

## there's no time to waste, in this famous goodbye

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1024) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1024>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Picard</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Cristóbal Rios/Agnes Jurati</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Agnes Jurati</a> , <a href="#">Cristóbal Rios</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Arguments</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Ending Relationships</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">Heaven Knows</a>
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-11 Words: 1,089 Chapters: 1/1

## there's no time to waste, in this famous goodbye

by [InterstellarSiren](#)

### Summary

Cris and Agnes talk before he decides to accept his new command. Can be viewed as an alternate storyline to the first work in the "Heaven Knows" series.

The minute Rios got the call, Agnes knew their dynamic was changing. There was a part of that wanted to tell him not to go; a part of her that hoped he had the sense to understand that letting him return to the stars meant that she was getting left behind again. Everyone always seemed to leave her. She knew it was going to happen again the moment they connected on La Sirena.

*I should have known that when Starfleet came calling, he'd want to answer. He may say he doesn't trust them, that he's bitter about what happened on his previous command. But I've felt that ache in his tone when he talks about it. It's like he lost a friend when he was discharged. Cris can bluster all he wants, but Starfleet has always been seared into his identity, and I won't—I can't—ask him to give it up. Not for anything, even me.* There was no reason for him to stay bound to the organization's principles, and yet he would remain the dutiful soldier. Agnes sank into her chair, trying to reconcile the last year of her life. After being cleared of the murder of Bruce Maddox and seeing her relationships fall apart, all she wanted was to get back to some sense of normalcy.

But then Cris had absconded with her heart. She knew that he'd never expected the organization to want him back; their entire connection had been forged on the basis of abandonment. But she also knew that he would return if they'd asked. She'd known because they'd argued over it. She had not wanted him to put himself in danger again, especially knowing how cold things could be with Starfleet. Picard should have been proof enough.

---

**"I . . . I can't believe this is happening. I don't know what to tell them."**

**"You don't want to tell them to maybe, I don't know, 'go to hell!'"** Agnes hadn't meant to yell, but her voice raised before she could stop herself. It wasn't so much that she didn't understand his reasons, but he'd gone back and forth over them so many times that she never believed he'd say yes.

**"It's a command position, Agnes. I— This is where I was headed before. . ."** Before life as he knew it had imploded, he wanted to say. But the words refused to leave his lips. Speaking them would make it real, and making it real meant he had to make the choice.

**"I know."**

**"If I turn this down, the chances the opportunity comes up again are slim."**

*And I'm not getting any younger. I'm not Picard, I can't do this when I'm in my nineties. So much for existential dread, huh?* Agnes looked as though she would burst into tears at any moment. It hurt Cris' heart to see how broken she'd become. He'd feared for a time that she would face a trial after what happened to Bruce Maddox, but once they'd been properly debriefed at Starfleet Headquarters, the authorities deemed that she'd acted in a bout of temporary insanity brought on by the effects of being forced to see the Admonition. He had stood by her as she went through the process; a hearing that determined she would be allowed to continue her work.

They decided to appoint her as an ambassador of goodwill, to travel with Soji Asha and speak to other worlds about synthetic life. If they could assure the galaxy of the decision to lift the ban, then the world would be better for it.

**“I understand. I just wish that for once, you could think about something other than yourself. You could be invaluable, Cris. Tell them you want to work with me. We’ll need security.” He hadn’t meant to scoff, but it came out all the same.**

**“You want a Starfleet washout as your security?”**

**“Not a washout— you!”**

**“Aggie, I— I can’t. What if I freeze?”**

**“You won’t. But don’t you think you’ve got some things to work through first?”**

**“Ha. Who has the time?”**

---

The next time they’d spoken about it had been the blowout fight that resulted in Agnes telling him not to call her again. Cris had supposed it was for the best; it seemed space was a cruel mistress determined to make him abandon hope of love.

*Dante. That’s poetic. ‘Abandon all hope, all ye who enter here.’* Cris had to laugh to keep himself from crying about it. There had been too many times he was forced to give up everything, but this was the only time he’d given up hope. No, that wasn’t right, wasn’t true. The first time had been. . . Cris shut his eyes, willed the memory to stop before he could envision the sparks and phaser blasts and that damned red alert klaxon blaring in his ears. That was one of the reasons for his hesitation; he knew what those sounds meant. This time, those lives would be in his hands, and that was a hell of a weight to carry.

He hoped that this would not be goodbye to his love life forever. For all their flaws, he loved Agnes deeply and wanted nothing more than her happiness. Maybe someday, she would understand that he was doing this to secure a safer future for them both. He wanted her to see that all of it had been to protect those he cared about; to get back to a place where he had the peace of knowing she was not being harmed anymore. If he was going to make sure that was true, he needed to do it now. If he didn’t, he’d regret it for the rest of his life.

*I hope someday you can forgive me, Agnes. That you understand that I’m doing this to protect you and everything we love. Heaven knows, I never expected any of this. I just wish I knew that you understood and you’d be waiting for me. I could use that kind of port in a storm.* An incoming transmission via Rios’ comms unit interrupted his thoughts.

“Starfleet Command to Cristobal Rios.”

“This is Rios.”

“Well? The ship is nearly ready to go. We need your answer.” There was no need for any hesitation, no time to waste. He would never forgive himself if he stood by while the galaxy might be on the brink of another war.

“I accept. One to beam to Starfleet Headquarters. I want to see this ship first hand.”

*To decide if it’s worth all I’ve lost.*

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