

The Q and the Grey - Rewrite

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Rating: R - NC17 (M)

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A/N: I want to thank Kate04 for beta-reading this story. Three time I send this story to her and she never complained! Kate, you are the best!!! All remaining mistakes are mine though.

A/N2: This story was written for VAMB's Secret Santa. Aeris asked for a story with the following parameters: "AU The Q and the Grey: Q wants Kathryn to bear his child (just like in canon). Trouble is, Kathryn is romantically involved with Chakotay and is already pregnant with HIS child (whether she knows it or not at the beginning of the story is not really important). Any rating is ok.

This story contains a lot of the original script text, found at [chakoteya's](#) homepage. Any differences to the original text are deliberate.

Kathryn Janeway yawned. She was tired and to make things worse she could feel a headache creeping up her neck. Making a mental note she vowed not to forget to thank Q for this, when she would see him next time. This damned omnipotent nuisance really had an unbeatable sense for the worst timing.

What had he thought that he was doing anyway? Coming to her quarters after a long and positively draining shift and proposing to procreate with her. He could not have been in his right senses. What did he think she would answer him? That she would take him up on his offer?

'Oh Q, I feel so honoured. All of my life I was waiting for an opportunity like this.'

She had really thought that he would know her better. Even if there weren't a thousand reasons against it; Starfleet protocol, her sense of moral, that she was engaged with Chakotay to only name a few, she would never ever make 'love' to him. Not if she hadn't been with a man in a thousand years. Not if the two of them were the last living creatures in the universe. Coming to think of it, even the universe would have to die some day.

Either Q's ego was even bigger than she had suspected, or he must have had his own desperate reasons.

Taking a sip of her coffee, she mused about Q and his possible motives. This was in any case better than to think about what she should tell Chakotay. She guessed he would not take the news all to well. Only good that he did not come to see her in her quarters yesterday. She would have had a hard time explaining all the details of Q's visit to him. The thing with the heart shaped bed and the fact that Q had swept her into his arms, while she was suddenly clad in her pink satin night gown would not really have been to his liking.

Even telling him that Q had a 'personal request' had been probably too much and she wouldn't wonder if it had sent his imagination overdrive.

The door chime shook her out of her reverie.

"Come in."

It was Chakotay, holding a PADD in his hands. His purposeful stride as he entered the room, as well as the way he looked at her were purely professional and she loved him even more for it. One of the things she had always feared most about the two of them becoming lovers was that they wouldn't be able to separate between work and their private life. The six weeks since they had deepened their friendship had proofed otherwise though and slowly she started to thoroughly enjoy her new life.

"I've got those carbon conversion readings from the supernova." He handed her the PADD but lingered at her desk.

"Thank you. Is there something else?"

"Have you heard anything more from Q?"

There it was. She looked up at him, smiling lightly. "No. I wish I could believe he is gone for good."

Chakotay looked at her uncomfortable; in fact he was almost squirming.

"I was wondering just what you meant when you said he made a personal request."

In a whim she decided to tell him the truth. He would learn about it sooner or later and better to hear it from her as from Q.

"He wants to mate with me."

The look on Chakotay's face was priceless. He tried hard to keep his professional mask in place but his eyes were burning with anger and his mouth was twitching lightly. If it wouldn't have hurt his feelings she would have laughed at this sight.

"I see."

"Obviously, it's out of the question," she reassured him. "And I suspect it's a smoke screen. Knowing Q, he has probably got some hidden agenda."

"Maybe." He did not look reassured at all. She got up and put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Chakotay."

"I know I shouldn't feel this way, but this bothers the hell out of me."

Before she could reply to him, Q popped out of nowhere. Perfect timing – again.

"I do believe you are jealous," he said to Chakotay before he turned to Janeway. "Why did not you tell me there was another man?"

"Because there isn't. I'm just not interested in you."

If they hadn't told their crew of their relationship she surely wouldn't start with Q now.

"Any more questions?" Chakotay was glaring at Q and part of her enjoyed his reaction.

"I was wondering, Kathy. What could anyone possibly see in this big oaf, anyway? Is it the tattoo? Because mine's bigger."

All of sudden the left half of his face was covered with a huge tattoo. What was it with men that they always cared about whose 'whatever it was at the time being' was bigger, longer or thicker?

"Not big enough," she said and left the ready room without a further glance backwards. Chakotay, after a taking a last glance at Q, followed her out.

It was still early but somehow she felt as if she had just finished a double shift.

She was enjoying her first bath in three days. Sinking even deeper into the warmth, so that her chin barely stuck out of the foam anymore, she let out a satisfied groan. Beside of Chakotay nothing could cure her tenseness as good as a hot bath. And that she could have Chakotay was out of question. At least for as long as they never knew when Q would pay his next unannounced and definitely unwelcome visit.

Thinking of Q she let out another groan, this time out of sheer frustration. When would he finally see that there was no chance that she would mate with him? What had been remotely funny at first, had become annoying fast and now she found it simply unbearable.

The crew was distracted from work, she could not enter a room without involuntarily checking it for any signs of Q's presence anymore and Chakotay got angrier and more frustrated within the minute. He had been fuming when Q had covered the bridge in roses and she could only imagine his reaction if he would find out about the Drabian love sonnets or the time Q serenaded her in her bath.

Deciding to put all thoughts of Q away for the moment, she ordered the computer to play some light classic music and stretched her body, allowing the feel of warmth and the scent of roses to fill her senses completely.

When she entered her living room almost an hour later, she noticed that something wasn't right at once. The lights had been switched off and the only illumination came from numerous tea lights which were placed everywhere in the room.

"Q, that isn't funny. At all. Get out of here at once and do not forget to take the candles with you. I have really no nerve to deal with you at the moment. Or anytime later, coming to think of it."

"You are entirely too suspicious," came Chakotay's teasing voice out of the dark and as her eyes became accustomed to the semi darkness she could see his features on the couch.

"Chakotay, what are you doing here?" she asked, walking over to him and sitting down beside him. With a contented sigh she nestled down in his arms and looked up at him. She was really surprised to find him here, as they had agreed not to see each other as long as they hadn't gotten rid of Q for good.

"I know, I shouldn't be here," he voiced her thoughts of just before. "But I just could not stand to be apart from you any longer." He looked down at her lovingly, his hand gently stroking her waist through her bathrobe.

"I know what you mean. And to be honest, I'm glad that you are here. I missed you." Taking his hand into hers, she started kissing his fingertips lightly. "What are all those candles for?"

"Isn't that obvious? I thought I try my luck where Q did not succeed." He raised his right eyebrow seductively. "Furthermore I thought that you might need one of my famous massages after all this stress."

Letting go of his hand she straightened up and climbed onto his lap facing him, her legs dangling right and left of his.

"You know me all too well. Tell me, what did I do to deserve you?"

"Good question. Now that you've asked me, I start to wonder..."

She hit his shoulder lightly and gave him a mock glare.

"You better watch out, Mister, or you'll be damned to share Q's destiny. Forever."

He lifted his hands in surrender.

"Ok, ok, I give up. You are a cruel woman, Kathryn Janeway. By the way, not that I'm curious or something like that, but what exactly are you wearing under this bathrobe of yours?"

"No you aren't curious at all," she teased him. Leaning forward she rested her chin on his shoulder, her breath tingling his neck. Placing light kisses on the base of his neck, she slowly worked up her way from his collarbone to his ear. Reaching her destination she gently nibbled at his earlobe, eliciting a soft moan from Chakotay.

"To come back to your question," she whispered in his ear. "I did not expect any visitors this evening, so I saw no need to wear anything under my bathrobe at all."

"Oh Spirits," was came his strangled remark and when she started with her ministrations of his neck again she could feel something stirring under her.

"Good, you are awake now. Would you mind to continue this to somewhere more comfortable?"

"No. I would love to. And we are better doing it now, because if you do not stop this instant, we won't get far at all." He got up, without letting go of her, in one swift movement and carried her on his arms to her bedroom.

She saw that he had decorated this room with candles as well and a soft glow was throwing flickering shadows on the wall. She wondered how he could have done all of this without her noticing, but forgot about it when he softly put her on the bed and started to place light kisses all over her face.

"Oh god, has it really only been three days?" she asked, her hands seeking their way under his shirt.

"If you ask me it was rather three years. We should..." he stopped abruptly, groaning with pleasure as her skilful fingers found his nipples. Caressing both of them with light strokes of her fingertips, she drove every sane thought out of his mind.

Leaning into her again he brought his lips down on hers, his tongue tracing the outline of her lips and moistening them lightly. Her mouth opened in response and their tongues started circling around each other slowly.

When the kiss grew more demanding and urgent Chakotay withdrew from her and sat up. Desire was clouding his eyes and even the wide and comfortable pants he was wearing could not hide his erection anymore.

Smiling down at her, he untied the belt of her bathrobe and opened it slowly She hadn't lied to him and now he was looking down at her naked body with awe in his eyes. Even weeks after the first time they had made love she still was astonished about the love and desire she found in his eyes whenever he looked at her like this.

"You do not know how beautiful you are, Kathryn," he said as if having heard her thoughts.

Reaching out with his hand, he started to caress her upper-body with his fingertips. His feather-light touches made her skin tingle wherever he made contact and soon she was covered with goose bumps.

When his fingers, after what seemed an eternity, found her right breast she could not suppress a moan, but he did not let himself be hurried. With agonising slowness he traced a path along the outside of her breast, nearing its centre in circles. When she thought he would finally touch her nipple, he withdrew his hand, only to repeat the same actions at her other breast. And again, he left it before his touch could give her any kind of release.

Before she could voice any protest though, his lips closed on the rosy peak, which had been neglected only seconds before. Gently sucking at it, it hardened almost at once and he let his tongue trailing over it again and again.

She heard herself moaning out loud but could not stop herself. After a while Chakotay's lips left her left nipple only to concentrate on the other one. At the same time she could feel his right hand making its way downward, drawing lazy circles around her belly button and finally stroking the inside of her thighs.

"Chakotay, please." She knew she was begging but she was way beyond caring by now.

He was not a cruel man and some seconds later his lips travelled down the path his fingers had taken just before. When he trailed even deeper this time and his tongue gently parted the soft flesh between her thighs the breath caught in her throat.

Slowly, ever so slowly he let it swirl around her swollen nub time and again and when one of his fingers entered her tight depth, sliding in and out of her in a steady rhythm, she could not hold still any longer.

Writhing under his skilful ministrations he had to hold her still with his free hand

As a second finger followed the first one, filling her almost completely, she could feel the release building up in her and it was only a matter of seconds before spasms of pleasure washed over her.

When the aftershocks had ebbed away and she could think clearly again, she realised that Chakotay had come up and was now lying beside her, cradling her softly in his arms.

"I love you, Kathryn."

"I love you, too, Chakotay."

Placing a soft kiss on his nose, she reached down to stroke his erection which was pressing hard into her stomach.

"And I love what you do to me. What do you say? Shall I take care of you now, big guy?"

"Why didn't you tell me that this is what you like, Kathy? I could have done the same for you. And if you think Chuckles is big, look what I can offer you?"

A naked and grinning Q was lying at the end of the bed, propped up on one elbow. Like that morning three days ago his face was covered with this ridiculous tattoo and between his legs an enormous erection was jutting out.

For the moment too shocked for words, Kathryn grabbed for the blanket while Chakotay turned round to their unwelcome intruder.

"Q," he growled in a calm voice. "What the hell are you doing here? Get out of here. NOW."

Slowly and with cat-like movements, he got out of the bed. Something in his demeanour or in his eyes must have been intimidating even for a Q as their guest vanished at once.

Turning to Kathryn again, Chakotay shrugged apologetically.

"I'm sorry Kathryn. I should have stayed away."

When the alarm went off the next morning, the world around her started spinning as soon as she opened her eyes. Groaning she sat up, but as soon as her legs touched the floor she felt a wave of nausea overwhelming her. She barely made it to the bathroom where her stomach turned over painfully, despite the fact that there was nothing to spare in it.

Some minutes later the feeling of sickness finally lessened and she got up with trembling legs. After washing out her mouth quickly she went back to bed. She felt way too dizzy to try to get dressed yet and she did not want to risk another bathroom encounter. This was the fourth morning in a row that she felt ill and if this day started out like the last she would soon be greeted by a headache.

Lying as still as possible she pondered if her life could possibly get any worse. She felt sick like a dog, had been observed by Q while having an intensive foreplay with her First Officer and she still had no idea of how to persuade said omnipotent being to leave her ship. All in all this was not the best of times to come down with a flu.

When she felt that she could risk it, she got up and dressed herself. Without even considering having her usual cup of coffee, she made herself on the way to sickbay. As she passed Chakotay's quarters she thought about calling up on him, but decided against it. What could one of them say, what hadn't been said last night? What had happened could not be undone. All they could hope was that Q wouldn't tell half of the crew about 'it' while trying to get new tips about how to seduce their Captain.

Thinking back at the hangdog look on Chakotay's face she smiled tenderly. It had made her want to take him to bed again. Not to try to do 'it' again, but to cuddle against him and sleeping curled up at his side. As this had not been advisable, he had left for his own quarters and for the rest of the night she had woken up at least once an hour, believing to find Q lying naked in her bed again.

Reaching sickbay, she entered and found the EMH already occupied with running some tests. As he turned around to her and saw who had entered his realm, his left eyebrow tried to disappear into his non-existent hairline.

"Captain, what can I do for you?"

Looking her up and down, his right eyebrow followed the first one.

"Forget the question. Judging by the bags under your eyes and your, excuse me for saying this, more than unhealthy complexion, I would say you are not feeling well. No, I correct myself; you must feel absolutely dreadful, as you came voluntarily. So, let me guess. Are you living entirely on coffee again and your stomach finally decided that it had enough? How many times do I have to remind you not to drink too much coffee, to eat healthy and to try to sleep regular hours?"

Shaking his head and gesturing to one of the biobeds, he went to fetch a medical tricorder.

"Doctor, I really do not need one of your speeches right now. I guess, I'm coming down with the flu, something that I really have no nerve to deal with at the moment. Especially with Q around. And although it's none of your business, I had absolutely no coffee within the last eight hours and it may please you to hear that even the thought of coffee makes me feel nauseated right now."

Lying down, she waited impatiently while the EMH scanned her body.

"Well, Captain. You can sit up now. You might be relieved to hear that you are definitely not dealing with the flu." He was speaking slowly and when she got up she saw that he was eyeing the tricorder dubiously.

"Doctor, what is it? Do not tell me that it's some exotic disease you've never seen before, most probably brought in by Q."

The Doctor looked at her, then at his tricorder again.

"No, you are not suffering from some exotic illness and no, Q has nothing to do with this."

Where did this smug expression on the EMH's face come from? She made a step into his direction, grabbing him by both of his arms.

"Listen, Doctor. I feel like hell and my patience is running out fast. So do not play any games with me right now. Tell me what it is I'm suffering from and then give me some hypospray. I have a ship to run and cannot spend hours of my time in here with you.

Carefully the EMH freed his arms from her grip before he retreated some steps.

"First of all, you arrived here exactly six minutes ago and that hardly classifies as hours and..."

Seeing the expression on her face the EMH interrupted himself.

"If you would sit down for a moment, I'll fetch a hypospray for your nausea and then we can have a talk about your 'illness'.

Still glaring at him, she sat down. True to his word the EMH came back only a few seconds later, pressing a hypospray onto her neck. She could feel the effect almost at once. The nausea disappeared and her headache lessened considerably.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and let out a sigh. Opening her eyes again a moment later, she gave the EMH a small smile.

"I'm sorry, Doctor. I did not mean to snap at you. I almost had no sleep last night and waking up feeling sick, did not do anything to improve my mood."

The Doctor simply nodded.

"It's ok, Captain. We all have those days. At least those of us who need to sleep. As I do not sleep I can hardly have too little of it." He smiled at his small joke, but when he saw that she did not react at all, he became all business again.

"Well, I hardly know how to say it, but you are not ill. You are as healthy, as can be expected from someone living as, let's say, chaotic like you."

She just looked at him. "That makes absolutely no sense, Doctor. If I am not ill, why did I start all of the last days with throwing up?"

When he shrugged and looked at her sympathetically, realisation dawned on her.

"No, that can't be. How is that possible?"

He could not really mean that she was...

"It's true, Captain. You are three weeks pregnant and how this was possible you should know better than I. And do not try to put the blame on me. Not only once, but thrice I reminded you, and the Commander as well, that an update of your contraception boosters was due."

"The Commander?" she almost choked on the words. Her head was empty and she felt numbed by shock.

"Of course. The Commander is the father of your child. Did you expect it to be from someone else?"

No it was the EMH's turn to look shocked.

"What? No! What do you think of me?"

She could not believe it, did not want to believe it. She had to be dreaming. Surely she would wake up soon. She got up again and faced the EMH.

"Excuse me, Doctor. I'll have to leave. I have a meeting in twenty minutes."

She turned and without another glance back she walked to the doors.

"But, Captain. We have to talk about this, about a special diet and you'll have to..."

"Another time, Doctor."

Sickbay's door closed after her.

When she entered the bridge some minutes later, she was almost herself again. At least she felt able to pretend she was. She knew she should be happy and part of her was, but it all came too soon. Chakotay and she were lovers for less than two months and live on Voyager wasn't exactly meant for raising children. On top of all there was Q, who still wanted to mate with her.

'Oh God, Q could not have anything to do with it, could he? No, that surely wasn't possible. She was in her third week and the Doctor had said that the child was definitely Chakotay's.'

She nodded at Tuvok and other crewmembers while passing them and sat down in her chair. Chakotay who had been occupied with reading some reports looked up at her.

"Good morning, Captain," he greeted her.

He looked concerned and his eyes held the unspoken question why she was late. Shift only started five minutes ago, but usually she was always on time, or even early.

"Good morning, Chakotay."

She smiled at him and hoped he wouldn't ask anything further. She knew she had to talk with him sooner or later, but now definitely wasn't the right time nor was it the right place.

Asking for some reports B'Elanna had given Chakotay yesterday, they talked about some warp core remodulations for a while. When she felt that enough time had passed, she excused herself to retreat to her ready room. The look Chakotay gave her told her that he knew that something was up, but for the moment she could not help it and if she was honest she did not want to.

The door to her ready room had barely closed behind her when she let out a relieved sigh.

It was some time later, she was sitting on the ready room's couch, reading a report and sipping at a cup of tea when she heard a faint whine. Getting up she followed the noise to her desk where she found a little brown puppy sitting in a dog basket under the desk. Taking the little puppy into her arms she made a point of speaking slowly and forcefully.

"This is not going to work, Q."

When she turned she found Q standing at the other side of her desk, leaning on it and looking at her innocently.

"How can you ignore that face?"

She got up and put the puppy in Q's arms, brushing some hairs from her uniform

"He is adorable. But this has to stop."

"Please accept him as a small token of my affection and... ok, and as an apology for last night."

She snorted.

"No. And forget your apology. Even better, forget what happened. You know, it's one thing to just pop up unannounced and to bother me and my crew whenever you feel the need to do so, but to see that you intrude a most private moment between two people and to stay for any length of time and watch, that's truly unacceptable. It's not the first time you deal with humans or any other race with similar ethics and you should know that this is the rudest kind of behaviour."

Although she glared at him, Q watched her completely unaffected.

"You know, I never quite understood why humans act so coy when it comes to their primitive urges. You might be ashamed of it, but the fact remains that you originate from simple primates. You cannot deny it. Your race developed very little when being seen in the grand scheme and well, that means that you all are still subject to these most primal drives. It's like eating, or blowing your nose. But while you seem to have no problems to eat in public, you hide yourselves when it comes to things like using the bathroom, or having sex. Why is that?"

She did not believe her ears. This whole morning must be part of some gruesome nightmare.

"Q, I do not have time for this. Tell me what it is you really want and be gone. With the puppy. And to finish the discussion about last night, I would really appreciate it if everything remained between you, me and Chakotay."

Q sighed. Walking to the couch on the ready room's upper level with the puppy still in his arms, he sat down and looked at her.

"Ok, let's talk. Just talk.

Indicating to her to sit down beside him, he patted at the couch. She obliged his wish but remained careful and brought some distance between them by sitting down some feet away from him.

"I'm afraid that I haven't been sincere. When you first asked why I wanted to have a child with you, I made jokes, bragged about my prowess, engaged in sexual innuendo and made some inappropriate advances. I was using all that to cover up my true feelings."

Trying to ignore the mixed feelings of happiness and fear that washed over her when he talked about having a child, she tried her best to concentrate on what Q was saying.

"And I suppose you want to share your true feelings with me now."

"I'm lonely."

"Lonely?" Q must be kidding.

"Oh, I know it's hard to believe, but I've been single for billions of years. It was fun at first, gallivanting around the galaxy, using my omnipotence to impress females of every species."

He laughed dirtily but seeing her raised eyebrow he put on the same false innocent expression he had worn before. She would never tell him, but he would make a good actor. Even the puppy could not possibly look more innocent as he did at the moment. Not that she believed even one part of his show.

"The fact of the matter is, it left me empty. I want someone to love me for myself. I guess what I'm saying is, I want a relationship. I just thought if you and I had a child, it would give that kind of stability and security that I've been missing."

She took the puppy from him and held it in her arms.

"Sorry, Q. I'm not buying it." Slowly the headache came back, creeping up her neck.

Getting up, Q turned to the viewport, looking out to the stars

"Oh. All right. Let's see if you buy this. You are struck out here, thousands of light years from home, and you aren't getting any younger, are you? All your hopes for home, hearth and family grow dimmer every day."

He sat down again and touched her knee lightly.

"Admit it, Kathryn, you are lonely too. And you wonder if you will ever have a child."

Some time ago, she would have had to agree with him but those times where she thought her dreams of a happy future had to die were finally over and now she would even have a child. Surprised she realised that now she felt an immense happiness when thinking about the child she was carrying under her heart.

It would definitely not be easy to raise a child and to be the Captain of Voyager at the same time, but she could manage it. She had no doubt about it.

However, this topic was nothing she intended to discuss with Q.

"You are right in one point. I would like to have a child someday. But not with you."

"Why not?"

"Because I committed myself to Chakotay and I take my commitments serious. And furthermore, I'm just not the right kind of woman for you, Q."

"Truer words were never spoken," a cold female voice said.

"Q! How did you find me?" Q looked positively startled.

Janeway looked at the woman that had appeared out of nowhere and was now standing by her desk, interested. She was tall, with long brown hairs and she emanated the same aura of arrogance and impatience she knew so well from Q.

"Never mind that. What are you doing with that dog?" Q and Janeway looked at the small puppy still cradled in Janeway's arm. "I'm not talking about the puppy."

'Yes, those two must be a match made in heaven, she thought,' while Q was gaping at the woman.

"Can't you see I'm busy here? Stop stalking me."

"You should be back in the Continuum," the other Q replied.

This was getting ridiculous. She got up and went over to the female Q. After all, Voyager was still a space ship and not a setting for some soap opera.

"Excuse me, but who are you exactly?"

"Kathryn Janeway, may I present Q."

"Not just any Q. His Q," the woman added acidly.

She had figured that much already and hey, if the female Q wanted 'her Q' back, she should take him by all means.

"We were involved for a while."

"About for billion years. And now you desert me to pollute the Continuum with the DNA of this narrow little being."

Charming, really charming this Q. If most of the Q's were like that it was no wonder that Quinn, the desperate Q who had committed suicide on board of Voyager, had felt the need to end his life.

"I never said it was exclusive." Q said.

Typically men. The female Q turned to her, her eyes glaring.

"Stay away from him."

'Sure honey, if you say so.' Aloud she said.

"Look, Miss Q. I'll save you a lot of trouble. I have zero interest in him."

"Oh. Now see what you've done? And I was finally making progress."

Chakotay's voice over the comm saved her the trouble to destroy Q's illusions.

"Bridge to Janeway You'd better come in here, Captain."

There was nothing she would rather do.

"On my way." She turned to Q. "I'd really appreciate it, if you would take this domestic squabble off my ship." With that she turned round and entered the Bridge.

The next minutes were hectic. Everything seemed to happen at once. First one, than, unbelievable as it seemed, a second supernova appeared in Voyager's vicinity.

It soon became clear that Q was at least partial responsible for these happening, but she had no time to drag the necessary information out of him. For the moment it was more important to find a course that would get them out of trouble but as it was it proofed impossible. There were three distinct shock waves heading towards Voyager and as Tom pointed out, they could not avoid them all.

Turning to Q, she had demanded that he should get them out of here. After all he was an omnipotent being that should have no problems with seeing them safe, wasn't he?

He abided her wishes but, as always, not in the way she had wanted. One second before she had still been on Voyager and now she found herself in some kind of nineteenth century Southern State mansion, clad in a heavy dress, consisting of several layers of clothes.

"Q? Where have you taken me?"

Walking over to the next door she tried to open it. It did not work and she tried another door, when a third door opened and Q entered the scene.

"Well, I must admit, your gown is very becoming." Q was dressed in the fashion of a Northern State soldier.

"I do not have time for your little fantasies. Return me to Voyager."

How did he dare to drag her away into one of his stupid games, while Voyager was still in danger?

"This is not fantasy. You are in the Q Continuum."

"The Continuum?"

Q explained that he had designed the Continuum in a fashion, so that even her simple mind could comprehend it. Like the last time when it had looked like some way station in the desert. Then he began to talk about her being a Southern belle, while he was the dashing Union Officer that...

"Enough. The only thing that interests me right now is the welfare of my ship and crew."

"Well, I'm sure your first officer, Chuckles, is it? I'm sure he is got everything under control for the moment."

Chuckles? Had he lost his senses?

"I'd like to make sure of that myself, if you do not mind."

Q did mind and as it turned out he had landed them in midst of Continuum civil war. Even better he was more or less responsible for it, although it all originated with Quinn's suicide. Opening the shutters of one of the windows he let her see the fires that were burning everywhere in the darkness surrounding the house

"His death caused this conflict?"

"It caused chaos and upheaval. Because even though he was gone, his calls for freedom and individualism continued to echo in the ears of those who believed in his teachings, myself among them. I sounded the trumpet and carried the banner. Naturally, others followed. The forces of status quo tried to crush us once and for all, but we fought back. And now there's a cosmic struggle for supremacy, and the battle is spreading causing hazardous repercussion throughout the galaxy."

That was the reason behind the supernovas and in Q's shrouded logic the reason for his visits on Voyager.

"I do not see how a baby is going to end a war being fought by race of omnipotent beings."

"It's simple. Mating will create a new breed of Q, which will combine my omnipotence and infinite intellect with the best that humanity has to offer."

She hardly heard what he said about their child being 'like a precious stone tossed into the cosmic lake, sending endless ripples of human conscience and compassion to wash up on every distant shore of the universe'.

Although she had never intended to give in into his wishes she would now have to tell him that it was entirely impossible. For a moment she thought about Chakotay and her crew and what they had to deal with at the moment. 'Oh god, how she prayed that they were ok.'

Her thoughts were interrupted by a bullet that went through one of the windows. The glass was breaking and Q threw her to the ground and himself over her. But something had hit him and he rolled down from her. Soon blood was soaking his shirt.

Hiding behind the room's couch with him, she tugged at her underskirt and tore off a piece of the cloth to bandage his wound as careful as possible under the circumstances.

All the while they were talking about the Q's weapons, which were much more dangerous than she could imagine, at least if she could believe Q. Suddenly the firing stopped and an anonymous voice asked them to surrender.

She looked at Q. "Call a truce. Talk to them. Maybe you can resolve this peacefully."

Of course, Q did not listen to her. He scrambled to his feet, loaded his weapon and told them in no uncertain words that he would never surrender. When he gave a shot the firing started again.

"Get the rifle in the corner and take the other window."

"This is your fight Q, not mine." No, she would never participate in this war. She shouldn't even be here.

"If that's how you feel about it. But if their weapons can make me bleed, what do you think they'll do to you?"

The bombardment got worse and she knew that if they did not get out of here, they would soon be buried under the stones of this house. Supporting Q, she led them to the doors and they left as soon as possible.

They had just crossed the doorstep when Q passed out, but lucky for them, she spotted one of his supporters and the other Q helped her to carry the unconscious body to the makeshift camp. There they were given a place near a fire and the man, who called himself 'Quentin' excused himself. Now she was left alone with Q again.

How fabulous!

During the first period of tranquillity she had had all day, she took a deep breath and closed her eyes for some minutes, trying to let her mind come to rest. Then she started to heat the water she found in a kettle nearby.

She felt dizzy, she hadn't eaten anything all day and she guessed that the hypospray the Doc had given her some hours ago was slowly wearing off.

When the water was heated she washed out Q's wound and bandaged the shoulder anew. She was hardly done with it when another Q appeared, this time with a kettle with some kind of stew in it.

Hungrily she prepared herself a plate and devoured its content, not caring for content or taste. Afterwards she hung up the kettle over the fire and waited for Q to wake up.

She did not know how much time had passed, but when she put a wet cloth on his forehead he finally opened his eyes

"Where are we?"

She told him that they were in his people's camp and that, by the looks of it, it did not look good for them.

"And now it's time to end all this."

"I knew you'd come around."

"I've been thinking about what you said, that creating a new Q could bring an era of peace."

"Oh, my wild, sweet, Kathy. I promise you won't regret it."

She felt like sighing. Would there ever be a time that Q did not misunderstand her?

"Oh, you are not going to have a child with me. You are going to mate with that charming lady friend of yours that appeared on my ship. Let's face it, Q. I do not want to mate with you and even if I wanted, I could not have a child with you."

He looked quite confused by now.

"Mate with another Q? Ridiculous. And what do you mean by saying that you could not have a child with me?"

She looked him straight into the eye.

"I'm already pregnant."

Q straightened up hastily and yelped when a jolt of pain shot through his arm.

"You are pregnant? From Chuckles? Since when? Why did not you tell me before? You could have saved me much time and effort."

Shaking her head at his indignant look, she began to talk slow and deliberate. Why did she always felt the need to talk to Q like he was a child?

"Yes, I am pregnant. Yes, it is from Chakotay and I would be thankful if you wouldn't call him 'Chuckles' anymore. I am in my third week and I did not tell you because it is none of your business and because I did not know about it before this morning."

There was silence for a moment as Q processed the information.

"I guess that means that congratulations are in order." He gave her thoughtful look. "How do you feel about it and does Chu... I mean Chakotay, even know about it?"

She thought about her answer for some time.

"I guess you could say that I'm happy. Do not get me wrong. I want this child but I did not have the time to get used to the thought by now. I knew about it for hardly an hour before you appeared and everything got out of order. And no, I did not have time to tell Chakotay yet. So I hope this will stay between us for now. Although we could not tell anyone else at the moment, could we? "

She knew she sounded bitter, but after all she hadn't asked for this adventure.

"Hey, no need to get aggressive. I had no idea that you are pregnant. But as we are talking so nice at the moment," he moved closer to her, "I'm a bit curious how it came that you and 'Chakotay' are an item now? Isn't there some kind of protocol that permits fraternisation and weren't you always one to follow the rules by the book. You remind a lot of Jean Luc Picard, especially in this regard, you know."

For a second she was tempted to ask him why he had not asked Jean Luc to be the mother of his child but bit her tongue instead. Sarcasm would get her nowhere.

"Listen Q, I do not think that it is any of your business how Chakotay and became 'an item' as you called it. But to come to speak of 'protocol'. There is no specific paragraph or rule that forbids someone to get engaged with a subordinate. It's not something that is openly encouraged and under normal circumstances it is definitely not something I would consider for myself, but Chakotay and I love each other and it is hardly possible that one of us transfers to another ship. And now it would be wise if we talk about our 'little' problem here."

Q just waved her objections aside and rolled his eyes at her.

"Ah, Kathy, do not be such a spoil sport. Our 'little' problem will wait for another five minutes. I tell you what, you tell me the secret tale of the seduction of Kathryn Janeway and then we discuss the absurd possibility of me mating with Q."

She eyed him suspiciously but he seemed to be serious.

"Ok, Q. I do not see the point in discussing my love life with you, but if you insist..."

He laughed.

"I do. After all I shall seduce another Q. Something that never happened before in the Continuum and maybe I learn a little trick or two from your story. If even Chuckles..." he saw her look, "ok, ok, if even Chakotay manages to get a woman to mate with him and not any woman, oh no, the famous

Kathryn Janeway herself, in many regions known as the self appointed ice queen of the Delta Quadrant, than he must know something I do not."

He shrugged but contorted his face at the pain in his shoulder. Leaning back he took a plate of stew she gave him and waited for her to begin her tale.

"There's not much to tell here, Q. And there are no tricks for seducing a woman in this story. If a man and a woman really love each other they do not need any tricks to find together. And Chakotay and I do really love each other. We did for a long time. To be honest, there was a kind of attraction between us from the beginning. "

Stopping for a moment, she took the now empty plate out of Q's hand and put it aside. How did he manage to eat that fast?

"It became undeniable when we were stranded on New Earth, although we did not act on it. And in the end, Voyager was able to rescue us and so we were back on the ship. For me it was unthinkable to have a love affair with my First Officer there."

"And what made you change your mind?" Q interrupted her impatiently.

A fine smile appeared on her face.

"There was no big revelation if you mean that. It was just an evening like many before when our relationship changed."

"You mean, started like a normal evening, because something must have happened."

"Yes, something happened but it would be nice if you let me tell the story. If you do not like that though, I would love to come back to our 'little' problem"

"Ok, ok. Please continue."

"Thanks, Q. As I said it was, or like you were so nice to remind me, it started like a normal evening. Chakotay and I were having dinner in my quarters. We often do this. It's the perfect opportunity to do some tiresome work, like crew evaluations, in a nice and relaxed atmosphere. We had just finished dinner and were clearing the table when Chakotay told some funny tale of his youth. I do not even remember what it really was about. But he got me laughing, something I seldom do on Voyager. It was so bad that tears of laughter were running down my cheeks. Chakotay, who was standing directly beside me, saw this and he reached out to gently wipe the tears away. As I looked up then, I could see unguarded love in his eyes."

She stopped for a moment, captured in her memories of a moment six weeks ago.

"Aaaaand...?" Q pressed.

"And at that moment I realised that I had only two choices. The first one would have been to ignore my feelings and to act as if I had seen nothing. But that would mean that I had to lie to Chakotay and to lie to myself. His love wouldn't have died this evening but in the end we would have been doomed. Our feelings would have slowly faded away until there would have been nothing left of them. A slow and painful death. And did I want that? To ignore feelings as strong as I have never felt before? To lie to myself?"

"I guess the answer was no," Q added helpfully.

"That was a rhetoric question but you are right, of course. I went with the second choice. I'm not someone who thinks that lying or better said living a lie is an option. It stands against everything I believe in and I was always proud of living an honest and honourable life. To go against my beliefs would have only made me bitter and cold. That I'm sure about. So I decided to be honest with my feelings and to risk a relationship with Chakotay, with all the dangers this included."

She shrugged and looked at Q.

"That was it. There's nothing more. Now let's talk about you and your 'girlfriend'. It sounded to me like you and she had a very long term relationship."

He was looking thoughtful.

"Yes, but it was never physical. I mean, the Q are way beyond sex. It has never been done."

She was surprised.

"Really? Then how exactly did the Q come into existence in the first place?"

"The Q did not come into existence. The Q have always existed. Besides, I can only mate with a species capable of copulation, like you."

"But don't you forget something? Those best qualities of humanity, those you hoped a child created by you and me, are not a simple matter of genetics. Love, conscience, compassion"

"Ow."

What a typical expression for Q. She would have loved to hit him.

"They are attributes that mankind has developed over centuries. Values that have passed from one generation to the next, taught by parents to their children. Creating a new kind of Q is a noble idea, but it will take more than impregnating someone and walking away. If you want your offspring to embrace your ideals, you're going to have to teach them yourself."

Q looked almost tortured by now.

"Ok, ok. But even if I wanted to mate, I wouldn't know how. It's totally unprecedented."

"You'll figure something out. You are omnipotent, after all."

"I need time to think about it."

"Time is up, Q. You have got to stop this war before it destroys the Continuum. Now I am taking this white flag, and I'm going over to the enemy camp, and I am going to tell them you are ready to talk about terms for a cease fire."

"Kathy, don't be a hero."

She did not feel like a hero, but she could hardly wait till Q would finally come to his senses.

"I am going Q. So if I were you, I would start working on a way to set that precedent."

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In the end she had to admit that her plan had not been the best one. She had made it to the enemy's camp unharmed and was lead to their leader, but the old Q in the costume of a Colonel was not willing to listen to her.

She told him that she had come to offer him a truce, but he said that the time for diplomacy had passed. Yes, he too, wanted to end his war but his plan to reach this was quite different from the one she had in mind.

He wanted to execute Q, as he was the ringleader of the opposition and he wasn't the least bit interested in listening to her when she told him that Q had an idea for a non-violent way to bring this conflict to an end. The only thing that he wanted to know from her where he could find Q.

She told him that she would not tell him and he answered that he hadn't expected her to. Unfortunately one of his people brought in Q then and the old Q told the younger one to put them both in chains.

When she asked him what she had done, he told her that she had been collaborating with the enemy and that she, too, had to die.

Fantastic.

The next few hours they spent waiting. There was nothing more to say, nothing more to do. She could not believe that she should die in a few hours time. Life shouldn't be so cruel.

What would Chakotay say? Would he ever learn what happened to her? Would the Doctor tell him that she had been pregnant? Would he find another love after some time had passed? Was there really no way to avert this destiny.

Slowly the sun began to rise and Q, who had fallen asleep, woke up. Fortunately they 'did not have to wait long before they were led to the place of execution.

Reaching their destination they were fastened to a post. The Q's wanted to shoot them.

The old Q looked at them solemnly.

"Do you have any last words?"

"I will not plead for my own life. From your perspective I know it seems insignificant, but what is not insignificant is the fact that the Q, as an omnipotent race, have an opportunity to be a positive force to set a higher standard for other beings in the galaxy. I implore you all; do not go through with this. Do not allow yourselves to continue using violence to resolve your differences."

Even before she was finished she could see in the Q's eyes that her words had left no impression with him.

"Q, do you have anything to add?"

"I sacrifice my existence for the principles of freedom and individuality that I have fought for so long."

He looked at her, smiling lightly.

"But this woman is innocent. What is more, she saved my life, and she tried to save us from each other. Kill me if you must, but let her go. Please, she is pregnant. If I had known about this before I would not even have thought about bringing her here. You are able to show mercy, so please do it. For the sake of the unborn child this woman is carrying.

"That is a very touching speech, Q. And although I'm sorry to hear that you had to drag a pregnant woman into your unholy adventures I have to say that your rhetoric fails to compensate for your irresponsibility. Ready! Aim!"

Q gave her an apologetic look.

"I am sorry."

"I know."

After that all hell broke loose. She closed her eyes, waiting for the bullet to hit her, but although she heard someone shooting she realised that she was not hit. Turning to Q, who was moaning that he was dying, she told him that they were not firing at them. The surprise on his face would have been priceless, if it had not been for the chaos around them.

At the same time she saw Chakotay, Harry and the female Q arriving. She had hardly time to feel relieved that they all were ok, before Harry came over and freed her. Q, in the meantime, was able to convince the female Q to free him and he told her of his plan of mating with her.

A short time later the firing stopped for good, because Paris held a gun at the old Q's back and threatened to shoot him.

While her crew was trying to bring order into the chaos she saw that the female Q was whispering something into Q's ear and he seemed to like what she was saying.

"Oh. Oh. Oh! I love it when you talk dirty."

She thought that this was the best moment to make a retreat and she told them so.

"Why don't I give you two some privacy?"

"Oh, Kathy, don't you like to watch?"

Ok, if he was asking her directly. After all it was not an every day happening to see two Q's mating. She slowly approached the two of them, and they... they brought their index fingers together for a short moment, causing a short lightning... and...nothing?

"Oh! I was good, was I not?" Q looked at the female Q.

"Very good."

"That was it?" She could not help but ask.

Q turned round to her.

"You had your chance. Do not go crying about it now."

A short while later they were all back on Voyager.

She was happy and relieved that all had come to a good end and after giving order to run a series of standard diagnostics she retreated to her ready room.

"Q!"

There he was again but this time he had a baby, that appeared to be a few months old, sitting on his lap.

"He has got my cheekbones, don't you think?"

"He is adorable. I would say fatherhood agrees with you."

Q seemed to make a real good father and when he spoke about his new found happiness she could not help but smile. At least till he told her that he had taught his son to knock small planets out of orbit.

"And I thought you were going to teach him about love and conscience."

"Oh, that's why we want Auntie Kathy to be the godmother now, do we not?"

"I am honoured." She really was.

"Yeah, well, wait until we ask you to baby-sit. Cannot leave the little guy alone for a nanosecond. Well, it's time to be going. The old ball and chain really hates it when we are late." He looked at his baby boy.

"Say bye-bye. Bye-bye."

And with that they were gone.

She had hardly time to prepare herself a cup of tea and sit down on the couch again, before the door chime rang.

"Come in."

As she had expected it was Chakotay.

"Chakotay, fetch yourself a cup of tea and join me."

"It is my pleasure."

After replicating the drink, he took the steaming cup and sat down beside her. When he had placed the cup on the table he looked at her, his expression serious.

"Spirits, Kathryn. I am so glad that you are ok. You have no idea how worried I was about you. If something had happened to you, I swear I would have torn Q to pieces. At least I would have tried."

She stroke his cheek gently and gave him a light kiss.

"I know. I was worried about you all, too. Especially about you. Let us be glad that everything is over now. But Chakotay, I have something to tell you."

Although she knew that now was a good moment to tell him about her pregnancy she was nervous. She might have mastered situations more difficult than this in the past, but this time her personal happiness was at stake. She was almost sure that Chakotay would be as happy as her, but almost just was not enough to calm her nerves.

"What is it, Kathryn? You look dreadful. I cannot be that bad, can it?"

She wrung her hands and took a last deep breath.

"Chakotay, I'm pregnant. From you," she added hastily before he could come to the conclusion that Q might have something to do with it."

In the next moments she could observe how Chakotay's expression changed from one of surprise to one of wonder, to finally become one of pure joy.

"You are pregnant? Since when? Oh, Kathryn. That's wonderful."

Suddenly doubt crossed his features and he took both of his hands in his.

"I mean you do want this child, do you not?"

"Of course I want this child. I could not think of anything I would rather want. I know it will be everything but easy but if someone can make it, than we two. And I'm in my third week. So we still have much time to get used to this thought. I love you, Chakotay."

"And I love you, too, Kathryn."

He pulled her into an embrace and kissed her gently. When he withdrew from her he looked at her thoughtful.

"Only one thing, Kathryn. Maybe we should tell the crew that we are together, before the Doctor starts telling that I got you pregnant. What do you think?"

The End