

One Day I'm Meant to Be With You

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Summary

Spoilers present for the end of Star Trek: Picard Season 1

"If Agnes Jurati's life had taught her anything, it was that sometimes nothing you do is ever enough. She had learned it the hard way; false promises and lost loves, people dying on her watch..."

Short, sweet and slightly angsty one-shot. Agnes Jurati has been through so much. But now, with the help of her friends and a new love, she knows exactly where she's meant to be.

If Agnes Jurati's life had taught her anything, it was that sometimes nothing you do is ever enough. She had learned it the hard way; false promises and lost loves, people dying on her watch. At one point she had wanted to die. Things had seemed hopeless then. The man she had loved beyond all reason was dead. She had wanted so desperately to marry Bruce Maddox, to have children with him and a legacy to pass on to them. They were a perfect pair; two of the world's most brilliant minds in their fields, but Bruce had seen beyond that.

"You're kind of like a rose. Everyone sees the surface beauty, but there's more underneath. You're guarded, too. Maybe it's time to let that go." That had made her chuckle, a flush covering her cheeks that she hadn't had the time to hide because he'd seen it before she knew it was there. The memories washed over her like waves now, every time she thought about Bruce and the roses in the garden they had shared. She'd often questioned if they could build a life as red and vibrant as the roses.

She remembered pain; unbearable pain tearing through her as she stood over Bruce's body in the medbay of La Sirena. She knew what she had to do, knew she had to let him die. Even if it cost her everything, even if the roses withered. . . Commodore Oh had promised her that this was for the greater good, and that her sacrifices would not be in vain. So, she had given Bruce a fatal overdose, and watched him die. She'd pushed everyone else away after letting it happen. Isolation was better, it meant she could still feel— but she could do it alone, with no one to judge her actions. She hadn't counted on one aspect though.

That damn holo. Emil, the medical hologram of La Sirena, sensing she was in distress and sending the captain to her aid. She'd never planned for anyone to understand what she'd done or why she'd done it. By the time they figured it out, she was supposed to be dead. And, hell, what did she have to lose, anyway? Her existence was hollow and empty without Bruce. Until something changed.

Until Cris gave her hope. She'd never planned to fall in love with him; never really wanted to fall into his bed until it was happening, but damn, it felt good to be wanted for once. Spending the night in his arms gave her peace. They were just two lonely people trying to get by, clinging to each other as a safe harbor. She'd mistaken him for a bad decision, another thorn that would prick her and leave a wound that might never heal. But a rose on her pillow the next morning proved different. The flower came with a short, sweet note from him.

I'm sorry, Aggie. I'm kind of shit at the whole expressing my emotions thing. But knowing how you like flowers, I thought you'd appreciate this. I grow them myself in a special area of La Sirena. One day, if you let me, I'll show you everything she has to offer.

Last night wasn't some fluke; I hope you know that. And I know you probably think I'm talking crazy but. . . I know I'm meant to be with you. You said you could sense mistakes when you're making them, but . . . We didn't make a mistake. Someday, when you're ready, I want to show you the world. Take your time, cariña. I'm a patient man.

XO, Cris

To his credit, the moody captain was as patient as he promised he'd be. He stayed by her as they awaited word on her fate; was there when Picard determined she didn't need to turn herself in for Bruce's murder. Then, after helping Soji find her home world, her 'one day' arrived. On that day, the roses were in full bloom. (She knew, she'd checked first before heading to the lower deck to give Cris his good luck kiss

before they set off, because she was certain the “someday” he had talked about in his note was here.) She was exactly where she was meant to be; with her found family, with a man she loved who adored her.

The roses were in bloom, and she was home, this time for good.

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