

Change

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by [lilly_c](#)

Summary

Nail polish, cider and scissors.

Notes

Set between Scientific Method and Year Of Hell. Drabble. I've had this in my notebook for ages, might as well get it up. Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

Kathryn rested the balls of her feet against the edge of the coffee table, she was hunched forward humming *I cut off my hair and I painted my toes* while applying a coat of orange nail polish to her toenails, the foam separators helping to keep one of her least favourite tasks neat. Finishing her left foot, she paused to glance at the unopened bottle of Antarian cider that was nestled between two empty half pint glasses. "So much for needing Dutch courage," she muttered to the inanimate objects.

Chakotay entered her quarters using his override code, taking in her current position, making a note of the nail polish, cider and scissors on the table. "What colour this week?" he asked as he strode across to the couch, carefully sitting down so as not to knock her while she continued the delicate task.

Briefly glancing at him she said, "Orange."

"The nail polish and cider I get but what's with the scissors?"

Tightly twisting the lid back on to the bottle, Kathryn tossed it in to her make-up bag and sat up straighter, her back protesting at the awkwardness of the previous position. "Oh I'm cutting my hair. Short," she casually answered.

Chakotay released a despondent sigh, "how short?" he asked, knowing that it would be several months before he could run his fingers through her flowing tresses, twirling errant strands around his fingers during their rare unguarded moments together.

Kathryn chuckled at the question. "Short enough to not give me a god damn headache every other day."

"That's not all you want is it?"

Smiling at him, Kathryn answered, "No it isn't but having a change is a good thing." Quickly touching her now dry toenails, she picked up the scissors and turned her back to him, "You hold. I'll cut."

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