

## you will be mentioned in their biographies

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1183) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1183>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a> , <a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Discovery</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Laura Rillak/Michael Burnham</a> , <a href="#">Michael Burnham &amp; Charles Vance</a> , <a href="#">Laura Rillak &amp; Charles Vance</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Charles Vance</a> , <a href="#">Michael Burnham</a> , <a href="#">Laura Rillak</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">POV Second Person</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-17 Words: 1,613 Chapters: 1/1

## you will be mentioned in their biographies

by [ussjellyfish](#)

### Summary

Admiral Vance thinks about his place in what will certainly be the official biography of Captain Michael Burnham and her wife, President Laura Rillak.

### Notes

I wrote this in the middle of the night. It was fun. I love Vance's voice and his long poetic analogies, it's second person. (I don't know why, it just fit).

Vance's life must have been so hard, and then Michael and Discovery show up and everything starts getting better. (even what he thought would be the end).

You are the last Starfleet admiral. You may very well be the end of an era if Starfleet collapses. Some nights when your ships go out and don't come back, you worry you will not pass your responsibilities on, because no one will remain. When all you have left is a handful of ships in a cloaking bubble, and an idea of what Starfleet should be. What it has been. What it could be, if you had what the Federation once did.

An antique starship appears from 900 years in the past. (Time travel is illegal, but no one mentions it.) The antique runs on mushrooms and hope and her captain is one of the captains they name starships after. A Sisko. A Janeway. One of those captains who stands on her bridge and moves the galaxy around her.

You haven't even made her a captain yet when she defeats Osyraa and destroys the enemy you've been running from for your entire career.

Your virtuoso captain solves the mystery of the Burn, finds dilithium and suddenly you have starships and a spacedock, and the Academy is open again. Starfleet will not end with you after all.

You have hope, it radiates outward from this antique ship and her crew, and this captain. *Your captain*. The one who believes in everything you've been holding together.

She's the kind of captain you throw at problems, and your new president - the one who ran on what the Federation could be - knows it as well as you do.

Your last president was a light house keeper. The lights never went out, but they dimmed in the storms, and you all felt the darkness reaching up with the waves.

Michael and Laura make peace with the nameless terror devouring planets, finding common ground with creatures out side the galaxy who didn't realize any of you were sentient, strange little creatures that you are. You had to send them to talk to the 10-C, at the end of everything, she's the person you want to have the last shot.

And Michael makes it. She brings home the president of the fragile democracy that your ships hold together.

(the one you thought you would never see again)

The pragmatist to match your Captain's hope.

They saved Earth. The Federation.

You.

The Academy gains more students. Earth rejoins the Federation again. Your starships are safer, stronger. You reach out, even start sending scientific missions.

One of them brings you real apples, and they taste like the sun.

Your captains go out and come back and tell you the secrets of the wonders they never had time to glance at before.

This is what you wanted when you were young and starry eyed, reading mission logs and flying holo ships in your room. This is connection, making the galaxy a little bit more explored, more whole. This is a galaxy where you can let your daughter hope. Maybe even the vibrant, terrifying, Michael Burnham kind of hope.

You stop tensing when your daughter talks about Starfleet, someday.

You wonder if she'll stand where you are, captaining her own ship while Michael guides Starfleet through the glorious, unyielding void of space. You can see it happening, and that warms you like the sound of laughter in the president's office.

You see Laira and Michael touch hands, then walk together. This chapter of your history is Michael Burnham and *Discovery*, Laira Rillak and the 10-C.

They came home together, after all. They made more than peace with each other. There's an appreciation for each other's skills. (You knew, of course, you work so closely with both of them).

First, you wonder.

Then you smile, because of course this is what they're bad at. Saving the galaxy is easy, going on a date is hard.

So you watch, and smile, and listen to them both extol the virtues of the other. You might send Michael after the president more than a few times, because they suit each other. Michael raises to the challenges Laira keeps facing, and they keep returning together.

Content - exhilarated by the challenge - supported, but falling.

They teeter around love like stray asteroids, falling from orbit. Their inevitable inferno is only a surprise to them, because even the cadets start to smile when they speak to them together.

They touch, in small ways, standing a little closer to each other. They go weeks without seeing each other, of course, that's the way of the work, but you arrange the president's transport, and *Discovery* is so easy to send after her.

And Laira comes home happier from *Discovery*. She tells you little stories of card games, and sitting with the crew, listening to their tales of the galaxy 900 years ago. You picture her laughing with them, your ambassador turned beacon, standing beside Michael, sharing her light.

*Discovery* picking her up is the most efficient, of course. The whole galaxy is on their way and you need the president back at headquarters. There's so much to do.

The president needs to go to Betazed and Tellar Prime and Earth and Ni'Var and Orion and you can make the whole thing so much less exhausting if she takes *Discovery*.

And she knows Michael so well, appreciates her, of course Laira should hand her this award, and of course Michael should escort her to this dinner.

And then you throw the Admiral's ball.

There hasn't been an Admiral's ball since the Burn, and you are in charge of this one (you're still the only admiral).

You put them in the spotlight. Let the lights fall on your captain and your president while you take a moment to appreciate that you have all your captains in one place and your hands aren't cold with terror.

You go to the party, and have fun. You dance with your wife and let your daughter sneak in for awhile and listen to all the laughter.

And stories.

And jokes.

And you smile sagely and nod when people look at the two of them - your radiant couple - and raise an eye ridge.

Mostly they smile.

"Are they together?"

"Is there something between the president and Captain Burnham? They look good together."

"They look happy."

You shrug. They'd have to tell you immediately, you're the one who has the challenge of keeping them both safe. You've imagined that

conversation. How Michael will tell you earnestly, hesitant but firm.

Joyful.

Laura will look away, and her hands won't hold still and you'll have to remind her that we lead best from a place of strength. It's okay to have a little fun.

You have some experience balancing love and the universe, you tell her.

You watch them smile and hold hands across from you in Laura's office. You give them your blessing, your hope, your permission (not that they need it).

The paperwork is all for your information, not your approval, but each of them seek it.

Both of them need to be told, in their way, that this is all right. That they took can balance each other and the universe.

You believe in them, and hope for the future. Maybe even the stinging, terrifying, antique kind of hope.

Anything is possible, you tell your wife when she asks you again, over breakfast, what the story is about them.

"Their stories intertwine."

"Oh do they?" She teases, eyes sparkling.

You are reminded, again, daily, how much you love your wife. How fortunate you are that your story intertwined with her.

You suspect, of course, that they're closer in the next few weeks. Something shifts - the tiniest gravitational distortion can alter so much, and they pull together.

Lieutenant Tilly confirms it for you, wordlessly beaming behind Michael's head while she points at her ring finger.

Laura tells you more formally, and you sit with her and the incredibly amused Vice President, drafting an unofficial framework to keep the systems in place while she joins her life with your virtuoso.

(an excellent choice).

Michael tells you last, standing beside your viewport, looking out at the stars that brought her here. They're her real home, everything else is stranded into her story, knit into the contrast with the dark.

"You don't need my permission to fall in love, captain. Neither does she."

"Maybe I'm looking for forgiveness."

"You won't get that from me."

Laughing, she shakes her head. "From myself, from everyone I left behind. I thought my family would be with me when I took this step, and they are, my ship is my family."

But there's a family she left behind. One every bit as historic as she is.

"I, for one, am glad you're here now."

"Me too." Michael crosses her arms over her chest, then shifts her hands behind her back. "Seems like I had a place."

"We needed you. I think it's safe to say that Laura does."

Michael raises an eyebrow at you.

"We are all faced with challenges that seem beyond our capabilities. The people we choose to surround ourselves with - especially the ones we chose to walk beside - they make all those challenges a little less daunting."

"Getting married is terrifying."

"It is." You nod and chuckle. "It will be."

"So you'll officiate? It would mean a lot to both of us."

"It will be my honor." Not one you saw coming, but who could have, really? The secrets of the universe are vast and unknowable, living within them is a daily adventure.

When they stand before you, in front of what seems like the entire Federation, you can't help being aware of your own place in what will be history.

One you are proud of.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!