

You Are My Home

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Character:	Maya Noonien-Singh , Saavik
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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Maya and Saavik's relationship begins to blossom, and Maya realized how starved she's been for basic respect.

Notes

CW: discussion of past abuse

They had such a narrow window of time to spend together before an extended time apart. That was the way of things when you started a relationship with someone in Starfleet, though neither of them had planned this.

Maya and Saavik laid naked next to one another with only their fingertips touching. They had recently melded for the first time, and with detailed knowledge and awareness of the sexual trauma her partner had endured, Saavik insisted that Maya set the pace. Maya burned with desire and felt a sense of urgency, but was too frightened to do anything more than lay still. This wasn't right. She wasn't meant to have agency.

Lust faded to be replaced with panic, and Maya sat up and turned her back to Saavik and tried to take a few deep breaths. "I'm sorry. I should go."

Saavik sat up too. "You are distressed." It wasn't a question,

"A bit," Maya lied. She turned her head to look over her shoulder. In a tailored uniform with her hair neatly styled, she was beautiful, but naked and with dark hair flowing free there seemed to be something wild lurking beneath her logical Vulcan exterior. Something that Maya wanted and feared. "It's stupid, and it sounds worse the more I think about it, but I want to be honest."

Maya paused to gather her thoughts. "I'm afraid you don't find me as desirable as I first thought."

Saavik reached out to place a calming hand on Maya's shoulder. "This relationship complicates my life considerably. I would not pursue it if the benefit did not outweigh the cost."

So direct. So Vulcan. It was refreshing.

"Then why..." Maya stopped, struck by the sudden realization that a routine part of her old life was far from normal, but she couldn't stop herself from going on. "Why haven't you tried to force yourself on me?" Finding a partner on Ceti Alpha V was less a matter of courtship and more a matter of claiming someone to whom one felt entitled. Disagreements were settled with violence.

Saavik showed no sign of disgust, shock, or (worse yet) the exaggerated and disingenuous play at pity and sympathetic noises. She only listened and gave a slow nod. "I could ask the same of you."

Maya gasped, shocked. "You know I'm not like that."

"Then you have the answer to your question."

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