

Clarification

Author: CK (DrLizThirose)

Rating: P14

Summary: Wasn't it nice to clarify some things?

Disclaimer: Nothing mine.

Author's Note: Brainstorming for another silly story with Malezita and Koneia, I had an idea for a dialog. This prompted me with the first line for this ficlet. By the way - it is SILLY ;)

"We need to have sex."

He considered himself lucky - that he held his cup still to his lips. At least this way he spurted most of the coffee he'd just been drinking back into his receptacle and had only a bit run down his chin and drop onto the napkin that was thankfully still lying in his lap.

"Excuse me?!"

"You wanted to know what I heard Ensign Ayler say to Crewman Hovers, didn't you?"

He stared at her incredulously when she gave her entirely dispassionate explanation and then returned her attention to the PADD in her hand. Earlier that day, sometime during their shift, she had entered the bridge with an expression that had been a mixture of confusion and amusement, and when he had asked her what was the matter, she had promised to tell him later in private. Had he known that *this* was going to be the result...

"Um..." More than single syllable replies really weren't in his repertoire right now. His answer - or lack thereof - eventually made her look up.

"Chakotay?" Her expression was blank at first. Then he saw the penny drop. Very. Slowly. "You didn't..." She reached the part of eyebrow-raising thoughts. "You didn't think I was talking about..." She left the sentence open and instead gestured back and forth between them.

Meanwhile, he had found his voice - and ability to speak - again.

"Can't deny it entered my thoughts-" *Bad choice of words.* "Was a bit hard not to think about *that*, Kathryn..." *Not really better.* Much to his disappointment - not surprise though - a mumbled "Sorry." and a suspiciously dark blush creeping up into her cheeks was all he got.

The evening went on with both of them quietly reading reports, the usual comfortable silence surrounding them. Until she broke it, out of the blue, almost an hour later.

"Would you want to?"

He almost didn't dare to ask, but this little adventurous streak of curiosity got the better of him: "What?"

"Have sex with me." Her features showed thorough contemplation of that thought, and he stared at her for a good while, considering every possibility - that this was a dream, that she was a clone, an alien, or whatever, that she was making fun of him, or that this was a trick question.

But his mind, his heart, and a few other parts of his body vehemently voted for this to be real - the situation as well as the person in front of him.

"Hell, yes," he finally blurted out, not bothering to keep that hint of desperation from his voice. He put down the PADD he'd been holding and got up to walk towards his bedroom... only to stop when she didn't make a move to follow.

When he turned to look at her still sitting form, he found her regarding him with her infamous glare - the one that told of the wheels in her head turning at light speed while she evaluated the situation. Piercing blue eyes met his, and her lips were pursed, her forehead pulled into another deep frown.

"Okay," she said after a few minutes.

And returned her attention to her PADD.

End