

Two Ships Passing

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Two Ships Passing

by [nostalgia](#)

Summary

She raises her eyebrows at that. “Are you flirting with me, Doctor?”

“Please, call me Julian. And yes, I am.”

Notes

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

“You’re Kathryn Janeway, aren’t you?”

She looks up, already bored of this conversation. She can’t even have a drink in peace, because everyone recognises her, everyone feels like they know her. Everyone wants to welcome her home. She considers lying but she ends up saying “Yes,” anyway.

Her expression must have given her away, because he winces. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have started with that. Hundreds of chat-up lines available and I go and pick the one that makes me sound like a fan.” He shakes his head. “I promise I don’t want your autograph.” He touches the back of the chair opposite her. “May I?”

Why not? He’s handsome enough, and slightly younger than her, enough that it makes his attention feel flattering. “Yes.”

He smiles and sits down. He reaches across the table, holds out his hand. “Julian Bashir.”

Kathryn shakes the offered hand and thinks – the name is familiar but she can’t place it. “Have we met?”

He responds with a slightly rueful smile. “I’d like to think you’ve heard of my work, but more likely you’ve heard about my outrageous genetic background.”

That makes it click: “The genetically-enhanced doctor?” Another scandal she missed by being on the wrong side of the galaxy, another story she only caught up on later, after everyone else had already moved on to other sources of gossip.

“That’s me.” He’s just a little too old for the boyish grin on his face, but it’s there anyway. “It seems we already know each other, at least by reputation.”

“And is that enough?” she asks.

“For some things, certainly.”

She raises her eyebrows at that. “Are you flirting with me, Doctor?”

“Please, call me Julian. And yes, I am.”

She isn’t used to such straightforward motivations, not recently. “Why?”

He shrugs. “Why not?”

She sees another chance to be reckless, and she takes it gladly. “What about you is *enhanced*, anyway?”

He leans towards her, and this time his smile is wicked. “Would you like a demonstration?”

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Julian is staying with a friend, so it's Kathryn's temporary accommodation that they go to.

As soon as the door has swooshed closed behind them she pushes him against the wall, her hand on his chest. His eyes widen but she isn't planning on having him here, she just wants to get a few things clear between them before this goes any further. "This is a one-off," she tells him. "We don't meet again, we don't contact each other again. When you leave, you're gone."

He nods. "Understood."

She steps back and he looks disappointed for a moment before she takes his hand and tugs him away from the wall, towards her. "I just don't want any misunderstandings."

He nods again, and then he shows some initiative and uses his free hand to tilt her chin upwards, and he leans in closer and kisses her.

She lets herself enjoy the contact for a while before she moves, pulling him along with her as she walks backwards, towards her bedroom. She hopes she isn't going to trip on something and make a fool of herself, but she doesn't, and they're half undressed by the time they reach her bed.

There's a moment where she almost reconsiders, where she doubts her own motives, but he catches her mouth with another kiss and she decides that, what the hell, she deserves a little fun after all she's been through since she arrived in San Francisco. Endless meetings, constant questions... she can spend some time alone with a man if she wants to, after putting up with all that.

When she sinks down onto him he closes his eyes, and she doesn't want that. "Look at me," she says, and it's her captain's voice, the one that doesn't accept refusals. Julian obeys her as promptly as her old crew would have, and she smiles at that. He lifts his hands to her waist, and they move.

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"Earth doesn't feel like home any more." She's lying on her stomach and he is working his way up her spine, pressing a kiss over each vertebra. "I should have realised," she adds. "It shouldn't have surprised me." She still wakes up every morning expecting to be in her own bed, in her own quarters, on her own ship. She assumes that will fade with time, but she's an impatient woman. She stops herself revealing too much, changes the subject. "Why am I telling you all this?"

"Because we'll never see each other again," he answers, and his breath is hot against her skin. He has reached the base of her neck, pushes her hair out of the way to finish his task.

"They keep telling me to see a counsellor," she says.

"I used to date one."

"Did it help?"

She feels his mouth on her shoulder. "She left me for a man with a transparent skull."

He sounds hurt but she can't stop herself smiling at the idea. "A man with nothing to hide."

He makes a non-committal noise and moves to lie beside her. "What about you? Any embarrassing breakups you want to admit to?"

"Nothing like that." She turns onto her side. "There was a man in my life," she tells him. "I thought he'd wait for us to get home, but he didn't."

"His loss."

"I think we both lost."

Julian moves closer, touches her arm. "This is getting quite depressing, would you like me to distract you again?"

"I wouldn't say no if you're offering."

"I'm offering." He kisses her again, and pushes against her gently, shifting her onto her back and then settling over her.

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She watches him dress, enjoying the view even as it slowly disappears from sight.

"My friends will be wondering where I am," he says, sitting on the edge of the bed to put on his shoes. He pauses, corrects himself. "Miles will

wonder. Keiko might guess.”

“You do this a lot?”

“I used to. Perhaps I’m falling back into old habits.” He looks at her with a thoughtful expression on his face, and she worries that he’s going to ask if he can see her again. But then he looks away, and stands up to leave. She’s almost disappointed that she doesn’t have to reject him.

She says, “Goodbye,” politely but pointedly.

“It was nice to... well, it was nice,” he says. “Very nice. Quite wonderful, actually.” He grins, looks a little embarrassed.

“It was good,” she agrees, and they both smile.

When he has finally left she turns over and waits for sleep. She knows where she’ll wake in the morning, and it’s here, on Earth, where she should feel at home. She will eventually, she knows that, but not yet. She has plenty of time, though, she’s not going anywhere. Even if she wants to.

End Notes

"You could stop writing about the same characters all the time," I said to myself. "Or you could make them kiss each other." I chose to do the latter.

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