

send us off to perfect places

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by [pilcrowtudinous](#)

Summary

Christine and Roz take shore leave together to a place with some complex memories for one of them.

Notes

Title from 'Perfect Places' by Lorde.

Ad Astra Weekly Challenge: Queerness.

(For those unfamiliar, Roz Lozana is Chapel's girlfriend in the new *Celebrations* comic, and is depicted as trans.)

Christine had suggested Risa but Roz was keen on somewhere more familiar, closer to home. Taking an space-based assignment had been something Christine had encouraged her to consider – ‘the *adventure*, Rozie, the *opportunity*’ – but honestly? It had kind of sucked. She’d missed her girlfriend and she’d missed Earth. The research was fascinating, sure, but nothing that she couldn’t do planetside.

So they had agreed on Mexico. An easy transporter trip back to the Roz’s lab in the Mojave and only a couple of hops back to Atlanta for Christine meant they could afford to luxuriate, to take a little longer.

The resort was secluded and the bungalow Roz had picked even more so. ‘Have you been here before?’ Christine asked as they picked their way along the pathway, hand-in-hand.

‘Here specifically? No. Baja California, yes. Some of my family moved over here a few decades ago. Bit more secluded than Quezon.’

Christine thought of the holoimages of Roz’s childhood neighbourhood she’d shown her ‘I can imagine.’

They reached their bungalow, and while Roz unlocked the door Christine dumped her bag, slipped off her sandals and walked into the waves. ‘This is perfection. Come join me?’

‘Let me get our stuff inside, honey.’

Christine ran back out of the water and grabbed Roz’s hands, pulling her down to the water’s edge. ‘Nah.’

Rolling her eyes, Roz kicked off her shoes and hiked up her jeans. ‘Fine, you madwoman.’

‘*Your* madwoman.’

She let Christine drape her arms around her neck and kissed her, the sound of lapping water and crickets around them. She didn’t even mind that the cuffs of her pants got wet. Christine’s lips were so soft and so was the sand between her toes.

They didn't leave the bungalow and its immediate surroundings for the entirety of the first day and night, but on the second, they hiked to the nearest town and ate crab tacos and abalone ceviche and chorizo fajitas and Christine drank beers while Roz worked her way through a margarita jug.

'So is your family in this area or further up the coast?' Christine asked, reaching out to dab away a little crema on Roz's chin.

Roz shrugged. 'Not far from here.'

'You wanna go visit them?'

'You're suggesting breaking up our hot getaway by visiting family I haven't seen in 20 years?'

'Oh. I didn't realise.' Christine paused, finger tracing the rim of her beer bottle. 'You're... I thought you were close to your extended family. Or at least there were a hell of a lot of people at that Thanksgiving party.'

'Some of them.'

On one hand, Christine shouldn't have wanted to pry. On the other hand... 'Tell me. If you want to, I mean. But you know you can tell me anything.'

Roz took a breath and leaned back in her chair. 'I think I told you that some of the family are Traditionalists.'

'Yeah. That from-scratch ube pie that your grandma made was amazing.'

'She's one of the ones who is more... connected to the modern world. Others are less so.'

Christine placed her hand on Roz's where it rested on the table. 'The ones who moved here?'

'Yeah. They've reverted to some pretty strong religious beliefs. Part of why they removed themselves from mainstream society. We still visited them sometimes. Until I was about eight.'

Christine knew what conversations Roz had had when she was eight. 'Oh, honey.'

Roz nodded and blew out a breath. 'Once I told them my new name, and mom told them how proud she was of me for speaking my truth, they told us we were sinners and no longer welcome in their lives. So that's why.'

Christine moved with a speed Roz had rarely seen, and wrapped her arms around her. 'I'm sorry, baby. I'm so sorry.'

Roz leant into the touch and let it calm her.

'Why'd you suggest coming here, then?' Christine murmured into her hair.

'Because I remembered how beautiful it was here. And I wanted you to enjoy it too. Because it would piss them off to know I was here living my best life with my beautiful girlfriend.'

Christine snuggled in. 'Makes sense. Fuck 'em.'

'Fuck 'em,' Roz echoed.

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