

Restricted Access

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Rating: PG-12 / P12

Summary: Turnabout is not always fair play.

Disclaimer: All Paramount. Just borrowing them.

Author's Note: I wrote this shortly before left for my grandfather's funeral. It is completely silly because I didn't really know anymore what I was doing and I think my mind needed to prove itself that it could still do fluff. Instead it, in my opinion, proved how messed up it was, as I usually avoid all kinds of pregnant and baby fics - in reading and definitely in writing.

"I hate you."

"No, you don't."

"Oh trust me, I do."

"I only want what's best for you, Kathryn."

"Then give me my coffee!"

Chakotay rolled his eyes and sighed. He'd lost count of how often they had had this conversation - or argument - in the past four months. One would think that she was over it by now. And every other woman would have been. But no, not Kathryn Janeway.

"You're pregnant. It's neither good for you nor the baby."

"We live in the 24th century," she growled, "our medicine cures all kinds of diseases. But it can't provide a pregnant woman with something that lets her drink coffee despite her condition?!"

This time, he resisted the urge to roll her eyes and instead closed them for a moment, breathing in deeply.

"Darling, it's just another few months." *And a bit during breast-feeding time*, he added, but wisely only in his mind.

"Easy for you to say."

"Not even five anymore."

"I hate you."

"You already said that."

"I'll never let you get close to me again." With much effort he suppressed a chuckle.

"Now that has to be a new record. I heard women only say that when in labor and giving birth."

"They never had to go through what I have to." By then he could no longer hold back any kind of reaction. He outright laughed, and met her glare with a sparkle in his eyes, only barely keeping himself from enfolding her in a bone-crushing hug because she was so adorable in her pouting.

"Don't you want our child to be healthy?" Chakotay gently asked after he'd calmed down again, and laid a hand on her slightly rounded stomach. Sighing, Kathryn leaned into him.

"I do. But as much as I love this child already, and want only its best - do you have any idea how hard it is to give up coffee?"

"Knowing you, I have a pretty good idea, I think. But the reward will be worth it, I'm certain." He raised her chin and kissed her tenderly, and she melted into his touch.

When he pulled back again, she whispered, "You're probably right," and laid her hand over his on her belly.

"Of course I am," he mumbled just before he claimed her lips again, turning the gesture into something more passionate, more devouring, and she moaned into his mouth. Automatically his hands found her hips and tried to pull her onto his lap so that she would straddle him. He never got that far, however, when suddenly and, given her willing response to his kiss, unexpectedly she wound from his arms and detached herself to get up.

"Nu-uh," he heard from her, and he could have sworn there was a purr somewhere in the sound beneath her heavy breathing his assault had caused, "Won't let you get close to me again, remember."

He simply stared at her retreating form as she walked towards their bedroom, his mind needing a moment to find its way back up into his head and allow him coherent thoughts again.

As soon as this was accomplished, he jumped up like a bat out of hell.

"But-!" he called out as he followed her quickly, only to be immediately interrupted by her.

"Not a chance, honey." She proceeded into the bathroom after she had grabbed her nightgown, leaving him to stare at her back.

"But, Kathryn, you already are...!"

His only answer was the sound of the bathroom door closing.

END