

## Lefler's Law 17

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## Lefler's Law 17

by [Pixie](#)

### Summary

When Starfleet gave up, Robin decided to pull a Kirk and go search and rescue Sito herself.

487 days.

More than half spent in this cell. The first weeks she was on a ship. Then the first prison. She thinks it was a station. Not a planet, but a station made to look like a planet. Like a holodeck, except less fantastic. Just an ugly made up planet. So 'nothing' that most people would probably be fooled. But Sito Jaxa recognized the feel of artificial gravity immediately. Sito Jaxa was born in the dirt and grew up to fly.

Also, possibly most significantly, she was dating an engineer.

A month on the fake planet, being questioned. Which meant being interrogated, which meant being starved, tortured, beaten within an inch of her life and then healed up so it could start all over again. It was a bad month. But not her worst. And torture doesn't yield results. Sito kept her head, told them what they wanted to hear, and cried her way back onto a ship. Pointed not to freedom, but also not to death. She wasn't important enough to hold hostage, but she was pretty enough.

So, this cell. Underground on a moon somewhere in Cardassian space. She was fed semi-regularly and otherwise ignored.

487 days.

More than half spent arguing with Starfleet. The first weeks she cried. Ugly, desperate, hopeless, tears that, frankly, she's embarrassed about even though everyone told her not to be ashamed of human nature. But it was indulgent and it wasted precious time. Robin Lefler recognized the importance of a fresh trail. Robin Lefler always loved a mystery, be it scientific, historic, or fiction.

Also, possibly most significantly, she was dating a security officer.

Then a month of calmly, and rationally, asking people to look closer at the disappearance, only to be treated like some delusional, heartbroken girlfriend in need of a reality check. Take some time, they said, talk to somebody. Even if she *was* alive, there's nothing we can do— our relationship with Cardassia requires a delicate balance.

After that came the arguing. Full press, wild eyes, *My girlfriend isn't dead and I'll prove it if I have to take on all of Cardassia myself!* But she didn't have to. The c=Cardassians, and the Federation, had more enemies than friends. People who were willing to help one AWOL officer's search and rescue.

So, this cell. Underground on a moon somewhere in Cardassian space.

“Robin?”

“Shh,” she shot back, watching the guard.

“But, Robin,” Sito tried again, though quieter in deference to the admonishment.

“We'll have plenty of time to catch up later,” Lefler hissed through her teeth, eyes remaining pinned on the guard.

“Especially if we avoid the guards by going where they *won't* be. Right now. Which is this way. Not that way.”

“Right—” she stopped mid thought and turned to give Sito her full attention. “Wait, what?”

“C'mon.”

They crawled, ducked, and ran past three patrols before anyone noticed the empty cell. The guard hit the alarm immediately, but no sirens sounded, and the forcefield flickered off rather than on. Robin flashed her girlfriend a wide smile, and led her down the last corridor to her ship.

“How did you...?”

“Later,” Lefler said again, but softer, and squeezed her hand once. A promise. She ushered the Bajoran— bruised, dirty, too thin by half, her hair dull and her eyes haunted— but alive, and nearly safe— into the chair to the right of the pilot's seat before dropping into it and furiously flicking switches to launch into the sky.

“You're so beautiful.”

Robin scrunched her nose. She was a mess, and she looked a mess. But Sito just laughed. A quiet laugh, but a genuine one. Tears filled Robin's eyes in response.

“You *are*,” Jaxa answered the unvoiced argument. “You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.”

“Rest,” Robin whispered, as they launched into the sky and sped away. She prayed the stolen cloaking device was functioning, would keep them safe until they hit Federation space. Worf risked a lot to get it to her...

“I will but...Robin...look at me.”

She bit her lip, but she couldn't ignore the plea. Robin turned to meet Jaxa's eyes, her own overflowing by now.

“Thank you,” Sito whispered. Robin's blinking tears turned into full on sobbing as she gathered the Bajoran into her arms.

“I'm sorry it took so long, I'm sorry I didn't, I'm ... sorry...” she repeated again and again through her tears, dripping kisses onto whatever surfaces she could find. Sito clung to the embrace, and breathed it all in. “I love you, Jax.”

“I know,” she sighed into Robin's hair. Feeling safe for the first time in more than 487 days, she felt herself drifting off to sleep.

“Don't fight it,” Robin told her, and drew a comforting hand down Sito's back. “I'll wake you up when we're home. We'll have plenty of time...”

“Later?” Sito finished, a tired smile on her lips, eyes drooping. Robin brushed her forehead with her lips.

“We'll have so many later,” she whispered. “I promise.”

The ship crossed over into Federation space on day 488. Also day one.

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