

Alone

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1272) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1272>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Star Trek: The Original Series , Alternate Universes (General)
Character:	Rose Reilly , Lucius Reilly
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Procrastination
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Star Trek Tkon: Prologue
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-12 Words: 692 Chapters: 1/1

Alone

by [trekfan](#)

Summary

2243: After the death of her mother, Rose Reilly is left to pack up the house -- but there are just some things she can't put away, even if she wants to.

This was the last place she wanted to be, yet she was here; as the eldest child, it was her responsibility ... no, her duty ... to be here. She wished she had lost track of the time, that she didn't know *exactly* how long it had been since her mother's passing, but she knew — every second, every minute, every hour, every day. It had been scarcely a week since the funeral and three weeks since her death.

Yet, standing in the living room of her childhood home, it almost seemed like her mother would walk down the stairs if she just waited long enough.

Her eyes watched those stairs for a few minutes before she shook her head. "You have a job to do, Rose. Do it," she reminded herself aloud.

With a snuffle, partly from the weather and partly from the grief, she opened an empty storage container and started putting things in it. The house was hers now, according to her mother's will, but she wasn't going to use it. She wasn't going to leave it as some sort of shrine to what was; it was time to put everything there, good and bad, into a box and lock it away.

It might not have been the healthiest thing but it was the only thing she wanted.

"I'm sorry," a familiar voice said from the kitchen.

She hadn't heard the door open but it didn't matter; knowing him, he'd probably beam in anyway.

She took a breath and turned around to find her father there, leaning on the kitchen island — like he used to. Like she remembered back when their family was happy ... or at least looked it.

She cast a chilly glare at him. "You dare to come here? After what you did? After not even *bothering* to show up for the funeral?"

He stood tall and tugged down on his admiral's uniform. "Your mother wouldn't have wanted me there."

Rose scowled. "Maybe not, but Anne did. I did."

He dipped his head slightly, regret plain on his face. "I know. I'm sorry about that. I came to apologize for it."

She laughed. "You're unbelievable. You think I don't know why you're *really* here? Why you chose to come here, today?"

He looked away for a moment and nodded. "All right, I didn't just come here to apologize. I came here to talk sense into you, before you do something you can't take back."

She kicked the storage container and crossed the living room into the kitchen, arriving on the other side of the island with her pulse racing. "I'm done being *your pride and joy*, I'm done being here, and I'm done with you!"

He regarded her like she was a whining child. "You're throwing your career away out of misplaced anger and grief."

"So you're a psychologist now, in addition to Starfleet's greatest man whore?"

His face turned a shade redder and his eyes narrowed. "We're not here to re-litigate the past. I made mistakes, so did your mother."

She jutted a finger at him. “And yet you’re still alive and she’s not. I’d have her trade places with you in a heartbeat.”

He smirked. “I can hear her in you.”

She slapped the top of the island. “Don’t. Don’t try to make this about anything else. I’m retiring from Starfleet, and I’m off this fucking planet. No more dealing with you, this, or worrying about another command — I’m going somewhere far away.”

“To do what?” he asked pointedly. “Waste your talents? Drink yourself to death? Find a dark corner of the galaxy to disappear into?”

“Maybe all that, maybe none of that, maybe more,” she snarled. “I don’t have to tell anyone, anything. It’s my life.”

He looked up at the ceiling, his face clearly communicating his disappointment. “Fine.” He tugged at his uniform once more and headed for the kitchen door. “You’re going to regret this, Rose.”

“Get the hell out!”

Without another word he left and she was by herself.

I just need to get used to this ... this is what I need to be.

Shaking, she began to pack things up once more.

Alone.

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