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Rating: NC-17

Summary: *Endgame* fixer upper. Janeway attempts to rediscover the woman behind the Capitan and gets some unexpected company along the way.

**Bahamian Nights**
The ambiance was simply breathtaking.

Cerulean waves gently caressed the expansive coast, warm salty breezes wafted through the air, and a multitude of exotic blooms dotted the edge of the property here and there. The openness of the villa’s design only seemed to enhance the experience; the occupant seemingly in two locations at once, outdoors but inside as well. It was a welcome change.

The debriefings had been long and arduous; more so for Captain Janeway than any other member of the crew, Starfleet having saved her debriefing until the rest of the crew had been dismissed. The lower deck crew had been in and out of Headquarters within a month. The senior staff was released a mere three months later, including the ships First Officer. From day one Janeway had been a force to be reckon with as she fought for her crew; truth be told she had been fighting for them ever since they made contact with Earth via the Pathfinder project and her tenaciousness had paid off as not one member of her crew was going to prison. The former Maquis were invited to stay on in Fleet, retaining their field commissions and the salary that the rank warranted while the Equinox crew received honorable discharges. Janeway was even able to procure seven years back pay for everyone.

Captain Janeway had reasoned that her debriefing would be the longest, but even she never foresaw eight months day in and day out. Luckily she had been permitted weekends to herself, provided that she spent them in her temporary quarters or at her Mother’s home in Indiana. In those first few weeks all she wanted was to spend time being loved by and with her family. However, as the months rolled by she refrained from going to Indiana so often, opting to stay in San Francisco as she didn’t want to subject her family to her fowl mood. After six months she was seriously thinking about just handing in her pips. Each time she would stop herself, stubbornness rearing ‘Why make their lives easier? No, better to stick around for a while later’; at least she told herself it was stubbornness.

Contrary to what her crew and family thought, Captain Janeway had not sacrificed her freedom or position in anyway while securing her crews future. To do so would have done none of them any justice. When she walked out of JAG offices three weeks ago she walked out as a Captain; Voyager’s Captain. There was buzz that after the Welcome Home gala Starfleet had planned that the she would be offered the Admiralty. At that moment all she wanted was to pack her belongings, vacate the depressing gray Starfleet issued quarters and head to Indiana.

She did exactly that, only to arrive home for her Mother and Sister to push her out the door for a surprise vacation to the Bahamas. Having been able to monitor Janeway on the weekends Gretchen and Phoebe agreed that Kathryn needed some time to shed the suffocating weight of Captain Janeway. Gretchen, knowing her eldest daughter, and knowing how emotionally
exhausting the task would be, also knew that Kathryn would want to do that in private. The idea
was for Kathryn to spend the first three weeks on her own and then Gretchen, Phoebe and her
family would come down for a long weekend visit. Afterward Kathryn would have another three
weeks to herself.

She still couldn't believe she was actually here; couldn't believe that she was actually free of the
oppressive panel of Admirals assembled to dissect her every decision over the last seven years.
Free of snap happy paparazzi, and for just these few selfish weeks, free of her responsibility for
more than 140 lives.

Her three weeks were nearly up but even in that precious amount of time Kathryn slowly began
to reemerge. Her Mother and Sister had been right; this was what she needed to help reacquaint
herself with her spirit. Only realizing now how close she had come to letting Captain Janeway
smother Kathryn. A great deal of that realization came from seeing the effects in her future self
back on Voyager. Admiral Janeway had been a severely overdo wake up call; the brittle bitterness
the woman exuded was not an inviting image. She once again whispered her thanks to the
Admiral for getting them home sooner, rather than later.

Kathryn allowed a moment longer to enjoy the view as she tipped her face upward, basking in the
warmth of the suns relaxing rays, listening to the whispers of the breeze while it lifted and curled
the ends of her hair. After a few moments she sipped the last of her coffee and stepped back fully
into the bedroom. It was early yet, not quite even 0800 but for some reason she had been
compelled to simply be still and watch the sunrise this morning. Something she hadn't done
in....in almost...how long had it been...almost four, five years?

Shaking her head to rid of herself of those particular memories, Kathryn briefly toyed with the
idea of sliding back into the welcoming comfort of the king size bed before her. Although
extremely tempting, she opted for procuring another cup of coffee from the replicator. After all
she'd only had two cups this morning.

Bypassing the bed she padded her way out the bedroom door across the short causeway to the
main building of the villa, through the main sitting area and into the kitchen. Having been on the
island for three weeks she was pretty well stocked with the basics; the resort actually did the
grocery shopping while the guest was out and about during the day. Not one for cooking Kathryn
was content either eating out or programming her Mother’s recipes into the replicator, when she
had an appetite. She thought to herself how at home Chakotay would’ve been in the airy kitchen.
Damn.

She had been successful in keeping him out of her thoughts while she'd been on the Island.
Putting further thoughts of him and their last conversation in the back of her mind, she enjoyed muffins and fresh fruit with her third cup of coffee. Kathryn laughed at herself remembering how she had tried making omelets yesterday, but ended up making a horrible mess of the kitchen.

Once done with breakfast, Kathryn readied for the day, taking a quick shower and drying her hair. She took a moment to look at herself in the mirror and realized she looked more relaxed than she had seen herself in a long time. Her eyes were brighter, the lines along her brow had become less pronounced; even her skin had a healthy glow. She frowned slightly, all her time in the sun had made her freckles more noticeable; at least she remembered the sun block so she hadn’t burned. She glanced at her hair and realized that it had grown longer, the length falling just below her shoulders. The sun’s evidence could be seen here as well via the golden highlights mixed amongst her auburn tresses. Her eyes traveled further down over her stomach, there was a slight roundness that hadn’t been there seven years ago, but she thought herself to be in reasonable shape for a woman of her age and profession. Her eyes roamed lower over her legs and she smiled. Chakotay had a thing for her legs; he had thing about her hair too now that she thought about it.

Shaking herself of these thoughts Kathryn began to dress for the day, she opted for a pair of beige linen pants, an emerald green sleeveless top and a pair of low heeled sandals. Pulling her back into a messy bun, she grabbed her purse and sunglasses before leaving out the side patio door in the bedroom. That was one thing she loved about this villa, the openness. Each room had at least two exits that lead outside to the sounding patio. The main entry opened out into grassy area dotted with stepping stones and a hammock that swayed beneath the overhang of the outbuilding which sheltered the floating pond.

Kathryn decided to take a walk along beach toward the main campus of the resort, it was time to venture outside her personal villa and the surrounding cove to explore what may be near by.

The main campus was furnished how one might envision it, white and coral colored marble floors
graced the entryway, the airy blue, green, and coral color scheme mimicked the island itself and clean crisp walls gave way to a cathedral ceiling with candle chandelier. The rich timbre of the clerk's voice penetrated her mind when he asked “Isn't it a beautiful day?” in a distinct Caribbean accent.

Turning slightly Kathryn gave a small smile and nod of her head taking a moment to recall his name she stated “Yes...Mr. Bradley. It certainly is.”

He smiled and allowed her to carry on her way. She wanted to kiss Phoebe for sending her to this place. Although the staff had to know who she was never once did she feel out of place; no one treated her as a hero or some larger than life icon.

The day had been wonderful; in addition to visiting the various market places and picking up gifts for her family, Kathryn had also lucked upon an old land vehicle. Surprised that the owner was selling the vehicle rather cheaply, on impulse she purchased it and figured she could always have it transported to Indiana after her leave. If memory served her, this was what Tom Paris had called a Jeep Wrangler during one of his many 20th century recreations on the holodeck; it would be a fun and sporty way to get around the island during her stay. Arriving 'home' with her treasures, she had only a moment of awkwardness trying to open the wood lattice doors. Once through into the main room, ordering an iced coffee on her way past the replicator, she unceremoniously dumped the bags on the couch. Making her way back to the kitchen she picked up the coffee just in time to catch the incoming vid call.

Activating the screen she fully expected her Mother or Phoebe, probably calling to let her know their arrival time but to her enjoyment B'elanna's smiling face greeted her.

“You know I should be angry with you. Skipping town the way you did, and without so much of a call to check on your Goddaughter. But I'll forgive you as your Mother explained you were victim to the Janeway maneuver.”
“Hello, B'elanna. I've missed you too.” Kathryn simply smiled and placed her chin in her palm. “How is Miral? I've missed so much, thank you for the steady stream of holoimages and the updates on how the crew is adjusting. It kept me sane these last months.”

“She's fabulous! Thank you for asking” Kathryn's smile widen at this as she shook her head.

B'elanna and Tom had kept in contact with her during her debriefings, sometimes even stopping by for a visit. There were perks to having an Admiral in the family. Kathryn had been under a sequester order of sorts, but Admiral Paris had been able to sneak the Paris family in for a weekend visit or two. She knew these visits were to supply her with information regarding the crew but also to ensure that Kathryn didn't sink into another depression.

B'elanna's voice faded back into her ears “Cap-Kathryn, I know you told me to call you Kathryn. And I'm working on it; just give me a few on that okay? Hey are you okay? What did I say” In the course of those words being spoken B'elanna had watched her captains face tense, going pale and a strange shift in the older woman's eye color. She didn't think the captain was aware her moods more often than not were reflected through those blue gray eyes.

“Nothing Lanna I'm fine” Kathryn lied.

“Targ-shit. But I'll let it go for now.”

They continued to talk about Miral, Tom's latest shuttle design, his newest holo program and B'elanna's work with the civilian engineering firm she opted to go with. Both Tom and B'elanna had decided on careers outside of Starfleet. They wanted to control were their family was stationed, what hours they worked, and what jobs they would be assigned. Kathryn couldn't fault them their choice especially, considering they now had Miral. Kathryn in turn confided with the younger woman that she didn't know if she was staying on with Starfleet or not.

“B'elanna don't look at me that way, I've not lost my mind or anything. It's just too soon to decide. I don't think I'll accept another posting for captain. It wouldn't ever be the same. And the idea of being stuck behind a desk...well that is not what I want to do for the rest of my life”

“What about a private engineering firm? I know my team would be glad to have you and you would be able to see Miral every day as they have an on site child care facility. AND we would have the opportunity work together again. I know engines are more my passion than yours, but
you could work on the science aspect of the design. Tom said that you joked once saying you considered yourself a four pip scientist.”

Kathryn leaned back in the chair and gave B’elanna’s suggestion some thought. “You may be on to something there Lanna; I could always work as a civilian consultant to Starfleet at the very least. Hmm. Thanks Lanna you’ve given me food for thought here.”

B’elanna smiled and nodded once. She had been sure Kathryn would consider the idea. She only hoped to keep the call going a bit longer. Her next topic was sure to be a sore point for her former captain.

“Captain, permission to speak freely?”

“Haven't we been doing that for the last hour?” Kathryn chuckled at her former engineer’s nervousness while sipping her second iced coffee.

“Yes, but well...you've asked us to check on everyone from the crew.”

“But I haven't asked you for your report on Seven or Chakotay.”

B’elanna looked her straight in the eye “Right. I know their relationship was unexpected-”

“That's certainly the truth”

“But that’s just it. You seemed to already know and accept it before any of us. And yet you let her walk off the ship with your man! It makes not sense.”

“B’elanna, I had no claim on Chakotay, he was and is free to pursue happiness with whomever he chooses. As for knowing ahead of time, yes I was aware of their association prior to leaving Voyager”

“So, Tom was right Chakotay didn't tell you himself. The Admiral did.”

Hanging her head for moment, Kathryn reigned in her emotions regarding those days.
She’d had sufficient time to process them these last weeks but that didn’t mean they had dissipated. Raising her head again she saw the fire in B’elanna’s eyes. She had to do something or the younger woman was liable to light into Chakotay again. And she didn’t want that.

“No, Chakotay didn't tell me.”

“So for all intent and purposes you were supposed to learn about them at the impromptu party Tom & Chell put together?! P-tak! I can’t believe he did that to you.”

“B’elanna let it go. All I ever wanted for him, for Seven, for all of you were to be safe and happy. Don’t harp on this and don’t aggravate the situation any further. I’ll have you know that I’m a fully aware of the little stunt you pulled that night. And while I can understand doing so at that moment. Try not to do so again, okay?”

Upon seeing Chakotay and Seven arrive together and then proceed to spend the evening together B’elanna had been livid. The man was parading around like the cat that got the cream. Blatantly, making a show of twirling Seven around the dance floor, kissing the base of her neck, or caressing the small of her back. B’elanna had searched for Captain Janeway’s eyes in the crowd, hoping, praying that this was some kind of sick joke. When she found her captain along the back wall watching the scene with watery eyes, she lost her cool. At the same moment Janeway turned and slipped out of the holodeck back to her quarters. B’elanna had every intention of snatching Chakotay off the dance floor when Tom stopped her. In his quiet way he had simply told her the situation was being handled. She could see now that the Doctor had stepped in to dance with Seven and Chakotay was actually on his way toward the married couple. Chakotay took the moment to take B’elanna’s elbow and guide her to a more secluded area of the room. But B’elanna was having none of it. She stopped in her tracks and punched him square in the jaw. “Bastard” she hissed and promptly left the party. Later that night Tom told her how the crew had rallied on behalf of the captain in their own way. Mike Ayala had made sure Chakotay was within ear shot when he made a comment about the playing field finally being level when it came to a certain redhead. That comment seemed to shake the First Officer, as if he hadn’t considered the possibility. Tom was sure the older man had taken pause even if only for a moment.

Coming back to the present B’elanna weighed what she was getting ready to say. “Honestly, I don't think I'll have to punch him anytime soon. Seems they’re over. But then again you already knew that too didn't you?”

“It's not like you to hedge on a topic, you know” Kathryn narrowed her eyes playfully.

“No, it isn’t. So, what in Sto’vakor happened? By the looks of him when he stopped by, I’m not the
only one with a mean right hook.”
Kathryn chuckled “Serves him right, the boxing aficionado that he is. You're right though I’m aware the two are no longer dating. Apparently they broke up sometime after your debriefing.”

She stopped a moment to sip her coffee, eying the young woman wondering how much she should tell her. Then decided what the hell.

“Chakotay came to see me right before I left Headquarters. The visit was already awkward and then he just blurted out 'Did I, Do I mean anything to you Kathryn?' It took me by surprise really. As far as I knew he and Seven were still dating, what kind of question is that to pose? What kind of answer was he truly looking for? I guess I must have been too long in answering, because he took a step toward me grasped my hand and then asked the question again. I couldn't lie to him. I told him that I considered him to be my best friend, a true friend and that I cared deeply about him. He drew closer and forced my head back to meet his eyes and asked 'But do you love me? Are you in love with me?'

Until that moment I was wrapped up in the complexity of emotions swimming through me at just seeing him, speaking with him again, and then the nature of visit seemingly became clear. I remember feeling rage. This man, who yes I love and am in love with, was standing before me as if he were my lover. But yet I knew he and Seven were a couple. I backed away from him and moved behind the couch. I remember asking him 'Why are you here Chakotay? What the hell kind of questions are these to ask me? Or did you forget you should be asking the blond you strolled off the ship with?!' I was damned angry and very hurt he still hadn't told me face to face about their relationship. I wrapped myself in my rage; I couldn't let him see how this was affecting me. I remembering asking myself 'What was this? Some sick game to stick it to me again? Gawd hadn't the pitying stares of the crew, the constant insinuation of press, and the thinly veiled inquiries of the brass done that enough?'

Kathryn looked up at B'elanna and only saw understanding, maybe a bit of curiosity, but no trace of pity in younger woman's eyes. She held B'elanna's gaze and finished her tale.

“Chakotay didn't rise to the jib quite like I’d hoped. He simply came around the couch, slammed me up against the wall and kissed me.” She laughed out right at the surprise on young woman's face.

“He did what?! Well don’t leave me hanging what happened?” B'Elanna asked wide eyed.

“Nothing happened. I was too shocked and by the time I came back to my senses, one of his hands was in my hair and the other on my hip. At that point I broke the kiss and pushed him away from
me. He was looking at me with such hungry eyes, but it confused and further angered me. I pushed my self off the wall and rounded on him. 'What the hell was that?! Have you lost your mind?!' He told me that his mind had been lost but it was back now or something like that and started for me again. That's when I socked him. I told him I didn't know what his game was, but that 'I refuse to be the other woman. If you and Seven are having issues, tough, work it out.' And I left for my mothers."

“So when did you find out they weren't together anymore?”

“Well actually when I got home. Before pushing me out the door my sister gave me a letter from Seven. I actually put off reading the letter until I was on the shuttle here, if I read it in public I’d be forced to keep up my 'Captain's Mask' as you all put it. In the letter Seven explained that she had wanted to touch base with me as she missed our 'evening dialogs'. She informed me of the position she accepted on Vulcan, that she was staying with Tuvok and T'pel until she located a place of her own. Further into the letter she discussed her relationship with Chakotay ultimately informing that they had dissolved their romantic association after being released from the debriefings. She found that she and Chakotay wanted different things for life in the Alpha Quadrant. While he was content accepting the professorship at the Academy and wanted to stay planet side, she wanted to explore. She had zero desire to 'plant roots'.”

B’elanna couldn't believe that Chakotay had bungled the situation this badly. “So you're telling me that our favorite crash pilot showed up on your doorstep, tried to pull a confession of undying love from you and when that didn't work attempted to seduce you. All the while not once letting you know that he and Seven were finished. Thus prompting you give the idiot a black eye?”

Laughingly Kathryn responded “Yep”

“What the hell was he thinking? Don't even answer that. The man is a brilliant tactician, so how he managed to muck this up so badly is beyond me. Tom!!! come here you have to answer for your gender!” B'elanna bellowed

“Lanna, really I don't know if Mr. Paris is the most appropriate reference source regarding the level of intelligence for the male gender” Kathryn and B’elanna both chuckled as Tom leaned into the imager.

“Hey! I heard that. What did or didn't I do now?” he asked looking back and forth between his
wife and captain.

“Can I tell him Kathryn? You know this won't go any further.”

With a flick of her wrist Kathryn bade B'elanna permission to share Chakotay's visit. “Go ahead I'm just going to grab another coffee.” When she came back to the viewer B'elanna had just gotten to the kiss part. Kathryn laughed at the shock on the pilots face, causing B'elanna to do the same. As the younger woman continue the story Tom's face took on a more understanding expression.

“Dammnnn Kathryn and you punched him?! I mean I could see if you slapped the man. But damn, remind to stay on your good side. You throw a pretty solid punch. No wonder the Big Guy didn't want to elaborate on what happen.” laughing he said “Can you imagine trying to explain to the Doc that he got his shiner from the captain?”

“Uh Tom, you wanted to be reminded to stay on my good side remember?” Kathryn mock glared at the young man. Getting his laughter under control Tom allowed B’elanna to finish the tale.

“So, now you ladies want me to explain what he was thinking? I haven't got a clue. Wait, it may be something he said last month. Remember B’El we had boys night about 6 weeks back?” B’elanna rolled her eyes and nodded “Well we had a few drinks, Chakotay more than he usually does. And he was sorta just brooding about women in general. He mumbled...” Tom hesitated repeating this part.

“Go ahead Tom, you can tell me. I know how he is when he's like that” Kathryn smiled gently at Tom. She really wanted to have some insight into what was going through Chakotay's mind that day.

“Uh....hem, well he mumbled 'maybe I shouldda just forced her against the nearest bulkhead and fucked those damn parameters out of her.” Tom looked at the viewer to see a rather amused Kathryn.

Kathryn remembered all the times she had actually wanted him to do just that. “Well, that would have made for an interesting journey home. I'm extremely glad he didn't though.” she answered the unasked question truthfully. And B’elanna finished her statement for her

http://nyahsoul.webs.com Published: March 8, 2008
“You wouldn't allow the relationship because you were protecting him. Protecting all of the Maquis. You knew when we got home, and for some reason you seemed to think it could be sooner than we had hoped, that you would have to argue for the Maquis, to ensure we didn't go to prison. The ultimate way to ensure that was to appear the ever concerned but platonic captain. You knew your word would be thought biased otherwise, didn't you?”

“And here I thought I kept my cards closer to my chest than that. How did you know Lanna?” Kathryn was angry or upset, just curious.

“I didn't put it together until after the letters from Sveta. Once my mind cleared I was able to see exactly what you were doing. I mean we were all that was left of the Maquis, and we all know how vindictive Starfleet can be. How thorough they can be when trying to hide their mistakes. It made sense to me then; that you would do everything within your power to be sure that we didn't end up taking an even harder fall upon our return.”

“Tom what about you? I'm sure you must’ve speculated on the topic.” Kathryn was curious about his take on this as well.

“Permission to speak freely”

“Why do you both feel the need to ask that before speaking your minds? Just do it! Don't ask for my permission, I'm not your captain any more.”

Tom nodded accepting this new freedom he had with his captain. And while he would always consider her to be his captain, he could now call her friend as well. And as her friend he thought it time to voice an observation and wait for the fall out. “Well, I always thought your reluctance to get involved related back to your Father and Justin.” He looked up waiting for the scathing remark. But it never came, so he continued. “I mean for you to lose your Father and fiancé in one fell swoop. Then to be torn away from yet another fiancé, not by death but by distance this time. Well that's a lot for one heart to take.”

Kathryn looked at both of them with watery eyes. She could tell they had talked amongst themselves trying to figure which one was correct. “You're both equally right. Tom that was a lot for my heart to take and every loss of our family along the way added to the hurt. I've already told Lanna, I loved him even then but I also don't think I was capable of an all consuming relationship at the time. I'm only now starting to rediscovery who Kathryn is; Captain Janeway had taken up residency for so long and it's been difficult climbing out from behind her protective facade to step
out into the world as just Kathryn. So I doubt we would've lasted the long haul out there.”

“But you had an understanding once we were home. I know you did. Chakotay told me himself!”

“Lanna we've been down that road. Let it go. Okay? Everyone is free and safe. Revel in that for a little while. Now... when do I get to see my namesake?” The conversation was getting a bit depressing; Kathryn hoped talk of the child would turn the mood around. And she was right. At that moment a wail from the other room could be heard. Tom went to tend to Miral while Kathryn and B'elanna finished their call. B'elanna made Kathryn promise to visit once her impromptu vacation was over. Kathryn promised she would, after all she still had to give the baby her blanket. B'elanna was taken back a bit, Kathryn admonished B'elanna for thinking she would do anything less; after all she had made one for Naomi, hadn't she.

~ Chapter 2 ~

As her third week on the island came to an end, Kathryn felt refreshed. She was finding herself, and found that she rather missed the Kathryn she used to be. So in an attempt to keep up the progress she decided that tonight she would venture out to the main campus for dinner. So what if it was dinner for one. She felt like celebrating!

Later that night she could've sworn she was being watched. The moment she stepped in the lobby her night seemed to turn for the worse. Well not so much worse but definitely weird. The breeze had picked up bit and she reached to catch the pashima wrap she brought with her.

“Here, Miss let me help” Mr. Bradley offered and wrapped the shawl around more securely around her shoulders. His hands lingered on her arms.

Pointedly glancing at his hands Kathryn offer her thanks before venturing further toward the dining room.

“No, need Miss...” He prompted her for her name, for a second Kathryn considered giving him an alias, but he had to know who she was and if that wasn't the case he at least already had her registration information, after all he was the concierge. So she opted for the truth.

“Captain Janeway” she responded, hoping he would get the hint. Kathryn didn't consider him to
be unattractive, quite the opposite and he appeared to be of similar age to her. And a girl could
get lost in those coffee colored eyes but... Kathryn had her own set of coffee colored eyes to miss.
Besides, she hadn't come here for a 'How Stella Got Her Groove Back' retreat. Mr. Bradley was
speaking and so she dragged her thoughts back to what he was saying.

"Ah. That’s so formal don’t you think? Besides you don’t want me call you that in this place. That's
the whole idea of anonymity here.” He laughed and smiled a deep dimpled smile, “surely, there is
something else I can call you?”

Should have seen that one coming Kathryn, she chided herself “Yes, You do have a point Mr.
Bradley, Kathryn is fine.” she offered and tried to side step the man.

“A beautiful name for an even more beautiful woman.” The compliment caught her off guard but
she half turned to thank him.

“Thank you Mr.-”

“Marc. My name is Marc. Mr. Bradley is my Father”

She almost wanted laugh and cry at the same. His name would have to Marc.

“Are you heading into dinner this evening Kathryn?”

Falling back on her diplomacy skills she answered him as pleasantly as possible. The man was
starting irritate her. She had a nagging feeling in her gut. The same feeling she got whenever an
away mission was about to end horribly wrong. That was when the sensation of being watched
had started; if she were honest with herself, the feeling of being watched shouldn't be new; she’d
had the same experience that day at the local market. But she just put it off to the locals
recognizing her. Now that she thought about it the same phenomena occurred during her daily
morning runs on the beach. Why was all this just now registering with her? Why hadn't she
examined this sooner? Looking up Kathryn saw Marc motion for her that the dining room was
now receiving guests.

“Marc, what time will dinner be presented this evening?”
“Actually, in about 15mins. I was going to come and suggest that you may want to begin in that direction to get a good table. Will you be dining alone?”

Kathryn hesitated a moment, it was there again; that feeling of being watched. It was stronger now, almost a presence in of itself. Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, she heard Marc question.

“Oh, will someone be joining you then?”

Looking up, she realized her error “I'm sorry. I just got the oddest sense - it's probably nothing. And No, no one will be joining me. I'll simply need to order for one.” She turned back to him when she spoke, having made a quarter turn to look over her shoulder while he was previously speaking.

He frowned slightly as if there was something he wanted to say.

“Marc? What is it? You look like a man with something on your mind.”

He straightened up and squared his shoulders looking her directly in the eye with a penetrating stare, a stare that demanded the truth before even asking the question.

“Well, I do have something on my mind,” and he took her by the elbow into the nearest corridor where traffic wasn't as busy. “For three weeks, I have watched you meander the Island, roam the gardens and eat solitary meals. For three weeks I have watched a beautiful woman mourn. It is most disconcerting.”

She opened her mouth to argue, but he held his hand up to stop her. She couldn't bring herself to look into his eyes; she realized that she was mourning. Not so much for the loss of her crew, nor over her treatment from Starfleet after having given them almost twenty years of her life, not even over Chakotay. But more so for the optimistic free spirited woman that seemingly died when the Caretaker flung Voyager into the Delta Quadrant.

The feeling of fingers stroking down her cheek caused her to jerk her head up before reigning her emotions back under control, belatedly realizing that the movement meant Marc could see the sorrow her eyes unveiled.
“Perhaps, you are mourning the loss of a family member? a friend? or is it a lover?” He questioned.

Only now with that abrupt question did Kathryn notice he had neatly backed her against a wall, his fingers on her face, as he began to lower his head for a kiss. Pushing herself from the wall and ducking to the left behind him she began backing toward the direction the dining hall.

“I appreciate your concern Marc. but really it’s unwarranted. I’m fine. Now, how about that table for one?”

He walked her to her table and held her chair out as she lowered herself into the seat. Once seated he lifted her hand to kiss her fingers before leaving the dining room, “Should you desire anything, anything more I am at your disposal” She nodded regally once and turned to review the menu.

Throughout dinner Kathryn again had the sense of being watched and causally let her eyes wander the course of the dining room. Tables were scattered here and there occupied by couples and families. To one side of the room there was an L shaped bar and as her eyes passed over the bar, something pulled at her attention. Call it intuition or a bout of ESP, whatever but Kathryn had the distinct feeling that the dark corner along the wall was where her audience lurked. The only other time she had felt something so strong had been aboard Voyager when she could sense Chakotay’s presence in the same room. He only needed to walk into a room and before she ever laid eyes on him she knew he was there, sharing the same space as she. Now more than a little curious and due to the wine that never seemed to leave her glass, quite tipsy. She laughed at herself “Get a grip Kathryn.”

She felt the sensation again and glanced out of her peripheral vision trying to catch the culprit but they eluded her. Thinking maybe it was the wine she finished her glass, paid her tab and casually made her way out of the dining area. She decided to turn in perhaps a long soak would ease her overactive imagination. Absentmindedly, rubbing sore neck muscles she crossed the courtyard to the main lobby. As she passed the main desk she noticed that Marc wasn’t there, thankful for small blessings she made her way to the desk smiling to the young lady on duty. Kathryn arranged to have the Jeep dropped off the following morning; she knew she was in no shape to drive the winding roads leading back to her villa.

Meandering along the beach with her sandals dangling between her fingers Kathryn headed for the shoreline. The feel of the waves crashing against her ankles was relaxing as she walked the
shore admiring the stars. Her mind drifted back to the last time she actually just watched the stars and the moon while planet side. Must have been nearly as long as her last sunrise. This time she recalled it quite clearly because she had fallen asleep on the ground that night, but the next morning woke up in her bed. She could remember wondering how she had gotten there, but figured Chakotay must have carried her while she was asleep. That night seemed like a life time ago now. The breeze and the sound of waves were doing nothing for her foggy mind, if anything she felt even more languid. Thank goodness she was nearing her villa; it really wouldn't be becoming to be found in the morning passed out on the beach.

If the cool breeze did nothing to help sober her, the fact that villa was lit did. Kathryn didn't recall leaving the lights on, nor did she recall setting the timer; but there before her the windows twinkled. Strangely enough the wood lattice doors didn't give her any trouble, as they had earlier in the week. Cautiously she crossed the darken sitting room heading toward the rear of the main house through the back door, and across the stone causeway leading to second building where her bed room was located as it seemed this was where the light was coming from. The first thing she noticed when opening the bedroom door was the source of the rooms' illumination. Lit candles were placed throughout the entire room, on shelves, hanging from the sconces on the wall, even on along the floor. Rose petals were strewn across the floor and bed; the curtains seem to dance on the breeze from the open side door. Curiosity getting the better of her, Kathryn inched her way forward through the bedroom and then into the adjoining bathroom, and she caught her breath at the sight.

The entire room was lit by candlelight, the tub over flowed with bubbles and she could smell jasmine in the air. On the ledge of the sink counter sat two crystal glasses, a bottle of wine and strawberries with whipped cream. As she neared the tub she noted several exotic blooms floating on the waters surface. Peonies, fuji mums, roses, lilies and orchids all gently floating on the surface as if it the most natural thing in the world. Sighing to herself and thinking this was just what she needed, she lowered herself into a sitting position on the edge and let her fingers play in...
the water amongst the blooms and bubbles.

Kathryn laughed to herself remembering how much Justin would tease her about her baths. How many times had he walked into their bathroom to find the exact same picture? How many times had he teased her about being a hopeless romantic? And how many times had she pouted and asked him to wash her back only to reach out and pull him in with her once he had finished. She allowed a genuine smile to cross her lips remembering how Justin would often rub her shoulders and neck in the tub. Which prompted Kathryn's memories to phase to New Earth and she began to replace Justin's image with Chakotay's. How badly she missed him at that moment, after many days she could finally admit to herself that she missed Chakotay. So much so that she imagined she could feel his fingers across her neck stroking sore shoulders, massaging slightly and she begin to loose herself in the sensation until she heard him speak.

~ Chapter 3 ~

Her entire body went rigid, Kathryn knew that voice - but it's wasn't Chakotay's. She stayed still feeling lips touch the base of her neck, the sensation jolting her in to action. Quickly pushing herself up to a standing position and turning behind her, she stared with angry eyes. Standing there as if it was an everyday occurrence was Marc. After the initial shock wore off she found herself beyond pissed.

In a low voice, that her crew would've recognized the need to 'proceed with caution', she asked “What the hell are you doing in my room?” Never once did Kathryn's eyes leave his face but she surreptitiously searched for a weapon should one be needed. The wine bottle would have worked nicely but she too far away for it to be of help.

“I let myself in and imagine my surprise when I saw you had prepared for my visit.” he stated while slowly inching toward her.

Kathryn backed away circling the tub, making sure it stayed between her and him. “I don't know what the hell you're talking about. I don't know what gave you the impression to show up like this, I never once asked for your company.” She could feel the adrenaline beginning to flow through her veins and could hear it in the slight rumble of her low tone.

Marc smirked “Perhaps, not verbally. but your actions earlier this evening indicated an interest. An interest that is returned I assure you.”
Kathryn kept circling the tub whenever he advanced, a few more feet and she'd be within reach of
the wine bottle; she could break it off over the edge of the marble counter if necessary. Why
hadn't she thought to bring a damn phaser along on this trip? Why had she allowed herself to get
this drunk? Sober she would have been able to drop this fool with her bare hands. But in her
current state of inebriation he seemed to be in two places at once, dammit! She chided herself
while making a concentrated effort not to look at the bottle as they continue the dance.

Marc stopped suddenly and looked heatedly in her direction, not until she looked beyond him and
into the mirror on the far wall did Kathryn realize what prompted such an intense gaze. She could
see herself outlined through the thin dress she was wearing by the full moon and candlelight, the
breeze from the open window expanse raising the hem and ruffling the length of her auburn hair.
His movement brought her attention back to him and once more they begin their dance.

“Marc.” she addressed him firmly, trying to control the anger in her voice “I suggest you leave.
Now. I do not desire your presence. Not downstairs before dinner and certainly not now. Please
leave, before you make me do something that you’ll regret”.

His eyes were fierce and he smirked a bit shaking his head “No.”

Taken aback for a moment, only a moment by his brazenness. Kathryn thundered “No?! What do
you mean no?”

“You’re alone here. My coworkers saw our little interlude in the corridor before dinner. My
escorting you to your table and kissing your hand. Well.... it wouldn't take much to say that we
were involved now would it?”

Kathryn’s temper boiled over at his audacity, reaching behind her while he prattled on she
allowed her fingers to securely wrap around the neck of the wine bottle. Gripping the bottle
tightly she slowly began to raise it up along her side; she found herself even more angry; he was
still talking, that son of bitch.

“You wouldn't be the first woman visiting the Island to request my presence as you put it earlier”
and with that he quickly advanced toward her.

While backing away Kathryn turned and as she passed the ledge of the counter top she let the
bottle violently make contact, the contents shattering and spilling onto the floor, down the side the tub, splattering her dress, and running rivulets down her hand as she swung the jagged shards of glass in front of her. “Marc, I’m warning you. Leave before you get hurt.”

He just leered at her “Hmmm.... I like my women to have a bit of fire” as he attempted to rush her. Kathryn watch his advance seemingly in slow motion, waiting until Marc was right in front of her and then she sliced the jagged edge of the broken bottle against his cheek. With her chest heaving from the adrenaline rush, the remnants of alcohol and more than a little fear; she side-stepping him in an attempt to get to the exit.

“Bitch!” he hissed as he fingered the bloody gash across his cheek.

“I warned you. Now leave!” she ordered in a husky tone that shook slightly with rage. “Leave, before you have a more severe injury” and she pointed the weapon toward his crotch.

Marc's face contorted with anger? lust? frustration? Kathryn wasn't entirely sure. But just when he would’ve rushed toward her again, Kathryn heard Chakotay's calm but angry voice in her ear and felt him at her back. “I believe my wife asked you to leave.”

Kathryn had to hold him back with her free arm when she felt him make a step toward the man. She didn't need to look at his face to know his emotions. Every one was showcased in his body language. The tightness of his arm around her waist, the low strained rumble in his voice and the tautness of his thighs just behind her own. It was all there: shock, anger, worry, rage, jealousy, and love.

Marc looked up and met her eyes “Whore! You said you were alone. Who is this?” he accused.

Although relieved for Chakotay's presence Kathryn was still spitting mad, “Figure it out.” she growled. “Besides, who he is doesn't concern you. However, that cut beneath your eye looks rather nasty perhaps you should have it looked at. Or if you’d prefer I can always let him throw you over the balcony there.”

She felt Chakotay move to step forward and had to restrain him further. “Now, leave” she bore her eyes into him, letting him see her rage; her anger just short of murderous intent.
Marc slowly backed away through the main entrance of the bathroom, across the bedroom and finally out the side door. As Kathryn watched Chakotay walk over to lock the door, her body started shaking uncontrollably, so much so that she could no longer hold herself up. Between the wine, and now the adrenaline rush wearing off, her strength seemed to be zapped, her knees began to buckle and she allowed hot tears to stream down her face as she let out a ragged sob. Just as her knees finally gave way she felt Chakotay wrap his arm around her from behind, while supporting her, he allow them to sink to cool floor holding her as she trembled. Tears continued to quietly stream down her face as the fear and adrenaline of moments before seeped from her exhausted form.

Kathryn could feel Chakotay kissing her temple and rubbing circles on her arms, whispering “It’s alright love, you’re safe now.”

He continued to whisper in her ear but Kathryn lost track of the actual words. Not until she felt his fingers slid down her arm, past her elbow and over her wrist to her hand that still gripped the wine bottle did she come back to what he was actually saying. “Beloved let go.” he whispered, but her grip only tightened on the glass “Love, you have to let go. You’ll hurt yourself” and she felt his fingers try to pry the glass from her.

But in her current state of mind she only gripping the bottle more tightly. She felt his arm around her waist tighten as Chakotay brought her more firmly back against him. Then he jerked her slightly, “Kathryn, let got of the bottle” he demand with a more authoritative tone. The sudden jolt and his tone of voice was enough to bring her back to the present and slowly she watched her fingers relinquish the glass, watched his hand slide under her own to tilt so that the bottle fell to the floor.

Kathryn startled slightly with the noise and was brought fully out of her stupor. She stood, turned to look up at him and without saying a word she reached up to cup his face for a kiss. At first it was a tepid, tender kiss and then she could feel his arms wrap around her and pull her closer while he deepened the kiss.

Finally, after long moments the need to breath caused the pair to part slowly. She allowed her arms to go around his back and Chakotay returned the hug while placing a kiss at her temple. They stayed like that for long moments, just embracing each other and then he walked her into the other room to sit on the bed while he knelt before her. She was still shaking but to a lesser degree, although Kathryn couldn’t exactly say whether it was due to the ordeal or this man’s kisses. Suddenly, she became aware that he’d been here the entire time, but she never told him where she was going, so how did he know? These thoughts chased themselves in her head until she found the strength to voice them.
“How did you find me?” she asked in a hoarse whisper.

“Wasn’t easy. The day after you left I figured I had to act quickly. I tried you at Headquarters but was told you’d taken leave. So I went back to your quarters, but I noticed the haphazard way your things were strewn about. It looked like you packed in a hurry. I thought maybe you were going to your Mothers. So I called her, but Phoebe answered, I asked if she knew were you where. When she said that she had spoken with you but you weren’t there; I knew she knew where you were. I had to pry it out of her but eventually she gave me everything I needed. The flight number, what resort, the villa number, everything. Albeit that was after I begged, promised my devotion to you, agreed to visit your niece and nephew’s school to give a lecture, and submit a couple sand paintings for her next exhibit.”

Kathryn just stared at him for long moments, “You’ve been here.... the....entire time haven’t you? Watching in me in the gardens, on my morning runs, at the market, at dinner; the whole time.” She wasn’t angry or upset, just stating facts. “It explains why I felt as if I was being watched, stalked almost” she stroked his brow, “Did you follow me down to the beach tonight?”

Chakotay held her hand to his face and then kissed the palm, “No” he breathed.

She scrunched her face in confusion, “Then how did you....”

“I saw the whole thing. I saw the way he watched you as if you were prey for weeks. I saw the exchange in the corridor earlier and I was about to follow you out to beach when I saw him take off in a hurry, so I followed him instead. Since I had arranged for the resort to set the bedroom and tub for you has a surprise I waited outside a suitable amount of time for him to check the work and leave when I heard you came up the walkway. I slipped in behind you before the door could close and hid in the shadows. I watched you walk into the bathroom and then a couple of minutes later I saw him follow you in. I thought maybe he was asking if everything was to your liking, so I figured I’d give him about a minute or two before I went in after you. It was quiet for a few moments and then I heard you say ‘What do you mean No?’ I know that tone of voice and I decided to check things myself.”

Chakotay looked up at her and then slowly stood bringing Kathryn with him; he simply held her close and stroked her back, “I was scared shitless, when I heard the glass break and then him call you a bitch.” He squeezed her tighter and trailed little kisses over her temples, eyelids, cheeks, down her neck and just below her ear. “I couldn’t hear you. I thought he might have hurt you, thrown you into the mirror or something. The only thing I could see in my mind was you on the floor defenseless and
him standing over you. So, when I saw you through the doorway I just reacted. I meant to grab you around the waist and pull you out of harms way. But then you stopped me.”

He cupped her face, letting his finger run across her cheekbone, content for a moment to just look her. After that moment Chakotay raised her face and kissed her while his roaming hands caressed her body, before settling on her backside and pulling her further against him.

“I still don't know how you managed to actually cut him and then have the wits about you to taunt him before throwing him out,” he laughed slightly before leaning down to bury his face in her hair.

Kathryn pushed back from him “If you hadn’t been there Chakotay--”

“Don’t.”

He silence her with a hungry, demanding kiss; a kiss which Kathryn fully returned. While they kissed and caressed each other a battle waging between her head and her heart. Was she ready for this? Ready to allow where they were headed? Could she count her heart safe with him? Did he love her, or was it just the idea of getting into the Captain pants that excited him? If she allowed this what would he demand of her later?

He must have sensed her internal battle. Chakotay eased them out of the kiss to look her in the eye. “I love you Kathryn. I always have. We’ve both stumbled. Me more recently, but I want you to know that I never once stopped loving you. I know you have reservations about us but --” he stopped and let his eyes plead his case. Her heart won out; and for the first time in seven years Kathryn smothered the Captain.

She shook her head and placed her fingers against his lips. “You had me at ‘Beloved’”. She smiled a lopsided grin while stroking his tattoo. That sensation seemed to spurn him on further and he lowered his head to kiss her again. Soon the tenderness transformed into passion, raw lust and she felt him respond in a similar manner. His hands roamed her body in wide arcs while she held him to her mouth, nipping his lower lip. Her free hand traveled to the waistband of his pants to pull the shirttail out while Chakotay's hands roamed up her back across freckled shoulders and up into her auburn hair. Kathryn released his head and allowed both her hands to slip under his shirt to caress his chest. He groaned in the back of his throat and she felt him knead her ass and pull her tighter, closer still. She quickly worked the buttons of his shirt and in short order it was laying on the floor. She fumbled with the fastener of his pants before finally being able to slip a hand in to cup his length.
Chakotay deepened the kiss at that point, groaning as he forced his tongue into her mouth. He began to tug at her dress and became frustrated with the unyielding article of clothing. He pushed her away slightly, stepping out of and kicking the rest of his clothes to the side and then he reached for her shoulders pulling her back to him, taking another savage kiss while ripping the dress from her neckline to her navel.

The action surprised and aroused Kathryn, she matched his fervor though. Letting hands roam his bronze body; chest, arms, abs, flanks and ass. Chakotay began to peel Kathryn out of the dress and once removed he tossed her onto the bed. He stood a moment to drink in the site before him; Kathryn sprawled on her back, naked except for her panties. He never imaged Kathryn wearing skimpy panties, but here she was. And his question to himself whether she had warn a bra that evening was answered; she hadn't.

He slowly climbed up toward her running his fingertips along her legs; Kathryn had unbelievably long legs. It was a crime the way she had to hide herself way all these years, determined to see her lose control Chakotay bent to trail his tongue up her inner thigh and smiled a the little kitten noise she made. He let his hands tickle her ribcage as he blew hot air over her mound. Rising further until he hovered above her. He placed a muscled thigh between her parted legs and bent forward taking her breast into his mouth.

Kathryn arched her back pushing herself further into his warm mouth; with a moan she threw her head back opened her legs wider grinding her sex against his thigh. Kathryn couldn't believe how sensual this was, how wanton she felt. Soon the paced picked back up and Chakotay was thrusting his muscled thigh between her legs as she gripped his back and shoulders. He began to knead her breasts more firmly almost to the point of pain. She squirmed a little under the pressure and felt him lower further on top of her, pressing her more fully into the mattress.

Chakotay was kissing her shoulders, then the sensitive spot just below her ear; finally back up to her lips. He stole her kisses, pressing his lips harshly against hers with such force she couldn't even turn her head. When she felt him rip her panties away Kathryn realized she needed to slow things down; it had been awhile for her, despite the rumors the crew circulated. She hadn't been with Jaffen in this way, his species stimulated sexually through the mind. And she had caught herself before going too far with her holodeck fantasy of Michael Sullivan. Nor did she allow Kashyk into her bed. The last time she had been with a man was when her mind was swiped under the siege of the Hirogen; even as Katrin she'd only been with Captain Miller once.

Coming back to the present she attempted to sensually slow them down by raining little kisses on
his brows, eyelids, cheeks, his neck and shoulders. Slowly he seemed ease back from his manic pawing of her body. He began to return the same type of treatment, trailing kisses down her neck, across her collarbone, to her breasts. Chakotay suckled her breasts for long minutes and then gently bit down on a nipple causing Kathryn whimper slightly and her back to arch, she allowed his fingers to trail fire down her belly and finally to her throbbing sex.

Despite his gentleness minutes before he fingered her sex roughly, grunting in pleasure at finding her wet and ready. Kathryn knew that this joining was going to be hard and fast and she wasn’t the least bit disappointed. He needed this raw, primal joining just as badly as she wanted it. Chakotay’s arousal, thick and long pulsed against her thigh as he fingered her sex again. His nostrils flaring, his eyes almost black at the scent emanating from her sex. Even with the knowledge that afterward she would most likely need a dermal regenerator, Kathryn surrender herself to Chakotay. She felt his hands parting her thighs further then he was gripping her hips tightly, he whispered something gruffly in his native language before forcibly joining them in one hard long thrust.

Kathryn couldn’t have helped it if she tried; she screamed.

In his aroused haze Chakotay knew her scream was one of pain, not pleasure. He remained still for a minute allowing her to adjust to his size. She brought her legs up higher and he helped support her thighs around his hips. She had her face buried in his neck so he couldn't see her facial expression. He leaned back slightly to look at her. He thought she looked beautiful under the candlelight. The soft light danced on her freckled shoulders and accented the red and gold coloring of her hair splayed beneath her. He noticed this but he notice more importantly the pained expression on her face. He shifted slightly to slide gently out of her and back again, repeating these gentle strokes, until her brow relaxed again.

Kathryn could feel Chakotay looking at her and dared to open her eyes after long moments. Chakotay’s hand traced the curve of her breast, kneading and pulling the flesh there. Then she felt his mouth on its twin, his tongue circling her nipple again and again, the feel of his weight between her thighs. The sensations soothed the white hot pain she felt when he first thrust into womanhood and her arousal began to grow again. She reached down between them to stroke his inner thigh and thrust her hips upward while taking her hand to pull his hips further into her. Chakotay looked at her with feverish eyes; he needed this woman so badly. But at the moment he needed to possess her in the way a male animal possessed its mate. Kathryn saw his battle and simply relaxed further into the mattress parting her legs wider, opening herself to him further by moving her arms above her head. In a husky voice she didn't recognize as her own she looked him in the eye and said “Cha – ko -tay, take all that you need.”

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Published: March 8, 2008
That was it. Any type of control Chakotay had left evaporated when Kathryn said those words. He leaned forward to kiss her and again he whispered something she didn’t understand before she felt him thrust roughly into her sex again and again. She could feel him moving deeper and deeper within her pushing and stretching her inner walls, hitting against her cervix. The feeling was delicious, and the friction mounted as Chakotay ground his hips into hers. Kathryn arched her back further and released a low moan from her throat. He gripped both her hips and began to pound into her with a furiousness he hadn't expected. He licked and nibbled at her breasts all the while hammering into her welcoming pussy.

Kathryn could feel her orgasm approaching and she strained for it; panting open mouthed, gripping his shoulders while stretching her neck and arching her back. So close, but it wasn’t enough and she growled in frustration, in one fluid movement she flipped them so that Chakotay was now beneath her. Sensing his surprise, she lunged forward to kiss him. She kissed, licked and nibbled at his lips; not once had they broken stride, he was still deeply embedded and she found her sex felt deliciously full.

Chakotay marveled at her beauty, stroking her hips as she began to ride him. He thrust up into her pussy and pulled her head down for another savage kiss, sucking her lower lip into his mouth, he began to knead her ass as she rose up and down. Kathryn leaned back from the kiss and looked at him with a smoldering passion he’d always suspected she was capable of. He wondered why she moved further away on him, that’s when he noticed she was touching herself as she rode him; he watched her stroke her belly, sides, cup her breasts and pinch her nipples before her hand raised to play in her hair while her free hand rubbed the spot above where they were joined. He licked his lips at the sight of her toying with her nipples and then smoothing her other hand lower to rub at her clit. He tried to sit up but she firmly pushed him back and shook her head slightly. Chakotay watch as she ran her hands in circle along her hips and thighs, noticing the arc was widening until he could feel her hand cup his balls behind her. He fell back at that sensation watching her through hazy eyes. Kathryn cupped him a moment more then separating her ass cheeks as far as they would go before slamming down on his manhood again. The action actually caused his eyes to roll closed as he gripped her tightly against him and thrust upward.

She ground down against him in a circular motion pivoting back and forward; effectively riding his hard length encased within. He kept one hand resting on her waist guiding her movements while the other played with a breast. Then she felt his mouth on her breasts again as his fingers moved to the spot where we’re joined. As she continued the pace as she felt his fingers rubbing against her sensitive clit. Kathryn gasped and then gave a throaty moan throwing her head back as she rid him faster. Chakotay continued to rub her clitoris as he thrust upward into her movements. She could feel the fire coil tightly in her belly then began to fray and before she knew it her inner walls clamped down violently around his length, she shuttered and bucked against him while letting a husky garbled scream tear from her throat.
That time Chakotay could tell her scream was one of pleasure and maybe surprise as well. Damn watching her ride him like that, so passionate and abandoned as she tipped her head back, thrusting her breasts in his face and the feel of her inner walls gripping him during her orgasm made his blood warm even further; watching Kathryn orgasm had made him even harder. Chakotay growled, and as her inner walls were still contracting, he violently yanked her up and off his length, turned her onto her stomach, raised her hips and then surged back into the inviting depths of her womanhood just as her inner muscles had clamped down.

Kathryn cried out again as Chakotay began to thrust into her; at this angle he was ramming restlessly against her G spot. Breathless and panting, she could feel another orgasm building. She felt one of his hands drift down to play in her wetness, pressing, probing, and tweaking her clit. The hand then moved up to knead her breasts, all the while Chakotay continued his onslaught from behind. His other hand drifted to her waist and he held her more securely against him as his pace increased, the tempo becoming rougher and more demanding. Kathryn felt his hand fall away from her breast only moments later to feel the same hand slip into her hair. He wrapped the length in his fist and pulled her neck and head back.

Chakotay’s thrusting had become an all consuming jackhammer against her cervix, oh God. She couldn’t orgasm again this quickly could she? Her body answered the question for her, as a light show exploded behind her closed lids, the intensity of her orgasm ripping the air from her lungs as her hands fisted the bed covers. Chakotay continued to thrust through the unforgiving vise grip her walls seized around his hardness. His pace increased yet again and with her neck exposed she felt him tenderly bite down, marking her as his mate.

His fist released her hair and her head fell forward heavily, she was dizzy and her legs were shaking. Kathryn felt Chakotay once again fondle her clit, she shook her head trying to let him know it was too soon, too much, she couldn’t take another orgasm so soon. She felt both his hands move to her waist, this time pulling her up and back so that both of their weight was being supported by their knees and even still he continued to grind upward into her pussy, grunting and panting in her ear. She reached up and grabbed him by the back of the head and leaning her own backwards to hold him to her for a searing kiss.

A moment later Kathryn was on her knees again whimpering, it was too much! She felt like her blood was on fire, her chest burned and it was hard to breath from the ongoing orgasm that she was trapped in. She could hear Chakotay’s breath coming in pants and then she heard him growl his approval has her pussy contracted again around his length. Kathryn thought she was going to pass out, she rarely climaxed twice and had never in her life climaxed three times; already her legs had given way.
Chakotay thrust a final time holding her back against him tightly and then she felt the flood of his release against her cervix, causing after shocks of her previous orgasms. Even after he'd stopped ejaculating he held her, resting his forehead against her shoulder. Long indeterminable minutes passed before both their breathing returned to normal and then Chakotay pivoted to the side. She turned to lie on her back while he opted to roll onto his stomach, their limbs were a tangled mess. After a moment Kathryn felt him wrap his arm around her the weight of his palm resting on her breast, and his thigh rose to rest over hers. The weight of his body in this position effectively trapping her, almost as if he wanted to be sure she would still be beside him in the morning. It was in this position they both drifted to sleep.

~ Chapter 4 ~

Sunlight. She felt sunlight on her face. Kathryn slowly awoke the next morning, her mind sluggish to take in her surroundings. After long minutes her mind began to focus and she remembered where she was and with whom she had spent the night. She smiled and turned to reach for him, but her arm found empty space. She turned back, and tried to rise up a bit to look around the room; but the action left her gasping for breath, the movement causing painful friction between her tender flesh. Breathing slowly she eased her body into a sitting position to search the bedroom but there was no sign of Chakotay. Her aching body told the tale of the night before, so she knew she hadn't dreamt their encounter. Leaning forward she wrapped her arms around her legs resting her chin on her knees as she gazed out toward the ocean.

That was how Chakotay found her when he came into the room, coffee cup in hand. She hadn't turned toward him yet so he just stood there watching her as she watched the ocean. Kathryn could sense that he was just behind her in the entry way. Comfortable, she stayed where she was for a moment longer before turning in his direction. He smiled at her and continued toward the bed.

“Hey, Gorgeous” he said smiling a deep dimpled smile.

She smiled back reaching for the coffee “Hey yourself, Handsome.”

But he held the cup out of reach and leaned down to kissed her softly. Rising up he then handed her the cup and sat beside her as she leaned back against the headboard to let his finger trail down her arm. She allowed his touch and reveled in the sensation, to wake up this way every morning would be heaven.

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Published: March 8, 2008
Chakotay swept her hair over her shoulder and began to kiss the base of her neck whispering “That's the plan Kat”.

Kathryn hadn’t realized she had given voice to her last thought. Chakotay waited to see her reaction to the nickname, but he couldn’t help letting it slip. In his mind that had become one of his pet names for her after watching her orgasm the previous night.

Kathryn sipped the last of coffee and turned her head to the side look at him. ’Kat’ he’d called her ’Kat’; not Kay, not Kate or Katie, not Kath or Kathy; but simply ’Kat’. She looked at him wondering why he settled on that variation of her name. Chakotay must have sense her question so he explained their loving make from his perspective, which was causing a heated flush to start creeping across Kathryn chest and neck, finally up to her cheeks. Last night she recalled feeling wanton but wasn’t aware she acted out the carnal images she saw in her mind. She’d just allowed herself to enjoy the moment, allowed her self to feel the way he affected her. She tipped her head forward a bit to rest against her shoulder.

She felt him raise her chin, “Don't apologize Kathryn, and don't be ashamed of it. I wanted to; I needed to see you like that. You are always so controlled, it's not healthy. I needed to see you let go for my own peace of mind.”

Chakotay thought back to Admiral Janeway's visit, and although the older Kathryn was still beautiful to him. Her eyes lacked the spark that his Kathryn’s had. He remembered feeling troubled because he hadn't seen that spark in Kathryn's eyes in a while on Voyager unless it was while she was mounting some maverick rescue or away mission. The blatant disregard she had for her safety worried him. And to know that if left unchecked, 26 years later the same disregard could've led her to what the Admiral had done; that down right frightened him.

He lowered her to the bed and began to kiss her, she tasted of coffee and he smiled thinking she would forever taste of coffee. Chakotay trail his fingertips across her collarbone down the valley of her breasts slowly removing the sheet that obstructed his view of her. He wanted her again, only this time he’d torture her slowly.

Kathryn sensed his intention but was powerless to stop his advancements; she was too spellbound by his kisses. As his hands began to caress her body she felt her arousal building again. Chakotay had awakened the sexual creature in Kathryn and she wanted nothing more than to lay down with him and let their arousal swarm their bodies. Chakotay loved the throaty moans coming from her and began to trail his fingers down her belly towards her navel, he let his fingertips drag up the inside of leg starting from her ankle and working his way toward her
center. He was lost in the softness of her body, how she yielded to him, to his touch. As his fingers grazed her sex, Kathryn broke the kiss sharply and hissed.

That was not the reaction he was going for and by look on her face she hadn't meant react so sharply either. “Kat? What is it?”

Kathryn turn her head away for a moment trying to find the words to tell him her problem. Finally she turned back and stroked his face with her index finger. “I'm sorry, it's not you. It's me...Well, it is you... but it's mostly me.”

She was rambling so she fell back on their game of subtext. “Chakotay, I love you. I don't think I told you last night. But remember that after what I say next” she paused for a moment. “Chakotay you're hung like a damn horse, and I've not been horse riding in years”.

She waited for him to work through her words and cringed thinking she’d been too vague or too vulgar. After a moment Chakotay roared with laughter, taking that as a good sign she smiled slightly.

Chakotay shook his head and then leaned down to kiss her. “Well, we'll just have to get you back in riding form, won't we? Do you have a medkit?” Kathryn nodded and gestured toward the nightstand.

Chakotay leaned over and pulled the kit to the bed and then told her lay back. He flicked the regenerator on and knelt in front her at the foot of the bed. Taking his hands he gently parted her thighs until she bared her sex to his eyes. He stroked her legs, making sure to add some level of pleasure to the task before him. Kathryn’s womanhood was swollen and angry looking, he began to wave the regenerator over the inflamed tissues while kissing the inside of her knee.

The regenerator helped to ease the discomfort she was suffering from and his tenderness helped to ease her reservations about what he thought of her body in the light of day. Once she was sufficiently healed he leaned forward to kiss her there. He kissed her with wet opened mouthed kisses and then began the lick her outer lips. He heard her whimper and had to hold her hips down to keep her from bucking; he gave her pussy one more slow lick of his tongue before leaning back to look at her. She was looking directly at him through long parted legs, the sight made him harden a bit. She looked at him with stormy eyes and licked her top lip. She let fingers comb through his hair and smiled after a moment.
“Later lover. Right now I think I want a bath, care to join to me?” Chakotay shook his head, if he got in the tub with her he wouldn't be able to control himself. “Next time Kat. You go ahead; the water was on a warming timer, so it should still be hot.” He kissed the inside of her knee again before letting her leave the room.

The warm water was exactly what she needed to soothe her aching muscles; muscles that hadn't been quite so abused in years. She thought back to Chakotay's arrival the night before, something was nagging at her. She tried to recall what was said between herself, Chakotay and Marc. That was when she remembered Chakotay had called her his wife. His wife! What had he meant by that? Was it just a ploy to trick Marc into believing she was married? Sighing she reasoned she wouldn't know until she asked him. And just at the moment she wasn't inclined to move. She leaned back further in the tub and allowed the flowers and scents to relax her. She really should get out; she'd been in the tub for the last hour and a half. Her Mother would've been banging the door down by now. Her Mother! Shit! She forgot her Mother and Phoebe, and dammit her brother in law Stephen and the twins were due to arrive today. Shit! Shit! Shit!

She grabbed the towel to cover herself as she rose out of the tub, the water running rivulets down her body with the motion. She'd just placed the towel against her neck when she felt Chakotay's eyes on her. Chakotay stood entranced by her beauty she looked like a water nymph standing in water up to her knees and flowers sticking to her glistening body.

She looked up to see his eyes dilate and his nostrils flare. She would have to attempt to side step him on her way out the tub, she'd love nothing more than to let him ravish her but she needed to warn him about her family coming. She eyed the floor trying to remember where the broken wine bottle was, but didn't see any glass, so stepped out of the tub and wrapped the towel around her body. She winked at Chakotay and tried to pass him to head back into the bedroom, but he stepped into her path causing her to step back a moment and look up at him.

“You're beautiful Kathryn” Chakotay pulled her in for a kiss; he just couldn't get enough of her now that he had tasted her. Slowly, Kathryn began to respond to the kiss letting her arms wrap around his shoulders and neck. Chakotay began to untie the towel around body and had the back undone before she could stop him. She broke the kiss and reached behind her to nervously close the towel again. Her tenseness and movement caused Chakotay to eye her, what was she trying to hide? He didn't think this was about her regretting last night or this morning; no, she was trying to hide something from his view.

She would've been successful if not for the mirror behind her. His eyes widened and he continued to stare at her back reflected in the mirror, there at the base of her spine nestled on creamy pale
skin was his tattoo. After long moments he dragged his line of sight from the image and looked down into her uncertain eyes. He wasn’t upset, he was just curious when she had done this, why she hadn’t told him and he worried that she had done this without realizing the actual significance within his tribe. Taking advantage of his surprise she easily slipped by him back into the bedroom. By the time Chakotay came to his senses she was dressed sitting on the bed with her head in her hands.

“Kathryn--”

“I know we need to talk Chakotay and I promise to tell you everything, well what I know of everything. But that conversation will have to wait until later.” Chakotay was about to interrupt her but Kathryn threw her hand up to silence him. Realizing what she’d just done she apologized, “I’m sorry. I didn't mean to do that, old habit. I did that enough to you on Voyager.” She shook her head to bring her thought back to the present, “Chakotay it will have to wait until later because my family is due to arrive soon. Please, I do love you and I’m not trying to shut you out. I absolutely loved your surprise last night, but I’d rather Phoebe not see my bedroom and the bathroom like this before I tell them about us. I’d never live it down” she joked.

Chakotay held her eyes with his as he walked toward her. He lifted her chin to tip her head back, in a firm voice said, “Okay Kathryn. But we will talk about this. I won’t let you skirt the issue this time.” He kissed her softly and left the room.

So she used those precious minutes to clean up the bedroom, gathering the rose petals as she went. She would save those to add to the centerpiece in the sitting room. She gathered the candles and placed them back in the cupboard under the bathroom sink. She pulled the bed cover up and replaced the duvet that haphazardly had been flung during the evening. She then turned to start cleaning up the bathroom, she guessed Chakotay had taken care of the glass from the previous night, as she could find no trace of it now; he must have done the same with the strawberries. She drained the tub and fished out the larger petals and blooms. She’d let them dry on the deck and then use them in same centerpiece as the roses. In all it only took her an hour to make both rooms presentable.

Chakotay felt he had to leave the room. At that moment he couldn’t look at her, he loved her but she infuriated him at times. He knew she had apologized for cutting him off, but the manner in which she had done so brought back years of memories of Captain Janeway doing the same action before dismissing his concerns.

He knew it wasn’t her intent just by looking in her eyes as she sat dejected on the bed. But at that
moment he had to leave the room, but he didn't want to think she was upset with her so he'd kissed her before coming back to the main house. Kathryn had given him his space for the last hour and he felt calmer for it. As he looked up he could see her standing in the front courtyard next to the hammock with her arms wrapped around her and her eyes closed as she tipped her head up to the sun. The last weeks had been amazing for him to watch her transformation; it was like watching the life cycle of a butterfly. And here at the end of that time Kathryn seemed to finally be finding her own again. He was relieved for this turn of events; he had feared she would slip into another depression if left to her own devices for three whole weeks.

Kathryn turned and started for the side entrance to the main house, deep in thought she didn't register the vid com beeping.

“Are you going to get that, it may be your Mother.” Kathryn jerked her head up startled by his voice. She'd half thought he left her after his discovery in the bathroom and her slip with silencing him. She stared at him a moment before turning to answer her caller. He was right; it was her mother letting her know that they would be arriving to her villa in an hour's time. Gretchen and Phoebe had rented a suite at the resort's main campus and wanted to get settled before coming out to see her. Kathryn spoke with her Mother a moment more before they ended the call.

She pushed away from the terminal and made her way into the kitchen for an iced coffee. She returned to the sitting room and as she passed his chair, Chakotay reached out and brought her to sit in his lap. “I'm not going anywhere, Kat. I just needed a moment.”

Kathryn leaned back into his shoulder nodding her understanding. “You'll stay to meet my family then?” she asked.

He chuckled slightly, “They know I'm here Kathryn, well they knew I followed you to the Island. And no doubt Phoebe knows exactly where I stayed the night.”

Kathryn nodded at that, and laughed to herself “Another victim of the Janeway maneuver. It wouldn't surprise me if Mom and Phoebe planned this whole thing the moment we landed in San Francisco.”
They stayed that way until her Mother and Sister arrived, Phoebe explaining she left the twins with Steven at the resort.

Neither woman was surprised to see Chakotay there; they'd secretly made bets with themselves; Tom and B'elanna as well. B'elanna won the bet regarding how long it would take them to actually
get together. But after speaking with Chakotay's sister Sekaya; Gretchen was certain her bet was a sure thing when it came down to the wedding. Tom and B'elanna believed the couple would announce their engagement at the Welcome Home gala. Phoebe believed they would marry in Indiana before the gala. Gretchen, well Gretchen placed a split bet. She reasoned either they would marry on the Island before Kathryn's forced vacation ended or that they were already married before Voyager landed. Tom, B'elanna, and Phoebe looked at the older woman like she had finally lost her mind. What they didn't know was that Gretchen had seen the tattoo on Kathryn's back one night. She had wondered the significance of her having taken the design as a tattoo rather than perhaps having molded the design into a necklace or bracelet. After speaking with Sekaya she too wondered if Kathryn was fully aware of the significance in taking Chakotay's tattoo. She also wondered if Chakotay knew about it. Surely not if he got involved with Seven of Nine?

All too soon the extended weekend was over and Kathryn was saying good bye to her Mother and Phoebe, Steven and the kids. It had been a good visit, and Chakotay had fit right in her family. He didn't miss a beat when it came to teasing with Phoebe, playing with the twins, cooking with her mother and/or wave running with Steven. Her family had left a little over two hours ago and Kathryn was exhausted. She didn't know how Phoebe kept it all together with two young children, a marriage, and her own gallery. Phoebe had returned the comment, saying she didn't know how Kathryn did it. Running Voyager, infusing a sense of family amongst a crew of over 140 people, and keeping Tom Paris in line for seven years. Kathryn had laughed at the last one and told her sister that had more to with B'elanna than herself.

~ Chapter 5 ~

Relaxing back against the plush deck chair watching the sunset; she felt the busy day began to melt away just before she felt Chakotay massaging her shoulders. He had been quiet the last two hours, and she wondered what he was trying to figure out to tell her. As if sensing her train of thought, he kissed her head and then rounded the chair to sit opposite of her, bring a steaming mug with him. Kathryn smiled at his thoughtfulness, until she sipped the brew.
“This isn’t coffee” she stated the now obvious.

“No, it’s tea. It’s too late for you to be drinking coffee.”

She bit her tongue to stop her self from verbally lashing into him. She took a few calming breaths and sipped her tea. He looked angry enough and she thought better of goading him any further about her coffee vice.

“It's time for that conversation you promised me Kathryn.” Chakotay leaned forward placing his elbows on his legs while waiting her to begin her tale.

Kathryn took a deep breath and then began to try to explain how she came to have his tattoo on her person. “Do you remember during our third year when Kes was injured on the Nechani home world?” Chakotay nodded slowly, recalling his worry over Kathryn while she had been on the planet, undergoing the mystical ritual.

“Well, as part of the cleansing ritual, the inhabitants undressed me, when I was naked they took my hair down and brushed it out along my back. Once they were done with that they began to paint my skin. My guide assured me any unwanted markings would vanish once I was back on the ship. Of the markings that I could see I couldn't understand what they meant, so they didn't really mean anything to me. I could feel a woman also at my lower back, and I noticed the paint she used was a similar color to the ink of your tattoo. I also noticed that whatever she was painting with felt warm, whereas the others were cold. I turned to see what she was marking but I
couldn’t turn far enough.”

It wasn’t until I was back the ship in my quarters that I noticed it; all the other tattoos had washed off when I showered. But as I caught my reflection I noticed the one on my back was still there. At first I didn’t even pay the design any attention; I just wanted the ink to come off. That’s when I realized this wasn’t a temporary tattoo and when I looked closer I was shocked to realize it was an exact replica of your family mark.” She sighed and sipped the tea before continuing “Chakotay, it was never my intention to deceive you, but at that point with everything that happened: New Earth, Seska’s baby, the rouse I put you through, Dr. Fraizer... well it just never seemed to be the right time.” She leaned forward to gage his reaction.

Chakotay gripped his hands together and leaned forward again, “I believe you Kathryn, it also explains a vision I had about the same time all that happened. Before it ended my Father was congratulated me on my choice of a bride. That comment alone startled me out of the vision, but I as left the Spirit world I could see my tattoo against a backdrop of pale flesh, which meant my wife was not of our tribe. I had a similar experience when the Hirogen occupied Voyager.” He glanced at her and noticed she was avoiding his eyes, “But that wasn't a dream was it Kathryn?”

She shook her head no and raised her eyes to look at him, “I didn't know Chakotay. I had no idea what had happened until the Doctor informed me after healing my gunshot wound. I recalled sore muscles but chalked it up to Katrin's lifestyle as a resistance leader. The doctor only told me because he wanted to know if I wanted my contraceptive booster reactivated. I asked what he meant by reactivated. I didn't recall having it deactivated and it wasn't time for a renewal booster yet. The Doctor then told me that both the Alpha and Beta had demanded it. Apparently someone was to 'break me in' before they took turns having their fun.”

Kathryn shuttered at the memory.

She thought having to run around the ship with a bullet embedded in her thigh was painful; then to have the doctor tell her this! God who had she been with? Now that she thought about it she could detect pain between her legs. As if she’d gone out for a night of wild fucking after a long period of abstinence. Her mind was in a whirl. The Doctor touched her shoulder maybe sensing her turmoil and thought he was helping her by informing she had been intimate with only one human member of her crew. She recalled the additional despair this caused her only to have the Doctor inform her that the crew member was Chakotay; she almost laughed at the irony. Apparently, their little tryst occurred right before she and Seven had stormed Nazi headquarters. The Captain had wondered how that was even possible, Sevens logs indicated that Captain Miller didn’t arrive in Saint Claire until after they set the explosives. And yet she could still smell him on her person, God why didn’t all this register sooner? The Doctor brought her back to the situation at hand. By informing her that if
she wanted the booster reactivated, he needed to do so now, otherwise she ran the risk of becoming pregnant.

Kathryn was brought back to the present by Chakotay wiping her tears. She hadn't realized that she'd given voice to her memories, or that by in doing so she had begun to cry. Kathryn looked over to gage Chakotay's reaction and saw tears in his eyes as well.

“How you can you remember and I can't?” She asked hoarsely.

Chakotay leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes; she would have to ask him that. “Before you left sickbay I went down to the brig to speak with the Hirogen leader. During our conversation he boasted that the he only regretted not having 'experienced' your passion for the bed chamber personally, but at least he had gleaned pleasure vicariously through watching Katrin & Captain Miller mate. Ayala had to hold me back; I could believe what I'd just heard. That we had been intimate under the influence of the interface and on top of that these animals had watched; had achieved enjoyment from what should have been a private moment.” He let out a slow breath and continued “I can't remember either, I found the recording and destroyed it. I only watched enough to know that I was destroying the correct chip; I didn't watch any more than mere seconds, Kat.”

Her tears started again, this was too much. The Hirogen leaders had recorded them together! They had watched! She leaped from her chair and stumbled back toward the bedroom, she was going to be sick. She made it to the adjoining bathroom just in time to loose the early dinner she'd shared with her family a mere three hours ago. She was still in the bathroom when Chakotay went to check on her some 15 minutes later. He hadn't expected that reaction from Kathryn and wanted to give her a few minutes before he went after her. By the time he reached the bathroom she had composed herself, having just rinsed her mouth out and splashed water on her face.

Kathryn hung her head and cursed to herself. She preferred the anger over the vomiting and shaking she endured moments before. And yet those she was angry with were over 35,000 light years away. Quickly, she saw how futile it would be to continue along this path emotionally.

Having watched the play of emotions change her eyes from blue to slate gray and back again, Chakotay knew she was to tying to make peace with what she'd just learned as well as shared. Unfortunately, there was one more matter that needed to be addressed. He walked into the bathroom, wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back to lean against him. She went willingly, his presence helping to calm her.
“Kathryn, there’s more that I need to share with you. It’s about the...my tattoo you have.” She turned in his arms with pleading eyes, “I know you weren't aware of it when you received it, and you're right it’s a damn good thing I didn’t know about it out there. But here, being home and being with you it raises a very important issue.”

He turned and walked back into the bedroom taking her hand to lead her back onto the patio. He pulled her around to the chair she vacated earlier and gently pushed her to sit down. He paced back and forth for a moment before he knelt before her taking her hands in his.

Kathryn tried to tug her hands back, he was scaring her and she had the feeling she was the one who was going to be pacing after Chakotay shared what was preying on his mind; his spirit by the looks of his eyes. “Out with it Chakotay. What do you need to tell me?”

“First I need to apologize for not coming to you on Voyager regarding Seven and myself. I know what the Admiral told you but it never progress beyond a few kisses. Once we were home and through debriefings, Seven and I realized that we were using each other. She was using me as a substitute for Axum and I was using her as a substitute for you.” Kathryn nodded her head slowly and lifted his hand to kiss them to show her acceptance of his apology, before letting their joined hands rest again in her lap. “Kathryn I’ve told you many times about my father, my grandfather. You know that both of them wore my family tattoo in the same manner that I do.”

She nodded as she could remember the countless stories he shared with her over the years.

“But I rarely spoke of my mother. Do you know why?” She shook her head; she had always assumed the memories of how his mother died had prevented it. “It’s because you are so much like her Kathryn that it’s frightening sometimes. No, you don’t resemble her in looks but you do very much in stature and mannerism. She was about your height, but like you what she lacked in height; she made up for with her presence, with her capacity to love and her wisdom. I think that you and my Mother would’ve gotten along very well.”

He smiled at her and stroked her fingers while releasing a sigh “But that’s not all. The women in my tribe are not given a tattoo until they are married. Once they are married the woman will take her husbands tattoo, not in the same manner that I wear mine though. The women generally take the tattoo in a location that only their husbands will see.”

Chakotay felt her tense and try to tug her hands away again. Kathryn was looking at him and shaking her head slowly. He needed to finish this quickly, "Kathryn the women that marry into my family, generally have my family's tattoo in the same location that you do. Once it’s given, once it’s received the marriage cannot be annulled.”
Kathryn sat staring at him with unseeing eyes, he couldn't ... possibly be saying ... that...no, it just wasn't possible.

Kathryn looked at him still shaking her head, "Are you telling me that, during our third year in the Delta Quadrant, I married my First Officer without my ... without my knowledge?" She asked unbelievingly.

She didn't let him answer instead rising to pace the deck in the moonlight, the sun having set while Chakotay spoke.

"Chakotay. No, I... you can NOT be trying to tell me that! No." She was pacing back and forth pinching the bridge of her nose, "You said that 'once give, once received' you never gave me permission, I didn't seek it and I sure as hell didn't willing accept it. So, the parameters don't apply here." She still paced.

"Kathryn, it doesn't matter how you spin this in your mind, We are ---"

"Chakotay I can't! We couldn't have been." She didn't want to believe this. Wasn't the whole reason she denied them both was so that she could be viewed as the impartial party here? If she were honest that wasn't the source of her turmoil. No, it was because the decision had been taken, snatched from her without her realizing it. She had an idea then, "Chakotay what about in the case of two unwilling party's. If neither party wanted the marriage what would happen then."

Chakotay knew Kathryn was trying to pick this apart the same why she did with any new phenomena. He had to stop her, there was no getting out of it; he wouldn't have let her go now for anything.

"There have been cases like that; they still stand. The tribe merely considers them to be arranged marriages. It's actually quite common if the woman is the eldest daughter and yet is also the only daughter who remains unwed. Kathryn, we could take this before the tribunal but it wouldn't do any good. For one, you are the eldest daughter and you're also the only daughter yet to wed in your family. So ours would be considered an arranged marriage by the elders. And even if we left that little bit out; by some miracle were able to deceive them. It still wouldn't matter; the elders would ask how you came to receive the tattoo and once you tell them, I can guarantee they will personally escort us to the honeymoon suite."

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Published: March 8, 2008
She raised an eyebrow and placed one hand on her hip and gestured with her other for him to elaborate.

He tugged on his earlobe before continuing “Kathryn they will see ours as a marriage arranged, not by our parents or tribunal elders; they will see our marriage as being arranged by the spirits themselves. You know ‘let no man put asunder what God himself has joined’”

Kathryn couldn't believe this. On one hand the captain in her raged and railed at the knowledge but the part of her that was simply a woman in love with the man before her secretly screamed for joy. She placed both hands on her hips and rocked back on heels while looking him over.

“Well as far as husbands go, I guess you’ll do. But we'll have to have a small ceremony here before we leave, just us, so that we can enter it into the registrar. We can use the Welcome Home gala as a wedding reception; we'll need to enter the marriage date post Borg warp conduit though, I won't run the risk of Starfleet retracting the offers and overtures they’ve made to the crew thus far. By the time we get back the ink will have dried and then we can tell them how we came to be married, the first time, if we choose.”

Chakotay shook his head and smiled, this woman never ceased to amaze him. “Are you sure you don't want to invite your Mother and Sister? And you know B'elanna is going to throw a fit if we don't tell her before hand.” He walked over to hug her while he was speaking. Kathryn thought about it and then decided that it was to be only the two of them.

“No, I'm sure. We'll use the gala to tell everyone besides I'm sure B'elanna was the first person Phoebe called once they left, so Lanna will no doubt expect an announcement of some sort. Will your sister be able to make it for the gala? I feel like I’m stealing, since I’ve never spoken with her.”

“Sekaya should be on Earth by now. I know the gala isn't for another two weeks but she was coming in early to meet her new sister and niece.” Chakotay thought about what that meeting was going to be like. “She and B’El have spoken via subspace link before and B'elanna just about ordered her from Dorvan to come meet Miral. Don't worry Kathryn, after all its common in my tribe for children of a sibling to be named for a member of the family. B’elanna knew what she was doing when she named her daughter Miral-Kathryn. She did so because of her mother’s influence in her life, but also your influence in her life aboard Voyager. You do know she considers you a sort of sister figure don't you?”

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Published: March 8, 2008
“Thank goodness!! I wouldn't have been able to stand it if you said Mother figure.” She laughingly
stated, although she knew B'elanna considered her both at times. “Oh good Lord!! that makes
Tom my brother.” She lowered her head to his shoulder and looked up at him through her lashes,
“He's going to have a field day with this you know? I wonder who would've won the betting pool
based off when I received your tattoo.”

Chakotay chuckled to himself as he led his wife into their bedroom for the night. “If I told you it
was me what would be my prize?” he whispered hotly in her ear.

She shivered slightly cocking her neck to the side, “Come to bed and I'll show you” she walked
away from him further into the bedroom with an exaggerated sway of her hips. Chakotay caught
up to her and pulled her in for kiss before closing the patio door.

As they lay together later that night Chakotay thanked the Spirits for allowing this woman to
come into his life, for allowing her to still be in his life and as his wife nonetheless. He could sense
beneath her bravado earlier on the patio and during their love making, Kathryn worried. He
sensed she worried what the news of their marriage would do to all of her hard work in keeping
the Maquis, the Equinox crew and herself out of prison. Knowing how private a person she was he
doubted that Kathryn mentioned the tattoo in her Captain's logs but he strongly suspected she
would have referenced it in her personal logs; if push came to shove that may be her saving grace.

They could argue that Captain Janeway was unaware of his tribe's custom, and as such was
unaware that she had been married to Chakotay. Thus since both of them were unaware they had
not broken any of the fraternization policies that Captain Janeway considered herself bound to at
the time. Thus, her arguments on behalf of himself and the Maquis could still be considered
impartial. Chakotay doubted that it would come to that, doubted the Admiralty even needed to
know about the tattoo. The fact that when they would be legally married when they returned
would simple look like Voyager's Command team having realized their love for each other and
thus taken off for a simple, private wedding ceremony. Chakotay knew that Kathryn wouldn't
want a big affair, but he was determined to make the ceremony memorable. So there in bed, with
Kathryn draped over his chest he began to plan his brides wedding day.

~ Chapter 6 ~

She woke to the smell of coffee. Strong, hot black coffee. When she opened her eyes she saw
Chakotay sitting on the edge of the bed wearing nothing but a smirk. She smiled slowly at the site
and thought to herself "decisions, decisions" but he seemed to make the choice for her.
Chakotay smiled and moved to kiss her “I knew that would wake you up. Kat, enjoy your coffee and just relax for awhile. I’m going to take a shower and then run some errands”

She took the mug from him and closed her eyes as she inhaled the scent of the rich blend. Taking a sipped she moaned slightly at the flavor, finally allowing a small sigh after swallowing. She opened her eyes to find Chakotay watching her from the doorway leading to the bathroom. He smiled at her and turned to continue his way through the door.

She had just finished her coffee when Chakotay came out of the bathroom, towel riding low around his hips and his hair still slightly damp. Kathryn licked her lips at the sight; he was gorgeous. Her eyes stalked his movements around the room as he moved preparing to get dressed. When he passed the bed again she reached up to run her finger along the inside of his wrist, before pulling him back to the bed. She straddled his lap and kissed her way across his chest, up his neck and began to nibble on his earlobe, while her fingernails lightly swept up and down his spine. She felt his hands rest on her hips as her lips made their way to his. He returned the kiss and she could feel him hardening beneath the towel. Her hand moved to stroke him as his fingers moved to massage her breasts.

They continued to stroke each other, kissing and nibbling until Kathryn knocked him on his back, taking the towel with her in the process. She crawled up the length of his body, kissing and licking her way toward his member until she encased his length in her mouth. Chakotay threaded his fingers in her hair and let his head fall back at the sensation. He groaned with pleasure at the feel of Kathryn running her tongue up the underside of his shaft, then twirling around the head to dip into the slit before her mouth encased him again. He held her to him as she began to move her head up and down sucking him between wet lips, tongue and teeth. Chakotay began to thrust into her mouth and held her more securely as his hips moved faster, gasping at the sensations her moaning caused around his cock.

Kathryn relaxed her throat to take him in as far as she could while she also cupped and massaged his balls. She could hear Chakotay moaning and gasping her name, she fingered the soft spot just behind his sack and sucked his length greedily as he orgasmed. As his hips stillled and fell back to the bed Chakotay watched Kathryn rise up and release his sticky cock with a wet *pop * before leaning to kiss his now flaccid member. He was breathing in heavy pants by the time she leaned up to kiss him on the lips.

She smiled sexily at him, “Now that's great coffee”.

Chakotay laughed and rolled her beneath him, “You’re really making it hard for me to leave you
“Hmm-mmm” she hummed.

He kissed her neck and shoulders working his way down to her breasts while running his fingertips along the inside of her legs. He suckled her breasts for long moments before moving down to her belly and allowing his tongue to circle her navel. Kathryn gasped at the sensation leaning her head back to revel in the feel of his hands and mouth on her body.

Chakotay continued to stroke her legs working his way up to her womanhood parting her legs and reigning open wet mouthed kisses over the inside her thighs. He parted her outer lips and let his tongue stroke her labia in tantalizingly slow movements before slipping two of his fingers into her vagina stroking her inner walls as his mouth sucked her engorged clit. Kathryn moaned and let her fingers stroke through Chakotay’s hair holding his mouth to her as she bucked. She felt him slip a third finger into her pussy and then gasped as she felt him stretch his fingers into a 'W' before he began to stroke her in faster pace. Chakotay leaned up to watch her; he loved watching her as she orgasmed; she was beautiful. He watched as Kathryn stroked her breasts and bucked her hips gasping his name just before she came apart.

“Beautiful” he said just before he lowered his to lap at her nectar. He licked her clean, the process having caused her to orgasm a second time, before he leaned up to his kiss her mouth.

“I love you” she whispered while he stroked over her abdomen.

“I love you too, Kat” He kissed her belly and continued to stroke her as Kathryn ran her fingers through his hair. “As much as I would like to stay here in bed I do have some errands to run, Love.”

Kathryn rose up on her elbow to eye him questioningly, “What are you planning Maquis? I can tell your planning something.”

“Me?” He asked innocently, flashing a deep dimpled smile.

“Yes, you!” She playfully smacked him on the chest “You’re being elusive, which means you’re planning something. What is it?”
Chakotay rose off the bed and walked into the bathroom, calling over his shoulder “Can't tell you, it's a surprise. This time don't side track me, woman.” he playfully admonished before disappearing for another shower.

Kathryn flopped back on the bed and began to ponder what he could be planning. She heard him a few minutes later padding back into the bed and raised up on her knees as he stopped at the nightstand.

“You won't even give me a hint?” She pleaded with a slight pout.

Chakotay laughed out loud “Kat...just pick out your wedding dress and leave everything else to me” he kissed her soundly before leaving to run his errands.

Kathryn had watched him leave out the side door from bedroom, so he wasn't taking the Jeep, which meant wherever he was going was in walking distance. She decided to leave it alone, she secretly enjoyed surprises; so she decided to take Chakotay’s advice and look through the database to pick out her wedding dress. After taking her own shower Kathryn had promptly grabbed an iced coffee and sat before her computer combing through the various gown designs. She was looking for something that that she could wear for her wedding day as well as the Welcome Home gala. If they were going to use the gala as a reception than she might as well look the part, she reasoned.

Two hours later and she was ready to toss the laptop across the room. She hadn't found a single gown that could work! The gowns she had come across were either too gaudy, too plain, not revealing enough or too revealing to be considered a respectable wedding dress; the gowns ranged from high neck lines to plunging waist lines, strapless or halter designs, and there were even a few two piece gowns.

Kathryn sighed and was just about to close the computer down when she spotted the perfect gown; she let a small gasp escape at the sight. The gown was a simple long, white, strapless column dress with a bit of flare at the knee, a mermaid tail if she remembered correctly. It was perfect. Just the type of design she could see her self in as she married Chakotay. And yet it had enough anonymity and elegance to double as a ball gown. Kathryn keyed her purchase code into the system and arranged to pick the dress up at the main lobby of the resort. She didn't want to have it delivered to the villa on the off chance that the Chakotay would see it before their wedding day. While Kathryn’s family had been visiting Chakotay had moved his bags to the villa, although he did keep the suite registered in his name. So that would come in handy as they each prepared

http://nyahsoul.webs.com Published: March 8, 2008
separately for the wedding day.

Now that she had picked her dress all Kathryn had to do was design her bouquet and pick out a ring for Chakotay. The flowers were easy enough so she moved onto the harder task first. What type of ring should she pick? Usually couples did this together but there wasn’t a lot of time and she sensed Chakotay would have a ring for her as part of his surprise. As she combed through the database she smile when she eyed the ideal ring. A simple, elegant, but masculine platinum band that was embellished with a smooth weaving pattern.

While Kathryn had been searching for her gown, Chakotay had been searching for his suit. He was fairly certain Kathryn would pick a white gown and originally he had wanted to go with a matching white suit. However, the choices available to him were slim on such short notice. He could’ve always ordered from the database but he preferred to be authentic for this occasion, thus opting to visit a tailor on the Island. The owner just didn’t have anything in white that would fit the broadness of his shoulders so he opted to go with a cream suit instead. After having the necessary alterations taken Chakotay arranged to pick up his suit the following day. That would give him time to stop at the jeweler, arrange for an official to preside over the ceremony and higher a photographer. The latter would have to be someone from the resort to prevent any leaks to the press, before he and Kathryn were ready to share their news.

He spent an hour and half looking through various bands and engagement rings until he spotted a set that just seemed so Kathryn. She wasn’t one to wear a lot of jewelry and he was sure she would be surprised by his choice of baguettes and stones but the set seemed as if it were made with her in mind. The only catch was to make sure that her rings matched whatever design she had chosen for him. On a whim he asked the owner if an order had been placed that day for a single groom’s wedding band. After all what were the chances of more than one person placing such an order? The owner reviewed the inventory order sheet and confirmed that a purchase for a single band had been placed just a few moments ago. Chakotay explained that his fiancée was planning to purchase a ring and he inquired if the order was under Janeway. The jeweler eyed him for a moment before confirming that indeed that was the purchaser’s last name. Chakotay smiled his thanks and asked the jeweler if the rings he had chosen for his fiancéé would match the band that she had ordered.

After examining the rings Chakotay had selected the older man confirmed that he had actually chosen the matching brides set to the band Kathryn had ordered. While he was in the shop the gentlemen took Chakotay’s ring measurement to be sure the band would fit appropriately; having used a piece of ribbon while Kathryn slept the night before, Chakotay was able to provide the jeweler with Kathryn’s ring measurements as well. As an added feature the jeweler offered to photograph the rings and forward the image on to Chakotay’s photographer of choice. Thus allowing a candid shot of the bands for the wedding album, should the couple choose to create
one. Chakotay accepted the offer and requested their names and the year be encoded on the image as well. As he left the jewelers heading to the main campus of the resort, Chakotay came up with an additional idea of having the photographer remain hidden during the ceremony, hopefully allowing the professional to capture all of the genuine emotion of the day.

One week later Chakotay and Kathryn Janeway were married on the beach just outside their Bahamian villa; Chakotay having purchased the house as a wedding gift for Kathryn. The bride carried a simple hand tied bouquet of white Calla Lilies and the groom wore a single bud of the same flower as a boutonnière. After they exchanged vows they strolled the beach hand in hand for while before Chakotay began to dance with Kathryn in the sand. As she leaned away from him, the wind catching her vale in the breeze Kathryn smiled at her husband and simply drank in the sight of him; trying to memorize everything about the day thus far. Unseen in the dunes, the photographer Chakotay had hired captured the scene. The photo would ultimately be the only published image of their union released to the press.