

## I Love You More Than Curly Fries

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## I Love You More Than Curly Fries

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Nyota goes to meet her crush for their weekly curly fry hang-out.

### Notes

My entry for Day 2 of Star Trek Femslash Week 2023.

Prompt: Friends to lovers.

Nyota took her eyes off her console for a moment and allowed herself to stretch her arms over her head. She eyed the clock cautiously, as if worried it would reveal that she still had half a shift to go. But luckily, time hadn't warped itself, or if it had, it had warped itself in her favour for once. Only five more minutes until her relief came and set her free for the night.

It was Thursday, according to the ship's calendar, and that meant she had her weekly curly fry hang-out with one of her best friends. Christine was head nurse on the *Enterprise*, and given that her work was confined to sickbay and the labs, her and Nyota's paths never crossed while on duty. Or off duty, for that matter. Christine's job kept her even busier than Nyota's kept her.

With how much Christine had on her plate at all times, Nyota felt honoured that Christine made time just for her every week. As she returned to her quarters to change into civvies after her shift, she thought about what that meant.

Now in a fresh set of clothes, she paused to study herself in the mirror. She looked good, she thought, though a bit over-dressed for eating curly fries on the observation deck. She wore a fashionably oversized sweater striped in autumn colours with black leggings and her cutest pair of heeled ankle boots. She accessorized with a delicate chain necklace, and even swapped out her usual green earrings for her favourite pair of gold hoops. She had intended only to touch up her makeup, but she ended up adding a bit more than she usually wore. She liked the effect it had on her features.

Despite being satisfied with her appearance, she had to fight back the urge to wipe the makeup off her face and change into something less nice. She felt stupid dolling up to eat curly fries. But then... she had a desire to dress up for Christine.

She sighed heavily. She had a huge, long-standing crush on Christine. She wanted to ask her out, but the nerves always got to her. She was always worried that if Christine didn't feel the same, confessing her feelings would damage their friendship, so she kept hoping that maybe Christine would take the initiative instead. But if Christine didn't like her like that, no amount of looking pretty was going to change her mind.

"Just go, Nyota," she muttered to herself, pulling herself away from the mirror before she could decide her getup was too stupid to meet Christine in. "You're going to be late." Scowling at the butterflies in her stomach, she headed to the observation lounge.

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"Hey, you're looking nice," Christine greeted her as Nyota approached.

Smiling shyly, Nyota slid into the chair across the small table from Christine. "Thank you," she said. "You don't look so bad yourself."

Christine wasn't as dressed up as Nyota, but this week her schedule had allowed her time to change into her civvies which was always an improvement over her medical scrubs. Not that she looked bad in those. It's just that sometimes they had odd, unidentifiable stains from a long day of work. Today, she wore an oversized grey plaid shirt, worn open over a simple black t-shirt with jeans and the same sensible shoes she

reported to work in. Aside from her ubiquitous gold-rimmed glasses, she sported no accessories. Christine was always too practical for jewellery. Her iridescent white hair was a magical cloud that looked like it took hours to style, but her hair was just naturally magic. But she did let it loose from her stubby ponytail for the occasion.

"You're staring at me," Christine said, amused.

Nyota shook her head, blinking a couple of times. "You look good today," she said, feeling her face heat.

Christine cocked her head to one side, her tell that she was curious or intrigued about something. Nyota adored the little movement. "You're looking at me *suspiciously*," Christine clarified.

"Oh," Nyota said, trying to recall what she was thinking of exactly while checking out Christine. Something seemed different about Christine, and she was trying to figure out what it was.... "Are you wearing makeup?" She asked.

A light blush appeared on Christine's cheeks and she looked down at the table sheepishly. "Just a bit of eyeliner," she admitted.

"It looks good," Nyota said. "It really accentuates your eyes."

Christine smiled at her. "Thanks." Then, she changed topics. "Right, curly fries," she said, leaning down to open the zipper of the small, insulated bag at her feet. She procured a giant basket of perfectly crispy curly fries and a variety of dipping sauces, placing them in an array on the table between them.

"Mmmm," Nyota hummed as the salty aroma washed over her. She reached over and plucked one from the basket, popping it into her mouth, savouring the delightful warmth and perfect seasoning.

"Just as good as always?" Christine asked, eyes glittering with amusement.

"Better than ever," Nyota said. This is what she said every week.

They relaxed and caught up over the basket of curly fries. They were alone in the observation lounge, so they didn't have to worry about getting too loud as they told one another their '*you'll never believe what happened this week*' stories and laughing themselves hoarse.

By the time the basket was empty save for a few crumbs, they had settled down and were talking about some of the more mundane things in their lives while gazing out the window at the stars.

Nyota sighed. "Always so beautiful," she said. The stars were certainly beautiful, but in that moment she was looking at Christine's reflection in the glass.

"The view never gets old," Christine agreed. Nyota's eyes shifted from the window to Christine, taking the opportunity to gaze at her while her subject was looking elsewhere. The way Christine's face was angled, Nyota could see reflections of starlight in Christine's glasses.

"It never does," Nyota said, not taking her eyes off of Christine. This moment was so quiet, so perfect, and she was so enamoured that she realized she *had* to take the chance. She took a deep breath, and decided to be brave.

"Christine," she started, feeling her heart immediately fly to her throat. She tucked her hands under the table as her palms began to sweat. Christine looked at her, those deep blue eyes meeting hers with such warmth that Nyota briefly considered bailing on her confession. She didn't want to risk losing those warm looks. But she didn't think that she would.

*Be brave*, Nyota thought to herself, then said what she had wanted to say for months. "You're an amazing friend," she said, "and I like you a lot. And I was wondering if maybe you might want to go on... on a date sometime?" Her confidence had started off strong, but rapidly ran away from her. *What am I doing?* She thought in a panic.

Christine's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

*Shit, she'd never even considered me like that before*, Nyota realized, shrinking under Christine's look of shock. It took her a moment to answer, and Nyota feared the worst.

Christine's eyes narrowed in confusion. "Uh... isn't that what we're doing, right now?" She asked.

Nyota blinked, now equally confused. Perhaps Christine hadn't understood exactly. "I mean a *date* date. As in *dating*," she said, trying to clarify.

"Yeah," Christine said slowly, sounding even more confused. "Isn't... Isn't that what we're doing?"

"Is this a date?" Nyota asked.

"I thought it was?"

Nyota sat there, processing. "How long has this been a date?"

"Uh... for a couple of months?" Christine guessed. "Wait... are we *not* dating?"

Nyota blinked. "*Are* we dating?"

"I *thought* we were," Christine said incredulously. "Until you asked me out on a date... while we were already on a date."

Nyota put her face in her hands, bewildered. "Do I have amnesia? Did something happen to me?" She asked, scouring her mind for any clues

that she may have somehow forgotten that she and Christine were dating. "When did we talk about this? Why can't I remember?"

"Oh my god," Christine said suddenly, sounding as if she had come to a dire realization.

"What?" Nyota asked, peering up at her nervously.

Christine had a thousand-yard stare. "We never talked about it."

"What?" Nyota repeated.

Christine shook her head in disbelief. "We never actually discussed it. I just assumed... oh my god I spent the last two months thinking you were my girlfriend and I didn't even *ask* you." It was her turn to put her head in her hands as her face turned beet red. "Nyota, I am *so* sorry."

"No, it's fine," Nyota said, still reeling. "It's... more than fine."

Looking up between her fingers, Christine asked, "Did you... *want* to be my girlfriend?"

"Well, I *did* just ask you out," Nyota replied. Suddenly, the tension dropped out of the room and she laughed. "I can't believe I've been so tortured over you when you've been my girlfriend this whole time!"

Christine snorted and leaned forward until her face was on the table, her shoulders shaking with laughter. They shared a long moment of relief, laughing at the ridiculousness of it all. When she composed herself enough to sit up, Christine's face was flushed, and she lifted her glasses to dab at her eyes with her sleeve. Nyota was no better, also having laughed herself silly, and the giant grin on her face was going to start to hurt. But not now. Not in this moment.

"Well," Christine said, still trying to regain her breath. "It's a good thing we had this conversation *before* I performed the song I wrote for you. Though I'm not sure anything could be more awkward than *that*."

"You wrote me a song?" Nyota asked hands flying to her heart in delighted surprise. Christine wasn't what one would call 'musically inclined,' but Nyota loved music, so it meant a lot that Christine wanted to appeal to her passions.

Christine grinned. "I did. Come on," she said, reaching a hand out to Nyota as she stood up from the table. Nyota took it and allowed herself to be lead across the room to where an upright piano stood. Christine released Nyota's hand as they neared, and Nyota hovered a few feet back as Christine settled onto the bench and opened the piano cover. She cleared her throat, and began.

"*Curly fries, curly fries,*" Christine sang in an off-key tone, accompanying herself with discordant chords that might be considered jazzy if you squinted at them really hard. "*I love you more than curly fries! If I had to chose between curly fries and you, I would choose you!*"

"*Curly fries, curly fries,*" she continued, presumably repeating the verse over, but Nyota couldn't hear any of it as she was literally doubled over laughing. Christine finished her little tune and grinned at Nyota, who was on the floor holding her stomach, laughing so hard that it hurt.

"What did you think of my magnum opus?" Christine asked when Nyota's laughter calmed a bit.

Sitting up, still wracked by bouts of giggling Nyota wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes. "It was beautiful," she said once she gained enough composure to speak. "Bravo, Christine, bravo!" She cheered, giving her a resounding applause.

Christine threw her head back and laughed, then got up to give her bows as Nyota clapped and cheered.

When they finally calmed down, still breathing hard, Christine looked over at her with a sheepish smile. "I really did *try*, though," she said about her song.

"I know," Nyota said. "And it was perfect."

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