

Shared Passions

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Summary: Never get between Kathryn Janeway and her bath. Never.

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Author's Note: This comes from a prompt on the JetC lover page; Wetfica section. I had one initial idea - because I couldn't see KJ really breaking in just to find Chak in a bath (as it was prompted) - that said that KJ wants to enter the room, finds the door locked, thinks it's some mistake or malfunction, and overrides the lock/breaks in. This is the first result from this premise.

Chakotay, first officer of Starship Voyager, was a man of many secrets. While people thought they knew him, he only let them believe they did, providing carefully chosen information, but withholding just as much; maybe even more. His past was no one's concern; especially if it was about his tribal heritage, his family, his childhood and youth. His general biography may have been quite common knowledge among Voyager's crew, but the details, important and - to others, though never to him - unimportant ones, he kept to himself.

Chakotay was also a man of passions - albeit of only a very few. But they were precious nonetheless, and thus all of them hidden in his imaginary vault of secrets.

Among them was this one thing he had never told anyone about. One thing he rarely did - but then enjoyed even more. Not even those closest to him knew of it, simply because he didn't see any need for them to learn about it. Added to that, it was nothing he saw as particularly helping when it came to his standing and reputation.

In his more than forty years he had always been quite content with what he had and what he got; he had learned early to be happy with what life had to offer him. Growing up in a rather rural environment, a tribal village of only the most basic comforts, it had taken him until he'd gotten older and joined Starfleet to find out how *comfort* was defined. And even then he had never really indulged in it; he just wasn't that kind of a man.

Lately, however, and with all the burdens their unique journey through the Delta Quadrant came with, a few moments to let his mind and body relax were more valuable as they could ever have been before to him.

So he took the opportunity when it presented itself to him.

Urban living had shown him what he had never known to miss in his childhood and youth. He remembered it well - a swim in the river may not always have been all that welcome, especially when the water had been comparably cold, but it had been better than nothing, and Chakotay had never complained. He had even found his liking in a good soak in the fresh water Mother Nature carried in her river beds.

Until he had found out what people from Earth meant when they talked about 'bubble baths'.

As the man he was, with his upbringing, he wasn't someone to find indulgence in what his captain loved - sweet scents were for woman, and he enjoyed them there, but not on himself. What he loved was a cleansing, relaxing half an hour - or maybe hour - of lying in hot water.

The hotel-like housing Voyager's crew was staying at during their much needed shore leave came with a very special treat. Crystalline bathtubs promised not only to be as relaxing as the normal ones, or maybe even more - but also to have healing abilities for mind and body equally.

Chakotay hadn't been able to resist the temptation. With Kathryn, whom he shared the bathroom with, gone to try some of the sports offered by the resort, he had trusted it to be safe to follow his secret passion.

The room was illuminated by soft blue, green and silver glowing panels, creating an atmosphere of a grotto somewhere in the solitude of an idyllic bay. Materials resembling granite, chrome and glass completed the impression, and Chakotay felt as if he was entering another world. Most intriguing, however, was the bathtub, made of a unique kind of crystal that grew only on this planet. It was shining and sparkling invitingly, as was the water the tub had been automatically filled with.

Taking off his bathrobe, he slipped into the tub, and caught himself moaning in satisfaction as the hot liquid embraced him. Aerated water circulating around him caressed and tickled him, and even after a few moments he already felt the reviving, stimulating effect it had on literally every cell of his body...

The game of what resembled this planet's idea of tennis had proven to be too exhausting to be played longer than an hour while she was on shore leave. Kathryn Janeway certainly didn't mind physical exertion, but this had simply been too much. Holidays were supposed to be relaxing, after all.

This year, Voyager's captain really aimed for some truly unwinding non-activities; putting her feet up, being lazy, doing nothing, getting spoiled. She knew herself well enough to not expect to follow through with this, but it was the thought that counted; at least she would *try*.

One date, however, was irrevocably set: That with her bathtub.

If one wanted to make her surrender, they had to give her a tub with a nice bubble bath. Nothing she loved more - it was her weak spot, something that nobody on board Voyager except Chakotay knew of. So it had been the most logical decision to share a bathroom with him. Because while this resort offered many luxuries and treats, it came also with a disadvantage: As people in the system traditionally never travelled alone, all rooms were built with shared bathrooms - so that for every two rooms there was only one bath.

It had taken Chakotay some convincing efforts to get Janeway to take such lodging together with him - and not forego holidays at all, as she had initially considered doing. It was convenient also; now her first officer was close by, for sure a calming thought for Tuvok - as calming as anything could be for the Vulcan - who had stayed on Voyager as commanding officer.

Janeway was thankful that her second in command had been as unrelenting as always. The bath she was looking forward to was definitely worth it, even if anything else hadn't been as perfect as it was. This truly was a wonderful shore leave - and the crystalline bathtub awaiting her like the icing on a cake.

Entering her hotel room, she hummed a few stray notes, made quick work of undressing, pulling on the bathrobe provided by the hotel, and getting her towel as well as her bath essences, before she walked straight... into the door.

Decades of living in housings and on spaceships with automatic doors, and she never run against one. But there probably was a first time for everything.

Cursing slightly and rubbing her arm that had collided with the door, she used the other hand to tap the door panel - but the entrance remained closed. Kathryn frowned. Was there a malfunction? Judging by what she understood of the display readings, everything was fine. For a moment, she entertained the thought of calling a technician, but then decided against it. Surely this was something she could solve on her own, wasn't it?

Putting her towel with the other things down on the ground next to her, she eyed the panel critically. There had to be a way to... With narrowed eyes, she got to work. A bit tweaking here, a little prodding there, and a few trick commands that, to her glee, worked with this unfamiliar technology just as well - and eventually the panel reported success with a few happy beeps.

Mentally patting herself on her back, she picked up her towel and pressed the control panel to have the door glide open.

Oh, she was definitely looking forward to...

... being totally screwed.

Every word caught in her throat when she stared at the unexpected occupant of *her* bathtub wide-eyed... the unexpected *naked* occupant. There was no foam or soap-blinded water to hide anything of his nude body in the transparent structure.

Unfortunately, he realized that as well in just the same moment.

And jumped up - as much as jumping was possible in a tub.

"Kathryn!" Chakotay shouted, equally shocked at her sudden appearance - intrusion. Hadn't the manager said something about Kathryn's door to the bathroom being automatically locked as soon as he opened his? - He had. He was sure of that.

"What are you doing in my bathroom?!" She was still staring, desperately trying to not let her eyes wander below his chin.

"It's my bathroom as well," he defended, his words coming out slowly and carefully.

"You're not even supposed to be here!" He opened his mouth at that, ready to retort something, but nothing came to his mind. This situation was just too absurd.

So he simply asked - squeaked, one could have called it - "Why?"

"We... had an agreement..."

"You didn't want to be back for at least another hour," he replied, weakly now. But he still didn't make a single move to cover himself. Which was unfortunate - or fortunate, depending on the viewpoint - for Kathryn because finally, temptation got the better of her.

And her gaze made a very short, but very informative trip down to his hips, snapping up instantly when she saw what she'd rather not seen. Not should have seen.

Stimulating.

This bath was supposed to be stimulating; they had been told during check in. And here she had wondered what they meant by that.

His semi-erect penis answered this question quiet effectively.

She would have dreams of that. *Pleasant* ones.

Blushing furiously, Janeway's eyes widened in slow-motion - at the picture in front of her as well as her own thoughts.

"You... um... you really need to leave," she mumbled, her voice still surprisingly steady, and waved her hand into his door's direction. This at last made him snap out of his almost-paralyzed state. And elicited a rare sarcastic remark from him.

"I think me and my body are clearly pointing at you to be the one who has to leave."

It actually took her a moment. And given that it was usually not his style to make such suggestive comments, he silently congratulated her on her still considerably quick reaction when about two seconds later she coughed, turned on her heel and headed out of the room - as fast as possible, but still without losing her dignity. Or straight captain-like posture. He couldn't help but think that it had some hilariously funny elements in it.

Red-faced and panting from her shock, Janeway leaned against the wall next to the bathroom door when it finally closed behind her.

How dared he? They had agreed that this was her bathroom, her tub to use, and he knew all too well how much she loved it. They had even agreed on times when she wouldn't occupy the room, and that she otherwise was free to use it to her liking. And now she found him sitting in her tub, during hours that were hers to use, and he was in there naked, with a-

She halted in her inner rambling and groaned. *Dangerous line of thought, Kathryn, her mind scolded her, very dangerous.*

Her mother had been right.

She really needed to learn how to share.

The End