

## Not So Typical Love Song

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## Not So Typical Love Song

by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

*They agreed, early on, that not having sex with each other didn't mean they couldn't have sex, just as long as they were honest about it.*

Una finds out that Chris is interested in Ash, and encourages him to make a move.

### Notes

Written for muggle95 in the 2021 Bulletproof exchange, for the prompts "Platonic BFFs with mismatched sexualities who otherwise might as well be married" and "Amused Character in Open Relationship Encourages Partner to Make a Move on Their Crush Already".

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Una loves Chris. Loves the way he tugs at his uniform when he thinks nobody's watching, the way he rests his head in her lap when they're reading reports together, the way he brings her coffee in the mornings because he knows she can't function properly without a dose of caffeine in her system. Their relationship is something rare and precious, something she never thought she'd have, and she thinks sometimes that if they weren't both so strongly inclined towards their own sex it'd be perfect.

(They tried the physical side of things once, on a mission, half-drunk on alien wine that she's pretty sure contained some kind of aphrodisiac. It was fine at first – she remembers giggling as she unfastened his shirt, their cheeks red – but once the clothes were off everything quickly became awkward and uncomfortable and they realised it wasn't what they wanted at all.

"I guess I should've expected this," Chris said, once they'd given up and put their underwear back on. "I haven't had sex with a woman since the academy, and it didn't go much better that time."

"I've never slept with a man," she admitted. It was a strange feeling, like checking off a box or getting an answer to a question she'd never thought to ask, and she slipped her hand into his and held on tight. "But if I had to try it, I'm glad it was with you.")

Even without that, though, he's the person she loves most in the universe, and she's fairly certain the feeling is mutual. He was the one to comfort her when her mother died, on days when she wasn't sure she'd survive the grief. She was the one who looked after him when he caught the flu, bringing him soup and meds and letting him doze against her shoulder as they watched movies. (And accompanying him down to sickbay when his fever spiked, because Chris has never been one to do things by halves.)

Their relationship might not be entirely conventional, but it works, and that's all she cares about. She can get sex anywhere, but love, that's something much harder to find.

Speaking of which... "I'll be staying with Yeoman Colt tonight," she says, rising to put their leftovers in the recycler. "If that's all right?" They agreed, early on, that not having sex with each other didn't mean they couldn't have sex, just as long as they were honest about it. Mia is both very good in bed and completely uninterested in any kind of committed monogamous relationship, which makes her perfect for Una's needs.

"Hmm?" Chris replies, glancing up from the PADD he's focussed on. "Oh, yes, that's fine." His eyes light up teasingly as he adds, "Have fun."

She smiles and leans down to press a kiss to the top of his head. "You know," she says, "you could have some fun too, if you wanted." Chris has never been anything but supportive of her own dalliances, but so far he's always stopped short of indulging himself.

He sighs, fingers skimming over his PADD. "We've discussed this, Una. I'm the captain, I have a responsibility-

"-To your crew. Yes, I know." She rolls her eyes affectionately. "And the literally billions of men out there that aren't under your command?"

He huffs, but she can tell he's more amused than annoyed. "*If* I find one I like, and *if* he's interested in me, then we'll talk. But until then I'm fine, really. Stop worrying."

"I'm not *worrying*," she tells him. "I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy." He twists round, looking at her with soft eyes. "Go see Colt. I'm supposed to meet Spock for chess anyway."

"Don't let him beat you too badly." She laughs at his affronted reaction and steps away to grab her things. "I love you. Don't wait up."

"Love you too," Chris replies, and goes back to his PADD.

\* \* \*

*Several weeks later...*

"I am so ready for shore leave," Una groans as she drops into a chair and begins removing her boots. "Just once I'd like to be part of a landing party where nothing goes wrong." She closes her eyes briefly. "Can you imagine it? No explosions, no one getting captured, no potential breaches of the Prime Directive. Just a normal, boring mission."

Chris laughs. "You'd have better luck finding a unicorn. But I agree about shore leave. It'll be nice to get away for a while."

She finishes getting her boots off and leans back in the chair with a sigh. "How long until we reach Starbase Nine?"

"At current speed we should get there around nineteen hundred, ship's time." He grins and adds, "Want me to tell them to kick it up a notch? Get there a little sooner?"

She snorts. "Louvier would love that. No, nineteen hundred will be fine. Any plans, or do I have to drag you down there myself?"

"No dragging required," Chris assures her. "Actually, I'm meeting someone."

"Oh?" she replies, intrigued. "Anyone I know?"

"Commander Tyler. He was in the area, so I suggested we meet up for a drink."

There's something in his tone that makes Una's instincts prick up, but it takes her a few seconds to realise what it is. "You like him."

"He's a good person."

She fixes him with a look. "Don't play dumb, you know what I meant."

For a moment she thinks he's going to deny it, but then he gives in, shoulders slumping. "Yeah," he admits. "I know. But it's not a big deal."

"You promised we'd talk about it if you found someone you were interested in," she tells him.

"I believe the agreement was that he would also be interested in me," Chris replies.

"Do you have any evidence that he isn't?"

"I don't have any evidence that he *is*." He sighs and drags a hand through his hair. "We've been messaging back and forth for months and sometimes I think he might be flirting with me, but then his next message is completely prosaic and professional and I feel like I'm imagining it."

"Maybe he's nervous," she suggests. "From what you've told me the two of you didn't exactly get off on the right foot."

"Yeah, but I'd like to think we've gotten past that by now. And it's not like we're not friendly, he agreed to meet me after all, it's just..."

"You want more," she finishes.

Chris gives a short nod, avoiding her eyes.

"Then ask him," she says. "The worst he can say is no."

Chris snorts. "That's *not* the worst he could say. Besides, I-" He cuts himself off and swallows hard.

"What is it?" she asks gently, and he meets her eyes briefly before looking away again.

"It isn't... It wouldn't just be sex, with him."

Oh. Una sits back, letting herself process that statement. She should really have expected this, she thinks – she might find it easy to separate sex and love, but Chris has never approached any situation with anything less than his whole heart. It's one of the things that makes him such a good captain, and part of her can't help admiring him for it, even if it isn't something she'd ever want for herself.

She knows he's waiting for a response, but she wants it to be right, and honest, so she gives herself time to think it through. This isn't exactly what she'd planned on, but is it really so different? She wouldn't be *losing* Chris, after all, just... sharing him.

Decision made, she reaches out and covers his hand with hers. "Ask him," she says firmly. "If it's okay with him, it's okay with me."

Chris smiles, his eyes soft and warm, and she knows she's made the right choice. "He might still say no," he points out.

"He might," she agrees. "But you won't know until you ask."

He turns his hand so he can clasp hers, holding it tight. "I love you," he says.

"You'd better," she replies flippantly, and he laughs and swats at her arm. "I love you too."

\* \* \*

She's in the bar that evening, deciding whether to have another drink or start looking for some company, when her communicator beeps with a message.

It's from Chris, just six words long: *He said yes, don't wait up.*

She grins and sends him a thumbs up in response.

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