

New Beginnings

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/438) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/438>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Picard
Relationship:	Raffaela "Raffi" Musiker/Seven of Nine
Character:	Raffaela "Raffi" Musiker , Seven of Nine
Additional Tags:	PIC S03E10: The Last Generation , Missing Scene , Getting Back Together
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-28 Words: 835 Chapters: 1/1

New Beginnings

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Seven tells Raffi about her new assignment.

Notes

Originally posted on AO3.

Raffi is in the middle of writing up a report when her door chimes. "Come in," she calls, saving her work and closing it down in a single move.

It turns out to be Seven, and Raffi rises, greeting her with a smile as her gaze falls on the PADD in Seven's hands. "You got news?"

Seven nods. "My assignment came in this morning."

"The *Titan*, right?"

"Yes," Seven replies. "But also no." Raffi frowns at her and she adds, "It won't be the *Titan* any more. Starfleet has decided to give the ship a new name."

"What name?"

Seven studies her for a moment, as if considering. "Can I trust you not to tell Picard? It's supposed to be a surprise."

Raffi laughs. "Don't tell me they've named a ship after him." Starfleet policy is to avoid naming ships after living people, but she wouldn't be surprised if they made an exception.

"Not exactly."

Seven stares at her until she snorts and leans against the desk. "Fine, I promise not to tell him. Now spill already."

Seven holds out the PADD. "See for yourself," she says.

Raffi reaches out and takes it, their fingers brushing briefly. She pushes away the faint spark at the contact – they're not there yet, and now isn't the time – and turns her attention to the words on the screen.

Assignment: Captain, USS Enterprise-G.

Raffi reads it through twice, feeling a smirk cross her face. *Oh, JL is going to love this.* "Huh," she says out loud. "That's a hell of a legacy. Are you sure you're up to it?"

"I believe I can manage," Seven replies, in her best 'you are not as amusing as you think' tone.

Raffi grins at her before turning back to the PADD and shaking her head. "I wish I could be there to see his face."

"You could be," Seven says, a little too quickly, and Raffi gives her a startled look. She clasps her hands behind her back and adds, "Most of the *Titan's* former crew will be returning, but there are a number of roles that have yet to be filled."

Whatever Raffi was expecting, it wasn't that. "And you think I'd be a good fit?" she asks sceptically.

A faint smile plays around the edges of Seven's mouth. "For a normal starship? Maybe not. But I have been assured that any ship I captain will be far from normal."

"I never liked normal," Raffi tells her, and Seven's smile widens a little. "So what kind of role are we talking about? Chief of security? Ship's counsellor? Just stand around and look pretty?"

"The position of first officer is open," Seven says, sounding as if she's trying for casual. "If you're interested."

First officer. Raffi swallows as the words sink in, the future spreading out in front of her in all its terrifying possibility. "Are you sure you've thought this through?"

"Yes," Seven says simply. "I can explain my reasoning if you wish, but in my experience you prefer to take such things on faith." Her expression warms slightly as she adds, "We've worked well together, in the past. I trust you."

"Yeah," Raffi replies quietly. "Me too." It's there again, she realises, the fragile spark between them that refuses to die. This has the potential to be the best decision of her life, or the worst, and she honestly can't figure out which.

Seven reaches out a hand for the PADD, and Raffi hands it back to her, their fingers touching again. "It was just a thought," Seven tells her. "You don't have to decide right now. There's still four months of refits and repairs before we can even consider shipping out."

"Yeah," Raffi says again, her throat dry. First officer of the *Enterprise*. Her own words to Seven echo in her head; *That's a hell of a legacy, are you sure you're up to it?*

"I'll think about it," she says, and Seven nods and turns to leave.

She's almost at the door when Raffi's control breaks. "Wait," she blurts, and Seven turns back. "Say I did say yes. What would- what does this mean for us?" She's been fine not talking about it, taking things so slow that they might as well not be moving at all, but right now she really needs to know where she stands. Whether this is just a job offer, or...

"Us?" Seven asks, tone even, and for one heart-stopping moment Raffi thinks she's read this all wrong, that she's lost her chance, but then Seven's expression softens into a familiar warmth. "I suppose that remains to be seen."

Raffi smiles, reaching out a hand, and Seven takes it, her fingers warm. "You know," Raffi says, "first officer does have a nice ring to it."

Seven's eyebrow raises in amusement. "Should I take that as a yes?" she asks, and Raffi gives a soft laugh in response.

"I'll think about it," she says again, and this time it feels like a promise.

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