

drink menus

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Summary

Michael doesn't know how to ask if Laura is interested in women, Jett Reno helps with that predicament.

Jett shrugs, and clarifies. "Michael's gone to warp one way, so to speak, seems like she wants to take a quantum slipstream drive out for a spin, which would be a new experience."

"Explore all the hidden places of the Federation while she's at it," Hugh adds.

Tilly laughs, covering her mouth with her hand. "I'm sorry, but Admiral Vance says Rillak is the Federation, and uh, I know that's how you meant it, it was just—"

"Maybe you should ask her if she's familiar with being on all sides of the negotiating table or if she prefers a certain one?" Keyla asks, reaching for the chips in the middle of the table.

Hugh grins. "That sounds like it could be about positions."

"Well, Michael's going to want to know about that eventually, right?" Paul blushes nearly as pink as Tilly, but he's undeterred.

Tilly tips her head towards Laura, who is by herself at the bar. Now's the moment. Good catch, Tilly.

Jett looks at Michael, then downs the rest of her martini. "I'll go find out."

"What?" Michael's big brown eyes have never been that wide. It's kind of charming. "We don't even know if she—"

"I'll be back in a minute."

"You can't—"

"Oh she can," Hugh says, patting Michael's hand. "Might not even need a minute."

Michael drops her head to the table and everyone around her laughs. They can guide her through, this is recognizance.

Leaning against the bar beside President Rillak, Jett looks over her wrist and the pretty metal bracelet that she wears. Her suit jacket's open a little, and her eyes are bright. She's having a good time. Not too good, of course, she's too professional for that, but...

"Come here often, ma'am?"

Laura chuckles, glances down, and turns her eyes to Jett. "Seems lately that I do, commander."

"That drink is older than both of us."

Laura takes a sip and nods. "Saurian brandy changes it a little, I got used to them."

"And you like things that you're accustomed to?"

"Don't we all?"

"Depends." Jett shrugs, studying Laura's very blue eyes. "There was a time when I loved trying new drinks, loved making them up."

"You bartend?"

"I did, once, now I pick up the occasional shift. My Seven of Limes is pretty incredible."

Laira looks down at their hands on the counter. "So even though you're an engineer, you have other skills."

"I dabble." Jett allows their hands to touch. "I hear you used to be a pilot."

"Years ago." Laira doesn't move her hand.

"Must have had a chance to try some exciting drinks."

"Many," Laira pauses, taking a sip of her drink without blushing. That's a good sign. "And it was fun."

"But now you're limited to what most of the Federation deems as respectable."

Laira raises her eye ridges. "One drink at a time, you mean?"

"If you find something you really like—"

"Like a vesper martini?" Laira asks, eyeing Jett's drink when the bartender sets it in front of her.

"Good eye."

"Thank you."

Jett turns, leaning back against the bar. "See anything else you like?"

Turning to mirror her, Laira leans back, but keeps her elbows in, all professional like. She must have been fun, decades ago, when she didn't need to keep her hair up. "Is there a drink you think I might like to try?"

"You know, I keep trying to get Michael to try new things."

"Oh?"

Michael's not looking at them, and that feels purposeful, Tilly and Hugh have her deep in conversation.

"She's had a few things that were her favorites. Tends to stick to one thing for awhile, but now she might branch out."

Laira nods, takes a sip and keeps her eyes on Michael. "And you want to know if I have any suggestions?"

"Maybe she'd like a Saurian Old Fashioned."

Laira's face goes pink. "They're a bit of an acquired taste."

Jett nods to that. Dating the president of the Federation would be incredibly difficult, but they're talking about Michael. She can do anything. "I'll send her up to order one."

"Should I steer her to the right brandy?"

"Think you both might like that, ma'am."

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