A Harsh Lesson

by vissy

Summary

Chakotay puts Captain Janeway in the naughty chair.

Notes

A shamelessly OOC spankfic, and the very first story I ever posted to the internet (back in August 1999). I had never read the pairing before (or much fanfiction at all) and it really, really shows. Presented as an artefact of my fannish infancy.

"A quantum filament? What is it, Lieutenant Torres?"

"An elongated subatomic object, hundreds of metres long, but possessing virtually no mass, Captain." Chief Engineer B'Elanna Torres' reply was remarkably nonchalant given that her ship, the USS Voyager, had almost stumbled into certain disaster. Travelling through a dull area of the Delta Quadrant, Voyager's sensors had picked up some unusual, almost undetectable readings. Only Seven of Nine, with her vast Borg knowledge and experience, had recognised them as indicative of quantum filament activity.

"But aren't they highly dangerous, Lieutenant? If I recall correctly, the USS Enterprise was virtually crippled after a run-in with two quantum filaments." Captain Kathryn Janeway sat tensely on the bridge; she wished she could hover over Torres' shoulder in Engineering, yet knew she'd just get in the way. She peered anxiously at the main viewscreen, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. Beside her, Commander Chakotay also scanned the space ahead, searching for the invisible enemy in Voyager's path.
"The filaments are dangerous if you tangle with them," Torres replied. "But since Seven of Nine has identified their presence, we'll be able to skirt around them safely enough. According to her, we should even be able to make them visible to the naked eye by unloading some trionium compound into the vicinity." Torres was preparing to deploy the gas as she spoke, knowing Captain Janeway would be eager to study the strange phenomenon.

"Proceed, Lieutenant," Janeway ordered predictably. "We're looking forward to the show." The Captain leant over towards her first officer, her eyes sparkling. "Seven's become quite an asset to Voyager, hasn't she, Chakotay?"

Chakotay nodded in agreement. "Yes, she's... good God!"

Janeway didn't have to look far to see what had caught Chakotay's attention. The entire bridge crew was left gasping as Voyager's viewscreen lit up like a Christmas tree. The quantum filaments had absorbed the trionium gas with great enthusiasm, and were now giving a dazzling display of light and colour.

"It looks like there are six distinct filaments, Captain," said Ensign Harry Kim, his attention clearly torn between his Ops instruments and the beauty outside. "I think we should run a full analysis."

"I agree, Mr Kim. Proceed." Looking over at her Vulcan Head of Security, Janeway continued in a sly tone, "But for the sake of Mr Tuvok's sanity, let's maintain this safe distance for now. No need to be reckless!"

Chakotay had moved forward to confer with Lieutenant Tom Paris at the Conn. Leaning over the helm controls, they both studied the readings, trying to determine a suitable course and speed around the filaments. "I think we'll be able to plot a course around them without getting bitten, Captain," said Chakotay firmly.

"Good work, Commander," Janeway replied, patting his ass as she stepped up to the viewscreen, then crossing her arms with a satisfied smile. The Captain's absorption in the subatomic spectacle outside made her oblivious to the awkward silence that fell suddenly on the bridge. An inexpertly suppressed snigger from the Ops position caught her attention, however, and she swung around to eye Harry with genuine puzzlement. "Something wrong, Ensign?" she asked.

Harry's lips were clenched in a desperate effort to hold back a giggling fit, and he was unable to reply. Janeway sent an enquiring look in Tuvok's direction, only to be greeted with stoic silence; his air of disapproval was palpable, though. Baffled, she turned to Chakotay, who regarded her with disquieting intensity.

"I think we should adjourn to your ready room, Captain," Chakotay stated, before turning and striding towards the exit.

Seeing little choice but to follow, Janeway did do quickly. "You have the bridge, Mr Tuvok."

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In the comfort of her ready room, Kathryn gravitated naturally to the window. The view of the filaments from this angle was extraordinary, and she marvelled at their beauty. "Gorgeous, aren't they, Chakotay?"

Hearing no response from her first officer, Kathryn turned in surprise, only to find him sprawled at his leisure in her very own chair. Astonished at his audacity - after all, this sort of behaviour was more typical of Neelix than her good, solid Chakotay - Kathryn laid her hands on her hips and eyed his position pointedly.
For long moments, Chakotay simply stared at her as though waiting for something. Finally he shook his head and held out his right hand. "Come here, Kathryn," he said, and when her eyes widened with indignation he raised his tone. "COME HERE!"

Almost against her will, Kathryn went to him, stunned into obedience by the sheer force of his voice. She reached to take his outstretched hand, only to find herself upended over his knees with shocking suddenness. Kathryn was baffled and frightened by Chakotay's behaviour, feeling the vulnerability of her prone position keenly. "Wh-what are you doing, Chakotay?" she asked, ashamed to hear her voice tremble.

Chakotay held her struggling body down across his thighs with authoritative ease, watching her fingers clench helplessly at the floor. "Kathryn, you need a lesson in shipboard etiquette," he said in a low, composed voice. As her head shook vehemently in denial, the golden strands of her hair fell away from her neck, leaving it vulnerable; Chakotay leant over and bit the flesh there sharply. "A harsh lesson, Kathryn," he said with quiet emphasis, the taste of her devastating in his mouth.

Kathryn's body stilled at the possessive graze of Chakotay's teeth, feeling an unwelcome surge of excitement. She lay quietly as he spoke; his voice was uncompromising, yet strangely gentle. "You've made it clear to the crew that you consider me your private property, Kathryn," he said. "Clutching my arm at social occasions. Leaning from your captain's chair to whisper in my ear, your breasts crushed against your arm." Chakotay's hands moved gently down the length of her back, and her senses whirled and skidded at his touch. "I've been a willing participant, Kathryn, so don't get me wrong," he continued in his voice of silken oak. "I've been thoroughly seduced by your relentless intimacies." He shifted her carefully until her bottom was within easy reach and brushed his right hand across it lightly. "But Kathryn, don't think you can pat my ass in front of the entire bridge crew and expect to get away with it!"

Chakotay pulled abruptly at Kathryn's dark trousers until they caught beneath the gentle curve of her hips and buttocks. The two perfect half-moons of her ass, taut from years of stringent exercise, shifted temptingly beneath his harsh, hungry gaze. But Chakotay was bound and determined to teach Kathryn some fundamental lessons in protocol, and he imposed an iron control on himself, studiously resisting her charms. Watching as the mysterious colours of the quantum filaments played across her pale, trembling flesh, Chakotay smiled appraisingly. "This spatial phenomenon has you painted all the colours of the rainbow, Kathryn," he said, running his fingers down the furrow between her ass cheeks in a rough caress. "By the time I'm finished with you, though, you'll be a scarlet woman."

With that he struck her sharply, the sound of the blow ringing around the ready room with satisfying loudness. He paused for some moments to watch the imprint of his hand emerge across the gleaming expanse of her ass, then resumed the blows without further delay. As he brought his palm down upon her again and again, her martyred cheeks reddened like ripening fruit. Kathryn was powerless to resist his harsh chastisement.

For long minutes the only sound in the room - apart from the smacking of flesh on marbled flesh - was Kathryn's convulsive panting as she fought to suppress her cries. She floundered in an agonising, irresistible maelstrom, the shock of defeat and unwelcome desire holding her immobile. The door chimed with rude suddenness and Chakotay ceased his cruel ministrations, sighing resignedly at the interruption. "Come!" he called, grinding the word out between clenched teeth and ignoring Kathryn's protesting yelp.

The door slid open to reveal Tom Paris, who eyed the scene behind the desk with interest. Chakotay, with a wriggling female form slung across his knees? Observing the abused buttocks with his connoisseur's eye, Paris recognised his captain's fine posterior and maintained his best poker face. "Captain, Commander, I've got the basic details on those filaments," he announced
blandly. For some reason no one had wanted to present Captain Janeway with these data, so Paris, who had witnessed none of the earlier by-play from his position at the Conn, had volunteered. Now he understood the crew's reluctance.

Chakotay reached forth with a bright red hand to take Paris' padd; he glanced at it briefly before tossing it on the desk. "Will that be all, Mr Paris?" he asked impatiently. "You can see that we're very busy here."

Paris nodded wisely. "Oh, I understand, sir. B'Elanna requires frequent discipline." He exited the room quickly, leaving his commanding officers to their own amusements.

Chakotay's hand fell upon Kathryn's bottom again once they were alone. Feeling her flinch uncontrollably at his touch, he caressed her gently instead. "It's all right, Kathryn," he said indulgently. "I think you've learnt your lesson." The underlying sensuality of his words made her shiver. Chakotay's fingers soothed the aching flesh of her ass and delved possessively between her shaking thighs, sinking into her wetness. Smiling with enormous satisfaction, he removed his hand, not wishing either of them to forget the point of this exercise.

"You can come up for air now, Kathryn," he said, hauling her upright until she was seated across his lap like a doll, her legs dangling helplessly to one side. Chakotay anchored her trembling body lightly, a tender grin creasing his face as he listened to her harsh panting subside into woeful snuffles. Brushing aside the untidy locks of hair that hid her face from his gaze, he discovered reluctant tears rolling down a pair of crimson cheeks that were undoubtedly in sympathy with her ravaged bottom.

Circling her slim waist with his left arm, Chakotay used his free hand to tilt her face towards his. "Chin up, Kathryn," he said, with a trace of laughter in his voice. Glowering eyes met his, but her eyelids lowered submissively for his gentle kisses; he followed the path of her tears right down to her stubborn chin, soaking up the salt water on his tongue.

Kathryn's eyes flew open again as he pulled away, her expression confused now as well as aggrieved; Chakotay eyes her protruding bottom lip with disfavour. "Put it away," he ordered, shaking his head. "Captains never resort to pouting." Chakotay caressed her mouth lightly with one finger, and if anything, her pout became more pronounced; leaning forward, he bit the offending lip hard. Then, as her mouth fell open in shock, his tongue moved in to lave hers with a thorough possessiveness. Once more he pulled away, this time to find her quiet and contrite.

"My ass hurts," Kathryn stated matter-of-factly; her spirit was subdued but by no means broken, and Chakotay grinned in relief whilst suppressing a groan as she wriggled uncomfortably upon his rigid thighs. "What did I do to deserve this sort of treatment?"

"You know very well why I punished you, Kathryn," Chakotay replied, his skin prickling pleasurably as she squirmed against his hard arousal. "You groped my ass in front of the entire bridge crew. How could you do such a thing?"

Kathryn, feeling inordinately pleased by Chakotay's show of insubordination, snuggled closer into the comfort of his embrace, drugged by his bracing, manly scent. "But it's such a nice ass, Chakotay. How could I possibly resist?" she asked with deceptive meekness.

"In future you will resist, Kathryn. I wouldn't be so gentle a second time." He clasped her body closer to show there were no hard feelings - well, maybe one hard feeling, anyhow - and kissed the top of her golden head as it nestled in the crook of his neck. "Shall we return to the bridge?" he asked.

"I think the quantum filaments can wait a while longer," Kathryn said as she stroked the taut
expanse of his chest avidly. "If I'm not to touch you in public, Chakotay, then at least let me have my fill of you in private."

Chakotay looked down into her gleaming eyes ruefully, his heart thundering. "I'm at your command, Captain."

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Later they marched back onto the bridge, showing little outward sign of what had transpired, although it should be noted that there was a slight hitch in Captain Janeway's stride. By that stage, Kim had his giggling under control, and if Tuvok had the look of someone calling on deep reserves of patience - well, that was his customary expression, so it mattered little. "We are maintaining a safe distance of 30,000km from the quantum filaments," the Vulcan stated. "The filaments appear to be stable and are of no immediate danger to Voyager. We have gathered all relevant data on the phenomenon and are ready to move on."

Watching the viewscreen intently, Janeway was once more struck by the sheer beauty of the filaments, their graceful harmony. Almost inconceivable, she thought, the damage they caused if touched. "Let's sit tight a little longer, Mr Tuvok. I'm enjoying the fireworks. Gorgeous, aren't they, Chakotay?"

"Gorgeous," he agreed, patting her ass.

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