

## If love is made for two

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/960) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/960>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M, Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Voyager</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Kathryn Janeway &amp; Tom Paris</a> , <a href="#">Kathryn Janeway/Chakotay</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Tom Paris</a> , <a href="#">Chakotay</a> , <a href="#">Kathryn Janeway</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">VOY S02E25: Resolutions</a> , <a href="#">Missing Scene</a> , <a href="#">Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Past Relationships</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">prompt in a box</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-09-17 Words: 1,054 Chapters: 1/1

## If love is made for two

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### Summary

“It was his decision, not mine.”

### Notes

Spoiler for Resolutions. Written for prompt in a box on LJ, prompt was Did I offend you? Sorry. You are the bastard though. This was the hardest prompt. Janeway and Paris friendship and there is a brief Janeway/Chakotay flashback, that's in italics. The title is a line from the song One Heart Missing by Grace Potter & The Nocturnals. Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

Silence and warp obscured stars were all that Kathryn had for company, yet these were the only things that she needed as she tried and failed to start coming to terms with her heartbreak and the source of it. She was too drained from crying and cursing to the empty space to do anything, and now she was sitting on the floor of the barely lit ready room, her back was against the sofa and knees drawn up, her arms and chin were resting on them.

*Following Tuvok's hail Kathryn and Chakotay quickly got to work on clearing and packing their personal effects away so that they were ready to be transported to the ship the next morning, before removing all traces of their three month residence on the uninhabited M Class planet.*

*Once they had finished packing everything except the shelter away, they took a stroll along the riverbank that had become a refuge to both of them whenever the exile and strain of being the Delta Quadrant equivalent of Adam and Eve threatened to take it's toll.*

*Chakotay sat beneath a sprawling oak tree, gently tugging at her hand to do the same. He put her arm around and she leaned into the embrace as they had done countless times. “Where does this leave us? I can't do this on the ship.”*

*Kathryn was still reeling from Tuvok's hail and now she felt like she had just been dealt the knockout blow of a boxing bout. She attempted to smile but it never reached her eyes. “I'd like to carry on and see what happens to us when we're back in command again. We can still make this work Chakotay.”*

*Chakotay listened intently to her words as well what she wasn't openly saying to him, when she didn't say anything else, he said, “I want to keep what we had here.”*

*There it was the past tense, had not has. Kathryn knew that it would only take a solitary glance from him to truly destroy her. “What happens on an uninhabited M Class planet, stays on an uninhabited M Class planet,” she softly spoke the words as though saying them more loudly would somehow shatter what was already a bitter and heart wrenching goodbye kiss.*

*A beat later, he removed his arm from it's resting place on her shoulders and got up, leaving her alone.*

*The echo of the grass and fallen leaves crunching under his retreating footsteps was the only thing that told her that he had been here. She stayed by the tree, her tears flowing like the nearby rivers hidden currents over his decision, what could have been for them and now for all the things that never were.*

*He had broken her heart.*

*It was that final silent acknowledgement that brought the Captain's emotionless mask firmly into place for the first time in almost three*

*months, it also brought the reality check she'd purposely been avoiding – tonight, if she couldn't sleep she wouldn't go to his bed.*

Feeling a warmth emanating from her side, Kathryn listlessly glanced at the stealthy intruder. It was Tom. Had it been Chakotay she would have punched him in the face or thrown something heavy at him and yell at him to piss off.

“Me, Tuvok, B'Elanna and Harry were worried,” Tom said, the concern for her evident in his voice.

Kathryn simply said, “Thanks.” It felt nice knowing that these people really did care about her well being even when she kept a respectable distance from them off duty.

Tom's arm found it's way around Kathryn's shoulders, drawing her closer to him. He knew she had something's to get off her chest about New Earth and he was willing to stay with her for as long as she needed a friend.

“It was his decision, not mine,” she said it so bitterly that Tom felt like he'd been forced to drink out of date milk straight from the carton.

He wasn't responsible for the older woman's heartbreak and said, “I'm sorry, Kathryn,” feeling genuinely remorseful for her pain, and having a very good idea of the cause of it.

“One evening,” Kathryn started. “There was a bad plasma storm and the only safe place for us to shelter was under the kitchen table. It was while he held me, trying to comfort me, that I knew it was the right time to let myself love and be loved. That night I felt like I'd finally found out where I belonged.”

Tom nodded, he sort of understood what she was saying, especially about finding somewhere to belong. He had that on Voyager, and he silently thanked her everyday they spent travelling through uncharted space.

“For the first time in a very long time I was happy, I was free, it was liberating.” A bitter laugh escaped Kathryn's mouth. “I honestly thought we had forever but...”

“We came back for you,” he finished, biting back a ravaged sigh for a love that should not have ended.

Drying her eyes on her jacket sleeve, Kathryn said, “Yesterday, after we had finished packing, we walked along the river and talked about it. Sort of.”

The tears were again flowing freely as Tom continued to hold her while she very slowly began to come to terms with her recent heartache.

“I said to him that there was a lot of options for us to consider and explore, if we stayed together, but he said *“Where does this leave us? I cant do this on the ship.”* and walked away from me.

Tom pulled her ever closer to him holding her in a sideways hug while freshly falling tears were dampening his uniform and he was happy to be here with her, helping her to deal with the pain.

A photograph of her and Chakotay that the Doctor had taken at Prixin caught his eye, and in that moment all he could imagine was a confrontation on the bridge and heatedly saying “did I offend you? Sorry. You are the bastard though.” to the First Officer because he really wasn't too bothered about his own potential demotion and reprimand for insubordination.

He gave Kathryn a sad look because he knew that Chakotay had deeply hurt someone he cared about and friends, not Starfleet, came first. They always would.

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