

the unpredictable nature of conical wave patterns

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the unpredictable nature of conical wave patterns

by [ussjellyfish](#)

Summary

Michael confesses something she saw in the future while *Discovery* was trapped by the time bug.

Notes

for the prompt "generosity", alternate scene for season 5 episode 4.

"Something's on your mind, Captain."

Michael swirls the bottom of her drink, then looks up. "*Discovery* got hit with a time bug, ma'am."

"So I heard."

"It was only six hours, Commander Rayner and my crew worked it out."

Like any good captain, Michael always gives her crew credit first.

Laira smiles and takes a step closer. "I've read stories about them. Sounds like a head trip."

"We saw a lot of the past: *Discovery* under construction, us fighting with Control and the Klingons, *Discovery's* old captain—"

"That must have been strange."

Michael finishes her drink, wincing a little. "Then we saw the far future, where we'd failed and Zora was alone. Headquarters was burning in space."

Laira can't help wincing, so many of her nightmares end with that.

"That won't happen." Michael assures her, resting her hand on Laira's.

"I know, I know." Shaking her head, she takes a breath. "You're on it. We'll be fine."

"I appreciate the vote of confidence," Michael says, taking Laira's glass to refill both of them. She lifts it in a toast. "May you be right."

"I happen to know you're good with a puzzle, Captain."

They clink glasses and sip together. Properly aged Risian whisky stings.

Michael glances down again, staring at the liquid in her glass. "There was something else."

Laira glances around the quiet lounge, takes a step closer to the window - and Michael - then rests her hands on the viewport. "Something that bothers you?"

"I did to do some research into time bugs, to see why that moment happened, if I saw a moment in the future, does that mean that moment only

happens if the next one does, could that only happen if the Breen got the Progenitors' technology? Conical waves are usually directional, but as the diameter of the cone increases there's room for variation so the timeline I saw wasn't causal—"

"You can just tell me, whatever it is, Captain."

Michael looks at her boots, then finishes the rest of her whisky. "You were in my quarters."

"I see." Laura turns, leaning against the viewport behind her. The back of her neck tingles. "And that upset you?"

"Surprised the hell out of me. "

Chuckling, Laura folds her arms over her chest. "So it wasn't an official visit."

"Oh no, ma'am, you were—"

That kind of in her quarters. "Naked?"

"There was a sheet."

Laura shouldn't smile, yet she does. "Was it see through?"

"Oh no, my sheets are red, it was fine." Michael's cheeks flush.

"The sheets at headquarters can be totally transparent, in the right lighting. Betazoid textiles are exquisite but not the most opaque."

"*Discovery's* are thick enough."

"So I wasn't completely naked."

"No, ma'am, not completely."

Laura raises her eyeridges. "So at some point in the future, you're going to find me in bed?"

Michael pauses, and sighs. "We didn't really talk, it was late, but you smiled at me."

"I assume if I was naked in your bed that means I'm fond of you."

"That's a safe assumption."

Laura finishes her drink, letting it sting her tongue. "Do you think we had just had sex?"

"I- I don't—"

"Was my hair a mess?"

"Yeah." Michael turns, facing Laura's shoulder. Her eyes flick upward. "Your hair's beautiful, ma'am."

"Thank you." Laura touches her elaborate bun. "When I take it down, it can be a mess."

"I-" Michael bites her lip. "I didn't tell you to—"

"I can see how sex with you would make a mess of my hair."

"I'm glad you think it's funny." Michael shakes her head.

"Captain, if after everything you've seen and done, finding me naked in your quarters is what makes you blush, then I am honored."

"Perhaps you should call me Michael, ma'am."

"That's a very generous offer. I'll need you to reciprocate."

Michael pauses, lifting her empty glass before she nods. "Only seems fair."

"Or inevitable, because now we'll need to maintain the timeline."

Michael's eyes widen as if Laura's invited herself to her bed. "We do?"

"Temporal Prime Direction, sub paragraph thirteen."

"It doesn't have thirteen clauses."

Laura winks. "Not yet."