A Little One on One

“Yes!!” Tom Paris exclaimed as the holodeck doors slid open. “Better luck, next time, Chakotay,” the pilot offered, clapping Voyager’s second in command on the back.

“I still can’t believe you made that shot. That was an impossible shot!” Chakotay grumbled half heartedly as he toweled off his sweaty shoulders.

“Come on, big guy, a bet is a bet. You’re not thinking of backing out are you?” Tom smirked.

“And just what have you suckered my first officer into, Mr. Paris?” asked Kathryn Janeway.

“Tsk. It’s just a friendly bet amongst men. Nothing to worry about, Captain,” Tom offered as he winked at her.

As the men gathered their belongings, Kathryn took a moment to review her surroundings. She was standing on some type of court. Not a tennis court but something else. At either end of the court were two rather tall posts. On each post was a board of some type, and attached to the board was a metal hoop. White yarn, seemingly interlaced at varying intersections, hung down from the hoop. On the floor of the court were various arcs and circles. Some of the lines constructing the arcs were solid, whereas others were dotted.

“What is this, Tom?” Kathryn asked curiously.

Glancing at their surroundings, Tom shrugged his shoulder before answering “A little one on one.” At her raised eyebrow, he continued, “Basketball, Captain. It was a very popular sport in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. It’s a great cardio work out.”

“Why am I not surprised?” Kathryn asked, rolling her eyes. Picking up the orange ball sitting beneath one of the baskets, she asked, “So how do you play??”

“Double or nothing?” Tom offered as he turned to Chakotay.

“Deal!” Chakotay answered before dropping his gear.

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When Kathryn first entered the Holodeck, she’d been somewhat taken aback by her reaction to seeing Chakotay shirtless. She’d lost count of the number of times she seen her first officer in only a T-shirt or tank. Only once had she seen him without a shirt, and that had been in sickbay way back at the beginning of their odyssey.

It was mere luck that Chakotay missed her reaction to seeing rivulets of sweat slide over his muscular, bronze chest. In those first few moments of entering the holodeck Kathryn found herself ogling Captain Janeway’s first officer. The captain had to mentally slap some sense into Kathryn before moving to interrupt the conversation between the two men.

Kathryn reclined against the bleachers as she watched her pilot and first officer run the length of the court only to stop suddenly every now and again to dribble the ball at an odd rhythm before quickly turning away from the other man guarding him.

She found herself watching Chakotay more so than actually paying attention to the details of the game. Her eyes followed the two men as Chakotay suddenly smacked the ball out of Tom’s hand before sprinting in the opposite direction. Kathryn’s eyes followed the length of Chakotay’s chiseled thighs and up his taut backside before sliding up to watch the muscles of his back ripple as he clutched the rim of the basketball hoop, executing a delicious bicep curl.

She watched them carry on in this fashion for some time, each man putting up points on the score board. The match was close now; only one shot remained to determine the winner. Leaning forward, she watched Tom guard the ball in his hands, concentrating on his next move. He faked left, but Chakotay didn’t take the bait and remained in his same position, his hand stretched forward, alternating between trying to get the ball back and blocking any possible shot Tom might attempt. Tom dribbled the ball while stepping forward and then stepping back, alternating his hands in a crisscross fashion.

Kathryn watched as Chakotay grinned, and in the next moment, stole the ball from Tom and took off up the court. Kathryn stood on her feet as she watched Chakotay run the length of the court before making a slam dunk.

“Yes!” Kathryn all but shouted at the “swoosh” sound the ball made.

She licked her lips surreptitiously as Chakotay squirted water over his head, across his shoulders, and down his chest before shaking the water out his hair.

Kathryn caught her breath as she looked him. Shaking her head to clear her mind of salacious thoughts, she tried to hear what the men were discussing.

“Come on, Chakotay, best three out of four. Man, you know I had you earlier. We only played again to demonstrate for the captain. This game can’t possibly count,” Tom hedged.

“Nope. You said ‘Double or Nothing’ Paris. And you lost.” Chakotay grinned as he slapped the younger man on the back. “Now take it like a man and go home.”

“B’El’s gonna kill me. You do realize that, right?” Tom whined.

“Nah, she likes you too much. Tho’ she may maim you if you’re not careful,” Chakotay chuckled as Tom exited the holodeck.

“Do I even want to know what the bet was between the two of you?” Kathryn asked Chakotay once they were alone.
“Depends,” he stated cryptically.

“Depends on what?” she asked as she watched him type a command into the interface of the holodeck.

“It depends on who’s asking me,” Chakotay suggested flippantly as the privacy lock indicator flashed.

“I’m asking you,” Kathryn huffed, placing her hands on her hips as he approached her.

“Like I said, depends.” Grinning at her growl of frustration, Chakotay placed his large hands over hers and pulled her hips flush against his own as his hands slid over the curve her buttocks to pull her closer to him. “Is Captain Janeway asking or is Kathryn asking?”

Kathryn narrowed her eyes as she leaned back to look at him, “You realize I should say Captain Janeway….”

“Sorry, Captain, I’m off duty at the moment. However, I’d be willing to make a wager with Kathryn if you really want to know,” he teased as he leaned down to kiss her.

Soft, warm lips captured her own in a sensual kiss as large hands continued to knead her buttocks. Without conscious thought, Kathryn raised her arms to loop around Chakotay’s neck as she deepened the kiss. She moaned as his tongue duelled with hers and one of his hands moved to knead her breast. For long moments, she was lost in the sensations he evoked until she heard her own moans of pleasure echoing off the holodeck. With extreme effort, she eased them out of the kiss and stepped back as far as the bleachers would allow to regain her equilibrium. Breathing deeply, she watched his arms fall to his side, seeming bereft without her.

“Cha-ko-tay,” she husked in warning.

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This was all still so new to them. Sensing the upcoming argument, Chakotay decided to try a different route.

In recent months, he began to subtly push the envelope with Kathryn. Ever so slowly he made his case for them to be together as a couple while still commanding Voyager as Captain and XO. He couldn’t believe he’d let her slip through his fingers for seven years. It took seeing Kathryn Janeway of Quarra to remind him. Seeing her without the weight of the world on her shoulders, free to be happy and the fact that she’d entered into a relationship with a coworker proved to him that with a little extra prodding on his part, he could have his cake and eat it too. The fact that she had been intimate with Jaffen still chaffed him, but it also elated him to know that Kathryn’s passion hadn’t died during their trip through the Delta Quadrant. He recalled sitting up nights worrying that the passionate woman he’d seen glimpses of in the early years was forever lost to him.

After her memories were restored and their weekly dinners reinstated, Chakotay began to initiate hugs whenever they were alone and not in danger of a crewman stumbling upon them. The first time he’d hugged her after their weekly dinner, Kathryn stiffened in his arms for a full minute before he felt her wrap her arms around him in return.

After a month, Chakotay took a chance and pecked Kathryn on the cheek. This started a new routine. After every dinner before he left her quarters, or she left his, Chakotay pulled her into a tight embrace. Each time the hug grew longer in duration and before he released her completely, he leaned down to press a lingering kiss against her cheek.

By the third month, Kathryn was initiating the hugs and chaste goodnight kisses. A month ago, Chakotay had taken his seduction of Kathryn a step further. As he walked her to the door, Chakotay gently pulled her against him for a long hug. Kathryn made no move to break the embrace, seemingly content to stay in his
arms. Soon they began to sway softly to the mellow jazz tune that wafted through his quarters. After long moments, Kathryn eased her way out of the hug and leaned up to kiss him on the cheek. At the last possible moment, Chakotay turned his head to capture her lips in gentle, sweet kiss. It was one of the sweetest kisses he ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

Since that evening, Chakotay was slowly making progress in his efforts to separate the captain from Kathryn. He’d also made progress with getting the woman in front him to do the same. Chakotay considered himself lucky. A mere four months after initiating hugs, he had the liberty to take this woman into his arms and kiss her the way her eyes told him she hungered to be kissed.

“How about a game of HORSE?” he suggested as he stepped back from her.

“What? We need to talk about… this,” she argued, waving a hand in the air between them.

“No. We don’t. As of three minutes ago, you were no longer on duty. So this wasn’t an interaction between Voyager’s captain and first officer. Simply a greeting between Chakotay and Kathryn. So – since you’re off duty, how about a game?” Chakotay prompted as he picked up the discarded basketball.

“I can’t play wearing this,” Kathryn stated, tugging at her uniform.

Chakotay shrugged his shoulders, “So take it off. I won’t mind,” he grinned as he mentally undressed her.

“I bet!” Kathryn laughed before taking off her jacket.

“Not yet. We’ve got to get you familiar with the game first,” he winked.

“So how do you play, HORSE?” she questioned, as she stepped onto the court still clad in the remainder of her uniform.

“It’s simple, really. We basically take turns making baskets. To simplify, I’ll let you go first. The player who goes first may attempt any type of shot. Usually you have to name the type of shot you’re attempting, but we won’t worry about that right now. So if you make your shot, then I have to attempt the same shot. Failure to execute the same shot results in an “H” for me. Or vice versa. Now, you don’t accrue letters when missing shots of your own invention, only when missing shots that your opponent has successfully designed and executed.

The player who goes first continues to invent shots until he/she misses one, at which point the other player gets the chance to attempt a shot of his/her own choosing. If the shot is successful, the first player will have to match it at the risk of obtaining an "H." A second failure to match a successful shot results in an "O," a third failure results in an "R," a fourth failure an "S," and a fifth failure an "E," at which point the player who has earned the letters H-O-R-S-E is eliminated. Since this is your first time. we’ll play a different variation. We’ll play OUT instead. The concept is the same, just a shorter game. ” Chakotay stopped his explanation to be sure he hadn’t lost her along the way.

“Okay. I think I have it,” Kathryn stated absently, eying the basketball hoop with a secretive smile on her lips.

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“Do you want a few minutes to warm up? I can show you how to dribble,” Chakotay offered.

“I think I have the concept,” Kathryn bantered as she dribbled the ball with ease.

Chakotay watched as she walked the ball back and forth, alternating her dribbling between her hands. She stopped short of the free throw line, bending her knees slightly before releasing the ball in a perfect arch. He watched, dumbfounded as a very pronounced “swoosh” was heard before Kathryn jogged to retrieve the ball.
He accepted the ball absentmindedly as she walked past him, mumbling “beginners’ luck”. Shaking his head, he walked to the same area and put up his attempt for a three point shot.

They continued in this manner for some time until Kathryn ceded defeat.

“Not bad for your first time,” Chakotay offered as he dribbled the ball playfully before spinning it on his forefingers.

“Well, I’m always up for learning new skills,” Kathryn offered as she draped her uniform jacket over her shoulder. Chakotay handed her the ball to hold while he gathered the rest of his belongings.

Walking toward the exit, Kathryn tossed the ball back and forth between her hands, every now and then she circled her waist. As she neared the exit, she called to Chakotay over her shoulder.

“Oh, by the way--” she turned back toward the exit as she continued to the half court mark, tossing the ball over her shoulder in a high arc with one hand, effortlessly executing a blind half court shot, “this wasn’t my first time. Next time be sure to bring your ‘A’ game Commander,” she teased as she sauntered out of the holodeck.

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Kathryn shook her head as she exited the turbolift. She couldn’t believe the blatant shock that registered on Chakotay’s face as she left him gaping after her on the holodeck. When were the men on this ship going to realize that she knew more than she actually let on? She chuckled to herself as she walked the corridor leading to her quarters.

Her exit from the holodeck had been over an hour ago. Unfortunately, her first attempt to her quarters was cut short by a hail from B’Elanna requesting her assistance with an engineering matter. Reaching a hand up to massage her shoulder, Kathryn keyed in the security code to enter her quarters.

Kathryn’s quarters were dark as she entered them, groaning as she rotated his shoulder. That last trick must have stretched something harder than she’d intended. Stripping off her clothes, she made her way through the darkened living room into her bedroom. Entering the bathroom, she tossed the remainder of her clothes into the refresher before stepping into the shower cubicle. Tonight would be a water shower night; the warm, pulsating spray would help to ease the stiffness of her shoulders.

A few minutes later found her walking out of the darkened bathroom into her bedroom wearing a tank top and panties.

Suddenly she was grabbed from behind, a heavy arm encircled her waist as she let out a surprised yelp before a hand clamped over her mouth. She stiffened as the intruder pulled her back flush against his body. His scent engulfed her senses, and his erection pressed into the cleft of her buttocks as the hand around her waist slid under her tank to cup her breast. Kathryn felt her surprise morph into arousal as fingers circled her nipples softly and lips found the sensitive spot on her neck. Her breathing deepened behind the hand that still covered her mouth as fingers pinched her nipples into hardened peaks. She moaned in pleasure as the man behind her pressed his erection more fully against her. Kathryn leaned back against him as two large hands cupped her breasts together before fingers circled her nipples again. Lips kissed her neck and shoulders as hands continued to roam beneath her tank top, caressing her body. The caresses intensified until fingers were pinching her nipples almost to the point of pain. The man remained behind her, one hand molded her breast as the other trailed down her belly. Eventually, the hand on her belly slipped lower and lower until she felt fingers cup her mons. In anticipation, she parted her legs just enough to allow his finger to circle her clit. His caress of her breast became harsher as he breathed hotly into her ear.
Kathryn gasped slightly as she felt fingers play in the wetness between her thighs. All the while, lips continued to kiss her neck and shoulders before nipping her earlobe. Kathryn moaned as a thick digit slipped inside her at the same time that the thick pad of his thumb applied pressure against her sensitive nerve bundle. A throaty groan echoed around her as she felt two fingers sliding in and out of her womanhood, all the while fingers continued to tweak her nipples. Her breathing hitched as three digits pumped in and out of her core, her hips ground down in a rhythm that she had no control over. She could feel her orgasm approaching with startling speed and before she could think on the matter further, she gasped open mouthed in shock as she felt her vaginal walls milking the fingers pumping between her legs. She shivered as the cool, recycled air hit her flushed skin. One hand continued to knead her breasts while his other hand spread her wetness around her womanhood.

“Cha-ko-tay” she breathed.

“Shhhh.”

Kathryn felt him walk them forward until her knees hit the edge of the bed. Chakotay gently pushed her forward so that she was on her stomach, face down on the bed before he leaned on top of her. He kissed her shoulder blades as his hands circled her waist, his hips ground into her lower back, allowing her to feel the tip of his weeping penis across her skin. Moving the drenched gusset of her panties to the side, Chakotay worked his hips down until his hardness was sliding inside of her. Kathryn moaned deeply at the feel of his turgid length stretching her, filling her womb. He stilled momentarily, a shiver running through his heavy body, before leaning down to nip her earlobe as he grunted. Kathryn lay on her stomach as he settled his weight fully on top of her, as his hips rocked against her buttocks in a slow, sensual rhythm.

Soon the rhythm increased to a frenzied pace, and Chakotay pulled her back onto her knees and his hips slammed against hers.

“Mmmm,” Kathryn moaned.

“Kathryn,” he breathed harshly as he continued to ride her.

His hand slid down to tweak her clit, and she rested her forehead against the mattress as his other hand kneaded her breast. He was close, his rhythm taking on more of staccato hammering as his fingers pinched her harshly. His hammering of her sodden womanhood continued, working her up into another orgasm as he circled her harden nub before tangling his fist his in her hair and gently pulling her head back, he rasped hotly in her ear, “I brought my 'A' game, Kathryn” as his hips rocked against her buttocks in a slow, sensual rhythm.

And then suddenly, they were flying into orgasmic bliss together.

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The comforting haze of sleep began to lift as Kathryn felt fingertips tweaking her nipple and grazing over her hip. She was lying on her side, her limbs tangled together with Chakotay’s as he spooned behind her. The cadence of their breathing was the only sound in the room. She reveled in the sensations of his hands and fingers on her skin. She sighed deeply as she moved her hand behind her to cup his hip. She felt his lips on the base of her neck as his caresses became less languid, his large hands pulled her tightly against him, proof of his arousal throbbed between her legs as he pushed his pelvis into hers. Her breathing deepened as she felt his fingers slip between her thighs to circle her clit persistently. The action prompted her to push her hips back against him and thrust her breast more firmly into his hand. Kathryn moaned as she leaned her head back onto Chakotay’s shoulder as his lips tickled her neck just beneath her ear. She arched her neck further as he nipped the soft flesh there and shivered when he blew warm breath softly on the same spot.

Chakotay took his time kissing down her neck and further to her shoulder. His caresses and kisses in addition to the feel of his hardness against her buttocks ignited a flame in Kathryn’s belly. A heat that
slowly fanned outward to the rest of her body, a delicious pressure that was slow in building. Her breathing increased, and her chest and diaphragm began to lift faster and higher as he continued to stroke her body. Kathryn gasped behind closed eyes at the feel of a finger dipping inside her folds while at the same time fingers pinched her nipple and teeth nipped her neck. Her breasts swelled and felt heavy as her nipples ached with a tantalizing sensation.

All the while, Chakotay took inventory of how her body responded to him. He eased his finger out of her womanhood, and she groaned in protest at the loss, only to moan in pleasure again when he dipped two digits inside her. He kept up his ministrations to her breasts, and his hips rocked against her. Chakotay reveled in her wanton response to his touch as he kissed her shoulder, his fingers sliding in and out of her wetness. His eyes were hot as he watched her writhe beneath him.

She’d shocked him on the holodeck with her parting shot, both verbally and sports-wise. So—she wanted to play. He loved it when Kathryn decided to play, and tonight he vowed to take her seduction to the final plateau. He never intended to force her, but then Kathryn hadn’t seemed to mind, nor was she objecting now as he rubbed his hardness against the soft flesh of her buttocks and slipped his fingers back inside her womanhood. Fuck, she was tight. Just the thought of sliding his cock between her folds again caused his penis to weep.

Kathryn was lost in a lustful haze as she reveled in the sensation of his fingers stretching her womanhood. The slow pumping of his fingers fanning a flame that had lain dormant for far too long. His advance and retreat of her pussy went on for what seemed an enjoyable eternity. In and out. …in …and out. In and…..out. And each time he returned, he delved deeper into her warmth than she thought possible. His pace increased suddenly, and she felt the added pressure of his thumb pressing unforgivingly against her already throbbing bundle of nerves. Kathryn felt her body sheen with sweat as his hips continued to grind against her buttocks. His hand never leaving her breast as she felt the already-lit flame fan further, not only below her belly but upward, too. His fingers continued to increase their pace between her wet thighs, her breathing became rapid until she panted. Kathryn felt stomach muscles contract as she ground her hips against his hand and his hips pushed her forward, further into his grasp. Kathryn felt his lips on neck curve into smile.

Through the den of ruckus in her head that was her pulse, she heard him laugh. A soft chuckle, with an undercurrent of triumph. At first she ignored the sound, content to enjoy the sensations that his fingers and lips evoked. But then she heard him whisper hotly in her ear “I told you I brought my ‘A’ game,” and her eyes suddenly snapped open. Kathryn’s pride and stubbornness waged war against the exquisite sensations that Chakotay’s hands, fingers, lips and tongue evoked in her body.

In every woman there is a duality of docility, femininity, and softness, as well as a predatory cunningness, a fearless protectiveness, and an awareness of her sensuality, as well as sexuality. Up until now, Kathryn allowed—no, reveled in her docility. Enjoying, savoring the sensations of Chakotay’s hands and fingers; slowly drowning in the feel of his lips against her skin. That was until her mind registered what he had just revealed. Kathryn thought back to the holodeck and her parting shot to him, “Be sure to bring your ‘A’ game.” Not only had she taunted him verbally, but she’d done so physically, as well. Her blind half court shot was an easy three points. Dimly, Kathryn realized Chakotay hadn’t left their friendly game of HORSE on the holodeck. He’d simply changed the venue, and in doing so retaliated with answering domination. Not quite a three pointer, but then again, he was working on that now, wasn’t he? Kathryn mentally replayed her arrival home and his utter possession of her body. His sure caresses and the firm pressure of his hardness against her.

The play of male superiority when he pulled her hair back and fondled her body. Shit! Those memories and thoughts in combination with his ministrations were quickly eroding her ability to focus on anything but her encroaching orgasm. And before she could reign her body back, the fire in her belly tightened and the coil that was pulled so incredibly taut…

Snapped.
Completely caught off guard, Kathryn’s entire chest rose, and with it, her back. A harsh sound of air was pushed up from her lungs, up through her throat and past her lips in the form of a deep, low, rasping moan. Her body shook and her vision blurred for a moment. His fingers stroked her, bringing her down from her orgasm. Slowly, slowly and slowing, until her breathing was back to normal and she felt his fingers leave her completely. Despite it all, Kathryn smiled to herself, mentally formulating a defense.

Kathryn turned onto her back to watch Chakotay with heavy lids as he inhaled her scent from his fingers. An idea popped into her head, and she went with it. She slid her hand along his arm, pulling his hand down to her face. His hands were drenched in her stickiness, her obvious arousal pooled slightly in the palm of his hand. Slowly, Kathryn twirled her tongue against his palm, smelling her own arousal emanating from his fingers, before leaning up to engulf his forefinger in her mouth, sucking the digits clean of her own fluid. She repeated the action with each finger only to release his last digit with a salacious grin as she watched his eyes grow darker.

Chakotay stared at her for long moments, which suited Kathryn just fine; it gave her time to maneuver. She held his eyes as she raised his hand back to her mouth. She sucked his fingers openly; she trailed wet kisses along his palm before her tongue twirled along his wrist for long moments. She felt Chakotay’s hips jerk as she continued to trail her tongue across his belly and around his navel. Kathryn placed wet, open-mouthed kisses on his belly before she pushed him to lie on his back. She took her time to lick, nibble, and twirl her tongue around his nipples and across his chest. She felt his fingers thread through her hair as she rose up to leave more wet kisses in a zigzag fashion across his chest.

Kathryn stopped herself from straddling him, and instead knelt beside him as she kissed each of his eyelids and then each of his cheeks, just barely managing to evade his lips, although he tried his damnedest to kiss her. She followed her same pattern back to his jaw and down his neck as she allowed her fingers to lightly trace along the inside of his thigh. Kathryn continued to kiss and nip her way back down his chest and over his belly until she reached his hips. His skin tasted salty, but that wasn’t what stopped her kisses. While letting her fingers play, from the foot of the bed she raised her head to look at him. Dark, heavy eyes filled with desire stared back her, watching her as his hand fisted in the sheets and beads of sweat rolled from his body. Just the sight of him like that gave her a heady feeling, and instantly she was wet again.

Kathryn crawled toward him, and Chakotay sat up to reach for her. Kathryn let him kiss her this time, and he did so passionately. His fingers twisted in her hair, holding her to him as his tongue plundered her mouth.

When she felt him pulling her up the length of his body, Kathryn slowly eased them out of the kiss. Instead kissing his face and eyelids, cheeks, nose and chin before trailing kisses down his chest and stomach until she reached the base of his penis. She stroked the length of him with one finger, causing his hips to jerk slightly. Leaning forward, she traced the length of him again, this time with her tongue, enjoying the sound Chakotay made deep in his throat. Kathryn leaned up to kiss the weeping tip of his erection. Ignoring the swelling head of his arousal, she leaned down to lick his sac, running her hands up and down his shaft as she continued to suck his scrotum, she inhaled the scent of him and reveled in the control she now wielded over the man beneath her. Chakotay’s breathing became ragged, and she raised her head to look at him again.

She would forever remember the sight that greeted her. Her first office was sprawled on his back, his legs spread wide, head thrown back and his eyes clenched shut. His bronzed knuckles were white from clutching the bed linen.

The sight almost paralyzed her actions; Kathryn had half a mind to put them both out of their misery, but then she remembered his utter possession of her body earlier and lowered her head back to his crotch. She swirled her tongue around the head of his penis slowly before she engulfed his length fully, deeply into her throat. Kathryn heard Chakotay suck air in through his teeth, making a “ssssssss” sound as his hips thrust up into her mouth. Kathryn continued to suck him, humming around his length to tease him. In response, Chakotay’s hips bucked against her face. Easing off of him, she continued to bob her head up and down,
coating his length with her saliva. His hands entwined themselves in her hair, and she felt him holding her head down as his hips repeatedly jerked upward.

She had to slow him down; she wasn’t ready for him to cum just yet. With her free hand, Kathryn gently squeezed his balls and slowly pulled them back from the base of his shaft as she slowed her oral assault. She eased his orgasm back and slowly eased his length out of her throat, kissing and licking around the head of his penis. Kathryn licked up and down the underside of his length, smiling to herself at his protesting groan and what sounded like an exasperated curse. She stroked his sac and had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing as she watched him. The expression on his face was priceless. He looked like a little boy who found his Christmas present too early, but still had to wait until Christmas morning to open the wrapping paper. His eyes and forehead scrunched up, nostrils flared, and his lips thinned over his teeth, as if he were growling.

Kathryn lowered her head to lick the length of him from base to tip. She spotted a little dribble of precum and allowed her tongue to dig into the slit of the weeping head to catch that little morsel. Chakotay sucked in a breath as he panted, his face actually turning a bit red as he gripped the linen again. Kathryn hovered over him again. Never had she seen that happen to one of her lovers, but then again, she never allowed herself to play this way before. Not only had she completely aroused the man beneath her, but she’d also managed aroused herself. So much so that she felt her own wetness slipping out of her, sliding down the inside of her thighs.

As Kathryn watched him, trying to get her own pulse back under control, Chakotay gradually opened his eyes to watch her. The heat that poured out of his eyes did nothing to improve her attempts at calming her pulse, and despite the effort, her breath caught again. It didn’t appear Chakotay was able to move yet; surely he would’ve already pounced her if he had been able. His knuckles were still fisted in the linen, and the head of his erection was dark as the length of him jutted angrily toward the ceiling.

Feeling daring, Kathryn crawled towards him and settled across his legs, as if to straddle him. Instead of lowering herself onto his rigid cock, Kathryn leaned back against his legs, allowing his penis to rest against her cheek, with her sodden pussy facing him. She watched him as a thousand questions raced across his face; she could tell he didn’t have clue what she was going to do next. Truth be told, she wasn’t sure, either. Keeping eye contact with him, she slid her hands over her belly and up her ribcage repeatedly. Kathryn concentrated on her breathing and the feel of her fingers on her skin. Her right hand smoothed up to cup her breast, kneading the mound of flesh, twirling her sore nipple as her left hand slid further south the play in her own wetness, swirling back and forth between her swollen flesh.

Chakotay licked his lips and slowly unclenched his fists as he watched Kathryn touch herself. Chakotay flared his nostrils as he caught her heady scent in the air mingled with his own. He watched her breathing quicken as her eyes slid shut. Kathryn allowed her hands to continue to tweak her body, her fingers continuing to swirl around her clit before they disappeared into the glistening depths of her pussy. She raised her hips a bit, offering him more of a view as she roughly pumped her fingers in and out of her pussy. Fuck, she was hot! Not many of his lovers afforded him the rare gift Kathryn presented, and the sight of her so wantonly fucking herself made his blood burn like fire through his veins. He watched her labored breathing calm as she eased her fingers out of her wetness, spreading her essence around a bit as she played leisurely before slowly leaning up to face him. Her thighs glistening in the starlight of the viewport, she licked her fingers and hand clean with a “hmm” sound.

Kathryn never registered his movement; one moment she sitting up, saucily teasing him, and the next she was flat on her back as he kissed her mouth hungrily. She felt him fist his hands in her hair and hold her to him as he stole her breath. Kathryn smoothed her hands up his chest and pinched his nipples lightly. She felt him nip her lower lip in response as his fingers moved to play in the wetness between her thighs impatiently. She arched slightly before she palmed his erection, gently squeezing his length. Suddenly, Chakotay ripped his lips from hers and hissed in her ear, biting down on her shoulder – hard. Kathryn cried out in pain as Chakotay breathed harshly in her face.
“Fuck it!” she heard him rasp a second before he impaled her with his cock.

“Ohhh,” Kathryn moaned on the brink of pain.

Her moan of pain reached him, and Chakotay rolled them so that Kathryn was straddling him. Guiding her hips, he encouraged her to ride him. It hadn’t been his intention to cause her pain. But a man could only take so much teasing, and one thing he’d learned for sure was that the woman wantonly riding his cock was a damn good tease.

Chakotay leaned forward to capture a nipple between his teeth while his hand kneaded her other breast. Rolling the pebbled tip between his lips, Chakotay started to suckle her. He slid his free hand down her spine to rest on her hip to hold her in place as he bucked upward. He released her nipple with a wet *pop* before switching to her other pebbled peak. He suckled her softly at first, almost tentatively before increasing the pressure and sucking her swollen flesh harshly, using his tongue to tweak her nipple once again.

Kathryn groaned a husky moan as she threw her head back and languidly ground her pelvis down against him. Chakotay absolutely loved that sound; he wanted to hear her make it again. Slowly, he increased the passion of their coupling, guiding her into a faster pace. Faster and harder she rode him, groaning as he caressed her body.

“Harder, mmm. Harder!” she commanded, as she ground her hips against him.

Chakotay smirked as he obliged her, over and over again, slamming up against her harder and faster until he raised them both completely off the bed. She thrust back against him, grinding her hips harshly in counterpoint to his thrusts. Chakotay watched, fascinated, as she bowed her head in concentration, her hands moving to grip the headboard. She appeared to be focusing all her energy on riding him and staying in rhythm with him. A thought occurred to him; he wondered if talking dirty excited her. Gripping her hips tightly, he thrust up into her welcoming heat.

“Shit! Kathryn, you’re so tight. You’re so wet…so hot. Fuck, you feel good.” Chakotay watched as Kathryn pushed herself away from the headboard, leaning back as she used his arms as support.

His words seemed to unlock the mouth of the wanton woman astride him.

“Shit! Oh shit!” Kathryn hissed as he thrust against her cervix.

As Kathryn leaned back, she exposed her swollen nub to his hungry eyes. Supporting her with his left hand, Chakotay ran the knuckles of his right hand back and forth across her hardened bundle of nerves. Kathryn released another delicious, husky groan as she bucked against him. Chakotay watched, mesmerized as her breasts bobbed up down as she rode him. He wanted her; he wanted the sensation of riding her the same as she was riding him at the moment. He ran his knuckles across her clit repeatedly as he thrust into her. He felt her stomach muscles quiver and in the next instant pinched her clit. Hard.

Suddenly, Kathryn felt her tightly-coiled arousal coalesce and snap into a blinding orgasm. Her breathing was ragged as her vaginal walls clamped violently, rhythmically attempting to milk the hard shaft firmly lodged in her womanhood. She felt one of his hands slide up her slick back and his lips place a kiss to her forehead as she collapsed limply against him.
In the next moment, she felt herself on her back with her legs up over his shoulders as he thrust into her again. He pushed her legs back almost until her knees rested next to her ears as he hammered into her tight depths.

“Yeah, oh yeah….. Mmmm, take it, Kathryn,” Chakotay breathed harshly as he held her down. “Take it….. Fuck yeah…. Fuck!” he grunted as he pummeled her pussy again, and again, and again.

Relentlessly, he continued until Kathryn thought she couldn’t breathe, and just when she thought she might pass out, his movements became jerky right before she felt him flood her womb with jet after jet after jet of ejaculate. He was still moving between her legs, still holding her firmly in place, and when she wouldn’t have thought it possible, Chakotay groaned loudly before shooting one last load of cum inside her.

She was ready when he collapsed and cradled his head in the crook of her neck and his body between her wet thighs. Kathryn raised her legs to wrap around his hips as she stroked her fingers through his thick hair. She chuckled to herself as she thought back over their frantic coupling. Who would’ve ever thought Chakotay was a dirty talker in bed? In all the years she known him and in all her fantasies, not once did she consider the possibility.

She found the idea thrilling, actually; she’d always been very enthusiastic in bed. With her first fiancé, Justin, she’d been wild, unbridled in their lovemaking, and he’d loved to hear her cry his name as she orgasmed. But he didn’t like to talk during sex; he only ever wanted to hear her scream his name. Mark was the complete opposite. She cringed at the thought of having to sublimate her desires to him. He was a more conservative lover. He was very astute to her needs, but their lovemaking was comfortable, predictable. She’d learned early on that she couldn’t truly be herself with him in the bedroom, the poor man wouldn’t possibly have survived. She closed her eyes briefly when she thought of Jaffen; she didn’t miss him, but he’d awakened something in her being. At the time she couldn’t put her finger on what it was, just that she enjoyed their evenings in bed together.

When she regained her memories, Kathryn knew what it was Jaffen unknowingly unlocked. Her sensuality. She’d sublimated her physical desires and needs for years, to the point where she’d actually forgotten how freeing it felt. However, with her new awareness also came the old sexual frustration of the early years of her tenure as Voyager’s captain.

Since her return from Quarra, Chakotay had slowly seduced her, and she allowed him. Her stay on Quarra caused her to rethink her position regarding their relationship outside of ship’s function. Could she really carry on for the next thirty years alone? She wasn’t stupid; she knew she wasn’t the most well-endowed, prettiest or youngest female on the ship. And she also knew that Chakotay couldn’t sublimate his desires much longer. She saw the way he eyed alien women who returned his blatant stares. And she couldn’t fault him for finding release in the arms of aliens when she herself was unable or unwilling to appease his sexual appetite.

Unbeknownst to Kathryn, Chakotay watched the play of emotions in her eyes as she gazed unseeingly in his direction. He watched as the afterglow faded from her blue eyes to be replaced by a sadness he never wanted to think her capable of. Leaning off her slightly, he brought his eyes in line with hers.

“Hey,” he whispered, in an attempt not to startle her.

“Hey,” she whispered back, cupping his face as her eyes caressed his facial features.

“You okay? I didn’t hurt you did I?” he questioned.

“No, love, you didn’t hurt me” she answered.

“Love?” he questioned, showing his dimples as he smiled down at her.
“Oh! Power those down,” Kathryn laughed as she playfully slid a hand in front of her eyes before smiling up at him. “You can’t possibly doubt my feelings. Surely you know I’m not the type of woman to just jump into bed with man?” she questioned with a raised eyebrow.

Growing serious, Chakotay gazed down at her, “No, you’re not.”

“But?” Kathryn prompted as his eyes drilled into her.

“No buts. I just want you to be very sure, Kathryn. I won’t hide from the crew. No sneaking out of your quarters or you sneaking out of mine. I want the freedom to kiss you in the messhall and share quarters while on shore leave,” Chakotay stipulated.

“All right. But I don’t want this,” Kathryn motioned between their naked bodies, “interfering with our working relationship”

“However, lunch and breaks are fair game,” he decreed as he leaned down to kiss her.

“Mmmm…” she hummed, “the Ready Room, turbolifts, and Jefferies Tubes are off limits, unless we’re on the holodeck,” she affirmed as he kissed her again.

“Deal. By the way, I love you, too,” he declared before leaning down to kiss her neck.

“I know, but it’s nice to hear,” she breathed as he once again found the sensitive spot on her neck. “Mmmm…Cha-ko-tay,” Kathryn moaned as his lips closed around her erect nipple. She threaded her fingers through his hair as he suckled her flesh. “Mmm…you have the Alpha shift tomorrow, you know,” she reminded as she opened her legs in silent invitation.

Chakotay hummed has he cupped her breasts together, “I don’t care.” he stated as he stroked her body.

“Mmmm?” she questioned as his fingers played in their joint fluids between her thighs.

Chakotay leaned over her, watching her fight sleep as he stroked her hips before answering, “Rest, Kathryn.”

He knew she was exhausted. She’d been up for thirty-six hours already. Add to that the game on the holodeck and the unexpected workout her body had just endured, and he was surprised she was still able to string two sentences together.

“Kotay?” she questioned drowsily.

“Mmm..” he answered softly.

“Love you,” she whispered before her breathing evened out as she fell asleep in his arms.

Chakotay watched her as she slept and savored the feel of her in his arms for long moments before he, too, succumbed to the siren song of sleep. Pulling the comforter over their bodies, he tucked Kathryn close to his side before following her into the land of nod.