

## The Future is Ours – Epilogue

### The Future Is Ours Timeline:

- 2378 – Voyager travels through a transwarp conduit and returns to Earth; Miral Kathryn Paris is born
- 2379 – Kathryn Janeway is promoted to Vice-Admiral, Chakotay is promoted to Captain
- 2380 – Chakotay and Kathryn Janeway are married, and their son, Scott Katowa Janeway is born
- 2381 – The Romulan Empire and The United Federation of Planets sign the Regulus Accord under the direction of Captain Will Riker and Praetor Rabom; Tina Richards, daughter of Mike and Phoebe Richards is born.
- 2382 – Eric Paris, son of B’Elanna Torres and Tom Paris is born
- 2383 – Harry Kim and Amy Murphy are married
- 2384 – Melissa Kim is born to Harry and Amy Kim; Annika Hansen and Dr. Joe Zimmerman make a formal commitment to enjoy each other’s company.
- 2385 – Phoebe Richards gives birth to Chakotay and Kathryn’s daughter, Maya Kes Janeway; and the Romulan/Vulcan peace accord is signed under the direction of Captain Tuvok, Admiral Janeway, and Praetor Rabom
- 2387 – Kathryn Janeway is promoted to full Admiral and appointed Chief of Staff, Starfleet Operations
- 2389 – Chakotay is promoted to Rear Admiral and is appointed as Supervisor of Curriculum at Starfleet Academy
- 2393 – Chakotay is appointed as Commandant of Starfleet Academy
- 2396 – Scott Janeway enters Starfleet Academy
- 2399 – Chakotay returns to teaching Advanced Tactics in order to support his wife’s political ambitions
- 2400 – Kathryn Janeway is elected President of the Federation; Scott Janeway enters Starfleet Medical Academy
- 2401 – Kathryn Janeway is inaugurated

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It was late spring in the year 2401 when Federation President Janeway bade goodnight to her security detail and entered her Oregon home to find the wonderful scent of something spicy on the stove. It had been three days since she’d been home, and when she walked into the kitchen and saw her husband chopping vegetables, he was a sight for sore eyes.

He gave her a kiss on the cheek and tucked a few loose strands of her beautiful white hair behind her ear. “Hello, my love. Feel like a little jambalaya tonight?”

She rubbed circles on his back while looking into the large pot. “Smells delicious. Thank you for cooking.”

“Well, I’m sure not letting you near the kitchen.” He winked, their joke as comfortable as old sneakers. “How did the sessions go today?”

“They were good, actually,” she mused. “After you and I spoke this morning, Representative M’Ness came up with a proposal that most everyone agreed on.”

“Do you have to go back to Paris next week?”

“No, my meetings are scheduled in San Francisco. I think the Council is getting used to the idea of me not living in Paris. They’re more accepting of having afternoon and evening meetings.”

“Sue sent word that you’ll be traveling the week after, so if you have time, I think we should catch up with some of the Voyagers. They’re anxious to see you.”

Kathryn smiled. “I’d like that. Are Joe and Annika on Earth? I haven’t seen them in awhile.”

“Jupiter Station, but they’d come back to see you.” He finished what he was doing, wiped his hands off, and pulled her into his arms. “I missed you, too.”

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she said, “Have I told you today that I love you?”

“Only once,” he smiled.

“Well, then, let me correct that before I get in trouble.”

“You’re in trouble, regardless.”

“Why’s that?” she asked with a laugh.

He licked his lips and winked. “Just because.”

She whispered against his lips, “I love you,” and then gave him a deep kiss.

Twenty-one year-old Scott came downstairs and joked, “Come on you two, can’t you do that somewhere else?”

They ended the kiss, smiling at each other. Chakotay answered, “We thought we were alone, son.”

Kathryn let go of Chakotay and joined Scott at the table. “How did the exam go?”

“It was a little rough, but I think I did all right. We’ll see when the scores come in.”

Chakotay said, “It’s good you inherited your mom’s scientific mind.” He said to Kathryn, “I tried to quiz him last night, and I was lost.”

“Surely the former Commandant of the Academy knows a little advanced biology?”

Scott answered, “He says that he didn’t have to know it to make sure the cadets did.”

She smirked at her husband’s lack of biological knowledge, loving him all the same.

More seriously, Scott said, “Mom, you might want to check on Maya. She’s really upset.”

“She is?” Kathryn glanced at Chakotay. “About what?”

Chakotay shrugged. “I didn’t realize she was. She was short with me when she got home, but that’s not unusual.”

Scott suggested, “Could be that you have no idea how to relate to teenage girls, Dad.” Looking at his mom, he explained, “She got in a big fight with Chad and they broke up.”

“What!?” Kathryn exclaimed. “But prom is this weekend!”

“Hence the reason she’s upset.”

Kathryn walked through the great room and said, “We may be awhile. Eat without us if you need to.” She went up the stairs and knocked on her daughter’s bedroom door.

“Maya?”

“Come in,” Maya said from the other side.

Kathryn opened the door and smiled warmly, “Hey there, Scott said you were upset?”

Maya shrugged. “I’m over it.”

“Over it?” Kathryn leaned against the door jamb, watching her daughter type at the computer terminal on her desk.

“Yea. Chad and I had a fight. It’s over. His loss.”

Kathryn nodded slowly. “Definitely his loss, but do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” Maya said, without making eye contact. “It’s not important.”

Kathryn could tell she was putting on a brave face. She picked up a hairbrush off the dresser and stepped behind her daughter to brush out her long, black hair. “I’m sorry that I wasn’t here for you the last few nights.”

“It just happened today. We were fine even last night – I talked to him for over an hour.”

“So, why the sudden change? What did you fight about?”

“Nothing,” Maya shrugged and then put on a smile for her mom. “How was your trip? Make any monumental decisions this week?”

Kathryn looked at her daughter’s reflection in the mirror and gathered the hair into a ponytail to braid it. “We had a lot of security briefings and made some headway on a terra-forming policy. Not very interesting, but they had to be done. The only thing exciting was that the representative from Talgia lost his wig.”

Maya handed her mom a hair band to secure the braid. “Is that the species with the white hair?”

“No, that one’s from Andoria. This one’s wig is green.”

Maya glanced over at her dark green prom dress and she took a deep breath. “Chad said he never liked green.”

“That’s what you fought over?”

“Not exactly.” Maya looked at her mom’s reflection again and jaw startled trembling. “I’m sorry, mom.”

“Sorry for what?” Kathryn leaned down and hugged Maya’s shoulders from behind.

“We went to all that trouble to go shopping for a dress, and now I’m not going to wear it.”

She kissed the side of Maya’s head and said, “You know what my favorite part of that day was?”

“Getting finished?” she asked with a sniff.

“No,” she said with an understanding smile. “It was spending time with you. That’s not something I get to do as often as I’d like.”

“You know what I’d like?”

“What’s that?”

“This summer, if you go out in space, could I travel with you?”

Kathryn chuckled and said, “I’d like that. Maybe Dad will come, too.”

“And I know he’d like that.”

“Yes, he would. We’ve also been talking about living in Paris for a month, if you’re interested.”

“Really? Think we could go shopping?”

“Maybe.” Kathryn sat down on the bed and scooted back until she was supported by the wall. Patting the seat next to her, she said, “This looks like a comfortable spot.”

“You always say that,” Maya replied, pretending to be annoyed as she wiggled back until she was against the wall, too.

Holding her daughter against her side, Kathryn asked, “Why break with tradition?”

After a moment of quiet, Maya admitted, “I don’t want you to make you feel bad.”

“About the dress?”

“No, about why I broke up with Chad. We fought about you.”

“Me? Did I do something wrong?” Kathryn asked with surprise.

“Yeah, you became the President of the Federation and Chad’s dad thinks you’re a fake.” She scowled. “I’m so mad at him, I could throw something!”

“Ah...” Kathryn sighed. “He made you choose between respecting me and respecting him.”

She opened her hands wide. “How could he even ask that of me?”

“Even in this day and age, there are some men who are intimidated by powerful women. I’m just sorry to hear that Chad might be one of them. Does he share his father’s opinion about my legitimacy?”

“Yes,” Maya sighed. “I didn’t realize that he was so stupid.”

“Well, I hope that he can form his own opinions at some point in his life, because it seems to me that he’s easily swayed. When he had dinner here last week, he seemed rather interested in hearing all about what I’m doing.”

“A little too interested, if you ask me. I think he went home and told his Dad everything you said.”

“I didn’t say anything controversial.”

“No, but for a dipwad, it was enough.” Maya looked dejected. “I just can’t believe there’s anyone who doesn’t think having you as the President is the coolest thing ever.”

Kathryn kissed the top of Maya's head. "I appreciate your confidence in me, but there are a lot of people who think I shouldn't have traded in my pips for politics. Although during the two decades that I was an Admiral, I heard the exact opposite."

"Then they're all dipwads."

"They're entitled to their opinions."

Petulantly, Maya said, "Well, their opinion is wrong."

Biting back a smile, Kathryn asked, "Why did this come up today?"

"History class," Maya said with a groan.

"But you love history."

"Yeah, but we're nearing the end of the semester, so history has turned into current events. All week, Mr. Hardesty has been talking about the Cardassians and the Dominion War, and it was bad enough that he went on and on about the Maquis and reminding everyone that my Dad had a lot to do with that."

"What does that have to do with me?"

She sighed. "Our homework last night was to bring in notable news articles from the last twenty-five years. <I>Everyone</I> else except me and Chad brought in something about you."

Kathryn tried not to smile. "They do have my daughter in their class. It's possible they feel a connection."

"Yeah, I guess."

She waited a moment to see if Maya would say more, but then offered, "You and Chad must have talked about that if you both chose something that I wasn't involved in?"

"Well, I didn't want people to think I was bragging on my mom. After everyone went on and on about you, he told the class that you didn't single-handedly save the Federation."

"I didn't."

"I know that, and so does everyone else, but he didn't have to be so rude about it."

"No, I supposed not. Which article did you take?"

“One about Admiral Riker when he was first promoted to captain – the Regulus Accord with the Romulans.” She continued to explain, “I mean, the Romulan Empire and the Federation had been enemies for centuries! That has got to be the most amazing thing and Will...” Maya laid her head back and sighed. “The articles I found... he’s just so dreamy.”

She frowned. “He’s sixty-six, a year older than I am, and I even went on a date with him while we were at the Academy.”

“You did?” Maya gasped. “Oh, wow. Do you think you could introduce me to him, sometime?”

“You’ve already met him,” Kathryn said with a laugh. “He was at the ball.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” Kathryn scooted off the bed and picked up the computer. She pulled up his picture as she returned to her daughter’s side. “Recognize him?”

“Eww! He looks ancient in that image!”

“Hey now,” she admonished playfully. “If you’d really like to meet him, we’ll invite the Rikers over for dinner sometime. I’ll just have to warn Deanna that my daughter is infatuated with her husband.”

“Mom! Don’t you dare! She’d tell him!”

Holding her hands up in surrender, Kathryn said, “All right. Maybe we ask him over to see if he’ll sponsor you for the Academy.”

“No, mom. I already told you I’m not going.”

“But Maya...”

“No!”

“Would you let me finish?”

“Fine,” she sat back and crossed her arms.

“You don’t have to have a career in Starfleet just because you go to the Academy.”

“Yeah, but if I don’t, people would think I’m a drop out. You know I want to go into journalism.”

“A reporter,” Kathryn said with a sigh.

“No, a writer.”

“But you’re the daughter of the Federation President and the former Commandant of the Academy.”

“Yeah, and so I have a lot to write about. People will think I have an inside scoop.”

“It’s not like you’d have access to top secret information.”

“No, but you could tell me things.”

“No,” she said strongly. “I couldn’t tell you any more than I could tell any other civilian reporter.”

“Writer, Mom. You could introduce me to people, and my name is famous.”

Kathryn rubbed her face as she looked at her daughter with the bittersweet realization that she was growing up. With understanding, she asked, “You really want to do this?”

“I really do. I know it won’t be easy, but it’s not like I could ever live up to your name as a Starfleet officer anyway. I need to do something different.”

After a long moment’s pause, Kathryn finally said, “All right. Then let’s make you the very best writer you can be.”

“Really?!” Maya jumped to her knees and threw her arms around her mom’s neck.

“Really.” Kathryn relished the feel of her daughter’s hug.

“I love you!”

“I love you, too, sweetie.” Fingering her long braid, she asked, “Are you going to be okay about the prom?”

She pulled back and shrugged. “I’ll be fine. It’s not like I haven’t been to a formal dance before.”

“I know, but those have been with me.” Cupping Maya’s cheek, she said, “This is your junior prom.”

“All the security would be a pain anyway.”

Kathryn sighed, hating that her job limited her daughter’s social life. “I know, but it’s necessary.”



“I know, mom. And really, it’ll be okay if I don’t go. We could spend the evening together, and there’s always next year.”

“Maybe you could tag along with friends. I bet Jeannie would love to have you along.”

“The last thing I want is to be a third nacelle.”

“All right,” she said as she hugged her daughter again. “Feel like eating? Dad made jambalaya.”

“Sure,” Maya stood up and Kathryn followed. Before they left the room, Maya turned and pulled her mom into a bear hug. “Thanks for... well, for being a great mom.”

“You’re welcome.”

“After all, you’ve not only great to shop with, you’re also the President of the Federation – and that is beyond awesome.”

Kathryn laughed as they walked downstairs. “Some days, maybe.”

Chakotay looked up and smiled at his wife and daughter. “How are the two most beautiful women in my world?”

Maya walked up and hugged him. “I’m sorry I was a bear when I came home.”

“It’s all right, angel. Are you feeling better now?”

She shrugged and said, “I guess. I broke up with Chad.”

“I heard,” he said sympathetically. “I’m sure that’s heart-breaking.”

“Not really – he’s an idiot.” She lifted a cloth that was draped over a basket. “You made your famous cornbread?”

“With extra honey, just like you like it.” He kissed his daughter’s forehead and asked, “Would you help me put the food on the table?”

“Sure.”

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After they started eating, Kathryn announced, “Maya has decided to pursue a writing career.”

Chakotay’s fork froze mid-way to his mouth. He set it back down and looked at his daughter. “You want to be a reporter?”

“No,” Maya said. “A writer. I could write editorials, in-depth stories, books...”

He glanced at his wife and said, “I see.”

Kathryn said, “And since she only has one more year of high-school left, we should start looking into universities with a track-record for developing <I>distinguished</I> authors. If she’s going to do this, we should help her get the credentials to go with her name.”

Chakotay caught on to Kathryn’s hint. “Maya, would you like me to help you do some research on schools?”

“Would you?” she asked with barely concealed joy.

“I’d love to. We should find a school that will focus on developing you, not exploiting you.”

“Why would they do that?”

Scott ruffled his sister’s hair, “Because you’re famous, My. I think you should look at one of the Ivy League schools.”

Chakotay nodded. “That’s where I was going to suggest starting.”

Maya shrugged. “Just so it’s not Starfleet Academy.”

“Speaking of the academy,” Scott said. “Next week, I’m being tested on the basic functions of the new generations of medical tri-corders. Can I practice on all of you this weekend?”

“Sure,” Chakotay replied. “You’ll have fun trying to make heads or tails of your mom’s readings.”

“Why’s that?”

Kathryn looked at her husband and it dawned on her that they’d never told their children about her heart. “Maybe you should just practice on your Dad and sister.”

Scott set down his fork and stared at his mom. “Now you’ve got me curious. May I take a look?”

Glaring at her husband, she replied, “I could have avoided him all weekend, you know.”

“He’s in medical school, my love. No time like the present.”

Kathryn sighed and nodded towards her son. “Go ahead.”

Scott wasted no time in getting the tri-corder out of his satchel, sitting down next to his mom, and turning it on.

While he was scanning, Kathryn said, “You may not discuss these readings with your professor.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m entrusting you with doctor/patient confidentiality. If you want to study my scans further, you may talk to Dr. Zimmerman, Dr. Picard, or Dr. Pulaski.”

Maya asked, “Is something wrong with you, mom?”

“Not anymore.” She looked at Scott and asked, “What do you see?”

A little frustrated, he said, “Dad was right. I can’t make it out.”

Chakotay suggested, “If I remember correctly, you need to change your settings to detect omicron waves, and that’ll give you her heart rate.”

“Omicron waves?” he asked as he made the change. “But that’s how you measure the energy output of energy circuits.”

Kathryn nodded. “Bio-neural circuitry, to be exact.”

The tri-corder started emitting the beeps consistent with heart rate. Scott set it down and asked, “What does this mean? You’ve got some kind of artificial circuitry?”

“That’s exactly what it means. My heart.”

“What?” Scott asked. “You’ve had a transplant and you didn’t tell us?”

“It was before you were born,” she said as an excuse. “Although, I had a pancreatic transplant a week after you were born. Since you were only a week old, we didn’t think to tell you about it.”

Scott looked at his mother with deep concern. “Mom? What happened?”

Chakotay reached across the table and squeezed Kathryn’s hand and she rubbed his fingers in response.

Kathryn asked, “You know that I was abducted for a few weeks about a year after Voyager got home, and that I got very sick during my incarceration?”

“Yeah,” Maya nodded.

She continued, "What is not public knowledge is that the doctors had to replace the organ to save my life."

Scott said, "When Dr. Picard gave the opening speech to all the new students, she suggested that we think about an area to specialize in. I think you've just told me what that needs to be."

"Cardiology?"

He shook his head. "Whatever the field is that develops and maintains artificial organs."

Kathryn pulled her son into a hug. "I love you, Scott, but you choose whatever interests you, not what you think I need."

"Well," he said with a crack in his voice. "I'd have to say that pro-longing your life definitely interests me."

She held his face between her hands and kissed his forehead. Smiling with watery eyes, she replied, "Trust me when I say that my health is just fine. Joe and Beverly have made sure of that over the years."

"You said I can talk to her about it?"

"Yes, you can."

"I don't think I'd be over-stepping my bounds by talking to the head of Starfleet Medical, would I? Especially since she has reminded me numerous times that she used to change my diapers."

Kathryn laughed. "I'm sure she'd love to talk to you. I'll give her a call later and let her know that you can have access to some of my medical records."

"Thank you." He looked at his dad and asked, "Has there ever been a time when you haven't been worried sick about mom?"

Chakotay shared a loving look with his wife. "Not to worry, Scott, she's the strongest, most capable woman I've ever met."

Kathryn winked at him in return.

The civilian comm unit signaled an incoming call and Scott said, "I'll, uh, get that... before I have to watch you two kiss at the dinner table."

Maya said, "That better not be Chad."

Chakotay asked, "What would you tell him if it were?"

"That he can go suck eggs on Vulcan, for all I care."

Scott returned. "Maya, it's Eric Paris for you."

"Eric?" she asked, a little shocked. She quickly undid her braid and fluffed up her hair. "What do you think he wants?"

"To talk to you, I would presume," Kathryn noted.

Maya took a deep breath and went into the study to take the call.

Kathryn looked at Chakotay and Scott to determine which of them had called Eric, and she decided that they both looked guilty. "What did you do?"

The men shrugged, not saying anything. Eric Paris had escorted Maya to Kathryn's inauguration ball a couple months before, and although he was two and a half years older than Maya, they'd been good friends for a long time. During the past year, that friendship had taken on an entirely different tone.

Narrowing her eyes at her husband, she said, "You know, it's highly possible that your daughter may really date the son of Tom Paris some day."

His eyes widened with amusement. "Then I guess it's a good thing you didn't accept Lanna's offer to be a surrogate."

Scott mused, "I wonder if that would've made them brother and sister."

"I don't know, but it'd get pretty complicated," Kathryn replied.

"Mom?" Scott asked.

"Yes?"

"Were your transplants the reason you needed Aunt Phoebe to carry Maya?"

She shook her head. "There was more to my health problems. We can talk about it in more depth before you talk to Beverly."

"You said your pancreatic transplant was when I was a week old?"

"That's right."

"Did your pregnancy with me cause the problem?"

“No,” she said as she squeezed Scott’s hand. “But it exacerbated it.”

Maya returned and sat down nonchalantly. “Mom, if you’ve cancelled security for Saturday night, you can tell them it’s back on.”

“Oh, will Eric be going with you?”

“I informed him that I didn’t need rescuing,” she insisted.

“Of course not,” Chakotay replied.

“But I told him that if he really wanted to attend a high school function, I’d let him go with me.”

Scott shrugged. “I remember that he didn’t get to go to his own prom because his parents were testing a new engine design in deep space. Maybe he thinks he can relive his youth through you.”

Kathryn mouthed, “Thank you,” over her coffee cup to Chakotay. He winked in return.

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Commander Mark Yosa came into the Janeway home and told Chakotay, “Young Mr. Paris is standing by for transport as soon as Maya is ready.”

“I hope he remembered her wrist corsage.”

Mark smiled. “I doubt B’Elanna would let him forget.”

“You’re probably right.”

Maya appeared in her dark green dress at the top of the stairs, looking more beautiful than Chakotay had ever seen her, and definitely far beyond her years in the strapless gown. Her hair was pinned up with soft wisps framing her delicate face, reminding him of her mother on their wedding day. His heart yearned to hold his baby girl, but she was becoming a woman right before his eyes. As she gracefully stepped down the stairs, Chakotay was speechless.

Once at the bottom, Kathryn followed and said to Maya, “I think your father is mesmerized.”

“What?” Chakotay asked, suddenly aware that she was talking to him. When he looked at his wife, his heart melted again, seeing her bright smile.

Kathryn nodded towards their daughter, and prompted, “How does Maya look?”

“Beautiful,” he said in awe. “I’m taken aback, really. Eric won’t be able to look at anyone else.”

“I hope not,” Maya said with a giggle that told Chakotay his little girl was still in there somewhere.

Kathryn held up the slightly iridescent jacket that accompanied the gown and said, “I cut off the dangling threads.”

Chakotay asked, “There’s more to the dress?”

“Of course,” Kathryn replied.

“That’s a relief,” he said, blowing out a breath.

Maya said, “I don’t think I’ll wear it.”

Kathryn asked, “What do you mean?”

“I mean what I said. I like the dress better without.”

Scott came in and whistled at his sister. “Wow, that’s...” He shook his head. “That’s quite a dress.”

“This is not an option, Maya,” Kathryn stated. “I wouldn’t have let you select this dress if not for the jacket.”

“Daddy said I looked beautiful. He doesn’t care.”

“Oh, I care all right, angel. The last thing I want to do is make you feel insecure about your appearance, so I let your mom handle decisions regarding modesty.”

“It’s not her decision to make.”

“Excuse me, young lady,” Kathryn said, her hands on her hips. “If you want people to respect you for your intelligence, then you need not show off your female assets.”

Scott asked, “You don’t think Eric will notice your assets under that little jacket? He’s a guy.”

“Scott!!!!” Maya yelled.

Both parents glared at their son and Chakotay said, “That’s not appropriate.”

“Sorry, but I’m just saying that she doesn’t need to impress him.” He spoke to his sister, “My, you just need to get a few years older – he adores you whether you’re wearing some fancy dress or just a pair of grungy old sweats.”

Maya explained, “Eric is part Klingon, and Klingon women…” She pointed to her bare shoulders, “...show themselves off.”

Chakotay stepped in. “That may be, but as the daughter of the Federation President, you’ll get a lot of publicity. Trust me when I say that you want the Federation talking about how beautiful you are, not how risqué your dress is.”

“Dad!” she yelled, her mouth open. “You said I looked beautiful! Now you’re calling me trashy????”

“I’m not saying that, but reporters will.”

Looking dejected, she said, “Sometimes I wish you two weren’t so famous.”

Kathryn nodded. “I know, but then you wouldn’t have the inside scoop when you’re a writer.”

With a dramatic sigh, Maya said, “Fine. I’ll wear the stupid jacket.”

“Thank you.” Kathryn helped her into the jacket and straightened the sleeves. “Keep in mind that there are a lot of young ladies in your class who want to be just like you. If you’re poised and graceful, that is also what they’ll strive to be.”

She rolled her eyes. “Maybe I want to be like them and stay out all night and get really smashed.”

Kathryn pursed her lips and glared at her daughter. “Chakotay, call the Paris’s and tell Eric no thank you.”

“Moooooom!!!!”

“If that’s your plan, we’re going to intervene right now.”

“I was jo-king! How can I possibly do that with all your security goons following me around?”

Mark Yosa cleared his throat.

Kathryn said, “Listen to me, young lady. Mark and his security team continually put their lives on the line to protect ours. You will treat them with respect.”

Maya’s chin dipped and she said, “Sorry, Mark.”



“It’s all right, Maya,” he replied.

After a moment of quiet, Kathryn relaxed and took Maya’s hands. “It’s just because we care about you.”

Maya nodded but didn’t say anything.

She squeezed her daughter’s fingers. “Public opinion is a tool that we can use to change the galaxy because when people respect us, they listen. As a writer with famous parents, you will have an incredibly powerful conduit for getting your message out there, because people are going to seek out your articles and your books. My advice is to not let any careless behavior in your youth impact people’s opinion of you.”

Chakotay added, “People flock to self-assured, graceful women. Be confident about who you are, and don’t try to become what you think other people want you to be. As Scott said, Eric doesn’t need to see your bare shoulders to find you beautiful.”

Maya looked at both of her parents and then at Scott. “Their lectures are killer, aren’t they?”

“Don’t you know it,” he replied. As if telling a secret, he loudly whispered, “They think it makes us better people.”

Chakotay playfully elbowed his son. “You’re already fantastic people. Lectures just allow us to grace you with our years and years and years of wisdom.”

Maya took a shaky breath and sadly held out her arms. “I’m sorry, mom.”

Kathryn pulled her into a hug and held on tight. “I love you, Maya”

She sniffed. “I think I’d better wear this dumb jacket for a week.”

Pulling back, Kathryn laughed. She tenderly held Maya’s chin as she said, “Now, don’t cry or we’ll have to start over with your make-up.”

Mark cleared his throat. “Are you ready for Mr. Paris?”

Maya took a deep breath and smoothed out her dress. Looking at her dad, she asked, “Do I really look beautiful?”

“I haven’t seen a woman look more beautiful since the day I married your mother. Now, have fun and don’t cause too much trouble for Mark.”

Maya hugged her dad and said, “Thank you.”

Kathryn nodded to Mark, and less than a minute later, Eric rang the doorbell. Everyone stood back as Chakotay answered the door.

“Good evening, Eric,” he said as he welcomed the young man inside. “You’re looking very handsome tonight.”

“Thank you, sir.” Eric looked directly at Maya and his mouth opened slightly in surprise. He caught himself and then blushed a little, his faint Klingon ridges growing just a shade darker. “Maya, you look so... well, so great.”

“Thank you, Eric,” she said as she confidently walked over to him. “I hope you didn’t mind waiting. We had a minor problem with my dress.”

“Of course not.” He looked at her gown. “Whatever the problem was, I’m glad you fixed it, because it’s very nice.” Touching her arm, he said, “I like the little sparkles on your jacket.”

Chakotay and Kathryn shared a look, but did not say anything.

Scott cleared his throat and said, “I think that corsage will match it nicely.”

“Oh,” Eric said quickly as he opened the clear box. “My mother suggested I bring this, but I wasn’t sure what kind to pick out.”

“Thank you, it’s perfect.”

“I chose one of the smallest ones because I thought it wouldn’t get in the way. We have a lot of dancing to do tonight.”

Maya chuckled as her mom helped her put the flower on her wrist. “I hope you wore comfortable shoes.”

“Don’t you worry. We’re going to show that dipwad Chad just how much fun you can have without him. Personally, I’m glad you dumped him.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because now I get to take you.” He turned to Chakotay and asked, “Sir, I know that she’s only sixteen, but may I have your permission to ask her on another date?”

Chakotay looked at his daughter who was barely containing her excitement and he couldn’t help but say, “I trust you, Eric. As long as you keep it casual, and if it’s what Maya wants, then yes, you may.”

Eric was grinning as he replied, “Can’t help but keep it casual with security watching us.”

Mark said, “Just pretend we’re not here. Our eyes are usually on everyone else.”

When Eric turned back to Maya, she was cool and laid-back. “Yeah, I kind of think it’d be fun to hang out with you a little more often.”

“Great!” He took her hand and said to Kathryn, “I’ll have her home at a reasonable hour, Madame President. I promise.”

She shook her head in amusement at Eric’s use of her title. “I’m not worried. As long as you’re sober and give Mark advance notice of your movements, you have my permission to stay as long as you like.”

Maya asked, “Really? Some of my friends have reserved a hotel room so they can stay out all night. They’re going to have breakfast at the hotel.”

Kathryn looked at Mark. “Find out what hotel, secure the room, and stay with her.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Eric and Maya said, “Thank you,” and walked out to the porch.

Mark stayed back and asked discretely, “If they start kissing, should I interrupt?”

Chakotay coughed and said, “Yes!”

Kathryn gave him a look and then told Mark, “No. Be as incognito as possible.” She quickly added, “But if that damn jacket comes off, you have permission to park yourself right between them.”

Mark laughed and said, “Good night, Madame President, Admiral.”

Once they were gone, Kathryn turned to her husband and son. “Was I out of line?”

Scott said, “You just gave her permission to stay out all night, albeit with a security chaperone.”

Chakotay added, “She needs parameters, love. You did fine.”

Shaking her head at Scott, she said, “Well, you seemed to have turned out all right, so we can’t be totally off base as parents.”

“We’re resilient, mom.” He gave her a quick hug and said, “If it’s all right with you, I’m going to give Jennifer a call and see if she’d like to go out with our own security chaperone.”

“Why wouldn’t that be all right?”

“Well,” he shrugged. “I don’t want you two getting all sad that both of your babies are growing up too fast.”

“You’re funny,” she said as she shooed him along. “Really, I’m just thinking about how we’re going to get the house to ourselves.”

Chakotay joked, “We could kiss in any room we want.”

“Scott’s room has a nice view of the ocean,” she mused.

He rolled his eyes and said, “Mom, Dad, I <I>really</I> don’t need that image in my head when I’m about to call my girlfriend.”

Kathryn winked. “Tell Jennifer we said hello.”

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Thirty minutes later, Chakotay joined Kathryn out on the deck with a bottle of wine and two glasses. “Thirsty?”

She turned from where she was watching the tide roll in. “Is that the new Picard Riesling?”

“If you mean to say that a ten year old wine is new, then yes. We are quite tardy in giving him an opinion.”

“It’s only been a month.”

The cork came out with a resounding pop and then he poured a little in each glass. “It sure smells good.”

She took her glass and sipped the crisp wine, clicking her tongue in response. “That’s... really dry for a Riesling.”

“It’s supposed to be.” He leaned against the railing next to her and looked down below. “I’ll never get tired of this view.”

“As beautiful as the Presidential Mansion is, I much prefer it here.”

He nudged her playfully. “It’s because I’m here, isn’t it?”

“Of course,” she said with a wink. “Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that.”

“Oh?”

“An idea came to me in the bath today.” She glanced at him and asked, “If we could talk Maya into attending The Sorbonne in Paris, would you be interested in teaching at the Marseilles campus for a little while?”

“I could do that, regardless of where she decides to go to school. If they don’t want to offer tactics there, perhaps there’s an administrative position I could take.”

“You’d do that for me?”

“Of course. I’d do anything for you, especially if it means seeing you more often.”

She caressed his arm. “Thank you. As for Maya, I’d feel better about her security if she lived with us. Living on the Academy campus next to Headquarters is one thing, but a civilian university? I would worry about her.”

“True, the safeties just aren’t in place. If not The Sorbonne, there are several on the British Isles that we could encourage her to look into – Oxford, King’s College, Trinity in Dublin.”

Kathryn nodded. “Could we explore the possibility of temporarily relocating in a year?”

“Yes, we can.”

She looked up at their home and said, “I want to keep this house, though. I’m guessing that the Council is tolerant of my desire to live at home because I’m new and because they were eager to have me in office, but there may come a time when I need to be in Paris more often than not.”

“We’ll make it work, love. Don’t worry.”

“I know,” she said as she leaned into him. “I just don’t want to be away from my family.”

He put his arm around her and kissed the top of her head. “Your family likes having you around, too.”

“I wonder when it’s going to hit me that I’m the President of the Federation.”

Chuckling, he asked, “It hasn’t yet? You’ve been at it for four months.”

“When Eric called me ‘madame president,’ it surprised me. I keep expecting to hear ‘admiral.’”

“Do you regret retiring?”

“Yes and no. I think I left Starfleet in good hands, but I don’t like not being a part of the organization, officially.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that. You are very much a part of it, and always will be. If anything, your critics think you’re too much a part of Starfleet to hold the office of President.”

She was quiet for a few minutes, enjoying the warmth of his arm around her. Thinking about her former career, she said, “I really like the idea of a small Voyager get-together next week. I think it would lift my spirits.”

With concern, Chakotay rubbed her arm and asked, “Your spirits need lifting?”

“Maybe a little. It’s hard not to get discouraged in the midst of politics and cynicism. I think I’m actually looking forward to heading out in space week after next – not that I want to be away from you.”

“I didn’t think that at all.”

Nuzzling against his neck, she continued, “It’ll be good to visit with some other leaders about real concerns instead of listening to the squabbling between my cabinet members over my schedule and their budgets.”

“Can’t you just tell them to work it out?”

“Sounds like something I could say to Starfleet officers, but I don’t know that it would work with this group.”

“I don’t see any reason why it wouldn’t. You’ve never tolerated petty bickering, and your time is more valuable than that.”

Kathryn nodded slowly. “You make a good point.”

The clock inside their house chimed the hour, making her think about her daughter. “Was I wrong to let Maya stay out all night?”

“If she were with Chad, I’d have reservations. I got the impression that he was just interested in the status of dating her, and would think it quite the achievement to get into her pants.”

Kathryn grimaced. “Now I’m even more glad that she dumped him.”

“Not only is Mark and his team with her, but Eric is a second year academy cadet. He’ll keep her safe.”

Looking at her husband, she asked, “Do you think she and Chad ever kissed?”

“I don’t know. I assume they did.”

“Hmm, she never mentioned it. I think it would be nice if Eric were the first boy she kissed – he’s a good kid.”

“Yes, he is. And who knows, maybe she and Eric kissed years ago.”

“Not a <I>real</I> kiss.”

A low rumble came from within Chakotay’s broad chest. “And what, Madame President, constitutes a <I>real</I> kiss?”

“Have you forgotten? I explained it to you in great detail over twenty years ago.”

He set both of their glasses down on a nearby table and returned to take her into his arms. “If I remember correctly, we need the proper placement of our bodies.”

“Extremely important,” she said as she pressed against him and threaded her fingers up into his peppy hair. “Without that, it wouldn’t do.”

“Not at all.” He pressed her body against the deck railing while his fingers caressed her face. “And I believe you prefer an open mouthed kiss? Correct?”

She smirked, “As if you don’t know.”

“Come here,” he whispered as he brought them together.

As soon as the warmth of his lips touched hers, Kathryn instantly melted into his touch. The firm tenderness of his mouth was her undoing as he gently persuaded her to open for him, the flavor of him bursting across her senses. His hands moved to support her head and her shoulders, holding onto her as she pressed further into him.

When his tongue slowly swept across her lips, she whimpered with arousal, feeling soft and pliant as he deepened the kiss by thrusting into her mouth. A gush of warmth settled low in her belly as she matched his passion in a duel of wet heat, two powerful souls merging in an expression of love.

He teased and stirred her higher and higher with only the possessiveness of his kiss and the strength of his hold on her soft body. Kathryn found herself overflowing with desire and pulled her lips away long enough to say, “I need you to make love to me. Now.”

“Out here?” he asked between kisses along the underside of her jaw.

“What if Scott comes back?”

He offered, “I could always strip you naked and take you on the upper deck.”

Moaning as he kissed the side of her neck, she asked, “What makes you think the President of the Federation would allow that?”

Hotly, he whispered into her ear, “Because I have intimate knowledge about the President, and I know that I can make her do just about anything I want by turning her into a puddle of desire.”

“I’d like to see you try,” she breathed huskily.

Chuckling, he took her hand and led her inside, picking up the wine and glasses on the way. “Right this way, madame.”

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As soon as Kathryn walked into Tom and B’Elanna’s house, she heard what sounded like an old-fashioned marching band. As she came into the living room, she had to laugh as her former senior staff were all standing at attention.

Over the music, she said, “At ease, people.”

They all smiled and Chakotay came over to give her a quick kiss. “They’ve been planning that for a week.”

When Tom turned down the stereo, he asked, “Recognize that song?”

“No,” she said slowly as she hugged B’Elanna. “Should I?”

B’Elanna told her, “Something my nostalgic husband found in the database.”

Harry announced, “It’s ‘Hail to the Chief,’ the song that used to be played every time the United States President walked into the room.”

Kathryn nearly burst with happiness at seeing him. “Harry! I didn’t know you’d be here!”

“Only for a couple of days.” He drew her into his arms for a bear hug. “But I did come back ahead of schedule when Tom told me about this get-together. It’s so good to see you, Kathryn.”

She cupped his cheek and proudly said, “Wonderful to see you, too, Captain.”

“Captain?” he laughed. “Are we going by ranks now, Madame President?”

“I’m just thrilled that you got your own ship. I take it you got my gift?”



“Yes, I did.” Grinning, he asked, “But a battered old coffee cup?”

“You didn’t recognize it?” she asked with surprise.

He frowned and shook his head. “Where did it come from?”

Chakotay cleared his throat and explained, “That was her ‘lucky’ coffee cup from Voyager. She rarely drank out of anything else.”

Harry’s mouth dropped open. “Really?”

Kathryn smiled brightly and nodded. “I thought it a good luck charm. You’re the first member of Voyager’s crew to have your own ship.”

Tom interrupted, “Hey now, I was captain of a ship for a little while.”

B’Elanna elbowed him. “A three-week tour as captain of a prototype model doesn’t count.”

Kathryn looked past Harry to see his wife, and took her hand between both of her own. “And how are you doing as CMO, Amy?”

“Doing just fine. After all these years working with Dr. Picard and Dr. Sanders, I think I was more than ready to have my own sickbay.”

Joe commented, “It’s nice to be able to put the hyposprays right where you want them, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” she laughed. “It sure is.”

Kathryn took Joe’s and Annika’s hands and smiled at both of them. “How are you two? It’s been ages.”

Annika looked pleased as she noted, “Four-hundred and seventy days, to be precise.”

Laughing, Kathryn said, “Leave it to you to be so precise.”

“You would be worried if I was anything, but.”

“Very true.” She looked between them and asked, “I keep wondering if you two are going to ask me to do a wedding for you someday. Any plans to formalize this?”

Joe noted, “Why change it when what we have works out so nicely?”

“Our relationship doesn’t need documentation to be considered established,” Annika added.

“No, I suppose not.” Kathryn smiled at them and chuckled. “I must say that I was surprised twenty years ago when I heard you two were dating, but I’m thrilled that you are still together.”

Joe replied, “When one finds perfection in a mate, one does not look elsewhere.”

“You are absolutely right,” Kathryn said as she looked at her husband. “Although in some cases, it may take a little while to figure it out.”

Tuvok stepped forward and said, “From the moment you and Chakotay beamed over to the Caretaker’s array, one only needed to watch the two of you together to know that harmony had found a home.”

Kathryn opened her arms and hugged him. “My dear, old friend. How are you?”

He allowed the hug and replied, “I am doing well.”

“And T’Pel?” she asked as she held him at arm’s length.

“She is fully enjoying her role as great-grandmother, and she asked me to give you her regards. T’Pel has much respect for you.”

“Thank you, Tuvok. Would you give her my regards as well, and convey that I wish her happiness with little V’lara?”

“I most certainly will. She will be pleased.”

Tom asked, “Don’t I get a hug, Madame President?”

“Oh, you,” she said with a laugh and gave him a very firm hug, rubbing his back firmly. “We need to have a conversation about your son, very soon.”

“Chakotay has already talked to me about that, so you have nothing to worry about.”

“I have plenty to worry about.”

Harry asked, “Why? What’s going on with Eric?”

Chakotay answered, “He’s dating my daughter, that’s what.”

“But, isn’t there a notable age difference?” Harry asked.

Tom held up his hands. “Hey, Eric says he asked Chakotay’s permission.”

Kathryn smiled and patted Tom's shoulder. "If there were any young man I'd trust with my daughter, it would be your son."

B'Elanna noted, "With the constant security chaperone, I really don't think it's an issue."

"They had fun at her prom, though," Tom noted. "Although Eric said when Maya took off her shoes and jacket at the after party, Commander Yosa became a lot more noticeable."

Kathryn laughed. "That's funny. He didn't tell me about that."

"Well, everyone, come fix a plate," B'Elanna announced. "Since our guest of honor was fashionably late, I'm afraid the food might've gotten cold."

"Oh, Lanna, I'm sorry," Kathryn said as she touched her chest. "I really tried to get away sooner."

She waved away Kathryn's concern. "Don't be silly. We know perfectly well that your schedule is not your own."

"Still, I'm sorry for the delay. Two of my cabinet members were pulling at me and I'd had enough."

"Pulling at you?" Annika asked as they gathered in the kitchen.

"Demanding my attention. I gave them each ten minutes, which turned into about half an hour, total."

"Only fifteen each?" Chakotay asked. "That's not bad at all."

Kathryn clicked her tongue. "You're right about that."

Tom handed Kathryn a full plate. "For you, Madame President."

"Thank you, but you don't need to wait on me."

"Of course we do. You're the President of the Federation."

Rolling her eyes, she said, "Not tonight, I'm not."

"Oh?" Joe asked. "Is that something you can take a night off from?"

"About as much as I could take a night off as captain of Voyager while we were in the Delta Quadrant."

Tuvok said, "Let's hope there won't be any cause for a red alert tonight, then."

“I’m with you on that one,” Kathryn said as she sat down to eat. “If the Federation were at red alert, it wouldn’t be a pleasant night for anyone.”

Harry asked, “Have you had any emergency situations while you’ve been in office?”

“Just one, but it was a false alarm. There was a report of a border skirmish in the beta quadrant, but it was just the Romulans doing a munitions test that they didn’t tell us about.”

“Well, I for one,” Tom noted as he sat down, “can’t imagine any of our recent presidents who could handle an emergency situation better than you.”

“I’ll second that,” Harry said.

Chakotay added, “Me, too. Even though the critics think she’s too ‘Starfleet’ for the job, I think the Federation is safer right now than it has been in a half century.”

Kathryn pointed a fork at her husband as she spoke, “I may be able to handle a border conflict just fine, but a room full of arguing politicians is another thing altogether. It’s enough to give me a migraine.”

Joe said, “Perhaps I should prescribe an analgesic for you, then.”

“Thank you. I’d take you up on that, but Beverly has me fully stocked.”

Harry bit his lip for a moment and finally said, “I knew this would happen someday, you know.”

Chakotay asked, “What would?”

“Kathryn as President. The citizens have been pushing her into it since ’79. She was just being stubborn.”

“I was not stubborn,” she insisted. “How could I possibly have run for office in ’80 when I’d just uncovered that huge mess?”

“Not to mention Scott’s birth,” Joe noted.

“That, too. It was an eventful year.”

Tom asked, “What about ’84 when Truov stepped down. Surely you would’ve been a better option than C’Sarin.”

“Phoebe was carrying Maya, and Tuvok and I were in the middle of negotiating the Romulan/Vulcan peace accord. Besides, C’Sarin did fine – he lasted for two terms.”

Tuvok said, "And in '92?"

"Chakotay was about to become Commandant of the Academy and my children needed me. We couldn't both have highly demanding jobs at the same time."

B'Elanna chuckled. "Good thing Head of Starfleet Operations is a fluff job."

Chakotay said, "It's not too demanding when things are going well, and you all know that she runs a tight ship."

Kathryn winked at her husband. "But my gracious husband agreed to step down when the council asked me to run this last time."

Harry asked, "Could any of you have imagined thirty years ago, that we'd be sitting here, having this conversation?"

"Annika, Joe?" Kathryn asked. "Do either of you have Voyager's ship logs from exactly thirty years ago today?"

"Yes," Annika replied. "A Romulan Astrophysicist named Telek Ramor transported from Voyager to the Alpha Quadrant through a temporal micro wormhole."

The room became silent and Kathryn set her fork down. "Wow," she said, taking a deep breath.

Tuvok noted, "I distinctly recall something you said that day, Madame President."

Smiling at his use of her title, Kathryn asked, "And what was that?"

"You said, 'We will get back.' It appears that you were prophetic."

Shaking her head, she said, "No, I was determined to keep hope alive when it felt like the bulkheads were closing in on me. I was trying to avoid thinking about how the deck plating had just gone out from under me."

"You never showed anything but determination, Kathryn," Harry pointed out.

She gave him an appreciative look. "Remember that as a new captain, would you? At the time, I was doing my best to try to play the part, be what the crew needed me to be."

Chakotay said, "My love, you're doing the same thing right now."

"Am I?" she asked with a bemused smile.

"Playing the part of the President, being what the Federation needs you to be."

“Perhaps,” she said with a slow nod. “Maybe that’s all life is – just one big part being played in a drama that is unfolding before us.”

Tom said, “That may be, but I know for certain that the future we dreamed about thirty years ago did not in any way, have us sitting around with Kathryn as the Federation President.”

“Oh? What would you have had me doing instead?”

“In your mid-sixties as captain of Voyager?”

She narrowed her eyes playfully, “Watch yourself, Mr. Paris.”

Smirking, he continued, “I think you’d be sitting around the messhall knitting baby blankets and rearing our replacement crew while the rest of us ran your ship.”

Everyone started laughing, unable to stop themselves, Kathryn included. She said, “Yeah, like I’d let all of you have the fun. I could just as easily knit from my command chair.”

Chakotay picked up Kathryn’s hand and kissed her fingers. “Look at you, now. The future has you knitting in the Presidential Mansion.”

“That it does.” She nodded. “That it does.”

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