

## All my tears have been used up

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## All my tears have been used up

by [Pixie](#)

### Summary

La'an and Sam share a moment in the belly of the Gorn ship.

### Notes

I kind of hate that I wrote this but I couldn't get it out of my head. Please enjoy La'an having complicated feelings for Kirks.

"Are you okay?"

La'an nodded. She didn't look at him and she didn't speak. She didn't want to lie, but she couldn't admit the truth. Too many lives depended on her to fall apart now.

"I'm glad you're here."

She made a face. Something between disapproval and disbelief. And displeasure.

"For us, I mean." Sam touched her shoulder. It was tentative, unconfident, but an attempt at comfort— or connection, maybe. She wasn't sure. She wasn't good at people, and frankly, neither was he. But an attempt was made. "You are the number one person I would want at my side in a Gorn fight."

She gave him a small smile. Better to laugh than to let herself cry.

"And I know I'm the last person anyone wants here." He said it so easily, so nonchalant. Not quiet, not hesitant, not awkward. Oddly confident.

"That's not true," she said, as Pike would if he were here. As Una would, or Jim would.

Sam shrugged. "It's okay, I'm used to it."

Annoyance flared up but she forced it away. It wasn't the time for his self-pity, but it also wasn't the time for her to make a scene about it. "I am sure your skills will be welcome if—"

"If they don't just kill us all?"

La'an's expression turned thoughtful. "On the planet, the younglings were acting strangely and Captain Pike—" She cut off, remembering.

*If you don't understand them, it means there's something about the Gorn we've yet to discover.*

She'd brushed it off as cockeyed optimism, but there was truth to what he suggested. The Gorn were the monsters under her bed, almost literally. Her expectations distorted her reality.

"How were the younglings acting strangely?"

She blinked. She couldn't tell if he knew the answer, and just wanted her to say it out loud, or if he was really asking. She couldn't remember if he'd been close enough to overhear her and Pike. Sam wasn't like Jim. He only took up space when he forced the issue, and then he was

annoying.

La'an looked up to meet his gaze. She bit her lip, ashamed she didn't remember. But his eyes were soft, kind, and she found herself strangely flustered.

"They weren't fighting," she said. "They were working together. Like—" She shook her head.

"Like a crew?"

She nodded. "Or a family, a community." She glanced around the room. There were families here, too, and children. Children like her.

Her chest felt suddenly tight. It was hard to breathe. She felt hot, dizzy... The room was spinning. Someone was calling her name.

*Run.*

Voices from her past bubbled up unbidden, unwanted.

*La'an be brave.*

She shook her head and her mother's voice blended into Una's.

*It's okay. You're safe. You're safe now.*

She didn't feel safe. She didn't remember safe.

*Don't be afraid,* her brother told her. His last words. *Don't look back. Just run.*

She ran. She ran and she hid and she survived to be found.

*I'm Una. What's your name?*

Someone was calling her name.

*La'an,* she whispered.

"La'an!" She shook her head.

*Sam's alive?* It was the moment he changed his mind. The moment he decided her universe was better. Her universe was worth saving.

*Say hi to Sam for me.* His last words.

"La'an!" She blinked. There was pressure on her shoulders. She lifted her eyes. He stared at her in concern, and an underlying fear. He was so close she could feel his breath on her skin.

*Sam is his middle name. Most people call him George.*

"George," she murmured.

"What?"

"Your name is George."

He shook his head. "My father's name is George." He stepped back, let his hands fall from her shoulders. He looked embarrassed. He felt small. La'an did, too. His full name must be in his personnel file, like his brother's, like hers. Why did she remember James, whom she'd never met, had a weird middle name but did not remember Sam, whom she'd served with, went by his middle name?

"I'm sorry."

Sam frowned. "Why?"

She blushed and looked away. "It's not important."

"Ooo-kay."

An awkward silence grew. Neither of them was comfortable with it.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"For what?"

"That you're stuck with me. Instead of him." He didn't need to explain who he meant. It was his job to notice things.

"Sam—"

"It's okay. Really. I wish he was here, too." She bit her lip. "Jim always knows what to do. He'd have a plan already and he'd know exactly what to say to get us all on board and inspire us to greatness." They looked around the room, crowded with bruised and battered refugees. Prisoners of war. Incubators, from the Gorn perspective. "Jim...he sees who you can be, not just who you are."

*I liked the way he looked at me.*

Her body was full of all the feelings she didn't believe in and yet threatened to overwhelm. She turned away, curled her fingers into fists and took a deep breath.

*I could finally see the person I had the potential to be.*

She raised her eyes and set her chin. "Sometimes that's not what we need." Sam saw 'just who you are' professionally. It made him blunt and abrasive and at times narrow minded. But sometimes idealism isn't a strength. "Sometimes we need to see the truth."

Sam frowned. La'an touched his shoulder, gestured to the room at large. "What do you see?"

He considered a moment. "A lot of fear. They're losing hope."

"We can't let that happen," she said with conviction.

Sam raised an eyebrow, confused, but on board. "Okay, how do we stop it?"

La'an was still, pensive. She wished Pike was here. Or Una or Uhura. Even Spock would be better at this.

*Hope is a choice*, Pike said in her mind, her memory.

*But you can't force it on people*, she thought.

The Pike in her mind smiled. *You have to inspire it.*

La'an stood.

"The *Enterprise* will come for us."

Those closest to her glanced over. She raised her voice.

"The *Enterprise* will come for us." More faces turned her way. "Starfleet *will* come for us. They have, every time."

All eyes were on her now. She didn't let it rattle her. She knew what she had to do.

"So we fight. We run. We hide." She looked over at Sam. "We observe. We survive."

She raised a fist, her eyes flashing. "I have been here before, and I survived. Don't give up," she commanded. "Never give up."

Erica stood and saluted. "Aye, Captain."

La'an nodded. "Erica, M'Benga, find two more volunteers and talk to everyone. Everyone. I want to know our skill set." They nodded and spread out to do her bidding.

La'an turned to Sam. "I need you to ask me questions about the Gorn. I know things that I've forgotten. Help me find them."

He nodded and gestured to quiet corner. As they turned to move toward it she reached out and grabbed him. Sam stared at their hands entwined, then looked up to meet her eyes. They were bright with possibility.

She leaned in close. Her breath tickled his skin as she spoke. "I am glad you're here."

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