

## Head Like a Haunted House

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### Summary

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...and it feels good.

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It's not just the sensation of being held. There are no manacles, no restraints. No one is touching him. It's the sensation of his body, out of his control - it's the desire to stand still, stay silent, as the Borg Queen presses into him, a gentle push, a flare of pain, a cold hard mechanism penetrating the soft warm human flesh. His blood, his body heat, warms the sharp point of every tendril. His blood, his body heat, takes the point and makes it comfortable; his flesh, his muscle, parts for it, makes room for the intruder, until it almost - until it *does* - feel good.

He can fight it, he tells himself. He *has* to fight it. As the sharp points of the Borg Queen's tendrils scrape his skull (gentle, slow, deafening), he does what he's always done, ever since he was a child, to drown out the voices in his mind and send the visions away. He calls up his favorite music chip, a collection of alien and Terran music, some of it hundreds of years old, most of it forgotten. By everyone else but him.

*Tonight...I'm gonna put up a fight...*

Her length, her thickness, curls inside him, finds his spinal cord, and it feels so good it hurts.

*I'm gonna get a reaction that I like...*

Her breath, close enough to feel it now, is cold against his lips.

*Burn the days*

His eyes are closed when she leans in to kiss him. He responds by instinct, filled in a dozen different places by her tendrils, by the slow in and out, the painful smooth-glide twist of her, her, inside him. And her voice in his brain...

*I reject your displays*

*I demand satisfaction or the knife*

"Do you hear me, Vox?" she whispers, but her lips are locked to his, and he shouldn't be able to hear her, or respond.

"I hear you," he says.

*To trick the light fantastic...one takes wires on the shins...*

Her voice is electric. It slides over the pleating of his brain and sizzles over every neuron in a slow caress. Warm, golden, blue, the colors of a bar at dusk, a reflection of neon lights in a whiskey glass, his own reflection warped by the amber liquid within. The burn of alcohol going down his throat, the nerve-burning pleasure of the Borg Queen's mind connecting with his and sanding every trace of Jack away.

*Petty disguises worn like skins...*

His synapses fire and a million voices, impossible touches, join the Borg Queen's, skitter up his body, invisible fingertips running over his arms, his stomach, his legs, beneath his clothes.

*Drink the kool-aid and swallow the pill...*

They are the Borg. *We* are the Borg.

*You say that you don't, and you won't...*

He kisses her. He kisses her. He kisses her until he can't tell whose lips are whose. He speaks and it's her voice coming out of him. She speaks and it's his voice on her tongue.

*We* speak, Jack thinks, and a million Borg smile at the same time.

*But you will.*

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