

## ***The Future Is Ours – Part 36***

### **“A New Power”**

By Dawn

Summary: A new president, a new life, and new opportunities

Rated: NC-17

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Finally able to take a break, Kathryn decided to remain on leave for the foreseeable future. However, she found that every so often, a member of the admiralty or the Federation Council would contact her for input on managing the relationships she'd forged the year prior.

It was a month after the political shake-up when Kathryn and Justin were in the sitting room of the presidential palace. A young woman walked into the room and asked, “Admiral Janeway?”

“Yes?”

“President Truov will see you now.”

“Thank you.” Kathryn nodded and then asked Justin, “Would you wait for me out here?”

He smiled. “Wasn't too long ago that I was protecting you from the president, not letting you walk into the lion's den alone.”

Patting his arm, she said, “And you did an excellent job.” Kathryn followed the young woman through the foyer and into another room that looked to be an assistant's office. They paused in front of a set of large, wooden doors that two security guards opened for them.

The young woman held out her hand and said, “Right this way.”

“Thank you.” As Kathryn walked in, she was instantly greeted by the interim president.

“Come on in and make yourself at home. Can I pour you some coffee?” Truov asked as she waved Kathryn over to a small sitting area.

“That would be nice, thank you.”

A welcoming smile on her face, she said, “I took the liberty of requesting the decaffeinated variety because of the baby. I hope that's okay?”

“It’s not okay, but it’s what the doctor ordered,” Kathryn joked as she accepted a cup.  
“Thank you, Madame President.”

The older Coridanite woman paused and chuckled softly. “I was just trying to decide if I should call you Admiral Janeway or if my new station means that I should use your given name. You surprised me by using my title.”

Kathryn sat down on a comfortable-looking settee. “It’s my experience that one should always use a title until given permission otherwise. And yes, you may definitely call me Kathryn.”

“Thank you, Kathryn. Please call me Isela, because I’d like for us to become friends.”

“I’d like that as well. One can never have too many.”

Isela nodded her agreement as she sat across from Kathryn. “I want to thank you for coming to France today. I’d planned to call on you at your home, but my aide insisted that it would be more appropriate to ask you to travel. I’m not sure it matters, but I’m trying to abide by the proper decorum that this job demands.”

“How are you liking the job so far?”

“May I be honest with you?”

“Of course, Isela.” Kathryn gave her what she hoped was a reassuring smile. “That’s what friends are for.”

“Right you are,” she said, appearing instantly more relaxed. “I’m a little on edge and feeling out of my element with this position, although I haven’t told anyone else that.”

“Your secret is safe with me.” She took a sip of coffee before saying, “I’ve read some about your background. You’ve been a council member for a few years, and before that, you were a government official on Coridan. Is that right?”

“That’s correct. I was a senator for my province – a moderately populated area on the main continent of the planet. My mentor nominated me to the Federation Council based on my expertise of writing legislation, and because she believed that my ideas were exactly what the Federation needed. I was appointed quickly because we were having trouble finding a Coridanite willing to go.”

“Why was that?”

“Same reason that so many other planets have left the Federation. There was a strong movement among my people that we should withdraw our membership along with the other planets in our sector. The position I find myself in now is far from what I ever imagined myself doing.”

“I can imagine, but now that you’re here, you can make the best of it by helping planets like your own.”

“You’re right.” Isela nodded. “I haven’t decided if I want to run for this office. The council wants my decision by the end of the week.”

“It’s a big decision.”

“Yes, but I think you should be the one throwing her name into the hat. Not me.”

Kathryn shook her head. “Not right now.”

“Does that imply a ‘someday?’”

“I don’t know,” she said thoughtfully. “We’ll see what life brings my way. So far, my path has been chosen by circumstances out of my control. I’d be naïve to think that I can somehow direct my fate at this point.”

“And you’re going to be a mother soon.”

“That’s right.” Kathryn caressed her swollen belly. “This child is a miracle, and I don’t want to miss a moment of his young life.”

“As a woman, I’m pleased you feel that way. My children are adults now and I wish that I’d had more time with them when they were young. But as you say, circumstances affect priorities. I was a widow and I needed to provide for my family.”

Sympathetically, Kathryn said, “Oh, Isela, I’m so sorry.”

“Thank you for your concern, but now I’m happily remarried and my children have grown up to be wonderful people.”

“You seem very proud of them.”

“Oh, I am. They’re thrilled about my temporary assignment and want me to continue.”

“You have an extraordinary opportunity here.”

“Do I?” Isela shook her head dismissively. “I’m sorry, Kathryn. This is not what I called you here to talk about.”

“It’s all right,” she said kindly. “I suspect you don’t have many you can talk openly to, do you?”

“Not who would truly understand, but if I’m to be a competent president, I should try to act confident around everyone.”

Kathryn couldn’t help but laugh. “I thought the exact same thing about my role as captain of Voyager.”

“And how did that work for you?”

“I found out that it’s lonely at the top.” She tilted her head and asked, “May I offer you some advice?”

“I would love some,” Isela replied earnestly.

“You have a unique opportunity to be the leader of a team that can set the Federation back on the right path. You don’t have to do it alone, and in fact, I believe that most of the leaders and council members I’ve spoken to would love the opportunity to work together to rebuild the trust that we’ve lost.”

“But they need a strong leader.”

“Yes, they do, and as long as you don’t pretend to be something you’re not, they will follow you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that you should be yourself. For example, if your intuition tells you that the best way to meet with someone is to call upon them at their home, just go. Don’t let an aide tell you that it’s not proper.”

“You have a point.” She nodded. “I am the president, after all.”

Kathryn chuckled. “Yes, you are, and you have natural abilities that are your strengths. In the meetings I attended with you, I noticed that you were quiet until everyone else had their say, and then you combined what had been said with your own ideas to present an alternative that at least two thirds of the room could stand behind. Keep doing that.”

“Assuming I can figure out an alternative that works.”

“Not necessary. A good leader listens to their constituents and decides on a course of action that is best for all. That action may simply be that the group needs to do more research before coming to a conclusion.”

Isela nodded thoughtfully. “I see your point, and I know for a fact that we’re all tired of a leader who pushes his own agenda.”

“Precisely. This Federation, as it stands now, wants reassurance that they’ll be heard, that they’re all important, and that there’s not even a hint of dishonesty in the Council. I don’t think it’s all that important how the Council makes a decision as long as they’re representing the needs of their people.”

“Your original proposal was to request an oversight committee. How important is that to re-uniting the Federation?”

“That was to keep the previous administration from doing any more damage, and while I trust that you have significantly higher ethical standards, we don’t know what the future holds.”

Isela nodded. “And right now, we know who to trust. We should put safeties in place while we can.”

“Right. The people want to trust the government again.”

“I agree, and you and your staff have made great strides in that direction. They’ve been a blessing to have around over the last month. Do you think they’d be interested in continuing while you’re on leave?”

“Some might. Commander Kim will be taking a new assignment in August.”

“Oh, I hate to lose him.”

“He’s a good man.”

“Yes, he seems to be. As for the rest of your group, I plan to ask Admiral Khurma about putting them on your flagship to continue your work. What do you think?”

Kathryn took a moment to think before replying, “Bernie Young, captain of the Pioneer, would be the one to lead any diplomatic conversations, and my staff would need to report to him.”

“That should be easy enough to arrange, wouldn’t it?”

“Should be, if they want to go back into space. The choice would be up to them.”

“I’ll mention it to Khurma,” Isela said. “And as for you, do you plan to officially resign from Starfleet?”

“No, I’m just on an indefinite leave of absence.”

“Would you be interested in an assignment from me every so often? Assuming I’m elected, that is.”

“Depends on what’s involved.”

“I can understand that.” Isela topped off their coffees as she said, “When you’re ready, perhaps you can let me know what your stipulations are.”

“Do you have something specific in mind or do you just want to keep me on the back burner?”

“The Romulans are having an election for a new praetor. I spoke to Khurma about the situation and he said you might know something.”

“Oh, that.” Kathryn gently scratched her temple. “Do we have any intelligence about the candidates?”

“No, but when I find out, should I contact you?”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean I’ll want to get involved.” She tapped her coffee cup for a moment while she thought. “I can tell you that if the new praetor is someone besides a Romulan named Rabom, then we need to proceed with the utmost caution. If he is elected, then he may want to talk to me about a diplomatic or scientific partnership.”

Isela leaned forward, rapt with attention. “So choice A is really good for the Federation and choice B could be really bad?”

“That’s my understanding.”

“This election may be happening within the month. I think that would be too soon to ask you to go.”

Kathryn nodded. “I’m not traveling again until after this baby is born, and even then, I have no desire to go to Romulus. However, if you want to pick my brain, don’t hesitate to contact me.”

“Thank you, Kathryn. I’ll rest easier knowing that.”

She smiled graciously. “It helps to have a sounding board, I know.”

“If you wouldn’t mind, I’d like to use you as one for awhile.”

“Sure, but I think for your image, we should keep it private. I’m ready to bow out of the public eye for awhile and I don’t want anyone thinking that I’m influencing you.”

“I appreciate that. Should I let Admiral Khurma know?”

“If you want, although if we’re just a couple of friends getting together for coffee, that doesn’t involve him.” Kathryn raised her index finger. “One more piece of business...”

“What’s that?”

“If the Romulans want to talk to me, don’t send the Pioneer in my place. They’re not equipped for that.”

“Who would you send, then?”

“Enterprise, but ultimately, that’s Khurma’s decision.”

“I really do appreciate your advice, Kathryn. More than you know.”

“Call me any time, but I’m sure that if you just step back from any conflict and listen, you’ll do the right thing. In a democratic government such as ours, you don’t have to stand alone and you’ll never run out of opportunities to hear opposing views. Our council will never fail to point out every possible side to any issue.”

Isela laughed. “Only you could make that sound like a positive thing.”

“No,” Kathryn replied with insistence. “You can too, and you will. I have the utmost faith in you.”

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Kathryn had the bathwater running and was about to take off her robe when Chakotay stepped into the doorway. “Hi there, handsome,” she said as she went to give him a soft kiss.

“Mmmm, that’s nice,” he said as he drew her into his arms. “I missed you today.”

“That’s what you get for going to work.” She pulled away to turn the water off. “Did you get your curriculum planned?”

“Pretty much, but I’m sure it wasn’t as exciting as your trip to France.”

“France was... interesting.” Kathryn opened a container of bath salt and poured some into the hot water.

“What’s that for?”

“Soothes achy muscles and makes my skin beautiful.” She untied her belt as the water began fizzing with bubbles. “And it’s fun.”

“Feel like some company in there?”

“I’d love some, but you’ll smell like a girl.”

As he started undressing, he said, "I can always take a shower afterwards."

"All right, then." She took off her robe and waited for him.

He licked his lips as he gazed at her. "Wow, you look amazing, Kathryn."

"You just saw me this morning, honey."

"Yeah, but you were in bed. I rarely see you standing up when you're completely nude."

Turning to the side to show him her profile, she caressed her swollen belly. "We're nearing five months now. I'm getting big."

"Yes, you are." He kneeled down and placed a kiss on her stomach. His hands caressed up her legs as he added, "Your thighs are filling out, too."

"They feel stronger." She gasped as his touch went a little higher than she expected. "You keep doing that and we won't make it to the tub."

"And we'd hate to miss out on those salts, right?" he asked as he continued to caress her inner thigh.

"Well, they are nice." She moaned softly under his touch and backed up until she was against the wall. "Have I told you how much I love being married to you?"

"Not today." Pressing her legs firmly against the cold tile, he feathered his lips up to her bikini line where he left a hot, wet kiss.

"An over...sssss... ahhhhh." She spread her legs a little as he stroked over her mons.

He chuckled as he stood up and took her hand. "Come on, let's enjoy this nice bath."

"Tease," she said as she watched him get in.

"Come on." Holding his hand out, he steadied her as she stepped into the tub and slid down between his legs.

With the two of them in the bath, the water was so deep that Kathryn was immersed up to her neck in the luxurious warmth. She snuggled back against Chakotay and closed her eyes, sighing with contentment as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

He quietly asked, "Comfortable?"

"Mmmhmm." She resituated her head against his shoulder and asked, "Want to hear about my trip?"



“Not just yet,” he whispered into her ear before his lips began nuzzling the side of her neck.

“That’s nice,” she mumbled as she gave him better access.

His hands caressed over her belly, the bath salts making her skin soft and slick. “I love this so much, Kathryn.”

“Me pregnant?”

“Oh, yes,” he said with intensity. “I feel like I can’t get enough of looking at you and touching you.”

“You’re in luck, then, because I can’t get enough of you ogling and touching me.”

“Is that so?” His hands slid down to her thighs and resumed their earlier intimate caress.

She moaned as his fingers parted her feminine folds. “Ohhhh.”

“You’re wet, my love.”

“In…” Her hips rocked forward to give him better access. “…the bath.”

“Not that kind of wet,” he whispered as he used only the tip of his middle finger to rub back and forth across the opening of her vagina.

Kathryn’s entire body tensed with the pleasure he was stirring up inside her, gasping loudly as his free hand slid up to cup her breast. His fingers closed around her nipple, pinching it ever so slightly. She arched her back to thrust her chest up, and then when he brought her attention back to her vagina, she lifted her hips.

“You are so sexy,” he said with no small amount of desire in his voice.

“Wanna take me to bed?”

“Not just yet.” Kissing her neck again, he continued his ministrations on the most intimate areas of her body. As she squirmed under his touch, he said, “I want you to come for me right here.”

A soft little moan escaped her lips as Chakotay’s long finger slid up to her clitoris, coating it with her slippery juices. Another finger joined the action, and together, they toyed with her hardened nub, circling, rubbing, and gently pinching to stir her higher and higher into ecstasy. Her body grew rigid with tension, manifesting in pointed toes, hands clenching his arms, and her legs folded as tightly as she could make them until she finally

exploded under his touch. Tremors rocked her body as her orgasm spread through her like a wildfire.

His fingers drew up to caress her hardened belly and she went completely limp in his arms. He kissed the side of her head and whispered, "I love you."

"Love you... too." She wanted to fall asleep, but couldn't help but join him in feeling the wonderful hardness of her distended womb. "This really is remarkable, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Does it hurt?"

"No, not really."

"Not really?"

She moved his hand to her right side and pressed his fingers into the soft tissue. "This has been feeling sore all day, and it's stronger now. I did a little research and I believe it's the ligaments being strained by the weight of the pregnancy."

"You might mention it to Dr. Joe, just in case."

"Did he ever say where the damage to my uterus is located?"

"Not that I recall, except that it would be where the placenta would eventually grow."

"I see him on Friday." She looked up at her husband. "Do we need to take care of you, now?"

"Not, yet. This was just for you. I couldn't let all that arousal I stirred up go to waste."

"Thank you. I'm certainly not going to complain."

He lathered up her sponge and began washing her. "So, tell me about your visit."

"Truov asked to use me as a sounding board, especially on a situation that is stirring with Romulus."

Chakotay froze. "You're not..."

"No," she flicked him in the arm. "Trust me."

"Ow!" He rubbed the sore spot as he said, "I do trust you. Really."

She grumbled under her breath before continuing, "Sounding board only. There's an election taking place and Khurma told her that I might know something."

“I don’t think you ever did tell me what you learned from the Romulan went to see.”

“Hmmm,” she said as she thought about it. “No, I don’t suppose I did. Communications were so poor out there that I wasn’t sure it was safe. Remind me later to ask Harry about Enterprise’s communications system, would you?”

“Sure. Are they going out there?”

“Not at this time, but I did recommend that if anyone should need to go, it should be Picard. Truov wants to put my staff on the Pioneer and send them out to continue my work.”

“I like Bernie a lot, but he’s not savvy enough to deal with an adversary as intimidating as the Romulans.”

“Agreed. And Picard has experience with them. I read about his interactions when I was on my way out there to meet with Rabom.”

“And who is Rabom?”

“Influential Romulan who wants to be Praetor. He asked to meet because he believed me to be Earth’s most influential human.”

Chakotay nodded. “During the past year, I can see how an outsider would have that perception.”

“He wanted to establish a cooperative relationship and warn me about some rumors involving another Romulan who was seeking power. If the other one is elected, we will need to be on our toes.”

“Go on,” he encouraged.

“There’s really not much more to it. Rabom and I hit it off really well, but his vagueness regarding this other Romulan was disconcerting. Harry and Justin spent a couple of weeks trying to dig up information, but without a name, there wasn’t enough to go on.”

“I guess we just stay on alert.”

“That’s basically what I told Truov.” Kathryn leaned her head back so she could catch Chakotay’s eyes. “If we do learn something soon, I’d like to go back on limited duty.”

“To do what?”

“Participate in conversations about to handle the situation.”

“Whatever you feel like you need to do.” He covered his arm where she’d flicked it.  
“Because I trust you.”

She quirked a smile. “Smart man.”

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A few weeks later, Kathryn and Chakotay held hands as they walked up to Tom and B’Elanna’s door. She said, “It’s nice to be able to do this again.”

“Have dinner with friends?” Chakotay asked.

“To be able to walk up the sidewalk without a four-point security team. I’ve missed the freedom to just be able to go to a friend’s house without an advance perimeter sweep”

He pulled on his ear and ducked his head in embarrassment. “I was just thinking about what happened last time you and I were both here.”

“When was that?”

“The night when I did what was possibly the second most stupid thing I’ve ever done.”

She stopped and looked at him curiously. “We haven’t been here since that night we fought?”

“I have, but you haven’t.” He scratched his jaw. “Funny how you knew exactly what the second stupidest thing was.”

Kathryn tilted her head in sympathy as she stepped into his arms. “I want you to remember two things.”

“What’re those?” he asked as his lips grazed her forehead.

“I was clinically depressed and you won me back.”

“I’m incredibly thankful for the second thing, but the other makes me feel like a heel for not having recognized it and for having instigated it.”

“Shhhh,” she soothed. “Don’t you go getting depressed on me, now.”

“How could I possibly be depressed with you in my arms, swollen with my child?”

Kathryn stretched up onto her toes and kissed him, but it was short-lived because Tom came outside.

“Would you two stop making out on my sidewalk?”

Chakotay gave her another quick squeeze and said, "I guess we'd better finish this later."

"Might be for the best." She turned in his arms and put her arm around his waist to walk the rest of the way. "Tom, you have impeccable timing, as always."

"How so? Were things about to get really interesting?"

Her eyes widened as she joked, "I guess you'll never know."

"Get in here, you two," B'Elanna called out from the kitchen. "Chakotay, I need your help."

"With what?" he asked as he followed her voice.

"Dinner. Tom is busy with Miral and I'm not even going to ask your wife."

"Hey!" Kathryn said, her hands on her hips. "I'm getting much better in the kitchen."

"Yes you are," Chakotay noted. "But I know that you'd much rather help with Miral than throw a salad together."

Miral yelled, "Cookie!"

Tom replied, "Eat your green beans first, little one."

"Cookie!"

"Green beans."

"Cookie!"

Tom shook his head. "Green beans."

Kathryn tried not to smile. "How long do you two usually go at this?"

"As long as it takes."

B'Elanna said, "Until he gives in, which perpetuates the problem."

"I don't give in."

She rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

Kathryn looked down at the tray and noted, "Looks to me like she's smashing them, not eating them."

Tom said, "She wouldn't eat them at lunch, either. Last week, she couldn't get enough."

B'Elanna said, "At lunch, she wanted Tom's food, not her own."

"What were you eating?" Chakotay asked.

"Leftover tuna steak," Tom said as he cleaned up the green bean mess. "Not exactly kid friendly, but she was in scavenger-mode."

"And at breakfast, she didn't want her applesauce, she wanted my bagel," B'Elanna said.

Kathryn fingered one of Miral's curly locks. "Not that I have any expertise with children, but sounds like she wants to sink her teeth into something hearty. Enough of the mushy stuff."

"Hmmm," Tom said as he walked over to the pantry, pulled out a bagel, and handed a chunk of it to his daughter. "Bagel?"

Miral's face lit up as she grabbed it and yelled, "Cookie!"

They all laughed and Kathryn said, "Well, she thinks she won, but maybe a cookie is anything other than what she's currently eating."

"Or just something chewy," Chakotay pointed out.

Kathryn pulled up a chair and put her elbows on the table near Miral. "Is that yummy?"

"Cookie," the little girl said as she gummed the big chunk of bread.

"Yummy." She smiled as she helped clean the bits of green beans off the little girl's shirt.

Tom asked, "Are you ready for one of these?"

"Oh, yes. I can't wait." Kathryn added, "But I do want to try to hold onto the pregnancy until the end of September. Joe thinks it's do-able if I take it easy."

"You're only five months. Are you showing signs of pre-term labor?"

"No, but he's had to repair the placenta once already. It's in a vulnerable location."

B'Elanna said, "Then I'd better move up my plans for a baby shower."

"A shower? You don't need to do that, Lanna."

“Of course I do. Phoebe and I’ve already been talking about it.”

A slow smile spread across Kathryn’s face. “I’m happy to hear that. Did she tell you she’s expecting, too?”

“No, really?”

“In January.” Kathryn turned in her chair to face B’Elanna. “For the shower, my staff would probably like to attend, and most of them will be heading out on the Pioneer on August 20<sup>th</sup>. Think you could swing a party that quickly?”

“Sure! We’ll get right on it. How big a party do you want?”

“That’s up to you.”

Chakotay asked, “Can the men attend?”

“Of course,” B’Elanna replied. “Can’t wait to see what Harry gives you guys.”

“What did he give you?” Kathryn asked.

“Cloth diapers with a Starfleet insignia,” Tom replied. “We used them as burp cloths.”

“Oh yeah,” Kathryn said with a chuckle. “I remember now.”

As B’Elanna set the vegetables and potatoes on the table, she asked, “Any dates we should avoid?”

“Only August 8<sup>th</sup>. We’re attending a wedding in Alaska.”

“Whose?” Tom asked.

“Will Riker and Deanna Troi, from the Enterprise.”

B’Elanna asked, “Speaking of the Enterprise, what is it with that ship and Harry? He mentioned that he’s going out again in September, but you said your staff is going on the Pioneer.”

Tom added, “Yeah, he’s been on the Enterprise more lately than he’s been with you.”

Kathryn shared a look with Chakotay and then asked, “What did Harry say about his departure in September, exactly?”

“Just that he’d be headed out and wanted to spend some time with us before he went. Why do you ask?”

Kathryn tapped her comm badge. "Janeway to Commander Kim, San Francisco 974."

"Kim here. What can I do for you, Admiral?"

"What's your current location?"

"I'm at my parent's house, but we haven't started dinner, yet. Do you need something?"

"We're at Tom and B'Elanna's, and they seem in the dark about your upcoming adventure on the Enterprise."

Tom asked, "Was it supposed to be confidential or something?"

"Not exactly," Harry replied. "Kathryn, didn't you tell them about it?"

"Nooo," she said carefully.

"Oh, well, that would certainly explain their lack of reaction. I assumed that as often as they see you, they already knew."

"Knew what, Starfleet?" B'Elanna demanded.

Harry said, "I've been assigned to the Enterprise permanently, and I'm shipping out September 1<sup>st</sup>."

"Wow!" Tom replied. "What position?"

"I'm replacing Commander Data who is being promoted to first officer."

"Seriously?" B'Elanna asked. "Bridge officer on the Federation flagship?"

Harry chuckled. "Now that is the reaction I was looking for."

Tom said, "This calls for a party. Wow, I think we need a huge one. A real blow out."

"Sounds good," Harry replied. "Listen, I need to go, but we'll talk some more tomorrow."

Kathryn asked, "Apple pie tonight, Harry?"

"Oh, you bet," he replied, sounding less than thrilled. "I'll call you on Monday, Kathryn. There are a few things I want to go over with you before I speak to the security commission next week."

"Looking forward to it, Janeway out."



Once the line was closed, Tom asked, “Our little Harry? Second officer on the Enterprise?”

Chakotay set the baked chicken down on the table as he replied, “No, he’ll just be ops. Second officer goes to the third highest ranking bridge officer, regardless of their post.”

“Oh,” Tom replied, seemingly confused. “I figured a ship as large as the Enterprise would have ops and a second officer.”

“Every ship has a second officer, Tom,” Kathryn replied.

“But Voyager didn’t.”

“Remember the guy with the pointy ears?” Chakotay asked as he sat down beside his wife. “Or have you blocked him from your memory?”

Tom rolled his eyes as they started passing the food. “You never referred to him as your second officer.”

“Chief of Security has a nicer ring to it, don’t you think?” Kathryn asked.

“Still,” B’Elanna said. “Ops on the Enterprise. That’s quite a coup for our Harry.”

Kathryn nodded. “He really impressed Picard on several occasions. First time was in finding me.”

“How was Harry involved, other than being onboard the Pioneer?”

Chakotay replied, “He was the one who found her. Didn’t you all know that?”

“No,” Tom said as she shared a look with B’Elanna. “Wow, this is a night for surprises.”

“The way Picard tells it,” Kathryn described, “Harry calculated the frequency of a transmission faster than Data, and because of the improvements Harry made to both ships’ sensors, they were able to track the location of the freighter where I was being held.”

B’Elanna asked, “Let me guess... Borg sensor technology?”

“I’m sure that Annika would know which species it came from,” Chakotay noted.

“Amazing,” Tom said. “Just amazing.”

“What’s Harry going to do about his relationship with his doctor friend?” B’Elanna asked.

“Amy?” When they nodded, Kathryn continued, “Dr. Crusher is taking her under her wing, but Amy will be doing some additional training at Starfleet Medical this fall before joining the Enterprise in January.”

“Doesn’t that work out nicely?” Tom winked. “I don’t suppose you had any pull in arranging that?”

“Not as much as you would think. Amy has to earn the right to stay on the Enterprise, but at least she’ll have the opportunity.”

Miral threw her chewed up bagel chunk onto Kathryn’s plate and announced, “Done!”

“I’m so sorry!” B’Elanna said as she tried to grab the disgusting object.

Kathryn held up her hand. “It’s fine, Lanna.” She simply moved the slimy bagel to the edge of her plate. “It’s not like a well-loved piece of food is the worst thing I’ve ever had to contend with.”

“Still, that’s a slobbery mess,” Tom said as he reached across and plucked it off of her plate.

Kathryn looked at the sweet little toddler with a forehead full of ridges and smiled. “You really are a mess, you know that?”

“Play!”

“I’ll be happy to play after dinner.”

“Play!”

Kathryn shook her head in amusement. “How about a cookie?”

“Play!”

“Here you go,” Tom said as he put a wafer cookie down on Miral’s tray.

She immediately threw it on the floor. “Play!”

Tom unhooked the tray and picked her up. “Miral is a girl who knows what she wants. Remind you of anyone?”

Kathryn smiled at B’Elanna who was eyeing her husband with annoyance. “Lanna, I have a feeling people will say the same thing about my child.”

“People always say that about the children of strong-willed parents.”

Chakotay added, "Just remember, ladies, that it's the strong-willed parents who make the best leaders."

B'Elanna asked, "Have you two decided on a name, yet?"

"We've tossed a few around, but haven't come to any decisions. You have any suggestions?"

"You *want* suggestions?"

"Sure, if you've got a good one," Chakotay replied.

B'Elanna sat back in her chair, completely surprised. "I got about ten a day on Voyager. I was so sick of baby names that I would've liked to have throw a well-loved piece of food in a few faces."

Kathryn and Chakotay exchanged looks and together, said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it. After all, we used your suggestion, Kathryn."

"My suggestion and my name."

"I guess we should've asked your permission, first."

"Of course not," she said earnestly. "I'm truly honored."

"So, what names have you come up with? Are you sure it's a boy?"

Chakotay answered, "Dr. Joe has confirmed it. We are definitely having a boy."

Kathryn said, "We've thought about both Indian and traditional names."

"But we're torn," Chakotay finished. "It's not necessary to have a special name to acknowledge one's heritage, and I think we'd be giving the kid a leg up if we gave him a normal name."

B'Elanna said, "I understand, what with having a Klingon name all my life. However, we went with mom's name for Miral because of my experiences on the Barge of the Dead. I want her to ask about her name some day."

"I can see the value in that, but in my father's tribal tradition, his name goes to the first born grandson. Sekaya already used Kolopak."

Kathryn asked, "Have you given anymore thought to naming him after one of the fallen Maquis?"

“Bendara?” B’Elanna asked. “You two were very close.”

Chakotay shook his head. “He died because of Seska, and I don’t want to be reminded about that, especially when I look at my son.”

Kathryn said, “I thought about Scott, but I don’t want to rule out an Indian name, yet.”

Tom returned and asked, “Scott?”

“Possible name for our son.”

“Scott Janeway. Has a nice ring to it.”

“Yes it does,” Chakotay said. “I like it a lot.”

B’Elanna asked, “What are your ideas for Indian names?”

“Anthwara was my grandfather, Kotawa was his grandfather. Kulkulkan was the name of the sky spirit, which we could possibly shorten to Kulkan. Tokala is a cunning fox, Cheveyo was a spirit warrior.”

“What about using one of those as a middle name?” Tom asked.

“That idea has some merit.”

Kathryn squeezed her husband’s hand and said, “We’ll have to give it some thought.”

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It was a cool August day when Kathryn and Chakotay arrived in Alaska for Will and Deanna’s wedding. They were ushered into the garden where the guests were gathered for the ceremony.

Beverly walked up and drew Kathryn into a hug. “It’s so wonderful to see you!”

“You, too. I was hoping we’d get a chance to visit more while you’re here.”

“I know, but we barely made it back to Earth as it is.” Beverly held Kathryn at arm’s length and gave her a good once over. “You look wonderful! Radiant!”

“You’re supposed to say that to the bride, not the guests.”

“Don’t you worry. Deanna looks gorgeous, too.” Beverly turned to Chakotay and gave him a quick hug as well. “Good to see you. Kathryn tells me that you’re taking good care of her.”

“As much as she’ll let me,” he joked.

“Hey, now,” Kathryn playfully jabbed his ribs. “I’ve been good.”

“Yes, but we have to keep up the pretense of you being stubborn, don’t we?”

Kathryn rolled her eyes and turned back to Beverly. “Is Deanna nervous?”

“Not at all. She’s more than ready to be married.”

“How long have they been together?” Chakotay asked.

Jean-Luc walked up and asked, “Will and Deanna? They’ve been dancing around each other since the day I met them twenty years ago!”

“Hello, Jean-Luc, good to see you.” Kathryn took his hand for a handshake, but she was surprised when he pulled her into a quick hug.

“You look positively wonderful, my dear Admiral.”

“Thank you. Despite being almost six months pregnant, I feel better than I have in a long time.”

“I’m so glad to hear it.” He offered his hand to Chakotay. “Good to see you again as well.”

“You, too, Captain.”

“Please, call me Jean-Luc. I feel we’re going to be old friends, soon.”

Kathryn raised an eyebrow. “In that case, one of these days, you’re going to have to use my given name, too.”

“We’ll see, we’ll see.” He leaned towards her and asked, “Could I have a moment alone, Admiral?”

Beverly gave him a look. “No business today, remember?”

He kissed the back of Beverly’s hand and said, “We’ll only be a moment.”

As they walked away, Kathryn mentioned, “I’m not up to date on much. Believe it or not, I really am on sabbatical.”

“Oh, this isn’t about business. I just want Beverly to think it is.”

“Why?” Kathryn asked with amusement.

Once they'd arrived in a far corner of the garden, he turned to her and said, "I have a personal request."

"All right." She smiled softly. "What can I do for you?"

"This, uh, is... Well, let me just come out and say it. I want to surprise Beverly when we return to Earth at the end of the month."

"What kind of surprise?"

"I want to ask her to marry me."

Kathryn's eyes widened in surprise. "Wow!"

"Now, now, dear Admiral. Don't give me away. She's likely watching us."

"All right," she said with a chuckle as she schooled her features. "Might I make a suggestion, though?"

"Of course," he encouraged.

"As romantic as that is, a woman likes to make plans for these types of occasions."

"Hmmm, I see your point," he said as he rubbed his chin. "Well, if she wants to, we'll put it off, but I'm not prepared to propose until then. Of course, there's no guarantee that she'll accept."

Kathryn laid her hand on his forearm. "I doubt that'll be a problem."

"Oh, I don't know. We have gotten rather stuck in our ways." Jean-Luc patted Kathryn's hand. "Regardless, I'd like to ask you to officiate. I think it would mean a lot to her."

"If that's what she would like, then I'd love to."

"You have reservations?"

"Her family is from Scotland. What if she wants a traditional Scottish wedding?"

He nodded with interest. "That would be lovely, too."

"Just let me know. I'm happy to be a guest, an attendant, or an officiate."

"Will do." He tilted his head and asked with sincerity, "How are you feeling these days?"

“I’m doing pretty well.”

“Finding enough projects to keep you busy, I hope?”

“Many,” she laughed. “Mostly, I’ve been writing. Chakotay and I are working on a text book for Delta Quadrant Studies and I’m finally getting a chance to do some follow-up accounts from a few of Voyager’s more remarkable adventures.”

Very interested, he said, “I’ll look forward to reading them.”

“Actually…”

“Yes?”

“I’ve been approached to write a book about the Q.”

He tried to cover his laugh. “A whole book? It’s just one letter!”

“It would be a short one. Are you interested in co-authoring?”

Running his hand over his bald head, he replied, “I’m not sure, but let’s talk more about it next week. I’d love to know what direction you’re taking the book.”

“None, yet. I haven’t gotten that far, nor have I agreed to do it.”

“You might not want to, because ‘he’ would enjoy it a little too much.”

“Good point,” she smirked. “Stroking that ego might not be wise.”

He put a hand on her elbow and guided her back to the others. “Now, I must attend to my duties as best man and see if Will needs any last minute advice.”

“You’re going to advise him on marriage?”

“Heavens, no. I was thinking more in terms of how to make a quick escape!”

Kathryn laughed with him. “I doubt there’s much of a chance he’d want to.”

“Me, either,” he said as they returned to Beverly and Chakotay.

Beverly asked, “Did you solve all of Starfleet’s problems?”

“No,” Jean-Luc replied. “But we might be collaborating on a book in the near future.”

“About?”

Kathryn replied, "The Q."

Chakotay cringed. "Must you?"

"No, but it might be fun."

"Then I suggest you use the title I've come up with..."

"Must *you*?" Kathryn interrupted.

Jean-Luc said with barely contained amusement, "I really want to hear this."

Kathryn cleared her throat. "It's not polite."

"Neither is Q," Beverly pointed out. "Let's hear it."

Chakotay tugged on his ear and announced, "Omnipotent or Just Impotent."

Beverly and Jean-Luc laughed heartily, Kathryn rolled her eyes, and Chakotay turned a charming shade of pink.

"That's perfect," Jean-Luc replied as he patted Chakotay's back. "Absolutely perfect."

Kathryn made a shooing motion with her hand towards Jean-Luc. "Weren't you going to check on Will?"

He laughed again and kissed Beverly on the cheek. "And you should be tending to the bride, my dear."

Beverly's eyes widened at the unusual public display of affection. "Aren't you being the romantic one?"

"It's a wedding. When in Rome..." he tossed over his shoulder as he walked away.

When he was out of ear shot, Beverly shook her head in amusement. "I don't know what's gotten into him over the last few weeks."

Kathryn noted, "He seems very happy."

"Yes, and that's strange considering he's losing two members of his senior staff."

"Perhaps he's just embracing change."

"Perhaps," Beverly said with a sigh. "But I don't know whether to be happy along with him or to keep watch for the other shoe to drop."



Chakotay said, "I say enjoy the good times while they're here."

"Good idea." Beverly nodded towards the back of the garden. "I'd better go check on Deanna. I hope you're staying for the reception?"

"I'm looking forward to it," Kathryn replied.

Once Beverly was gone, Chakotay took Kathryn's hand to escort her to their seats. He said, "I hope you're not too sore at me for telling a dirty joke."

She chuckled. "No, honey. It was fine."

As they sat, he noted, "Seems like it was only a few days ago that we were the ones getting married."

"I know." Cozying up next to him, she sighed happily. "Feels like we've been together forever, and that you just showed up on my bridge pointing a phaser at me a few days ago."

He placed a kiss on her hair and said, "Well, it was just a few days ago that my *phaser* was pointing at you."

Slowly turning her head to look at him, she noted, "I'm thinking that someone has sex on the brain *this* afternoon."

"Who? Me?"

"No, the tooth fairy." She rolled her eyes and took his hand between both of hers. Lazily drawing circles on the underside of his wrist, she whispered, "What I would like to know is whether this is all talk or are you going to do something about it?"

He leaned in and whispered into her ear, "Oh, don't you worry, my love. I've got plans for you tonight. Big plans."

Kathryn shivered in response. "I'm looking forward to it already."

"Is your body ready for it already?" he asked, his breath tickling her neck.

"Mmmhmm," she said as she pressed her thighs together.

"Good. Now open your legs, just a little, and don't close them again until I tell you to."

She played along, but only because they were sitting in the back and no one was paying any attention to them.

“Very nice,” he whispered. “Now, I want you to clench those certain muscles and keep them that way for the entire ceremony.”

“Aye, captain,” she replied with a smirk, having fun playing his little game. Not only was he making her body hum with pleasure, she knew that his demanding playfulness would continue all afternoon and evening. And if there was one thing her husband knew how to do, it was how to make her body hum.

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“Duty,” Jean-Luc stated. “A starship captain’s life is filled with solemn duty. I have commanded men in battle. I have negotiated peace treaties between implacable enemies. I have represented the Federation in First Contact with twenty-seven alien species. But none of this compares with my solemn duty today as best man.”

Kathryn stole a quick glance at Chakotay and laughed, but instead of paying attention to the best man’s toast, Chakotay was focused on Kathryn’s leg under the table. He was drawing tantalizing circles on her thigh while making sure she kept her legs parted per his earlier request.

Jean-Luc continued, “Now, I know on an occasion such as this it is expected that I be gracious and fulsome in my praise on the wonders of this blessed union.” He paused and looked at the happy couple. “But have the two of you considered what you are doing to me? Of course, you’re happy, but what about *my* needs? This is all a damned inconvenience.”

Everyone chuckled as he continued. “I mean, while you are happily settling in on the Titan, I will be training my new First Officer. You all know him. He’s a tyrannical martinet who will never, *ever* allow me to go on away missions.”

Kathryn shifted slightly in her seat to give her husband more access to her thigh as Data replied, “That is the regulation, sir. Starfleet Code Section 12, Paragraph Four...”

“Mr. Data?”

“Sir?”

“Shut up.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The audience laughed as Chakotay leaned in and whispered, “Sit up straighter, my love.”

Knowing that he wanted to see more of her chest, she casually dropped her shoulders, making it look as if she was just getting more comfortable.

Jean-Luc said, "Fifteen years I've been waiting to say that."

During another moment of laughter, Chakotay whispered, "More."

Kathryn stretched her neck and took a deep breath to give her chest a reason to rise, but she left it there as Jean-Luc addressed the bride and groom.

"No, seriously. Will, Deanna, there's still time to reconsider. Yes?"

The happy couple looked at each other and shook their heads. "No."

"No?" Picard patted Will on the shoulder. "Oh, very well, then."

He picked up a champagne flute. "Will Riker, you have been my trusted right arm for fifteen years. You have kept my course true and steady. Deanna Troi, you have been my guide and my conscience. You have helped me recognize the better parts of myself. You are my family."

Speaking loudly so the audience could hear, he said, "And in best maritime tradition, I wish you both clear horizons. My good friends... make it so." Jean-Luc raised his flute and toasted, "The bride and groom!"

Everyone echoed, "To the bride and groom!"

After taking a drink, Kathryn turned to Chakotay. "That's you, you know."

"Me?" he asked softly.

"My trusted right arm, my guide, and my conscience."

He winked at her and smiled lovingly. "And you are the same for me."

"A perfect match, then," she replied, patting his hand.

As they watched the bride and groom dance, Chakotay cleared his throat and whispered into her ear, "You know what else you are?"

"I am many things, but do tell," she encouraged.

"You're mine."

"Yes, I am, and thank you for not letting me forget it." She elbowed him playfully.

"You're having fun with this, aren't you?"

"Aren't you?" he asked with amusement.

“You haven’t been so... bossy... in public before.”

“We rarely blend into the background like this.”

She hummed and nodded. “Perhaps we should get tickets to the symphony sometime. Back row seats.”

He laughed. “They’d be more likely to give you box seats, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“And that could be interesting, too,” she mused as they watched the guests start to mingle.

“Speaking of that,” he said as he stood and tugged on her hand. “Come with me for a moment, if you would.”

She followed, but asked, “Speaking of what, exactly?”

“You’ll see.” Chakotay led her into a private bathroom and closed the door. Once they were alone, he turned to her, eyebrow raised. “You have not been completely forthcoming with me, my dear.”

Recognizing his playful tone, she asked, “I haven’t?”

He shook his head as he backed her against the wall. “No, you haven’t.”

“In what way have I not been *coming* for you, captain?”

Amused at her play on words, he fished into his pocket and drew out three soft, pink circles, two large and one small. “I found these in the bottom of your closet, among other things.”

Tilting her head, she asked, “What are those?”

“You tell me.”

“Bottom of my closet?” She picked up one and turned it over, trying to remember. When it hit her, she dropped it back into his hand and inhaled quickly. “Oh... bachelorette party gifts. I forgot all about them.”

“Did you? Or did you just not want me to find them?”

Amused, she cupped his cheek. “You excite me plenty without things like this.”

“Glad to hear it.” He pushed back the edge of her neckline and lifted out one breast.

“You do realize that the bride is empathic, don’t you?”

“Mmmhmm,” he hummed as he took her nipple into his mouth and sucked until it was a hard pebble.

The strong sensation went straight to her groin and she held his head in place, not sure if she wanted more or not.

Once he licked around the entire aureole, he said, “These adhere to moisture.”

As he affixed one circle to her breast, she said, “Promise me that if I faint, you’ll remove these before I get carted off to Starfleet Medical.”

“You’ll have to remember not to faint,” he said as he tucked her breast back in place and pulled out the other.

As he wet the second breast, she moaned softly in response. “Oh, my.”

Chuckling, he affixed the second one in place. “Are you wet enough for number three?”

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea.”

“Why not?” he asked as he kneeled to pull down her slacks and whistled appreciatively at her hairless skin. “You didn’t tell me that you were doing this today.”

“It was supposed to be a surprise when we got home. I really don’t think it would be appropriate for me to come in front of all these people. I do outrank most of them.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” he said as his fingers delved into her wetness, spreading it up towards her clitoris. “I have no intentions of letting you come for quite awhile.”

A warm heat spread through her as he touched her most intimate areas. “Mmmmm... I’m really not sure I can hide this from Deanna.”

He made sure the small circle was wet with her juices and then firmly affixed it over her sensitive nub. “Perhaps she’ll feel your arousal and get aroused herself. I doubt the groom will mind.”

Closing her eyes, she tried to brace herself against the intense sensations of the circles adhering to her three most sensitive points.

Once he got her slacks back in place and her blouse smoothed down, he fished another device out of his pocket. “Shall we give it a try?”

“Lowest possible setting,” she demanded.

He nodded. “For now.”

Once he clicked it on, she felt an instant warmth that made her want to melt into a puddle.  
“Oh, wow.”

“What does it feel like?”

“Warm, and delicious. Are these just for heat?”

“I don’t know. Let’s try the next setting.” He clicked it again and her mouth dropped open in pleasure.

“That vibrates. Can you hear it?”

He leaned close and listened. “Nope, completely silent.”

“Good.” She took a deep breath and blew it out. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

Chuckling, he switched it back to the first setting and gave her a soft kiss. “Let me wash my hands and we’ll go have some fun, shall we?”

Once he was done, they walked out and she said, “I need a glass of water or something.”

Before they got to the drink table, Wesley Crusher came up and said, “Admiral Janeway, allow me to introduce myself. I’m Wesley...”

“...Crusher, I know,” she said with a big smile as she shook his hand. “I’ve heard a lot about you from your mother.”

Chakotay said, “If you’ll excuse me for just a moment, I’ll get you a drink, Kathryn.”

They nodded at Chakotay and then Wesley said, “Hopefully, Mom didn’t bore you with singing my praises. She tends to do that.”

“No, not at all. I love hearing about your adventures. In fact, some time, I’d love to talk with you at length regarding your experiences with the traveler.”

Sympathetically, he said, “I’m afraid that’s confidential, ma’am.”

“Confidential in Starfleet or with the traveler’s species?”

“The traveler. What I discovered is beyond human comprehension – I don’t mean to sound condescending.”

Chakotay returned and handed her a glass of water.

“Thank you. Have you met Lieutenant Wesley Crusher?”

“No, I haven’t.” He shook the young man’s hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lieutenant.”

“A pleasure to meet you, as well, Captain. I also had the honor of meeting your grandfather, Anthwara.”

“Did you?” he asked in surprise.

“Yes, when the Enterprise was sent to evacuate Dorvan V in 2370.”

“Ah,” Chakotay said with a sigh. “Yes.”

Kathryn rubbed his back and said, “I wish I had known him, too.”

Wesley commented, “He did what he thought was honorable.”

“Oh, I know. When my tribe relocated to Dorvan, they worked very hard to build what they had there. In my opinion, they were a little too proud of it.”

“You were born and raised on Trebus, right?”

“That’s right,” Chakotay replied, clearly impressed.

“Have you thought about rebuilding your tribe there? That planet is still habitable.”

“No, I haven’t.” He nodded towards Kathryn. “My life is here, and my sister is happily settled on Banora. That, and we’d need a lot more people to build a colony. I don’t know that I’m up to that.”

“I understand.”

Kathryn felt that the conversation had come to a lull, so she said, “Wesley was just telling me about some of his adventures. You returned to Starfleet during the war, right?”

“That’s correct. I felt the need to fight for my home, and once the war was over, I decided to return to my normal life for the time being. You know that I’m stationed on the Titan?”

“In engineering, I believe?”

“Yes, I’m leading a team that is testing a new warp propulsion design out of the Daystrom Institute.”

“Oh?” Kathryn asked. “What’s new about it?”

“Are you familiar with Dr. Holmes’ work?”

“Yes, I did a little reading on him because he’s dating a young woman from Voyager.”

Wesley furrowed his brow and shook his head. “No, he’s dating a woman who is new to his team, Janet Willow. She’s not in Starfleet.”

Kathryn exchanged a look with Chakotay and then asked Wesley, “Dr. Richard Holmes?”

“That’s the one. Who was he dating from Voyager?”

“Annika Hansen,” she frowned. “I guess I need to call her.”

“Oh!” Wesley said with a smile. “Yes, he and Annika used to spend a lot of time together, but I didn’t think they were dating. I haven’t seen her around in the last couple of months.”

Chakotay rubbed his jaw. “Yeah, sounds like we definitely need to check on her.”

Kathryn sighed. “Regardless, I’d love to hear about this new design. Does B’Elanna Torres from Utopia Planetia know about it?”

Wesley nodded. “Yes, she does. B’Elanna is amazing. I love talking to her.”

“As do I,” Kathryn replied as Beverly came over. “Perhaps I’ll make a trip out to see both of you sometime soon.”

Beverly said, “I see you’ve met my son.”

“Yes, we have. I’m eager to hear more about this new warp design he’s working on.”

“It’s over my head,” Beverly mused as she squeezed her son’s shoulder. “I couldn’t be prouder of him.”

Wesley shrugged and told Kathryn, “See?”

Laughing, she replied, “A mother has the right to dote on her son.”

Chakotay said to the Crushers, “If you’ll excuse us, I’d like to take Kathryn for a spin on the dance floor.”

“By all means,” Beverly said happily. “Enjoy yourselves.”

As they walked away, Kathryn said, “I’m a little nervous about what you’re going to do out here.”



“I’m going to dance with you, my love,” he said as he took her in his arms.

“Mmmhmm,” she said, rolling her eyes.

He asked, “Do they still feel warm?”

“Quite warm,” she replied with a sigh.

“The way you were interacting with Lt. Crusher, I wasn’t sure you even noticed them.”

“Oh, I noticed. I’m just good at focusing in the midst of distractions.”

“Ready for more, then?” he asked and then pulled her close against his body.

“Noooo,” she said with amusement. “But I have a feeling I don’t get a choice in the matter.”

He shrugged and put his hand in his pocket. “When and if you talk to Picard, Deanna, or your C.O., I’ll turn it off.”

“How gracious of you.”

“If you’re going to be a smartass about it, I could easily be not so gracious about it.” He pressed the switch and held onto her tightly.

Kathryn closed her eyes against the intense sensation and focused on anything but the way her body was feeling. “I, uh, think I can refrain from sarcasm.”

“I thought you might.”

She looked up at him and saw merriment in his sparkling eyes. “You’re really enjoying this.”

“Oh, yes, definitely. I love watching you try to manage it, and I adore the trust you’re placing in me.”

“I do trust you.” She laid her head on his shoulder and basked in the intimacy of the moment, trying her best to contain her reaction against the intense arousal that was coursing through her body.

“How does it feel?”

“Pretty intense. How many levels are there?”

“Seven, I believe. I probably should’ve read the instructions more carefully.”

“Probably?” she said with smirk.

He fished in his pocket and pressed the button again, when she gasped in surprise, he spun them around to try to disguise it. “That’s for your continued sarcasm.”

“It’s stronger.”

“I wonder if it keeps getting more intense.” He clicked again and twirled her at the same time.

As she nestled back into his arms, Kathryn took a deep breath and explained, “The same intensity, but it gradually comes and goes.”

“That’s fun,” he chuckled.

“Mmmhmm.” As they danced, she couldn’t help but press her body against his. Connecting with him was a difficult urge to fight, and she was afraid she was going to break out in a sweat while trying to contain her reaction. “Chakotay? I need you to take it down a couple of notches. It’s too much.”

He did as she asked and put it back on the first warm setting. Kissing the side of her head, he asked, “Better?”

“Mmmhmm. If we were by ourselves, it would be different.”

“Good news,” he whispered. “The day isn’t over, yet.”

She smiled against his neck and replied, “No, it’s not.”

“Meanwhile, those are staying put right where they’re at and I want you to keep clenching your inner muscles.”

“Aye, Captain,” she said happily as she focused on how provocative and sexy she felt in that moment.

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They stayed for most of the reception, Kathryn enjoying the social interaction she’d missed over the last couple of months and Chakotay enjoying watching her handle the arousal that she continued to feel. He found it humorous that Deanna kept looking towards his wife with an almost fascinated look of interest.

However, as the sun began to set, she and Chakotay called it a night and bade the wedding party safe travels to Betazed. As they walked out of the reception hall, Chakotay tapped one of his buttons and Kathryn paused mid-step at the unexpected

change. Taking it in stride, she licked her lips and whispered, “Did you check to see if this gives off any energy transmissions detectable by tri-corders?”

He looked ahead towards Mark who was waiting to secure their transport home. “Oh. Perhaps I’ll just...”

“Yeah,” she said as he turned it off. Taking his arm, she chuckled. “But he no longer monitors low-level frequencies inside our house.”

“Good to know.”

“I got tired of him worrying whenever I turned on a scanning device.”

“Why have you been scanning?”

She shrugged. “I like my toys, and there are some fascinating rocks around our yard.”

“Well, I won’t argue about your toys, because you definitely seem to be enjoying them tonight,” he mused.

Kathryn elbowed him as they walked up to Mark. “Ready for us, Lieutenant?”

“Yes, Admiral.” He turned on his tri-corder and began the process of securing their movement.

She looked at Chakotay and nodded towards the tri-corder, raising her eyebrow. He merely winked in return, taking her hand and repositioning it more securely in the crook of his elbow.

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Once the front door was locked behind them, Chakotay turned off the entry lights and then with a hungry glint in his eye, turned towards his wife.

Kathryn’s eyes widened and she instinctively backed away from him until he had her pinned against the large, wooden door. “Hi,” was all she could think of to say.

His hands were flat against the door, one on each side of her shoulders. A calculating grin on his face, he lowered his mouth until he captured her lips in a searing kiss.

As his tongue delved into her mouth, Kathryn felt the three disks heat up again and recognized that he must have the remote in his hand. She felt like she was melting, and if not for his knee between her legs, she thought she might slip to the floor. Her arms went around his neck to deepen the kiss, getting as much of his warm, succulent mouth as she could.

He broke the kiss and whispered, “Need anything before I have my way with you?”

“Hmmm?” she asked as she kissed up his rough jaw and then down his neck.

“Hungry? Thirsty? Need to relieve yourself?”

Pulling her head back until it was against the door, she asked, “I'm hungry for you, but you might have a point.” Smiling, she ducked under his arm and went upstairs, yelping as he gave her a playful swat on her rear-end.

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When she came out of the bathroom, she wasn't wearing anything except her little disks, and she had brushed out her hair so that it hung loosely around her shoulders. One arm against the door jamb, she asked, “What shall I wear, Captain?”

He looked up from where he'd been undressing. Bare-chested and wearing only his dark slacks, he said, “I think you're dressed perfectly for what I have planned.”

“Oh? I feel a little underdressed.”

His voice deep, he moved towards her as he asked, “Do you now? I'll have to fix that.”

Kathryn lowered her hand, a little nervous about the obvious heat in his expression. “How?”

“Turn around,” he commanded.

She did as he asked, looking over her shoulder to see what he was doing.

“I didn't say look at me.”

“Bossy much?” she said as she looked straight ahead. While waiting, her stomach clenched in anxious knots. She gasped as she felt him lower a blindfold over her eyes.

“Chakotay?”

“If this makes you too uncomfortable, take it off,” he said as he tied it in back.

“Okay,” she said as she adjusted it over her eyes. Butterflies were doing somersaults in her stomach as she felt his hands caress down her back.

“My goal is not to scare you, just focus your senses.”

“I don't scare easily.” She quickly added, “Normally.”

“I know.” He gathered up her hair and laid it over one shoulder. Kissing the back of her neck, he whispered, “I love you, Kathryn.”

The intensity of his declaration and the whisper of his lips against her sensitive skin caused a shudder to ripple down her entire body. He slid his hands from her shoulders down to her elbows and then gently guided her to turn around and walk forward a few steps.

“Are you taking me to the bed?”

“Shhh... don’t think, just feel,” he said as moved her so that her shins were touching the sideboard of the bed. “Now, bend forward and put your elbows on the mattress. I want you to get comfortable and relax.”

She did as he asked, feeling exposed with her tush in the air. “Like this?”

“Mmmhmm,” he said as he messed with something on the dresser. “Spread your feet about half a meter apart.”

As soon as she’d positioned her feet, the three disks came to life with the low level vibration and she gasped in surprise. The buzzing sensation turned her to pudding and she wanted nothing more than to crawl up onto the bed and have a nice, long orgasm.

He said, “Now, on our honeymoon, you told me about a little secret fantasy you had involving being kept aroused for a long period of time. We’re going to try that and see if we can make your erotic dreams come true.”

“Oh, God,” she moaned.

“I went searching for the little device you talked about,” he said as he caressed her back and down over her bottom. “Although I didn’t find anything that stimulated several places down here at once, I found a couple other things that I thought we’d enjoy even more.”

Kathryn moaned as he inserted what felt like two fingers into her well of moisture. “What did you replicate?”

“You’ll see,” he said as he spread her juices back to her tight bud. When she clenched tightly in response, he added, “Or rather, you’ll feel. Relax.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m preparing to keep you aroused for awhile. Now, relax, my love. I won’t hurt you.”

“I’m pretty sure I told you not to stick anything up my ass.”

“And I’m pretty sure that you requested no vegetables up your ass.” He pressed the button on her remote twice.

She arched her chest into the mattress as the intense vibrations rolled in and back again through the disks still on her nipples and clit. When she felt a warm substance on her bottom, she tried her best to relax for him, trusting him to know what he was doing. She figured if it hurt, she’d just turn around and call an end to this whole thing.

His fingertip pressed against her tight hole until it sunk inside up to the nail bed. The sensations rolling over her were extremely intense, and although she felt like she’d been an adventurous lover, she hadn’t yet allowed him to try anal stimulation.

Nervously, she asked, “You aren’t going to try to go in there are you?”

Turning and pressing his finger against the tight rim, he said, “Not unless you can handle me. I doubt that’ll be today.”

“Okay,” she said, finally relaxing.

“That’s it, sweetheart.”

“Sweetheart?” she said with a small laugh.

“I thought you might like that better than ‘good girl.’”

“Both are a little patronizing, actually.”

“Yes, I know.” He removed his finger and patted her bottom gently.

She heard him doing something, but couldn’t tell what it was. Her curiosity was a welcome distraction from the vibrations that continued to roll over her. When he touched her bottom again, she relaxed and tried to spread her feet a little wider.

“This is very small, so don’t worry,” he said as he touched something warm to her hole.

Kathryn willed herself to relax as he gently inserted an object into her anus. If she hadn’t been so aroused, she thought she might’ve found this extremely degrading. However, knowing his intentions were to give her pleasure, she stopped thinking about it and tried to do as he suggested and just feel.

“There we go,” he said as he gave it one more tiny push. “This probe is intelligent so it will change with your body. If at any time, it becomes painful and you want it removed, just tell me.”

“Okay. Is this the first time you’ve used it?”

“I tried it out by squeezing my fingers around it, but I don’t think it worked like it was supposed to.”

As the probe began expanding, Kathryn let out a deep, low moan and pushed her bottom further into the air. “Mmmmmmmmm.”

He gave her rear a playful swat and said, “Very nice, sweetheart.”

“Have you ever had anal sex before?”

“Shhhhh,” he said. “Just concentrate on what you’re feeling, love.”

Kathryn felt like the probe in her bottom was about to pop out, but before she even completed that thought, it sank in further and pressed against the walls of her rectum. The sensation was extremely intense and she couldn’t remember a time when she’d felt so completely aroused. With no pubic hair to contain it, her moisture was dripping down her legs.

She felt Chakotay’s fingers touch her bottom again and tensed in anticipation. He said nothing, but she was sure that he was smiling as he pushed something inside her vagina.

“What’s that?” she asked quickly.

“Just something to make you feel full. Try not to think about it.”

“Chakotay...,” she said with a warning tone in her voice.

“It’s a sexual device. Now stop talking or I’m going to gag you.”

She sighed heavily to communicate her annoyance, but he merely patted her bottom in response.

“Good girl.”

Under her blindfold, Kathryn seethed in pretend annoyance. It was hard to be really irritated at him because she had asked for it, and the sensations traveling through her body were so incredibly delicious. Whatever he had just put inside her was expanding just like the device in her anus and made her feel incredible.

He took her hand and said, “Stand up, slowly. Don’t want you to get dizzy.”

Knowing that she really might fall over if she moved too fast, she accepted his help until she was on her feet. Much to her surprise, the devices inside her stayed put.

He guided her to the center of the room where a chair was waiting. “Hold onto the back of it with one hand so you don’t fall over, but I want you to stand up straight and show me how beautiful you feel.”

Despite his feigned patronizing tone, she did as ordered and waited. And waited, and waited, the arousal flowing over her in unrelenting waves that weren’t ever quite strong enough to make her come. She couldn’t hear Chakotay, but she could sense that he was in the room. He had told her not to talk, and since she really did not want to be gagged, so she said nothing.

Suddenly she felt a change in the three little disks – the one on her clitoris returned to heat only and the ones on her nipples stopped vibrating and starting tightening. She opened her mouth and gasped as they tightened almost painfully. Wanting to take them off, she let go of the chair to touch them.

“Kathryn!” he warned. “Hands off!”

“Hurts,” she gasped.

“How bad?”

She stamped her foot and moaned against the pleasure-pain that was radiating from her chest. “Tolerable, I guess.”

“Good girl,” he whispered into her ear, surprising her that he was so close. He chuckled as he cupped her mound and stroked his fingers through her overly abundant juices. “Beautiful, my love. Just beautiful.”

He took her hands and led her away from the chair. When she heard the French doors unlatch, she gasped, “Security!”

“I made a point of going over the surveillance in detail yesterday. As far as sensors are concerned, this area is part of our bedroom.” He guided her out onto the deck and she took a deep breath of the salty air, the sound of the ocean waves below filling her ears.

“Okay, I trust you.” The nervous butterflies were back as he placed her hands on the railing, facing the ocean. He then positioned her feet, wider than they had been in the bedroom. As the ocean breeze hit her wet pubis, she shuddered uncontrollably. “You’re going to stay with me, right?”

“Mmmhmm,” he mumbled as he laid something across her wrist. “This is a strap with a panic release. If you pull hard enough, it will break.”

“Okay,” she said nervously.

“May I bind your wrists to the rail?”



“Do I get a choice?”

“Yes, in this, you do. I don’t want to upset you.”

“Oh,” she replied, suddenly realizing that he was worried about memories of her ordeal. “I’ll be okay as long as you don’t fasten them together. And the panic release is a good idea.”

“I thought so, too.” He kissed her cheek as he started to fasten her in place. “I’m so proud of your recovery.”

She couldn’t help but smile as he tied the straps in such a way that she couldn’t pull her hands out, but they weren’t the least bit tight. “Thank you, honey.”

“If you’ll make fists, they’ll feel tighter,” he said as if reading her mind. When she did as suggested, he patted her bottom. “Very nice.”

“Are you trying to patronize me?”

“Yes, I sure am,” he said with a chuckle. “I’ve been doing some reading about sexual domination, and this was suggested. How’s it feel?”

“If I weren’t so aroused, and if my hands were free, I’d take you down, mister.”

“Good to know.” He swatted her bottom, and then slid his fingers along her bottom cleft, through her abundant moisture, and then down her leg to her ankle where he fastened it to the bottom railing as well. “How do your nipples feel?”

“Tight. Aroused. Hot.”

“Oh good,” he said with a smile as he gave her other leg the same treatment. “Can they take a little more?”

“I’m... I’m not sure.”

He replied, “Let’s give it a try. I’ve read the instructions now.”

As they tightened more, she clenched her teeth and threw her chest out, moaning loudly. “Ooooh!”

In response, he ran his hands over her body, stopping to press on the disk covering her clitoris and spread some more of her moisture. “Now, I’m going to reset the controls on all these toys you’ve got attached to you. They’re going to adjust to your body’s impulses and do what they need to do.”

Anxiously, she said, "I'd rather have you inside me."

"Oh, don't worry about that. You will." He tapped her anal probe three times, stuck his fingers in her vagina and tapped against that, and then she figured that he must have touched a control the remote because in sync, all three devices started buzzing.

She felt like she was about to come out of her skin, the sensations were so strong. Her legs were trembling and her body was shaking as waves of pleasure rolled through her. The probe in her bottom expanded almost painfully and then it started to swell and retract rhythmically as the disk on her clitoris tightened and released in an alternating rhythm. Whatever was in her vagina felt like it was moving up and down, and the disks on her nipples were tight, hot, and vibrating.

She was wound up so tight that she felt like she was about to burst, but when she felt like the orgasm should be cresting, the buzzing on her clitoris stopped completely and the other devices brought her back down from her high. Groaning in disappointment, she leaned forward in frustration.

The feeling of discontent only lasted for a moment as she felt everything start to move again. This time, all intensity seemed to be focused on her anus as the probe grew even larger with ripples of movement going up and down its length. "Cha...ko..." she groaned, needing him desperately.

"I'm right here," he whispered as he stood behind her and caressed her sides. "You're doing great, sweetheart."

"I want you inside of me. Now."

"I can tell," he said with a chuckle, cupping her breasts. "Can you imagine yourself tied to the railing in your ready room like this?"

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as the anal probe felt like it was moving in and out. "Damn, this makes me want you in my ass."

"Good," he replied as he squeezed her breasts again. "Because someday, I want to fuck that pretty little ass of yours."

"Not today?" She shuddered as the device in her vagina grew in size again.

"You want it today?" He ran his hands over her bottom. "It does look inviting."

"I want you now!" she demanded as her body was taken to the precipice again. Ready to come, she almost screamed when the devices didn't let her.

"Shhh, shhh," he soothed as he ran his fingers through her hair. Coming up beside her, he tilted her head back and held her face as he kissed her.

She couldn't keep her body still, even as his tongue delved inside her mouth and one of his hands dropped to fondle her breast over the pink disk that had a tight hold on her nipple. He asked, "How many times have you almost come today?"

"Four, I think."

"Once at the wedding?"

"Mmmhmm... once inside and twice out here."

"Not quite enough." When she groaned, he added, "But I'm willing to appease you a little."

He kneeled down and detached her ankle bindings. When he was finished, he smacked her rear and said, "Scoot back and bend over."

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she threw her head back in response to his smack.

"Did you like that?" he asked in surprise.

"I think so," she said with a gasp as the buzzing on her clitoris came on strong.

"Hmmm, I wouldn't have thought you'd like to be spanked."

"I don't," she stated emphatically as her body shook. "It's... degrading."

"Precisely the point." He helped her move back until her head was almost lying on the railing. Placing a pillow under her cheek, he said, "Relax, if you can."

"Relax???" she said as her body moved towards another climax that quickly faded away unfulfilled. "Aaaaahhh," she cried out in anguish.

Chakotay tapped the end of the anal probe four times and it slowly deflated until Kathryn couldn't feel it anymore. Meanwhile, the device in her vagina felt like it was rolling around inside her. She couldn't keep still because she wanted it to be thrusting hard into her, not tormenting her with whatever it was doing.

"Hold still, sweetheart."

She heard paper tearing and wanted to see, but the blindfold had her in almost pitch black. "What are you doing?"

"Just a little protection from bacteria so I can use both holes today." He spread something warm on her bottom again and then she felt the tip of his penis press against her tight opening.

At the moment he pushed inside, the disk on her clitoris seemed to go into overdrive. She was near climax when he easily glided into her, but the toys would not let her go over the edge. Stamping on the deck, she cried out, “Nooo!”

Chakotay froze. “Does it hurt?”

“Yes, no, mmmmm,” she pushed back to get him to go deeper. “I’ve lost track.”

He gripped her hips and sank all the way in, moaning as he did so. “Oh man, Kathryn. This is good.”

“I feel like I’m coming apart!”

“Your bottom? Want me out?”

“No!” she yelled, her body trembling with need. “I’m not sure how much more of these vibrations I can take!”

He moved his hands around to her front and felt for the disk on her clitoris. “Tell me when you’re on the precipice again.”

Kathryn was in blissful agony as he slid in and out of her. Over and over, he thrust and retracted, stretching and filling her in the most delicious way she could’ve ever imagined. All the while, the toys were building her up to another crescendo. “Almost there,” she cried out.

Chakotay tugged at the circle over her clit and ripped it off, causing Kathryn to cry out.

“Aaaaaaah! Damn it!” she yelled as the pain of what he’d done was completely overshadowed by the pleasure rolling through her. The device in her vagina seemed to bloom, pressing against her cervix and vibrating intensely as it moved in concert with Chakotay’s driving penis.

“Did you come?” he asked.

“No!” Her hands balled into fists. “Did you think about what this must be doing to my blood pressure!?”

He chuckled. “Well, you said Joe knew too much about our sex life. I did my research.”

“WHAT!?” She would have rounded on him if not for the fact that her hands were bound and his dick was in her ass.

“Relax, sweetheart.” He grabbed hold of her hips and picked up the pace. “Trust me.”

Laying her head down again on the railing, she focused on the sensation of him thrusting in and out, and the fullness threatening to overwhelm her. Only the device in her vagina was buzzing now, but it held her on a plateau of arousal so strong that she felt like she was flying.

Chakotay reached around and suddenly pulled the vaginal device out of her. “All right, love, time to bring this home.”

“Oh, God,” she groaned as he unfastened her wrists, his penis still buried to the hilt inside her. Reaching for her breasts, she wanted to touch her nipples, but the disks kept her from what she really wanted. They felt like they were on fire, in a surprisingly fantastic way.

He pulled out of her with a pop and steadied her as he turned them around. Discarding the condom, he walked them over to the house.

Kathryn was expecting to be taken inside and laid out on the bed, so she was really surprised when he backed her against the wall. Leaving her alone for a second, he retrieved a cushion from a nearby chair and put it behind her back. “Keep your body pressed against that.”

“Aye, Captain.”

He patted her cheek. “Good girl.”

“I’d tell you to go fuck yourself, but I don’t think that’s what you’ve got planned.”

“You’d be right,” he said as he pressed his entire body against her and took her mouth in a deep kiss. It only lasted for a moment before he lifted her by the backs of her knees, pressing her against the wall for leverage and sinking deeply in one smooth thrust.

Kathryn laid her head against the house and clenched the muscles that she’d been holding onto so tightly all day, massaging his penis as he thrust inside her over and over.

He angled the thrusts so that he wasn’t squishing the baby, but so that he was definitely taking her against the wall. Any control she had over the situation was gone as he held her legs open and tormented her in every way he could think.

An internal orgasm started building as she felt her body shuddering and quaking. With a cry of relief, she knew that she could enjoy it because nothing could possibly stop it except her husband, and if he did, she was going to take it out of his hide. A deep heat washed over her in a wave of pleasure, her body shaking from the intensity.

Chakotay cried out as he filled her with his seed, hot bursts coating the inside of her. He paused for only a moment before he knelt down and put her legs over his shoulders.

Tearing off her blindfold, she looked down at him in shock. “What are you doing?”

“You’re coming again, sweetheart,” he said as he spread her open and slowly licked her clitoris.

“Ohhhh,” she tried to grip the house, anything she could, but there was nothing to hold onto so she settled for making fists and curling her toes against the onslaught of pleasure. About thirty seconds later, she felt the build-up of energy washing over her from her clitoris, down to her toes, up through her torso and focusing on her tightly pinched nipples.

Her body shook hard as the disks on the nipples suddenly released, sending a new wash of intensity over her. She was convulsing as he slowly lowered her feet to the ground and held her body close to his. “Good girl, that’s it, my love. I’ve got you.”

Feeling dizzy from the exertion of the orgasms, she went limp in his arms. “Can’t walk.”

“I bet not.” He picked her up and carried her into the bathroom, setting her in the bathtub already filled with warm water.

“When did you run this?”

He smiled, “While you were standing in the middle of the room looking lost.”

“I didn’t hear it,” she said with a happy sigh as the warmth infused her.

“I was sneaky, and then the heaters kept it warm for you.” He picked up a cloth and kneeled next to the tub. Washing her, he said, “Let’s get you cleaned up. I’m afraid you made a mess.”

“Going to have to power wash the deck.”

Chuckling, he said, “You might have even dripped down below. I can’t believe how wet you were.”

“Amazing,” she said with a shudder as he ran the washcloth over her pubic area.

“Still sensitive?”

“I think I will be for a month.” She reached down and cupped her mons, dipping her fingers inside to feel the slippery fluids.

Chakotay pushed his fingers in as well, and then drew them out to her clitoris, coating it with her juices. “Can you take this?”

She moaned and spread her legs wide, holding onto his arm as he toyed with her. Her body tightened immediately and an orgasm quickly washed over her, leaving her completely sated and relaxed. “Wow.”

“That’s different.” He quickly rinsed her off and then helped her out of the tub. “Let’s get you to bed.”

She was barely able to stand so they didn’t bother with pajamas. In no time at all, she was curled up under the covers.

When he got in next to her, she reached for him and brought their mouths together for a deep kiss.

She felt like she couldn’t get enough of touching him, feeling his body next to hers. Her hands slid down his sides, over his bottom, up his strong back. If there was one thing for certain, it was that she loved her man. When she felt his arousal come to life between them, she smiled against his lips. “You want more?”

“Hard to resist with your hands all over me.”

He dipped his head down to capture a nipple in his mouth. When she gasped in surprise, he asked, “Does it hurt?”

“They’re a little sore, yes. Those disks weren’t exactly nice to them.”

Very gently, he kissed each nipple. “But did you enjoy those little toys?”

“In a sadistic little way.” She smiled as she watched him give her breasts special care. “I’m afraid that I’ve become a little kinky, captain.”

“You think so?” Looking up at her, he winked. “You might be right.”

“Do you enjoy it?”

“Oh, yes. I like it very much.”

“What turns you on?”

“About becoming domineering with you?”

She nodded. “Are you just doing it because you think I like it?”

“No, but I would if that were the case.” Running his fingers over and around her breasts, he said, “What I loved about today was that I had to strategize in advance. Researching the things I used on you, for example.”

“Yeah, what was that thing inside me?”

“My secret. As long as you don’t know exactly what it is, you’ll be even more turned on by it.”

She licked her lips and grinned. “Go on.”

“I had to check with security, get the props ready, ensure that there were safeties, talk to Dr. Joe...”

“You really talked to him about what we did tonight?”

“I did.” He caressed her rounded belly. “I asked him general questions about intercourse with you, citing that I wanted to know if it was safe for baby. When he assured me that it is safe right now, I asked about pro-longed arousal.”

“And what did he say?”

“That if you were to get nauseous or dizzy, that I should stop.” Chakotay kissed around her breast, avoiding her nipple. “I felt confident that if you weren’t feeling well, you would’ve told me.”

Kathryn nodded. “But beyond strategy, do you like sitting by, watching me squirm?”

Laughing, he replied, “Oh yeah. First of all, I have to be very in tune with what you’re feeling. It’s not like I can go have a snack while you’re in a vulnerable position. You trust me to take care of you, and that’s exactly where I’m focused.”

She threaded her fingers through his thick, black hair, holding his head to her chest. “I appreciate that.”

“And second, like I told you earlier, I love watching you try to handle it.” He pressed kisses into the valley between her breasts. “The invincible Admiral Janeway trying to keep her composure while trembling with need and standing around with her rear in the air.”

Kathryn smiled as she drew her finger down to tease his nipples. “But I think you’re not sure about how far to take it with the humiliation.”

He arched his chest into her touch, quietly sighing with pleasure. “That’s true. The last thing I want to do is make you feel that way.”

“Nothing you said or did tonight was crossing the line.” She put her finger under his chin until he looked at her. “I’m not sure I can explain it, but it helps me surrender to the moment.”



“So I shouldn’t worry?”

Shaking her head, she said, “No. As long as it’s private between us, I trust you. However, I will draw the line at the extent of spanking we did tonight. I can’t imagine how any more than that would be pleasurable.”

He shrugged. “I might read up on it. Who knows what you’ll be able to handle in another year or so.”

“Might have to soundproof our room.”

He smiled as he curved his hand around her bottom and drew her leg towards him. “Speaking of pleasurable sounds, seems like you enjoyed anal sex.”

“It was quite different. I’m not sure how to explain it.”

Dipping his fingers between her legs from behind, he asked, “So we should try that again?”

“Only if I’m incredibly aroused and you’ve loosened me up.” She tilted her pelvis up to give him better access. “Whatever that thing was, hurt at first.”

“But it must have been pleasurable pain,” he suggested as he lightly rubbed his finger across her vaginal opening.

“I think the pain was tolerable because I was aroused. But it all worked and I definitely had a love/hate relationship with all those devices.”

He chuckled as he kissed her breasts again. “I can see how you would.”

Kathryn crooked her finger and said, “Come here. I want you to make love to me again.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m always sure,” she said as she urged him to lie on top of her. “My body is so wired that I think I could keep this up all night.”

He grinned as he gently penetrated her, this time taking it slow and loving her tenderly.

Kathryn moaned softly as she bent her knees to meet his thrusts, tilting her pelvis forward to get a better angle. “Oooooooh, right there.”

“You like that?” he asked as he reduced his movements so that he concentrated on stimulating her g-spot. “I think you do.”

Kathryn's mouth dropped open as she relished the sensations running through her. "Ooooooh," she said as he moved within her, just the way she liked it.

Chakotay's movements stilled and then he thrust hard a few times, his seed releasing inside her. His body trembled and he held his breath until it passed, then relaxed and sighed happily. "That felt good."

"I would certainly hope so, sweetheart," she joked.

He laughed as he stretched out along side her, his long fingers penetrating her and rubbing the front wall of her vagina. "So, there we go. Codeword for kinky sex is that we call each other sweetheart."

Kathryn reached down and touched her own clitoris as his fingers moved inside her. It only took a few seconds to stir herself into a very pleasant little climax.

Once sated, she snuggled up into his arms. "Hold me."

"Always," he said as he kissed the top of her head. "I love you so much, Kathryn."

"Love you, too. And thank you for bringing my sexual fantasy too life, insane though it might be."

He laughed and gave her a soft kiss. "Time to dream up a new one."

"Hmmm... we'll see. I kind of like the one I've got."

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