

# Scott-Free

a *Mass Effect: Andromeda* fanfic

by **Rodo**

SARA RYDER GROANED when she entered her new apartment on the Nexus. There were boxes everywhere, and it had been a long day. At least the sofa had already been delivered and unpacked, so she could gracelessly flop down on it and ignore all the chaos around her. On the coffee table next to her stood the ugliest lamp she had ever seen, with a naked asari as the stand, holding a glowing moon. Vetra obviously had her priorities straight.

“You sound like you just spent a day hauling salvage,” Sara’s crafty girlfriend commented from the kitchen, teasing a weak smile onto her face.

“I wish,” Sara whined.

“Oh, come on, it can’t have been that bad. You said you just wanted to talk with Addison—”

“—and then I got ambushed by Scott.”

“Ah,” Vetra said with a smile. She finally finished whatever she’d been doing in the kitchen and joined Sara in the living room. In her hands was a mug of something that smelled vaguely herb-like. “A Heleus blend that Suvi assures me is edible for humans. You seem like you need it.”

“Aww,” Sara laughed. “You made me tea? That’s so... domestic of you.”

“Yeah, well, we’re being domestic, aren’t we? I sure as hell wouldn’t have chosen anything this squishy for myself,” Vetra added, pointing at the sofa, which Sara had to admit was very soft, just the way she liked it. “And this isn’t the first time I’m living with someone. You do remember that I raised Sid, right?”

“And you did a great job. I just don’t want to talk about siblings right now.”

“What did Scott do?”

“He wants to join us on the Tempest, and he doesn’t want to take no for an answer,” Sara sighed. They’d argued for the better part of an hour before leaving it at a frustrating stalemate. She was pretty sure the other patrons at the Vortex had been side-eyeing them hard by the end.

“He’s been saying that since he got back from Meridian.”

“But he got hurt pretty bad by the Archon.”

“Lexi cleared him for active duty two weeks ago when even *she* ran out of excuses not to do so.”

“Still... you wouldn’t like it if I took Sid on board either, would you?” Sara knew that was a low blow, but Scott had riled her so much she couldn’t help herself.

“Yeah, well, Sid’s not Alliance and trained to be part of the Pathfinder team. Your brother is far better prepared to face what’s out there than my sister is.”

“But—”

“You reminded me once that I have to let my sister grow up and be her own person. Now I’m reminding you that your brother is a grown-ass man more than qualified for the job he wants. You can’t keep him on the Nexus or on Meridian just because you want him to be safe. He’ll only end up hitching a ride out to Kadara or Elaaden or who knows where and get himself in trouble there.”

Sara sighed and stared up at the ceiling as Vetra sat down beside her. “I almost lost him,” she whispered.

“Yeah,” Vetra agreed, and took Sara’s hand in her own. “But you didn’t. And he almost lost you, too. I was there when you almost died—twice.”

Sara sighed and looked at her and felt the sudden urge to cuddle up to Vetra. After a moment’s hesitation, she remembered that they’d been dating for weeks now and that she had absolutely no reason not to. Vetra hummed pleasantly when Sara wriggled under her arm and put her head on her shoulder.

“I’m going to have to agree, don’t I?”

Vetra cocked her head in a way that said more than a thousand words.

“He’s going to be insufferable. He’ll hang around my quarters all the time. We’ll have no private time.”

“I’m pretty sure that your brother is going to make himself scarce when we start making out. And even if not, why are we wasting our glorious Scott-free time in our very own new apartment talking about him instead of, I don’t know, having some fun?”

Sara had to admit that Vetra had a point. She leaned in and pressed a hot kiss on Vetra’s throat just beneath her mandible. Vetra purred.

*Fin*