

Nothing Like a Good Cup of Tea

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/920) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/920>.

Rating: [General Audiences](#)
Archive Warning: [No Archive Warnings Apply](#)
Category: [Gen](#)
Fandom: [Star Trek: Picard](#)
Character: [Jean-Luc Picard](#), [Cristóbal Rios](#), [Ensemble Cast - PIC](#)
Additional Tags: [Weekly Challenge: Tea](#), [Friendship](#)
Language: English
Collections: [Weekly Writing Challenges](#)
Stats: Published: 2023-09-11 Words: 634 Chapters: 1/1

Nothing Like a Good Cup of Tea

by [InterstellarSiren](#)

Summary

To make Admiral Picard feel more at home, Rios plans an afternoon tea with the crew of La Sirena.

As preparations were made to leave Coppelius, all was quiet on the bridge of La Sirena. Rios was busy making necessary adjustments to the ship. He didn't envy Admiral Picard's position. Starfleet would want answers. He wasn't sure how anyone could spin what they had seen into something positive.

It had been the hospitality hologram's idea to gather everyone for a relaxing tea break. Rios quickly realized the merits of the choice, but he needed some help to pull it off.

"Activate EHH."

"Oh Captain, my Captain."

"Spare me the poetry. What do you know about tea time?", Rios sighed. He listened as the hologram rattled off the facts of a proper English tea ceremony.

"So, black tea, cream, sugar...Can we pull all of this off?"

"I believe we can, sir. Admiral Picard might know more about it, since he is English."

"No, no. I want to surprise him. Give me all you can on ancient tea ceremonies."

"Rios to Picard. Sorry to disturb you, Admiral, but we have a surprise for you on the bridge." Picard quirked an eyebrow— he had never heard the captain sound quite so chipper since they'd embarked on this mission. Was Rios finally learning to like having a crew? He made his way to the bridge and smiled in disbelief at what he saw.

His friends were seated around a table filled scones and sandwiches, clotted cream, preserves and a steaming pot of tea. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen such a layout. Back in La Barre, he'd have done this with Laris and Zhaban, but they were a long way from home now. Rios had clearly activated the holodeck to resemble a tea house.

"Tea, sir? You prefer earl grey, if memory serves.", offered the EHH with a bright smile.

"Why, I haven't seen anything like this in. . . Yes, please. And are those scones?"

"With clotted cream, sir.", the hologram beamed, and Rios nodded in response. For once, the pestering holo was doing his job.

Agnes sat to Rios' left, dressed in a flowing grey-blue dress with floral print. Raffi wore a mint green pant suit, and Seven had chosen a complimenting yellow dress that matched her hair. Soji arrived with Elnor at her side, and Picard couldn't help noticing that they too, matched in deep royal blue.

Rios had never been much for tea, but as he lifted the cup to his lips, he found he did not want to spit it out immediately. With some cream, the warm drink became rich and soothing.

"You put thought into this, Rios."

"I figured it would be nice. After all the battles and fights, we deserve a moment of peace.", he answered, watching with a small grin as Picard

broke a scone and dolloped some clotted cream and jam onto the pastry.

“This is heaven.”, Agnes mumbled, wiping her lips after a bite of a tea sandwich.

“She’s right, Cris, these sandwiches are divine. It’s like a little piece of Earth is here with us. I love it.” They continued chatting quietly as they ate and drank. The crew was becoming a family, and now it felt much more like it. Picard was glad for a taste of home. When they finished, Picard stopped Rios and shook his hand.

“Thank you for this, Captain Rios. You reminded me that even in the darkest moments, we need hope. Sometimes, that hope can be found in the simplest things. Sometimes there’s nothing like good friends and a good cup of tea.”

“So you want to do this again, Admiral? I’ll keep that in mind.”, said Cris, a smile on his face as he stepped away to attend to his duties. Now the motely crew of La Sirena had a new tradition, and memories that would last forever.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!