

The Best Revenge

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The Best Revenge

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

After Spock's pon farr ceremony goes spectacularly awry, Uhura and T'Pring decide to go for a drink. Or maybe more than one.

Notes

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Uhura mutters darkly under her breath as she stalks away from the koon-ut-kal-if-fee. *Damn Spock. Damn him!* She remembers questioning his intentions when he invited the captain down along with her, but she never expected *this*.

Granted, the whole pon farr idea never really thrilled her, especially given the recent cooling of their relationship, but she loves Spock, and was prepared to do this for him. Except that, apparently, Spock had other plans – something of which she was blissfully unaware until he decided to practically jump Kirk in the middle of the ceremony.

Her hands clench into fists at the memory. She can only imagine her expression right now, and she can't help but notice the Vulcans around her are giving her sidelong glances. Taking deep breaths, she tries to calm down. The last thing she wants to do is cause some kind of diplomatic incident just because her boyfriend – *ex*-boyfriend, she corrects bitterly – is busy pon farring with his captain instead of her.

Suddenly her eyes catch on a familiar face, and she pauses. She recognises the woman from the ceremony. Spock's original mate. T'Pen? No, T'Pring. That was it.

T'Pring meets her gaze steadily, and it dawns on Uhura that she isn't the only person Spock screwed over. A faint smile crosses her face as she makes her way over.

"I believe we have something in common," she says in Vulcan. "Among my people, we have a ritual for situations like this."

"Indeed?" T'Pring asks, raising an eyebrow.

Uhura nods, smiling grimly. "Follow me."

* * *

Several shots later, Uhura is well on the way to being drunk, and feeling much more positive about the situation. "You know what?" she asks. "Screw him. I can do better anyway."

She doesn't know quite what T'Pring's drinking, but from the way she sways in her seat it seems to be working. "I admit I was surprised when Spock appeared with you," she says, with just the barest slur to her words. "I had always assumed his interest lay in males."

Uhura snorts. "Good call." After a moment of silence, she speaks again. "So, what are you going to do now?" she asks. "You're a free woman. Any other potential bondmates lined up?"

T'Pring looks pensive. "I do not know. There was someone, once, but he... died."

She doesn't have to say how, and Uhura tosses back another shot before she can dwell on that thought. "Well," she says. "I admit I don't know you that well, but you're smart and beautiful, so I can't imagine you'll have any trouble finding a partner."

"Beautiful?" T'Pring asks.

Uhura nods firmly. "Those dark eyes, and the way you style your hair... you're stunning."

T'Pring tilts her head, studying Uhura with interest. "You are aesthetically appealing also."

A tiny, impulsive part of Uhura, made stronger by alcohol, takes that as a challenge. Slowly she reaches out and strokes T'Pring's hand with her fingertips. "Do you want to get out of here?" she asks in a low voice, and smiles when she sees T'Pring swallow.

It's only a short walk from the bar to T'Pring's home, something Uhura is grateful of. She has enough respect for Vulcan culture to keep her hands to herself during the journey, but she can't help but feel impatient. T'Pring really is very attractive, and dammit, she deserves to have sex with *someone* tonight.

The second they're inside she pushes T'Pring up against the wall and kisses her. T'Pring looks a little stunned when she pulls back, and Uhura remembers, too late, that Vulcans don't usually kiss the way humans do.

T'Pring doesn't seem put off, however. She touches her lips thoughtfully, then leans in again, pressing her mouth to Uhura's. The kiss is inexperienced at best, but still makes Uhura's heart pound.

T'Pring pulls away again and Uhura groans, tugging ineffectually at her clothing.

"The bedroom is this way," T'Pring murmurs, before taking Uhura's hand and lacing their fingers together. When T'Pring begins leading her further into the building, Uhura wastes no time in following.

* * *

When Uhura wakes up, her head is pounding, and it takes her a moment to realise she's a) not in her quarters and b) not alone. She turns her head and sees T'Pring watching her, her dark eyes almost curious.

"How long are you staying?" T'Pring asks.

Uhura blinks, her thoughts blurry from the hangover. "Uh. I guess until Spock's finished with his..." She trails off and waves a hand, not wanting to explore that train of thought. "Why?"

T'Pring sits up, not bothering to cover herself. "I wondered if you could assist me with a project."

"Oh?" Uhura asks, trying – and failing – not to stare. "What sort of project?"

She forces her gaze up to meet T'Pring's and swears she sees an almost... mischievous look in T'Pring's eyes. "An experiment into human sexual behaviour. I feel my knowledge in this area is lacking."

Uhura nods, a smile crossing her face. "Oh. Well, I think I would be happy to help you with that." She lets her fingers move until she is drawing circles on T'Pring's hand, then shifts forward and brushes their lips together. "Very happy indeed."

T'Pring pushes her back down to the bed, and Uhura goes willingly, realising with a start that she isn't angry anymore. Let Kirk have Spock, for all she cares.

She's found something even better.

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