

SEVEN'S DEADLY SIN

by Supercake Studio (<http://www.patreon.com/supercakestudio>)

“So what you're saying,” Seven asked, “is that I am not truly human unless I cultivate some form of destructive addiction?”

“No, no—that's not what I'm getting at at all,” Tom Paris protested. “I just said it's human to have a few vices. Things you know are bad for you, but you just can't help.”

“Then my analysis of your statement was correct.”

Tom glanced at B'Elanna, on the other side of the mess table. “A little help?”

“Seven, having a vice isn't the same as an 'addiction',” the Klingon engineer said. She tapped the half-eaten stack of banana pancakes on her plate. “It could just be having a weakness for a certain kind of food, even one you know you isn't especially good for you.”

“And everyone needs a *few* weaknesses,” Tom said, nodding. “You can't be solid and rigid all the time or you'll crack up—or grow up to be Tuvok. Having a few not-so-perfect quirks is a harmless way of blowing off steam.”

Seven frowned. “Inefficiencies are not 'harmless'. Are you suggesting I would be mentally healthier if I were flawed?”

B'Elanna coughed. “*If?*”

“What my wife is *trying* to say,” Tom explained, “is that you've already got a vice or two stashed away somewhere. You just need to find it and try it on; it'll make you a more well-rounded person. Look at me—I'm full of flaws, and it only makes me more charming.”

“*Sometimes,*” B'Elanna added.

“And what 'vice' would you recommend?” Seven asked, raising an eyebrow. “Shall I become intoxicated and enter improper data into the astrometric computer?”

“No, uh, nothing like that. Maybe start broader, something more like—well, ever hear of the Seven Deadly Sins?”

“An archaic human religious concept.”

“Hey, you say archaic human religious concept, I say inspiration! And they're not all that 'deadly.' Sloth is pretty harmless; you might consider trying that one.”

“Sloth is, by definition, excessive laziness,” Seven countered. “I will not permit my personal experimentation to degrade my performance as a member of this crew.”

“Well, there's lust, B'Elanna has this holodeck program that, ahhh—never mind. I guess anger might be dangerous, and greed—no, reintroducing you to assimilation is a bad idea.” Paris looked thoughtful. “What about gluttony?”

“Gluttony?” Seven asked. “The wasteful consumption of more nutrients than necessary for optimal performance?”

“I guess the Borg aren't exactly known for their Thanksgiving dinners,” Tom said.

“They are not,” said Seven. “But your suggestion has *some* merit. Our food and power stores are currently full. A slight extra burden on them will not affect Voyager adversely. Of your suggestions, it is certainly the least objectionable.”

“Well! High praise.”

“I will begin now. Mr. Neelix!” Seven called to the Talaxian chef.

“Yes? Can I get you something else?”

“I would like too much food, please.”

Neelix blinked. “Pardon?”

“Our resident Borg is, ah, exploring her inner glutton,” Tom explained. “Just serve up whatever you've got a lot of.”

“Right away!” The chef scurried off. In no time, he returned with a laden tray. “Leftovers, but still

good. A Talaxian stew; Vulcan bread; a human specialty, 'enchiladas'..."

"Thank you." Seven speared one of the enchiladas. B'Elanna eyed the mountain of food.

"Can you eat all that?"

"I can make the attempt."

B'Elanna's eyes drifted to Seven's slender waist. "Seven, you do realize that if you make overeating a regular thing, you might, well—gain some weight, right?"

Seven raised an eyebrow. "I understand how food works, lieutenant."

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"Aesthetics are irrelevant. As my body weight is currently close to ideal, a hypothetical small increase in weight would also be irrelevant."

"It wouldn't...I don't know...offend your Borg sense of efficiency?"

"Slightly," Seven admitted. "However, it should not affect my duties. You are currently twelve pounds, eleven ounces overweight, and it has not measurably affected your performance in—"

"Excuse me?"

"Not a judgment, Lieutenant," Seven said. "Merely an observation."

B'Elanna folded her arms. "You know what? Forget I said anything. Go ahead and chow down. Just don't be surprised if I make an *observation* or two myself."

"Ohhh-kay," Tom said. "I think the two of us need to be getting back on duty. Seven, good luck with... finishing all that."

Seven speared another enchilada. "I will complete the task."

Harry Kim looked up as the door to Astrometrics slid open. "Hey, Seven," he said.

"Hello, Ensign," the Borg responded dully. She walked slowly to her station, putting one foot carefully in front of the other. Then she did something he couldn't remember Seven ever doing before—she *yawned*, a huge, jaw-cracking yawn the hand she clapped over it didn't fully conceal. Was she...*sleepy*? Since when did the Borg need naps, outside of their normal regeneration cycle?

"Are you okay?" he asked. "Not getting sick, I hope."

"I have just consumed an extraordinarily large amount of food," Seven said stiffly. "The sensation is...curious."

"So you're not sick, you're...stuffed?" Harry asked. His eyes darted down to her abdomen. Seven's skin-tight outfit didn't exactly hide her curves, and her stomach *was* bulging a little. "Huh. I, uh, never exactly figured you for the pig-out type."

"It is an experiment to determine the benefits of gluttony." Seven grimaced. "So far there are few. I am uncomfortable and lethargic. I fail to understand what is so pleasurable about the experience."

"Well—you got to enjoy the food, at least, right?"

"It was adequate."

"Ah, I think I see your problem," Harry said, grinning.

"Explain."

"Seven, enjoying your food isn't about cramming yourself full in the most efficient way possible. You're not a cargo freighter. It's about the *journey*! The joy of eating!"

"Interesting. Perhaps I should visit you in your quarters," Seven proposed. "You can explain more of this facet of humanity."

Harry's face felt warm. With any other girl, inviting herself to his quarters to 'explain humanity' would have been a sure sign that she was really asking to...how had Tom put it once?... 'decloak and probe the neutral zone'. He had to remind himself she meant what she said; if Seven wanted to have sex, she'd just ask him straight-out if he wanted to have sex. She'd done it before.

"Er, well, I—"

“You seem flushed, Ensign. I should clarify that I am not making a clumsy attempt to initiate sexual relations. I merely wish to eat.”

“It's okay, Seven—”

“This is not due to any deficiency on your part; it is merely that my stomach is so full that the thought of recreational copulation is nauseating. Were you to penetrate me, I would likely vomit.”

“*It's okay, Seven!*”

“So we have an understanding?”

“Uhh-yes. Sure.”

“Excellent. Then we will adjourn to your quarters after our shift.”

“Uh, this shift?” Harry blinks. “But we're only here for a few hours. You want to eat again right after *this* shift?”

“Is there a problem, Ensign?”

“Er, well, you look—well, I don't know how to put it—I mean, obviously you're still...very attractive, but you look...”

Oh, he might as well say it.

“...Seven, you look...*bloated*. Will you even be hungry by then?”

“Hunger is irrelevant,” Seven said. “It is the nature of a glutton to eat even when she has no hunger, and so for the purposes of this experiment, it is my nature as well. You will arrange an appropriate selection of food for me and I will consume it in the manner you recommend.”

Harry shrugged. “Suit yourself. Just go a little easy, okay? Don't give yourself indigestion.”

Seven shot him a withering look. “I assure you, Ensign, I am *perfectly* aware of my own physical capabilities.”

“I am dying,” Seven groaned. “I am about to suffer an internal rupture.”

The Borg woman was sprawled like a rag doll on Harry's couch. Her lips were covered with crumbs. One hand was limply wrapped around an empty champagne flute. The other rested on her impressively distended stomach.

Harry sighed. “Do you want me to call the Doctor?”

“It's too late for that. All I can hope for now is that I will expire with my dignity intact.” Seven muffled a loud belch with the back of her arm.

“I did warn you to go slow and savor the food.”

“I enjoyed the food very much. It was very nearly worth the agonizing death I'm suffering.”

“I'll say you enjoyed it. Four helpings of strawberry shortcake? On top of all that pasta and nearly a full bottle of wine...”

“Nearly a full bottle of wine?”

“Yes. I think you blew through my replicator rations for the next week.”

“Then *part* of a bottle remains to be consumed.” Seven struggled awkwardly up onto her elbows, one stray wisp of blonde hair falling loosely over her forehead.

“I think you've had enough to drink,” Harry said.

“I have had *too much* to drink,” Seven said, punctuating the sentence with a sharp hiccup. “And too much to eat. And too much to drink. I must return to my alcove and remerge—regenerate.” She slid partway off the cushions, trying and mostly failing to get her legs under her. “My motor functions seem to be impaired.”

“Maybe you should stay here for the night. I'll take the couch.”

“But I'm on the couch,” Seven complained. “It's my couch. It will be assimilated and its uniqueness added to my own.” Her words were slurring together badly. Seven had never had much alcohol tolerance, Harry remembered. If she hadn't been stuffed to the gills with two enormous meals,

that wine probably would have knocked her out outright.

“Come on. Let’s get you to bed so you can start sleeping this off.”

“I want to stay on the couch! I don’t wanna move. I’m full.”

Harry sighed and pulled the sloppy drunk to her feet, draping one limp arm across his shoulder. “Resistance is futile.”

The Doctor finished running his medical tricorder around Seven's cranial implant and reviewed the results, his holographic matrix evaluating them more quickly than any human could. “Hmm. Well, the good news is that your implants remain in tip-top condition. Overall, your health is excellent. However, I am a little concerned that you're, ahh—”

“Getting fat?” Seven asked, raising an eyebrow. “There's no need to avoid stating the obvious, Doctor.”

“I wouldn't say *fat*, exactly, but you *have* put on almost ten kilograms since your last checkup. That's enough to make you clinically overweight. A rapid fluctuation like that could be an indication of serious underlying issues—stress, depression, fatigue, even one of those oh-so-unpredictable space-time anomalies we seem to stumble across on a weekly basis. I'd like to perform a more thorough physical to see if—”

“That won't be necessary, Doctor. There is no medical mystery here. I have simply been overeating.”

“Overeating? Seven, it would take more than a few between-meal-snacks to do this.”

“True.” Seven turned to Tom. “Lieutenant Paris, would you care to explain the situation?”

“Ahhh...” Tom thought. “We just came from the mess hall, Doc. Why don’t you scan her stomach?”

The Doctor pressed the medical tricorder into the Borg's soft midsection and examined the results with a raised eyebrow.

“I see. Not exactly sticking to Starfleet recommended rations, are we? We should inform the Alpha Quadrant that we've discovered a new weakness of the Borg: cheesecake.” The Doctor put the tricorder away. “Well, this shouldn't be hard to fix—cutting back on calories combined with a few sessions in the gym should have you back to your old self in no time. I could develop a plan for you—”

“That won’t be necessary. My diet is not a reflection of any lack of willpower. I am intentionally overeating as a means of exploring my humanity.”

“You’re gaining weight on purpose?”

“As I said, I am *overeating* on purpose. My increase in body mass is merely an anticipated side effect. It was Lieutenant Paris’s idea.”

“You put her up to this?” the Doctor asked, frowning.

“Hey, it was just an idea I tossed out in the mess hall! Frankly, I thought she’d have given it up by now. The woman likes her ice cream.”

“A thorough exploration of my own capacity for flawed behavior is necessary if I am to become a well-rounded individual,” Seven explained.

“I’ll just let that one pass,” the Doctor said dryly. “Tell me, have you considered the health risks involved in this little project?”

“You said earlier my health was excellent,” Seven pointed out. “What is the likelihood of a woman of my age, in excellent health, suffering serious medical complications as the result of being slightly overweight?”

“She’s got you there, Doc,” Tom said with a grin.

“The likelihood is...not very high, at least not any time soon,” the Doctor admitted. “But if you keep this up, you're not likely to remain *slightly* overweight for long.”

"I am in control of the situation. I can stop at any time."

"Famous last words," the Doctor sighed. "Well, I can't exactly say I approve of this, but it's hardly the *most* dangerous recreational activity I've seen a member of the crew engage in. If you insist on continuing this...experiment...at least promise me you'll come in for regular checkups."

"Agreed."

"You also might want to consider replicating your suit in a larger size," the doctor noted. "If it gets any tighter, it's going to become a cardiac health hazard."

"I thought we established my heart was in excellent health."

"It's not *your* heart I'm worried about."

"I think what the Doc is trying to say is, you're very—" Tom's eyes traveled up and down Seven's figure. She'd developed a bit of padding around the middle over the last few weeks, but her chest and hips hadn't been spared, either. The seams of her suit looked ready to split from the strain of holding in her curvy figure.

"Voluptuous," Tom finished. "Very voluptuous. And it's not like you were *un*-voluptuous before. It can be a little distracting."

"Distracting?"

"Let's just say if the transporter chief was beaming me on board, you're the last person I'd want in the room with him. I'd probably end up inside out and fused with a bulkhead."

"This is a highly advanced polyfiber weave, Lieutenant Paris. It stretches."

"It certainly does."

"Then I fail to see the problem," Seven grouched. "And I hardly think it is the purview of the medical officer to comment on such matters. And would you kindly stop jabbing me in the stomach! We have established that it is full of food."

"Sorry, Doc," Tom said. "She's just cranky because she hasn't had her hourly dose of ice cream. Come on, Seven. I'll walk you to the replicator."

"My current uniform is adequate to my needs!" Seven argued as Tom escorted her through Voyager's corridors.

"Look, Seven, I think I know what this is about," Tom said in a low voice.

"Oh? Enlighten me, lieutenant."

"You don't want to update your measurements in the computer," Tom said. "Believe me, I get it. Remember when B'Elanna twisted her ankle? She couldn't exercise, and she was bored—and she snacks when she's bored. By time she was up and about again she could barely get her uniform pants on. She swore me to secrecy—which reminds me—don't tell her that I told you. I'd like to keep my head attached to my neck." Tom shuddered. "Anyway, I eventually convinced her she'd be happier and more comfortable if she just bit the bullet and updated her measurements. And I think you will be, too."

They stopped in front of the replicator.

"A reasonable deduction, but wrong," Seven said. "The *real* problem is that I have almost exhausted my allotment of replicator rations. If I was to spend my last remaining ration on a new bodysuit, I wouldn't have enough left over for *this*. Computer, one strawberry sundae please. Extra large."

Seven briskly snatched the sundae from the tray the moment it materialized and dug into it with a spoon. She leaned back against the wall, closing her eyes as the lump of frozen bliss slipped down her throat.

"Mmf. As you said, lieutenant." A slight smile slipped onto her usually stony face. "The woman does indeed like her ice cream."

As she sighed, the fork slipped from her hand, bounced off the slope of her belly, and clattered against the opposite wall.

"Excuse me," Seven said, bending over. "I'll just retrieve—"

The sound of ripping fabric echoed up and down the corridor. Seven froze, straightened, and

carefully backed up against the wall, holding her hands behind her.

“Lieutenant Paris,” she said stiffly. “You will loan me one of your replicator rations. I believe I require a larger uniform.”

“This better be important,” B’Elanna said. “This is supposed to be date night for me and Tom. Want to explain why I’m spending it in the Holodeck instead of in my quarters? And why are you dressed for Parrises Squares?”

Seven’s eyes flicked between B’Elanna and Tom. “Your husband is here. This can serve as your date.”

“You’ve got a funny idea of—you know what, forget it. Just tell me what I’m doing here.”

“You will play a game with me.” Seven held out an ion mallet and a shiny blue bodysuit to the bemused Klingon. “Your equipment.”

“Excuse me? You made this sound like it was an emergency, and now I find out you—what? You just suddenly got an itch for sports?” B’Elanna crossed her arms, not picking up the mallet.

“This matter is of vital importance to Voyager,” Seven said, popping a lump of replicated fudge into her mouth. “It concerns my fitness as a member of this crew. Over the last several weeks, my weight has been increasingly rapidly.”

“If that’s what you’re worried about,” B’Elanna muttered, eyeing the bag of fudge, “mystery solved.”

Seven continued, ignoring her. “Aesthetics are irrelevant. Performance is not. I must remain physically capable, and you will assist me in gauging this. It is well-known that between the two of us, I am the far superior player. My strategic mind and agility have consistently given me the edge over your raw brute strength.”

“Um—”

“So long as I remaining capable of delivering a humiliating defeat, I will know that my size is no impediment to my abilities. If you are able to triumph, however—”

“You’ll cut back on the between-meal meals?”

“Exactly.” Seven popped another piece of fudge into her mouth. “I do not anticipate losing, you understand. This is merely a precaution.”

“Care to put your replicator rations where your mouth is?” B’Elanna snapped.

“An excellent proposal,” Seven stated. “I have been constantly running low. I’ll wager my next month of rations against yours. Agreed?”

“Agreed. I really hope you’re enjoying that fudge, because it’s going to be your last bag for a while.”

Seven raised an eyebrow. “Unlikely, lieutenant. I watched your last one-on-one game against Commander Chakotay. Your form was sloppy.”

“If you think I’m going to be lectured on my ‘sloppy form’ by...by a woman who ate an entire birthday cake for breakfast, then—”

“Whoa, whoa, okay, time out,” Tom said, breaking in. “Save it for the field. B’Elanna, let’s get you into your uniform. Computer, create a visual privacy screen on the far side of the room. Er, visual and *auditory*. Seven, you—finish your fudge.”

“‘Sloppy form’,” B’Elanna spat sarcastically as she wriggled into the bodysuit. “‘Sloppy form’, I’ll show her ‘sloppy form.’ At least I’m not too fat for the harness.” She glared daggers across the Holodeck. Seven had managed to snap the connections together, but she was stuffed into it awkwardly, the straps digging into flesh and squeezing her breasts, belly, and rear end into prominently lumpy cushions. “She looks like—like an overstuffed Christmas ham hanging in a butcher shop. And she thinks *I’m* ‘sloppy’?”

"I know, I know, just go a little easy on her, huh?" Tom said. "I think, in her own way, she's feeling a little insecure."

"Go *easy* on her?"

"You know, maybe let her have one out of three?"

"*Throw a match?*" B'Elanna snorted. "Oh no. No, no, no. That woman's ego is as overfed as the rest of her, and someone needs to put it on a diet."

"Just...don't humiliate her *too* badly. Okay?"

B'Elanna laughed. "*Humiliate* her? She's about three helpings of pasta away from getting her ass stuck in a Jeffries tube. *That* would be humiliating. This? This is just a friendly game of Parrises Squares."

She grinned, and gave her husband a peck on the cheek. "And I'm going to *crush* her."

The holographic playing field constructed itself as she strode out onto the floor. B'Elanna swung her ion mallet, feeling the satisfying solid thud of the specially treated material in her palm. It felt a little heavier than usual, maybe because she hadn't played in a while. Okay—so maybe she was a little out of practice. But Seven was out of practice *and* out of shape. *You've got this*, B'Elanna told herself. *Payback time.*

The starting buzzer sounded, and the ionized ball ejected from the launcher. B'Elanna swung in a wide arc, missing it completely. Dammit! That was terrible. She had to get more control. When the ball returned, she swung again, a tighter, more careful shot, and—

THWACK! Seven's ion mallet slammed into hers, knocking her swing off course and tearing the mallet out of her hands. She scrambled and recovered it, just in time to see Seven charging up the ramp and pounding the ball with a powerful hit that drove it deep into the top-scoring square.

Shit. B'Elanna gulped. Maybe this wouldn't be as easy as she thought. As long as she could put it behind hits like *that*, Seven's extra weight would be an advantage, not a drawback.

"Nice one," she said coldly as Seven trotted back down the ramp. The Borg woman gave her a superior smile.

"Thank you, Lieu—" Seven paused to draw in a lungful of air. "Lieutenant."

B'Elanna smiled back. It was only the first point, and Seven was already out of breath. *That* was how B'Elanna was going to beat a woman with a good twenty kilos on her.

I'm going to run you all over the court, she thought. *You need the exercise anyway.*

From then on she played a defensive game, focusing on getting control of the ball and keeping it, letting Seven chase her. She played on the ramp whenever possible, darting up and down the slope. She slipped away from her pursuer, eating up the court and forcing Seven to do the same. Usually, B'Elanna took every shot she could, never passing up a chance to score, but today she held back. *Patience.* Decidedly *not* her strong suit, but if that's what it took...

B'Elanna managed to add a score of her own to the board—a clean, unobstructed shot it would have been criminal *not* to take—but every time Seven managed to get control of the ball, she fired a shot in, adding three more top-point squares to her tally. According to the scoreboard, the head of engineering was getting absolutely demolished.

But the scoreboard, B'Elanna thought gleefully, wasn't the whole story. After almost ten minutes of strenuous exercise, B'Elanna's powerful half-Klingon muscles were still raring to go. Seven, on the other hand—

Seven was *wrecked*.

Her face was bright red, and her blonde hair was plastered to her scalp. She was sweating like a targ and, most importantly, she was slowing down, gasping for air.

"Running low on warp plasma?" B'Elanna asked cheerfully, easily plucking the ball out of air and backing away. Seven made a clumsy lunge that didn't have a hope of working.

"I—I remain—in the lead—I have—have the highest—" Seven wheezed, before deciding talking was too much trouble. B'Elanna put her head down and made for the ramp, leaping straight up from the

rim and driving in a top-scorer. Seven staggered up the ramp after her, much, much too slowly.

“Not for long!” B’Elanna crowed. And it was true—she scored twice more in the next minute, evening up their points. She regained control of the ball just after it fired from the launcher, letting momentum carry her down the ramp and to the back of the court. Seven just watched her go. B’Elanna relished the look on her face. They could both see where this was headed. B’Elanna was going to come out the victor in this match, and there were two more matches after this one. Seven couldn’t possibly keep up.

Unless she changed tactics. Instead of following B’Elanna, the Borg woman stayed on top of the ramp. Her ample chest heaved as she sucked in lungfuls of air.

Come on, chase me, B’Elanna thought. *Come down here and take the ball!* But Seven remained on top of the ramp, playing goalie. If B’Elanna shot from down here, her opponent would catch it easily. And every second she waited, Seven was getting more of her wind back. B’Elanna growled in frustration.

Fine. I guess I have to change tactics too. Seven had gotten smart, but it was too late—she was exhausted. It was time for B’Elanna’s signature move. The one they’d called the Torres Trampler back at the academy.

Okay, so they never actually called it that, B’Elanna thought. *But they would have if I hadn’t dropped out!*

There was no real strategy or grace to it. She just charged straight up the middle at top speed, ignoring anyone in her path. People would see a furious Klingon running at them, and just fall back and let her have the point. It was risky, but—

It’s too risky, B’Elanna said. *You could seriously hurt someone this way.* But that was her rational mind. The rest of her brain was filling with her old familiar enemies. Anger. Frustration. They were *tied*, dammit. She was going to get that last point and just *win* already.

You get stupid when you’re angry, her rational brain tried to warn her.

You’re not going to let this smirking blonde blimp beat you, are you? her other half chided.

“I’m not,” she growled. And she charged.

Down the court.

Up the ramp.

Her mistake, she realized much too late, was in assuming Seven would get out of the way. *Everyone* got out of the way of the Torres Trampler. Unless that someone was fat and slow and so tired they could barely keep on their feet.

It felt, she remembered later, like slamming into an overstuffed sofa, all pillows and softness but with an implacable mass behind it. For a moment, they tottered on the edge of the ramp.

At least I’ll have a soft landing, B’Elanna thought sardonically as they tipped over. But they must have twisted in the air, because somehow Seven landed on top of her.

“Another twisted ankle,” the Doctor announced. “The right one this time. Well. At least you’ll have a complete set.”

“Well, that’s Parrises Squares for you,” B’Elanna sighed, looking down at her bandaged leg.

“Exactly why I don’t approve of that deadly game,” the Doctor said. “There are much better ways to get exercise. Not that you’ll be doing much of that for the next six weeks.”

“Six weeks? I hope Seven took this as a wake-up call, at least.”

“Ahh...” Tom said.

B’Elanna’s eyes narrowed into slits. “Go ahead and tell me.”

“Seven didn’t have a scratch on her,” Tom said. “It was all that cushioning. She said something about ‘remaining undefeated’ and headed off to the mess hall.”

“Great. Happy to hear she was so concerned about the woman she just squashed like a bug.”

“She *was*, actually,” Tom said. “She said she hoped you recover soon. She didn’t even take your replicator rations, since you technically tied. And she gave you this—out of her *own* rations.”

He placed a tall stack of banana pancakes in front of her.

“To help keep your strength up. And, hey, look on the bright side,” Tom said. “By the time you’re well enough for a rematch, it’ll be a piece of cake.”

“And how do you figure that?” B’Elanna asked.

“Are you kidding? The way Seven’s putting away the groceries? Six weeks from now she’ll be a butterball.”

B’Elanna looked down at pancakes. They looked drool-inducingly good—fluffy and golden and buttery. Being off of work was going to be pretty boring. And she *always* ate when she was bored.

“Six weeks from now,” she said ruefully, picking up the pitcher of syrup, “she might not be the only one.”

THE END