

~ April Fools' Day ~

by Red Hope

Disclaimers

Copyright: I don't own any of the Voyager characters or Voyager concept. I do however own the story plot.

Violence: There will be violence but nothing overly graphic.

Subtext: This story has lesbian context.

Pairing: Janeway/7of9

Feedback: redhope@redhope.net

Webpage: <http://www.redhope.net>

Summary: Seven learns the concept behind April Fools.

Fanfiction Data

Series: Other Fanfiction Total Story Number: #5

Started: March 29th 2004, Monday

Ended: March 31st 2004, Wednesday

Part 1

"Come in," called Kathryn Janeway, the captain of the Starship *Voyager*. And as she stepped out of her bedroom, she was greeted by a tall blond that was a beautiful mix of Human and Borg. "Seven," she warmly acknowledged.

"Good evening, captain." Seven of Nine, late of the Borg Collective, stepped into the captain's quarters then stopped and placed her hands behind her back.

The captain regarded her crewman and part-time friend; she tried to gauge the importance of Seven's arrival. "How are you, Seven?"

"I'm running at reasonable levels, captain." Seven remain still then she dipped her head a little and asked, "Do you have some time, captain?"

Janeway's lips were touched by a small grin, her eyes warming into a brilliant sky day. "Of course, sit down." She signalled her couch and took a seat herself.

Seven accepted the offer as she sat beside the captain yet she remained ridged and in perfect form.

"What did you wish to discuss?" prompted the captain.

Seven instinctively tilted her head and replied, "I wish to discuss the concept of... April Fools' Day."

Kathryn inwardly enjoyed how it took all of Seven's Human qualities to mustard out the holiday's name. "Where did you hear about this holiday?"

"Mr. Paris was explaining the concept to Lt. Torres in the messhall." The borg's metallic blue eyes hollowed some. "I only heard the end of the explanation and I wish to understand the concept fully."

The captain quietly laughed and leaned back completely into the sofa. "Well it's considered a holiday and it's only celebrated on the first of April each year."

"According to the Earth calendar that will be tomorrow," concluded the factual borg.

Janeway quickly ran through the calculations and realized Seven was correct. "Yes, tomorrow will be April first." Now a grin touched her lips as her thoughts went back to the celebration of April Fools' Day. "The idea on April Fools' Day is people play practical jokes back and forth to each other." She now had a slight cringed when Seven had that mix expression of confusion and slight revolt.

"What is the point of this... holiday?" inquired the borg, her voice sceptic yet still monotone.

The captain just held her smirk as she answered the question. "It's just for fun, Seven... nothing serious about it." She then lost her eye contact as she traced in her mind the origins of the holiday. "I believe it was the British that started the holiday back centuries ago... around the eighteenth century." Her stone blue eyes returned to Seven. "It also celebrates the start of spring on Earth."

Seven heavily breathed as she filed away all the information for later. "It is another... interesting Human concept." Her head cocked to one side again. "Do you celebrate it, captain?"

Janeway gently laughed and shook her head. "Not particularly... only because I don't have the time."

The borg studied the captain for a moment as if analysing her. "Has anybody ever played a joke on you for April Fools' Day?"

Kathryn inwardly groaned at her friend's question. She faintly slumped in her seat yet she nodded her head. "When I was a kid, yes." The memories of her sister's constant jokes broke into her mind and she knew everyday was April Fools' Day to Phoebe.

Seven could tell Janeway was mentally far from *Voyager* by the way the captain's expression was so wistful. "I understand the concept now, captain. Thank you." Without another word, she rose up to her full six feet.

Captain Janeway jumped away from her reverie and stood up too. "You're welcome, Seven." She then followed the tall woman to the door. "Will you partake in April Fools'?"

The borg paused near the door and faced the captain. As she considered the question, she quickly took in the captain's relaxed manor and mercury blue eyes. "I do not believe so, captain."

Kathryn suddenly smirked and grasped Seven's right arm. "I couldn't see you doing a practical joke anyway."

Seven's metallic eyebrow instantly lifted in response. "I am borg... we do not joke."

The captain quietly laughed as her hand slipped free. "No, I suppose not... but it might be a good experience for you."

"Another attempt to assimilate my Human nature?"

The captain blinked at the use of assimilation with Human nature and she tried to decide whether that was a joke or not.

Seven picked up on Kathryn's confusion and a hidden smile curled at the corner of her lips. "Perhaps more history is at least required on the subject."

Janeway narrowed her eyes yet they glinted with mischief. She reached up and patted her friend's arm. "Well, not like you could do practical jokes anyway, Seven." She then walked away yet stopped and glanced back at her friend. "I know you're not perfect."

The borg's ocular implant instantly shot up. She knew she'd just been challenged by the captain and it fuelled her desire to find perfection whether it was as a Human or a Borg.

"Goodnight," called Kathryn. She continued to her bedroom as a very satisfying smirk covered her face.

Seven of Nine turned on her heels and marched out of the quarters with a new purpose in her stride. As she rode the turbo lift down to the cargo bays, she thought about the captain's earlier words. Perhaps celebrating in the rituals of April Fools' Day would be of interest and certainly would discredit the captain's earlier comments. When she arrived in Cargo Bay 2, Seven immediately went to the work station and did a fast search on April Fools' Day. After filtering out all the data, she had it uploaded to her borg alcove so she could process it tonight while she regenerated. Seven then stepped up to the dais and went into a hibernate state as she regenerated until the Alpha shift would start.

Part 2

Commander Chakotay heard the turbo lift doors open behind him and he called, "Captain on the bridge."

Janeway powerfully strode onto the bridge as her crewman greeted her good morning. She went down onto the ground floor and took her captain's chair beside Chakotay.

"Good morning, captain."

Captain Janeway's lips stretched with a smile. "Good morning, commander." She

turned her head away from him and looked to the pilot's back. "Report, Mr. Paris."

Tom Paris had a grin plastered to his face and when he replied he had a teasing tone. "We're at usual cruising speed of warp six, captain. All systems are running sufficiently." He then slightly turned in his chair and grinned at the captain. "In short, it's a good morning."

"Let's keep it that way then," coolly commented the captain.

"Yes, ma'am." The ensign straightened in his chair and continued his piloting of *Voyager*.

The Commander now leaned to his side and gently remarked, "We do have a Senior staff meeting today." His tribal tattoo wrinkled up. "It is the first of the month."

The captain quietly drummed her fingers on the arm of her chair. "Yes, I realize this." She finally looked at her second in command and despite her cool demeanour her eyes glowed. "What time?"

"Whenever the captain prefers." Commander Chakotay now flashed a grin.

Janeway chuckled as she turned her head away, her eyes rested on the view screen. "Perhaps in half an hour." She drummed her fingers again on the arm. "After my first coffee."

"Of course, captain." Chakotay dipped his head then watched as the captain stood up.

"I'll be in the Ready Room until the meeting starts." Janeway then loudly stated, "You have the bridge, commander." She then disappeared into her Ready Room.

Seven of Nine entered sick bay and glanced around for the Doctor. "Doctor?" She turned to her right some when the hologram formed beside her.

"Please state the nature of... oh, Seven." The Doctor suddenly smiled at his friend. "Good morning."

"Good morning, Doctor." Seven stood tall and hands behind her back.

"What brings you to sick bay? Any problems?" The Doctor seemed to already be visually inspecting the borg.

"I am running at acceptable levels, Doctor." Seven tilted her head to the left. "However I do require your assistance."

The Doctor brightened at the prospect of helping his closest friend. "What can I assist you with, Seven?"

"Today is April Fools' Day and-"

"Are you celebrating the holiday?" happily cut in the Doctor.

Seven sighed. "Yes, Doctor and I require your assistance to carry out a practical joke."

The Doctor was astounded yet happy his student was expanding her Human qualities. "How may I assist you?"

Seven didn't exactly grin but her eyes grew dark and her expression softened.

Part 3

Chakotay twisted his head around when he heard the turbo lift open. He caught sight of Seven briskly walking out, it made him grin evilly.

Seven of Nine proceeded into the Briefing Room without a single word to anybody.

Chakotay wiped his grin away as he stood and quietly went up to the Ready Room. When the captain called him in, he entered and approached the captain, whom was behind her desk. "The meeting will be starting shortly."

Captain Janeway dipped her head and stood up.

"I hope you had your coffee."

The captain hesitated as she was coming around her desk. She lifted an eyebrow at him then quietly went to the replicator. "Yes and I need another for this meeting."

The commander concealed his grin as he pivoted on his feet. "May I recommend an espresso, captain?"

Janeway was already calling up her order to the replicator. "Do I really need one?" She shot a dangerous grin at him. "You know what those do to me."

Chakotay quietly laughed and then smiled. "Of course, captain."

Captain Janeway approached her commander and in her right hand was a steaming thermal of coffee. "Shall we? We can't be late."

"If we are it'll be fashionably," joked the commander as he fell in step beside the captain. He accompanied the captain into the Briefing Room where the Senior staff was already awaiting their arrival. Chakotay took his seat and glanced over at Seven.

Seven didn't acknowledge him even though she knew he was looking at her. She merely dipped her head and continued to work on a small program in her PADD.

The captain set her mug down on the table then glanced at her Senior staff. "Good morning, everybody," she called as she pushed her chair out.

"Good morning, captain," chimed in most of the Senior staff.

Captain Janeway slowly started to sit down and as her rear began to connect with the captain's chair, there was a loud expel of gases.

The entire Senior staffs' heads, except for Seven's, shot up when the captain farted.

The captain leapt back up from her chair, her face as bright red as any red alert light. She then paled when her crewmen began snickering and quietly laughing at her. She quickly spun on her heels and shot a disgusted look at the offending object in her seat. She hastily scooped up the salmon coloured round object and faced her Senior staff. "Who's is this?"

Everybody stared at the whoopee cushion dangling from the captain's hand. Nobody took claims on the whoopee cushion yet most everybody was snickering or had a smug expression.

The captain studied all the faces and eventually she settled her gaze on Seven of Nine. Something in the back of her mind told her it was her borg's idea of a joke. She had to admit, it was certainly a good one. She quickly balled up the offending object in her right hand. "I believe this is yours, Seven."

The borg's head snapped up in time to see the cushion coming at her. She snatched it out of midair when it was close enough. "My apologies, captain. I must have misplaced it." She tucked the whoopee cushion away in between her leg and the seat.

The captain eyed her Astrometrics Officer and she was positive Seven's eyes glowed with devilishness. She cleared her throat and carefully took her seat again as if expecting the sound to return but it didn't so she started the meeting. The meeting went over general topics and reports from each department. The captain found herself content with all the departments within sufficient working order. All in all, she was happy the meeting hadn't lasted that long and only for thirty minutes. At the end, she called for dismissal and the Senior staff quickly filed out.

Janeway was hoping to get a word with Seven but Seven managed to rush out. She sighed in minor frustration yet on the inside she was amused by Seven's attempt at humour. As she stood up with her half empty mug, she noted Chakotay waiting at the door. "You knew," she lightly commented.

The commander instantly frowned. "Knew what? About Seven's joke?"

The captain's eyes narrowed as she stepped up beside him. "Don't you lie, commander."

Chakotay cleared his throat and held out a hand to the door. "You first, captain."

Janeway knew she wasn't going to get a response and she decided to leave it. So she walked out and mentioned she was going back to her Ready Room to finish up her work.

After the captain went into her Ready Room, Chakotay heartedly laughed while going down below to take his chair.

"I take it Seven's joke worked?" commented Mr. Paris from his chair.

"It was a success." Tuvok glanced up at the helmsmen then back at his screen on the work station.

"I wish I was there for it." Tom sighed with a shake of his head.

The commander leaned on his left elbow against the chair arm. "I don't think Seven could have embarrassed her more."

Tom glanced back and laughed. "Just imagine the captain ever publicly farting."

"Just imagine the captain farting at all," chimed in Harry Kim.

"Hey, hey." Chakotay held up a hand. "We are talking about our captain without her presence." He grinned as his hand lowered. "Let's be nice."

Tom rolled his eyes and repositioned himself in his chair. "Aye, aye commander."

Chakotay relaxed back in his chair for awhile.

The captain remained in her Ready Room for a couple of hours just reviewing reports and logs but more or less skimming over the logs. She'd already finished off her second coffee and relented from having a third just yet. She just finished an ensign's log and now closed it out. She relaxed back in her chair and laced her hands together, her elbows on the arms, and her chin resting on her hands.

Kathryn's thoughts strayed off to Seven of Nine and this morning's joke. She knew she'd goaded her Astrometrics Officer into a challenge but she hadn't quite expected Seven to take it on so well. Now she had to honestly wonder if that was the first and last joke Seven had in mind or was it just a start? Her stomach twisted in quiet worry yet a grin shaped her ruby lips. "Computer, what is Seven of Nine's location?"

"Seven of Nine is in Astrometrics."

The captain unlaced her hands and rested them in her lap. "Hmmm." She stood up and left her Ready Room then went down to bridge level. She almost took her seat but paused in midaction as she checked the chair, just in case.

Chakotay caught the hesitation and he chuckled. "You're getting paranoid, captain," he murmured.

Janeway relaxed into her chair and glanced at her commander. "You would be too if it'd happened to you."

Chakotay's frame shook with silent laugh. "Well... you are the one that insisted Seven should accept her Human side." He now heard the clear sound of the captain dramatically sighing. He glanced over and enjoyed the captain's grinning face. "Admit it, it was funny."

The captain blasted a force seven glare at Chakotay then suddenly stood up. "I will be in Astrometrics, commander."

Chakotay knew the captain's various moods and he knew for a fact she wasn't angry but very amused. He gently grinned. "Of course, captain." His eyes followed the captain until she was out of his view. Chakotay tipped his head and listened to the turbo lift doors open then quietly slip shut. He reached up and tapped his commbadge. "Chakotay to Seven of Nine."

There was a break then Seven's sharp voice replying. "*Seven here.*"

Chakotay smirked and stated, "The captain is on her way."

"*Thank you, commander.*" After the channel closed out, Seven placed her PADD up on the master work station and tapped her communications badge again. "Seven of Nine to the Doctor."

"*This is the Doctor. Go ahead, Seven.*"

Seven pushed her commbadge. "The captain is coming to Astrometrics. Proceed with our... joke."

"*I'm going now, Seven.*"

Seven picked up her PADD again when the channel closed. She held the PADD relatively close to the control panel and instructed the computer to upload the data to her PADD. She lifted her head and watched the view screen blink with download window. Just as her PADD finished the download, the captain entered the lab.

The captain caught a brief glance of the screen but nothing made sense to her before it disappeared. "Was that related to Astrometrics, Seven?"

The borg shut the PADD down and tucked it away from the captain's sight before she saw it. "Yes, captain just working on my slip stream project."

Janeway slowly strolled up to her Astrometrics Officer but her eyes were locked on Seven. "How is it going?"

Seven inhaled deeply. "It is... progressing." She put her hands behind her back and turned to the captain. "I continue to run into errors."

"I can imagine." Janeway was now next to the borg. She tilted her head to the side and lifted an eyebrow. "Interesting meeting this morning."

Seven curiously studied the captain as if she didn't understand what the captain was referring to.

Janeway shook her head, her expression finally relaxed and even amused. "I should have known better than to challenge you." She bent forward, her hands pressed against the edge of the work console.

Seven remained cool as she turned to her console again. "I am borg." She paused, turned her head, and lifted her metallic eyebrow at the captain. "I am perfection."

The captain dropped her head and started to laugh.

Seven briefly grinned then went serious again as she continued her work.

Janeway straightened up to her short but imposing height. "Well... carry on then." She turned and marched out of the lab.

After the door's swooshed shut, Seven instantly tapped her commbadge. "Seven of Nine to the Doctor."

"The Doctor here."

"The captain is on her way."

"Acknowledged. Proceeding with the plan." The Doctor stood beside the turbo lift doors but he didn't step up to them yet. He quickly lifted his left hand to his emulator. He hastily punched in a few commands then he lowered his attention to his body. A wide grew appeared on his full lips when he realized he was now taller, thin, blond, and very borg.

The Doctor cleared his throat and stated, "I am borg." His voice came out exactly as Seven's and he quietly laughed. "Good programming, Seven." He stepped up to the turbo lift, which opened immediately.

The EMH entered the turbo lift. "Computer, deck eight, please."

The computer chirped and the turbo lift quickly descended to the deck.

The Doctor took a brief second to access the data that Seven had stored for him about her. Seven had been grateful enough to not only replicate the Seven masking hologram but quick data on her demeanour and catchphrases. After accessing the data, he straightened his back out perfectly and put his hands behind his back right before the door opened.

The captain almost took a step into the turbo lift but stopped and blinked. "Seven?"

"Captain," coolly greeted the Doctor.

The captain shook her head. She glanced at the doors of Astrometrics then back at Seven of Nine. "I just..."

The Doctor tilted his head and in his best impression of Seven, he asked, "Can I assist you, captain? I am on my way to Astrometrics."

Janeway cleared her throat and took a step back when Seven came out of the lift. "No... no proceed." She went into the turbo lift and ordered the computer to deck one.

The Doctor smirked at the closed doors and he touched his badge. "The Doctor to

Seven of Nine."

"*Seven here.*"

"The captain is headed to the bridge."

"*Acknowledged. Continue as planned.*" Seven ended the transmission and called out, "Computer, site to site transport. One to beam to bridge." The computer chirped back at her then she dematerialized. Seven arrived behind Tuvok, whom gave her a lifted eyebrow. Seven merely side stepped him and hurried to her work station.

Chakotay had heard Seven materialized onto the bridge as planned. He bit back his huge grin when the turbo lifts opened. He mentally counted to five knowing by now the captain would have just stepped off the lift. "Seven, how is our course to the planet?"

Seven lifted her head from station and reported back. "We are on course, commander." She sensed Janeway's obvious astonished stare.

"What is our ETA?" inquired the commander. He tried to keep his back to the captain otherwise he knew he'd break into a fit of laughter.

"Approximately three days, two hours, fifty-seven minutes, and thirty-three seconds."

The captain had her hands on her hips, her head cocked to one side, and her eyes were gritty with confusion. "Seven?"

The borg turned her head and regarded the captain as if it was the first time she'd seen her today. "Yes, captain?"

Janeway pointed a finger at her Astrometrics Officer and her mouth opened but nothing came out.

The bridge crew all went silent as they awaited the captain's pending words.

The captain quickly noticed it because her jaw snapped shut. She gazed about the bridge just as everybody's heads turned away. "I'll be in my Ready Room, commander. You have the bridge."

Chakotay only dipped his head, too afraid his words would fail him if he spoke.

Janeway quickly entered her Ready Room.

Seven put her hands behind her back as she called out, "Computer, site to site transport. One to beam to Astrometrics." She then disappeared in a cloud of sparkles.

Captain Janeway came to a dead stop after her door closed. She stared at her Astrometrics Officer's back. "Seven?"

Seven was in front of the replicator and when she turned around; she had a mug cupped in her hands with steam rising up from it. "Captain, I thought you might need

a cup of coffee." She stepped down the level, approached the captain, and offered the warm mug.

The captain wasn't sure what else to do but accept the mug. She finally cleared her astonishment away and asked, "How did you get in here?" As she waited for a really good answer, she stepped around the borg.

Seven took the quick opener when the captain's back was to her. Her left hand was on her right arm and punching in commands to her emulator.

The captain realized she wasn't getting her desired answer that she so wanted. She quickly spun on her heels in front of her desk but she was left dumbfounded again. "Seven?" She looked around her Ready Room and found no signs of the borg. It wasn't exactly easy for a six foot borg to hide in her open view Ready Room. "Where did she...." She ran her free hand through her auburn hair.

Kathryn let out a frustrated sigh. She knew not even the Borg could suddenly go invisible so she thought Seven had done a site to site transport. Yet as she thought more about it, she hadn't heard Seven give the command at all. So how did the borg managed to just disappear without a trace? Maybe Seven rushed out of the Ready Room without any noise. With that finally conclusion, she called, "Computer, where is Seven of Nine?"

"Seven of Nine is in Astrometrics."

The captain bent her head forward as she walked around to her desk chair. She knew there was no way for Seven to make it from the Ready Room to Astrometrics in such a short time. "How did she...." She groaned because she knew she'd been fooled for the second time today. She pulled out her chair, sat down, and took a sip of her coffee.

Kathryn's face squinted and she suspiciously peered down into the dark brew. "Espresso," she hissed, "Chakotay told her." Yet her desires got the best of her and she took another but longer sip of the espresso coffee. "Mmmmm," she murmured as the high caffeine shot through her body and fully energized her.

Seven of Nine heard the faint beeping in her right ear, it was the signal. She lowered her PADD to the control panel and ordered, "Computer, lock on the Doctor's emulator."

"Acknowledged." The computer was silent for a few seconds then it chirped, *"Locked."*

"Site to site transfer. Beam the Doctor's emulator to Astrometrics." Seven slightly smiled when the emulator materialized on top of her work console. She picked up the small emulator and stepped away from the work station. She punched in a few commands into the emulator then suddenly she was staring at her mirror image. "Did you succeed, Doctor?"

The Doctor reached to his emulator on his arm so he could take down the Seven hologram mask. "Yes, of course." He grinned but his hologram flickered a few times and he turned back into Dr Zimmerman's duplicate.

"Two shots of espresso?" Seven's ocular implant was lifted up.

The EMH sighed and patted Seven's shoulder. "Not to worry. I did as you requested." He then warmly laughed and added, "She was so stunned, Seven. I wish you could have seen her expression."

Seven of Nine had a small grin creasing her lips. "I can imagine it, Doctor. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Seven." The EMH now was smiling and he walked to the door with Seven at his side. "Call me again if you need any other help."

"Of course." Seven remained cool and calm. "Thank you again, Doctor."

The Doctor offered a brief smile then left the lab.

Seven of Nine briskly returned to her console and picked up her PADD. She had a small program written up in it especially made for the captain. Now she needed to go upload it to its new home so with that, she left Astrometrics.

Part 4

Kathryn was relieved to be riding the turbo lift down to the third level now that the Beta shift had started. She took a step out of the turbo lift and walked down the hallway to her quarters. Her thoughts were still on Seven and the practical jokes she'd been on the sharing end of today. She'd enjoyed them even though she tried to not let herself. And she was still curious to how Seven managed the second joke, essential being in two places at once. She knew she'd find out later but her curiosity was getting the best of her.

The captain came up to her door and before she was in close proximity, her door flew open. She stopped and stared at her open door like it was haunted. She thought maybe nothing was really wrong so she took a few steps closer but the door shut and locked. "Computer, open the door to my quarters."

Kathryn narrowed her eyes when there was no response. "Computer, open my quarters' door. Janeway-alpha-chi-kappa-beta-omega." Still the computer didn't respond and the door didn't open. Kathryn took a calming breath and decided maybe getting closer would help. When she took another step, the door flew open in acknowledgement. "Interesting," muttered the captain. She decided she still wasn't assured so her next step was a cautious one.

The quarters door swooshed shut and relocked again.

Janeway jumped back in surprise.

The door immediately flew back open in response.

Kathryn lifted an eyebrow at the door. She now knew it'd been reprogrammed and quite well by the only person that would have done such a thing. She smirked and put one foot in front of her then leaned forward onto that foot.

The door flew open.

Janeway leaned back and with her weight on her rear foot.

The door slipped shut and automatically locked.

The captain shook her head and laughed. She leaned forward and grinned when the door opened for her again. She then went serious and straightened up in front of the door. She honestly wasn't sure if she could get into her quarters. The door was now open but could she really move fast enough to get through and not hit the door or get caught in it?

Kathryn had her hands on her hips and she still accessed her situation. She decided maybe it'd open up if she came right up to the door. She took one small step, the door closed, and she took another small step, the door swooshed open. She now hoped the next step wouldn't cause it to close and she was practically in the doorway. She carefully took her final step.

The door flew shut.

Kathryn held her breath when her nose touched the cool door. She backed up a large step and her door reopened. "Great," she muttered in annoyance. It would be impossible to get into her quarters with the setup on the door. She suddenly grew frustrated and in her husky voice, she growled, "Seven."

"Access granted," chirped the computer and the captain's door quickly drew open.

The captain blinked and her temper receded like a tide. She took one small step but her door didn't close so she took another step but still nothing. Her last step was the closest yet her door still remained opened and she went into her quarters finally. "Computer, reset default program on captain's quarters door."

"Acknowledged." There was a brief pause then a chirp of, "Action complete."

Kathryn was touched by a smile at Seven's third attempt at a joke. She certainly was the borg's full focus today and she wondered if Seven managed to get any actual work completed today. Knowing her Astrometrics Officer, the pranks were just child's play and didn't require much time to implicate. She shrugged it off and started for her bedroom. As she started to pass her coffee table, something caught her eye on the table.

The captain bent forward and collected the small white card on the centre of her coffee table. She sensed her smile growing at the picture of a iris on the front of the card. She carefully opened the card and was surprised to see Seven's handwriting. She'd seen Seven's handwriting previously but on rare occasions and this was the first time she had a full view of it. Seven's handwriting was very logical, perfect, and aligned deducted the captain after a moment.

Kathryn read the card and realized it was more than a card but an invitation for a dinner tonight on the holodeck. She slightly flushed at the idea of a dinner date with Seven of Nine yet she wouldn't miss it. She almost thought it might have been another joke but at the bottom Seven promised it wasn't and that her presence was quite important to Seven. Kathryn felt her body warm and her stomach fluttered in reaction. She knew she'd been growing fonder of Seven through time but her emotions for Seven were growing stronger and they were something very real and very deep.

Part 5

Kathryn finished putting her silver earrings in and she took a second to make sure her hair was perfect. She was fairly content as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She then took in her attire she had selected for tonight's dinner. She had on a pair of jeans that weren't too light nor too dark. Her top was a blouse almost fully button except for the top two buttons. Her blouse was well fitted for her frame and it was white with very thin baby blue stripes that ran up and down. She hoped it was sufficient enough for the dinner, Seven did say casual.

The captain realized she needed to get going or else she'd be late. She stepped out of the ensuite, went through her bedroom, and paused at the doors. "Computer, lower lights to one eighth."

The computer chirped and the quarters grew dark.

The captain was satisfied so she quickly left and caught the turbo lift to deck six. When she arrived on the holodecks, she found the first holodeck in use and still on public access. The other holodeck wasn't in use so Janeway knew Seven had to be in the first one. She entered the holodeck and immediately she stepped into a very green and blue environment. When the holodeck door slipped shut, she saw the tall bog nearing her.

Seven of Nine approached the captain and stopped a couple of feet from her. She dipped her head and warmly greeted, "Captain."

Janeway was looking around at her environment and taking in all the beauty. She was on top of a small hill and standing on a dirt road but all around her were fresh green rolling hills. Her lungs instantly filled with the scent of spring and far above her was a blue sky that reminded her of Seven's eyes.

The captain broke away from her reverie and smiled at Seven. "Good evening, Seven." She smiled when Seven slightly smiled at her but Kathryn's smile grew when she took in Seven's attire.

Seven had adhered to her own dress code. She had on a pair of jeans as well that had a slight flare to cover her low cut black boots. Her top though was black and skin tight but she left the small zipper down in the front of her top, which stopped just at the crest of her bosom.

Kathryn had never seen Seven in anything else than her biosuit or Velocity outfit. This was very different and Kathryn decided it made Seven look more Human than ever. Yet then it struck Kathryn dumb when she realized that Seven had the holodeck masking her borg implants as if the implants didn't exist.

Seven brushed back a few strands of her golden hair when it came in front of her face. She'd debated several times with herself whether to wear her hair up or down and she'd concluded it'd be better down. "Captain, please follow me."

The captain merely nodded and walked along side the borg down the dirt road. When she and Seven came to the edge of the hill, her eyes locked on the small house in the valley below. She could only image that was where they were headed for dinner. "So why the dinner?"

Seven didn't look at the captain as she answered back. "I wanted to apologize."

Janeway stopped and faced her friend. "For today?"

The borg took a steady breath. "Yes." She tilted her head to the side. "I didn't want there to be any... 'hard feelings' about the jokes."

Kathryn was touched by Seven's attempt to apologize. "Thank you," she breathed then smiled, "but it was self inflicted."

"Explain," ordered the borg.

Kathryn's smile slipped into a wicked grin. She continued walking down the dirty road. "I did challenge you."

Seven considered the captain's words then nodded. "I always wish to meet your expectations, captain."

Janeway shook her head and her smile slightly thinned. "I know," she whispered. She was quiet for awhile and she back tracked over today's events. She turned her head to Seven. "How did you do that second joke?"

Seven couldn't hide her small yet wicked smile. "The Doctor assisted me. I add a program to his emulator."

Kathryn ran through possibilities and concluded, "You programmed his emulator to show a hologram of you."

"Essentially yes but it was more of a mask." Seven glanced at Janeway then back at the house that was coming closer. "It was merely a projection on top of a projection. I couldn't reprogram his matrix merely so he'll look like me."

Kathryn chuckled because she knew in fact that Seven would have done that if she had to just so she could do her joke. "So you and the Doctor swapped places each time I showed up." She peeked up at her friend. "Site to site transportation." She lifted her right eyebrow at the younger woman. "You know those are only for emergency uses."

Seven had a hidden smug look as she stated, "Perhaps." She climbed the three steps to the front of what seemed to not be a house but a tavern. She opened the wood door and held it for the captain.

Kathryn shook her head and started through the door.

"I did receive Lt. Tuvok's permission," mentioned the borg as the captain passed her.

Janeway quietly laughed and went into the tavern. When she stepped inside, she gazed about and realized this wasn't just any tavern but an Irish pub. She estimated there were already over a dozen other patrons that were eating, drinking at the bar, or playing pool.

"Our table is over here," murmured the borg.

Kathryn merely dipped her head and followed Seven to their table, which was slightly set away from the rest of the crowd. She took a seat in the two person table and smiled across to Seven.

Seven remained cool but she had a hard time not smiling back. She'd never seen her friend this relaxed and many of her usual captain walls were down. Seven could only hope tonight would play out perfectly as she'd planned.

"Good evening, ladies," greeted the waiter. He held out a menu to each of them then he smiled warmly. "Drinks?"

Kathryn's lips curled into a grin as she wondered how well Seven programmed this holo allusion. She decided to give it a test and she ordered, "Well since I'm in Ireland can I get a Guinness?"

The redheaded waiter brightly smiled. "Of course, ma'am." He then looked at Seven.

The borg was looking at the speciality drinks and she peered up at the waiter. "A ginger pop."

The waiter bowed his head then hurried off to fill the drink orders.

Kathryn was grinning brightly and when she peered across to Seven, she realized exactly how Human Seven looked with her borg implants masked by the holodeck. In a way, Kathryn truly disliked it but she knew there was a reason behind it. She set aside her questioning nature and decided right now all she wanted to do was enjoy her evening with Seven.

Not long after the waiter returned and took their entrée orders. Seven ordered a Dublin Coddle and Janeway decided to get the lamb cutlets with honey. The dinner quietly continued from there and Seven took the time to further explain her practical jokes from today. Janeway had been relatively impressed by Seven's hard effort to prove that she could joke around just as any other member of the crew. And when their meals arrived, they quietly ate but Kathryn noticed how Seven was rather pensive at first and seemed to almost study Janeway's table manners. Janeway didn't mind at all and knew Seven was still learning so she made sure to take her time at first so that

Seven could copy her. Eventually she sensed Seven settling down and Kathryn relaxed as well. It wasn't until her Irish coffee arrived that Janeway leaned back into her chair and contently smiled from a happy meal.

Seven enjoyed an Irish apple pie.

Kathryn gently smiled as she lifted her glass of Irish coffee. She felt that slow smile spread across her lips as the minty coffee warmly flowed down her throat and into her belly. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had an Irish coffee but she'd certainly had forgotten how wonderful they were. She settled her glass onto the table and peered across to her friend. "How is your pie?"

The borg deducted she had about another three bites and she paused when the captain spoke to her. "Acceptable."

Janeway chuckled because she knew that was a compliment coming from the borg. "May I try it?" She quickly leaned forward when Seven pushed the small dessert plate towards her. She picked up her fork and carefully stole a small bite of the pie.

Seven sat silent in waiting judgement.

Kathryn chuckled and leaned back in her chair as she lowered the fork. "It's very nice."

The borg had the plate back closer and she said nothing as she finished off the dessert.

Kathryn happily sighed and took another long sip of her Irish coffee.

Seven lowered her fork onto the plate and gently pushed the plate out of the way. She glanced at the captain's Irish coffee and calculated she had another two drinks left. "We should take a walk afterwards," she gently mentioned.

The captain warmed at the suggestion and nodded her head. "I agree." She picked up her Irish coffee and took her first drink slowly but her second was faster. She gently lowered the glass mug and tried to clear her fuzzy vision from the brisk shot of alcohol she received at the bottom of the mug. "Well... I think I'm ready."

The borg dipped her head and stood up.

Kathryn also stood and she followed her friend out of the pub then stepped out into a warm night. She paused on the small porch and scanned the dark environment. Slowly her eyes adjusted to the darkness and the moon's light helped reveal the shining green grass in the valley.

Seven was on the bottom step and she glanced back at Kathryn. "Captain?"

Kathryn just resisted a small blush. She hurried across the porch and down the steps to her friend's side.

Seven silently continued the walk through the warm evening. She decided to take the walk through the valley and figured that Janeway would find it quite atheistically

pleasing. That was how she programmed it anyway.

The captain had her hands in her jean pockets and was debating what to say. She peered up at the borg and sincerely whispered, "Thank you." Seven curiously glanced at her and it made her smile. "For dinner... for the evening."

"You are welcome," returned Seven as she brushed back a few wisps of blond hair. "And thank you for allowing me to explore another Human trait."

Janeway quietly laughed and she dipped her head down, her smile still held in place. "I admit the one in the meeting was the worse."

"It was bad?" factually asked Seven.

Kathryn was accustomed to Seven's traditional lifeless tone yet over time she'd learned that Seven's tones really held hidden emotions. Now she picked up a faint distress underlying Seven's voice. "No it wasn't bad... in that way." She gave Seven a reassuring smile. "It was the best one."

Seven was quiet as she processed the captain's words. "You were blushing," she commented.

"I was thoroughly embarrassed." Kathryn laughed and shook her head. "If it had been anybody else..." She ended her comment there, not wanting to finish it. She then came to a slow stop and dropped her head back.

Seven curiously stared at the captain then mimicked her actions. She'd tried to replicate the same star patterns on Earth to fit the holodeck. When she glanced at the captain and saw that warm smile, she knew she'd done a perfect job of copying the constellations. Another point given to Astrometrics.

"God," murmured the awed captain, "I feel like I'm back home." She then lifted her head and quickly trekked up the valley off to the right.

Seven didn't hesitate to follow and wondered what Janeway was up to. She could tell the captain was on a small mission.

Janeway went halfway up the valley, stopped, spun around and smiled when her vision went far across the rolling hills. As her gaze lifted, her breath was taken away by the crescent moon that shined around twinkling bright stars. "This is amazing, Seven."

"I concur," gently murmured the borg. She hadn't realized how well her programming had worked out until now. When she turned her head to the captain, she knew no matter how aesthetically pleasing the night sky was it couldn't match the captain's beauty. For the first time, Seven's lips spread into a slow and deep smile as she memorized the captain glowing in the curved moon's light.

Kathryn finally broke from the night sky and her eyes settled on Seven. Her heart almost stopped as her breath held because of Seven's passionate smile.

Seven's body instantly burned when the captain's metallic and glowing eyes centred only on her. And at first, Seven never understood why her body react this way to the captain but after much research and a few discussion with the Doctor, she'd found her answer.

Kathryn finally felt her chest fill with warm air after so long and her body felt so alive now. Certain things were meant to be and Kathryn had learned that during her time in the Delta Quadrant ever since Seven's arrival.

"Captain?" Seven's voice was quiet but firm.

The captain brushed away her daze and suddenly smiled. "Let's sit." She sat down simultaneously with Seven and she kept her legs probed up. "Seven, can I ask you something?"

The borg had her long legs stretched out and she was leaning back on her hands. She lifted her eyebrow to prompt her friend.

Janeway swallowed and slowly turned her head to the borg. "Why did you program the holodeck to mask your implants?"

Seven tilted her head. "So that this evening would be perfect."

Kathryn was shocked by Seven's line of thinking but she retained from showing her surprise. She quickly shifted around and now sat so that she faced the young woman. "You know, tonight has almost been perfect."

"Almost?" The borg instantly straightened up and completely faced the other woman. "What do you require for it to be perfect?"

Kathryn chuckled at the borg's desire for perfection, such an over achiever. "It would be perfect if you let me see your implants." She stretched out her right hand to cover the small distance. Her fingertips grazed the skin just over Seven's left eyebrow and she had a disturbing sensation. Despite the implant wasn't visually there, Janeway could feel the cool metal. "You've always been perfect just the way you are, Seven." Her hand slipped and rested back in her lap.

Seven was quiet as if considering the truth behind the statement. Her eyes unfocused from Janeway and her voice came out in its usual flat line tone. "Computer, end borg-implant mask."

The computer chirped in answer.

Kathryn steadily breathed and smiled as the metal reappeared on Seven's face. She then picked up Seven's left hand into her own and ran her fingers across the cool vein like borg implants.

"Satisfactory?" inquired the borg.

"Very," murmured the captain and she grinned at Seven.

"Now it is my turn to question you," stated the borg.

The captain lifted an eyebrow as her grin deepened. "Oh? What about?"

Seven tried to ignore the firing data coming from her borg hand that Janeway held. "Do you wish to change the nature of our affiliation?"

Kathryn blinked and stared at her friend as her mind rapidly worked out the question. She knew Seven was extremely literally and sometimes it took Kathryn an extra second to change the context around. She inhaled deeply and mentally prepared for this conversation that she hadn't quite expected tonight but it'd stuck in the back of her mind. "I think the question is, do you wish to, Seven?" Kathryn always loved ricocheting the questions back at Seven. "You must since you brought it."

"A very logical conclusion," agreed Seven, "And yes, I wish to change it."

The captain wasn't sure if she should humour this topic or not. She decided to go along with it for now and see where it would end up. "Why do you wish to change it?"

Seven of Nine was quiet as her cortical node worked out two types of reasoning. One was a very logical answer and the second was more... well she considered it Human. "I have looked over the crewmen roster and you were the most suitable mate." She paused then added, "Of course that was after I was aware women were acceptable mates." Her chest rose high up and she slowly let out her breath. "We have much in common, captain. We share interests and views alike. You are also the only person on *Voyager* who wishes to associate with me."

"Seven, you are close with Naomi, the Doctor, and you share some time with Harry Kim."

The borg had a hidden sceptic look. "Yes I know this, captain however I will not engage in a romantic relationship with the Doctor. He is a hologram afterall."

"He's almost sentient," reminded the captain.

"Perhaps," relented the borg. She then quietly added, "And Mr. Kim has already tried once to engage in a deeper affiliation with me but he was unsure what kind."

The captain contained her jealousy towards the young ensign knowing very well that Seven was almost all the crew's fantasy. She breathed heavily and quietly said, "Well..." She lifted an eyebrow and asked, "Any other reasons?"

"Yes as a matter of fact," stated the borg, "but..." Her focus blurred as she tried to logically make sense of these things in her that she didn't understand. "My other reason I cannot quite explain, captain. It is cumbersome and illogical."

"Ah." Kathryn thinly smiled because Seven was feeling emotions. "Human emotions huh?"

"Yes, I believe so," agreed the borg. "I've been doing extensive research and can explain the physical sensations I achieve within your presences."

"Such as?"

"My temperature increases by one to three degrees Celsius especially when you touch me." Seven tilted her head to one side. "When I look at you my stomach I believe I receive... 'butterflies' and I feel as if my skin burns. Then in my chest on occasions, I feel as if I ache despite my cortical node tells me I am running at acceptable levels." Her voice now held doubt as she quietly stated, "I do not understand this but my research concludes that these symptoms are related to my Human emotions."

Kathryn could have started to giggle out how adorable Seven appeared with this pouty look. She'd never witnessed it before but it was something forever locked in her mind. She remained calm as she focused back on the topic. "It is possible you simply have a crush, Seven." She shrugged as if to give no value to it. "That's fairly common between a mentor and their student."

"That was my logical conclusion as well over seven months ago." Seven swept back a lock of her white gold hair. "However I spoke to the Doctor about this 'crush' concept and we compared notes. I told him what I was feeling and he told me they were the same symptoms he has for me. We concluded it was more than a mere crush."

Janeway refrained from chuckling at the idea of the blind leading the blind or rather a lifeless hologram leading the unemotional borg. Yet she truly knew in both cases that EMH had more Human characteristics about him than the captain at times and Seven was a deeply passionate Human. "Okay," she calmly breathed, "let's assume it is not a crush."

"It is not," arrogantly stated the borg.

The captain slightly grinned and refuted her earlier declaration. "Alright it isn't a crush."

"And I wish to change our affiliation based on my logical findings." Seven then frowned a little and quietly added, "Illogical Human emotions as well." She then focused back on the captain. "Do you wish the same, captain?"

Kathryn dipped her head and couldn't look at Seven right now. She carefully considered her options as well as what was best for Seven. She was first and foremost Seven's captain and as Seven's mentor she endeavoured to protect the borg, even if that meant from her own self.

Seven sensed all the uneasiness just flowing off the captain. She still had her left hand in the captain's so she gently squeezed the captain's hand. "Captain?" she warmly called.

Kathryn lifted her head as if Seven's warm voice lifted her head itself. She'd never heard Seven so full of emotions and they were a mix of concern and hope. She freed her hand from Seven's and her fingertips grazed Seven's left cheek. She sighed and as her fingertips ran along Seven's jaw line to her chin then stopped there. She warmed from all the emotions glittering in Seven's summer blue eyes. She never thought she'd see so many emotions at a time in Seven yet Seven had proven her wrong. Kathryn

couldn't turn her back on Seven now.

Kathryn finally lowered her hand and took both Seven's Human hand and Borg hand into her own. She dipped her head when a random thought came to mind and it made her grin from ear to ear. She wiped the smirk away as she lifted her hidden face back up, her eyes remained hooded but they still shined with seeming mischief. "Seven," she began in her best captain voice.

Seven immediately stiffened because that was her train reaction to the captain. She felt her hopes slipping now that the Kathryn had asserted to her captain persona.

"Seven," continued the hard captain, "I am your captain." She already saw Seven about to protest and she merely held up a hand for silence. Her hand laced back through Seven's and she continued her response. "*Voyager* follows Starfleet protocol and as the captain, especially the captain, so must I." She squeezed Seven's hand in seeming apology. "I can by no means ever be more to you than your captain, mentor, and at times your friend."

"That is extremely illogical, captain considering *Voyager's* rare circumstances." Seven rarely became frustrated but she certainly was now by the building distance between her and Kathryn. "Starfleet could not expect you to perfectly hold up to protocol when we are so far from the Alpha Quadrant."

Janeway forced her expression to dark but not too much. "If I do not uphold the protocol then what is stopping the rest of the crew from doing so?"

Seven completely backed her Human emotions away and fell back into protective Borg instincts. "You are Human so is the rest of *Voyager*... you cannot be perfect." She then suddenly stood up as their hands broke apart. "That is what makes Humans so unique." She then tilted her head to one side and coolly stated, "It is why I find being Human again to be an honour... even though it took me some time to realize it."

Janeway now stood up to face the taller woman. Her back was ridged and her expression emotionless except her eyes gave her away but not enough for Seven to figure it out. "Apart of being Human is having standards and the Starfleet protocol is just that." She shook her head. "I will not break it because if I do so then what's to stop me from breaking another rule?" Her mind then jumped to a more recent memory and she hotly whispered, "I would be not better than Captain Ransom."

Seven was inwardly surprised by the admission when she thought that the captain had left Captain Ransom in the past. She sighed and impassively stated, "Then you shall not be corrupted by love, captain." She then coolly started to move away because she had enough of the conversation.

"Seven?" called Janeway.

Seven stopped two steps away. "This conversation is terminated, captain."

Kathryn knew she'd carried on too far and had to stop things. She suddenly jumped with her hand coming out to catch Seven's right wrist just as Seven turned away. "Wait, Seven."

The borg turned her head to the smaller woman. "We have nothing else to discuss, captain."

"Yes we do," persisted the captain as she forced the tall borg to face her again. She carefully touched both of Seven's cheeks with her hands and her dark face broke with a loving smile. "April Fools', Seven." Her hands finally left Seven's face as she waited for Seven's response.

Seven of Nine stared at the captain and her mouth opened, closed, and opened again. She finally said, "It was a practical joke."

Janeway sighed in relief and nodded. "I couldn't help it after your jokes today." She lightly grinned and only hoped she hadn't ultimately hurt Seven.

"It was not very practical, captain. I am not laughing."

Kathryn chuckled. "Do you ever laugh?"

Seven straightened up fully. "That is beside the point, captain."

Janeway revealed a lop-sided smile.

Seven folded her arms over her chest and lifted her borg eyebrow.

Kathryn lost her silly smile and quietly asked, "No hard feelings right?" Seven remained still and her face was unnerving to the captain. She knew Seven was making her sweat it and it was certainly working.

"Perhaps," finally gave in Seven. She then loosened her arms from her chest. "However I will completely absolve you if I'm allowed to kiss you."

Kathryn's pulse instantly quickened and her head swam. She felt that jolt ripple down her spine and sit in her stomach. "I would love it," she whispered.

Seven dipped her head closer to Janeway's.

Kathryn was almost positive she would faint then when Seven's lips brushed against hers, she went weak. She was relieved that Seven must have noticed because she found herself wrapped in the borg's strong arms.

Seven finally felt confident enough to deepen the kiss. She was unsure how to proceed but she also knew Kathryn wouldn't hesitate to assist.

The captain tangled her fingers into Seven's hair as she was allowed into Seven's mouth. When her tongue touched Seven's, she instantly moaned and pushed her body tighter against Seven's.

Seven mimicked the captain's actions and her tongue danced and moved with Kathryn's. She then took more control of the kiss as her tongue slipped past the captain's soft lips.

Kathryn's skin burned all over and she was hungry with desire. She slowly pulled back from the breathless kiss but Seven nipped her lower lip, which made her whimper. Kathryn's dark swirling eyes drifted open yet her revealing smile was tender. "I hope this isn't another April Fools' joke."

Seven actually had a small grin and she murmured, "It is not," before she took Kathryn's lips again. When she'd explored the long kiss with the captain, she pulled back. "I wish to copulate with you, captain."

Kathryn quickly grinned and put her right hand on Seven's chest and her left hand rested on the borg's hip. "Slow down, perfectionist." Seven lifted an inquiring eyebrow and it made Kathryn softly laugh. "Two things, Seven." She took in a calming breath then continued to speak. "First, it's not copulating it's-"

"I know," cut in Seven as she lowered her head closer again. "I do wish to make love to you."

Kathryn closed her eyes when the words thrilled her. She sensed Seven's lips close to hers again but she tried to resist. "And second," she rasped.

Seven touched her lips against the captain's but didn't move in. "Second, captain?" she teased.

Kathryn tried to recall her second point then Seven's use of her title snapped her back. "Second, please call me Kathryn before I demote myself."

"Of course, Kathryn," murmured the borg and she finally took the woman's lips.

Kathryn was lost in the passionate kiss and she was never sure how she ended up on her back in the silver reflecting grass. Seven's lips trailed down her neck and Kathryn's hands slipped under Seven's shirt to press against warm mesh. Kathryn discovered there truly was a heaven right in Seven's arms. All she needed to know was that Seven wanted her, needed her just as much as she needed Seven.

Part 6

The captain straightened out the collar on her blouse but she wasn't sure what the use of it was anyway. Her blouse was well wrinkled and had possibly a few grass smears. How a holodeck managed to leave a grass stain on her blouse she'll never come to figure out. She then sensed Seven shifting extremely close to her. She peered up into dark blue, hungry eyes. "Seven," she warned in her best captain tone yet her warning fell short.

Seven already had her hands on Janeway's waist and was bending her head down.

Kathryn was a mix of desire and worry since they were in a public spot. Suddenly her attempt at escape opened for her, literally, as the turbo lift doors slid open to deck three. Kathryn didn't miss a beat as she slid out of the hot embrace and went into the

hallway.

Seven quickly turned her head and her ocular implant was raised.

The captain smirked and stood in the hallway with her hands on her hips. "Are you coming?" She held out her hand in offer.

The borg lost her impatient look and took the smaller hand into hers. "Of course, captain."

Janeway resisted from rolling her eyes at how Seven spoke her title. Instead, she turned and switched Seven's hand into her other hand as she lead the way to her quarters.

Seven didn't mind walking behind Kathryn at all considering the nice, atheistically pleasing view it gave her. She also relished the physical contact, which was a new desire Seven had recently come to accept as just another Human tendency in her.

Janeway paused midstride when she heard the turbo lift door open. She suddenly went red hot when she saw Chakotay exiting the lift.

Chakotay had seen them but what made him stop in his tracks were the linked hands. "Good evening, captain." He devilishly grinned and his eyes lit up as his attention shifted to Seven. "Evening, Seven."

The captain clamped down on her embarrassment and at first almost released Seven's hand but decided it wouldn't matter at this point. "Good evening, commander."

"I see your dinner went well, Seven." The commander wasn't laughing but his expression wasn't anything but serious. He couldn't help but play with them since he'd caught them red handed plus he admired how messy their hair and clothes were, all dishevelled.

Seven straightened up and tipped her head to the side some. "It was satisfactory, commander."

Now Chakotay choked on his own laughter and he quickly went to his quarters however paused in front of his open door. "Well goodnight, ladies." He bowed his head a little to the captain and teasingly ordered, "Don't stay up too late, captain."

Before the captain could make a good retort, her commander had vanished into his quarters. She growled lowly and force ten glared at his closed door as if he would feel it through the door.

Seven had a distant grin as she enjoyed the dangerous look on her lover's face. "You are quite adorable when you're angry, Kathryn."

The captain broke out of her dark expression and her hooded eyes turned to her partner. "I am not adorable." She huffed, tugged on Seven's hand, and stomped into her quarters.

"I have always taken pleasure in your infuriated expressions," mentioned the borg. "I am aware many of the crewmen are scared by those expressions but I find them enjoyable."

The captain had entered her quarters with Seven and when the door slid shut, she turned. "Don't you dare say that around any of the other crew." She suddenly grinned.

Seven's lips spread into a smile. "Of course, captain." She then found the captain's arms around her neck.

Kathryn moved in closer and with her right hand, she pulled Seven's head down closer. "I remember you mentioning something about requiring more information."

Seven's smile upturned into a rich grin at hearing Kathryn's teasing. "I require much more to expand both my knowledge and skills."

"Did I mention I love your perfectionist side?" further teased the captain.

"No," briskly replied the borg. She brought her lips closer but before kissing her lover, she whispered, "I only wish to please you perfectly."

Kathryn softly groaned and roughly captured Seven's mouth in a searing, long kiss. It wasn't long before she was pulling Seven back into her bedroom and into the bed with her. And Seven perfectly, happily followed her lover into what she found to be her Omega, her Kathryn.

The End