

## Malfunctioning Turbo-Lift of Destiny

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1073) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1073>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Alternate Original Series</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Christine Chapel (AOS)/Nyota Uhura (AOS)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Nyota Uhura (AOS)</a> , <a href="#">Christine Chapel (AOS)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Meet Cute</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-05 Words: 1,760 Chapters: 1/1

## Malfunctioning Turbo-Lift of Destiny

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Of course, the turbo-lift had to get stuck between decks with Nyota in it. But at least she's trapped with a cute nurse...

### Notes

My entry for Day 3 of Star Trek Femslash Week 2023.  
Prompt: Trapped in a turbo-lift.

Nyota was the last of the bridge crew to leave her post at the end of the night. It wasn't because her relief was late, but because a circuit board in the comms console had fried. It needed to be fixed as soon as possible, and she didn't let anyone but herself mess with the comms console. That was *her* baby. Needless to say, by the time everything was up and running again and she finally allowed herself to head back to her quarters, it was very late, and she was very tired.

She was so preoccupied with thoughts of a glass of wine and an old TV show to wind down for the evening that she forgot to give the turbo-lift instructions on where to bring her. So she was surprised when the doors opened up to G-Deck, two decks past her destination. The woman who had called the turbo-lift to that deck stepped inside with her. By her uniform and lab coat, she was one of the medical staff - a nurse, likely - and by the bags under her eyes, Nyota guessed that she too was just getting off a long shift.

"E-Deck," the nurse said. The turbo-lift doors closed, obediently taking them back upwards. Nyota decided to save herself some embarrassment and wait until the woman got off the turbo-lift before giving it her own destination of D-Deck. She wouldn't want anyone thinking she was just idly standing in the turbo-lift as it made its rounds, with no destination in mind. At best, this person would think she was strange, but at worse, she might be summoned to Doctor McCoy's office for a psychiatric evaluation.

The turbo-lift came to a stop. The doors, however, did not open. Both women looked at the digital display beside the door, and saw that the position indicator was in between E-Deck and F-Deck.

"E-Deck?" The nurse tried again, hoping that would jog the turbo-lift back to life, but it didn't budge. A little red light appeared on the panel, next to the 'out of service' label.

Nyota sighed, her shoulders sagging. So much for a relaxing evening in her pyjamas with wine and TV. She stepped forward and tapped the comm panel awake, paging engineering. "Uhura to engineering," she called.

It took a minute to get a response. "Engineering here."

"We've got a turbo-lift stuck between decks E and F," Nyota said. "We're in turbo-shaft two."

"Copy that. Is there anyone trapped inside?"

"Affirmative. Myself and one other are stuck in here."

"Alright. Hang tight, Lieutenant," the engineer said. "We'll get that fixed as soon as we can."

"Much appreciated," Nyota said, signing off the comms. She looked over to the nurse she was trapped with and gave her a tired smile. "Might be a while."

The nurse smiled, and Nyota felt bad for her. Sure, she had had a gruelling shift, but from the exhaustion on this woman's face, she had just pulled a double on a busy day in sickbay. She looked about to fall asleep on her feet, but she exchanged pleasantries anyway. "Lieutenant Uhura, right?" She asked, having heard the name over the comms with engineering.

Nyota smiled amicably. "Call me Nyota," she said.

The nurse nodded, her fluffy white bob bouncing with the movement, and her large, gold rimmed glasses slid down her nose. She pushed them up as she introduced herself. "Christine Chapel. Head nurse."

That flagged some recognition. "Oh, so *you're* the famous Christine that Doctor McCoy is always talking about," Nyota said.

Christine chuckled in amusement. "Saying all good things, I hope," she jested.

"Of course," Nyota said. "He's always saying that you're the captain of sickbay, and that the whole ship would probably implode if not for you."

This got a genuine laugh out of Christine, and her deep blue eyes became a bit less tired. "Well, I don't know about that last bit," she said. "But they might as well change the title of 'head nurse' to 'sickbay captain' for all the work we have to do."

"Long day today?" Nyota asked.

Christine nodded. "It's been one of those days," she agreed, then gave Nyota a once over. "You're looking a bit rough too. Let me guess... unscheduled overtime?"

"You know it," Nyota said. "And of course, *we're* the ones trapped in the turbo-lift."

"Ah well," Christine shrugged. "It's all part of the adventure, I guess."

The nurse's relaxed attitude put Nyota at ease, and her frustration about the elevator entrapment melted away. She studied her companion a moment, really taking in her features for the first time.

Christine Chapel was a small woman, shorter than Nyota and slight. She had deep blue eyes behind adorably large glasses, elegantly framed in gold. Her hair was cut in a messy bob the texture of springy beach waves, and was white as snow, and just as shimmering. Her complexion was pale, but had warm pink undertones that Nyota was sure became aggressively red when she flushed. She wore no makeup, putting her pronounced eye-bags and crows feet on display like trophies of a life well lived but hard earned. She wore her medical scrubs and a lab coat, which hung off her slight frame like she was a coat rack. She was... cute. *Really* cute. Suddenly, Nyota felt very conscious of her own appearance, hoping that her eyeliner wasn't smudged and that none of her hair had fallen out of its ponytail.

"So," Nyota said, hoping that Christine hadn't noticed her staring. "What were you heading off to before we got stuck here?"

"A nice cup of honeyed tea and a good book," Christine said dreamily. "Probably only a few pages before I passed out, though. What were your plans?"

"Wine and some old TV," Nyota sighed wistfully. "All curled up on the couch in cozy pyjamas."

"Oh, don't talk about pyjamas," Christine joked. "It's torture just thinking about it. How cruel of fate to have stranded us in this turbo-wasteland, deprived of cozy pyjamas!"

Nyota giggled, and Christine joined her. They continued to chat amicably, making jokes and talking about their favourite books and vids. Christine's eye-contact was intense, but not uncomfortable. Nyota did catch the nurse's gaze flicking over her stealthily. Up to her glossy black hair, down to her modest curves, to her lips. Nyota smiled to herself. She wasn't the only one checking out a cute girl that night.

The comm crackled to life again, interrupting them, and the voice of the engineer Nyota had spoken to previously came online. "Engineering to Lieutenant Uhura," he called.

Nyota wanted to curse at him for interrupting her conversation with Christine. Instead, she put on her pleasant professional voice and answered. "Uhura here."

"Oh good, you haven't suffocated," the engineer joked. "We're manually lowering the turbo-lift to F-Deck. Ensign Gaffe will meet you there and pry the doors open for you."

"Thank the Stars," Nyota replied. "And the good engineers, of course," she added quickly.

"We're flattered," the engineer said. "Sorry for the trouble. Have a good night now." With that, the turbo-lift slowly began to move downward.

When it ground to a halt, presumably somewhat in line with the F-Deck turbo-shaft door, they heard a knocking from the other side.

"You two all right in there, Lieutenant?" A voice called out, muffled through the closed doorway.

"We will be once you get us out of here," she called back, voice friendly.

"Copy that, ma'am. Stand back from the door and I'll get you right on out."

Nyota shot a smile at Christine and the two of them stepped back from the door, waiting patiently as the door was pried open. They looked at each other with grimaces at a terrible screeching metal sound, but couldn't help giggling at their matching expressions. Finally, the door opened a crack, revealing a red-uniformed ensign labouring with a crowbar on the other side.

"We're saved!" Christine declared dramatically, clapping her hands together.

Nyota grinned as the doors were forced open wide enough for them to fit through. "Damsels in distress no longer!" She cheered. Stepping out onto F-Deck, she shook the engineering ensign's hand and clapped him on the shoulder. "Thank you Ensign, it was getting mighty stuffy in there."

Ensign Gaffe smiled awkwardly. "Just doing my job, Lieutenant." Having completed his task and being obviously shy, the ensign skittered off back to the depths of engineering, leaving Nyota and Christine to stand alone together in the wide corridor.

"Well, this is your stop," Nyota said. "I guess I'll head up to my deck. On a different turbo-lift, obviously."

Christine's grin was tired but mischievous. "Let's hope you don't get stuck in that one, too."

Nyota shuddered exaggeratedly. "If I get stuck, I am *never* setting foot in the turbo-lifts again. I'll use the Jefferies tubes if I have to."

This got another laugh out of Christine, which made Nyota feel fuzzy and warm inside. In the short time she spent with her new acquaintance, she had discovered that making Christine laugh - making her eyes crinkle and her crows feet stand out on her pale skin - made her feel very happy.

They stood awkwardly for a while, looking at each other as if waiting for the other to leave first. "Well," Nyota said, breaking the silence before it got too weird. "I guess I should be going." She gestured over her shoulder with her thumb at the second turbo-lift, taking a step backward in that direction.

"Wait," Christine said suddenly, stopping Nyota in her tracks. The nurse rummaged in the pockets of her lab coat, pulling out an old fashioned pocket notebook and a pen. She scribbled something down on it, tore the sheet from the rest of the pad, and handed the scrap of paper to Nyota. "We should hang out sometime when we aren't asleep on our feet," Christine said with a smile.

Nyota looked down at the paper, seeing a string of numbers, which she presumed was Christine's comm ID. She beamed at the nurse. "I will certainly call you."

"I'm looking forward to it," Christine said, the slightest bit of red blooming on her smooth cheeks.

With that, they parted. Christine walking down the corridor to her quarters, and Nyota stepping into the turbo-lift - the working one. She got all the way to her quarters before she realized that she was grinning like an idiot and clutching the scrap of paper like it was something precious. And perhaps it was. After all, it was a token of the beginning of something wonderful.

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