

drop everything

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1652) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1652>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Strange New Worlds
Relationship:	Una Chin-Riley Number One/Neera Ketoul
Character:	Una Chin-Riley Number One , Neera Ketoul
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Lovers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Discord Weekly Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-30 Words: 352 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Lysippe](#)

Summary

The knowledge that even now, twenty-five years of bitter resentment later, Una Chin-Riley can crook her finger and Neera will drop everything and come running to fix her problems, is a lot to stomach.

She's a little disgusted with herself for it.

Notes

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

Neera hasn't decided if it was worth it or not.

It was a *good* case. Captain Pike had been right, and she had known he was right from the onset. Even if she only won on a technicality. Even if there won't be any ripple effects from this smallest of victories. She's justifiably proud of her work.

But the knowledge that even now, twenty-five years of bitter resentment later, Una Chin-Riley can crook her finger and Neera will drop everything and come running to fix her problems, is a lot to stomach.

She's a little disgusted with herself for it, even as Una reaches for her hand; even as she pulls Neera in close in the quiet of the empty hallway, long after the crowds have dispersed. Even as her breath tickles Neera's ear and she whispered *thank you's* and *I missed you's* and myriad other things Neera never let herself dream of hearing, hover in the air between them, tentative and fragile.

"I don't want to lose you again," Una says, so earnest in that way Neera could never quite decipher.

As though she believes she's got her back again, just like that.

As though Neera isn't the one who lost *her*.

But that's how it always is with Una. Neera never could handle it. She suspects that her Lieutenant might be able to, though, ready as she was to throw herself onto her own sword if it stood any chance of helping.

But she doesn't tell her that. She gets the impression that neither of them are the kind of self-aware that would welcome that particular observation.

"Then keep in touch this time," she says, purposely just a bit sharper than necessary. No sense in letting Una get too comfortable.

Una's expression is inscrutable, and Neera can see the urge to defend herself fighting its way to the surface.

"I will," Una promises instead, so solemn it's almost funny.

Neera isn't sure she believes her. But it's not nothing, and that's a lot more than she has had for a long time.

"Good. Now let's get you home."

End Notes

Prompt: Lovers

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