

Ready or Not

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/672) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/672>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: Strange New Worlds
Relationship:	Christine Chapel/Spock
Character:	Christine Chapel , Spock
Additional Tags:	SNW S02E05: Charades , Developing Relationships , Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-13 Words: 1,032 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Pixie](#)

Summary

Christine wakes up in Spock's bed.

Notes

[Inspired by Lizzo.](#)

She wakes up first.

That's normal. She's a light sleeper. And a light lover. She likes to have fun and she likes to escape. She has a list of reasons why and she doesn't let anyone close enough to read it. It's not that long but it's heavy, like the gravity of a black hole.

Spock's ceiling is the same color as hers. Starfleet standard. Her quarters are smaller but not by much. She just has more clutter. Not more stuff, she doesn't hold on to things any more than she holds on to people. Everything she chooses to keep is on the list. But Spock's stuff is on display. Christine's stuff is all over the place. Not messy, organized, but organized clutter.

The sound of Spock's breathing fills the space between them. It's not loud, it's the opposite of loud. But it makes her lightheaded. He makes her lightheaded. She tries to match her breathing to his but she can't. Her breathing is shallow, her heart is racing, she cheeks are warm. She's having a panic attack staring at Spock's ceiling.

She should get up and leave but her body feels as heavy as her list. And he'd feel terrible if she was just gone when he woke up. And she'd have to explain and she can't explain. She always runs away before she has to explain.

She can't explain so she can't leave. But she's also not any good at falling back asleep. She wonders what time it is. Spock would know. Spock will undoubtedly wake up at exactly the same time he does every day with no alarm necessary. And he will sit up immediately and go through his eminently logical morning routine and have a breakfast calculated to provide just the right amount of energy and nutrition for his day. She smiles at the thought. In her imagining he explains how each item on his plate relates to the whole and she smiles, delighted that he's sharing something so personal. And he's confused because breakfast is a normal event that everyone on the ship practices so how can it be personal? But her smile only grows and he's even more confused and now her heart aches thinking about it.

She does not have a well tuned internal clock and it could reasonably be anytime after midnight and before dawn. Simulated dawn. Maybe it's almost time to wake up.

The truth is she's dreamed this dream. The one where she falls into Spock's arms and then falls into Spock's bed. The one where Spock's fingers trace her skin and his eyes are soft at her response. And then she wakes up to her own ceiling. In her bed, in her quarters, with her clutter. She wakes up alone. But safe.

If she asks the computer what time it is, it will disturb Spock. If she tries to find a device to read the time, or read at all, it will disturb Spock. If she disturbs Spock she has to explain. Or lie. And she doesn't want to lie to him. She's scared, she's so scared, that's where this ends up. With a lie. A lie he doesn't understand but forgives. A lie she preemptively hates herself for.

She glances at the man sleeping beside her. They'd fallen asleep entwined but now there is space between them. Spock's moved closer to the middle of the bed and she's on the edge. He's comfortable. Peaceful. For weeks, months, they've tiptoed around the swirling vortex of emotions that sprung up between them. He avoided her presence, averted his eyes, and she pretended not to notice. Now, he's lighter. Decision made, he

sleeps soundly. He'd leapt and he didn't fall. Or maybe he did, but the fall didn't break him. It caught him, and her, too. Now they are inside the vortex, inside the storm. Safe, but only as long as they don't move.

Even asleep Spock's posture is perfect. His body is straight, taut but not tense. One hand is slightly off center. Christine focuses on his fingers, slightly curled, drifting toward her. All she has to do is reach out. Thread their fingers together. She imagines his eyes fluttering open. Or hers fluttering closed. Maybe she wouldn't have to explain. Maybe he could read her mind.

She turns on her side, slowly, gently, taking care not to rock the bed or the Vulcan sleeping in it. She watches his chest move up and down. His breathing is as meticulously regimented as the rest of him. But there's the smallest of shudders every now and then. Some would say it's evidence of his human side but Christine is a geneticist. She knows Spock doesn't have sides. Spock is Spock. Still slowly, still gently, she extends her hand towards his. Their fingers touch and Spock stirs.

His eyes open and sweep across her body, curled toward him, but balanced at the edge of the bed. He shifts back, invites her to take up more space. She shakes her head.

"I should go back to my quarters before my shift."

"That is logical."

Christine smiles. Spock is Spock.

She sits up and he follows, mirroring her movements. His hand closes over hers, a soothing pressure that sends a tingle through her body. She leans close to brush his lips. The kiss is quiet and affectionate; intimate in a way that scares her but she buries her anxiety before he senses it and mistakes the cause.

She pulls back and slips out of the bed. Spock watches her replace her uniform with unblinking intensity. She runs a hand through her hair. "Good night," she murmurs and crosses to the door. He nods and with a final wave she exits into the corridor and heads to her quarters as quickly and as surreptitiously as she can.

Safe inside she strips away her clothes and crawls under her covers, beneath her ceiling, surrounded by her clutter. She breathes deeply and relaxes against the pillow. She's giddy. This is a mess. It will end terribly. She will be hurt. It doesn't matter. She feels warm. She feels light. She feels loved. She closes her eyes and she dreams.

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