

Coincidence

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41998566) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41998566>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandoms:	The Penumbra Podcast , Wolf 359 (Radio)
Relationships:	Peter Nureyev/Juno Steel , Buddy Aurinko/Vespa Ilkay , Isabel Lovelace/Renée Minkowski , Doug Eiffel/Daniel Jacobi , Rita & Jet Sikuliaq
Characters:	Juno Steel , Peter Nureyev , Buddy Aurinko , Vespa Ilkay , Jet Sikuliaq , Rita (Penumbra Podcast) , Ruby 7 (Penumbra Podcast) , Daniel Jacobi , Isabel Lovelace , Renée Minkowski , Hera (Wolf 359)
Additional Tags:	Crossover , Lesbians in Space , gays in space , Time Travel , Post-Hephaestus (Wolf 359) , post canon (Wolf 359) , AU where everything is fine , Not Canon Compliant , for penumbra at least , i love these guys so much , all my blorbos on one spaceship , this will go wrong but they'll be fine , probably
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-28 Updated: 2022-11-27 Words: 8,333 Chapters: 16/?

Coincidence

by [knutsandbolts](#)

Summary

In an alternate universe where stealing the Curemother Prime went perfectly and now the Aurinko crime family is just happy until suddenly there are more people.

Isabel Lovelace

“Um, Commander? Can you come look at this for me?” Isabel asked, looking over to Minkowski. It had been nearly three months since they had left the orbit of Wolf 359 and charted a course for Earth. Everything had gone smoothly, although things had been strange.

“Yeah, what’s up?” Minkowski walked over to the screen that Isabel was staring at.

“Do you see what I see? I mean that looks a lot like...”

“Another ship. Who the hell is out here?”

“I have no idea, but this can’t be good. They weren’t on our scanners until just now, it’s like they appeared out of thin air.”

“Shit. Hera, can you call Eiffel for us? We need communications.”

“Yes, Commander, I can. But that might not be the best course of action, given that Douglas doesn’t actually know anything about this.”

Minkowski looked confused for a second before she realized the mistake she had made.

“Right, of course. Still, call him and Jacobi in here, they should know about this.”

“On it.”

Isabel saw the sadness return to Minkowski’s eyes that she had grown so familiar with. Eiffel hadn’t died, but sometimes it felt like he had. She had caught him listening to his old audio logs a few times, and he seemed just as confused as the rest of them.

She heard a door open and two sets of footsteps entered the room.

“Hey, everybody, what’s going on?” Eiffel’s voice filled the heavy silence.

“Well, there seems to be another ship approaching us,” Minkowski said, “And we have no idea who they are.”

“Shit. Have we called?”

“Not yet, Jacobi, we were hoping to do that as a group. Hera, can you help us out here?”

“Just a moment... there, they should be able to hear you, we’re projecting to all frequencies.”

“Hello. This is Commander Minkowski of the USS Hephaestus station speaking. Is anybody there?”

Static played through the speakers for a moment before it crackled to life.

“I knew it! I knew it, I told ‘em that one day this would be a good thing to have around! Rita wins again!”

“Hello, to whom am I speaking?”

“Oh, right! I’m Rita!”

“Hello, Rita,” Minkowski hesitated, “Are you the captain of this ship?”

“Oh no! That’s Miss Buddy. Oh! Okay hang on I’ll go get her I’ll be right back.”

The radio cut out. Isabel looked at Minkowski, who seemed equally confused.

“Alright, I’ll bite, what the hell was that?”

“Well, Jacobi, if you were listening you would have figured out that her name is Rita.”

“Hera, enough with the snark, now is not the time. Let’s just talk to Miss Buddy, or whoever is in charge over there.”

Just then, the static blared for a second before a voice came through.

“Hello, are you there?”

“Yes!” Minkowski practically shouted before pulling herself together, “Yes, this is commander Minkowski.”

“Wonderful to meet you, darling. My name is Buddy, and I am the captain of this ship. Where exactly did you come from? We didn’t see you on any scanners until a few minutes ago.”

“I was hoping to ask you the same thing.”

There was silence for a moment before the voice spoke again.

“Why don’t you come aboard and we can talk?”

Rita

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What?” Vespa exclaimed, “They are not coming onto the Carte Blanche! They could be Dark Matters. Or worse.”

“What’s worse than Dark Matters?” Juno snarked.

“Well I for one don’t wanna find out. Bud, come on, you aren’t actually letting them on.

Buddy sighed, “Can we all be quiet and listen for just a moment? Let’s say they are Dark Matters, once they get close enough we can just shoot them down. We’ll stay on the line while Rita gets into their interface and figures out just who these people are.”

The Aurinko crime family all shifted uncomfortably, but they couldn’t argue with Buddy. It was a good plan, but they had all been on edge lately. The curemother prime sat in the medical bay, and they had all been waiting for somebody to show up and steal it back.

Rita decided that she liked the plan, since she could hack into a spaceship.

“Let’s do it! I’ll start right now.”

“Good. I’m going to open the line back up, so please try to be civilized.”

Buddy pressed a button on the control panel and spoke again. Rita was barely listening, and had already begun to type furiously. The firewalls on their systems were old, and it only took a couple of minutes before she was in.

“Woah! What are you doing?” A voice shouted through her laptop and she jumped.

“You think you can just hack into somebody like that? What is wrong with you people?” The voice continued to shout.

Through the radio she heard more pandemonium, “Woah, what’s going on? Did you just try to hack Hera?”

She couldn’t understand much over all the yelling but after a few minutes it slowed down.

“Okay, okay, what is going on?” A voice, Commander Minkowski she guessed, said through the radio.

“My associate was trying to run a check, ensure that you aren’t a threat before we allow you on our ship. We had no intention of hacking somebody’s... well I’m not exactly sure.”

“You hacked my brain!” The voice came from the radio this time.

“Oh no I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean it, really! I didn’t even know somebody could do that, I swear! I just had to make sure you aren’t Dark Matters.”

“Who is Dark Matters? What are you talking about?”

Chapter End Notes

I love this pic so much! Sorry I ceased to exist for a while, things got very busy in my life, and haven't been posting but I'm still writing! I'll update the cowboy au soon I promise! I hope you like this one, I really like making these characters interact with each other <3 <3

Daniel Jacobi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He listened to the commotion from the corner of the room, and he had to admit, it was pretty exciting. This journey had been astonishingly boring so far, given that everybody on the ship hated him and there was nothing to blow up.

“They hacked Hera? That’s impressive.”

“No, Jacobi, it’s not. It’s terrible!”

“Calm down, Monkowski, they obviously aren’t here to kill us. They already would have done it if they wanted to.”

“Sure, just like you and Kepler and Maxwell!”

“Shut up, Lovelace.”

“Guys!” The room fell silent when Minkowski shouted, “I think we should give this a chance.”

“What?” Erupted Hera, “Why would we do that?”

Minkowski didn’t answer for a moment. Leaving the crew to build up their discomfort. Jacobi shifted his weight from foot to foot.

“Hera, what year is it?”

“Twenty seventeen... oh no. Oh no no no.”

“What’s going on?” Eiffel nearly shook with fear. Jacobi nearly laughed before remembering that this is probably the first time anything even a little bit frightening has ever happened to him. He puts a hand on the man’s shoulder and asks the same question

“Hera, what year is it?”

There is nothing but heavy silence laced with dread for a long moment.

“Two thousand, four hundred, and sixty eight.”

They sat in the silence for another second before Jacobi started laughing.

“You’re telling me it’s fucking twenty four sixty eight? Good try Hera, Minkowski, but it’s gonna take more than a stupid, poorly thought out prank to scare me. Ha ha, very funny. Now, can we please be on our way back to Earth? We’ve wasted enough time here already.”

The dread that sat in his stomach began to grow heavy as the others only reacted by staring at him blankly.

“No. There’s no fucking way!”

“Maybe it’s just some kind of time anomaly, like Lovelace experienced in our orbit.”

“It’s not.” Lovelace proclaimed solemnly and quietly, “This is the real deal.”

Chapter End Notes

The first few chapters have been very short but they're getting longer now. Honestly I have no concept of chapter length I just write from one perspective until I feel like changing lol but it's about to get really meaty and kinda sad here soon so get hype <3

Peter Nureyev

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Long story short, Nureyev was not happy. He hadn't been this on edge for a long time, which is impressive given how nervous he usually is. He tried to reason with her, but the moment Buddy heard the strangers in the strange ship ask what year it was, there was no changing her mind.

The airlock door hissed open. Inside stood four people, all looking equally shaken, although the taller man seemed to be trying to hide it. He was not succeeding.

"Welcome to the Carte Blanche. I'm Buddy. This is my family," She gestured to the other five people standing beside her, "I'm terribly sorry to hear about your, well, situation. Come in, we can talk in the living room where there's more space."

The four didn't budge. One of the two women spoke up then, "Not without Hera."

"Of course, where is she?"

"What do you mean? She's in the ship."

"And she cannot come out because?"

"Cause she's an AI, genius. No physical body and all that."

Buddy stood in silence before whispering something to Rita, who nodded enthusiastically.

"Rita here can help with that. Jet, Rita, if you wouldn't mind."

Jet and Rita left the room, heading towards the garage. Nureyev hoped they weren't doing what he thought they were doing. As Buddy continued speaking with the new crew, Nureyev took his chance to get a proper look at them.

There was a stout man who looked rather like Juno, although his skin was paler and his hair much longer and tied into neat braids. He looked the most scared, and seemed to hide behind the others. The other man was tall, though not as tall as Nureyev or Jet. He had short cropped hair that looked like an overgrown buzz cut.

As Nureyev eyed him he realized where his gaze had fallen. The man was eyeing Juno, scanning him up and down like a fresh cut of meat. Nureyev glared at him and put his hand around Juno's waist, pulling him closer.

Juno wrapped his arms around him, unsure of why he was receiving such affection but certainly grateful for it. Nureyev made eye contact with the man, who just raised his eyebrows and grinned.

Chapter End Notes

Jupiter moment! Jacobi is a little bitch boy and he's a stupid flirt but also a coward. Nureyev will not hesitate to kill him.

Hera

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Commander Minkowski, are you sure about this?”

“The decision is up to you, ultimately, but yes. We’ve never seen anybody with the kind of technological abilities that Rita has.”

“Except Maxwell.”

“Except Maxwell.”

Everything fell silent in the room, but Hera could still hear a million different things. The whirs of engines and the cranking of gears. She could hear the commander’s breathing, feel her feet on the floor and the contact they had made with the Carte Blanche. Maybe a break would be nice.

“Alright, let’s do it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, just promise if they mess me up you’ll kill every last one of them.”

“Of course.”

Hera switched her attention to where Jet and Rita were slowly and carefully examining her wiring and comparing it to what they had in the bot. It was incredibly human, and she wondered if she could even fit in there.

“Of course you will! This thing can hold so much.”

She was startled, wondering how the tiny woman could have possibly known what she was thinking.

“Oh, sorry about that Miss Hera. It’s just that I’m right here with all these wires and those are sending signals to my earpiece so I can tell if anything is funky or whatever. Here, I’ll put it on speaker!”

She pulled out the small earpiece and pressed a button. It began to rapidly fire out what seemed to be static and nonsense. Hera could process it, of course, but it seemed like to the human ear it would be impossible. Rita just pressed the button again and popped it back in her ear.

“Lotsa practice, Miss Hera. Jet, I think we’re ready. Just plug in these two wires when I say go. This should only take a few minutes. Miss Hera, I have no idea how this is gonna feel, I’ve never done this before.”

With that, Rita cut two of the wires in the console and the world went dark.

Hera blinked her eyes to clear the fog that settled over her vision. Her eyes! She held herself still and slowly began to take inventory of what she could feel.

It was stange, having such a limited range. She felt incredibly vulnerable. Hera slowly raised a hand. It was just like controlling the ship, but it was a body.

“H-Hello?”

“Oh good, you’re awake! Sooo how does it feel?”

“It’s... weird.” She could feel her mouth moving as she spoke. She wiggled her jaw and stuck out her synthetic tongue.

“How did you get an empty robot body anyway?”

“Some bad guys used it to try to kill us, but we took it! Pretty lucky we still had it laying around, though. So, how about we go meet up with everybody else.”

“Wait,” Hera interjected and Rita tilted her head, “What do I look like?”

Her voice had remained the same, somehow, but when she had seen the robot earlier it was skeletal. When she held up her hands they were silvery and pale.

“You’re beautiful.” Stated Jet, “You have white hair that goes to your shoulders. You’re about the same height as Vespa.”

“Wow.” She whispered to herself before speaking to Jet and Rita again, “Let’s go then.”

And for the first time in her life, Hera slowly stood up and began to walk.

Chapter End Notes

Yes this is evil Dark Matters robot that tried to kill them all but it's okay, Hera has it now :)

Renée Minkowski

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The bed wasn't uncomfortable, per say. It was the same bed she had slept in for months now, but it felt bad. Minkowski was a living ghost sleeping on an ancient relic. She sighed and rolled over.

Of course, when she heard that they had somehow made it to the future, her first thought was Dominik. She had forced the thought from her head as she introduced herself to the crew of the Carte Blanche and stayed strong for her team. But now, alone in her quarters, it all came crashing down.

She couldn't say it outloud, and didn't let herself think about the words. Despite her best efforts to ignore it, there was no denying that Dominik was dead. It was impossible for him to be alive at this point, four hundred years ahead. Minkowski let one tear fall and took a deep breath.

She couldn't think about it, couldn't spiral into grief when there was so much to figure out. Instead, she stood up and began to walk around.

To her surprise, she wasn't the only one up. Eiffel sat in the hallway, leaning on the metal wall.

"Oh, hey there Minkowski. What are you doing up?"

"I could ask you the same," Minkowski said as she lowered to the floor across from him and let her head sag forward to her chest.

"Couldn't sleep. All of this is just so..." He trailed off.

"Eiffel-"

"Doug. Eiffel was his name."

"Doug, how much do you know about me?"

"Just what you've told me, and plenty of lies that Jacobi tries to get me to believe. But it's not much."

"I have- well I guess I had- a husband. Dominik. I didn't want to leave him, but it was supposed to be a short mission. And then it was longer, but I sent him messages whenever I had the time."

"Oh."

"I was going back to Earth for him."

“And now...”

“Now I have nothing.”

She finally let go and began to cry. It was nearly silent, but tears fell into her lap and she hiccuped. She didn't look at Doug. She felt bad that he had to see her this way, but it was too late.

“Minkowski, I'm sorry. He had somebody on Earth, too.” Doug began, “I was listening to some old audio logs he made before bed. I didn't know he had any relatives left. I guess they're my relatives, too. And so she's my daughter too. Or at least she was.”

Minkowski looked up to see that Doug was crying too. He had never met his child, and didn't even know he had one until a few hours earlier. Still he cried.

“I could have had a life, you know?”

“Yeah. Dominik wanted kids, but I could never commit. I think we would have though, after the mission. I wouldn't have wanted to leave his side ever again.”

“I wish I could have met her.”

“I wish I could have said goodbye.”

Their statements hung heavy in the space between. The dark corridor creaked as the two ships moved in tandem. Minkowski didn't know how long that lasted, the two crying in isolation just a few feet from one another. It was nice, she thought, to not have to be alone.

“So, what now? I mean none of us have anything on Earth.”

“I guess we don't,” Minkowski honestly hadn't been thinking about what would happen next. “I guess we'll just have to figure it out where we are now. Maybe Aurinko can help us.”

“I like her. She's kinda scary, but also really cool and nice. And their ship is way more advanced.”

“That's true. We'll ask the crew in the morning, then.”

“Goodnight, Minkowski.” Doug said as he stood up and reached out a hand to her.

“Goodnight, Doug.” She took his hand and stood, and they went their separate ways. The bed still didn't feel the same as before, but she was too tired to care. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to rest.

Chapter End Notes

Angst time! I'm obsessed with this fic I already have like fourteen chapters written...

Doug Eiffel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Despite his exhaustion, he still couldn't sleep. The tears had dried on his face and his eyes sagged. He rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling.

"Who am I supposed to be?" He whispered to himself.

He had been alive for a long time, of course. The body of Doug Eiffel was riddled with scars that proved it. But he had only been around for a couple of months. He had never set foot on a planet, never met any of his family. He still didn't know how most emotions felt.

After about an hour, he checked the clock. It was 5:00, and he hadn't gotten any sleep yet. He stood, stretched his back, and began to wander. He hoped that the ship would be empty and he could have some time to himself. He wandered toward the tiny observatory.

When he opened the door, he heard something moving inside. The lights were off and it was completely dark. The stars were beautiful.

"Um, hello? Is somebody there?"

Nobody answered, but Doug wasn't convinced. "I already heard you."

Somebody grunted and emerged from the shadows into the light that was cast into the room by the open door. Jacobi looked ruffled, as if he had been crying.

"Are you alright, Jacobi?"

"I'm fine." He clearly didn't mean it. Doug gently shut the door and took a step towards him before he sat on the floor and stared out at the stars.

"I don't believe you," Doug said, "I don't think anybody is okay."

"Jesus, I didn't realize you were a detective now. Just shut up."

Doug did shut up, and just admired the vastness of space that was before him. He wondered what life would be like for the people who had never seen this view. He couldn't imagine it. Jacobi sat beside him.

"I really miss them."

Doug felt bad about asking, but he really didn't know. "Who?"

Jacobi sighed shakily, "Maxwell and Kepler. We were a team, working for Cutter. They were- they meant a lot to me."

“I’m sorry, Jacobi.”

“Don’t call me that. Just Daniel is good. I’m not the same anymore, without them.”

Doug just nodded, “Do you want to tell me about them? I’d like to learn more about people I used to know. If I ever knew them.”

“Oh, you knew them. Hated them, but you knew them. We kind of took over the Hephaestus station, and then you rebelled. Kepler and I made it out of that just fine. But Alana...”

“She died.”

“Yeah, Minkowski put a bullet in her head.”

“Shit. I didn’t realize she had ever...”

“We all have, Doug. Not you, as far as I’m aware. I hated her for it for a long time. I still sort of do.”

“What happened to Kepler?”

“Warren...” Daniel trailed off for a second, “I killed him.”

“What?”

“To save you and the crew, I blew him up with the ship and everybody in it. He wasn’t a good man, and he deserved what he got. Should have been worse, probably. But sometimes it doesn’t matter how bad a person is. You still love them.”

“You and Kepler were...?”

“Complicated. I hated him. But he was there, you know? He pushed me past my limits more times than I can count. He hurt me and Alana and he killed a lot of people. But there was something about him. Something about the way he cared, secretly, something about how he would never let anybody hurt me, except him.”

Doug and Daniel stared off into space for a few minutes before Doug spoke again.

“Did you know Eiffel well?”

“Not really. He hated me, a lot, and I deserved it. I mostly hated him too, but he had a certain hopefulness about him. It’s hard to explain.”

“I think I get it. I’ve been listening to his audio logs. He seemed nice, even though he was annoying.”

“Yeah, I guess he was. He hated when we tried to kill people, always just wanted to talk things over and stuff.”

“Team ‘What’s Wrong With Handcuffs,’ right?”

Daniel snorted out a small laugh, “Yep. He was a good guy, I think.”

“And me?”

“I don’t know yet. Are you?”

“I don’t know yet.”

Chapter End Notes

I hate Kepler/Jacobi but also I love it... they are evil and terrible...

I am actively on team Doug Eiffel I love this guy! Himbo.

Juno Steel

When he felt Nureyev get up, far too early in the morning, Juno groaned and reached out for him.

“Juno, darling, I have to shower.”

“No you don’t,” he mumbled, sitting up to pull Nureyev into a warm hug, “Shower later. Sleep now.”

Nureyev kissed his forehead and smiled, “I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but you need to get up, too.”

“Nooo,” Juno complained into Nureyev’s t-shirt, “Don’t wanna.”

“What if I promise to make you coffee?”

“You can’t just bribe me with coffee every time you want me to wake up.” Juno snarked, leaning back onto his pillow.

“But?”

“Yeah, okay.” He yawned and began to get out of bed. He pulled on a hoodie and some sweatpants. He grabbed his usual black eye patch and slippers before waddling into the kitchen, still half asleep. Nureyev was already holding a mug of steaming coffee, and he smiled.

“Love you, babe.”

“I love you, too, darling. Now, I really need to shower. See you soon.”

Juno sat at the kitchen table and sipped his coffee. It was too early for him to think.

“Morning Steel,” Vespa said as she entered, yawning.

“Hey Vespa.”

“Where’d you get the coffee?”

“Ransom.”

Vespa made a disgusted face at him and went to make herself tea. Soon enough, Jet came in, already fully dressed. He had probably been up for a few hours by now.

“Have you seen Rita? Hera and I were looking for her.”

“Not yet. Wait, Hera?”

“Yeah, Steel, remember our guests.”

“Oh yeah. She’s the robot one, right? And then there’s the two angry ones, like more Vespas. And the short guy, and that other one, the hot one.”

“Pardon?” It was that moment that Nureyev decided to walk into the kitchen.

“Uh oh,” Vespa laughed, and left. Jet also turned on his heel and continued his search for Rita.

“Oh, hey Ransom,” Juno said, face flushed, “I was just, um, I was just saying how-”

“Calm down Juno, it’s alright.” Nureyev dropped the pretend anger he had been showing and smiled at the detective, “I still love you, even if you think that loser is hot.”

“I don’t! I mean compared to the others he’s probably- you know I’m just gonna quit while I’m ahead here.”

“Good choice, detective.”

They chatted meaninglessly for a little while before another voice interrupted them from the hall.

“Daniel, are you sure this is a good idea? I mean we don’t even know them!”

“Oh come on, Doug, you love coffee.”

“You don’t know that! I don’t even know that.”

“Captain Aurinko said we could. Now shut up or at least move out of the way. I need caffeine.”

The two men from the other ship stepped into the room and seemed startled that Juno was already looking at the door.

“Oh- Good morning.” The short one said, smiling. He seemed very genuine about it. Juno smiled back.

“Hey. Are you looking for coffee?”

“Yep,” The tall one, Daniel, he assumed, interrupted, “We’ll get out of your way in just a moment.”

“Oh please, come sit,” Nureyev said, and Juno glared at him. Nureyev kicked his leg under the table, “We were just about to make some breakfast.”

“Oh we wouldn’t want to interrupt,” Daniel said, voice laced with sarcasm, clearly wanting to leave.

“Come on, Daniel, let’s sit.”

Doug and Daniel sat across from them and it was silent for a moment.

"I don't believe we've been properly introduced. I'm Peter Ransom, and this is Juno Steel." Nureyev smiled and nudged him.

"Um, hi."

"So nice to meet you both. My name is Doug Eiffel, and this antisocial thing is Daniel Jacobi. I promise he's not always this mean."

"Hey!" Protested Daniel, and Juno chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh- um- nothing."

"I'll go get us some more coffee, yes?" Nureyev offered, looking at the strangers. Doug nodded and seemed to elbow Daniel in the ribs. He grimaced and nodded as well. Doug leaned over and whispered something to him. He sighed and said, "Do you want any help with that, Ransom?"

"That would be perfect, thank you. I believe we're out of coffee grounds in the kitchen, you'll have to help me grab them from the storeroom."

Daniel clearly wanted to protest, but he didn't. When they were out of earshot, Juno spoke, grinning.

"So, how long have the two of you been together?"

Doug was startled, his face started to turn red and he stumbled over his words, "No! We're not- it's not like that- we just-"

"Alright, sorry for asking. You just seem, well, like you like each other I guess."

Doug didn't answer, just stared at the table.

"Do you like him?"

"I- I don't know. I kind of had all my memories wiped a couple months ago and I'm still trying to figure out who I am and stuff."

"Oh shit," Juno said, "I'm sorry to hear that... I think."

"Thanks. It's alright, I don't remember it." Doug grinned and Juno couldn't help but laugh a bit at the terrible joke.

"I mean he's not ugly. Kind of mean though, but I think he's just mad at the world and stuff."

"Who isn't." Juno remarked, taking another sip of his coffee, "But if he doesn't start getting used to how shitty everything is, he's gonna get really mean really fast."

“He’ll be alright. Daniel is... resilient. He’s been through a lot.

“Seems like you all have.”

“Seems like you guys have too. I overheard Jet and Hera talking on my way over here.”

Juno paused, unsure of how much to reveal to the stranger, “Yeah.”

Just then, Juno heard Nureyev’s footsteps outside.

Daniel Jacobi

“So,” began the tall man who walked in front of him, “How long have you been with Doug?”

“What!” He exclaimed, stooping in his tracks, “Doug and I are not together!”

When he spoke again, Daniel could hear the grin in his voice, “Oh, my apologies. I didn’t realize it was such a sore subject.”

“It’s not a- whatever. So I assume you and Juno are...?”

“Together, yes. Been just over a year now, I believe.”

“That’s nice. So you’re gay?”

Ransom stopped and turned to face him. “What?”

“I mean you’re gay, right? You like guys.”

“Well- I suppose yes. I haven’t ever really heard that word before though.”

“What?”

“Of course I know of it, the way that people used to identify themselves before interplanetary colonization.”

“So what, people just don’t say that anymore? How the hell do you know if somebody could like you then?”

“Well, Daniel, usually flirting helps.”

“Obviously flirting helps! But like...”

He trailed off, at a loss for words. He remembered the first time he had said the word out loud. He had told his mother a week before his first mission. She had cursed his name and said she never wanted to see him again.

“I imagine it’s quite a shock for you.”

“Yeah,” Said Daniel, “Sure is. Probably won’t be the last.”

Ransom sighed, “The first time I set foot on this ship, I was terrified. I had never done anything like this. Eventually, though, things were alright. What I’m trying to say is that this is going to be hard. You and your crew are going to have to get used to things that you never could have imagined. However, I believe that you’ll be okay by the end of it.”

Jet Siquiak

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So Hera,” Said Jet, pouring himself another cup of tea, “How is the new body so far?”

“It’s... well it’s...” Hera trailed off.

“Hard to explain?” He prompted.

“Yes. Usually nothing happens that I’m not aware of or controlling. I had eyes literally everywhere on the Hephaestus, and on the Sol, too. I feel so vulnerable now.”

“Yes, I can imagine it’s quite different. Is everything functioning alright?”

“I think it’s all okay, but I’m not sure if I would know something is wrong.”

“True. Rita and I can run a system check if you want.” Jet watched as Hera thought about it. He had met AIs before, but none quite as human as Hera. Something about her speech patterns was much more advanced than anything he had seen.

“I’d rather not, if that’s okay. I want to just try living by myself for a little while.”

“Of course.”

Jet sipped his tea and continued to watch her as she looked around the room. Her skin was so pale it was nearly white, and her hair was the color of ice. Her eyes were dark blue, and her face was covered in lighter blue freckles. He wondered if this had been how she pictured herself before she had the body.

“Do you know the capabilities this bot has?” Asked Jet.

“Some of them, yes.”

“When we first discovered it, it was trying to kill us by manipulating its shape and voice to mimic the crew”

“A bot can do that?”

“It seems so. When we transferred you from the Sol to this bot, it took the form that you are currently in.”

“Oh. It looked kind of like this before, I just assumed you had made adjustments to suit me.”

“No. This is you.”

Hera paused for a moment. She lifted her hand to her face and watched as it passed before her.

“Is this what I look like?”

“Now, yes. But I don’t know if you always have. I have somebody who I think you would like to meet. Come with me.”

He got up from his chair and led the way to the garage, Hera behind him. He could hear her footsteps behind him, and they sounded just like a real person’s would. He opened the door to the garage, and the Ruby 7 shone in the light.

Chapter End Notes

oh dear my chapters got very out of order I think it's fixed now!

Vespa Ilkay

“Buddy, can we please figure out a different way to do this? I do not need to be spending time alone with one of them.”

“You and I could work together if you would prefer. But I do think that Isabel could use some time away from Renée.”

Vespa groaned under her breath. She knew that Buddy was right, and her plan wasn't half bad. Each member of the Aurinko crime family had decided on one new person to take under their wing, so to speak. Juno took Doug, as they already got along well. Ransom took Daniel, Rita had Hera, and Jet had claimed the Sol as his partner. Buddy, of course, had their captain.

This left Vespa with Isabel Lovelace. The woman was stiff, and not just in her posture. She spoke in short sentences and didn't try to hide her distaste for the family. Minkowski tried to get her to warm up, but it didn't seem to be working.

“How long are they staying here?”

“Until we can come up with a plan, darling. They need somewhere to go.”

“Didn't realize we were an orphanage for lost time travelers now.”

“Hush, Vespa. I swear, we'll figure this out as fast as we can.”

“Fine.” Vespa kissed her wife on the cheek and walked out of their room. She met up with Lovelace in the observatory of the Carte Blanche.

“Hello, Vespa.”

“Hey,” Vespa already wanted to leave.

“Good to see you.”

“No it's not.”

“Says who?”

“Says the look on your face, Lovelace. You clearly want to be here even less than I do, if that's even possible.”

“Fine, you're right. What now?”

“Well, Buddy told me I had to... get to know you and stuff. So?”

“My name is Isabel Lovelace. I am an alien from the past, and I would really like to leave now. Good enough?”

Vespa's jaw nearly dropped, but she caught herself, "I'm sorry, you're a what?!"

"Oh shit. You guys don't know, do you?"

"If you don't start talking very honestly very soon I am going to put a knife through your head!"

"Calm down! I'm not trying to take over or anything. I didn't even know I was until I got killed. There are other species, not just humans, in the universe. They're these super intelligent beings, and when they want to get to know a new species they make copies that look just like the original. I'm one of those copies."

Vespa pulled a chair over from the table in the middle of the room and sat down. "Holy fuck."

"Yeah, that was pretty much my reaction too."

"Wait a minute, you said you died?"

"Yeah, turns out the copies the aliens make are pretty hardy. I can feel pain just fine, but I heal up fast."

Vespa's eyes widened. If Buddy asked her later, she would say that this was the worst experience of her life. But for now, she was excited.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Minkowski told us to be honest with you guys. Prove we're not a threat, or something. I disagree, but she's the captain here."

"That's a stupid plan."

Lovelave chuckled under her breath and Vespa did, too.

"Hey, can you help me with something? We kind of have an alien here too."

"Is it the tall skinny one? He seems... off."

"Ransom? No! Don't get me wrong, he's creepy, but he's human. It's not one of us, it's more of a thing."

"Can you show me?"

"Can you swear that you won't sabotage me? Because if you do, your whole crew will be dead in minutes."

"Scout's honor."

"What does that even mean?"

"How do you- whatever. Yes, I swear on Doug's life I won't mess with your alien."

Buddy Aurinko

“Renée, darling, are you there?” Buddy called as she knocked on the door. She heard movement inside and took a step back, fixing her hair. The door opened and Minkowski stood up as tall as she could.

“Captain, Aurinko, good morning.”

“Buddy is just fine. How are you doing?”

“I’m good.”

Buddy shook her head, “No lying on my ship.”

“Technically we’re on my ship right now.”

“You know what I mean. May I come in?”

Minkowski stepped out of the way and Buddy entered the room. There was nearly nothing inside it, just a rumpled bed and a pile of laundry in the corner. She sat herself on the edge of the bed without asking.

“Sit.” She commanded, and Minkowski did. Buddy allowed a moment of uncomfortable silence before she spoke again.

“Captain Minkowski, what is your plan?”

She sighed, “I don’t have one, Captain.”

“Just as I thought, then. And you can drop the Captain, Buddy is just fine.”

“Alright... Buddy. Do you have a plan?”

“I’m glad you asked,” Buddy turned her head to watch Minkowski as she spoke, “I don’t, not really. I have some ideas, though.”

“When I introduced you to my family, did you notice anything strange?”

“I guess that you called them your family. I mean you’re not all actually related, right?”

“Correct. Although nonconventional and oftentimes problematic, my crew is a family. We trust one another fully and have the utmost respect for each other. When somebody makes a mistake, we forgive, learn, and move on. I have found this to be the most efficient way to run not only my ship but my criminal enterprise.”

“Okay. So you’re saying my crew needs to be a family?”

“Not exactly. I have noticed that you struggle with each other a great deal. None of you seem at all comfortable around Mr. Jacobi, and most of you try to avoid Douglas. I don’t know what has happened to you in the past, but you have to move on. Your situation is unique and quite frankly, terrifying. You need to step up and lead your crew, not in running a ship, but in living together and handling this problem.”

“It’s not that easy, Buddy. I mean Jacobi tried to kill all of us multiple times.”

Buddy chuckled to herself, “I can imagine he did. Vespa has tried to kill me plenty of times, but things work out.” She smiled at the gold ring on her left hand.

“How?”

“Well, sometimes it helps to have allies. Perhaps your family in the making could use a bit of help from ours.”

Minkowski thought for a moment, her brow furrowed, “And what would that look like?”

“Stay with us. Work with us for however long you need until you’re ready to go off on your own.”

“What’s the catch?”

“Nothing, darling. Help us in our work and we help you in yours.”

Minkowski looked Buddy in the eye. There was a conviction in her look, a sparkle of rebellion and confidence in her eyes. It was familiar.

“Yes.”

Doug Eiffel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Doug! Doug, are you there?” Juno’s voice echoed through the Sol. Doug blinked his eyes and sat up. He checked the clock. The family meeting had started five minutes ago.

“Just a sec!” He shouted, and ran to the door. He sprinted to where the two ships met to see Juno looking bored, leaning on the wall.

“Well, look who decided to show up. Let’s go.”

“Right, sorry. I um- I forgot.” Doug walked behind Juno through the halls of the Carte Blanche into the kitchen, where everybody was already seated. Doug took his seat and tried not to look at anybody.

“Good, we’re all here. Thank you for meeting on such short notice, dears.”

“We wanted to propose an idea to you all,” Doug looked up when Minkowski spoke.

“To put it simply, the crew of the Sol has nothing. You are in a strange place at a different time, and you have nothing but each other.”

“Buddy and I were talking yesterday, and we came up with a plan. We will stay here and work with the Aurinko crime family until we can figure something else out.”

“Before you all interrupt me,” Buddy glared across the table at Juno, who had already opened his mouth to interject. “Allow Captain Minkowski to explain a bit.”

“Thank you, Buddy. Clearly, we can’t continue living like this, on our two ships. The Aurinko crime family was on course for Mars until we got here, and we will be joining them. Once we get there, they will help us settle down.”

“And,” Buddy grinned, “You will work with us until you are fully self-sustaining.”

Within a second of the conclusion of her speech, voices flew around the room. Doug could hear Juno groaning about retirement, Jet pondering the logistics, and Jacobi laughing.

“GUYS!” Shouted Hera, and the room fell silent. “How about we discuss this... civilly?”

“Thank you, darling.”

Doug looked at all the faces around him. He hardly knew anybody, but they were still the only people he had. He raised his hand into the air slowly.

“Doug?” Minkowski addressed him.

“I like it. I mean we really don’t have many options here.”

“Of course you like it!” Hissed the green haired one, Vespa maybe? “It’s not your life plan getting ruined.”

“Vespa, call down,” Buddy shot her a look and she backed off, “I know that this wasn’t in our plan, but think about it for a moment. Each one of us has been in a situation similar, need I remind you?”

Doug looked at their faces as Buddy paused. She was clearly right.

“I say we help them,” Juno sighed, “I mean don’t get me wrong, I don’t like having you so close, but we can’t just let you die out there. So, we should take you with us, or something.”

“Aww, thanks Juno.” Doug smiled.

Jacobi laughed under his breath.

“Excuse me, Daniel?” Peter asked, “Did you have something to say?”

“Ok, enough of that,” Lovelace interrupted before they could start bickering again, “I agree. We’ll help out as much as we can and we’ll get out of your hair soon. Thank you for your generosity, Buddy.”

“Well, it sounds like we’re all in agreement, then. Crew of the Sol, welcome to the Aurinko crime family.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm back again!! I'm just gonna start posting today because I have so many fics written and I've just been sitting on them for months. Thanks for reading!!! <3

Juno Steel

“Juno,” Buddy said, “Please be reasonable about this.”

“No! I am not giving up my room.”

“You and I both know that you never use it anyway.”

“Yeah but-”

“No buts. Can you please move your things into Ransom’s room? There’s plenty of space.”

“Fine, whatever.” Of course, Juno didn’t actually care about having to give up his tiny room on the Carte Blanche. He honestly didn’t remember the last time he actually slept in there. Still, he didn’t like giving it away to those guys.

It wasn’t like he hated them. He didn’t even dislike them, but Juno was not good with new people, especially when they showed up out of literally nowhere and forced themselves into every moment of his life.

“Do you need help?” Nureyev’s voice startled him back to reality. The tall man was leaning on his door frame and smiling. He seemed oddly relaxed.

“Yeah actually,” Juno said, relieved to see him, “Can you help get my stuff?”

“Of course, my love.” Before opening the door, Nureyev pulled Juno in and kissed him. “It’s going to be fine.”

“I know. Just grab some clothes, would you?” Juno fake snarked and kissed him on the nose before pulling away to enter his room. It didn’t take long for them to pack up nearly everything Juno had in his dresser.

Nureyev’s room had never been clean, per se. Today, however, it seemed like he had at least made an effort to tidy up. Juno smiled and dropped his duffel bag on the ground in an empty corner.

“Don’t you want to use the closet? I have extra hangers.”

“Nureyev, I think that if a single one of your clothes get wrinkled in a drawer you might die. I’m okay with this.”

“You know me too well,” Nureyev chuckled and hugged him.

Juno pulled away and sat on the edge of the bed. It was familiar, but there was something strange about it actually being his. This whole thing felt so permanent. Before, He always had somewhere to run to.

He trusted Nureyev, of course he did, but he still hadn't learned to settle down. Somewhere in his heart, he still believed that at any second, the man could just disappear and forget about him. No matter how often he told himself it wasn't true, Juno still felt disconnected.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, I think. It's just... a lot."

"Yes, it sure is. I trust Buddy's judgment, but I don't know if this is a good idea. They could still be after us, working for Dark Matters."

"Or they could just be normal evil, you know? There's plenty of bad people looking for us."

Nureyev didn't respond, just sighed and nodded his head.

Daniel Jacobi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Please?”

“Nope.”

“Pretty please? C’mon, you have no idea how humiliating this is for me.”

“The answer is no, Jacobi. He clearly trusts you the most.”

“What about who I trust the most?”

Minkowski just looked at him. He sighed and gave in, “Fine, but don’t think it’s because I like him.”

Jacobi turned on his heel and walked back into his room, closing the door behind him.

“Doug,” He muttered to himself, “Why do I have to share with Doug?”

He tossed all of his belongings into his backpack and walked toward his new room. Although his life was relatively depressing, it was rather convenient to be able to throw everything he owned into a bag and walk away. Of course, usually it wasn’t quite so easy to just disappear in space.

Doug was already standing in front of the door when he got there. He was examining the blank white metal and the doorframe that didn’t have any kind of handle. Jacobi waited quietly until he noticed him.

“Oh, hey there, Daniel. I was just... um...”

“Trying to figure out how to open the door.”

“Yeah,” Doug said, ashamed, “I mean I’ve used very few doors in my life, to be fair.”

“It’s fine, let me get it.”

Jacobi had no idea how the door worked, but luckily, it slid open when he pushed it. He stepped inside. The room wasn’t terrible, but it wasn’t much. There was a queen sized bed against one wall, a closet, and a dresser. There was room to walk around, but it definitely wasn’t intended for two people.

“This is nice.” Doug said, cheerily.

“Not too bad,” Agreed Jacobi, dropping his backpack on the bed.

“Okay, this might be a stupid question...”

“Hit me.”

“This is a room that is built for one person.”

“Doug, that’s not a question.”

“Right, yeah, of course. I was just wondering how we are going to live here?”

“Well, Doug. It’s a queen sized bed. I’m one hundred percent sure that we can find a way.”

“Right, right.” Doug looked away, “Yeah, no, of course.”

“Doug?” Jacobi did not like the way he was acting, “Are you alright?”

“Oh yeah, I’m great!”

“Bullshit. What’s wrong?” Jacobi told himself that he was just checking on him for the sake of the rest of the crew. He sat on the edge of the bed and Doug sat next to him.

“I don’t know, Daniel. Everything?”

“Okay, yeah, I get that, but like right now.”

“It’s just- I mean I...”

Jacobi stared at the floor and waited for Doug to finish talking, allowing silence to fill the space between them.

“Was Eiffel... I mean did he...”

“He was straight. I mean I think he was, we never talked about it.”

Doug nodded and kept his eyes averted.

“But you,” Jacobi began, “Are not him.”

He nodded again and furrowed his brow. Jacobi didn’t say anything, just sat beside him. They sat there for a while before Doug took a deep breath and spoke again.

“What would happen if I... liked somebody. On the ship.”

“That would be fine.” Jacobi knew where this was going and tried to convince himself his heart wasn’t beating a bit faster than usual. He thought about not saying anything else, but he couldn’t help it.

“But if you were to like somebody, maybe now isn’t the time. I mean there’s just so much going on.”

“Yeah, of course. Just wondering.”

Jacobi stood up and avoided making eye contact with the other man, “I’m- uh- I’m gonna go now...”

“See you later, Daniel.”

He opened the door and sighed when it closed behind him. Doug? Really? He shook his head and looked around himself. Nobody was in the hallway, but he could hear Juno bickering with somebody in the kitchen. He decided to go join them and hopefully distract himself from whatever he was feeling.

Chapter End Notes

THERE WAS ONLY ONE BED!!????//1//!?!?
anyways

Vespa Ilkay

“Vespa, darling,” A familiar voice called, accompanied by a gentle knock on the door.

“Come in!” She shouted back. The door slid open and Buddy stepped inside. She looked as beautiful as ever, red curls styled perfectly to cover nearly half of her face.

“Hello,” She said as she joined Vespa at the screen that showed their path to Mars.

“Hey, Bud.” She smiled as her wife pulled into a warm hug.

“How long until we get there?”

“If we maintain hyperspeed as much as possible, around two months. Do you really expect me to still be sane by then? With this many people on the Carte Blanche.”

“Not in the slightest. Can you show me where the closest habitable asteroid or planet is? Preferably one with quite a few people and somewhere we could perhaps purchase another craft.”

“Really? Where would we get the money for that?”

“Don’t worry about that yet, just show me how far away we are.”

Vespa typed in a few things to the keyboard and the map that showed the ship zoomed out.

“Looks like if we play our cards right we could hit Earth in a few weeks. Still, it’ll be a while.”

Buddy thought for a moment, and Vespa could hear her humming almost inaudible to herself. She smiled at the comforting sound.

“I think that will do just fine. Can you get us headed that way?”

“Of course, just a second.” She changed their destination to Earth and read the signals that the screen gave her. She moved to the control panel and began changing their trajectory.

“Vespa, would we move any faster with some kind of automated assistance?”

“I mean we have autopilot, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“What about something more advanced? An AI, per se.”

“Like Hera?” She paused, thinking, “Yeah, I think so. I would need to talk to Jet first. And her.”

Buddy grinned and Vespa couldn’t help but smile back. She stood up on her toes to press a kiss to her wife’s cheek.

“Anybody ever tell you how smart you are?”

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