

## The Princess Warrior

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/962) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/962>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Voyager</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Kathryn Janeway &amp; Chakotay</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Kathryn Janeway</a> , <a href="#">Chakotay</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">VOY S02E25: Resolutions</a> , <a href="#">Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Missing Scene</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">summer mini challenge</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-08-29 Words: 1,120 Chapters: 1/1

## The Princess Warrior

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### Summary

Kathryn wearily eyed the river as the hues of purples, reds and oranges from the sunrise danced atop the freely flowing currents of the water, her sleep deprived night meant that she was for once oblivious to the natural beauty of the dawning of a new day.

### Notes

Spoiler for Resolutions. Let's all go along with the possibility that Kathryn has her own version of Chakotay's ancient legend. Missing scene. Oneshot. Written for the *sterling silver* prompt on my summer mini challenge [table](#). Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

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

Kathryn wearily eyed the river as the hues of purples, reds and oranges from the sunrise danced atop the freely flowing currents of the water, her sleep deprived night meant that she was for once oblivious to the natural beauty of the dawning of a new day. She held a photograph that was fading with age in her right hand, a child sized sterling silver heart shaped necklace around three fingers on her left hand, she'd given up fighting the tears that were now effortlessly rolling down her cheeks. "I miss you," she whispered to the picture of a woman and two small girls.

Lost in her thoughts and recently unburied pain she didn't notice Chakotay approach and sit beside her on the dewy grass. "Kath," he said quietly, eyeing the small box on the ground and the items in her hands.

Kathryn briefly glanced at him. "I needed to be alone." Chakotay nodded, understanding that something was upsetting her and decided that pushing her to open up to him wouldn't be the smartest thing to do.

Placing the items back in the box, she shifted slightly, leaning awkwardly against him. "Your ancient legend," she started, "reminded me of a story my mum used to tell me every time my dad had to go away."

"I'm sorry," he offered sincerely.

Kathryn shook her head. "Don't be, you didn't know. I've never actually told the story to anyone."

Chakotay retrieved the necklace from the box taking in the inscription that was etched into the metal. *KATIE PRINCESS WARRIOR*. "This is a beautiful necklace," he said. "The box is too."

"My sister made it for me, she called it a memory box and used the things I love most to represent the good that I sometimes forget." Kathryn gave him a barely there smile. "I got that necklace for my fifth birthday. My mum told me that it was from her and dad but I knew in my heart that it wasn't because he'd missed my last three birthdays. I still like to believe she told me that it was from them because it was easier for her to do than admitting and accepting that she was essentially a single parent for up to eighteen months at any time."

Chakotay grimaced when he realised that the pain Kathryn held onto and hadn't yet spoken about was connected to her frequently absent, and in his eyes, wrongly idolised father. "The words on the necklace, tell me the story."

Kathryn nodded, smiling softly at his request. "Okay," she said, laying back on the grass. Chakotay copied her actions, turning to face her. "There is a princess called Katie, she is a scientist and when she grows up she becomes a warrior who goes on a great adventure, one that

changes her life for the better.”

Chakotay was engrossed in the well remember story that felt like an early prediction of their life so far in Delta Quadrant. Gently touching her shoulder, his eyes told her to continue with the rest of the tale.

“One day the princess is on a simple mission, when she is thrown into a part of space has never been explored before. On that same day she meets a man who challenges her but quickly falls in by her side and over time he takes away some of her anger and pain but he never makes her change who she is because he already loves her for that and they battle side by side for almost ten years and sometimes the battles breaks them apart, yet they always find their way back to each other.”

Kathryn looked at Chakotay, frowning as tears stung his eyes the same way her tears had the night before with his own story. She put her hand out to him, repeating the gesture they made across the table after his story, smiling as his thumb once again softly caressed the skin between her thumb and finger.

Several minutes later they released their hands, with Chakotay getting the picture from the box, eyeing the woman and two small girls. “Who is in this photo?” he enquired, knowing that one of the children would be Kathryn.

Pointing to each of the people, Kathryn answered, “on the left is my mum Gretchen, in the middle is my sister Phoebe, she was three and that’s me on the right, I was seven.”

“Who took it?” he asked, curiosity getting the best of him.

“Mae Paris, her and mum were best friends. They probably still are.”

Once again he held the necklace on his fingers, admiring the sentimentality of it. “Can I borrow this?” he asked, “I only need it for an hour.”

“Yes.”

Chakotay pocketed the jewellery and got up, helping Kathryn to her feet. She bent down and collected the box, putting it in her bag before linking their arms walking back to the shelter making small talk about their plans for the day.

\*

Finding Kathryn elbow deep in dirt made Chakotay smile because of all the people he expected to be interested in gardening she was the one he never associated with the task.

Hearing his familiar approach Kathryn stopped patting the mud and waited for him to crouch down. “What were you doing in there?” she asked, knowing that it had something to do with the treasured item he borrowed earlier in the morning.

Reaching into his pocket he produced a bracelet. “I was making this for you,” he said.

Rather than touching it Kathryn stood and slowly walked back to the shelter. “i don't want to get it muddy,” she called over her shoulder.

Chakotay quickly followed her inside, waiting a moment for her to wash and dry her hands. “I’m not sure if this will fit or not, you have slender wrists.”

Holding her left wrist out to him, she watched on as he fastened it. Raising her arm she laughed as the newest piece for her collection fell halfway down her arm. “Skinny wrists, Janeway trait,” she jokingly remarked.

Removing the bracelet, Chakotay removed three of the links before putting it on Kathryn again. “How's that?”

Repeating the earlier motion, Kathryn smiled as the bracelet stayed in place. “Much better,” she said, taking in the words on the small pendant. “Chakotay, you used my necklace to make this.”

“The necklace was a starting point, but I replicated the inscribed heart and then the chain for the bracelet. I returned your necklace to the box once I was finished.”

Kathryn wrapped her arms around his waist, looking lovingly up at him. “Thank you so much,” she said, trying not to cry at the selflessness of the gesture and what it really meant to her.

## End Notes

The memory box is something that is used in recovery support services, the service user puts two or three items that are positive and important to them in a small box, and during times of distress they can then go to the box and use the items to remind them of the good things that they represent in their life.

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