

A Cure For Loneliness

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1522) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1522>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Strange New Worlds
Relationship:	La'an Noonien-Singh/Una Chin-Riley Number One
Character:	La'an Noonien-Singh , Una Chin-Riley Number One
Additional Tags:	Cunnilingus , Sexual Content
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-15 Words: 2,600 Chapters: 1/1

A Cure For Loneliness

by [darktiger57](#)

Summary

La'an isn't lonely, she has Una.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Lonely. M'Benga thinks she's lonely? Maybe she is. Maybe she isn't. "Trying to bear all of this by yourself- it must be lonely." La'an's fist strikes the back of the grey chair in her quarters. So what if she is lonely? It's better than being dead. Better than losing someone again. Better than being hurt like that again. She's meant to be alone.

Or, at least she was. Used to be. Recently however? She's been feeling a little less lonely. M'Benga himself being a part of the reason for that. Ever since she'd been offered commission on the Enterprise, she'd been making friends, and growing deeper connections with friends(or friend) she already had.

La'an's eyes land on the framed photo of her and Una at her Academy graduation. Una is the person she's closest with. The person who makes her feel like she belongs. The person she'd say makes her feel, well, not lonely.

So there's no way M'Benga's statement is true. She has Una.

Right?

She stands there, in her quarters, still in her workout gear, still sweating from the adrenaline. Una. She needs to talk to Una. Something burns in the pit of her stomach as she marches out of her quarters.

"La'an." Una is quick to answer her door. "Hey. What are you doing here?"

"Una." La'an steps into her quarters, the doors slide shut behind her. She stands just inside the door for a moment, unsure of how to proceed. "Una."

"That's my name. La'an, is everything alright?" Una steps towards her, concern showing on her face.

Something deeply physical swells up in her at the small joke Una makes, and she surges forward. She stretches as tall as she can get and her lips lock onto Una's, one hand cupping her face, the other tangles into Una's shirt collar.

She wasn't expecting the force with which Una responds. The taller woman has La'an's back to the wall and a hand on her hip before she even realizes. La'an shivers upon noticing the soft circles Una is tracing into the exposed flesh of her side. Her heart warms and she pulls back from the kiss, shaking, leaving a trail of saliva between them.

"La'an, are you sure about this?" Una whispers to her.

"Yes." La'an whispers back.

With that, Una's hands slide down, her hands cup La'an's ass, and with a powerful hoist she is no longer touching the ground. La'an's legs wrap around Una's waist, and she presses her lips back to Una's. Her hands slide back into Una's hair, finding the tie keeping it up, and gently sliding it out. Una's hair falls, tickling her face as it passes.

Una keeps hold of La'an with one hand while the other traces along her bare stomach. Burning heat fills La'an and her kiss becomes more desperate. Her legs tighten around Una, seeking more. One hand roots itself in Una's hair, her fingers curling in.

Una's fingers slip up under the rim of La'an's shirt, pushing it up, exposing more of her torso. La'an's head tips backwards as her body presses forward, desperate for more. Una's lips trace along her jaw and move down along her neck.

La'an gasps as she feels Una's teeth nip at her flesh. She slides one hand down Una's chest, feeling a surge of almost annoyance at the clothing blocking her way. She tips her head forward and whispers in Una's ear, grazing it with her teeth. "You're wearing too much."

Una pulls back from La'an's neck, an almost feral grin on her lips. "I can fix that." She shifts so that it's entirely her legs and hips holding La'an to the wall. With a swift movement she pulls her shirt over her head and flings it off to the side.

La'an gapes at the pure beauty before her. Her hands immediately go to the still covered breasts before her. Una's abdomen strains from holding La'an up. Her height, her power, her beauty, all swirl in La'an's head making mud of her thoughts.

Una lets out a soft laugh, before reaching around her back and pulling off her bra.

La'an somehow manages to gape even more, her jaw virtually on the ground. Una brings her hands back around, and uses one bent finger to push her jaw back up. She leans forward, wrapping an arm back around La'an, relieving some of the strain on her legs. Una smiles before gently pressing her lips to La'an's.

La'an's hands trace down from Una's shoulders to her chest, she takes one breast in each hand, relishing in the feeling. Her thumb traces gently over Una's nipples. Una presses her harder against the wall, her hand makes its way from La'an's chin down to her abdomen, this time venturing further down, playing with the hem of her leggings.

La'an presses her desperate moan into Una's lips, her hips jolting forward. Una breathes out a laugh.

"Patience, Lieutenant." Una smirks against La'an's lips. Her hand leaves where it'd been teasing La'an and instead comes up to her face. She gently traces her thumb along her jaw. "Let me take you to bed." She murmurs. Her hands cup underneath La'an's ass, and pull her away from the wall.

La'an's lips relish the feeling of Una's muscles moving in her shoulders. She whispers praise into her flesh as Una carries her to her bed.

Una climbs onto her bed and lowers La'an to the soft sheets. La'an's legs remain latched around her waist. La'an shivers at the sensation of the cool sheets. Heat pools between her legs at the sight of Una above her, tits and hair both dangling down over her.

La'an's hands come up to continue her work with Una's breasts, slowly massaging, almost playing with them.

"Glad you like them." Una chuckles. Her hands slide up underneath La'an's shirt, softly running along her stomach and up to her chest. With a quick move La'an doesn't even have time to process her shirt is on the floor.

"That's impressive, Chief." La'an comments.

"Thank you. I picked that up back in my Academy days." Una hovers over La'an for a moment, looking into her eyes.

La'an picks her head up off the bed to press a soft, smiley kiss to Una's lips. With a soft *thud* her head hits the bed as Una presses against her with force. Her hands pull of La'an's bra, exposing her chest.

Una kisses along La'an's jaw, down her neck, and along her collarbone. Her lips reach the soft flesh of La'an's breast. La'an's hands slip up Una's back as a moan escapes her lips. Her whole body jolts when Una's strong fingers make their way below her waistband.

"You alright?" Una murmurs, her eyes peering up at La'an through her lashes.

"Yes, god yes." La'an moans out.

"Good." Una's lips form the word against La'an's chest, her tongue traces small circles around her nipple. Her hands find La'an's hips. Her fingers slide under the hem of her leggings and slide them down, her hands grazing flesh. Her thumb makes small circles as she takes her nearly painfully slow.

Shivers go up La'an's spine with every creeping inch. It feels as if Una is tormenting her with each swipe of her thumb. One hand comes up to bury itself into Una's hair, the other on her shoulder.

Una's hands push her leggings down her thighs. La'an releases her tight wrap around Una's waist with her legs. With a flourish Una pulls La'an's leggings the rest of the way off and sends them off to the side to pile up on the floor with the rest of their clothes.

Una's palm comes up to cup the heat radiating from between La'an's legs. La'an's hips press up into her hand. Her fingers curl deeper into Una's hair, almost tugging.

Una's lips travel between La'an's breasts down her stomach, kissing along La'an's muscles. With each breath from between Una's lips, La'an feels her core twitch. When her lips reach the band of her underwear Una lifts her gaze to La'an.

La'an is startled by the reverence in her eyes, but it is quickly forgotten as Una's tongue runs up the soaked cloth covering her need. Heat courses through her entire body, her skin feeling as if it is vibrating.

Una's fingers curl around the hem of La'an's waistband and she slides her underwear down, tossing that to the side too. She hovers for a breath, leaving La'an to squirm in anticipation, before finally itching that scratch La'an has had.

La'an moans as Una's tongue and teeth work her clit, her legs coming up around Una's head. Her hand twists tighter in Una's hair.

Una's fingers slide up La'an's thighs, spreading her legs wider. She pulls her face back, a light sheen around her lips. She kisses La'an's thigh, around and up, following her body up to her lips.

La'an can taste her own musky scent on Una's lips. Her tongue runs along Una's bottom lip, relishing in her own taste. Una's fingers trace up her thighs, and she slips two into La'an's cunt. La'an's hips roll, grinding desperately into Una's hand. She presses a moan into Una's lips before gasping for breath.

Una kisses along La'an's jaw, she stops in the crook between the corner of her jaw and her neck and begins to lick and suck at the spot, looking to leave a mark. Once satisfied with her work, Una's lips continue to move down La'an's throat, stopping to leave several soft kisses right in the hollow at the base of her throat.

La'an's throat bobs as she swallows hard. Heat slowly builds in the pit of her stomach and her cunt aches with need at each thrust of Una's fingers. Una's thumb starts making small circles over her swollen clit. La'an feels almost unable to breathe.

A flash of white fills her vision as the tension in her core releases, she releases the breath she didn't realize she was holding and her hips fall back to the bed.

"La'an." Una whispers. "Relax. You're alright."

La'an realizes her jaw is clenched along with her fists, including the one wrapped up in Una's hair.

"Sorry." She mutters.

"Are you ok?" Una still has her fingers, unmoving, inside La'an, while her other hand cups La'an's face, making slow comforting strokes across her cheek with her thumb.

La'an takes a survey of herself. She seems to be able to think clearly, her jaw hurts a little, her breathing is heavy, her heartbeat increased, her cunt throbs, her legs feel like they might have cramped at some point. "I'm ok." She nods.

Una's eyes dart back and forth between La'an's, searching for something. "Ok." Her fingers slowly pull out of La'an, leaving nothing behind but a feeling of hollowness.

After a few moments to calm down, La'an takes a deep breath, then uses her combat skills to flip Una onto her back, her arms pinned up on either side of her.

"Oh!" Una exclaims. "La'an. You don't have to. I'm happy having provided."

"I want to, Una" La'an has her legs on either side of Una's hips. She brings one of Una's hands to her face, laying a soft kiss on her wrist. Una's fingers brush gently against her cheek as she follows her arm down, her lips making it to Una's chest. Her lips litter Una's breasts with kisses. She encircles one of Una's erect nipples with her tongue, her hand taking care of the other side.

Her lips trail down the side of the mound of her focus, reaching the center of Una's chest. She places kisses along Una's stomach, leading down to her Starfleet issue black pants- that she is somehow still wearing.

Her method of removing Una's pants isn't nearly as clean and crisp as Una's job of removing La'an's pants. In fact, Una has to sit up for a moment to assist. Once Una's pants and underwear are disposed of, La'an gets back to work. Her lips trail down Una's stomach, she feels oddly pleased at the very thin soft barely visible trail of hair below her belly button. She follows the curve down, getting teasingly close to Una's need.

Her focus switches to Una's legs. La'an's hands travel up her calves, massaging her long legs. Her fingers dance along Una's inner thighs, simply teasing. She can see Una watching her, her pupils blown, sweat coating her face, lips slightly parted with a pleased sigh, and several strands of hair glued to her face. She's never been more attracted to her than in this moment.

With her lips on her thighs, she earns a moan from Una, and it sends a fresh wave of heat and desire through her. She lightly bites into her thigh. Her focus switches sides and she treats her other thigh with the same care, her lips getting deliciously close to Una's heat. The closer she gets the more the fur surrounding Una's heat tickles her cheeks.

She slides one finger between Una's swollen lips. She's slick, nearly dripping at this point. She slowly massages her clit with the one finger, before slipping it inside her. Una's hips jerk forward, a lapse in her self-control.

"Shit- La'an." Una breathes out.

"You alright up there, Chief?" La'an grins into her thigh.

"Fantastic. Please fuck me." Una groans out.

"Yes, Sir." La'an slides a second and third finger into Una, curling, thrusting, and twisting. Her other hand comes up to massage her clit, her middle two fingers working slow steady circles. Her lips pepper Una's thighs with kisses.

The small noises emanating from Una send jolts of arousal through La'an as she works away. Slowly the noises increase in volume, Una's thighs close around her head, and her hips grind desperately against her hand.

A loud moan ending with a heavy exhale fills the room and La'an feels Una pulse around her hands. She keeps her fingers moving, helping Una to ride her high as far as she can.

“*La’an-*” Una groans.

La’an resurfaces and meets Una’s red, sweaty face with a smirk. Her cunt throbs at the sight of Una even more disheveled than before. Her own hand slips down, desperate to relieve the tension.

“Keep going.” Una’s eyes roam La’an’s body.

La’an leans back on one hand, two fingers vigorously work at her clit. Her hips roll against her hand. Her eyes close, her lips part and she lets out a soft moan. The weight on the bed shifts and she cracks an eye back open. Una has her back against the headboard, her hand working between her own legs, watching La’an.

La’an makes eye contact with her, and both women stare into each others eyes, breathing heavy, pupils blown, working themselves out. La’an comes first with a heady moan, and Una is quick to follow.

La’an scoots to the top of the bed, and leans against Una and the headboard. They take cunt soaked hand in cunt soaked hand, fingers laced together. Her eyes droop and her body feels exhausted.

“So. We should probably talk about this.” Una’s thumb traces softly back and forth on La’an’s hand.

“We should.” La’an agrees. “But after some sleep. I’m suddenly very tired.”

“It’s the endorphins.” Una leans her head against the top of La’an’s.

“Nerd.” La’an snorts.

The two fall asleep there, covered in each other, wrapped up in each other, really not good after-sex practices. You should really piss after sex, and at least clean up a little. Yeast infections are no joke. But it’s the future who cares.

End Notes

Originally posted on ao3 august 17th 2023

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