

## Soft Tribble, Warm Tribble

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1011) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1011>.

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: The Original Series</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Nyota Uhura</a> , <a href="#">James T. Kirk</a> , <a href="#">Spock</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Tribbles</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-08 Words: 492 Chapters: 1/1

## Soft Tribble, Warm Tribble

by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Uhura finally gets her tribble.

### Notes

Written for Allekha in the 2015 Trick or Treat exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

This takes place after the Animated Series episode "[More Tribbles, More Troubles](#)", which introduced genetically engineered tribbles that don't reproduce. (Which didn't keep Kirk from being nearly buried in them again.)

Uhura looks around her at the sea of tribbles. The cargo bay is almost covered in a layer of fluffy cooing fur, and she sighs, knowing that soon they'll all be gone. They're almost at the co-ordinates Cyrano Jones gave for the location of the tribble homeworld, and their furry passengers will be beaming down to be with their brethren.

She supposes it's for the best. Having the ship overrun with tribbles, even sterile ones, is not exactly an ideal situation. Especially since they seem to eat almost as much as they did before.

Still, she thinks, they're very sweet.

As if picking up on the thought, a tribble brushes up against her boot, cooing softly. She reaches down to pet it, and it rubs against her hand like a cat.

"Making friends, Lieutenant?"

The sound of her captain's voice makes Uhura jump. She turns to see him standing in the doorway, accompanied by Mister Spock.

"I was just saying goodbye," she explains, feeling her cheeks heat. He's never mentioned it, but it hasn't escaped her memory that the first tribble disaster was at least partially her fault.

"I see," Kirk says, but he's smiling.

He seems to be in a good mood, and Uhura takes a chance on voicing the idea she's been thinking about. "Sir?" she begins tentatively. "I was wondering... Since these tribbles are incapable of reproducing, would it maybe be all right if I kept one?" The last words are delivered in a rush.

Kirk stares at her, blankly and with just a hint of concern. "Kept one? On the ship?"

His tone is not encouraging. Uhura takes a breath, trying to figure out a reason for her request that's more convincing than, *They're just so cute and fluffy!*

To her surprise, she doesn't get the chance to say anything before Spock, of all people, decides to speak up in her defence. "Doctor McCoy has already stated his intention to retain several specimens in sickbay for testing. I see no reason why the lieutenant should not be permitted to keep one as a... pet."

Kirk turns his stare on to Spock, but the words seem to be enough to convince him. "Well," he says, turning back to Uhura, "I suppose it would be all right to keep *one* tribble. But if we end up knee-deep in them again, I'll know who to blame."

His tone is light, but there's a look in his eyes that says he isn't kidding. She remembers Doctor McCoy's description of the captain buried up to his chest in tribbles and winces inwardly. "I'll keep that in mind, sir."

Kirk nods slowly, then glances down at her feet. "Just one though," he says. "No more."

Uhura follows his gaze and finds a dozen or so tribbles clustered around her feet. As she watches, one of them hops onto the toe of her left boot and rests there, vibrating lightly.

"Just one, sir," she agrees.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!