

It Still Bleeds

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

La'an drinks too much, recalls uncomfortable feelings, and goes to Erica for support

La'an thought she could handle three drinks. This wasn't the first time she had drunk three drinks...though it had been a while, and La'an rarely drank. Whatever was going on, it made her feel as though the ship's gravity and balance systems were out of whack. She might not have been able to walk straight if Erica hadn't helped her back to her quarters.

Once the door closed behind them, La'an wrapped her arms around Erica's waist and tried to pull her close, but Erica braced herself and shrank back. "Heyyy now, I admire the enthusiasm, and while I had hoped that was where tonight would lead, I think you just need to get some sleep."

La'an nodded. "It was a mistake to try to keep up with you."

"Eh, mistakes happen." Erica led La'an over to the bed, and La'an melted into the mattress.

"Stay with me anyway," she mumbled, her face buried in the pillow.

"That I can do." Erica sat on the foot of the bed and placed a gentle hand on La'an's lower leg.

"Good. I don't want you to leave. Everyone leaves."

Erica sat up a little straighter. "Is that drunken rambling or is something bothering you?"

"I don't know. Neither. Both."

"Both sounds about right. What's on your mind?"

"Everything."

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