

## casablanca

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1564) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1564>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Discovery</a> , <a href="#">Star Trek: Strange New Worlds</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jett Reno &amp; Pelia</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jett Reno</a> , <a href="#">Pelia</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Weekly Challenge: Old Friends and Fresh Starts</a> , <a href="#">Banter</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Weekly Challenges</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Weekly Writing Challenges</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-05-11 Words: 700 Chapters: 1/1

## casablanca

by [pilcrowtudinous](#)

### Summary

Jett has an unexpected 'look what the cat dragged in' moment while on shore leave.

### Notes

In response to the Ad Astra Discord Weekly Challenge Prompt: Old Friends and Fresh Starts

They're both confused, honestly.

Jett knows that her face looks like there's a bad smell – she's been told that's what her confused face looks like, more than once – but actually, if she's honest, there's kind of a nice smell. Sort of like stale patchouli and thorium grease and a slightly molecularly-off variety of rooibos tea particular to 23rd century food synthesizers. She should know – she drank it with her enough.

Jett goes to speak, but the other woman beats her to it, that familiar sing-song growl that Jett would know anywhere. 'What the hell are you doing in this century, Reno?'

Jett cocks her head. 'Slow your roll, champ. I'm the one in the Starfleet uniform, I think I get to ask the questions. What are *you* doing here?'

Pelia raises her hands, palms out. She looks the same, but she does still look older, somehow. 'I think you took a shortcut. I took the long way around.' She places a finger to her nose and taps, wriggling her eyebrows.

'The long–' Jett snorts, incredulous. 'You lived your way through *nine* centuries?'

'I know, I know. You're going to say I don't look a day over 500.'

'Well, now that you mention it... ' Jett shakes her head. 'Not quip time. What the hell kinda deal with what kinda devil did you do to live this long? And make it through The Burn and come out the otherside looking like you did when I last saw you step out of that bar in LA.'

Pelia makes a face. 'I hate California.'

'But you like Guinan's hooch.' A look of realisation crosses Jett's face. 'Wait. Are you a damn El Aurian too? Is that how you managed to cling to existence so long?'

Pelia looks even more disgusted with that idea than the mention of Los Angeles. 'How *dare* you. I don't sully myself with all that listening mumbo-jumbo.'

'No, I guess that's never been one of your many and varied talents. But you sure as hell ain't a garden variety human with this kind of lifespan.'

'You've got me there.'

'So?'

‘I’m a Lanthanite.’

‘Gesundheit.’

‘You haven’t gotten any more polite over the centuries, Reno.’

‘Hasn’t been centuries for me, old buddy old Pel. My DNA’s 100% human. The hell’s a Lanthanite?’

‘Don’t you have those fancy 32nd century databases full of information to read through?’

‘I’ve always been more of a hands-on kind of engineer, not a researcher.’

‘Oh, I know.’ There’s a glint in Pelia’s eye that makes Reno squirm slightly. ‘Unless they’re me, Lanthanites aren’t very interesting. But we’re all very good at enduring.’

‘Like cockroaches?’

‘I do have a hardy carapace.’

Jett cracks up. ‘I didn’t know that I’d missed you, Pelia, but I think that I have.’ She pauses. ‘We’ve been in this fine and freaky future for over a year now. How’d it take you this long to track us down?’

‘I wasn’t tracking you down. I happen to have other interests in this sector.’

Jett looks around. They’re in a seedy bar on a station orbiting a dustbowl of a formerly Cardassian planet. ‘You do.’

Pelia shrugs. ‘When I’d had enough of Starfleet I dabbled in other fields again. You might be familiar with the concept.’

‘Dabbling in other fields, sure. Doing it after having succumbed to the siren call of Starfleet engineering? Less so.’

‘You might change your tune after four centuries in service.’

‘Can’t argue with that, I guess.’

‘They needed supplies, I supply the supplies.’ She gestures dramatically in the direction of the glass Reno’s left on the table. ‘You’re welcome.’

‘I don’t know that this swill warrants thanks. But – when you heard that *Discovery* was here...’

Pelia throws her hands up again. ‘I didn’t know it was *that Discovery*.’

‘Even when the newsfeeds started mentioning the spore drive?’

‘I don’t trust mainstream media.’

Jett rolls her eyes. ‘Well, that doesn’t come as a shock.’

‘But just because I didn’t track you down doesn’t mean I’m not happy to see an old friend.’

‘Oh yeah? Having your “of all the gin joints in all the sectors she walks into mine” moment?’

‘Don’t flirt with me, Reno. But something like that, sure.’

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