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## hangar hypnosis

by [pilcrowtudinous](#)

### Summary

DoMAYstic prompt 7: mechanic

Seven fixes the ship.

It was hypnotic, Ellory decided, watching Seven work. Ellory's offers to help had been gently but firmly rebuffed the first ten times she'd tried, so these days she automatically perched on a ledge in the small hanger and just watched her partner do her thing.

Watched the way she moved fluidly around the ship, preternaturally mapping out the most efficient way to carry out her repairs and enhancements.

Watched her arms as she reached and twisted and gripped, watched the muscles flex and eventually watched sweat start to form and darken her grey tank top.

Watched how every now and then – very rarely, really – something wouldn't go to plan and she would swear and bang her fist against whatever console or panel was causing her grief.

It was one of Ellory's favourite activities, really, Seven-watching.

The best part was when she got to watch Seven walk towards her, that swagger she'd put on when they first met and now fell into naturally. No matter how exceptional her repair job had been, there was always a slight scowl when she was done – nothing was ever quite up to Seven's perfectionist tendencies. Except, Ellory marvelled time and time again, apparently Ellory herself.

'Everything behaving all right?' Ellory hopped down onto her feet as Seven approached her, and tucked a rogue strand of blonde hair behind one ear, her thumb lingering to caress Seven's cheek.

Seven sighed. 'No.'

'Let me rephrase that, sweetheart: is everything behaving all right by normal Ranger standards instead of your standards?'

'I guess so.'

'Perfect.'

'Not perfect.'

'But good enough.'

'I suppose.'

'Great.' Ellory kisses Seven's nose. 'Let's get you in a shower and then I'll make us dinner. We'll need our energy for tomorrow.'

'And tonight?' Seven's tone is teasing with a little extra hopeful earnestness.

'Definitely.'

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