

## Chekov Goes to Space

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1028) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1028>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up 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="#">Pavel Chekov</a> , <a href="#">Nyota Uhura</a> , <a href="#">Hikaru Sulu</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">One Shot</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-04 Words: 1,012 Chapters: 1/1

## Chekov Goes to Space

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Uhura, Sulu, and Chekov have gathered on a Friday night to partake in an ancient Earth tradition known as a "sleepover." An essential part of sleepovers is of course, the game Truth or Dare.

### Notes

Written for Fictober 2022

Day 4: "How would that even work?"

Buckle up for more silliness. I think I stole the title from the DS9 episode 'Quark Goes to Space' but the similarities to that episode end there. xD

It was a Friday evening, and Uhura, Chekov, and Sulu were gathered in Uhura's quarters to partake in an ancient Earth ritual known as a 'slumber party.' Each wore pyjamas, though not the ones issued by Starfleet. The guidebook advised them to wear colourful flannels and cozy sweaters, and they planned to abide to the rules.

Presently, the three were sitting atop cushions on the floor in a circle, crisscross applesauce. There was an empty bottle between them, and Uhura had the guidebook open in front of her.

"Okay, so it says that whoever the bottle lands on has to choose either 'truth' or 'dare', and then the person who spun the bottle either asks them a question that must be answered truthfully, or they present a dare, which must be carried out." She said, after reading the section on the ancient Earth Game known as 'Truth or Dare.'

"How do we decide who spins first?" Sulu asked.

Uhura looked back to the book, skimming through the instructions quickly. "It doesn't say."

"We can let the bottle decide?" Suggested Chekov.

Uhura shrugged, "Sure, why not." She reached into the middle of the circle and grabbed the bottle, then wound up and gave it a good spin. The glass made a faint ringing sound against the tile as it spun, and eventually landed on Chekov, designating him as the one to start off the game.

"Yes," He hissed with a fist pump, eagerly grabbing the bottle to spin it. It landed back on Uhura. He looked at Uhura expectantly.

"Well, you have to ask "truth or dare" first," she said, when Chekov just sat there looking at her.

"Oh. Then, truth or dare?"

Uhura considered for a moment. "I'll do a dare," she said.

Chekov grinned. "Okay, I dare you... to ding dong ditch Mr Spock."

"You're on."

The trio got up and stuck their heads out into the hallway to check that the coast was clear. Then they tiptoed down the hall towards Spock's quarters. Chekov and Sulu hung back, hiding around a corner, while Uhura slunk quietly to the Commander's door. She poised a finger to the

buzzer, then looked back at her accomplices.

Chekov stifled a giggle, and Sulu gave her a thumbs up. Uhura pressed the buzzer, then sprinted back down the hall and dove around the corner, all three giggling. They peered around the corner, watching the door, which eventually opened, and a disgruntled Spock appeared, looked down the hall, eyes squinted against the light. They burst into laughter, and ran back down the hall to Uhura's quarters, while Spock flipped a hand up in a "why?" gesture.

Back in her quarters, Uhura and her friends sat back down, still giddy while Uhura spun the bottle. It landed on Sulu.

"Alright Hikaru, truth or dare?" Uhura asked.

"Dare," Sulu replied confidently. "Hit me."

"Hmm," Uhura tapped her chin, thinking. Suddenly struck by an idea, she got up and trotted to her closet, rummaging through it. "Ah ha. I dare you to wear these for the rest of the night." She held up a short sequined purple dress, and a pair of painful looking six inch stilettos.

"Pssh, easy." Sulu said, snatching the garments and retreating to the bathroom to change. He emerged a couple minutes later, six inches taller, and incredibly sparkly. He struck a fabulous runway pose, and Chekov clapped.

"Damn, son, you pull that 'fit off better than I do." Uhura said. "Oh hang on, I have the perfect accessories." She rushed back to her closet and procured a sheer purple scarf, and a pair of large white rimmed sunglasses. She arranged them on Sulu and stepped back to admire her work. "Flawless."

"I know I am," Sulu said, awkwardly sitting back down on the floor to spin the bottle. This time, it landed on Chekov.

"Truth or dare, Pav?"

"I will also pick dare."

"I dare you... to space yourself."

Chekov blinked. "What?"

Sulu steepled his fingers in front of him and tapped them together, evilly. "I dare you to blast yourself out the airlock. No pressure suit."

"How would that even work," Chekov asked, deadpanned. "I would literally die."

"Nah, as soon as you're spaced we'll just call Scotty and he'll beam you back in. Easy. Only a couple seconds."

"Wouldn't I still die even if it was only a couple seconds?" Chekov asked with great skepticism.

Uhura, who had her PADD out, answered, "You'll have 15 seconds."

"See, plenty of time." Sulu said reassuringly.

"I... don't know." Chekov said, uncertainly.

"Well, if you want to chicken out I guess you can choose truth." Uhura said.

Chekov nodded. "Yes, I think I'll take a truth."

"Alright," Sulu said. "Who do you have a crush on?"

Chekov grimaced, knowing that if he told Sulu, it would soon become public information, and that was a rumour he didn't want getting around the ship. With a resigned sigh, Chekov said, "Alright, I'll do the dare."

The trio made their way down to one of the airlocks. Chekov sealed himself in, and Uhura and Sulu waved at him through the small window. Uhura held up her communicator to show Chekov that she had it ready to contact the transporter room. Chekov nodded, and held up a hand, using his fingers to count down, and then opened the airlock. Suddenly, he was gone, so fast it was as if he were never there to begin with.

"He did it!" Sulu grinned, genuinely surprised that Chekov went through with it. "The mad lad actually did it!"

With a grin on her face, Uhura high-fived Sulu before speaking into her communicator. "Uhura to transporter room. Scotty, Chekov is outside the ship, we need you to beam him back in." There was no response.

"Wait," Sulu said, face turning to horror with a dawning realization. "Scotty would be sleeping right now, wouldn't he?"

The two looked at each other. "FUCK!" They said in unison, and rushed to wake up Scotty and Doctor McCoy. Sulu was remarkably adept in sprinting in high heels.