

obligations

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1654) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1654>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Discovery
Relationship:	Laira Rillak/Michael Burnham
Character:	Laira Rillak , Michael Burnham
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-30 Words: 300 Chapters: 1/1

obligations

by [ussjellyfish](#)

Summary

Laira is invited to a party at the Academy and Michael convinces her to go.

Notes

written for pilcrowtudinous

“There’s a party at the Academy tonight, ma’am.”

“So I have heard, captain.”

“You should go.”

Laira tilts her head, meeting Michael’s warm brown eyes. “I can’t.”

“I’m sure you’re invited, ma’am.”

“I am - I was - the commandant and I have known each other for years.”

“And you should go.”

Laira sighs. “And do what?”

“Enjoy yourself, ma’am.” Michael leaves the doorway and walks in, hands behind her back. “I know you can do that.”

“It wouldn’t be appropriate.”

“The invitations were merely a formality, I’m sure.”

Rolling her eyes doesn’t chase Michael away, nothing will.

“President T’Rina is attending, with Admiral Saru. So the Federation is well represented.” Laira waves down her holopadd. Which is not a yes. She’s not going.

“I didn’t ask if you were representing the Federation, ma’am. I asked if you were going.”

“And I assure you, captain, I am unable to do so.”

“Do you have a meeting, ma’am?”

Michael has access to her schedule, and she does not, which Michael knows.

Shaking her head, she smiles. “No.”

Michael extends her hand. “Be my girlfriend tonight and come with me.”

Laira stares at her fingers. She'll intimidate the cadets, and no one knows how to have a good time when she's there, and she doesn't know how to let go and just have a good time.

Which Michael knows.

And that's why she's here to drag her out for fun.

And she's trapped.

She wraps her fingers into Michael's. Michael tugs her in, then reaches up to take down her hair. Michael's fingers are quick and deft, and Laira's hair falls free before she's out of her suit jacket.

"You could start with, please come with me tonight as my girlfriend."

Michael beams, tugging her in for a kiss. "Where's the fun in that?"

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