

## The Definition Of Home

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Rating: PG

Summary: A very short Resolutions ending fix.

Disclaimer: Nothing mine.

Author's Note: This might be the shortest fic I've ever written; but it is also something I had in my mind ever since I re-watched Resolutions and saw that look Kathy and Chak share shortly before they are beamed back aboard. Not very original, and not very new, but at the moment I have a bad pharyngitis and needed something nice for myself...

The plants had grown so much in the past thirty hours; just as so many other things had grown in the course of only a few weeks. Now, however, they had to abandon it all - not only the green that had been supposed to provide them with food some day. They were returning; returning to their ship, their crew, their *family*. Returning to their journey home.

Although in that moment, she wasn't all that sure anymore where and what home was.

Didn't they say, 'Home is where your heart is'?

"Ready?" he asked when he brought the last bag from their shelter, and her first intent, her rationality's first intent, was to nod and answer 'yes'. Because they were about to do what she had longed to do so desperately for many weeks after they'd been left behind on this planet. It was just that, after all this time, she didn't feel it to be the right answer anymore.

"No," she so whispered instead, a lump in her throat that felt like it was about to choke her. The arms wrapping around her from behind, the strong body she leaned back against, provided her with some much-needed comfort and calmed her heart, aching due to the prospect of leaving, a bit.

He didn't say anything; what could he have possibly said? Him holding her was enough already.

Gently he turned her around in his embrace and captured her lips, and she let herself fall into this sweet caress that had become so familiar over the past few weeks since they'd finally allowed themselves to take their relationship to the next level. Everything they felt for each other they put into this kiss, and lost themselves in the moment that now felt like a stolen one, taken from a life that maybe never again would grant them this intimate kind of comfort.

Only when they parted, he spoke. "Whatever happens, I'll be there. With you and for you. Never forget that."

She knew she wouldn't. They parted and resumed a professional stance after sharing another short, but intensive look. They would leave their life here, on their *New Earth*, behind. But they wouldn't leave each other.

And just when she gave the order to have them beamed up, she realized that what people said was true - home indeed was where your heart was - because home was not a place, but a feeling.

Her heart was with the man she'd come to feel such a deep love for.

And as long as he was with her, she would always be at home.

END