

runaway rose

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by [lilly_c](#)

Summary

“You didn’t forget, I did.” Kathryn replied when she entered the smaller living area. “I was doing some dance training on the holodeck when I realised the time,” she added, placing the bottle and makeup bag on the coffee table. “It’s our night for painting our toenails.”

Notes

Set mid-late season one, no specific ep tag. Written for the fan_flashworks prompt toes and the sky blue prompt on my summer mini challenge [table](#). The nail polish colour names are from the Barry M range at Superdrug. Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

Kathryn wiped the remaining sweat from her brow before she pressed the chime on B’Elanna’s door waiting for entry. She was wearing damp gym clothes, holding her makeup bag in one hand and a replicated bottle of Arcanis lager.

The door opened a moment later, “Capitan, did I forget our kick-boxing session?” B’Elanna asked, taking in the other woman’s appearance, suddenly conscious that she may have stood up her sparring partner.

“You didn’t forget, I did.” Kathryn replied when she entered the smaller living area. “I was doing some dance training on the holodeck when I realised the time,” she added, placing the bottle and makeup bag on the coffee table. “It’s our night for painting our toenails.”

“Of course, sorry captain.” Relief washed over B’Elanna as she realised she hadn’t forgotten a workout session. “It’s been one of those days in Engineering.”

Taking a seat on the sofa Kathryn removed her trainers before opening the makeup bag to take out cotton wool pads, acetone, foam toe separators and several different colours of nail polish. “Do you have a bottle opener?”

B’Elanna opened a drawer quickly searching for the requested item. “Got it,” she said before tossing it over to Kathryn. “I’ll get some glasses.”

Returning with the glasses, B’Elanna poured the drinks while Kathryn looked at every one of the small bottles. “What colour are you wearing this week?” B’Elanna asked.

“I don’t know.” Kathryn shook her head. “I feel like I’ve worn every colour at least twice in the few months we’ve been out here.” Carefully applying a small amount of acetone to cotton wool Kathryn started the process of removing the old nail polish that had started to chip in places.

“It was parrotfish last time,” B’Elanna stated as she put the corresponding bottle back on the table. “You’ve already worn black forest, pink venom and lemon sorbet.”

Picking up more bottles, B’Elanna settled on speedy sky blue. “This one,” she said pointing towards the bottle.

Kathryn finished removing the old nail polish from her left foot. “Good choice. I’ve always liked that colour.” She leant forward to get her glass taking a large gulp, placing it ack on the table before repeating the process on her right foot.

“Have you ever thought of painting your nails?” B’Elanna asked.

Kathryn smiled at the question. “I only do that for special occasions now but I used to have my nails done all the time, until I ruined a chemistry experiment when I was in high school.”

“How?”

“You’ve seen how I fiddle with things when I get nervous, well, I used to paint my nails then pick at them until they were chipped. It was my first time working with this particular set of chemicals and a chip from my nail polish came into contact with them, causing a small explosion.”

B’Elanna wanted to laugh but wasn’t sure if she’d be reprimanded for doing so even though they were off duty, she was acutely aware that their friendship was still forming and not yet at a stage where they could freely laugh over past mistakes. “What happened?”

“I got told to always be careful around chemicals and to have clean and clear nails in the lab. I’ve kept that up ever since, I only use a base coat on my fingernails now.”

B’Elanna was finishing her drink and watching Kathryn put the final touches to her freshly painted nails. “Very nice,” she commented.

“Are you not doing yours?”

It was B’Elanna’s turn to smile at a question. “Not this week, I like runaway rose. My choice from two weeks ago. I may touch it up next week.”

“It’s a date,” Kathryn said as she put her trainers back on, getting ready to leave.

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