

No Tribble at All

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Summary

Scotty gives Uhura a gift on her birthday.

Notes

Written for kingstoken in the [Fandom Gift Basket](#) fest.

Scotty makes a few last adjustments with his screwdriver and steps back, wiping his forehead on his arm. He's been working on this project for weeks, on and off, and it's finally finished.

"I hope she likes it," he murmurs, picking up the results of his work and placing it carefully into a box. He can't wait to see the look on Uhura's face when she opens it.

He checks the time and curses. He's going to be late. Hastily he ties the box with a purple ribbon – her favourite colour – then picks it up and hurries out of the room.

* * *

Uhura smiles as yet another person wishes her happy birthday, but her expression soon grows pensive as she sneaks another glance at the door, wondering what could have happened to Scotty. They've only been seeing each other for a few weeks, but it still hurts that he's missing her birthday party.

As if summoned by her thoughts, he appears in the doorway, and her heart speeds up as he makes his way over, a box held tightly in both hands.

"Sorry I'm late," he says, holding out the box with an embarrassed smile. "Lost track of time. I wanted it to be perfect."

"It's okay," she replies, unable to keep from smiling as she takes her present from him. It's lighter than she expected, and she gives Scotty a curious look before undoing the ribbon and opening the box.

What's inside makes her freeze in surprise. She stares for a long moment, before reaching in and pulling out a familiar furry ball. "Is this...?"

"A tribble," Kirk interrupts, his voice tinged with disbelief. "You got her a *tribble*? What were you thinking?"

"You've got it all wrong," Scotty protests. "It's not real."

It feels real, vibrating against her palm and cooing softly. But Scotty turns it upside down and shows her the catch on the bottom, the wires and circuits inside.

"I made it myself," he says. "I know it's not quite as good as a real one, but-"

"It's perfect," Uhura interrupts, her heart swelling with affection as she imagines the time and effort he must have put in. "I love it."

She leans in to kiss him, the robotic tribble vibrating between them. "Thank you," she says when they break apart, and Scotty smiles, his cheeks red.

"You're welcome," he says.

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