

## The Week Between

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## The Week Between

by [LordMcCoveyCove](#)

### Summary

These are the two scenes cut from "Trial of Transfer," taking place the week between Leo's arrival at Starbase 8, and picking up in Chapter Three, when he begins investigating the arrest of Corporal Torres.

### Notes

Historian's Note: This work takes place between Chapters Two and Three of "[Trial of Transfer](#)."

Starbase 8  
In orbit of Memory Alpha  
JAG Complex, Deck Four  
January 17, 2318 (Stardate 138949.97)

Stepping out of Captain Janeera Ch'charhat's office, Lieutenant Commander Leo Verde made his way to the reception desk to have a discussion with Yeoman First Class (YN1) Lara Zenn. She looked up as he approached from the swank double doors, and in doing so, her shoulder-length light brown hair fell over her shoulders as the gravity of the starbase captured it.

"How did it go, sir?" she asked him.

"Very well, thank you for asking," Leo replied, mustering a cheerful expression after the intense discussion with the captain. "The boss requested I find an open workspace and assume the XO responsibilities from a Major Bex."

Zenn's grin disappeared. "Uh, sir, Major Bex is using the XO's office presently. There is another office on the other side of the bullpen we can put you in. I think the junior officers have been using it as an impromptu conference room."

Leo shook his head. "I've no interest in displacing the major from her office on my first day. That can be like a second or third day battle."

The yeoman grinned slyly. "Yes, sir. If you'll give me a moment, I'll speak with the chief and we'll get you sorted." She rose from her seat and her eyes drifted over toward another yeoman, a young man wearing the rank and rating of a yeoman third class. "Karl, can you take over the desk for me?"

Karl Fields slipped into the seat, and Zenn stepped out from behind the desk. "If you'll come with me, Commander," she said.

Leo yielded to the yeoman's guidance with a swift hand gesture, and they entered the mentioned office. The door slid to the side, revealing an impressive compartment housing a sizable desk. Near the door sat a loveseat, two armchairs, and a coffee table. Diverting his attention away from the size and organization, his eyes landed on the small table. Discarded dishes and glasses cluttered the top of the table, obviously left behind by careless members of the JAG unit.

Zenn's face displayed a mortified look when she locked eyes with Leo. "Sorry about the inconvenience, sir, I'll clean this up for you."

Leo replied, mentioning "Whenever you have time." He sighed, doing a three hundred sixty degree turn while stretching his hands out. "This office is enormous. You're saying that the XO's office is even better?"

She smirked. "Well, it's bigger than this. The captain's office is the largest in the complex."

"I just served six years on frigates where I can touch opposite bulkheads with the tips of my fingers. I don't really need that much room-"

"Sir," she interjected, "the XO's office is equipped with a wet bar."

Turning towards Zenn, he said seriously, "We'll have to locate a new office for the major."

Zenn solemnly nodded. "Of course, sir."



Engrossed in her current case, Major Bex meticulously scribbled notes on her large-screen PADD. On the larger desktop terminal, the screen displayed the recent document analysis from Chief Legal Specialist (LSC) Vynn Lyss. She transcribed her notes into a message for the Chief and promptly sent it.

She felt satisfied with her morning accomplishments as she stretched and stood up from her chair. With her empty mug in hand, she exited the office and made her way towards the modest lounge. With her long, blue fingers, she stabbed the panel to order a fresh mug in the synthesizer.

From a distance, Yeoman Zenn's voice reached her, saying, "Sir, there she is." Hearing the footfalls of uniform boots on the carpet behind her, she took the fresh mug of tea once it appeared before her. "Major, do you have a moment?" Zenn asked, catching Bex's attention.

Bex held her fresh mug to her lips and felt the heat. She pulled it back as a lieutenant commander stepped in behind Zenn. She examined his short and muscular build initially, then noted his dark brown hair and disheveled black hair. His beard, both full and well-groomed, grew wider as he smiled at her. "Certainly, Yeoman," she responded.

"This is Lieutenant Commander Verde," said Zenn, gesturing to him. "He's transferring in this morning. Captain's billeted him as the new XO."

That news brightened her day. "Oh, *really*?" She stared downward given their seven-inch height disparity, then set her drink upon the nearest table and reached out to Verde with both hands. They clasped one, and she placed the other on his upper arm and squeezed. "I'm thrilled to make your acquaintance, Commander."

Verde's grin transformed into a big, toothy smile. "Major, it's a pleasure to make yours. And please, call me Leo."

They broke apart as Bex tilted her head at that. "Roger that, Leo. Are you a direct commission, like the Captain?"

He grinned. "I get that a lot. No, Academy Class of '07."

"Huh, will wonders never cease?" Bex said in a wry tone. "Not a lot of your fellow alumni are so keen to abandon their precious ranks and protocols."

Zenn offered, "If either you do not mind, I'll return to my duty." When both officers gave her an appreciative nod, she turned to leave but stopped short to say, "Commander, I'll let you know when the chief has your office ready for use."

After Zenn left them alone, Bex asked, "Which office?"

Leo replied, "The one across from yours."

She wrinkled her nose. "The NCOs and junior officers like to use that one for their little get-togethers. It's a small team right now; only eight of us. Three, now four lawyers, two paralegals, and three yeomen." She took hold of her tea and then gestured to her office. "Would you like to come in and we can talk about how to bring you up to speed?"

"Of course," he told her, the timbre of his voice reaching a near-reverberating bass.

Now within in the XO's office, Leo glanced at his surroundings. A frown appeared on Bex's face as he took in the sight of the scattered open cases. Stacked PADDs and crates of physical evidence crowded the conference space. "Apologies, but I seldom host visitors nowadays," she admitted with a tinge of embarrassment.

Leo waved his hand. "No need. I know what a working office looks like. You sure I'm not interrupting anything?"

"If you're taking over much of my collateral duties, then I will *make* time for you, sir."

He shook his head and informed her, "Call me Leo, please. I insist."

She smirked at his correction. "I'll try, but I'm a marine, so give me some latitude as I make the adjustment?"

He chuckled. "Fair enough."

Bex leaned forward and cleared off one of the visiting seats in front of her desk. "Please," she invited him to use it once she was done.

Leo slid into the seat after she retook hers. "Thank you."

She sighed and leaned back in her seat. "So, first question... assuming that the yeoman already told you about this being the office intended for the XO... you kicking me out?"

He nodded. "Yes, but not right away. I figured I could train up in the other office for a few days and then we can switch."

Bex tilted her head at him. "Thanks for not bullshitting me. And that sounds reasonable."

"Glad to hear it," he replied. "I'm really trying not to make your life any more difficult. I'm here to help."

"No, I get it. I guess I just got used to having the office," she admitted sadly. "It's been a little under seven months since I transferred here from Starbase Twenty-One."

"Had you been carrying the XO role since you arrived?"

"Actually, no." Bex's tone took on a storytelling vibe. "Originally, there was a lieutenant who had the staff judge advocate billet here, his name was Gregson. Kyle Gregson. The captain arrived a week before I did, and she brought a full-bird colonel named Machs to handle the initial administration for her. By the time I got here, Gregson was packing and rumor was he did something that highly displeased Admiral Devereaux. Colonel Machs stayed on for about a month before he returned to Spacedock, and I made Major the week before that..."

Leo nodded his understanding. "I'll bet the office was real small back then."

"Literally. The captain brought Yeoman Zenn with her from HQ," Bex explained, her eyes drifting away from Leo's as she accessed her memories. "I arrived a week later, then we got Lieutenants Martinez, T'Imri, and Timel the week after Machs took off. Two weeks after that, we took on a half-dozen legal specialists, including Chief Saego and Chief Lyss. I started putting the word out for more legally trained yeomen, which is how we got Karl and O'Dell."

"I see. So you're juggling cases and handling the personnel stuff?"

Bex gestured at the office. "Unfortunately, yes. But, now you're here."

"Now, I'm here," Leo confirmed. "Do you know why the captain didn't fill the role as soon as possible?"

"She told me that Machs was here as a favor to Admiral Devereaux and that favor was for thirty days of starting the office up. Before, one lawyer filled this role, and he was on the starbase staff, reporting to Commodore Thek. When Admiral Sulu appointed the new JAG, she eliminated a lot of the staff billets and decided that we needed to maintain an impartial presence. So, they renamed the billet here to Sector Judge Advocate, instead of keeping us subordinate to the local command."

"Makes sense."

"When Machs left, she appointed me acting exec, then had me open the XO and put out the call. But, I don't mind telling you, the applications were few," she admitted wistfully.

Leo's curiosity bade him lean forward in his seat, eager to hear more. "Why's that?"

"Janeera Ch'charhat has a reputation for being a perfectionist. I know several advocates who feared opposing her; they would do whatever they could to plea bargain. She had a near-perfect record."

Leo's eyes widened. "I would think learning from her would be a boon for any lawyer working here."

"Me, too," Bex agreed with an appreciative smile. "That's why you took the job?"

There was a moment of hesitation before he answered. "Not... exactly."

She smiled. "Don't keep me in suspense."

He sighed, "I, uh... well, long story short, I guess... I was assigned to the Border Service for the past six years. Last year, I transferred to a new ship, and the CO and I didn't quite see eye to eye on certain things. He wrote me off as dissatisfied."

Her expression contorted into one of distaste. "That'll beach you for good, especially in the Border Service." Suddenly, she tilted her head and her eyes widened as an epiphany struck her. "So, what? You're slumming it here with us, now?" The tone of her voice grew an edge as she asked her question.

"I went to law school back at the Academy," Leo explained with a shrug. "I had intended on joining JAG, but my father convinced me to do some time as a starship officer. I put in for a line officer billet, and because I was already a full lieutenant, the Border Service jumped at finding me a home."

"I see," Bex intoned neutrally. "Daddy tells you to go be a 'real officer?'"

He admitted, "Something like that. My father has strong opinions about Starfleet service that I don't wholly subscribe to."

Just as before, her eyes moved away from Leo's as she recollected a piece of information. "Verde... Verde..." Then, Bex snapped her fingers. "Rey Verde?"

Leo elongated his one-word response, "Yes..."

"Your father is Vice Admiral Rey Verde, the hero of the Gorn War?"

"Well..." He shifted in his seat under the new layer of scrutiny. "It was more of a police action, but yes, that's correct."

"And that means... your mother is Rear Admiral Bran 'The Red Witch' McLaren, the Assistant Chief of Squadron Operations for the Border

Service?" Bex' teeth appeared through a parted smile as her excitement rose.

Leo lifted his hands to stymie her enthusiasm. "Only a select few people call her 'Bran,' and of those, maybe two would dare call her 'The Red Witch' to her face... but yes. And I would consider it a personal favor if you would please keep that to yourself."

"Holy Kolker, your family is legendary!" When he said nothing to that declaration, she sighed and offered a chagrined expression. "Sorry. But... I'm sure the captain already knows," she pointed out.

"Yes, she does..." he trailed off once more, this time unable to meet Bex's eyes.

"She knows something else, doesn't she?"

His shoulders slumped. "She and my mom know each other, evidently. I'd never met the captain until this morning."

Bex shook her head in disbelief. "You come in here with a sob story, but in reality, you have amazing connections in Starfleet, don't you?"

Her pronouncement caused a heavy sigh to pour from Leo's lips. "I don't use those connections if I can help it. Besides, my father very much believes in standing on your own two feet. Fairly certain he's upset at my mother for pulling strings on my behalf to keep me in uniform."

"Do you want to stay in Starfleet?" she asked him.

Leo paused. Then, he nodded, "I do. I believe in the mission."

She gave Leo an approving nod. "Just making sure."

"Making sure of what?"

"Whether I'm going to enjoy working with you, or I was going to resent the ever-loving shit out of you."

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