Good Vibrations by Odon

Summary: What do you do if there's two of you, but only one sonic shower? If you're B'Elanna and Seven, quite a bit! Sequel to "Slippery".
Rating: FRAO - Adult
Fandoms: Star Trek Voyager
Characters: B'Elanna Torres/Seven Of Nine
Genres: Femme Slash
Tags: Humor, PWP
Challenges: None
Series: None
Published: 10/09/04
CoAuthor #1: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #2: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #3: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #4: ---NONE---
Updated: 10/09/04

Index

Chapter 1: 1 of 1
GOOD VIBRATIONS

Moving very slowly, B'Elanna Torres peeked a single eye around the corner.

Ahead of her the corridor to her quarters stretched away, completely empty. The only thing she could hear was the faint hum of the overhead light conduits. "Looks clear," she said, doubt evident in her voice.

"Lieutenant Torres." Seven's mildly exasperated tones came from behind her. "If you are so apprehensive over being seen without your clothes, you should have brought them with you when we left the turbolift."

"Well why didn't YOU think of that?" B'Elanna snapped, irritated that the Borg had gone back to addressing her by rank.

"I was otherwise engaged . . . as you are well aware. Besides, clothes are irrelevant."

B'Elanna turned and glared at Seven. She didn't buy that for one second. In fact, B'Elanna had the distinct impression that the ex-drone was getting revenge for what had happened earlier. There was a definite amused quirk to Seven's metallic brow as she said, "The probabilities of us being seen increase the longer we delay. If we had proceeded to your quarters directly instead of making these constant detours I calculate we would have arrived seventeen point two five minutes earlier. I am already late for my duty shift at Astrometrics . . . thanks to you."

B'Elanna would have busted her smug face if it weren't so beautiful.

The former drone was right in the middle of the corridor, indifferent to her own nudity. Her skin sparkled
and shone with an oily luster, the result of the lubricant they'd smeared all over each other in order to escape the turbolift. As usual Seven was standing with her hands behind her back which meant that B'Elanna had a full frontal view of everything that was normally concealed under the Borg’s biosuit, from a pair of large juicy breasts to a glistening wet pussy. Just the sight of her was enough to make the young half-Klingon salivate. If they weren't in imminent danger of being busted she'd have pushed Seven up against the wall and . . .

'Priorities dammit!' B'Elanna thought. '1) Get back to my quarters without being seen. 2) sonic shower. 3) make love to Seven. 4) replicate new uniforms. 5) make love to Seven again.'

Satisfied, B'Elanna walked around the corner and straight into Ensign Kim.

Harry looked up from the padd he was studying. His mouth opened. Nothing came out.

The two Starfleet officers stared at each other, B'Elanna too rigid with panic to think. Kim couldn't stop his eyes from dropping to the rest of the lieutenant's stark-naked body - her pert breasts, the sculpted form of her muscles, the dark triangle of pubic hair between B'Elanna's legs . . .

Seven of Nine strode unperturbed around the corner. "Ensign Kim," she said, inclining her chin at Harry.

"Uh-uhhaarg-uh," replied Harry, incapable of coherent speech. His head turned to follow the voluptuous Borg as if attached by tractor beams.

Strong hands grabbed the ensign's shoulders and shoved him hard against the wall, knocking the wind out of his body. Harry suddenly found himself looking into B'Elanna's dark eyes. "Listen to me Starfleet,' she said, her voice a deadly growl. "If you even THINK about mentioning this to Tom or the Doctor or Neelix or ANYONE I will PERSONALLY-rip-out-your-guts-tie-them-round-your-neck-and-THROTTLE-you-to-death-have-you-GOT-that-Ensign!" Harry nodded in panic, too terrified to speak.

B'Elanna let him go, her teeth bared in a feral grin. Turning on her heel, she walked calmly to where Seven was waiting by the door of her quarters.

Gratuitous violence always made her feel a lot better.

* * *

"I am uncertain as to why I am here," said Seven of Nine as the doors hissed shut behind them. Her voice was quiet, as if the ex-drone was talking more to herself than B'Elanna.

"I'm not," said B'Elanna, grabbing her for a passionate kiss. Seven pushed the amorous Klingon hybrid away. "I have tasks to complete in Astrometrics. I have delayed them long enough!"

"Fine," muttered B'Elanna, feeling more than a little miffed. "Computer lock doors, privacy code Torres Gamma One. State location of Ensign Paris."

"Ensign Paris is on Holodeck Two," intoned the computer.

"Without Harry?" B'Elanna frowned. "Computer, state location of Megan and Jenny Delaney."

"Megan Delaney and Jennifer Delaney are on Holodeck Two."

B'Elanna snorted in contempt. "Twin Mistresses of Evil!" She looked at Seven, thinking, 'Well two can play that game!'
Seven stepped into the shower alcove, noticing that the comm panel was broken as if someone had put their fist through it. She raised an eyebrow at the short-tempered engineer. "Don't ask," B'Elanna said. "Computer, activate sonic shower."

The vertical strips lining the far wall lit up and the sound of humming filled the air. The Borg felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up as sonic pulses began to shake loose the particles of dirt and oil coating her body. Seven closed her eyes and slid her fingers down her torso, brushing off the grime from the turbolift. It fell to the floor and was sucked through the grates by extractor fans.

B'Elanna stood in the doorway, watching Seven's hands stroke her own body. She licked her lips at the sight. "You're not using it properly."

Seven's eyes snapped open. "This is a standard issue sonic shower," she said, irritation clear in her voice. "I am fully conversant with its' operation." Her pupils widened as B'Elanna stepped into the alcove with her, gently shouldering Seven aside to access the shower controls.

"It's not standard. I'm an engineer, remember?" B'Elanna tapped a command into the panel. "I made some modifications to its' program. To make it more, you know, efficient."

There wasn't much room in the alcove and Seven found B'Elanna's slim body pressed firmly against hers. "You simply wish another opportunity to copulate with me!"

Grinning, B'Elanna shuffled around until she was face to face with the ex-drone. Her smile faltered as she found herself inches away from Seven's eyes. The incredible beauty of those sapphire irises was stunning. B'Elanna felt a deep thump in her chest as her heart rate increased. "I won't do anything you don't want to," she said softly. "Alright?"

Seven looked at her in suspicion. She was aware of the elaborate deceptions that humans used as part of their mating rituals. "I want to have my shower, get dressed, then return to Astrometrics," the ex-drone said, speaking in very deliberate tones. "If you wish, we can... discuss... the implications of what happened in the turbolift at 0700 hours tomorrow in the mess hall."

"Well don't worry Seven," B'Elanna replied with unusual cheerfulness. "This modified program will have you cleaned up and back to seeing stars in no time. Computer, re-initialise sonic shower."

When B'Elanna stepped out of the alcove Seven was surprised to feel a brief surge of disappointment. The sonic shower deactivated for two point eight seconds, then the panels lit up again. Seven felt nothing. She turned to look at B'Elanna but the lieutenant had walked off to the replicator.

"Computer, access the specifications for Seven of Nine's dermaplastic garment, and replicate it."

A faint tingling sensation began around Seven's feet. It felt like her toes were being tickled; she had to suppress a child-like urge to giggle. The tall blonde scowled at the broken comm unit instead.

"Specify colour."

A rising level of vibration began to advance slowly up Seven's legs, sweeping over her ankles, the curves of her calf muscles. She gasped as it touched the back of her knees, twin shivers running ahead in a straight line to her groin.

"Blue I think... to match her eyes."
Seven's blue eyes shot wide open as she felt herself being caressed by invisible hands; alternating flows of light and heavy vibration working in constant rhythm. Her nipples began to thicken and extend. A low keening came from her lips, starting low and moving up to a high pitch until it broke up in short, desperate gasps. She felt as if she were drowning, buffeted by endless waves of stimulation flowing up and down her body, stroking her with unseen feathers. The young woman moaned helplessly, pushing her hands outward to resist or embrace her amorphous lover; she wasn't sure which. The Borg's vagina was soaking in an endless torrent, the juices running down her legs and being shaken loose by the sonic pulses only to be instantly replaced by more fluids.

There was an overwhelming pressure building up within her and Seven knew exactly what she had to do to relieve it. Recent memory of B'Elanna's hands on her body, a dark and guilty excitement as she fondled her breasts now - the same thoughts: 'I must stop this, I have duties I to perform. Pleasure is irrelevant!' But she didn't stop, didn't want to stop. Seven's left hand slid between her legs to find the bud of flesh that had caused that incredible explosion of sensation in the turbolift. Her wrist was seized in a vice-like grip.

Seven opened her eyes, found herself staring into B'Elanna's dark pupils. "You deceived me," Seven whispered.

B'Elanna raised Seven's hand to her face, never taking her eyes off the young beauty in front of her. She smelt the palm, drawing in the strange mixed scent of human skin and alien technology. A low growl sounded in her throat.

"Pleasure is irrelevant!" Seven's voice was desperate. "I am Borg!"

B'Elanna dropped her wrist and seized hold of Seven's body, pressing it hard against her own. A harsh voice whispered in her ear, thick with lust. "You're a beautiful, sexy, WOMAN Seven. It's about time you faced that! You can't hide behind that cold Borg exterior forever." The half-Klingon slid her mouth across Seven's cheek, finding those full exquisite lips and locking onto them with her own. Their kiss was passionate, needy, as if they were trying to pour their entire being into each other, become one. 'Like assimilation', Seven thought, and she broke free, panting. 'Is that what being in love is like?'

B'Elanna was smiling in a way that made Seven's heart jump in fear. "There isn't a single being on this ship who hasn't dreamed a hundred times over about making love to you. But that's going to be my privilege." B'Elanna's craving for this beautiful creature overwhelmed her and she pushed Seven onto the floor. The sound of roaring filled B'Elanna's ears, that dark self that visited her in her dreams, tormenting with images of blood and fire, of hunting down her enemies and slaughtering them, of primal urges satiated without guilt. And she devoured Seven's body like it was her prize, her mouth sucking and biting at that creamy flesh, tongue ravishing the intricate folds between the young woman's legs.

Then suddenly B'Elanna was on her back and she growled her approval at her new lover's strength. A hand clamped down over her mouth; Seven not wanting the whole of Deck Nine Section Twelve to know about their activities. Sharp teeth bit into the Borg's palm and she flinched in pain. She was only trying to restrain B'Elanna in order to proceed in a more efficient manner, but her actions only seemed to arouse the fiery Klingon hybrid to new heights. Her vagina replaced her palm over B'Elanna's face and Seven immediately felt the lieutenant go to work on her.

Seven bent her head down to the raven tangle of hair between B'Elanna's thighs. Without her cortical processor she would not have been able to co-ordinate herself at all. In the turbolift each had taken turns pleasuring the other, whereas now they were attempting to stimulate each other simultaneously. It was inefficient. She did not see how Lieutenant Torres expected her to apply the extensive research she had compiled on the techniques of copulation while she was being constantly excited by sharp teeth biting and nibbling on her labia and thighs, hot lips sucking on the wetness of her intimate regions, and a tongue that was endlessly licking, probing, and drawing out of her the most exquisite joys. It was like mating with a
wild animal rather than a sentient being but suddenly Seven's own need became overwhelming and she lost all coherent thought, crying out in joy as that incredible feeling once again swept through her, assimilating all in its' path.

The two women lay on the floor holding each other for some time. The shower had finished its' cycle. For the next few minutes the only sound was of their breathing.

"Lieutenant Torres?"

B'Elanna kissed her, the act long and sensual. "Yes Seven?"

"NOW may I go to Astrometrics?"

"Yes Seven, you may."

The Borg sat up, gathering up her hair into its' usual tight bun. She stopped in mid-movement, frowning.

"Lieutenant Torres, my body is covered in perspiration. It will make the wearing of my dermaplastic garment somewhat uncomfortable."

"Really?" said B'Elanna, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Well I guess we'd better run the shower for another cycle . . . or two."

"That would be acceptable, Lieu_ . . . B'Elanna."

THE END.

______________________________________________________________________

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at https://www.squidge.org/peja/cgi-bin/viewstory.php?sid=6091