

## maybe next time dinner first

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/405) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/405>.

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Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Discovery</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Laura Rillak/Michael Burnham</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Michael Burnham</a> , <a href="#">Laura Rillak</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Drabble</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">50 acts of affection (Michael Burnham/Laura Rillak)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-26 Words: 100 Chapters: 1/1

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by [ussjellyfish](#)

### Summary

Laura's hurt and Michael has to take off her shirt.

Last time she'd flown a tight loop around a comet, it worked. It's not her fault this comet is unstable.

Gripping the edge of the smoking console, she almost touches the shrapnel in her stomach.

Michael touches her shoulder. "Don't move."

"Wasn't-" Laura pauses, grits her teeth, "-planning on it."

Michael's gone, then back with a medkit. "I'm going to have to take off your jacket, and your shirt."

"If you wanted to see me naked, Captain. You just had to ask."

Michael pauses, wincing.

Laura smiles, then hisses through her teeth.

"Being funny make you feel better?"

"Not yet."

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