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Summary: Post – Endgame. Kathryn pays Chakotay a visit.

Rating: NC17

AN: This story has not been to beta-land. This was one of my earlier works that sat languishing on my hard drive. Thanks to Oparu and Dinari for encouraging me to dust it off and post it.

After Office Hours

Silence.

The first thing Kathryn noticed when the turbo lift doors opened was the absolute silence of her surroundings. There was no slight whir of a power source, no beeping computer interfaces or screeching transmittal systems.

Just silence.

Intrigued she exited the lift and began the short walk to her destination. Now the only audible sound was the muffled thump of her stilettos as she made her way across the carpeted floor. Kathryn continued past the the front desk and through the glass doors.

The inner office was large but not overwhelmingly so. The layout reminded her of what Tom had described as a football field, well what he described as American Football, anyway. A wide open space between two sidelines. The 'turf' consisted of adjoined cubicles and on either side were the 'sidelines' which housed individual offices. Kathryn continued to navigate her way around several adjoined cubicles toward what she assumed was her final destination.

As she neared the opposite end of the office she noticed the last office on the right was still illuminated. The silence, was now interrupted by mellow notes of soft jazz music.

When she reached her destination Kathryn took a silent inventory of the office space within; small but efficient. She let her eyes roam the space taking note of the San Francisco skyline via the floor to ceiling glass windows on the far wall opposite of the doorway. Along the wall to her right was a built in bookcase designed with a hidden file cabinet compartment. On the shelves were several volumes of archaeological texts.

There were additional texts which seemed to delve into various ancient Alpha Quadrant cultures and a scant few that seemed to discuss Delta Quadrant studies as well. A comfortable looking lounger sofa sat against the opposite wall. Above the sofa hung an elaborate yet calming sand painting that she recognized from her days aboard Voyager. Kathryn discerned the personality of the owner via the wood carved bookends, the rather worn pair of boxing gloves on top of the gym bag in the corner, and
a few selected pieces of artwork scattered throughout the small office.

Her eyes were drawn back the middle of the room, toward the solid looking mahogany desk that was placed in front of the ceiling to floor window scape. The desk itself was practical in design, on one corner sat a flat vidscreen and a photo frame. There were various PADDs and open text books littered across the center the desk. Next to the frame sat a small velvet lined wood box with the lid open. Inside, nestled on soft fabric, were two Chinese stress balls. On one a hand painted design of a Jaguar and on the other a painted design of a Phoenix.

Kathryn smiled to herself as she finally realized what happened to the birthday gift she'd given him. *Had it really only been a year ago that she'd given him that gift?*

Raising her head slightly she allowed her eyes to take in the man behind the desk.

He was dressed in dark slacks with a button down shirt but without the the tie and jacket of a suit. The sleeves of his shirt were unbuttoned and rolled up to his elbows. She watched him as he sat perch over his computer; he hadn't even noticed her yet. She could only assume that he was trying to tie up loose ends by the way he periodically glanced at the chronometer. And yet, the stress and tension from the previous hours seemed to slowly ebb away with the dimmed light and soft music. Leaning against the door frame with one ankle crossed over the other and her arms crossed lightly just under her breasts, Kathryn watched the occupant of the room close his dark eyes and lean back into the leather chair, stretching his back and massaging sore shoulder muscles. He gave a little moan of discomfort and she decided to let her presence be known.

“Should I be jealous?” she asked in a husky voice watching as his head snapped up at the unexpected sound of her voice.

Dark brown eyes stared wide eyed at first, before a slow smile formed on his lips. He leaned back and slid down a bit in the chair, as his hands curled around the armrests.

His eyes caressed her frame as she leaned against his door. She was smartly dressed in a white tailor pencil skirt and matching jacket, cobalt blue stilettos and clutch purse. Her auburn mane was pulled up into a fashionable style, exposing her neck and collarbone. Silver dangle earrings adorned her ears and a Sapphire gemstone broach rested where her combadge usually sat.

“After all, it's well past 2300 hours,” she chided as she unfolded herself and eased away from the door frame. Once inside Kathryn closed and locked the door.

“What am I to think when I find you like that after I just saw the the office aid leave?” She asked as she turned and activated the opaque feature of the side-lite, blocking the view of the office beyond the enclosed glass door and partition.

“Cynthia?” he questioned with a furrowed brow.

“Unless you have another blond aid that resembles her;”
Laughingly, he answered “Yeah, I forgot to mention she has a twin. Wait, she left hours ago. In fact there's no one left on the floor but me, how did you get in?”

Kathryn was silent as she rounded his desk to sit atop the surface facing him.

“Chakotay, how many times have I told you there's a bit of Section 31 in me?” she asked as she leaned toward him while resting her weight on her forearms.

Casually she crossed one leg over the other, allowing the toe of one shoe to caress his ankle just beneath his pant leg. Chakotay furrowed his brow as he looked up at her, wondering if in fact she had managed to break into a Sigma level 10 secured facility; and do so apparently undetected.

Chakotay caught her foot before she could raise it higher.

She watched him lower his head as he gripped her ankle tighter stroking his thumb across her bare skin, before looking up to latch a passionate gaze to hers. She watched his golden hands slowly smooth up her pale flesh as he massaged her calf. She bit her lip and released a low purr of a moan as she tilted her head slightly, relishing in the intoxicating feelings he evoked. Strong fingers continued to massage upward to stop just above her knee.

“Then I guess you broke in just for coffee?” He smiled a cocky grin as his hands smoothed further up her thighs beneath the fabric of her skirt.

“Nooo... I broke into the Academy faculty office to seduce an extremely attractive Anthropology professor,” she drawled.

Leaning forward, she cupped the side of his face and lowered her lips to his. Teasingly, she applied pressure, slowly deepening the kiss.

Chakotay's tongue traced her lips; he sought entrance to her mouth as his hands gripped her waist while he slid her off the ledge of the desk to straddle his lap. Slowly, his hands smoothed over of the expanse of her exposed flesh as her skirt rose higher up her thighs. Easing her way out of the tongue lock of a kiss, Kathryn kissed his temples, eyelids, and down either side of his face before sucking and nipping an earlobe.

Chakotay groaned slightly at the nip as he slid his hands under her jacket, tickling her sides and caressing her belly before sliding his hands up and down her back. He felt Kathryn's fingertips under his own shirt as she stroked his chest, having already managed to slip the buttons loose on the garment. Her hands roamed freely across his chest, shoulders, and down his sides before resting on his hips. Easing his hands from beneath her jacket, Chakotay leaned back slightly to capture her lips for another kiss. As Kathryn melted into him, he continued the task of opening her jacket, once open he leaned forward to kiss her neck and shoulders.

Moaning at the feel of his lips beneath her ear, Kathryn leaned her head to the side to grant him better access. Chakotay pealed away her jacket and tossed it back across the desk. With Kathryn now free of the garment, Chakotay was lost in the sight of her alabaster breasts encased in cobalt blue lace.
She had to brace her self on his forearms at the feel of his tongue sliding between the cleft of her breasts, while the fingertips of one hand danced across the top of her heaving bust line. His other hand smoothed up her back as his lips and tongue continued to travel.

His fingers traced the underside of her breast as he continued kissing her exposed flesh. Chakotay's hands smoothed over her shoulders and up her neck into her hair, releasing the auburn mass from its confines and allowing the curls to fall over his hands and onto her shoulders. Kathryn sighed as he massaged her scalp sensually while his tongue massaged the inside of her mouth. She groaned in the back of her throat as she deepened their kiss.

Chakotay eased them out of the kiss, before his lips traveled down her neck to her shoulders. He lowered first one strap of her bra, before kissing his way across her shoulders and collarbone to the other strap. Lowering the thin piece fabric, his lips followed behind its path down her arm to her hand, before his tongue circled her forefinger and sucked the digit into his mouth.

Kathryn's smoky eyes held his obsidian gaze before leaning down to kiss him solidly. His hands rested on her hips, as she gently pushed him back into his chair while her fingers skimmed over his chest and biceps. She peppered his exposed chest with wet sloppy kisses, before drawing a nipple into her mouth and gently sucking until she heard his intake of breath. Her fingertips skinned over his abs before she reached the fastener of his pants. She unbuckled the closure and slowly unzipped his slacks, before pushing them down and over his hips.

To her advantage, he'd toed his shoes off prior to her arrival which allowed Kathryn to slide his slacks off his legs unhindered. As her hands smoothed up his thighs, she smiled to herself at his quick intake of breath when she leaned forward to kiss the tip of his manhood. From her position on floor between his legs she watched his eyes dilate further as her hands reached up only to slide down his chest again. His nostrils flared when the back of one hand skinned over his abs while her hand wrapped around the base of his manhood to stroke his erection. She held his gaze as she lowered her head closer to his crotch, before wetting her lips with the tip of her tongue, before taking his length into her mouth.

Kathryn took her time as she suckled and licked his engorged manhood, the action not only aroused him but herself as well. She felt Chakotay grip her hair as he pressed her head down more firmly onto him as his hips undulated. Her hands moved to massage his sac as she relaxed her jaw to swallow as much of him as she could. The action caused Chakotay to make a gargled noise in the back of his throat which prompted her to look up. His knuckles where white where his hands gripped the armrest and his head was thrown back with beads of sweat on his upper lip.

A wicked thought entered her mind and Kathryn began to hum with his length still encased in down her throat. The vibrations of his action against his swollen length caused him to thrust into her mouth more fully. She brought his length out of her throat to swirl her tongue around the tip; briefly dipping her tongue into the cleft of the swollen head, before engulfing him once more down her throat. The throbbing vein warned her of his release and she eased him out of her throat just as he shot hot cum into her mouth. She accepted every drop and continued to greedily milk him until his entire body went limp, before using her index finger to wipe the corners of her mouth as she stood to watch him; the perfect display of a sexually satisfied male. Kathryn was so engrossed in her thoughts that she didn't notice that he'd come back to himself until she felt him tug on her hips.
“Co'mere,” Chakotay slurred in a low voice pulling her to stand in front of him once more.

Kathryn rested her palms on his shoulders as his hands smoothed up the side of her thighs, over her hips, past her waist and to her belly. His fingers left a trail of fire on her skin as they skimmed up her ribcage to cup her breasts.

“I believe we were going to get rid of this earlier,” he husked as he unhooked the front closure of the lace bra and tossing the garment aside. Eagerly he latched onto a nipple, suckling harshly while kneading its twin, before biting down gently.

“--before you distracted me earlier,” he finished.

Chakotay slid one hand down her side, to her her knee and the under the fabric of her skirt while he kissed her. Soft but sure fingers caressed the inside of her legs just inches from her heated sex. As his fingers brushed against damp curls, Chakotay growled softly in his throat with the realization that she wasn't wearing panties.

Kathryn gasped and shuddered slightly at the feel of his thumb brushing against her sensitive nerves. Her breathing quickened as he continued to massage her clit before dipping a thick digit into her sex. She groaned deeply as he plunged three digits into her sodden depths, slowly increasing the pace as he pumped his fingers into her womanhood. Kathryn's breathing quickened as Chakotay bunched her skirt completely up around her waist as he rose out of the chair. Not once breaking the hypnotic pace of his finger fucking, as his mouth latched onto an expose nipple. Threading her fingers through his hair to Kathryn held him to her as he suckled zealously.

Chakotay released her breast to capture her mouth in a passionate, possessive kiss while his fingers caressed her inner walls; curling, searching for her sensitive spot as he continued to pump in and out of her. Somehow during his teasing her skirt slipped back down, in frustration his free hand traveled to the waistband as he continued to fondle her.

“Wait,” Kathryn panted into his mouth, as he felt her hand stopping his at her waist.

Frowning against her lips Chakotay pulled back from the kiss “Why?” he demanded as he gripped the waistband tighter and thrust his fingers more deeply into her pussy.

“Wai...” she was cut off at the feel of lips on the hollow of her neck “I’m ......mmmm....not saying......we should stop.....” she felt him leave her neck to kiss her possessively again.

“Good, I'm no where near done with you yet,” he grumbled taking her lips again before she could speak.

Kathryn was losing herself in the kiss until she felt him grip her waistband again, “Let....me...just....take it...off......okay?”

She cupped his face as her thumb smoothed over his warm lips, swollen from their kisses.
“I just don't want you to rip it, that's all,” she managed to say, as her breathing became heavier as she felt the tension in her belly mount. Her desire filled eyes pleaded with him to be reasonable.

“Fine,” he growled easing his fingers out of her warm depths.

Kathryn stepped back from him only for a moment to unzip the back of the skirt and push the garment off her hips. Stepping out of the skirt, she nudged it to the side with the toe of her heels. Naked except for her stilettos, she braced herself against the desk with one hand while the other traveled to remove a shoe.

“Leave 'em” she heard him say and snapped her head up, questioning the command.

“That could get a little awkward,” she cautioned with a lopsided grin.

“Yeah, but you look sexy as hell like that,” Chakotay rasped, eying her up and down.

Chakotay leaned her back against the desk while his fingers resumed their earlier play between her slick folds. His pace increased and his tongue mimicked the action as he captured her lips in possessive kiss.

He kissed her until she had to turn away for the sake of breathing. Chakotay smiled as he watched her chest heave while she gasped and writhed beneath his touch. Her pale flesh, splattered with freckles and pink nipples called to him. He leaned down to nibble his way across her chest, suckling each breast before moving further downward.

Threading her fingers through his hair Kathryn was only aware of his caresses and kisses. She jumped at the feel of his tongue probing between her lower lips, his free hand holding her waist still as his tongue lazily played in the wetness between her thighs, licking and tasting.

His thumb rubbed against her her clit, pressing harshly back and forward faster and faster; building tension further and further, tighter and tighter. She was hot and her chest felt tight from lack of air suddenly, she felt him pinch her engorged bundle of nerves a second before her orgasm caught her by surprise.

As Kathryn writhed against the desk and his face, Chakotay held her waist down as he plundered her pussy, pushing his tongue between her folds to lap and suckle her nectar as if she were an oyster, as if he were a starving man and she was the main course. He couldn't get enough of her; she was intoxicating. Slowly, he brought her back from the stars. He pulled her with him as he reclined back into his leather chair, positioning her to straddle him. Kathryn laughed a little because the armrests where in the way and she couldn't possible sit without being uncomfortable.

Chakotay realized her train of thought smiled.

“It'll work. Trust me,” he encouraged.
Kathryn braced her palms on his shoulders as she began to straddle, not only him but the chair itself. Chakotay's hands guided her waist closer to his straining arousal until she hovered just above the dark swollen head. His grip tightened as he slowly pushed her down onto his straining length.

"Mmmm..." Kathryn groaned and dropped her head forward at the sensation of her inner walls stretching to accommodate his girth and length.

They remained still for moment, savoring the feel of each other before he gripped her waist tighter. Chakotay slipped his one hand up her spine as the other remained on her hip. Gradually each began to move; slowly undulating and grinding against the other. In perfect rhythm they moved, he clockwise and she counterclockwise as they thrust against each other. The smooth, languid movement increased to into a hurried, hungry pace as Chakotay gripped her hips and pulled her down against him as he surge upwards into her depths.

The chair groaned in protest under the exertion of the frantic couple. Kathryn panted as Chakotay raised and lowered her hips onto length with enough force to knock the wind out of each each time the head of his manhood hit against her g-spot. Her breathing became ragged as she threw her head back, while Chakotay took the opportunity to suck her bouncing breasts. Kathryn arched into his mouth which caused her hips to grind down more firmly against him as he thrust into her.

Again and again, she felt him hit her sensitive area and knew that it wouldn't be long until she reached the precipice of her orgasm. The tension coiled tighter and tighter, until she felt the heat of it moving into her lungs. Kathryn opened her mouth in a silent scream as she squeezed her eyes shut.

Chakotay winced at the sensation of her nails digging into his shoulders as he growled in the back of his throat at the realization that she was fighting her orgasm. Chakotay heard her whimper as his fingers moved to play between their joined bodies. He ran his knuckles across her hardened bundle of nerves unforgivingly as he watched her face scrunch up in pleasurable pain.

The sound of wet flesh slapping and against flesh, the sight of Kathryn wantonly riding him, and the smell of their combined scents fanned Chakotay's arousal higher. He gripped her hips tighter as he panted and grunted as he thrust into her repeatedly, his pace altering to a more staccato rhythm. Kathryn continued her silent scream, it was endless now. The continuous ramming against her cervix was quickly eroding any control she retained on her body. He was determined to make her come first. Shit! She gasped for breath as he brought her closer to his chest.

"Let go," Chakotay whispered.

Kathryn whimpered almost in tears.

"Let go, Love. Let go," he encouraged.

Chakotay sensed that she couldn't hold on much longer and increased his paced again. She was close, he realized as her eyelids fluttered and her mouth opened. With one last savage thrust, Kathryn gave voice to her scream as her body went rigid while her vaginal walls clamped violently around his length. Chakotay continued to move, thrusting his manhood into her as her body seized around him. He
reveled in the feel of her tight heat milking him as he pumped into pliant body.

As her orgasm dissipated, Kathryn slumped tiredly against his chest. Beneath heavy eyes, she watched as her saddled legs swayed back and forward in response to Chakotay's thrusts. She tuck her head into the crook of his neck as she kissed up toward his ear. His thrusts were erratic as his hand slid down to grip her buttocks to pull her closer against his pelvis. Kathryn lowered her lips to earlobe, sucking the flesh between her teeth.

With a long, low growl she felt him thrust up into her, Kathryn shuddered as against the aftershocks of her earlier climax as jet after jet of his release filled her womb.

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After long moments, Kathryn couldn't help it, he'd think she was crazy but she couldn't help the laugh that bubbled up from her belly.

“What?” Chakotay asked as he pulled back from their embrace. He smoothed her hair back as he gazed at with questioning eyes.

“Mm...I would get up but I can't move,” she laughed again and shook her head, “I think my legs are asleep,” she confessed.

Chakotay chuckled, the combined movement elicited a moan from both of them as action created new friction between against their already sensitive tissues.

He slid his hand up her spine again to bend her forward for a kiss. The kiss started slow, sensual and full of love. Chakotay poured into that kiss just how much he'd missed her during her absence. He traced her lips with the tip of tongue before latching onto her mouth hungrily. One hand slid up around and up her sides to fondle her breasts while the other threaded in her hair to keep her mouth against his own.

As they eased out of the kiss, Kathryn's fingertips and nails skimmed over his abs, chest, and shoulders. Chakotay's lips traveled down her neck and across her collarbone as his sleeping member began to awaken.

Kathryn felt his manhood began to harden again while still encased deep inside her depths. The sensation fanned the smoldering embers her own arousal as she marveled at his eagerness for her. Gently, her fingers squeezed the base of his manhood just below where they were joined. In response, Chakotay groaned as his mouth captured her breast again, his palms splayed on her back as he pushed her more fully into his mouth and her hips down against his pelvis. Kathryn moaned in pleasure at the sensation of him thicken inside her as began to thrust slowly. Effectively, massaging her arousal higher and higher; her breathing quickened at the sensations his hands, lips, mouth and sex evoked.

Her fingers continued to squeezed gently at the base of his manhood while her other hand gripped his shoulder. Chakotay massaged her back with the pads of his fingers, before moving to massage her shoulders and arms. Then sliding down and around her side to massage her lower back while he
thrust into her welcoming body. Kathryn felt his fingers slide down her tailbone until his fingers slipped between the cleft of her buttocks adding a slight pressure against her opening there.

The sensations were almost overwhelming but sensually so. The feel of his mouth suckling her aroused nipples, his hard shaft buried deep in womanhood, his hands slipping and sliding up and down her back; his fingers kneading her spread cheeks, adding additional pressure to the swelling already stretching her inner walls.

Kathryn cupped his face as she brought her lips to his. Her tongue traced his lips, first his top and then his bottom lip. Her tongue dipped into his mouth as she sealed their lips together in long, slow sensual kiss. Chakotay continued his assault on her senses, groaning as he moved to halt Kathryn's hand when she squeezed his length again. Slowly, he lifted her arms around his neck before sliding his hands down the expanse of her back and beneath her buttocks to grip the underside of her legs.

She felt him pivot the chair and slowly rise to standing position with her legs astride him and his hard length still deeply embedded within her. Kathryn wrapped her legs around his hips more securely as he hoisted her against his frame. Dimly, she was aware of one her shoes hitting the floor as he walked them toward the couch; torturing them both with the friction the movement as their sensitive flesh rubbed together tantalizingly.

Kathryn trailed kisses over his temple, across his eyelids, and down his neck while her fingers played at the nape of the neck. She clamped her legs tighter and locked her ankles behind his back as Chakotay lowered them onto soft leather couch. With her back nestled against the softness of the couch, Kathryn allowed her legs to loosen and cradled his weight between her spread thighs.

Chakotay trailed kisses up and down her body while her hands roamed over his back and shoulders. His fingers splayed across her belly as his tongue circled her navel while he gently repositioned her hips so that he could play. His tongue dipped into her navel, flicking back and forth while his fingers slipped between the her folds; tweaking and twirling her sensitive bundle of nerves as he listened to her breathing increase.

Kathryn felt her body flush, she hot; almost feverish as her arousal began to climb again. She felt his lips grace her temples, eyelids, cheeks and then finally her lips. Chakotay moved one hand to cup her breast as he slowly rocked his pelvis against her. He rocked languidly, withdrawing almost completely; only the head of his arousal remained to between her glistening lower lips. Kathryn groaned at the lost of warmth but then he slowly slid back within her and she nearly cried out at the sense of home that suddenly enveloped her.

Chakotay felt her fingertips draw lazy designs on his back as he rocked between her thighs. He leaned forward to capture her lips in a kiss as he settled his weight fully atop her small frame. Chakotay increased his pace as he held her leg over his hip. He grunted as she tried to end the kiss, he followed her movements, never releasing her lips. Kathryn murmured under his lips as his finger found and tweaked her clit as he ground into her body. Within seconds Chakotay swallowed her screams as Kathryn shuddered against him.

Her entire body is on fire, every nerve ending frayed and exposed to his touch. Kathryn continued to
shudder and buck against him in the throes of her orgasm, as her inner walls clamped around the hard shaft pumping into her body. Chakotay continued his assault between her legs, his kisses became harder, more demanding; matching the increased pace of his thrusts. Kathryn's breathing quickened but each time she brought air into her lungs Chakotay stole her breath with a passionate kiss. His fingers continued to rub and press against her sensitive nerves, as his tongue probed her mouth while his free hand massaged her breast as he continued to ride her. The combined sensations and the quicken pace of his tempo caused her chest to burn with need for air and her blood to flame with need of release. Chakotay cupped her buttocks and angled her hips as he steadfastly pumped into her, rubbing against her engorged clit, as he continued to hammer into her warmth.

Kathryn undulated her hips in rhythm with him as she held him close, her nails bit into the flesh of his buttocks as she wrapped her legs higher around his waist. The new position didn't offer much in the maneuvering sense but Chakotay grunted in satisfaction as he slid further into her depths. Kathryn moaned in pleasure, as he kissed and nipped her throat while her head was thrown back. She whimpered in frustration; she was so close, it was just .... right ...there...millimeters beyond her reach. Impatiently, she slipped her finger between their joined bodies to play with her own sex, only to have Chakotay slap her hand away to continue himself.

Chakotay pressed hard against her hips, holding her down while he thrust into her from a different angle as he feverishly rubbed and pinched her clit. Kathryn screamed as her entire body seized; her inner walls gripped his hard shaft in an unforgiving vise as he moved above her. She sank her nails in his back as she held on while wave after wave of pleasurable pain ripped through every nerve ending of her body. Once, twice he pumped past the vise grip of her inner walls, before Chakotay groaned as his seed spilled into her body.

Exhausted, Chakotay collapsed atop her, as Kathryn wrapped her arms around his shoulders and allowed her legs to bonelessly slip from around his waist. Chakotay pillowed his head against her breasts as his breathing evened out. For long moments, neither of them moved. They lied still, simply breathing. Chakotay burrowed deeper against her softness as his fingertips caressed her sides, before settling atop her belly. He leaned up to watch her as she lay beneath him, eyes sparkingly, cheeks flushed, and hair mussed. Her swollen lips beckoned him and he answered as he leaned forward to kiss her.

After a few slow exploratory kisses, Chakotay rested his head against her shoulder, before pushing up and back to sit on the opposite side end of the couch. He watched their combined essence trickle out her as Kathryn stretched.

“Hand me a couple of tissues, if you don't mind,” she asked.

Kathryn reached for the box as he returned and frowned when Chakotay held it out of her reach.

“Let me,” he said softly before he began to gently clean her thighs and sex.

He was so intent on his task that he wasn't aware of her appraisal of him. Kathryn stroked her fingers through his raven locks speechless by his act of love. When he completed his task, Chakotay leaned up to kiss her solidly.
“Now, get dressed woman. Or I can't be held responsible for my actions,” he growled playfully.

Kathryn laughed as she pushed herself into a sitting positioning, while she watched his golden form walk – no more like swagger-toward their discarded clothing, before rising to join the search for their hastily discarded garments.

When they were fully clothed again, Chakotay turned to see Kathryn fish a pair of matching lace panties out of the her purse before, slipping the garment up her pale legs and under her skirt. He watched as she flipped open a small hand mirror to check her appearance before replacing it and snapping the purse shut.

Kathryn looked up as he slipped one hand around her waist before leaning in to her kiss her.

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Clad in a silk chemise, Kathryn leaned against the patio doorway as she watched the stars. She sensed him behind her, but he hadn't moved nearer.

After a moment without turning, she asked, “Well, are you going to stare all night or would like to join me?”

She listened as Chakotay approached, and relaxed against his chest as he wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her against his frame.

“Just in enjoying the view,” he whispered into her ear, before kissing the back of her neck and shoulders.

They stood like that watching the lights of the stars for long moments, before Kathryn sighed contentedly and snuggled back into his arms. Chakotay's hands splayed across her belly as he gazed at the skyline.

“I love you, you know. Just in case I didn't say it earlier,” she whispered.

Chakotay's grip tightened around her after her declaration.

“I love you more,” he breathed as his lips softly caressed the side of her temple.

Fin.