

## Lesson 10A: Disastrous First Dates

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1385) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1385>.

Rating: [General Audiences](#)  
Archive Warning: [No Archive Warnings Apply](#)  
Category: [Gen](#)  
Fandom: [Star Trek: Voyager](#)  
Relationship: [EMH | The Doctor & Seven of Nine](#)  
Character: [EMH | The Doctor](#), [Seven of Nine](#)  
Additional Tags: [Friendship](#), [Awkwardness](#), [Dating](#), [VOY S05E22: Someone To Watch Over Me](#)  
Language: English  
Series: Part 10 of [summer mini challenge](#), Part 15 of [inking it out](#)  
Stats: Published: 2024-02-24 Words: 356 Chapters: 1/1

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### Summary

Seven listened to the feedback, it was a lot less harsh than she expected it to be. Fear of disappointing The Doctor was hovering just beneath the surface whenever they reviewed her lessons.

### Notes

Spoiler for Someone To Watch Over Me. Written for the seafood prompt on my summer mini challenge [table](#). Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

Seven took a seat at the bar once Lieutenant Chapman had exited the holodeck. “You were making faces throughout,” she said to The Doctor.

“Can I buy you a drink?” he offered to be polite, knowing that she would decline the offer.

“No, thank you. As you are aware, Synthenol impairs me.”

The Doctor took a moment before speaking, “Our next lesson in this section is: *Lesson Ten A: Disastrous First Dates*. I have some observations for you to evaluate before we try lesson ten again.”

“Did I do something wrong,” Seven asked, unsure of how to react to what she hoped would be a gentle constructive criticism of where she currently was in the development of her social skills.

Holding a PADD but not looking at the screen, The Doctor started, “The meal. When out with others it’s courteous to accept their suggestions unless you prefer to eat something else.”

Seven made a face at the food she hadn’t eaten on the date. “Decapod crustaceans are repulsive.”

“Okay, so seafood isn’t for you. Next time you could suggest something from the menu.”

Seven listened to the feedback, it was a lot less harsh than she expected it to be. Fear of disappointing The Doctor was hovering just beneath the surface whenever they reviewed her lessons.

“Small talk is not an easy thing to accomplish, while it sounded awkward from my place at the piano, you both did well. Admiring to feeling anxious is a good icebreaker.”

“It is?” Seven asked, briefly pausing, “I thought that I was placating lieutenant Chapman with my reply.”

“Dancing. For the first dance, it is always better to follow your partner than it is to lead. It’s also good practise not to dislocate their shoulder when performing a spin.”

“I did not intend to damage him.” Seven complained. “I do not realise just how superior my strength is.”

Gently patting her arm, The Doctor said, “Apart from your date needing to attend sickbay, it went better than expected.”

“No, it did not. It was a disaster. I will not be dating for the rest of my time of Voyager.”

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