

From the Heart

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by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Uhura decides to ask Gaila to marry her on their anniversary, but it doesn't turn out as planned.

Notes

Written for Lady_Katana4544 in the 2018 Femslash Exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Uhura frowns as yet another wrong note rings out. She's played this piece dozens of times, but tonight she just can't seem to get it right. She takes a breath, trying to steady her hands, and tries again. This time she makes it almost to the end before her fingers slip across the strings, causing a discordant clash of notes. "Dammit!"

"Perhaps it is time for a break?" Spock suggests. There's a hint of concern in his eyes, but whether it's for her or his cherished instrument she doesn't know. Likely both.

"Yeah," she says, laying the ka'athyra down carefully. "A break sounds good."

He pours them both tea, and she finds herself staring down into her cup as if it holds the mysteries of the universe. She is startled when Spock speaks. "You seem distracted tonight."

She glances up at him sharply, her cheeks beginning to heat. "Yeah, sorry. I guess I'm just a little nervous."

"Nervous?"

She hesitates, fiddling with the edge of her cup. "Mine and Gaila's anniversary is tomorrow."

He looks puzzled. "I was given to understand that humans considered such events to be happy occasions. I fail to see why it would make you nervous."

"It's not the anniversary I'm nervous about," Uhura tells him. "It's just, well-" She hesitates, biting her lip. "If I tell you something, do you promise not to tell anyone else?"

"Of course."

"I'm going to ask her to marry me."

There is a moment of silence. "I see," Spock says, then, more warmly, "Congratulations is, I believe, the correct response. Have you procured a ring?"

"Orions don't wear rings. They get matching tattoos. Right here." She indicates her left wrist. "Gaila showed me a picture once."

"In that case, have you procured a tattoo artist?"

She laughs, surprising herself. "I thought we'd think about that afterwards. When she says yes." She takes a sip of tea and forces down the little voice insisting she meant to say *if*.

When she looks up again, Spock is watching her. "I will understand if you wish to cut our lesson short tonight," he says.

She takes a breath, nodding slowly. "Yeah," she replies. "I think that might be best."

She rises from her seat, and as he follows suit, impulsively leans forwards and hugs him. "Wish me luck."

"Unnecessary," Spock replies. "I shall await the news of your tattoo."

Uhura laughs, her stomach filling with butterflies. *Soon*, she thinks. *Soon*.

* * *

Her shift the next day seems to last forever. At one point she swears the clock is actually going backwards. She's grateful that it's a fairly routine shift, and she's good enough at her job that she can do it mostly on autopilot, because keeping her mind on the situation at hand proves to be almost impossible. No matter how hard she tries, all she can think about is tonight.

Finally her shift is over and she hurries down to her quarters to prepare. She decorates her quarters for a romantic evening, setting up her desk with a tablecloth and electric candles, and even going so far as to gather some flowers from the arboretum and arrange them in a glass in the centre of the desk.

She puts in a special order with the kitchens, and manages to time things perfectly so that Gaila arrives just as she is setting the food out on the desk. Gaila grins as she takes in the scene, bouncing over to hug her. "Wow, Nyota, this is amazing. You didn't need to do all this!"

"Yes I did," Uhura replies with a smile. "What's that you're holding?"

Gaila holds up the bottle of purplish-red liquid. "This is your anniversary present, since I didn't get to give it to you yesterday. It's Deltan wine. I haven't tried it, but it's supposed to be great." She raises her eyebrows and adds, "It's also supposed to be an aphrodisiac."

"Of course it is," Uhura replies fondly, rolling her eyes. "In that case, how about we try it *after* dinner?"

"Works for me," Gaila agrees, slipping into a seat at the desk. "This all looks great, by the way."

Uhura feels her nerves coming back as they eat, and has to force herself to act normally. When the meal is over, she clears away the dishes as Gaila pours them both a glass of wine.

The first sip tells her Gaila has picked well. The wine is sweet and rich and fruity, warming her pleasantly from the inside out.

"Well?" Gaila asks, watching her expectantly.

"It's really good," Uhura says. "I like it." She takes another sip, then blurts, "So, there's something I've been meaning to ask you." The wine is making her lips tingle, and she licks them nervously, fiddling with the edge of her glass.

"What is it?" Gaila asks, and Uhura turns to her, setting the glass aside as she tries to remember the ritual words she memorised.

"I-" she begins, only to break out coughing. She rubs at her chest, trying to catch her breath, but can't seem to manage it.

"Nyota?" Gaila sounds worried. "Are you okay?"

Uhura shakes her head frantically. She feels like her throat is closing up, each lungful of air requiring a great effort. She's vaguely aware of Gaila rushing for the intercom, her frantic calls for help faded as if they're coming from a great distance.

Darkness spreads across Uhura's vision, and she knows no more.

* * *

She wakes up in sickbay. Her mouth is dry and her head aching, but she can breathe again. Someone is holding her hand and she looks to the side to see Gaila standing beside her, her green skin turned dull with worry.

"I'm sorry!" she squeaks miserably. "I just wanted to get you something for our anniversary! I never meant for this to happen!"

Uhura blinks fuzzily at her. "What happened?"

"You had an allergic reaction to the wine," Chapel answers from the doorway. "How do you feel?" She comes over and begins checking the readings on the biobed.

"Okay," Uhura replies, after thinking about it. "A little tired."

"That's normal," Chapel says, smiling comfortingly at her. "Your readings look good, but we're going to keep you in for a few more hours just to be sure."

"Can I stay with her?" Gaila asks with her best beseeching look, and Chapel nods.

"Just as long as you don't excite her too much," she warns. "I'll be back in a little while." She picks up a PADD and jots something down quickly before leaving the room.

Gaila turns back to Uhura, looking guilty. "I'm really sorry," she blurts, words spilling out of her like a flood. "I was so excited about our anniversary, and everything was going so well and now it's all ruined and-"

"Marry me," Uhura interrupts, and Gaila breaks off in shock. She raises herself to a sitting position as she adds, "I had a whole big proposal planned out, with ritual words and music and everything, but screw it. Marry me."

Gaila's eyes are wide. "You-" she begins, then corrects herself. "Yes!" She squeals and throws herself into Uhura's arms. "Yes! I love you!"

"Love you too," Uhura replies, and pulls her in for a kiss.

It might not have been the proposal she had in mind, but somehow it's still perfect.

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