

## Faded History

Author: CK

Rating: NC-17 / P18

Summary: Set during Future's End. Even if the past faded, it still was never forgotten.

Author's Note: This is what my muse does to me. First, she gives me writer's block, and when I beg her to let me write again, she provides me with... \*this\*. And since I got stuck with my Secret Santa story for VAMB, I gave in...

"Chakotay?"

In a hotel room in 1996th Los Angeles, a man, well-muscled, dark-haired and golden-tanned, looked up from the magazine he had been reading and to the door that led to the adjoining bathroom.

"Yes?"

"Could you please help me?" A female voice rang from the other room, and the handsome man got up and walked over to where his assistance was obviously needed.

Chakotay and his female companion Kathryn Janeway, who was recently occupying the shower cubicle in the small bathroom of their hotel room, were explorers, scientists, soldiers; they were highly intelligent, well-trained and fearless. But: They were from the 24th century. And if there was a real challenge for people from an age where a whole five course menu was produced from thin air within minutes, where people were transported distances of several hundred kilometers in a matter of seconds, and where showers didn't work with water anymore, but with sonic waves, it was the 20th century.

Involuntarily thrown into this time, commanding duo of the Starship Voyager, Captain Janeway and Commander Chakotay, together with Voyager's crew, had tried in vain to find a solution for their problems; a way back to their century. And in the course of their actions found themselves stuck on an Earth that was in every way different from what they knew.

When they had beamed down, the plan had been to find the man who had brought them to this wrong year, and get him to help them get *back*. But as plans went, some things had gone wrong, unsurprisingly so, and both officers had suddenly been forced to find shelter for the night on a 1990's North American continent's city. Thanks to their ship's pilot, Mr. Paris, they at least had enough money, those strange pieces of paper and metal people in this century used to pay for all kinds of things, and so they had been able to afford a hotel room that was acceptable enough.

Now Janeway was trying out the ancient shower, while Chakotay had chosen to wait and spend his time with some historic literature called *The L.A. Times*. There was some news, and there was gossip, but mostly it was the science news that amused the 24th century man.

When his captain and friend had called, he had immediately put away his reading material and dutifully followed her request for help... never expecting what would happen next.

He entered the bathroom to find the shower curtain closed, only the vague outline of her body recognizable behind it. So far, so good. But then a thoughtless moment happened, and while Chakotay was focusing on the shower, Janeway busily opened the plastic drape.

And thus the captain stood completely naked before her first officer.

While she could only do so much not to panic and pull the curtain back quickly while trying to grab her towel that was seemingly lying just out of reach, Chakotay, after the first shock, found himself completely, and strangely, calm.

"Here," he said and took the towel she was trying to reach from her position, "let me help you." She took the towel gratefully from him when he gave it to her, and then vanished behind the curtain, managing a "Thanks." while wrapping the towel around herself. As soon as she was covered she felt incredibly relieved.

"I only wanted to ask if you could help me... I can fly a spaceship, but this shower really beats me," she explained, smiling sheepishly and *really* trying to ignore his hungry stare. He eyed her for a moment, then slipped off his shoes, and, pulling the curtain aside, stepped in behind her - in recently purchased T-shirt and pajama bottoms, no less.

"I think I could even show you," he said, and she was too shocked - again - to react in any other way than by watching his arms as they appeared from behind her along both her sides, and his hands as they worked on the shower controls.

"What exactly are you doing, if I may ask?" she wanted to know after clearing her throat, and was all too aware of his strong body shaking behind her when he chuckled.

"Helping you," was his very simple answer, and then he fingered the controls while explaining them to her. "This one you use for getting hot water," he pointed at the clover-shaped handle marked with a red spot, "and this one for cold," he put his hand against the other that had a blue spot, "now, the trick is to open both faucets just enough, but not too much, and to mix hot and cold so that the temperature is comfortable." His voice was low, causing a tingle to form in her stomach, and his breath grazed her right ear, making her shiver. She straightened in a vain attempt to regain some composure she hadn't realized she had lost, and to chase the upcoming goose bumps away. He chose just that moment to shift even closer to her, pressing up against her from behind.

Time to pull the emergency break.

"I think I understand it now, thank you," she attempted to get him out of the shower. He, however, didn't move even a single muscle. "Chakotay, will you let me try this now?" Obviously he didn't. Or did he?

"Try. I'll instruct you. Can't have you get burns or a cold from handling the controls wrong." His words were more a rumble she felt than a sound she heard.

"I really think that is enough. I think you're crossing a line here, commander," she said in her best captain's voice, sternly stressing every word.

"And that's something I should have done on New Earth already." His answer was as plain and simple as the way he turned on the water with a flick of his wrists. Kathryn squealed when the flow hit her - that, after all, at least had just the right temperature - and soaked her towel she now had to clutch to her body because it became too heavy. Angrily, she swirled around - or tried the best she could to do so in the small space they were in - and faced him, about to reprimand him for his inappropriate behavior, but by the time the words had made it up her throat, his mouth had already descended upon hers, making those words morph into a long moan when he kissed her longingly. His tongue thrust into her mouth, exploring every inch of it, and she could do nothing else than to give in to his ministrations, the skilled movement of his lips against hers.

The water from the shower still rained down on them, the stream warm and embracing, like summer rain after a burning hot day in July. Whenever their lips parted for fractions of a second, droplets ran over them and made them slippery, and they desperately crushed against each other, wanting the kiss to last forever.

When Chakotay let go of her again, Kathryn, having forgotten to breathe, needed so desperately to fill her lungs with air that she sucked in some of the water running over her, what made her cough. The man still holding her quickly turned off the stream and then stepped from the cubicle, lifted the panting woman into his arms and carried her back into the main room. He sat her down onto one of the chairs that belonged to an ensemble of one small square table and another chair, and went to get her a dry towel that he wrapped around her shoulders.

"You should get rid of the wet towel," he commented, and, having finally calmed down a bit, she stared at him incredulously.

"What did you think you were doing, Chakotay? What has gotten into you?!" she complained, her voice raspy from her coughing while she still tried to get her breathing back into a normal rhythm.

"I meant what I said... something I should have done while we were in our... exile on New Earth," he repeated, his hand coming up to caress her cheek. She pulled away from his touch.

"That's not right, and you know it."

"That was exactly my impression when you kissed me back in there," he pointed at the bathroom door standing ajar, "that you think it's not right." His face was neutral; he wasn't making fun of her. He was serious. And she wasn't sure what would have shocked her more. So eventually, the deep frown on her face softened into what could only be called sympathetic expression.

"Chakotay... You know we can't..." He pressed a finger to her lips to silent her.

"We're not on Voyager. We're not in the Delta Quadrant. We're not even in our time anymore. Here, we are just another two people among billions, waiting for the night to pass and the day to arrive, so we can continue our way, wherever it may lead us. No one here knows us. Let us be someone else. Let us be... us. The real us. Be the Kathryn I saw on New Earth, just for one night." She sat there on her chair and stared at him as he crouched before her, looking so fragile, so much like the woman he knew was somewhere behind the façade of a brave Starfleet commandant; it was the woman he had sworn to protect and always be there for, no matter what.

Janeway shivered, the wet towel around her slowly turning into an icy blanket, and the man before her rose, taking her hand and pulling her up, and then carefully, so she would be able to resist if she wanted to, pulled her hand holding the soaked cloth away. Heavily it fell to the ground, and he wrapped the other, mostly dry towel around her and began to rub and massage her damp skin and hair with it.

Her eyes never left his; he could still see the inner battle she was fighting, her mind contemplating whether this was, could possibly be, right, while her body showed that it had already made a decision for her. When she stopped shivering, he used the chance to get rid of his wet clothes as well, pulling his shirt over his head and pushing down his bottoms. No doubt, in that moment, and hopefully the rest of the night, the captain was gone; there was just Kathryn, who almost shyly took in his now equally naked appearance.

The second her hands touched his skin, he knew for sure that her decision was made, and he pulled her to him, enclosing her with his arms, and claimed her lips in another kiss, gentle this time, caring and full of love, and she melted into him, her hands buried in his hair, holding him to her as her hunger grew.

He walked her over to the queen-sized bed, and letting himself fall onto it, pulled her atop him. Right then he thought that feeling the weight of her delicate form on him, her bare skin on his, was the most wonderful thing he had ever experienced. He was, however, sure that there was still a lot more to come.

Kathryn pulled away from him and looked down into his handsome face, smiling lovingly up at her, his eyes dark with his desire for her, and her heart beat even more wildly at the sight. She placed her hands against his cheeks and began to shower his face with light kisses, losing herself in the feel of his warm, smooth skin, the well-known

features under her fingers, and the virile solidness of his body beneath her. His hardness was already pressing against her intimately, and she felt heat spread through her and pool between her legs.

Slowly she left his face and began to kiss down his neck, his chest, not leaving out a single inch while she worked down bit by bit, leisurely, not to be rushed through something she had secretly dreamed of for a long time. Chakotay tried to encourage her with light pressure he applied to her arms and shoulders, but she went on at her own pace, completely unimpressed by his groaning that sounded more like begging. The taut peaks on his chest were teased by her nimble fingers, while her mouth aimed deeper yet, and he couldn't help but pressing his body up against her touch. He felt her smile against his skin.

"Kathryn... please..." a strangled moan escaped him, and she chose just that moment to reach his erection, landing a kiss on the glans, making him jerk and grip her shoulders tightly. She was not to be distracted though, and her hands left his upper body to accompany her mouth. Gently she took his member into her hand, rubbing up and down a few times, then using the tip of her tongue to give the underside of his engorged flesh a meticulous lick from base to tip, before closing her lips around the swollen manhood.

Chakotay hissed and panted, his hands grabbing the bed's sheets, and he lifted his head to look down on himself - where he saw how his... *Oh no, stop right there!*, he scolded himself. This was Kathryn. *Kathryn*. A sensual, sexually self-confident and disarmingly charming, intelligent and beautiful woman. *Not his captain*. He sighed. He needed to stop her, or this night would be over much sooner than he had intended to.

He let go of the sheets and this time gripped her upper arms in earnest, but still only so tightly that he wouldn't hurt her, and used his superior strength to pull her up. She halted midway, her mouth giving his hardened nipples some attention, before she buried her face in the curve of his neck, her lips pressed against the sensitive skin there, while he wrapped his arms around her, rolled them around and then detached himself from her. Chakotay sat back, kneeling between her legs, and took a long, reverse look at her beauty.

To her impatience though it wasn't enough that he made love to her with his eyes only, so she pushed herself up on her elbows, then shifted her weight to one of her arms while she reached out with the other, meeting his upcoming hand with hers halfway, and pulled him to her into another kiss. He indulged in their mouths' love-making for a moment, but soon ended to kiss in favor of his own exploration of her body.

Kathryn let her head fall back when Chakotay devoured her neck and shoulders with his lips, giving him better access to this sensitive part of her; but the sensation was nothing compared to when he wandered deeper and his hot mouth found her breasts, caressing one peaked tip. He took his time, tending to the other of her deliciously full mound with his hand, the feeling of its softness, of kneading and massaging it, too good to make this a quick affair. But even he couldn't withstand the temptation that waited between her wriggling legs.

Her nails lightly raking his scalp, she shuddered beneath him when his movements aimed towards the middle of her body. The yearning inside her drove her mad, and she actually screamed when his touch found her center, his fingertips grazing her by now sopping wet curls and his mouth following suit, torturing her with gentle kisses to her nerve bundle and nether lips. Willingly she opened her legs for him, wanting nothing to be in his way as he gave her sheer endless pleasure.

There was a moment when he sat back, taking in the picture of the woman before her, blue eyes staring longingly at him, lips open and moistened by her tongue, breathing ragged, cheeks flushed, and still-damp strands of hair fanned out around her head. Her chest heaved every time she sucked in air greedily, and her opened legs revealed a glistening womanhood begging for his caress. It was also the moment he wondered whether this was true, reality; whether she was really giving herself to him after all this time. But then he touched the silky, inflamed skin of her legs and leaned down place a kiss just below her belly button, and he knew that he wasn't dreaming.

His heart, his mind, his whole being danced with joy, and smiling he dipped lower again, and let his tongue part her folds, tasting her sweetness while his hands pulled her legs yet another bit apart. Finally one of his hands moved to

her center as well, and one finger replaced his tongue, sliding into her slick depths with ease, and Kathryn's breath first hitched, then almost stopped altogether when he added another finger.

"Ch-Chakotay..." he heard from what seemed eternally far away, her voice barely audible in between her labored pants. It didn't stop him; on the contrary, he nipped at her clit and licked it, the engorged nub standing proudly, its nerve endings eagerly taking a part in turning Kathryn into a helpless puddle of lust.

His straining manhood reminded him of its existence when he moved his body a bit, and groaning he unconsciously intensified the pressure on her clit, triggering a sudden frenzy in her that was her orgasm. She trashed on the bed, only her hips fixated by the hold of his hand while he worked her gently down from her high until she came to rest, exhausted, her breathing shallow.

Slipping his fingers from her sex, Chakotay lay down on his side next to her, lovingly caressing and kissing her face. She had her eyes closed and seemed completely unaware of her surroundings; all the more it shocked him when her small hand wrapped around his erection. Then she opened her eyes and looked directly into his with those sparkling dark blue orbs.

"Should we do something about that?" she asked, giving him the slightest squeeze, at which he hissed, and a mischievous smile curved her lips before she reached up and claimed his mouth in a long, lazy kiss. When she pulled away again, he smirked.

"You have to ask?" Kathryn chuckled and turned to climb atop him, but he stopped her, instead pulled himself above her again, nuzzling her neck, and bringing one hand down to test her readiness. When he found her moist arousal awaiting him, he didn't lose any more time and replaced his hand with the straining evidence of how much he wanted her.

Chakotay never lost sight of her face, her eyes, when he began teasing her opening's muscles with his by now painfully hard shaft, entering her with its swollen tip and pulling back again while mobilizing every last bit of self-restraint he possessed. Her legs came up around his backside, desperately trying to get him to stop torturing them both by holding back, but he gave himself unimpressed, and repeated the motion a few times more - before he at last sheathed himself deep inside her with one sharp thrust of his hips. A cry died in her throat, turning into a gasp. They remained like this, neither of them moving, the sensation of being joined threatening to overwhelm them. Kathryn pierced her nails into his shoulders as he was filling and stretching more than she was used to - not to mention the fact that she hadn't had any *practice* in more than two years.

"Are you all right, love?" Chakotay whispered, his mouth directly next to her ear, before he kissed the spot right below her ear, making her sigh. Her answer was a pleased hum, and her legs urging him to move.

Slowly he pulled out and plunged back in again, and had to realize that his self-control was too far beyond him by now; he knew he was losing control, felt his body find its own pace as he drove into her faster and faster. Kathryn was panting and writhing beneath him, rocking her body against his in a frantic response to his movements that became wilder by the second.

Later, neither of them would know how she did it, but at some point she somehow managed to turn them around, having him slip from her body for a moment, but both their lasciviousness had them joined quickly again when Kathryn placed his thick member at her entrance and sank down on him, gasping when he penetrated her even deeper than before in this new position. Adjusting to being so completely filled, she leaned down and supported herself with her hands on his stomach; then she began to move her hips, rising, falling, gyrating, finding yet another angle, another position or movement, all the while gripping his shaft firmly with her inner muscles, massaging him, encouraging him to just let go.

Hadn't his unbearable arousal clouded his mind, he probably would have completely lost it by just watching her, his Kathryn, above him, pleasuring and teasing him in a way he would never have expected from the woman he knew. He *thought* he knew.

He could only do so much and meet her every motion, and he wished this feeling could last forever, her tight heat around him, her silky thighs embracing his hips and her hips in his hands; *her* promising him endless heights.

Chakotay knew she was close when she threw back her head and lost control just like he had before, and her fever brought him close to the edge as well. Automatically his hand sought out the pleasure nub that would complete her ecstasy, found and skillfully fondled it. It was the spark in a powder keg of lust, and sent her into her orgasm screaming and bucking, taking him with her. He erupted into her, his male juices flooding into her with force, adding to the spasms ripping through her body, and robbing them both of all their strength.

Weakened Kathryn fell into his arms, and Chakotay closed them around her, finding the sheet to pull over their still-joined forms, as they hadn't yet left the edge to oblivion, but tip-toed at it and maybe, just maybe, hoped they would, they could fall into it.

Somewhere in a moonlight-illuminated hotel room in 1996th California, in an urban area fondly called *City of Angels*, two lovers lay embracing each other, holding on tightly, wishing for the night never to end.

Because what else could one passionate night in the past ever be to people from a faraway future than fading history?

END