

## tattoos and scars

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by [lilly\\_c](#)

### Summary

“I have something to show you,” he hesitated, turning to face her, hoping that the one change he had been forced to make wouldn’t be too noticeable.

### Notes

Spoiler for False Profits. Missing scene takes place early in the ep before Tom and Chakotay beam down to the planet for the first time. Thanks to Tamara for doing beta for me.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Kathryn glanced at the message my office, in five minutes on the centre console before setting it to be deleted within a few seconds of her closing the panel. She got up, heading to the turbolift, silently handing the bridge over to Tuvok.

“Meet me in five minutes,” Kathryn said as the doors to Chakotay’s office closed behind her. He was standing with his back to her giving her the opportunity to ogle him in the loose fitting shirt and trousers he was wearing to go down to the planet.

“I have something to show you,” he hesitated, turning to face her, hoping that the one change he had been forced to make wouldn’t be too noticeable.

Kathryn walked towards him, her left hand gently caressing the back of his neck drawing him closer, her right hand tracing the outlines of the blank space where his tattoo was normally visible.

“How did you...” she trailed off while memorising how he looked without the tattoo.

He smiled at the half asked question, his arms around her back. “The same way that you do, with the cover up tape setting on a dermal generator, but I had to ask the doctor for a little help because I couldn’t quite get the skin tone to match mine at first.”

Resting her forehead against his, Kathryn whispered, “You know why I have to hide some mine.”

“I do,” he acknowledged, adding, “but I’d love it if you would leave them on show even if it’s only for one shift.”

“I’ll think about it,” Kathryn promised.

“Can I tell you about them?” he asked, she nodded, “I memorised every story you told me about the meanings behind them.”

Kathryn directed them towards the sofa without breaking their hold to be more comfortable for the short time they had before he and Tom would be beaming down for the away mission.

Tapping his foot against hers, he said, “on the inside of your left foot, you have the quote: **in a world full of adversity we must dare to dream** starting at your heel and finishing at your big toe. You were on vacation in the UK with Iain, he was your travel buddy who you also had a brief relationship with. You saw a variety of street art while you were travelling around and the mural with that quote resonated with you so deeply that you got it on your foot. You told me that even when you’re really struggling with your depression that it’s better to try to stamp

on adversity and follow your dreams no matter where they may take you.”

Gently touching her pelvis, he took a moment to compose himself before starting, “Whenever I touch you here, you become overcome with a sadness that I can’t seem to chase away no matter what I do.” He carefully wiped a stray tear from her cheek.

“I hope that one day you’ll be ready to tell me about the true meaning behind it. I do know that it’s from a significant event because three of the five sections of the crown have the initials KMJ, which are also your initials. You always tell me it’s not about you especially when the line of the J is the same length as an almost faded surgical incision. It is an obscure technique that is rarely used these days unless medically necessary.”

“I’m not sure I’ll ever be ready,” Kathryn said, “It’s something that’s difficult for me to talk about.”

Caressing the pulse point her left wrist, he softly said, “Your sister designed this entwined star and heart for you when you got accepted to Starfleet Academy. She said it’s because your heart always belonged to the stars and that you were happiest whenever you were in space. You decided to wait until you graduated to get it done in case you failed, and you left it colourless because you couldn’t decide on which ones you wanted.”

*Tuvok to Janeway: “the away team are waiting for the commander.”*

Chakotay tried not to be disappointed by the interruption while running a finger between her breasts, he chuckled, “Three tiny paw prints right here in the gap between your breasts. This was your first tattoo, you got it when you were fifteen after Rufus, the dog you’d had since you were three, died from old age. When your parents wouldn’t accompany you to get it done, you acquired a fake ID and took a transport to the nearest city one weekend when they were away. The tattooist didn’t believe that you were nineteen, the age on your fake ID, he did it anyway because you were very persuasive. When your parents found out they were disappointed, but you got grounded for a month anyway and were only allowed to go out for school and activities.”

Kathryn chuckled at his recall of the punishment she received that once seemed harsh but was now amusing.

Tracing a letter on her left shoulder, “Taurus, your birth sign and you got this because it reminds of you of the night sky trying to imitate a child’s clumsy attempt of learning to write the letter K. You did want to get it finished off with the rest of your name, but you didn’t like any of the fonts or styles available, so you left it as it is. I like to think that if you were to get this one finished that you’d consider putting my birth sign beside it to honour our life together.”

He elicited a pleased moan when he briefly pressed his lips to the back of her right ear. “The daisy chain just here behind your ear. This one is your favourite and also your most difficult to sit for because you get turned on whenever someone touches you there and you had to keep asking for breaks when the tattooist was finishing off the colouring on the thin green stems linking the four daisies together.”

*Tuvok to Janeway: where is the commander?*

*Chakotay decided to answer the impatient sounding question, “On my way.”*

Standing up together he drew Kathryn into a tight hug, “I best get to the transporter room.”

“Be careful,” Kathryn asked, gently kissing his cheek, her unspoken come back safely coming though clearly.

## End Notes

[reference images](#) for Kathryn’s tattoos except for the puppy paw print that one is inspired by my best friends paw tattoo.

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