

Welcome Home

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Welcome Home

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Summary

Nyota welcomes Gaila back after a mission.

Notes

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Nyota feels her heart speed up as the shuttle enters the bay and touches down. She clasps her hands behind her back and straightens, trying to remain professional, but the time for the doors to close and the bay to repressurise feels like an eternity. It's been over two months since they left Gaila on Starbase Four, since the last time Nyota saw her in person, and she isn't sure she can bear a moment more. They've talked over the comm a few times, whenever their schedules synced up and they could find the time, but it isn't the same.

The all-clear hasn't finished sounding before she's moving, entering the bay and hurrying with quick strides towards the shuttle. Gaila steps out and Nyota's breath catches in her throat as she smiles. She's missed that smile, the way Gaila's entire face lights up, making her even more beautiful.

"Permission to come aboard?" she asks, teasing, and Nyota can't help but smile back.

"Permission granted."

She aches to reach out, to grab Gaila and kiss her, let her know exactly how much Nyota has missed her. But this isn't the time, or the place, so instead she gestures behind her and adds, "You must be tired after your journey. Let me walk you to your quarters."

Gaila grins. "Of course," she says, and slings her bag over her shoulder. "Lead the way."

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The door to Gaila's quarters has barely closed behind them before Gaila tosses the bag aside and presses Nyota up against the wall, kissing her thoroughly. Nyota wraps her arms around Gaila's back, pulling her closer as she deepens the kiss.

"I missed you," Gaila murmurs, breaking away to kiss down Nyota's neck.

Nyota tips her head back against the wall to give her more access. "Me too." She gasps as Gaila's lips brush across her pulse point. "I didn't – oh – didn't know it'd feel so long."

"I got you a gift," Gaila tells her, pulling away enough to look her in the eyes. "Or, well, I actually got *myself* a gift, but I think you'll like it too." Her eyes sparkle with mischief.

Nyota's stomach fills with warmth as she remembers some of Gaila's previous gifts. "Are you going to tell me what it is, or is it a surprise?"

Gaila grins, then kneels down and rummages through her bag, pulling out what looks like two black bracelets attached by a cord. Nyota stares at it in confusion for a second before it dawns on her what it is; a pair of restraints.

"What do you think?" Gaila asks, still grinning. She dangles the restraints from one finger, giving Nyota a challenging look. "You're always complaining that I can't keep still, so I thought I'd make it easier for you."

Nyota reaches out to touch, her mind already conjuring up scenarios. The restraints are obviously well made, smooth and padded for comfort. "How do they work?" she asks. "Is there a switch, or...?" The last thing she wants is for one of them to end up tied to a bed in the middle of a red alert.

"They're voice activated," Gaila tells her, before raising her voice. "Unlock."

The cuffs fall open effortlessly, and Gaila wraps one around her wrist. "Lock," she orders, and it fastens shut again. "See?"

"I see," Nyota says, a smile spreading across her face. She reaches out and takes Gaila's wrist, pulling her into a kiss before murmuring, "Unlock."

The restraints fall open again, sliding off Gaila's wrist and into her hand, and she steps away and orders, "Strip and get on the bed."

Gaila beams. "Yes, ma'am!"

She pulls off her dress and throws it aside, then does the same with her underwear. Nyota lets her gaze sweep over the expanse of smooth green skin as Gaila spreads herself out on the bed, naked and gorgeous and just waiting for Nyota to have her way with her.

Not bothering to get undressed just yet, she steps forwards and runs a hand up Gaila's stomach and chest, enjoying the way her nipples peak. Gaila raises her hands above her head in anticipation, and Nyota fastens them to the headboard, brushing her thumbs across Gaila's wrists before pulling away. "Comfortable?"

Gaila pulls on the restraints experimentally, testing them, before nodding. "So," she says, a sly smile spreading across her face. "Now that you've captured me, what are you going to do with me?"

"Oh, I have a few ideas," Nyota tells her. She had a lot of time to think, after all, on those lonely nights with nothing but her own hand for company.

She strips off her uniform, letting it fall to the floor to mingle with Gaila's. She's usually more careful with her clothing, but right now all she cares about is getting Gaila's mouth and hands on her as fast as possible.

"You're beautiful," Gaila tells her as Nyota steps out of her panties, leaving herself naked. Gaila likes to say that, tells her over and over, but it still brings warmth to Nyota's cheeks.

"And you talk too much," she replies, trying – and mostly failing – to hold back a smile. She climbs onto the bed, straddling Gaila's chest as she adds, "Fortunately, I know how to fix that."

She moves forwards and lowers herself down on Gaila's face. Gaila opens up eagerly, hands pulling at the restraints as she explores Nyota's folds with her tongue. Nyota steadies herself against the headboard and shifts to give her better access, rubbing her clit against Gaila's lips.

"Yes, *oh*," she moans, the pleasure building as Gaila laps at her clit. It's good, too good, and Nyota knows she isn't going to last long. "Yes, oh, please..."

Gaila flicks her tongue just right, and Nyota comes hard, orgasm washing over her in a wave. She rubs herself against Gaila's face, riding through the aftershocks, before rising slowly and moving to sit beside her.

"You're amazing," she says, reaching out absently to stroke Gaila's hair.

"I know," Gaila replies, a little smugly. "Have I earned a reward yet?"

A smile spreads across Nyota's face. "Oh, definitely." She reaches into the top drawer of the nightstand and pulls out a large black strap on. They have a wide variety of sex toys – mostly Gaila's – but this has always been one of their favourites. It's based on Orion physiology, designed to provide ultimate stimulation for both the recipient and the wearer.

Gaila grins and spreads her legs as Nyota fastens the harness around herself. Nyota runs her hand up and down the shaft, enjoying the smoothness, before positioning herself carefully and pushing in.

Gaila's legs wrap around her waist, and Nyota loses herself in the rhythm, the strap on rubbing at her clit with every thrust. She leans down to kiss Gaila, tasting herself on her lips, before kissing down her neck to her breasts. She sucks a nipple into her mouth and Gaila moans, hands clenching and releasing as she pulls at the restraints.

Nyota's own pleasure builds again and she shifts, angling her thrusts to try and maximise Gaila's pleasure. Gaila gasps and moans, moving restlessly, and Nyota knows she's close. She speeds up, thrusting deeper, and Gaila goes still, biting her lip and shuddering. Nyota keeps thrusting, once, twice, before her own orgasm overcomes her.

She presses a final kiss to Gaila's lips before pulling out and rolling over to lie beside her. "Unlock," she orders tiredly, and the restraints release. Gaila stretches, bringing her arms down, and Nyota removes the strap on and sets it aside before curling against her, resting her head on Gaila's shoulder.

Gaila wraps an arm around her and Nyota cuddles closer, basking in the feeling of *finally* being able to hold her like this.

"Welcome home," she mumbles, and feels Gaila's laugh rumble through her in response.

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