

## The Night the Sky Fell Down

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## The Night the Sky Fell Down

by [Pixie](#)

### Summary

Chakotay helps B'Elanna work through her feelings

### Notes

Sequel to "The Darkness Has No Armor" and companion piece to a story that was never written. More a vignette than a story, a moment, a glance into B'Elanna's world. Takes place during the episode "Author, Author" and there are spoilers for said epi as well as Jeri Taylor's book *Pathways* (sorta kinda).

Content warning for self-harm.

Once when I was thirteen or fourteen and having a particularly bad day...not that I remember many good days, but whatever...I remember taking a knife and drawing it across my hand. I kept doing it until my hand was covered in my blood. I watched as the blood oozed out of me and I thought it was the ugliest color I'd ever seen. Human blood is red, Klingon blood is purple. But my blood is a dark mess of a color somewhere in between.

Somewhere in between.

My mother found me. I was feeling a little light headed, but I geared myself up for a shouting match. At this point in my life every conversation I had with my mother involved shouting. But she was actually proud of me. She thought I was getting in touch with my Klingon soul, hurting myself on purpose to get my body ready for some stupid battle I'd have to fight some day. I don't remember what she called it but the fact that I'd inadvertently performed some ghastly Klingon ritual kept me from ever taking a knife to myself again.

Of course I found other ways to hurt myself. I was one bruised and battered little girl all the way through secondary school and into the Academy. It was the worst at the Academy. I just didn't belong there. It wasn't like home where I was really the only non-human. There were thousands upon thousands of students and hundreds upon hundreds of other species. There were even other Klingons. But I'm not really Klingon any more than I'm really human. All those people, all those hundreds of different species...it was like I was nothing.

It made me so angry. I fought against everything...I don't really know why...I was just so full of rage I couldn't think straight. I decided they wanted me to fail, they were waiting for it. Thing is I thought they were right. And if I tried and failed...then I'd really be nothing. Better to give up. Then at least I'd always have what might have been.

I drifted for a while. Even when I was with the Maquis I was on the outside. I wasn't there for the cause really. I was there because there was nowhere else for me to be. At least there nobody was judging me. But I was still alone.

I wonder sometimes how I got from there to here.

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"So, who did you speak with?"

Chakotay asks so casually I almost believe he doesn't know. But Chakotay knows everything. I don't know how he does it but from the moment we met he's always been one step ahead of me. I smile, I'm not going to let him get away with it.

"As if you don't know." He meets my smile with a wide one of his own. He's completely unruffled, damn him.

"Well, then, how was it?" He's still smiling but his eyes are soft and...protective. He knows exactly how hard this was for me.

"I... I'm not sure." I answer honestly. I still haven't quite realized I'd spoken with my father after all this time. "He was.... small." I can't help laughing, it's such a ridiculous thing to say. Chakotay doesn't seem to mind, though. He reaches a hand out and gives me a squeeze.

"Well, if you ever want to talk about it, I'm here." He pulls back and looks around a minute. "Where's Tom tonight?"

"With the Captain." I try to say it casually, but Chakotay sees right through me. He tilts his head.

"Ship's business?" He asks conversationally. I feel like not answering, but some part of me actually wants to talk about it. I have the feeling that's why he asked. Damn him again for knowing so much!

"I don't know. I don't think so." I admit. Chakotay looks at me for a moment. I try to keep my expression calm, but I've never been very good at hiding my emotions. Especially from Chakotay. He gestures to the remains of our meal.

"Done?" I nod and he picks up our trays to return them to the kitchen. He returns to me grinning. "Neelix's dessert looks like it's still moving, come back with me and I'll treat you to some ice cream." He says it in a way that leaves no option. He's not going to let me off the hook. But at least I'll get a cold dish of chocolate chip out of the deal. I smile and nod again. And away we go.

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"So what do you want to know, Chakotay?"

We're sitting in his quarters, curled up on the sofa with our ice cream. He hasn't said anything since we got here, but I know he's waiting for me to start talking. Problem is I *can't* just start talking. I do better if someone asks me questions. I can answer questions.

"What do you mean? I just thought you could do with some ice cream after such an emotional day." He looks so innocent but I'm not buying it.

"Right, well then, thanks for the ice cream. I guess I'd better be going." I stand and make for the door, dropping my bowl by the replicator as I go. I almost made it when he calls.

"B'Elanna."

I stop. I will myself to just leave, but I stop, waiting for the question.

"Want to talk about it?"

I turn. Chakotay is still sitting on the sofa. Waiting for me. I should leave. I don't have any right to complain and I should just go back to my quarters and wait for my husband and...

I walk back to the sofa and sit. Chakotay leans back and waits for me. I look at him, into his eyes. Tom's eyes are bright blue and Chakotay's are dark...but I can read Chakotay's so much easier. I hold that look for a long time, Chakotay simply waits.

"My dad wrote to me at the Academy. He found out where I was and he wrote to me. I never wrote back, but for some reason he kept writing. So I guess I shouldn't have been surprised that he wrote to me out here. And I wasn't really. I was mostly surprised that I cared. I wanted to see him and that kind of scares me."

Chakotay listens. I feel safe, comforted, though he remains silent and unmoving.

"It was great to see him, really, and that...well, that terrifies me. I've been angry at him for so long. But when I saw him, it didn't matter. I mean, I didn't know what to say or how to talk to him or anything, but I felt... I don't know, it didn't matter. It was enough that we were talking at all. And Tom was there and I really wanted to cry after and he was there for me and it was this moment. This special perfect moment." I stop talking. My throat's constricting, I have to remember to breathe. Chakotay is suddenly there, holding me. I feel my body calm down, but there's a lump in my throat and I can't speak right away. Chakotay won't let me go, in fact he holds me closer.

"B'Elanna, what happened?" He speaks quietly but I can hear the fear in his voice. For once I've surprised him.

"I'm sorry." It's almost a whisper. I can't bring myself to speak up.

"B'Elanna..." It's quiet for a while. I'm not sure how much time goes by. I find myself listening to Chakotay's heartbeat, matching my breathing to his. He just holds me, lets me be. I wonder what I will answer.

"It was this special perfect moment. I know Tom felt it too. For a moment nothing existed but me and Tom and our baby. The universe stopped for us, so we could feel it. I wanted to hold onto it forever." I speak quietly, slowly, each word seems to float from me. Something inside me is talking, something that wants to be heard. I can't stop. "But then something happened. I don't know what, just Tom pulled away. He does sometimes...especially when it comes to family...it bothers me, but I don't let him know. I want him to come to me when he's ready to talk about it, I don't want to force him...I..."

Now the tears come. Chakotay draws me even closer and I cry and cry and cry. I don't think Chakotay even knows why I'm crying but he holds me and just lets it happen.

"B'Elanna," Chakotay speaks quietly at my ear, still holding me, "Tom's been through a lot and it's hard for him to reach out, but he knows you're there. He knows - "

I pull away abruptly. I startle him into silence.

"That's not it."

He looks me over. I look away, can't meet his eyes. The tears have stopped, I'm angry now.

"What is it, then?"

"He went to her." I look up again, Chakotay is watching me. "He always goes to her. He doesn't need me to help or listen or do anything. He has *her!*"

I hear my voice getting louder and angrier, but I can't stop. I want to throw something. If I'd been in my own quarters I would have, but I have to settle for pacing.

"I know I have no right to complain. I have a wonderful life. Talking with home makes me realize I really have no right to be where I am on this ship. I have a husband who loves me, I have no doubts that Tom loves me. It's not a perfect marriage but it's a good one. And I have a baby coming. A beautiful, wonderful baby girl who will have her father's eyes and...and..."

I really want to throw something now. I stop pacing, look directly at Chakotay. "And...last week we were going over our list and we both got to choose a name to cross out. It was supposed to be a game. Tom chose Lucy because he used to have a cat named Lucy and he felt funny about naming his daughter after a cat." I'm being quiet again. I don't know how Chakotay keeps up with me. He gestures to the seat beside him and I sit, too tired to argue anymore.

"What name did you choose?" He asks, forcing the issue though I'm positive he knows the answer. I answer in a whisper, all my anger, my tears everything gone with this one word.

"Kathryn."

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