction to the setting. "It is lovely. Makes one wish to experience it someday," she mused, wondering what Seven's thoughts were on a more personal level.

"Do you know whether there will be Klingon elements in the ceremony?" Seven asked. "I do not see the Kahless goblet or the ceremonial dagger."

"I don't know how it will go. Chakotay has been handling everything with B'Elanna and Tom."

"Is that wise? You are the captain. Perhaps something should be -"

Kathryn smiled, unable to stop from laying her hand over Seven's on the seat between them. "I'm not here as captain today. This is Chakotay's and B'Elanna and Tom's show. I intend to just enjoy it."

Seven nodded slowly when their eyes met. "I will as well," she said with thoughtful intonation. She looked down to their linked hands and a faint smile began curving lusciously in her lips.

Kathryn tore her gaze away from that vision, moving her hand away too as the music provided by Harry Kim's clarinet, began.

The ceremony was lovely and simple. There was only Chakotay, standing over B'Elanna's shoulder and Harry stood over Tom's, the two holding a Voyager drape between them as a covering. The bride and groom spoke personal vows, describing their love, their journey together and their hopes.

A Wedding Surprise by Lara Zielinsky

Chakotay stepped back. "With the vested power of my office – however temporary -" Kathryn shook her head at Chakotay's wink. "I now pronounce you joined."

Tom grinned; B'Elanna stepped into his arms.

Those assembled, including Janeway and Seven, stood and clapped and cheered the kissing couple. Still applauding, Kathryn laughed with pleasure at her officers' obvious happiness. She leaned close to quietly share a thought of her own. "How wonderful. Does it give you any ideas, Seven?"

Seven's clapping stopped. Kathryn looked up to see Seven's gaze searching hers. The former Borg's voice was rough, emotional. "Yes, it does."

What swirled in her eyes set Kathryn's stomach twisting. "Seven?"

It started with Seven reaching out and taking Kathryn's frozen hands between her own. Their skin's touch was just as soft as the silk of Seven's dress. Kathryn's gaze tried to drop from Seven's only to pause at full lips parting slightly and the delicately pink tongue tip that appeared, same as hers, to wet the dryness.

Kathryn inhaled as their closeness culminated, moistened lips mingled in a sweet lingering, explorative kiss. Hands slipped apart, sliding over silken material and then silken skin.

Her hands slid into Seven's hair even as Seven's warm, long fingers sent tingles down her own spine. She molded her body to Seven's, deepening the kiss.

She heard her own heartbeat pounding in her ears - and realized there was nothing else. With a gasp she pulled back, looking upon Seven's languid face, recognizing love and desire in the crystal orbs. Her gaze moved from Seven's to see the faces around them as her crew stared.

Harry Kim was bright red. Tom and B'Elanna stood with their arms linked around one another's waist. Tom wore a faint smirk; B'Elanna broadly grinned.

Chakotay's ruddy face was pale. Seven's hands moved around her waist, and her cheek nuzzled Kathryn's from behind. As she watched, Chakotay seemed to recover.

"I am still acting captain, Kathryn. Do you need some...time off...for a honeymoon too?"

Kathryn blushed deeply. Seven turned her around, and pulled her into the circle of her arms.

Seven's voice rumbled against the top of her head. "You will leave all copies of this event with the captain," she required firmly. "This is not for public consumption."

Kathryn lifted her chin and smiled. "It's all right, Seven. It's...um...not like I intend to keep it a secret. Not now."

"Then I did not fail in my participation in this social event?" Seven asked quietly, eyes only for the beauty in her arms.

"It was a wild success," Kathryn replied, rising up again on her toes and bestowing a blessing kiss once more on full lips.

THE END