

easily scandalized

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by [TechnicolorRevel](#)

Summary

Una says that La'an is easy to scandalize. La'an attempts to disagree.

Notes

Kinktober day 11, humiliation!

The whole of the Enterprise was quiet.

Well, as quiet as it ever was. There was the quiet thrum of the warp core, and a ship the size of the Enterprise was never *truly* silent. The few people not on shore leave were going about their business, there were the little creaks and sighs as the ship got comfortable in its bay, like a person settling down into bed for the night.

It was the sort of sentimentality that La'an wouldn't usually display, but it was difficult not to be sentimental at a time like this, sitting across from Number One at the small table in the empty dining hall, the dim light gilding and shadowing the other woman's face. Una's hair was gathered in a high pony tail, and it trailed over one shoulder as she frowned down at the PADD in front of her, her brow furrowed in thought.

La'an's own PADD was in front of her, momentarily forgotten as she just... took in the moment. Their lives were rarely quiet enough for moments like this, and she was going to *savor* it.

And then Number One glanced up at her, and their eyes met. La'an quickly looked down at her own PADD, cleared her throat. Had she been wearing an especially silly expression? She usually had better control over whatever it was that her face was doing, but when her guard was down like this...

"Lieutenant Ortega was really trying to get you to come with her and Chapel," Una said, and she was speaking quietly enough that La'an had to lean forward to pick up her words over the low background hum. She rested her chin on her elbow, her elbow on the table, and she gave a discreet yawn, covering it with the back of her hand.

"The two of them are still hazing Uhura," said La'an, rolling her eyes. "From what I heard, they're going to that seedy strip club, with that Orion woman who can touch the back of her head with the bottoms of her feet." She caught Una's expression, and she held both hands out defensively. "I don't know the place myself," she said, aware that she sounded defensive and unsure how to stop. "Nurse Chapel was regaling me with all the details."

"*Sure* she did," said Una, but the expression she shot La'an was fond.

"I think they were trying to see if they could scandalize me," La'an said, and she rolled her eyes. "Good luck to them, as long as I've been in Starfleet."

"I don't know," Number One said, and her mouth twisted into a mischievous grin. "Hearing you speak like that, I'd think that you've been in Starfleet as long as *I* have."

"You haven't been in Starfleet that long," La'an protested, but wait. "I'm not trying to say that you're old," she tried again, but that was just as bad, wasn't it? "

Lacking anything else to do, she took a slug of her drink, because she couldn't say anything stupid if her mouth was full.

"I didn't think you were suggesting that I was old until you said that," Una said dryly, and a piece of hair had slipped from her ponytail.

La'an wanted to tuck it back behind Una's ear. Wanted to press her lips to the soft skin between Una's earlobe and the collar of Una's uniform, and that was *not* a road that she was going down right then, she outright refused.

She was probably turning red, wasn't she?

"Well," La'an said, when she put her drink down. "That's wasn't what I meant." *Why* was she so flustered? It wasn't as if she was drinking alcohol, even! She was still leaning forward, but now Una was as well, and that same ponytail was dangling down, the zipper of her uniform opening just enough that La'an could see the hollow of Una's throat, peeking out from under the black and golden fabric.

She made a point of looking back up into Una's face, but that was a little worse, wasn't it? Something about the other woman's gaze was pinning her in place.

"You're easy to scandalize," Una said confidently, and La'an rolled her eyes theatrically, leaning back in her seat. They were on more familiar ground now - whatever anxious energy had been building seemed to have dissipated.

She *really* needed to do something about this inappropriate... what, crush? Infatuation. She had made a point of not naming it, because naming it would probably make it stick around, and it *would* leave.

Eventually.

It had been a few years but... well.

"You're *incredibly* easy to scandalize," Una said, and now she had both elbows on the table.

"I am *not*," La'an said, incensed.

Una kept the eye contact, and her hand came down to... the zipper at the front of her uniform? Before La'an's brain was fully engaged with what was happening, Una was pulling the zipper *down*, and La'an could see the fabric parting now - the hint of Una's collarbone, more of her throat. Her hair was a shadow over her shoulder, and if she kept at it, would La'an be able to see the tops of the cups of Una's bra?

"Number One!" La'an hissed, and she was looking around anxiously, her cheeks on fire. "*Una*, what are you *doing*?!"

Una leaned back, crossing her arms under her breasts. "I rest my case," she said cheerfully.

"What if someone *saw*?!" La'an said, and she was still blushing, although the whole space was empty.

"There's nobody around to see," Una said, "other than you, of course." And she was grinning wider. "Somehow, I don't think you'd mind."

"Well," La'an said, and she cleared her throat. "It's..." She rubbed the back of her neck, trying to ignore just how hard her heart was beating in her ribs. "You're the First Officer, you can't just... get naked where anyone can see!"

"You're the only one here," Una pointed out, and she was being entirely too... reasonable. "Not exactly anyone." And then she had the audacity to *wink*. "And I wasn't getting naked, either." A pause. "Although. *You're* not First Officer. Does that mean that *you* could just get naked, then?"

"I'm not the First Officer," said La'an, and that wasn't the right thing to say in this sort of situation, was it?

"So are you going to get naked?" Una's chin on her palm again, her elbow on the table. Her expression was one of polite interest, but there was a twinkle in her eye.

I'm in over my head, La'an thought, and she was almost giddy with... what, embarrassment? Arousal? Terror?

"Why would I get naked?" La'an's voice was getting squeaky.

"Would you do it if I asked?" Una was drumming her fingers on her cheek now.

What is happening? La'an licked her lips. "Why would you ask that?"

"Well," Una said, and she leaned back into her chair, her hands behind her head. Her uniform gaped open that little bit, and La'an wanted to press her face into that skin, rake a deep breath of Una's skin, feel the other woman's heartbeat...

"That's not an answer," La'an said, and her voice was shaking. "And would you..." She swallowed, trying to dismantle whatever feeling was trying to work its way out of her throat. "Is this as my First Officer or as my..." *Friend? Mentor?* "Or as Una?"

Una smiled, and *her* cheeks were getting pink. "Which answer is more likely to get me what I want?" A wider grin.

"What is it you want, exactly?" La'an's hands were shaking. She laced her fingers together, so hard her knuckles ached.

"I showed you mine," Una said, and the way she was looking La'an up and down like... well, like a bowl of strawberries.

La'an leaned back in her chair, and she was grasping the hem of her uniform shirt before she could stop herself. The embarrassment - the *humiliation* - was hot and thick in the back of her throat, crawling down her back like sweat. *I would do almost anything for her*, was a thought that settled into her mind like a joint into a socket, and then there was cooler air on her belly as she pulled it up.

Cool air on her belly, around her ribs, and her fingers hooked under the cups of her bra, and if anyone walked by they'd see her like this. The head of security and a senior officer, her nipples getting hard, her skin prickling all over with goose flesh. She was *doing* this, and the humiliation and arousal were all twined together, pulsing between her legs, between her shoulder blades, prickling across her scalp.

La'an glanced down, taking in the sight of her own bared breasts. They looked... awkward like this, poking out from under her shirt, the bra bunched up around her collarbone. She wanted Una's hands on her, covering brown nipples and pale skin, wanted Una's mouth, wanted to shove a hand down between her legs and grind against her clit until she came.

And when she looked back up into Una's face, it was like the other woman could read each and every filthy thought that was circling her mind.

She made to pull her shirt back down, and Una held a finger up, and she reached forward, adjusting the light on the table between the two of them. Una was looking at her raptly, taking everything in, and could this get any more... heady?

"Very nice," said Una, and she put her finger down again. She licked her lips, and her eyes were dark. "Good girl," she added, almost as an afterthought.

"Can I..." La'an cleared her throat. Her knuckles were turning white as she held on to her own hem. "Someone might see," she said finally.

Anyone could see, she thought, and she pressed her thighs together.

"They might," Una agreed, and her eyes flicked down to La'an's breasts again, then back to La'an's face. "When are you off duty?"

"You're the one doing the duty rosters," La'an said thickly.

Una leaned over, grabbing the hem of La'an's shirt back down. Her bra was still bunched up over her breasts, and it was lumpy enough to look awkward. Anyone seeing it would probably *know*, and her nipples were hard as well, oh *god*.

"Come to my quarters at the end of your shift," Una said, and she gave La'an a pleased grin, tapping her on the nose. "And fix your uniform, Lieutenant," she added in her best Number One voice as she stood up, and she gave La'an a wink that made the embarrassment and the arousal flare like a sun in the depths of La'an's belly.

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