

## Some Sunny Day

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## Some Sunny Day

by [nostalgia](#)

### Summary

Katrine stops playing; "Mademoiselle de Neuf."

"Is there a problem?"

"You were flat."

### Notes

This is VERY old, by the way. I wrote this circa 2003.

She has worked in Le Coeur de Lione for just over a month. She sings in French, German, sometimes in English. Katrine, the proprietor, buys her black market recordings of British and American music, but she never sings those songs in public. She sings them after hours, with Katrine sitting at the piano, fingers stroking the keys in a manner she can only interpret as erotic. She assumes that Katrine does it on purpose, to taunt her. She thinks of Katrine as devious, as calculating. She doesn't trust Katrine.

Katrine knows the old piano well enough that she never has to look at the keys. She plays with an air of pride in this fact.

"...don't know where, don't know when..."

Katrine stops playing; "Mademoiselle de Neuf."

"Is there a problem?"

"You were flat."

"I was not."

"Yes, you were."

"I have perfect pitch."

"So have I, and you were flat."

She raises an eyebrow and decides that it is best to acquiesce, "Then I was flat."

Katrine smiles and places her fingers on the keys once again, "From the beginning, Mademoiselle."

She sings again, confident and strong. She plays with the tempo, maintaining the rhythm and forcing Katrine to compensate for the changes in the pace.

As the song ends Katrine applauds, and Mademoiselle de Neuf takes an amused bow.

"You, cherie, are the greatest singer in all of France."

"Hardly."

Katrine holds up her hand to halt the inevitable list, "You need to learn how to take a compliment in the spirit it was intended."

"Perhaps."

Katrine glances over to the clock in the corner. "We'll be opening in an hour. I think you should wear the new dress tonight, the red one."

"Red does not suit me."

Katrine smiles, "Oh, yes, it does. A little rouge on your cheeks, some colour on your lips... you'll look beautiful."

"Is it appropriate to look beautiful for the occupying forces?"

"Then do it for me."

She watches as Katrine stands and heads towards the stairs at the back. The woman turns and calls from the foot of the steps, "Remember, the red one."

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De Neuf rests her hand on the edge of the piano and marshals her patience. Her feelings towards Katrine are confusing. She walks towards the stairs, up to her own room, locks the door behind her as she reaches round to unzip her dress. She steps out of it and pulls the new red dress from the wardrobe. When she has negotiated her way into it - it's a little tight across the shoulders, she'll have to alter it when she can get hold of the correct colour of thread - she sits at the dressing table and sorts through her make-up. Such things are easy enough to get hold of; Katrine has made it clear to the German troops that cosmetics will be accepted as currency in Le Coeur de Lionne. Katrine is astute, although de Neuf finds that she does not always agree with the woman's decisions.

The lipstick is German, as is the dark brown eyeshadow. The Reich may claim disapproval of such embellishments, but these items are always in plentiful supply. She considers these exchanges collaboration, but Katrine is pragmatic in her beliefs. The singer needs make-up, and bootleg alcohol is easy enough to come by. The Germans have no appreciation of vintage, says Katrine, and hastily mixed approximations of Scandinavian beers are enough for them.

De Neuf applies the cosmetics with her usual care and is ready when she hears a light tap at the door. It is Katrine, her white satin suit shimmering in the half-light of the corridor. De Neuf sniffs the smoke that drifts up from her cigarette, "American. I thought you were running out."

Katrine takes a long drag of nicotine. "I am. But they taste so much better than the German ones, and if I'm going to spend an evening smoking that weed the Fuhrer seems to think is tobacco, I'm going to indulge myself a little beforehand." She looks the singer up and down, "I told you red suited you."

"This dress is too tight."

"But you wear it so well. You should relax a little."

"Are you drunk?"

"Everyone in Europe is drunk, Mademoiselle. I don't see why you think I should be any different."

"Alcohol causes inefficiency."

"You think I might accidentally betray the resistance." Katrine meets her gaze. "I've had plenty to drink in my time, I know what I'm doing."

A curt nod; "Of course."

"And what will you be singing this evening?"

"Whatever the customers request. I have no preference."

"What about that song we rehearsed earlier?"

"An Allied song. It would not be well recieved."

"Where do you think I got the record?" She drops the cigarette end and grinds it into the floor with the sole of her shoe. De Neuf stares at the orange lights that glow on the hardwood boards for a second before they die.

"I see," she says, finally.

Katrine proffers her arm. "Your audience awaits, Mademoiselle."

And arm in arm they walk down the stairs, into occupied territory.