

Water And Fire

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Rating: NC-17 / P18

Summary: Water and fire needed each other because they balanced each other. And sometimes, two human beings were no different to that.

Disclaimer: 'tis all Paramount's... and who else still might want to claim Voyager after they messed up such a great idea for a show...

Author's Note: This is the second bath story (the first was "Shared Passions").

Symbols.

The Sive's world was filled with them. Every object, every person, everything that existed, tangible and intangible, was assigned a unique symbol.

It wasn't a language in a greater sense, but just a kind of elaborated labeling. They were no letters, no syllables that formed new words or whole sentences. They were just that - symbols. A marker for even the finest of dust.

Naturally, when Voyager's crew decided to take the friendly, elf-like species up on their offer to use the welfare facility with a name that loosely translated to "soul's revival", every single crewmember received a delicate drawing that showed their very own personal symbol for identification and to find the room - a private bathing area - that had been prepared for them in the recovery center.

Kathryn Janeway, Voyager's captain, had immediately been intrigued by the way the Sive perceived and visualized the world. The way they chose symbols for something or someone new was based on their ability to look beyond outward appearances and discover innermost personalities and components.

Her own symbol looked like an imposing wave in the ocean, carrying a long leaf on its hill; the places where their lines met beautifully interwoven. She wasn't yet sure what it was supposed to tell her, but after seeing it the day before, it had followed her into her dreams, and so the picture was vividly in her mind - clear enough to guide her when she walked down the hall in search of the right door.

Even her bare feet - except for a bath robe and a towel they weren't allowed to take anything with them into the building - created a sound that echoed up and down the long corridor. The whole building was devoid of any personnel; to ensure the most relaxing and therefore quite environment, no humanoids except for the visitors were present. An all-embracing silence whispered through halls and rooms, through every corner of the structure, leaving nothing to disturb the deeply relaxing atmosphere.

Unfortunately it also meant that no one was around to help if problems occurred.

Like the one that did when Kathryn finally found the symbol she was looking for, the wave and the leaf. The door was locked. The entrance was supposed to recognize her arrival and open when she stood before it - but nothing happened. The code - a series of symbols, each one resembling a part of her complete one - they had been told to use in case problems should occur with the automated recognition system also wasn't accepted.

Contemplating, she outright glared at the door, daring it to rethink its decision to not open. She really didn't want to waste precious time looking for someone, and she was sure that it was just a mistake, maybe a small glitch in the systems - nothing she wouldn't be able to solve.

Quickly she reviewed everything they had learned about the Sive, the symbols... the meaning that lay beneath the surface... the emotions connected to it... Then there was something about abilities forming where structure was still missing... and... The Missing Piece.

Every symbol had a main part - and the reversed meaning of the same. She didn't claim to have fully understood it, but in any way it seemed as if in some special cases, the opposite meaning was the key and also brought together what was initially parted. Curiously she entered her code again, but with a reversed main symbol - which, as she believed, had to be the flame instead of the wave.

She couldn't help but smile in triumph when the door actually opened.

Stepping into the darkened hallway that led to the actual bath, she marveled at the beauty of her surroundings, the white stone with just that hint of purple the walls, floor and ceiling were made of, and its crystalline inlays, seemingly grown naturally, that glowed in the faint light. She felt like walking into a cave, but the kind one would find in a world full of magic and wonders. It was enchanting, inspiring, and Kathryn found herself studying the structure in awe.

The main area made her gasp, its beauty overwhelming her. Lamps that appeared to be melted into the walls emitted just enough light, but not too much - so one was able to see everything, but resting also was still possible. The stone seemed to be glistening from a fine layer of wetness, probably coming from the steam that rose from the heavenly huge-

She stopped dead in her tracks when she realized that there was already someone lying in the tub.

And that someone was no other than Chakotay.

"Kathryn," he said quietly, not moving or opening his eyes, even before she was able to think - much less say anything. Her first impulse was to apologize and head out quickly. But for some reason, she stood, rooted to the floor, and just stared at his form, comfortably lounging in the oversized tub that was more a private pool.

"What-" she breathed, her voice barely audible. There was an enticing fragrance in the air that left her light-headed and with that strange yet right feeling of being drawn to the large tub. Even when she stepped closer, he remained still and only acknowledged her with the hint of a smile pulling at one edge of his mouth.

"I didn't believe them when they told me that this bath was going to fulfill my-"

"Most secret dreams," Kathryn ended the sentence for him; she had been told the same. And hadn't believed it either. But seeing him lying there... he, who was a fateful offer that was hard to resist after years of hidden longing... and understanding the meaning behind his words...

Her knees almost gave out when he finally opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Come here," he whispered, raising an arm out of the water and stretching it towards her, the palm of his hand turned upwards and open.

And she took it without hesitation.

The bathrobe she was wearing fell from her shoulders as if it had a mind of its own, leaving her bare to his hungry stare while he pulled her closer. Moving to knee in the tub, he helped her climb into it. The moment she stood before him, his hands found her hips and he buried his face in the soft, small cushion of her belly. Her skin tingled from his hot breath when he, almost reverently, whispered her name, and from his nose he nuzzled against it, and instinctively she buried her hands in his hair.

Chakotay gently pulled her down, using her movement to kiss his way up to her face. He didn't claim her lips though, but only hovered there before them for countless moments, as if leaving the decision to her, as if still giving her the chance to back away.

She had no intention to.

Letting her hands wander over his wet skin, glowing golden in the faint light, down to his lower back and then up again until they rested on his shoulders, she leaned forward and met him halfway when he just then recognized her acceptance and also moved to find her lips with his.

Their first kiss was sweet, oh so sweet, a declaration of their hearts' and souls' deep, wistful longing, a quietly worded step, hand in hand, across a border that once had seemed eternal. It was only a touch of lips in the beginning, a resting and finding physical familiarity where it mentally had always been there; falling into a sensation of softness and fullness.

Only when he shifted closer, to have their bodies meet with every reachable square inch and his undeniably strong want for her press against her, he deepened the kiss, gently pushing his tongue between her lips that gave way willingly.

He leaned back then, holding her firmly so their more and more passionate growing kiss wouldn't end, and came to rest on the angled side of the tub. His legs he unfolded again, bringing them stretch out on the tub's ground between hers she had willingly parted, to sit on his. But it wasn't enough, he felt; he wanted to feel all of her against him, softness and heat and every single curve to be imprinted on his skin, his nerves.

Carefully he lifted her higher up, never once breaking the erotic game the lips and tongues were playing, until she was lying atop his half-sitting form, his erection nestled against her folds, tickling and rubbing and teasing sensitive flesh that waited to be finally permitted attention.

But for the moment, he wanted nothing more than make up for so many years lost, so many kisses denied. He wanted to literally burn the feel of her lips and tongue into his mind; wanted to remember the taste of her, that mixture of coffee and pecan from the pie she had eaten when they had had lunch together earlier this day; wanted to recognize every single muscle movement, every reaction she showed when she gave in to a kiss like they shared one now.

She moaned and sighed, and he swallowed her vocal reactions like they were the oxygen of his soul, the food his want lasciviously feasted on. His hands, when they finally decided to add touch to kiss, were everywhere at once, never getting enough of the feel of her soft, creamy skin beneath his fingers as he caressed and fondled and massaged her, tracing the lines of her delicate figure, weighing her breasts in his fingers like they were made solely for him, molded to fit the shape and size of his hands.

Kathryn pressed down then onto the hard length between her legs, tried to submit her own hands to mimic the attentions he was giving her, and return them. He didn't let her though, but held her fast with an uncanny ability, all the while he was still skimming and stroking her body... he felt like an artist painting the most stunning of pictures.

All of a sudden, one hand slipped over her heated center, making her yelp in surprise and arousal. With their kiss involuntarily ended, he took his chance to carefully watch her face as his fingers sneaked into her, creeping slowly forwards, first one, then two and three at last, and even he had to hold on then, sure that her inner fire would leave burn marks on the digits.

Lazily she opened her eyes when he pulled away, protesting slightly, until he rose and guided her towards the backside of the tub where he effortlessly lifted her into his strong arms and pressed her back against the tiled wall. Her legs wound around his waist, and she impatiently urged him to complete their joining, letting the tip of his want brush her nether lips. Finally, *finally* he claimed her, slipped into her welcoming heat and was hugged tightly by it, gripped almost, as if it never wanted to let go again.

He remained motionless, for just a few seconds, when they stared into each other's eyes and souls, realizing that they had overborne this ultimate boundary. And that this was exactly what they wanted. Touching each other,

body and soul, being intimately connected, the rigid proof of his still-strong need for her imbedded in the fiery case of hers.

When he began the movements of his hips, they were soft - but punctuated. He knew exactly how to rock against her to make her body boneless. No ramming, no abandoned plunging, only almost gentle thrusting that was angled skillfully and rubbed against every possible and impossible sensitive part of her sex, inside and out. She panted and whimpered helplessly, clinging to him, the grip of her hands tightening on his shoulders.

He was driving her crazy. She wanted nothing more than for him to take her hard and fast, end this sweet torture. What he was doing was good... it was incredible. But her desire, the raging flame that had burned inside her for so many years was demanding more.

He, however, was having none of it. He continued his slow movements, unimpressed by her uncontrolled writhing and wriggling, knowing all too well that in the end, it would be more effective than any frantic pounding could ever be. And until then, holding her on the brink of her orgasm and letting her die a thousand beautiful deaths was something he would never regret doing.

To him, she was the most beautiful being in the whole universe in these moments. Her lips slightly parted, her head thrown back against the wall behind her, her wet hair wild around her head. Rivulets of water ran down her face and body, flowing over her from the stream that was coming down along the wall and into the tub.

The long strokes he subjected her to pushed her slightly up and let her fall down again, and her soft, round mounds followed the movement, rising towards him, being offered invitingly every time he pushed into her. It was a temptation hard to resist, especially because he knew how wonderful they felt to his lips, his tongue; but he couldn't risk this additional stimulation. He felt her trying to pull herself closer to him, press her breasts against his chest, and yet it wasn't enough.

"Chakotay..." His name in the form of a breathless whisper was all she capable of to bring forth as a desperate plea to grant her release. He shifted her, just a little bit, changing the angle he met her with, let the strength of his hips support her when he took one arm from her and used the hand to glide down her body and let his fingers ghost over the hardened nub he found there.

She gasped and tensed, waiting for him to have mercy. But he held her there, in between worlds; held her where she didn't know anymore whether she was still alive, whether she had already crossed over to oblivion. Her mind was whirling, any rational sense and thought out of reach, and the beginning of her own cry of release an echo inside her body, when it didn't yet let go from her lips, but rolled back even though it was desperate to be voiced.

"Kathryn," he murmured, and claimed her lips in a short, but hard kiss, robbing her of her breath again - only to force every last bit of air out of her lungs when he thrust more forceful once, twice, and rubbed her clitoris at the same time, sending her into a frantic climax that had her world spiral out of control. She moaned and screamed and panted, and didn't even register her head thump against the wall behind her when her whole body convulsed.

It was when he picked up speed and brought himself to a fiery culmination as well, letting his hot flood pour into her, something she was merely able to acknowledge with a weak whimper.

It took them a good while to come down from their heights, and slowly Chakotay moved them to rest in the tub again, sitting her sideways in his lap and leaning her into his strong chest. She was still breathing heavily, they both were, and she had her head lying on his shoulder when he turned his face to hers.

"I didn't think you would really show up," he murmured against her temple and let his words follow a tender, lingering kiss. Her first response was a soft sigh and one of her hands stroking over his chest. Only then she trusted her voice enough to deliver the answer her mind had formed with great effort, still being in a process of collecting its ability to function within normal levels again.

"It was not on purpose, to be honest." Even in their motionless state, she felt him still. He remained quiet for a moment; then he pushed her back to look at her face.

"But you were studying my symbol with so much interest yesterday that I thought, maybe..." He trailed off, his expression changing from confusion to something akin to disappointment. All the while it dawned on her what had happened.

"I memorized the wrong one," she whispered, head lowered, in realization. She had been so curious that she had taken a long look at his and... Suddenly, her own words echoed back to her. She looked up again, her eyes finding his and holding them, seeing in them what she felt inside herself - a frenetic dance of emotions. Then, slowly first, but with growing intensity, she shook her head.

"No," she said firmly, "I memorized the right one."

End