

## Classmates

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1415) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1415>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Borderlines</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Ensemble Cast - BAN</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Deltans</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of <a href="#">Borderlines: Missing Scenes and Preludes</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-03-02 Words: 990 Chapters: 1/1

## Classmates

by [B\\_Radley](#)

### Summary

Two classmates meet in a strange place. Hilarity ensues for some, exercise for others.

*San Francisco, California*

*Mission District*

2282

*The Day Before the Day Before the First Day of the Rest of her Life*

Chandrelle ne Songet looks at the plain wooden door, located in the back of a trendy restaurant called Strands. She looks down at the jeweled token that her father had pressed into her hand during her last visit home, before coming back to Hunter's partnership-family's main home in London. The place where she had lived among a loving family, even when Hunter was on deployment, since she was ten years old. The place where she had gained her accent.

Only meeting her birth-father in places where her mother wouldn't know, with Hunter's collusion.

She inserts the jewel into what looks like a flaw in the wood frame. After a couple of moments, the door slides open. She steps in. A woman of her species gazes at her with a warm smile on her bronze features. Chandra feels her left eyebrow move towards the crest of her forehead, where a hairline would be on most species, at the piercing blue eye on the woman's right. A warm dark brown eye gazes at her from opposite the blue one.

The older woman, who Chandra's link tells her is in her fifties, but would pass for much younger among other species, lifts her right hand and brings it to the back of her neck. Pulling their foreheads together in the manner of family.

"Hello, my dear," she says in their shared language. "I'm Issaandrine et MacKenzie é Soturnal. I'm the Link-Mistress here. I own the place. Your father is an old friend. You're welcome here always, when you need another Link, or a good home-cooked meal."

Chandra smiles. "Thank you," she says. "I appreciate it. My father always spoke highly of you." She looks away, letting the smile fade. "When I could see him."

Issa nods. "I know. Your mother won't always be a horse's ass, as the Terrans say. I'm assuming by the fact that I can taste your Threads and your Link that you are of age?"

"Yes, Mistress," Chandra replies.

"Just Issa. You're welcome to observe and partake of any Link-sharing. But I'd be careful. Many non-Deltans come here for the thrill of the Link-play. They're all of varying degrees of maturity to us, so I'd stick close to any of the staff that you see. You'll recognize them."

Chandra nods.

"Go on. Enjoy yourself. It'll be awhile before you get a pass to come back, unless a doctor prescribes it."

Chandra finds herself standing among a throng of people. Other Deltan Links, all of them unique, tickle at her own. She opens her own, letting the physical manifestation of the Threads loose.

She finds the table that the token signals her to and sits. She realizes it is near one of the dancing stages. A human male, maybe a bit older than her, moves to the music. Her eyes move up his form, which is apparently clad in only a brief covering around his hips as he moves to the music. She isn't sure what he is doing could be called dancing.

She looks up at him, realizing that he has a thatch of curly dark auburn and gold hair, as humans would call it. A pair of sea-green eyes gaze down at her. It is when she sees those eyes that she realizes that he isn't as old as first impressions told her.

That and the fact that he can barely keep rhythm tells her that he isn't a professional dancer that the Link-Mistress would approve of. He is most probably Chandra's chronological age. She feels her confusion flare in the Link. Not even a moment later, two of Issa's peaceforcers are closing on the stage.

She grins. *A Link-crasher.*

The young man jumps from the stage and starts to run. Chandra sees him coming towards her. He gives her a crooked grin as she steps out of his way. Another peaceforcer comes up behind her, trying to corral him; he fakes left, then right, then is out the door. The three peaceforcers grin sheepishly at each other.

Issa is full-on laughing. Chandra joins in, but looks at where the young man had escaped to. She wonders if she has a wistful look on her face.

*He's probably not going to be able to stop and get his street clothes,* she thinks.

*Starfleet Academy Reception Center  
Sol III/Terra  
Presidio District  
San Francisco, California*

On the first day of the rest of her life, Chandra stands braced at attention as the drill instructors and tac officers 'gently' explain to her and other newly sworn plebes what the facts of life are for the first year of their existence in Starfleet, whether they will become officers or technicians.

As they march out in some semblance of order, after donning their athletic uniforms and carrying their seabags with the rest of their issued clothing, Chandra sneaks a glance to her left, as something twitches in her Link.

She somehow manages to keep her Threads in check, so that the rest of her platoon aren't suddenly unable to concentrate on marching in step, after the two hours of close-order drill. She stares into the semi-familiar green eyes of the young man next to her, his auburn hair much shorter than it had been two days ago. He gives her that same crooked grin, that in spite of herself, makes certain parts of her jump.

Not just the parts that had appreciated the rest of him besides the eyes and the grin.

He is wearing much more clothing as well. "Still got the thong?" she asks out of the corner of her mouth.

She sees him color slightly, as he keeps those eyes forward, now.

Chandra remembers the name she had noticed stenciled on the breast of his T-shirt.

*Blackthorne, J.*

*It's going to be an interesting four years,* she thinks.

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