

## This Will Be Our Year

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## This Will Be Our Year

by [Pixie](#)

### Summary

a succession of New Year's Eves that spans the Star Trek universe

### Notes

This story starts with *Enterprise* and ends post-*Voyager*/pre-*Picard*, but was written before *Discovery* season one ended so does not include characters, relationships, or plot points from episodes or series aired after "Into the Forest I Go".

I've included character and pairing notes at the end for anyone who wants to know before reading. There are canon, non-canon, and cross-series pairings, friendships, and familial relationships.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Time is a social construct, and in a Federation of planets that span the galaxy the concept of a year is fluid. But when the third planet from Sol completes a cycle, her children celebrate no matter what corner of the universe they find themselves in.

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"...and when the clock strikes midnight, everybody raises a glass and kisses their sweetheart."

"Why?"

"To celebrate the new year."

T'Pol purses her lips, a small frown forming in the crease between her eyebrows.

"It's a tradition. You folks like traditions, right?"

"It would be inappropriate to consume alcohol and engage in sexual activity on the bridge."

Trip rolls his eyes.

"That's why I told the captain you and I'd take third shift."

"Ah." Her expression turns thoughtful. "There is no need for both of us to remain. You may join the festivities."

Trip holds her gaze a long moment. Her dark, unreadable eyes unblinking.

"No one should be alone on New Year's Eve."

"I assure you—"

"T'Pol," he interrupts, holding up a hand. "I *want* to be here."

She nods.

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"I'm glad you could make it."

His voice is quiet, subdued. A widower for not quite six months. The children were home earlier in the season, but Harry and Gillian are stationed off planet, and Lottie, due to give birth any day, left for San Francisco to meet her husband's return. She asked him to join her, but Jonathan wants to greet the new year at home. Gilly called T'Pol. It's too big a house for one man in mourning.

She touches a gentle hand to his temple.

"No one should be alone on New Year's Eve."

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"I thought he was President of the Federation." The farm is nothing like what he expected. It's... well, it's a farm.

"He was," she confirms.

"...You grew up here?" This must be what's meant by the word 'sprawling'. There's nothing but snow and sky. He feels like he's travelled back in time.

She shakes her head. "My mother did. But we'd come for holidays. And summer."

The door opens.

"Katy!" President/Grandpa Archer pulls her into a hug.

Gabriel mouths *Katy?* over his head. Katrina makes a face.

"Happy New Year." She smiles, pulling out of the hug, and he turns to her companion.

"This must be your young man."

"We're just friends, Grandpa."

"Gabriel Lorca, sir." He extends a hand, Archer takes it in both of his and shakes. "It's an honor to meet you."

"Please call me Jonathan." He ushers them inside. "Now, come in, come in— Katy, I put new linens in your mother's old room— Charlotte was our oldest so it's the biggest," he explains to Gabriel. "I'd let you two have the master bedroom but I'm afraid I've covered it in clutter."

Gabriel grins at Katrina's flushed cheeks. "I'm sure it's perfect, sir."

"Jonathan," he corrects again. "Or Grandpa if you prefer." He leads them deeper into the house, towards the kitchen. "I hope you're staying through the weekend, there's a meteor shower on the third."

"We hadn't discussed—" she stops as Gabriel takes her hand.

"Wouldn't miss it, sir." Archer raises a finger. Gabriel nods, smiling. "Grandpa."

Archer claps the young man's shoulder, eyes twinkling. "Good, good. Now come tell me everything my Katy's been up to."

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"Thank you for coming. I know you don't like funerals."

He's here for her. But she won't want to hear that.

"He was a great man." An easy statement to make, Jonathan Archer was renowned. But Gabriel was lucky to get to know more than the legend. "And also a good one."

"He really liked you."

"He loved me," he counters. A crooked smile tugs at her lips, as intended. "He loved *you*."

"I know." Tears threaten and he pulls her into a hug that says *I love you, too*.

"Kat."

She turns, wide-eyed and throws her arms around her friend. Pippa squeezes her tightly.

"I wasn't sure you could get away," Kat says, breathless. The room is full of Federation dignitaries, and representatives from a hundred planets, but they were mostly strangers. Even her aunt and uncle didn't feel as much like family as her three best friends.

"We already had it off for the New Year," Afsaneh explains.

Katrina frowns, it's February on the Old Earth Calendar. *Oh*, she realizes, *February*. *But oh, that means—* "You were going home?" she asks in a worried voice.

Pippa presses her hand. "Home isn't a place."

---

"Guess it's you and me, cat."

Ghost cocks her head. Kat sighs. At least it was almost midnight. She got it in her head she should stay up to ring in the new year, but she's

tired and cranky and is ready for it to just get here. It's been possibly the worst year of her life and she feels old. And alone. She bites her lip, refuses to cry. Pippa's worth it, but Gabriel's not.

*Liar*, Ghost's eyes say.

The door chimes. Kat frowns. It's near midnight and all her friends and family are gone. If it's an emergency she doesn't want to know. Sighing, she walks over and presses the button to open. And blinks.

"Kirk?"

He grins. "Hi."

Kat stares.

"Can I come in?"

Kat furrows her eyebrows.

"Please?"

She moves aside. Kirk strides over to the counter.

"Hi Ghost!" he greets the cat, and places a treat disc before her. "This is for you." Ghost knocks his hand with her head with a purr. Kirk turns back to the admiral, raising a bottle. "And this is for you."

Kat blinks. *Brandy?*

Jim pulls two tumblers from the cupboard.

"What are you doing?"

"Pouring us a drink."

She crosses her arms. "What are you doing *here*?"

"They finally let you out," he answers, holding the glass out to her.

Her eyes flicker from the drink to his smile.

"I wanted to see you."

Her cheeks burn, she feels ridiculous, and quickly uncrosses her arms to take the glass and hide it.

Jim raises the other glass, they clink and sip. Katrina smiles over the rim.

"Thank you."

He nods and walks to the window, dropping his glass and the bottle on the sill. Bemused, she follows.

"You have a great view."

"Thanks." She takes another sip and places her glass beside his. The cat dips her nose in and makes an unimpressed noise.

"It's not for you," Kat shoos. As Ghost jumps away the sky explodes into color. It's midnight.

Jim leans over to murmur, "Happy New Year," in her ear. As she meets his eyes, the light display outside makes them sparkle. She feels giddy, though that could be the brandy on top of the pain medication.

She turns to brush his lips with hers. This is a terrible idea. But neither care.

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"Hello, Michael."

"Spock!" Her hands flutter with emotion she should probably be suppressing. "It's been too long."

"I, too, regret the length of our separation."

Michael smiles. Spock glances to the two officers flanking her. "Hello, I am Spock."

"Ash Tyler." He raises his hand in a Vulcan salute. "I've heard a lot about you."

"I'm Tilly." She waves. "Um. Sylvia, hi. I've never been to Vulcan before!"

"Me, neither," the woman beside Spock chimes in. Michael takes her in, and the two men to her left, and raises an eyebrow in Spock's direction.

"These are my shipmates, Lieutenant Nyota Uhura, Doctor Leonard McCoy, and Captain James Kirk."

Tilly waves again. McCoy waves back.

"Shuttle?" Jim asks. The others nod and he heads toward the kiosk. Two by two the group fall in line.

"So which of you is Spock's...?" Tilly asks the doctor.

"Spock's what?"

She bites her lip. Spock halts and turns to address her.

"They are my shipmates. And... friends."

"Oh." She glances around the group. "Just friends?"

"Yes."

He turns and walks on. Michael, Nyota, and McCoy follow.

"My money's on Kirk," Sylvia tells Ash in a low voice.

"Okay, I'll take Uhura. Michael?"

She turns. "Yes?"

"You get McCoy."

"What?" asks Michael.

"What?" asks McCoy.

Ash and Sylvia burst into laughter.

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"Admiral Paris."

"Jim." She pulls him into a tight embrace. "I'm so glad you could come." She steps back and nods to the young man beside her. "You remember my son."

"...Owen? Oh my god, I'm old." The Parises laugh quietly. "How are you? You must be on a ship now."

He nods. "The *Berlin*, sir."

"They're lucky to have you."

"Thank you, sir." He glances at something out the corner of his eye. "Excuse me." Afsaneh and Jim watch as he joins the crowd.

"I was his age when I met her."

"I remember."

He looks down. "How's the ambassador?"

He follows her eyes to the front corner, to Lorca, sitting in a chair, surrounded by people but altogether alone. Afsaneh shakes her head.

"We're having a gathering at the Archer homestead after... for family." She touches his hand. "I hope you can come."

Jim closes his hand over hers. "I wouldn't miss it."

---

The door swishes open.

"Kathryn."

"Hello, Admiral." She flashes a wide grin.

"I wasn't expecting..." He seems confused, bordering on wary.

"I know." This seemed like a better idea in her head. "I'm sorry, and I don't mean to intrude." It's a holiday.

"No, I..." He glances around. "Would you like to come in?"

She shakes her head. "I just wanted to..." Whatever she'd planned to say has flown out of her head, but she barrels ahead. "It's been a rough year and I wanted to thank you, and let you know, I'm... thinking of you." She thrusts a brightly wrapped box towards her mentor.

Slowly, Owen plucks it out of her hands.

"Thank you."

A young teen boy appears under his arm.

"Hi."

"Kathryn, you remember my son."

She nods. "Tom, hi."

An awkward silence starts to grow. Tom glances between the adults, a small frown gathering between his eyes. Owen clears his throat.

"Are you certain you won't come in?"

Kathryn shakes her head. "I just stopped by to wish you— both," she grins at Tom, and back up to his father, "a very Happy New Year. It's going to be a good one, I can tell."

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"The party's this way, son."

Jake looks up. "I'm not really in a party mood."

"Why's that?"

Jake shrugs. Ben crouches down to join his son, limbs hanging over the Promenade.

"What's up?"

Jake shrugs again. Ben waits.

"It's not New Year's here."

Sisko glances behind them; the party is flowing out into the corridor. "They don't seem to mind."

"I guess."

"Bajor has their own new year ceremony, would you like to go down for that?"

Jake glances up to meet his father's eyes. "Yeah."

"Okay." He glances back again. "And if you don't want to join in, that's fine, too. It's my party so I have to go." He knocks Jake's shoulders. "Stay out of trouble."

Jake smiles. "Okay, Dad."

Ben stands and heads toward the party.

"Dad!" He turns. Jake jumps up and runs over to give him a hug. "Happy New Year."

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"The bridge is secure, Captain, I encourage you to attend the party."

She glances up to her Vulcan friend. "I'm sure they'll have more fun without me, Tuvok."

"Perhaps," he acknowledges.

"Anyway, it's not fair to leave you alone on a holiday."

He raises an eyebrow.

"Shh."

"I did not speak."

She scrunches her nose. "I could hear you thinking."

"That is not possible."

Kathryn stands, shoulders back, hands clasped, in a reasonable facsimile of her security officer. "It is illogical to celebrate Earth's new year while over seventy thousand light years away from the planet," she intones, and walks towards him. When she reaches his station she breaks into a wide and entirely un-Tuvok-like grin.

"It is," he agrees. "However, it is also tradition."

Chimes ring out indicating midnight, on Earth, and *Voyager*. Kathryn holds out a hand.

"Happy New Year, Tuvok."

He brushes her fingers. "Happy New Year."

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"On the house."

Kira glances up. "Thanks."

"You look like you could use it."

"Just thinking."

"Brooding," the Ferengi counters.

She starts to argue— but he has a point. It's just another day on Deep Space Nine. Just another day without Captain Sisko. But on Earth it's nearing the new year. And if Sisko was here, they'd be preparing to celebrate.

"Maybe."

A quiet moment passes.

"Quark..."

"Yes?"

She meets his eyes. "If I wanted to have a party tomorrow night..."

Quark grins. "I thought you'd never ask."

---

"I'm glad you could make it this year, Captain."

Janeway smiles at her chief engineer. "The Doctor insisted— something about trying out his command protocol in a safe environment." She's not entirely sure she knows what he means, but she is near certain she doesn't want to.

B'Elanna hands her a champagne flute and a bag of confetti.

"So, where are we?"

"Luna One," Tom explains, "you can watch the midnight celebrations travel across Earth from the window. My dad took me and my sisters when I was a kid."

"It's beautiful." All of Tom's holo-programs are intricately designed, but the view of their home planet is so real it almost hurts. Beyond the window area, celebrations from around their world are projected on a screen, there's an area for dancing, couches for lounging, and three tables full of food. She spies Neelix chattering about his delicacies, Carey twirling little Naomi around the dance floor as her mother claps, Chakotay and Seven in deep conversation.

"We're celebrating with San Francisco," Tom tells her, pointing to the city lights now traveling across the United States. Somewhere between two and three hours now.

She smiles. "Thank you, Tom."

He leans in to plant a quick kiss on her cheek. "Happy New Year, Kathryn. It's going to be a good one. I can tell."

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"It's a lot of space for just us."

Beverly giggles. Jean-Luc frowns.

"What?"

"An old memory." She shakes her head at his inquisitive look. It's an old story, and he's heard it before. It's time to look past the *Enterprise*. "But it won't be just us. I have over fifty RSVPs for the housewarming. Deanna and Will are arriving tomorrow and staying at least a week. And Wesley promises to make an appearance."

"I mean after the party."

"You're just afraid of retirement," she teases.

"That, too."

Beverly takes a sip of her tea. "I did have an idea," she murmurs over the rim. "If you really think it's too much space."

"I don't know what I think," he admits, "but I want to hear your idea."

She replaces the cup on the table. "You know Archer Academy?"

"In New York."

She nods. "It was a farm. When Ambassador Lorca inherited it he turned it into a school."

Jean-Luc looks startled. "You want to..."

She leans across the table to cover his hand with hers. "It's just an idea."

They are quiet a long moment, imagining. The grounds could be adapted easily. There is space for students to work outside. The scientific center is a short flight away. They could focus on the arts and sciences combined, bring in colleagues as visiting professors—the Archer school's success is based in the many and varied people who've taught over the years and Picard has as many connections. He meets Beverly's eyes, shining as bright as the New Year dawn outside the window.

"We could call it after René."

"We could."

"Beverly, I..." His voice breaks, his fear and confusion turned to hope and anticipation.

"Yes?"

He clutches her hand. "I love you."

---

"I'm so pleased to meet you— is it...?"

"You may address me as Annika." Seven will answer to either moniker, but since the return to Earth she's tried to use her given, Terran, name when meeting new people, especially humans.

"Annika," Kassidy repeats in a breathless voice. "That's beautiful."

Jake smiles. "And this is my little sister, Rebecca," he introduces, hands on the shoulders of the girl.

"Hello Rebecca," Seven intones.

"Hullo," the child responds just as seriously, curious eyes lingering on the metal prosthetic above her eye.

"This is for you." Seven holds out a box wrapped in purple and gold. Rebecca plucks it out of her hands and looks up at her mother. At Kasidy's nod, the girl drops to the ground to tear open her gift. The adults share a smile.

"Jake, can you help me in the kitchen?"

He glances to Seven, silently asking if she's comfortable. She nods in the affirmative. Jake brushes her lips with a quick kiss, causing Rebecca to giggle. He grins at them both and follows his stepmother into the kitchen. Kasidy passes a knife and nods at the collection of fruits and vegetables to chop. He picks up a tuwaly.

"She's lovely," Kasidy comments.

"Thanks for having us."

"You're my family!"

Jake presses his lips into a thin line. "Some people are still scared of her."

Kasidy meets his eyes over the counter. "There's always gonna be those people. You just pay attention to what matters." She gestures to Seven and Rebecca chattering delightedly on the floor. Jake's expression softens. It's exactly what he hoped for.

"You think dad would like her?"

Kasidy cocks her head. "Do you like her?"

"I love her," he answers immediately and with great sincerity. Kasidy pulls him into a tight hug.

"Wherever your dad is," she murmurs, "he knows that." Ben visits her in dreams, more frequently every year, and she knows he'll come home someday soon, when the rest of the universe doesn't need him as much. "And he's so proud."

Laughter wafts in from the other room. Jake turns at the sound, the confirmation of happiness, and home. He nods.

"Of all of us."

---

"Kathryn?"

"In here," she calls from the study, what Chakotay calls her Planetside Ready Room.

"What are you doing?" he asks, coming up behind to place his hands on her shoulders.

"Putting the finishing touches on Miral's recommendation."

"Now?"

"It's due by midnight."

He glances at the grandfather clock. "You have three minutes."

"So leave me alone already," she quips through her teeth.

Chakotay chuckles quietly. Janeway narrows her eyes.

"What?"

"You're so good at procrastination, I don't know how you got through the Academy yourself."

"I slept with my thesis advisor."

Chakotay drops his hands, coughing with wide-eyed shock. Kathryn bursts out laughing.

"Your face!"

"Wasn't Tom's father—"

"Yes," she confirms, spinning in her chair, "and I didn't sleep with him."

Chakotay frowns.

"I promise."

He takes a deep breath. "If you start the new year with a lie your entire—" She leaps up to interrupt him with a kiss. Relief falling across his shoulders, Chakotay returns the kiss enthusiastically, and she pulls him away from the comm. "What about the letter?"

"It can wait."

"Kathryn," he admonishes.

"Chakotay," she answers in a teasing sing song, and moves to pull his nightshirt up over his head.

"If Miral isn't accepted," he continues as best he can through her kisses and tugs, "because I distracted you with sex—" He's now naked, but valiantly trying to complete the thought, "B'Elanna will cut off my—"

Kathryn presses a finger to his lips.

"Computer," she calls into the air, "send."

Chakotay grins and pulls her into his arms.

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"Ensign Miral Paris reporting for duty."

The captain flashes a wide smile at her newest recruit. "Welcome aboard. Party's this way." She gestures for Miral to follow.

"Party?"

Ezri winks. "New Year's Eve."

Miral scrunches her nose in confusion. The holiday was kinda a big deal in her family, but she wouldn't expect a Trill-lead crew to celebrate an old Earth holiday.

"Ben Sisko used to throw a party every year," Ezri explains. "Without fail. 'A new year is a promise,'" she quotes with that same wide smile. "I like traditions."

Miral bites her lip, feeling a bit overwhelmed. She's been here three minutes and already it feels closer to home. "Me, too."

## End Notes

### Vignette Notes:

Lorca is always Prime Lorca. Ash Tyler is fully human/not Voq. Katrina is Jonathan Archer's granddaughter. Afsaneh Paris is Commodore Paris (AOS), Owen's father and Tom's grandfather.

1. Trip/T'Pol during ENT
2. Archer & T'Pol post-ENT
3. Archer post-ENT + Lorca/Cornwell pre-DIS
4. Lorca/Cornwell and Georgiou/Paris pre-DIS
5. Cornwell/Kirk during DIS and pre-TOS
6. Burham, Tilly, Tyler, Spock, Kirk, McCoy, Uhura during TOS, some implied relationships
7. Lorca/Cornwell + Kirk, Afsaneh Paris, Owen Paris during TOS movie era
8. Janeway, Owen Paris, Tom Paris pre-VOY
9. Ben Sisko, Jake Sisko during DS9



10. Janeway & Tuvok during VOY
11. Kira & Quark post DS9
12. Janeway & Paris during VOY
13. Picard/Crusher post Nemesis
14. Jake Sisko/Seven of Nine + Kasidy Yates, Rebecca Sisko post-DS9 and post-VOY
15. Janeway/Chakotay post-VOY
16. Miral Paris and Ezri Dax

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