

## To Us

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## To Us

by [Pixie](#)

### Summary

That time Christine Chapel helped Nyota Uhura get off Earth because the boys blasted off without her.

### Notes

The present story takes place some months before the launch of *Enterprise* 1701-B as depicted in *Generations*, the earlier story during *The Search for Spock*.

"It was three in the morning," Christine intoned, setting the scene.

Nyota made a face. A raised eyebrow that one might call 'Vulcan' but for the smile evident in her eyes and on her lips. "It was eleven! Barely."

Christine crinkled her nose, considered, and decided she was right. "It was three."

"It was midnight at the latest," countered her friend. Seated between them, but across the table, Demora glanced from one woman to the other, as if it was a tennis match. To be quite frank, this was *exactly* what she was hoping for visiting with her two 'aunties' on the eve of her promotion.

Christine would not budge. "Three. Three A.M. O-three-hundred."

"You were awake!" protested Uhura.

Chapel shrugged. "Doctors keep long hours."

Nyota shook her head, affection and bemusement lighting up her eyes. She waved a hand that said *Fine, you win, continue*.

"It was three in the morning," Chapel repeated. Uhura mouthed *Eleven* to Demora, who giggled into her glass. Christine ignored them both. "And it was raining."

Nyota slapped the table. "It was *not* raining."

Christine cocked her head. "Do you want to tell this story?"

"I'm just saying, I was the one outside and it was not raining."

"You were shivering when you came in."

Nyota sipped her drink, the picture of nonchalance. "It was cold."

Christine threw up her hands. "*Because* it was three in the morning and raining!" Demora's giggles grew louder, and Nyota joined in. Christine pursed her lips, but the laughter was infectious and soon all three were breathless. As Nyota's mother had always said, *It's not just funny, it's family*.

"I *was* shivering," Nyota acquiesced, and took up the tale. "The fog was thick that night."

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"Christine?"

Uhura wasn't certain what answer she was hoping for. On one hand, she was cold, and tired, and desperately wanted a shower. And a stiff drink, not necessarily in that order. On the other hand, she was a fugitive and just being here could make her friend guilty by association. Nyota was pretty certain Christine wouldn't *mind* being implicated, in fact, she'd probably be furious if she *wasn't* included. But that didn't make Nyota feel any better about doing it. If anything, she felt worse. She stepped back from the doorway, not certain if she should knock again or slink away.

The door slid open and the choice was removed.

"Nyota? Wha—" Uhura touched a finger to her friend's lips. Chapel's eyes grew wide but she stepped back in silence and ushered Uhura inside. Relaxing for the first time since she'd pulled a phaser on 'Mr. Adventure', Nyota swayed under the enormity of everything that was happening. *That won't do*, she told herself, squared her shoulders, and took a deep breath.

But before she could begin Christine shook her head. She was curious, and concerned, but a healer first and foremost. "Shh! Sit." Nyota opened her mouth to protest but Christine dropped her hands to the other woman's shoulders and pushed her into the seat. She pulled a blanket around her friend and replicated a hot tea. "Drink," she told Nyota in her 'Doctor's Orders' voice while placing both her friend's hands around the cup. Nyota drank, and did feel better. Christine took a seat beside her at the table. "Okay. Tell."

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"You've heard this part from your dad, right?"

Demora nodded. A few times, and from different angles. He'd had to explain his absence. When she was a child, the story was an adventure. When she was older, it became a lesson. And an apology, for leaving her behind. She turned curious eyes to Uhura.

"I never understood why you stayed behind though."

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"I blocked communications and scrambled the transmissions so no one noticed anything was awry until the ship started moving." In the telling Uhura's voice had stopped shaking, but tension remained clear in her tight grip on the tea cup. "And then they were all so distracted I was able to get out easily." It was where to go that was hard. Oh, why had she chosen here?

Christine pulled her lips in over her teeth. It was a lot to take in. The hospital had called her when McCoy was admitted — they were expecting her at 0800 — worrying about Leonard was why she was still awake when Nyota arrived. And now he was gone. Taken. She'd felt empty since she'd heard about Spock's death; at least with McCoy she could do something. At least she could try. But not anymore. Now she was stuck trusting Jim Kirk.

She didn't even have a chance to see him. To say goodbye. To say anything! To say everything. It was Spock all over again. Roger all over again.

If Jim Kirk was here he'd get a piece of her mind. Or, possibly more likely, her fist.

But Jim Kirk wasn't here. Nyota was. Christine snapped back to the present, and the newly present task at hand.

"So what's next?"

Her friend sighed. *Why had she chosen here?* "I need to meet up with Ambassador Sarek. But Starfleet got to the Embassy before me."

"And if they catch you they'll throw the book at you because they can't catch Jim."

Nyota nodded, miserably. "I shouldn't have come here. Now they'll do the same to you."

Christine smiled. "Not if I turn you in."

Uhura blinked. She hadn't considered that option, had assumed her friend would do anything to get in on the action of Operation Save Spock and McCoy, to be a part of the Magnificent Seven (Eight, I guess, if non-corporeal Vulcans count) (Oooh, Enterprise Eight!). She blinked again, and forced her thoughts back to the here and now.

"I ... no, I suppose not." It was fair, she supposed. Two minutes ago she was wondering why she'd dragged Christine into this mess and here was the way out of that, so...so if it required the sacrifice of her freedom so be it. They were all planning to turn themselves in when it was done anyway. She'd just get a jump on the boys. "Okay," she agreed, resigned to her fate.

Chapel started laughing. "Don't be ridiculous, Nyota." She leaned in close to whisper. "I have a plan."

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"Her plan was to throw a tantrum outside the Vulcan Embassy," Uhura told Demora.

Christine burst out laughing. Demora's eyes grew wide.

"What?"

Christine only laughed harder. Nyota grinned and explained.

"She kept her morning appointment at Starfleet Medical and pretended to be *shocked and dismayed* that Dr. McCoy had been forcibly removed by Admiral Kirk, who then absconded with the *Enterprise*, bridge crew intact."

"They thought you were with them?" Demora posited.

Nyota nodded. "Then—and this was really brilliant— she went straight to the Vulcan Embassy and demanded to speak with Ambassador Sarek. There were what?" She glanced at Christine, still laughing. "Four or five? guards?"

"Something like that," her friend agreed, breathlessly, through her laughter.

"Something like that. Just in case any of us were still on planet, or anyone else was involved."

"Anyone else like me."

"Right," Uhura agreed, laughter in her voice, too. "That's why it was brilliant."

Demora looked from one to the other. "I'm confused," she admitted.

Christine smiled. "They were expecting me, or someone like me, to meet with Sarek. To pass on a message, or continue the conspiracy in some way. They were looking for it, so I gave it to them. Just a little..." She shrugged. "Louder."

"The ambassador is not meeting with anyone today. If you leave your name with—"

"He knows my name!" Christine screeched. "And I am not leaving until I see him."

"You are welcome to remain, but the ambassador is not meeting with anyone today."

Christine started to walk past the imperturbable Vulcan assistant. He waved for the guards to intervene. Two of the four (or something like that) walked over to block her path.

"Ma'am, come with us, please."

"I will not," Christine answered. The officer grabbed her arm as she tried to circumvent them. A third guard joined the two to block her in.

"Do you know why you're here?" she hissed at the one holding her arm. "My mentor, my colleague, my superior and my *oldest and best friend* has been *compromised* and *kidnapped* by the Ambassador—" she managed to make the word sound obscene "—and his friends. They've taken him to an unauthorized, dangerous, planet conjured up by a secret science experiment—" this word was also dripping with venom in her telling "You know what I'm talking about." Genesis was controversial at best, and easiest to leave it to their imagination. "All so they can rob a grave..." Here she almost choked on a sob. They'd know whose grave it was, too. "And do some ...Vulcan ...voodoo." She broke down, started shaking, stumbling. The fourth guard was waved over to help.

"He belongs in a hospital!" She cried. "He needs help and care and, and," another sob, "his *real* friends. He needs *me*. Do you understand? Vulcan mysticism is going to *kill* my," She was sobbing in earnest now, shrieking and convulsing, and had the attention of everyone in the antechamber, even the Vulcans at the doors. Uhura, dressed as an Acolyte of Kolinahr, was able to slip past the fray with barely a glance in her direction.

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"It was really a sight," Nyota raised her glass toward Christine. "I think you missed your calling."

Christine smiled. She'd dabbled in drama in primary and secondary school but that was before she fell in love with science, and certain scientists. Anyway, "Why play at being a star when you can travel among them?" Christine had plenty of roads not taken, but no regrets.

She picked up the bottle of colorful Andorian wine, refilled Nyota's glass, Demora's, and finally her own. "To our past and your future...among the stars."

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