

Anat

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1651) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1651>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Alternate Universes (General)
Character:	Rose Reilly , Edward Hawthorn
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Loyalty
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Star Trek Tkon: Prologue
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-27 Words: 689 Chapters: 1/1

Anat

by [trekfan](#)

Summary

2244: Edward Hawthorn leads Rose Reilly aboard the colony's lone starship as the two former officers exchange old stories.

Notes

This story immediately follows *Recovery* (located here: <https://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1650>)

He was worried and she could tell. That was something he noticed now that she wasn't stumbling over herself in a drunken stupor — she could read people. Those piercing blue eyes of hers weren't just for looks, they served a purpose. "What?" he asked.

She smirked at him. "You don't seem comfortable taking me to your stolen ship."

"It's not exactly an easy thing to admit to," he said as he focused on the shuttle controls. They would be within visual range in another minute at most. "I served in Starfleet for twelve years. I didn't think I'd ever be able to rob them of a starship."

"Explain to me how this little colony managed that feat?"

"It took over almost two years." He shook his head. "We had to smuggle the parts in batches, reassemble it, make sure it all worked ... our trade ships are just giant cargo containers with warp drives. It was easy enough getting the vessel in it." He looked back at her. "Putting the puzzle back together was the hard part."

Her eyes drifted out the cockpit window and landed on the vessel. "An old *Ares*-class?"



“Old is right. She’s a mark one model but had a hell of a time getting out of the shipyard. She’s called the *Anat*, named after the Egyptian goddess of fertility, sexuality, love, and war.”

Reilly shot him a look.

He shrugged. “Can’t work on a ship without knowing what its name means.”

“You sound like an engineer.”

“I was at one point,” he admitted. “My first year in space, my ship — the *Jorak* — suffered a warp drive malfunction. We put out a distress call and the Klingons showed up.” He inputted the landing sequence, pressing down on the controls harder than he needed to. “They boarded us, started working through the decks ... I was ordered to set up a triage area in the cargo bay. I followed orders.”

The shuttlebay of the *Anat* opened and the shuttle began its landing sequence.

Reilly nodded, her eyes looking just as haunted as he felt. “I get it.”

He looked over and found himself believing her. “After that experience I couldn’t deal with computers any more. People were more important. I went back to the Academy, did a two-year accelerated stint in medical, and served in that department until the war’s end. Retired after.”

The shuttle completed the landing sequence and the doors dutifully opened, as they were pre-programmed to do. Ed stepped out and Reilly was right behind him. “I guess the exterior is more put together,” she commented as she gazed around the haphazardly assembled shuttlebay.

“We’re not a colony of engineers,” he said with a sigh. He didn’t like the sloppy work that was done here, but they needed a *functional* starship, not a pretty one. “The important thing is that it works. Mostly.”

“Mostly,” she repeated as the two made their way to a turbolift and rode up to the bridge. Once the lift doors opened, he heard her take a deep breath.

He stepped out and extended his hand. “Welcome to the bridge, Captain Reilly.”

Her eyes swept across it, like a pair of high-intensity sensors, but she didn’t move.

“Captain —”

“Rose,” she corrected forcefully. She locked eyes with him. “Don’t call me captain. Call me Rose.”

He gave a quick nod. “All right, Rose. Call me Ed.”

Her face relaxed and she nodded back, stepping out onto the bridge. She took another deep breath. “It’s been awhile.” She looked around the bridge and stepped towards the captain’s chair, her hand gently resting atop the back of it. “I haven’t been on the bridge of a starship in years.” She grimaced. “They chained me to a desk after the war. They wanted me to teach.”

“How’d that go?”

She rolled her eyes. “Wasn’t great at it.” She looked at him and flashed a grin. “Feels good to be back on a bridge.”

He chuckled. “It doesn’t work without your codes.”

The unspoken question hung in the air for a moment before she sat down in the center chair. “Let’s get this old girl going.”

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