

All Too Romulan

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Summary

Reporting aboard. Fighting the same battles, but from an unexpected source.

2295

Commander Saavik walks up to the door of the captain's quarters. She manages to keep the surprise off of her face at the armed security officer standing there. She looks down at herself, making sure that her uniform was all correct. She looks up into the broad face of the guard, then nods.

He touches a button on his wrist comm. "First officer reporting, sir," he says.

The door slides open. She walks in and stands at attention in front of the desk. She starts to look around, to get a measure of the man who lives there, but she thinks better of it. She stares at the far wall, then says, "Commander Saavik, reporting aboard as ordered, Captain Stivek," she says formally.

He waits at least thirty seconds before nodding. "Orders," he says in a low, deep voice. She holds out the small chip. He doesn't take it, but flicks his eyes to the desk. She places it there, then returns to attention.

Stivek had given no indication that she could move to to the 'at ease' position, or even the 'parade rest', like most commanders she'd reported to.

Including Vulcan ones.

He lifts the chip and inserts it into a slot. His eyes scan the lines. Finally he looks up at her. Staring at her for precisely another thirty seconds. "You come highly recommended, Saavik," he says in Vulcan. "Your officer efficiency ratings are exemplary. Although I would question some, as they come from your mentor, Captain Spock. It would serve him well to ensure your continued success."

Saavik feels her anger flash—the anger born of Hellguard and her unknown Romulan's parentage. Spock's voice in her head calms her, keeping her from even revealing her anger, much less coming across the desk and snapping Stivek's neck.

Instead, she says quietly. "I believe you'll find others signing off and giving my OERs." She realizes that she has made a mistake as his eyebrow raises.

"We don't use shortcuts here on the *Intrepid*, Commander. We are Vulcans. We are precise in our language and our duties."

"Yes, Captain," she says.

"I didn't ask for you, Commander," he says. "I see others' hands in this, including Ambassador Sarek's and Captain Spock's." He continues to stare into her eyes. "This is a Vulcan ship, based on logic and a lack of emotion. I'm not sure how a Romulan will fare here."

What happened to the idea that 'tolerance is logical'? she thinks. She feels the IDIC symbol burning against her skin, between her breasts. One that Spock had given her early on in his tutelage.

Unaccountably she thinks of one of the cadets that had been under her command on the training mission that had almost ended in disaster, with the Battle of the Mutara Nebula. A third-year, part of a tight-knit group. A tall, prickly human female from the island that had once been known as the United Kingdom.

She thinks of the nickname, given by her circle, for a certain character trait.

Of having an almost genetic propensity to always have the final word.

Saavik is tempted, to remind Stivek of those Vulcan philosophies. She wonders if Eleanora Cavendish's example is the best to use at this moment.

She thinks of another example, one who had just recently died and had been mourned by the entire Federation and words he had used in her presence.

To hell with it.

Saavik opens her mouth.

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