

## the circle's not complete

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## the circle's not complete

by [lilly\\_c](#)

### Summary

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### Notes

Spoilers for Cracked Mirror and Ascension part one, takes place between the two eps. Written for the reunion prompt on my [getyourwordsout](#) [build a bingo](#). The title is from Reunions by Carly Simon. Thanks to Tamara for doing beta for me.

*I'll see you in sickbay first th...* the rest of the Doctor's words to Chakotay cut off by the doors of the turbolift closing.

Kathryn used the short ride to take in the differences in this appearance from the last time she saw him at the launch of the Protostar almost two years ago for her and just a few months after their first reunion where they'd blurred all of the lines they'd once refused to cross when they were on Voyager. She knew that it was closer to ten years for Chakotay which would take them some time to navigate but tonight was for reconnecting, not dwelling on the things that never were. Again.

Once the door to her quarters closed, Kathryn instructed the computer to engage the privacy lock, she wanted no interruptions from anyone tonight. She watched as Chakotay flopped onto the couch, an almost defeated sound escaping from him.

Kathryn removed her jacket, hanging it from a chair before joining Chakotay on the couch, she got him to lie down, resting his head on her lap, revelling in the way her fingers felt in his hair as she gave him the comfort he had desperately missed while they had been separated.

"You're real," he quietly said, not quite believing that they were together again as she placed her hand on his heart, something she'd done thousands of times over the years.

Glancing down at him, she replied, "of course I am," placing a soft kiss against his tattoo.

"I had for your hologram for company but all I really wanted was you." He paused, "thinking about you, about us is what kept me hopeful especially on the bad days."

"I'm here now and I'm not going anywhere." She couldn't quite bring herself to add that she had broken her own vow and willingly returned to the Delta Quadrant to find him after initially refusing to do so. "We can work through all of this when you're ready to and not a moment sooner."

Chakotay felt relief at the unspoken statements, moving slightly to reposition himself. "Have you eaten?" he asked, realising that he hadn't taken care of one of her basic needs since they entered the room.

Kathryn shook her head. "What do you want me to replicate?"

"I'll do it," he said, unwilling to witness another fight with the glorified toaster after all the time they were apart, even though he missed seeing her elbow deep in replicator parts complaining about them.

Kathryn chuckled. “It’s less temperamental since B’Elanna added certain fail safes to it.”

Chakotay walked to the replicator, ordering two bowls of mushroom soup with garlic croutons and two glasses of apple and mint nectar. Once they appeared, he went to place them on the table, smiling at the familiar setting of two place mats, cutlery and candles. “I’m glad this is the same, do you have a lighter?”

Kathryn retrieved a lighter from one of the bowls on the side, using it to light the candles before replacing it in its bowl. “Much better,” she remarked. “Let’s eat.”

They ate their meal in companionable silence, holding hands across the table like they’d done so many times before. “What fail safes?” Chakotay asked, curious to find out what changes their former chief engineer had made to the new Voyager.

Kathryn gave him a full smile. “The fail safes are that I can only request what is on the list I gave her when she programmed it for me.”

“Let me guess, you’ve still had fights with it.”

“Of course I have,” she answered, stifling a laugh while clearing the table and recycling their used dishes. “Sometimes I want to live a little wildly and request something that isn’t on the list, like coffee.”

“Black tea is on the list,” he said, knowing all of the health reasons behind the very reluctant in her gradual change of preferred caffeinated beverage.

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Noticing that Chakotay was tugging at the collar of the sleeveless top he had stolen from his Mirror Universe counterpart. “I brought some of your clothes with me, they’re in the top drawer in my bedroom.”

Chakotay flashed a grateful glance at her, quickly making his way to the bedroom to retrieve something more comfortable to wear.

Kathryn couldn't help but stare at the way the leather trousers accentuated his legs and arse. She’d seen him in leathers before but he was younger and firmer then, now he’d lost weight and some muscle definition but he could still get away with wearing them if he chose to from time to time.

“Kat,” he called out from the en suite bathroom, suddenly unable to say her name from afar.

Kathryn entered the bathroom to find him clutching the edge of the sink, his knuckles turning white from the strength in his grip. She gently rubbed his arm, coaxing him to look up from the running water.

“What is it honey?” she enquired, only seeing him like this on a few occasions she knew it was something that had him feeling unsettled and needing to retreat into his boxing programme.

Tapping his chin, he replied, “I saw this in the mirror and remembered there’s a version of me out there that gave in to the darkness, the anger and…” he choked back a sob.

Kathryn ducked under his arms placing herself between him and the sink. “You never did, you have to know that whatever that version of you is doing, he is not you.”

“I need to get it off. Now,” he spoke barely above a whisper.

“What did you use? So that I know what products to replicate to remove it.”

“Thorium grease, from Jankom’s arm.”

Realising she didn’t need to leave him to replicate anything, she reached behind her to pick up a bar of soap and wash cloth, Kathryn dipped both in the water before rubbing the soap onto the cloth and giving it a squeeze. “May I?” she asked, holding the cloth up.

Chakotay nodded his head giving Kathryn permission to clean the fake goatee from his face.

She carefully ran the cloth over his chin, mouth and cheeks a couple of times before putting more water on the cloth and resuming her task, from her position she could see him visibly relax as the grease left his skin returning his clean shaven features. Reaching for a towel Kathryn carefully patted his face dry placing a kiss at the side of his mouth.

“Go get changed,” she softly commanded.

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Kathryn stayed in the bathroom for a few minutes to take care of her needs and change into her pale blue satin nightgown which she had left in there this morning after her sonic shower rather than placing it on her bed before joining Chakotay in the bedroom.

She came out to see him sitting on the edge of the bed wearing the grey pyjama shorts and no t-shirt holding the plushy likeness of him with deep bite marks on the arms and torso. “What’s this? He asked as the bed dipped beside him.

“You, well, a much smaller version of you. Harry and Naomi replicated it for me so that I wouldn't get lonely when you were gone.”

“Did it help?”

Kathryn shook her head. “Not really, but Warrior took a shine to it and claimed it as one of his toys.”

Chakotay laughed at the comment, it seemed so absurd to him yet somehow typical of their Voyager family to do something so sweet for Kathryn only for their dog to spoil the gift.

Kathryn pulled the covers back getting under them waiting for him to join her. "I have the real thing now, so that can go on the viewport."

"Give me a minute," he said, leaving the room with the plush in his likeness placing it on the ledge of the viewport at the furthest end of the couch before returning to the bedroom.

Chakotay got in beside Kathryn, wrapping his arms around her holding her close peppering her hair with light kisses.

"Computer lights off," his final request of the day.

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