

## Business and Pleasure

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by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Una takes the plea deal, and receives an offer she doesn't expect.

### Notes

Written for kira\_katrine in the [Fandom Gift Basket](#) fest.

Una stares down into her glass, wishing it was bigger. One of the side effects of her enhancements is resistance to alcohol, which makes it hard to get drunk.

Hard, but not impossible, and she signals the bartender for another round.

It still doesn't quite seem real to her, even with the memories fresh in her mind; the stylus heavy in her hand as she signed the forms releasing her from Starfleet.

She's a free woman now, but at what cost?

It isn't as if she didn't know this might happen, but part of her still hoped that maybe... maybe things might have gone differently. But it's too late now. Her choice is made, and she'll just have to find a way to live with it.

She takes another drink just as someone slides into the seat next to her. Una focuses on her glass, projecting 'don't talk to me' vibes as hard as she can. She isn't that fond of small talk at the best of times, and these are definitely not the best of times.

Unfortunately luck isn't with her. "Bad day?" The voice is female, with the hint of an accent.

"I don't want to talk about it," Una says without looking up.

"Maybe not, but I do," the woman continues, sounding almost amused. "I believe we can help each other."

Una finally raises her head, intending to tell the woman she doesn't need any help, only to find herself face to face with someone she recognises. "Captain Georgiou? I thought you were-

"Dead? Gone? You should know not to listen to rumours." She continues on before Una can respond. "Speaking of which, I hear you're in need of a new career. I might be able to help with that."

She lays a familiar black badge on the bar. Una stares at it for a moment, fingers tightening around her glass. "If you know my career is over," she says slowly, "then you also know I'm banned from Starfleet."

"From the normal Starfleet," Georgiou counters. "We have a little more leeway in these matters. Especially when it comes to someone with your... unique abilities."

Una shakes her head. "I appreciate the offer," she says, even though she isn't sure that's the case, "but I don't think I'm the person you're looking for. I've had enough of cloak and dagger for one lifetime."

It's a strange bittersweet feeling, knowing she doesn't have to hide anymore.

Georgiou doesn't argue, merely shrugs and slips the badge back into her pocket. "I understand," she says. "But the offer is open."

Una expects her to leave, but instead she orders a drink from the bartender before adding, "And another for my friend here."

"Getting me drunk isn't going to change my mind," Una tells her.

"Oh, I know," Georgiou replies. "But since you don't want to talk business, I thought we could move on to pleasure." She reaches out and runs her fingers lightly across Una's wrist before pulling back with a smirk and taking a sip from her glass.

A flash of heat rushes through Una's body, her wrist tingling from the touch. This is a bad idea, she knows. She should turn the drink down. She should leave this bar and go home.

She does neither. Instead she picks up the glass, raising it to Georgiou in a toast.

"To pleasure," she says, and drinks.

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